3-1-1908

The Anchor, Volume 21.06: March 1, 1908

Hope College

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MARGARET NANSEN.

A woman, standing in the doorway of a rude, weather-beaten house, built high on the treeless brow of one of the furthermost foot-hills of the Ozarks, seemed dreamily unaware of the blue-eyed, tangle-haired little midget that pulled persistently at her skirts; rather, she seemed absorbed by the vast, rolling sea-like prairies that stretched away to the westward, unbroken, save here and there, by a few clustered ranch buildings. The puff of smoke to the south told of the inhaling bustle of the harvest fields, where in a day scores of acres of waving wheat were being transformed into thousands of bushels of golden grain. Only two days before the self-same scene had been enacted upon Margaret Nansen's own broad fields.

Around the corner of the building a man on horse-back presently came. As he drew rein he, too, silently watched the never-wearying sight of the rolling prairies that blended into the horizon, mile upon mile, to the westward. Finally he spoke to the woman in the doorway.

"Howdy, Mis' Nansen. Beats all th' way we've never hit its tired watchin' that thare, don't it?"

The woman turned her dreamy gaze upon the man before her.

"Yes, but we all seem to know that it, at least, won't go back on us. It is always there. Mr. Caddy, and it never fails me. I don't want ever to leave it." The last sentence was almost the broken-hearted appeal of a child being carried away from its mother.

"Well, now, Mis' Nansen, who's a-sayin' yet got ter? I reckon there's more in one in this here county as would like.
mighty well ter hev yer stay. It's jist fer yer ter say teh wurd, I'll bet. There's Jim North as would give his eyes—"

"That's all for now, please, Mr. Caddy. I know that you mean well, but you mustn't say all that you mean. Mr. North has been kind, very kind, in the past five years since Tom died—but why not? He was Tom's best friend. But now Tom's sister has written for me to come back to Illinois. She has wanted me ever since Tom went away, but—I couldn't leave it all—but now I must give up, if only for my child's sake—she must go to school and grow up as other children."

"Wall, I calls it a dum shame fer anyone ter hev yer give up this," waving his arm toward the prairies, "jist fer a kid's schoolin'. Kan't yer teach her? Yer right smart yerself, why not? Wall 'tain't none o' my biz. But, say, Mis' Nansen, I jist heard that th' Corby thrashin' crew wuz on th' booze an' air headed this here way. Seen's as I wuz cummin' this here way, too, tho't I'd jist stop in an tell yer. Whare's yer men folks?"

"Hauling wheat to Colby, but they will be back before night."

"Wall, by gum! I hates ter leave yer here alone, with that thar bunch rangein' aroun' loose. But I got ter git Colby 'fore nightfall an' I kain't stay, but I'll sen' Jim along over. He's all done harvestin' an' he might as well be here as thar."

"No, Mr. Caddy, don't do that. Im not afraid. The boys will be back before night. And, besides, theres really no danger from the men; they wouldn't harm a woman. No westerner ever thinks of molesting a woman. You know that, Mr. Caddy."

"Yes, ma'am, I knows it, but I knows thes here ain't white folks, they is Greasers, an' a Greaser'll raise th' — will raise Cain, I mean, whether it's a wumman or one o' their own pie-faced species. So yer kin jist expect Jim over bye'n bye. 'Long."

She watched him ride away, down the slope; watched the cloud of dust his horse's hoofs raised, when horse and rider were no longer distinguishable, and there was left only a rolling mass of smoke-like dust in the distance.

At length, with a sigh, she turned and went into the house. Today it seemed that she could not put her mind and hands to the tasks that always await the housewife, be she in the eastern home or in the ranch house on the frontier. She brought out again, for the hundredth time it seemed to her, the letter that was calling her back to the strange home far away. She read again the words:

"You have, dear Margaret, nothing to live for out there. I cannot understand why you should have stayed away so long. That so-called fascination that those wretched prairies have for you is utterly nonsensical. No neighbors,—no friends,—your only associates the wild ruffians you choose to call men, and an occasional overworked ranch-woman? Oh, Margaret, leave it all and come back to us. You surely cannot be selfish enough to have your only child grow up an ignorant. Remember your duty to her, if you will selfishly remain blind to your duty toward yourself and us."

Margaret Nansen sat staring into space, her hand crushing the letter she held. Selfish? Had she been? Yes, she saw it all now: she must give up the home that she and Tom had made. He had been good to her,—oh, yes, always! She had been so young when they were married! He was older,—yes, older,—and his worth had been a mature man's—worth; and she, young girl that she was, had bowed before his unwavering determination to make her, the orphaned ward in his father's house, his wife. And so it had been. He had left her widowed, at the age of twenty-five, with a tiny girl, a section of as fertile, tillable land as could be found, and a strength of character unusual in a woman. She had gone on in the way she had learned to love, managing with wonderful capability the ranch left in her care. Until now nothing seemed to have been lacking in her life—she had been happy and content. And now, was she to give it all up and go to a strange home and a strange people? She sat with head buried in her arms, murmuring brokenly the words of the Psalmist:

"Show me thy ways, O Jehovah.
Teach me thy paths."

The child burst into the room, crying out gleefully:

"Mama, mama, see the mans tummin' up th' hill. They'll bring baby somethin', maybe. Tum! Tum! and see th' mans."

Startled, the woman went quickly to the doorway. There
they were, riding furiously, yelling and quarreling, making an awful din, heard distinctly a quarter of a mile away at the top of the hill, where the ranch-house stood. Her face pallid, Margaret Nansen snatched the child from the crib and carried her into the inner room, her own chamber. Placing the little one in her crib, she said, gently, “There, Dolly! Will baby stay here until mama comes and gets her? I want to talk to the big men before they see my little girlie. That’s mama’s little lady.” Trusting to the child’s unflinching obedience, she hurried from the room. She knew that the only way to appease the whisky-maddened crew, if they came to the ranch, would be to feed them generously, and trust to keeping them thus engaged until—oh, why had she objected to Billy Caddy’s sending Mr. North to her? Perhaps he would send him despite her foolish objections.

