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Love's Unselfishness.

It was but a week before the great Bowdoin game; tickets were already on sale; and secret practice was the order of the day. Never, at Vernon College, had foot ball enthusiasm run so high. The confidence of success on the part of Vernon's supporters was caused not a little by Frank Lavan, who was again at half, and was making his usual fifty yard drop kicks with the accuracy of a marksman. Frank had not played or even been out for practice for three weeks, on account of a bruised ankle, but he was wholly recovered now, and again captained the team.

Yet it was not his physical prowess or football experience that especially endeared him to the student-body and, in fact, to all who knew him; nor was it his keen intellect or reputat on as a debater; it was an indescribable something that appealed most to those who knew him best. He had a massive fore head but a rather dull eye, and at first sight one would think him a man without any particular ambition; yet, when he was thoroughly aroused in debate, his eyes would flash, his giant frame become the impersonation of ease and grace, and his impassioned eloquence irresistible. He was president of the O. K. E. and altho he said little his counsel was always law and seldom tained of unanimous support. The Faculty pointed to him as an ideal student, that is, one who could harmonize the different phases of college life, and make them all tend to physical, mental and moral development. He was trusted implicitly. Whenever anyone was in trouble, he would go to Laven, regardless of fraternity and class, and never did he return with-
out nobler resolves and more faith in himself. Thus, in three short years he had won a place in the heart of every student, and he used to say that he did not see how he could get along without one of his campus fellows, he loved them all and considered each some mother's fondest hope, the ideal of a younger brother, and a father's—well, that was the reason why the fellows sometimes wondered at Frank's melancholy moods. He often spoke of his mother and used to write her long and endearing letters; but no one ever heard him speak of his father. Once or twice, Wilson, his room-mate, had asked him if his father was dead, and the only explanation he received was that he was not. He never asked him again, for Frank was not accustomed to tell his own cares and troubles, even to those who looked to him for consolation in times of distress or bereavement.

On the last day of scrimmage, Frank's class had carried him off the field and at the Mass meeting that followed, he had been the principal speaker. That night he strolled longer with Helen than he usually did. There was something in the poesy of their lives that bound them closely together. While the other fellows admired Helen Burns for her beauty and accomplishments, Frank admired her, because, although she had always lived in the city, and associated only with people of means and intelligence, never having experienced the wants and privations of life, she had a warm, sympathetic heart for all. That she was blessed more than the other girls in means, she showed only in that she shared with them.

Hardly had Frank begun to work that night when he received a telegram summoning him home, on account of the death of his mother. It would be difficult to describe the consternation which prevailed the following day, when the students gathered in small crowds to tell each other the sad news, half divided as they were between sympathy for Frank and fear for tomorrow's game. But especially was it a blow to Frank. After he had looked for the last time upon that kind face which had been the guardian angel of his better self, thro all his boyhood days, and clasped those hands, sacred to his memory, which had so often calmed his feverish brow and smoothed away his youthful cares, he stood as it were alone in the world.

His father was bitterly opposed to education. He had ever considered Frank but a mere tax upon his income, and when he chose education rather than work, he disowned him and even refused him shelter. The older Laven got his philosophy of life from his own experience. He had never known his parents and for as long as he could remember, he had been compelled to work. He had been quite successful, in that he had amassed a small fortune. People said he married for name and money, but being disappointed in regard to the latter, his married life was not as happy as it might have been. Now all belonged to him and he intended to see that none of it should go to education. He often argued—"I never learned nothing, and done just as well as some of yer educated chaps, who wear them 'er stove pipes, kid gloves and gold headed canes, and if all America was for sale for two dollars, they couldn't buy her.

Cold and bleak was the day on which Frank returned to college. All the fellows came to see him as they formerly had done, but he was not the Frank Laven whom they once had known. He seemed very distant now, and barely knew his old associates. He had passed Helen once or twice but only doffed his hat. At first all that he was overcome with grief, but as he grew more distant, even to Wilson, and was gradually changing his habits of life, all wondered. Some sneered, and a few even ridiculed. He refused to join the Winter track team. Some of the younger students tried to urge him