Meanwhile she was placing upon the table the food prepared for her own men. None too soon, for in a short time the Mexicans rode noisily in among the ranch buildings, and she could hear them swearing and quarreling. Presently one of them broke away toward the house with a yell, and the rest followed after. They came stamping pell-mell into the room. Seeing the victuals on the table, the first one in rushed to it and began helping himself. Like sheep the others followed his example, hardly noticing Margaret. She was glad. If only some one would come, something would happen to turn their attention in some other direction. She filled and refilled the plates of bread, doughnuts and cold meat—and still they ate everything set before them, ravenously, as though they had not touched food for days. Finally one shoved back his chair, and, leering at Margaret, said:

“Now, gal, give us a kiss an’ we’re done.”

He got up and started toward her, his face repulsive and horrible in its animal-like expression. At the same moment the bed-room door opened and the little Margaret came out.

“Has the mans dot a present for baby?”

The Mexican turned toward the child, shaking a menacing fist. “Here, brat, shut yer mouth, or I nek te vultures a present of yer carcass.”

The men laughed a coarse, brutal laugh. With a cry the mother flew to her child, clutched it to her breast, and stood

with blazing eyes, her back turned toward the inner door. Sinking slowly toward her, the brute laughed loudly and jabbered unintelligible Mexican. Suddenly, with a yell, one of the men ran toward the outside door. Looking first out of the windows, the others rushed from the house. Not noticing or seeming to care, the beast raised an arm to strike the child from the woman’s arms. A shot rang out, and the arm fell limply by his side, and the Mexican rushed blindly toward the door to encounter a few well-aimed, well-chosen kicks that sent him sprawling in a heap on the ground below. A man strode into the room just in time to break the fall of the swooning woman; it was but for a moment, and when Margaret Nansen opened her eyes she looked up into the face of Jim North, bending anxiously over her, with the little girl standing wonderingly at his side. Margaret tried to speak, but North interrupted her.

“No, now, little woman. Sometime you may tell me all, but now I am going to have my say. This ends it all. You are not going to stay here alone another night. It has been five years since Tom has gone; he was my best friend; for that reason I have waited, waited long, but now I shall speak. I have loved you since the first day Tom Nansen brought you here. No one knew; I thought no one should ever know. But today you shall hear me say it. If you can, if you will try to care for me a little as you did for Tom, my home shall be yours.”

Ah! Margaret Nansen: is this the explanation of that restlessness, that rebellion, that indecision of an hour ago? Who knows?

SONNET.

Olas! how many human lives are passed
Like some small ship upon an ocean wide.
Tossed to and fro by every storm and tide.
Disheartened by each cold and bitter blast.
We struggle, oft forgetting that at last,
If we but trust in God, in Him abide.
He never will forsake, but gently guide
Our barque to heaven’s quay. Then let us cast

The Anchor 9
On Him our cares and strive content to be
In making others happy, bringing joy
To those around us who are crushed with grief.
Forsworn, all sadness then from us shall flee.
No trouble shall disturb, no fear annoy;
Instead we shall have rest and sweet relief.

—PREP, '08.

**IMPRESSIONS OF WASHINGTON.**

(By Mrs. Mary Alcott Dickema.)

Washington has long been called “The City Beautiful,”
and so it is. The men who so many years ago planned it
must have realized as fully as we do today that Washington
was to be the capital of the greatest country in the world.
They evidently thought they could not build too strongly
or with too much thought, and from its earliest history to the
present day every public structure, whether of stone, iron or
granite, has been erected on solid foundations, which will not
crumble with the passing years and changing generations.
They are now striving to make the national capital not only
the city beautiful, but regnum urbans—the queen of cities.
Their great ambition seems now to be to make Washington
to America what Paris is to Europe, the social capital of the
continent, the center of taste and beauty, of culture and of
art, the dictator of the world’s fashions, and it is only consistent
with the dignity, wealth and greatness of our government
that it should have its seat in a city of magnificent
appointments. During the past six years in which it has been
my privilege to spend a portion of each winter here, the
improvements have been most marked. The new Union
Station, just completed, the architecture of which is in perfect
harmony with other public buildings, is a magnificent structure,
the greatest on earth, and well worthy of its place so near the Capitol. In addition to that, the new Senate and
House Office Buildings are not only a delight to look upon,
but models of utility as well. These buildings, as well as
Capitol Hall, the new congressional hotel, are all located on
Capitol Hill, where the city was originally intended to be
built; and perhaps in the near future a new and splendid
memorial bridge across the Potomac to Arlington, and a drive-
way to Mt. Vernon along the right bank of the majestic Poto-
mac will add to the attractiveness of the pilgrimage which
every one who visits Washington makes. The much talked
of improvements along the avenue are too far in the dim
future to speak of, although I doubt not they will come in
time.

The President.

More interesting, perhaps, than the city itself, is the fact
that it is the home of the President and the seat of Congress.
No doubt we have all had experiences in our college days of
class fights, when there was a difference of opinion as to class
honors, which have been fought out within college walls and
the world heard only distant rumors of trouble. So it is, only
in a much greater degree, here politically. The presidential
pot is fairly seething and boiling. The outside world knows
practically nothing of what is going on in this matter here.
Poor Teddy! “A prophet is not without honor save in his
own country” (city), surely. The President is attacked from
every quarter, north and south, east and west, by white and
colored, Republicans and Democrats, capitalists and labor
unions. Men seem to forget that Theodore Roosevelt is the
President of their country and that as such he is entitled to
their respectful consideration. Even from the high places
come thundering down the words of praise or condemnation
as the one who utters them sees fit. A few years ago a Presi-
dent fell under the assassin’s bullet, and the act was charged
to those raving critics who had ridiculed and abused him until
the passion of hater folk had been aroused into the com-
motion of a bloody deed. Yet President McKinley was not sub-
jected to such malicious abuse as is President Roosevelt now.
The Washington sentiment is no index to the love and esteem
which the country bears toward Roosevelt. Neither praise
nor abuse, however, seem to vary him a hair’s breadth from
the line of public duty which he has blazed out.

Even women are seen in groups discussing the presiden-
tial situation. When making a formal call recently a very
prominent woman turned to me and said: “Mrs. Dickema,
who is your man?” I very promptly replied, “Secretary Taft.”
She threw up her hands in horror and replied, “Oh, no, no!
Let us have Fairbanks and settle down once more and have peace. We are tired of war.” In Congress the friends of the rival candidates are daily nominating them for President.

Every day you become more and more convinced of the fact that every presidential candidate in the field has many strong characteristics, and hence staunch admirers. The campaign has already become red-hot here, and we are in the midst of a sea of political agitation which will soon sweep over the whole country.

Society.

To me, however, the most interesting feature of Washington life is the social side. Sometimes we grow tired of society, but there is no danger of its becoming tiresome here, for there is so much variety. It is the very heart of everything social, the center from which everything flows and to which everybody comes. There is hardly a day in the week that one does not have the opportunity of meeting some really great person. They are sometimes extremely plain, as is Miss Hale, daughter of Edward Everett Hale. She is neither young nor handsome, nor even beautifully gowned, but a most delightful conversationalist. General Sherman's daughter is also very plain-looking. One day recently I met a Mrs. Foster, who studied law and practiced here with her husband for years, and has made campaign speeches for the Republican party all over the country, and who knew Mrs. Bradley (the woman who killed Senator Brown). Well, Mrs. Foster is now doing some prison work for the Government. She is a noble woman, who is living for the betterment of humanity.

It is a rare treat to be able to call on the members of the Cabinet, to see their homes, which are for the most part magnificent; to go to the homes of the members of the Supreme Court, see how they live, and to meet these people who have grown old in the service and who are possessed of such great knowledge, rare culture, easy grace and true refinement. Many of the senatorial homes are palaces, full of beautiful paintings, oriental rugs, and artistic things from all over the world. Not long since I called with a friend on Mrs. John A. Logan, who was receiving with her daughter, Mrs. Tucker, and when my name was announced she received me most graciously, saying she had a very dear friend by the name of Dickem, and was a great admirer of the Dutch, so we were congenial immediately. She is a remarkable woman, so bright and well informed, and her memory goes back over so many historical events, of which she is most willing to talk. She has seen so much, having travelled all over the world, all of which makes her very interesting, full of life and animation, and wonderfully keen. I thought her throat would be tired, and told her so, but she assured me she was used to it, as she was a great talker. She said among other things, that she was writing for Hearst's paper in New York, not because she liked his politics, but because she wanted the money.

This same afternoon we called at the Chinese Legation, where the ladies were receiving their friends for the last time preceding their departure to the Orient. This was one of the most interesting receptions I have been to this winter. Mrs. Chow, wife of the Charge d'Affaires, was dressed in her native costume of pale blue satin, elaborately embroidered, and wearing many jewels, and Mrs. Yung Kwai, wife of the First Secretary, wore a becoming gown of pink brocade trimmed in white lace. Mr. Chow and several of the young secretaries of the legation assisted hospitably in the reception, while the presence of several of the children of the legation gave a delightful touch of informality to the occasion. In spite of the fact that Mrs. Chow looked like a child herself, she assured us of the fact that it was her baby who was attracting so much attention. It was interesting to me to know that Mrs. Yung Kwai was an American girl, who met her husband while he was a student at Yale and has spent the greater part of her married life in Washington. Her children are American born and very good-looking. It certainly was a treat to see them. We were told to go into the dining room, which was very attractive with its oriental furnishings, and was thronged during the calling hours with representatives of official and resident society. We were waited on by Chinese servants, and in addition to the conventional American delicacies many Chinese dishes were served. I am told that Minister Wu is now on his way to Washington with sixty new members of the Legation.

I must not close without speaking of the Fairbanks' din-
ner, which shines out as one of my happiest experiences of the winter. I cannot begin to describe the home. It is simply gorgeous. There were thirty distinguished guests, among whom were Ambassador and Mrs. Bryce, who have been lavishly entertained this season, and in whose honor more dinners have been given than for any other diplomat. The Ambassador and his wife are certainly charming people. I wish I had the ability to describe the dinner. It was marvelous. Everything was served from silver plates underneath the china, and the most indescribable lot of things to eat! But one is so very busy trying to be entertaining to the man with whom she goes out to dinner that she hardly knows how the food tastes, to say nothing of describing it. Mrs. Fairbanks has the reputation of serving very elaborately, and she is a most charming hostess. Her distinguished husband, so far from being cold and distant, is a prince of hosts, full of humor and pleasing anecdote, who makes one feel at home and at ease at once.

Though the season keeps on at a merry pace, several of the leading characters in Washington's social drama have temporarily vanished from the stage, have pocketed their doorkeys and stolen away to Palm Beach, rather earlier than usual, I think. The fact that this season began under a financial cloud has not seemed to interfere with its accustomed brilliancy.

White House Reception.

The last of the state receptions of the winter took place last Thursday night at the White House, when the officers of the army and navy were the principal guests. This is always one of the most crowded receptions of the season, and second in brilliancy only to the first levee of the series, when the diplomatic corps are the star guests. The army and navy were well represented, and there were enough black-coated civilians to make a substantial background for the glittering array of uniforms. An unusual number of well-dressed and pretty girls belong to army and navy circles, and four or five squads of girls from the seminaries near Washing- ton were having the time of their young existence. The music was lively and inspiring, and in addition to the simple floral decorations usual at the White House there was a brave array of flags upon the walls in the stately corridor. I can dimly remember the time when I would have been as wild as the girls were over the gold lace and brass buttons.

Congress.

The greatest intellectual treats which the country affords are the set speeches delivered by the leaders in Congress. They always whisper to their friends just when they will perform, and then the rush for the galleries begins. To see one of the great orators in action and to hear the bold demonstrations of approval on one side of the chamber, while the other side sits in sullen silence, except when flashes of wit and humor, and great bursts of eloquence compel general acclamation, is an experience which alone is well worth coming to Washington for. I close by saying that no one who can afford to come to Washington should neglect to do so. It will make him a better citizen and a truer patriot.

TO WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

Thou great defender of thy party's cause,
Who wieldsdest thought like liquid drops of gold—
So masterful, so strong, so firm, so bold,
So full of zeal to shape thy country's laws!
Some say thy work is weak and full of flaws.
They heap upon thee slanders manifold;
It fills their minds with fear when they are told,
That listening throngs oft break in wild applause.
Thy speech is like the mellow light of morn
That trembles o'er a peaceful, sleepy sea,
Or like the thunder of approaching storm,
Or like the harpist's plaintive melody.
Thy powers are given to every great reform,
All men will yet give honor unto thee.

—PREP, '08.

THE LECTURE COURSE.

William Jennings Bryan.

The long-expected visit of William Jennings Bryan to Holland took place on February 14. The lecture which he
delivered in the evening in Carnegie Hall was a great treat, not only to the students of the college, but also to the citizens of Holland, and to a large number of people from many points in Western Michigan. His lecture, "The Prince of Peace," was delivered with that masterful style which has well earned the "silver-tongued orator" the high place which he holds as a speaker, wherever his name is known. Mr. Bryan steered clear of any suggestion of politics and the impression he left on his audience was that of a fearless Christian man, not ashamed of his religious convictions, holding precious the truth of the Bible as the inspired book and bravely showing his colors on the side of truth and loyalty. Men of all parties justly unite in honoring William Jennings Bryan as an example of an honest Christian gentleman.

The Katherine Ridgeway Company.

The month of February, 1908, will long be remembered in the history of Hope's Lecture Course. Besides the great orator, William Jennings Bryan, who spoke on the evening of February 14, the management were fortunate in securing the Katherine Ridgeway Company for February 26. Every number was received with well-merited applause. Miss Ridgeway, herself, by her charm and grace of manner, increased the appreciation and respect which the people of Holland have long felt for her. Her readings were clever and well-rendered, as she changed the laughter of the audience into tears and back again with her magic power. Miss La Grange, the pianist, and Mr. Chalmers, the basso, as well as Miss Ridgeway, will always have a warm welcome in the city of Holland whenever they return.

A DIARY.

For some unexplainable reason the junior at Dommey Hall and I have always been great friends, and consequently I was not surprised when one day he handed me a small book. He laughingly said: "Read it; I found it in one of the baskets," it was an unburnt diary. Some one of the girls had lost it. But who? I never ascertained. But I have read it several times, and think it only fair that you should read it too.

"Mon, Jenks! It was a blue day. But I mustn't use slang. The dean says it is very improper for girls. I agree heartily with the author of "Whistle It."

"There isn't any word a girl can use when she is mad! It doesn't sound so bad.

A man may say 'most anything—

A woman may be angry,

But by custom she is bound
To be a perfect lady,

And she mustn't make a sound,

But just let something happen

When there's nobody around!"

I hadn't looked at a lesson.

Prexie is back from New York, so he took up the first hour. Frank translated my German for me. I expected to flunk in English. I didn't, though. Professor X. didn't call on me.

Tues. The students are making great preparations for the state contest for a large number of delegates are expected.
The girls are to be entertained at the Hall. But the boys! They will be scattered to the four corners of the earth, for every girl in college who possesses a home has offered to entertain two or more of the best looking men. Who said Leap Year? Leap Year, and only ten months left!

Hark! I hear the matron's airy tread. I suppose she is prowling around to see that lights are out. I wonder what she would say if she caught me? But, then, she can't see this candle.

Wed. Positively nothing doing.

Thur. Professor X. is a dear. He talked the whole hour in elocution and so I was saved a flunk. It is interesting to hear about Cambridge—especially when one isn't prepared. Worked on my oration. How I hate orations! Guess I'll hand in the one Frank got E. on. I wonder if I can get a M. on it?

Fri. Mr. K. is such a knocker. He takes delight in slamming the girls' societies. He says we haven't even a motto. His society has one, of course—"Few but chosen," but I am sure no one thinks so but themselves.

Sat. Am too tired to write. I dusted my room today.

Sun. Enjoyed the service immensely. Mr. T. sat next to me.

Mon. Read some for my reading list. Have finished "Adam's Diary" and read a particle in the Ladies' Home Journal. The course is very interesting.

Tues. No engagements! That is Prexie's latest decree. I think such rules outrageous! What is the use of attending college unless you can become engaged? Some of the Faculty members look as though this had always been in force here. Perhaps this is why one-fourth of the Faculty are bachelors. Well, at any rate, we can have understandings.

Thurs. Attended Y. W. C. A. today. The association is doing a great work. I am very much interested. There is to be a joint reception next week. I wonder if we will have to adjourn at ten? I am thoroughly convinced that some people never were young.

Fri. 7:30 P. M. I am all ready for the Frat party.

Sat. 8 A. M. I have just returned from the party. I tried to get in at ten o'clock, but the door was locked. I next tried the fire escape. The window was fastened. Madge insisted that I should spend the night with her. I didn't get home until morning.

The diary ends abruptly here. Who shall say why? Was it because the girl had become tired of the diary, or was it because the dean became tired of the author of the diary? But college girls as well as dreams pass "as a tale that is told." (Signed) JULIE.

TWO PICTURES.

I. Sir Galahad.

Full many a weary day has Sir Galahad, "one of those who ate in Arthur's hall," persisted in his quest of the Holy Grail, and at last the vision beams before him. Watts, the artist, represents him at this blessed moment of his faithful search. Flashing bright on his silver armor gleams the keen lightning's glare. From the dark, soggy ground-moss at his feet rises a century's rank growth of entangled trees and vines, while here and there a rotting trunk flares like a pillar of flame at each lurid flash. The head of the faithful white charger is pressed close to his master's side, seeking the comfort and protection which even his brute heart needs in this fearsome place. But amid all the storm and decaying rottenness, calm with the fearless pose of pure-minded youth, stands Sir Galahad, "stamped," as Tennyson says, "with the image of the king." The purity and extreme youth of the knight give his face that gentle, womanly expression seen in faces
of the Christ, but there, too, redeeming the features from
effectiveness, are seen the manliness and valor befitting
the noblest of chivalry. One foot presses forward, and on
his mailed thigh are clasped his earnest hands in an ecstasy
of centinental bliss. But it is the face and poise of the head
to which the eye is attracted. His head, crowned with a
stately halo of hair, is lifted, while his clear, enraptured eye,
heavily with the light of satisfied longing, beholds the object
of his weary days of disappointed wandering. All the rest-
less, unsatisfied yearning and longing, the pain of aching
flesh, the loneliness and failure, have left the face, and in
their place are stamped the bliss and contentment of God-rewarded
quest. Well has Watts painted Sir Galahad, as the emboili-
ment of all that was pure and high-minded in knight-errantry,
in the long-ago days when men were bold and bent on high
ambition.

II. Landscape Near Chantilly.

Corot, the great landscape painter, has painted a dainty
little scene in the Oise district in France, where was the
home of Conde, and the favorite resort of Moliere, Racine,
La Fontaine, and others. Here is still manufactured
the porcelain and lace for which France is noted. In his lan-
dscape, he presents a sky fleeced with fluffy, summery clouds,—
such a sky as tempts the lazy fisherman to listlessly drop his
tot and stretch at ease on the yielding grass with hat pulled
over sleepy eyes, to while away the drowsy hours in the dream-
cities of the clouds. Over the scene hangs that gentle hazy
atmosphere, gazing through which, one sees, not rough, ugly
trees and stones and workaday clouds, but trees and stones
which are the homes of nymphs and dryads, and even uncouth
peasants seem to walk as kings and queens. What matter it if
one be poor and lowly—born on such a day and in such a
place as this? The weary toiler, now pausing under the fore-
most tree to straighten out his tired back, looks across the
gently lapping ripples of the Oise river at his feet to the old-
fashioned bridge beyond, where the river curves; or up into
the shimmering leaves above him, and thinks that, with all
his aching toil and the pain of poverty, there is a God and
that God is good. And behind all this dreamy beauty is a
background of tangled vines and tree trunks, the havens, per-
haps, of elves, that of nights creep down to the sleepy village
to startle the peasants of Chantilly and whisper in their ears
of strange fairy designs for their busy lace-looms. This is the
scene near Chantilly.

GIRLHOOD.
The College Girl.

"The College Girl!" The term has lost its newness, but
has it lost its charm, or has she? Once there was a time when
there were no college girls. What an aching void there must
have been in this world of ours then. Truly this is a singularly
happy state. Would it be to imagine "Old Hope" without the girls? Hope personified
is a woman. Therefore, the young "Hopes" should properly
be girls. Hurry up, Old Hope; give us some more College
Girls. Your ranks look monotonous.

I have pondered much upon this "College Girl" and it is
no small task to describe her. Now she is sober, now wild,
now sad, now happy, now she is clever, and now she "flunks." What a character of extremes! Yet she has her troubles, too.
She does hate to study when there is a basket-ball game. She
does feel bad when she "flunks." She does feel sorry when
she doesn't go to chapel. But troubles are bubbles which
should be blown away, and this the "College Girl" learns to
do. Let her laugh, laugh, laugh away her cares and heart-
aches, for a laugh saves many a heart-ache.

But let us observe her more closely. There is something
in her beside mere laughter. Surely a girl subject to the influ-
ences she is in college, for four, or perhaps eight years, cannot
fail to have a character which is stronger and a life which is
richer and fuller, than the girl deprived of this life. Work well
done cannot but help to make us better and forms for us a
habit of precision and carefulness which clings for life. There
are some who will not and cannot see the value in a girl's
college training, and who in regarding the studies she is pur-
suing see little in it which will be of advantage or practical
use for her, but they forget that it is after all not Latin,
Greek, or mathematics she is striving alone to attain, but the
education and training which such a course accomplishes. Education is not merely book-knowledge. It goes deeper than the mere intellect. It reaches the heart and makes our lives. The College Girls has laid up for herself a wealth which cannot equally be exchanged for anything of value in Christendom.

The influence of the many other lives with which she daily comes in contact cannot fail to aid her. The virtues of some cannot help but eliminate the faults of others. Other lives, as it were, reflect ours to some extent. We soon learn the things which are approved and those which are disapproved.

Then, too, the College Girl's life is a busy, active one, and in activity there is health. Exercise brings strength. The girl whose life is an active one does not yield so readily to temptation, first, because her time is well filled in, and secondly, because the work has made her stronger.

The social side of a girl's college life is not to be overlooked. Any girl seeks sympathy. It is her nature. I do not think there are many girls who would wish to be isolated and alone. There is a saying, "That he who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare," and I think that girls feel the truth of this especially. The girl who misses or neglects the social side of college life misses half of her advantages. Pleasure and work are nowhere so happily intermingled as in a college girl's life. Live on them, O College Girl, for truly you were born under a happy star. Sing on with our poet, who sang:

"Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm the tent of snows.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of youth."

—SOROSIS, '09.

The Old-Fashioned Girl.

Now confess, deep down in your heart of hearts, you love the old-fashioned girl. How many times have we laughed at her funny clothes! How often have we been provoked at her precise ideas! But in spite of it all, we love her. We rarely meet her nowadays, but when we do, she is so delightfully refreshing that we unconsciously wish we were more like her.

I suppose the first thing that occurs to us when we think of an old-fashioned girl is her clothes. They are funny! They were probably cut from the same pattern that her grandmother used. She usually wears gray or black—thinking green or red far too gay for her. But, before we realize it, we are thinking about something more than her clothes. And the strange part of it all is that her clothes have suggested it. That "something" is her common sense. In every detail do we find this true. She never wears any torturingly tight collars. Her waist measure probably exceeds twenty-one inches, but we must acknowledge that her breathing is correct and that she has a full chest as a result. Her shoes look rather large, and the heels are unbecomingly low, but her gait never suggests the need of a chiroprist.

Then her manners—who has not envied her? She is dignified, but not at all prudish. She is quiet and unassuming. Her quaint "Yes, sir" and "No, ma'am" are refreshing, and make our abrupt "Yes" and "No" sound rather bold and offensive occasionally.

But our old-fashioned girl has one quality which makes us all love her. It is her motherliness. What a blessing she is to lonesome and home-sick college girls! Do we half appreciate those sacrificing acts of hers? True, she thinks she is doing nothing at all when she loses her rest to nurse some sick friend; when she spends her time and energy straightening out a miserable problem, or when she makes a cup of chocolate for some tired soul.

Yes, she is a blessing. And how much good we all could do if we were just a wee bit like the old-fashioned girl!

The Outdoor Girl.

The Outdoor Girl is merely a milder name for what used to be decreed and scoffed at as the New Woman. She has
come to stay. She has found out that a backboard and skill in needlework do not in themselves constitute the perfect woman. So she has sensibly cast the backboard to the woodpile and gone outdoors to breathe fresh air with uncramped lungs and compete with her brothers on the athletic field.

This does not mean that she has become a wild, untamable Amazon, who delights to bestride the bucking broncho and navigate the pathless prairie. Not in the least. She may get to that stage in course of time, for people are prone to explore both extremes of all things before they can be content with the prosaic middle ground of uncommon sense.

Women are making rapid progress in civilization. They may even become as enlightened as the other sex in time. In some places they are asserting their right to use tobacco in public places. It is not the outdoor girls who do this; they have more sense. It is the society machines, who are driven to death for something new and original to do.

The true outdoor girl is a very rational being. She recognizes the fact that the unlimited quantities of fresh air, pure water, and sunlight, were provided for use, and not merely to decorate the universe. A girl of this type is apt to have very decided opinions on the subject of ventilation, sanitation, etc. It is to be expected that people will call her a crank. She habitually sits by an open window. People less ruggedly constituted object. She objects to the objections; she knows what is good for her and thinks it must be good for other people, if they only knew it.

Being always well, she is apt to believe in Christian Science.

Her mode of life expands her mental chest and squares her mental shoulders, just as it improves her physical health. The winds soon clear the cobwebs out of her brain, and she looks the world squarely in the face and thinks straightforwardly, and to the point. She is apt to talk as she thinks, and people soon learn to call her blunt. She does very little that is not to a purpose.

It is not necessary for her to make a huge fuss about her rights, and perpetually cry for suffrage. She knows what her rights are and exercises them, without asking any questions of anybody. It is hers to command and make others obey, which they are usually glad to do, for along with her physical health she has been unconsciously developing personal magnetism. A healthy body with a big soul and a strong will in it is an ideal factory for personal magnetism.

In short, the true outdoor girl is more like a needle than anything else in the world. She has the physical and mental strength of steel, the straightforwardness born of the courage of her convictions, and her intellect is bright and keen as the needle point itself. She can be as useful as the needle. She is what she should be.

WOMEN AND EDUCATION.

(From the Moderator Topics).

Miss C. Krell.

History presents the noted Catherine H. of Russia, the patriotic Elizabeth and the pure-hearted Victoria of England, as powerful examples teaching respectively the necessity of executive force, of entire devotion to national welfare, and of noble conduct, when woman wears the crown of highest authority.

Effective object lessons in loving sympathy and needed assistance for men who offer their lives that nations may survive, have been given by Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton. National purity and individual restraint have been emphasized by Frances Willard.

Careful analysis of character formation, clear exposition of the iniquity of oppression, and beautiful portrayal of the affections, have exerted wide influence as presented by George Eliot (M. Evans), Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Amid national conflict, when faith waned as wrong seemed almost triumphant, Julia Ward Howe enabled despondent patriots to see that “God is marching on.”

Indirectly these women and others less famous have aided in the advancement of humanity. In a less individual manner our attention may be called to the educational forces more often considered in systemized form than when appearing in government, literature, and song.

In an address at the N. E. A. in 1905, President Roosevelt said, “The most characteristic work of the Republic is that
done by the teacher. First, in amalgamating into one homogeneous body native and foreign children,—making United States citizens. Second, in giving an ideal of devotion to work for work's sake,—a non-materialistic ideal. Some things are better than wealth."

His first statement is unquestioned. The ability of this people to unify so many different nationalities, and thus cause the ever-increasing number of immigrants to pride themselves upon their newly-gained citizenship, is largely if not absolutely dependent upon knowledge gained, opinions formed, and sense of equality developed in the common school, where each child is moulded by the democratic and patriotic influences characteristic of our educational work.

The president's second statement that, "The teacher gives an ideal of devotion to work for work's sake,—a non-materialistic ideal," is true of all who remain long in the work. The recent Carnegie gift of $10,000,000 "to provide pensions for professors in universities, colleges, and technological schools, without regard to race, sex, or creed," is a recognition of this ideal of devotion to work. Maryland, Ohio, and New Jersey make a similar acknowledgment by providing pensions paid by the state. Recently some of our larger universities,—Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Cornell, the University of California, and the Randolph-Macon Woman's College, under various conditions, have granted retiring allowances to professors. Another form of appreciation is shown in the Sabbatical system, which grants a professor leave of absence one year in seven, and usually on half pay.

In seeking to estimate the value of the teacher's work, no absolute standard may be used. Several years ago Supt. Gove of Denver schools said, "The teacher's work cannot be tested by immediate results. The only possible intelligent measure of the quality of a teacher's work is the deliberate judgment of an intelligent adult, twenty years after leaving school."

That the educational work in the United States is really noteworthy, notwithstanding adverse criticism, is shown by England's desire to study our school system. The Mosely commission of British teachers which visited us three years ago, found many excellent features in our schools, but noted two things which they regarded as defects: first, the absence of trade schools; second, too great a percentage of woman teachers. Had they forgotten that women are said to constitute a majority of the instructors in the public schools of their own proud land? Not content with the first examination of our methods of instruction, a second Mosely commission is here for the same purpose. Five hundred English, Scotch, and Irish teachers, including college professors and teachers in secondary and elementary schools, are scrutinizing our school system from the kindergarten to the university, and we eagerly await the second official judgment.

The total teaching force in United States numbers 459,747, and of this number woman constitutes seventy-five per cent. This preponderance of women in the profession is the basis of the Mosely commission criticism to the effect that the intellectual and moral faculties of boys as students need a greater force, derived from the influence of men as instructors. The value of this statement will probably be a subject for individual judgment based upon observation and experience. Possibly the British visitors would have been more favorably impressed, had their visit occurred twenty years ago, when forty-three per cent of all teachers then in this country were men. By far the larger number of women teachers are found in primary and secondary schools, yet in our 607 higher institutions of learning having a total teaching force of 21,826, women constitute twenty per cent. In 1889 statistics gave two hundred fifty-six women as county educational officials, eighteen as city superintendents, and two as state superintendents. Probably the two states thus honoring women, then as now were Idaho and Colorado.

More than 50 per cent of all our women graduates enter the teaching profession. Their average length of service is 11.1 years; the average length of service given by men is 14.7 years. Cincinnati has the highest average service, 16.8 years, closely followed by Boston's average of 15.3 years. As an inducement to remain in the profession we may note that the advancement in higher education opens annually nearly one thousand new places for teachers of either sex who may be promoted from secondary schools, if properly qualified. The fact that women are entering this profession in constantly increasing numbers is but a partial indication of the grow-
ing spirit of self-reliance manifested by the 5,000,000 of women of this country who compete with five times their number of men as wage earners, and who are quick to enter avenues affording more or less independence. More fully than any other nation we are entrusting the education of our future citizens to women; but they are only filling the places abandoned by men, to whom commercial and professional interests offer more permanent, congenial and remunerative employment.

That any teacher or group of teachers can be infallibly wise, can exert all desired influence over impressionable youth, is a manifest impossibility. The greater effort and final burden of responsibility must rest with the individual. The story of human advancement will ever present personal failure and success, accompanied by grief or joy, modified by the influence of accumulated race experience, and the action of the alert mind which seizes or makes opportunity.

THE ANCHOR.
Published by THE ANCHOR ASSOCIATION, Hope College, Holland, Mich.

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For Advertising Rates apply to Business Manager.
Entered at the Post Office at Holland, Michigan, as second-class mail matter.

EDITORIAL.

With this number of the Anchor, we lay aside our editorial pen and turn over our work to the new editorial staff who are already at work on the April issue. We have tried during the past year to give our readers the best college paper which it was in our power to publish. Whether we have been successful or not, we leave it to the reader to judge. We have received the usual amount of criticism, both favorable and otherwise. When this was given in the spirit of helpful kindness, we tried to profit by it. When it was given with a spirit showing a mere desire to "knock" and not to help, we tried to bear it patiently and still look happy.

We want to thank all who have helped us, both with suggestions and material. Busy as the best writers on the campus are, they have never been too busy to help us out when in need. The staff, especially, have shown the most courteous and helpful kindness always in doing all they could to make our work, as editor, a success. We want also to mention the kind treatment received from our printers, the
Holland City News Company, who have aided us in many ways aside from the mere work of printing.

We regret that the State Contest comes a few days too late to be written up in this issue. We should have liked to have given our readers glimpses of this great event, but of necessity we must leave it for next month.

The present number, we promised, was to be a Girls' Number. It has been suggested that we change the name to the "Gripe Number." This might be an improvement, for owing to the great amount of sickness, due to our friend, the Bacillus Influenzæ, it has been very difficult to get out this number at all. However, we have done what we could do under the circumstances, and who would ask more of Hope co-eds?

Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association begins a new year of activity next term with the following new officers:
President—John A. Dykstra.
Vice-President—Milton Hoffman.
Secretary—A. Te Paske.
Treasurer—Victor Blekkink.

THE COSMOPOLITAN BANQUET.

The Cosmopolitan Society and their girl friends enjoyed a delightful evening of entertainment on February 21, 1908. After a program, brimful of jokes, clever speeches, and sweet music, a banquet was served, no less pleasing to those who were present. All the guests, who were honored by invitations, agree that the Cosmopolitan Society knows how to entertain their friends with all that is happy and enjoyable in the way of an all-round good time.

THE MELIPHONE BANQUET.

On Tuesday evening, February 21, the members of the Meliphone Society, with their girl friends, assembled in their hall to celebrate their annual banquet. A good program was rendered, which showed considerable talent on the part of the members. After this a well-prepared menu was served. The hall was very attractively decorated with pennants and the Meliphone colors. After the banquet a flashlight picture of the company was taken, and soon the fifty-first annual banquet was only a pleasant memory.

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SOROSIS VS. MINERVA.

Score—11 to 10.

On Thursday evening, February 20th, was played one of the most hotly contested games of the season. The Sorosisites had accepted a challenge of basket-ball from the Minervites and both sides were out to win. It was a fight from start to finish and both sides are to be congratulated for their good work. The first half, the Sorosis girls were ahead. This, however, did not save them from any work in the second half. The Minervas were there every minute, and at one time brought the score one or two points over the Sorosis' score. It seemed rather doubtful for a time as to which side would win, and the Sorosis finally won by one point. The fact that the score was not larger is due to the exceedingly fine work of the Minerva guards. The lineup for the teams is as follows:
Sorosis—Forwards, Delia Ossewade and Ruth Shepard; center, Anna Boss; guards, Alyda De Pree and Bessie Wiersma.
Minerva—Forwards, Hattie Rickson and Miss Weurding; center, Clara Holleman; guards, Lucretia Garfield and Evelyn Oltmans.
SAMANTHA AT HOPE COLLEGE.

'Twas six weeks up to the very day
Since Samantha Allen had been away,
When before the fire one evening she sat,
Her feet on the stove, her chair on a mat,
Mending Josiah's, her husband's, clothes,
And darning the gaps in that old man's hose.

A strange new idea then struck her head,
And all thoughts of darning quickly fled.
Samantha had travelled much in her day,
Seen much of the world (so authors say),
Had spent a whole year on the ocean's sands,
Had enjoyed many months on unknown strands.

To New York City had purchased round fare,
Had taken a ride in a "merry go square.
But now something novel and really new
Had opened itself to Samantha's view.
This great idea was concerning knowledge—
She'd take a trip to old Hope College!
So one morning at eight in her Sunday gown,
She arrived at chapel and sat herself down
Right near the professors, in the front row.
That morning in Doctor Kollen's speech
This useful lesson he strove to teach:
"Entangling alliances do not make,
Nor oaths of allegiance should you take.
For the boys and girls who court in college
Show signs of lacking a great deal of knowledge."

Of course a college that used such rules
To Samantha's mind surpassed all schools.
Of Professor Beardslee she couldn't well say,
For he seemed quite strange to her that day,
But his tie captivated her wondering eyes,
And this was just one of his hundred such ties.

The gay one she gazed at this memorable morn
Was the twenty-fifth he'd that week worn.
Now, never to you could I rightly tell
How they all impressed her—Brush and Miss Krell,
Yntema and Nykerk, Stuphen and Kaap.
For, if I began, I could never stop.

Then, after chapel, she entered each room,
And there many scenes did before her loom.
Brush scolded his classes for coming late.
Prof. Yntema of St. Johns oft did relate,
Prof. Nykerk much of Macbeth would talk,
And she saw him the "light fantastic trip" walk.

At evening to dinner she went at the Dorm.;
With pleasure she ate, but she felt forlorn.
And although Mama G. was kind as could be.
Samantha did not feel exactly free.
But, nevertheless, though she acted queer,
Those model students never did sneer.

She never had worried so in her life,
And in her excitement she dropped her knife.
Her fork quickly followed her silver spoon,
And some of her soup followed that right soon.
At last of her eating utensils bereft.
She found herself with but a salad fork left
To stir her coffee and eat her mince pie.
And, quite worn out, she arose with a sigh.

Then, after all'd dined and scattered around,
Samantha with introductions was drowned.
She couldn't keep faces or names apart
And always said "Vruink" when she meant "Pikaart."
And then (but this I'd better not say)
When she meant "Wynant" she said "De Pree."

When the clock on the mantle struck seven, half-past,
With amazement she saw all vanish so fast
That she turned in dismay to good Mama G.,
Who explained, "A rule of Hope Council, you see."
As tired, but happy, she pinned on her shawl.
She said, taking leave of the Dorm and its hall.
"Of all places I've visited, Hope is the best.
Now home to Josiah, my mending, and rest!"
SMILES.

Hail to the Seniors!
"Hail! Hail! Hail!"

"Snooze! Snooze!" They used to say.
In Klein's room, all through the day;
But now if you should pause, upon the breeze
You may hear one all-embracing sneeze.

At Hope College:
The thing most hated!
The thing most sticking!
The thing most fated!
The thing most catching!

"La Grippe!"

"Don't tread on me!"—'11.
"Step on his tail—he'll bite!
Crush his head with your heel—he'll not fight."—'10.

They marked him third,
And only a few demurred.
He went into it for fun,
But "Hannie" sure had won."—Jennie.

Vander Schaaf, the good, becomes Vander Schaaf, the quitter.

Who's been to Hillsdale? The Juniors!
Who yells for Hillsdale? The Juniors!
Who cries from Hillsdale? The Juniors!
The inevitable three:
"Hannie," Jim and ——?

Snuff! Snuff!
What is the stuff!
Ah-shem! Ah-show! Ah-shuff!
Dave's ideal of womanhood!
It is truly touching in one so young!

Ike (in Grand Rapids): "That Soldiers' Home's a pretty decent place for a man and his wife to end their days in."
Abie—"Hugh! Not for mine! Vorhees and Van Vleck are had enough."

Calm superiority! '08.
Confessed brains! '09.
Budding youth! '10.
Daring infancy! '11.
"A dream of fair women!" Nykerk.
"A receding view!" Yntema.
"Hope in the future!" MacLaren.
"Seen—Yet unseeing!" Dimment.
"Golden opportunity!" Our President.
"Here: Hence—Where: Whence?" Kleinheksel.
"May: Beautiful May!" Vander Meulen.
"Extensive rather than intensive!" Kuizenga.
"(Eagle)-istic, not egoistic!" Beardslee.
"A builder of castles!" Surphen.
"With many tongues!" Brush.

If a co-ed meet a co-ed
Coming to Old Hope,
Need a co-ed ask a co-ed,
"Have you used 'Pair's Soap'?"?

Prof. Kuisinga was conducting the Sophomore Bible class. At a quarter before nine, Miss Thurber came strolling in. The professor looked at her a moment, and then turned back to the class. After class Miss Thurber excitedly asked one of the girls: "Do I have to tell him I was late?"

A Freshman has the following course: Analytical Geometry, College Algebra, and Trigonometry. No wonder his name is "Driy."

Young men, do not seek invitations from your young lady friends. It may go with you as it did with the man in the following incident:
Young Lady—"Are you going to take dinner anywhere this evening?"
Young Man (expecting an invitation)—"Why—no."
Young Lady—"Mercy! Won't you be hungry tomorrow morning!"
"Are you going to the 'Bell Ringers,' Peter?"
"Well, not exactly: I'm going to see a belle."
A peculiar leap year incident! Ask Mr. James Dykema about it.
Prof. Brush said: "Well, I don't know anything about the exchanging of rings between engaged couples. Maybe some one of you know more about it."
Question: Why did John Plasman's hand go up just at that moment?

Want Ads.
Miss Krell—Some one to use the dictionary.
Prof. Brush—Some sardine sandwiches.
Anna Bos—Some one as tall as she is.
Dalenberg—A hair-cut.
Peter Gebhard—A twenty-niner.
Harvey Olmans—A rocking chair.
Agnes Stapleamp—A phonograph (Victor preferred).
Angie Veenker—Free transportation to Grand Rapids.
John Plasman—A rose.
Hessel Yutema—A steady.
Schwitters—Some one at whom to smile.
Tennis Gouwens—A raven.

CONTEST SONGS.

1.
(Tune, "Coming Through the Rye.")
If a Co-ed meet a Co-ed
Coming to Old Hope.
If a Co-ed kiss a Co-ed
Need a Co-ed mope?
Oh, these Co-eds are so modest;
Oh, they are so shy;
But if a Co-ed kiss a Co-ed,
Need a Co-ed cry?
If a Big Boy meets a Big Boy
Coming to Old Hope;
If a Big Boy says, "Hello, boy,"
Need a Big Boy mope?
Every Big Boy knows some Big Boy.
Big Boy, don't be sad.
For if a Big Boy says, "Hello, boy,"
Big Boy, don't get mad.

If a Big Boy meet a Co-ed
Coming to Old Hope:
If a Big Boy says, "Hello, girl,"
Need a Co-ed mope?
Father Adam met a Co-ed.
"How d'ye do?" says he.
The rub lay not in saying "how dy"—
"Twas the apple tree.

Big Boy, Co-ed, all togetehr
Coming to Old Hope,
Leave your fears and be right friendly,
No one need to mope.
'Cause we want to be so happy,
Just chuck full of joy.
So kiss each other, modest Co-eds;
Say "Hello," Big Boy.

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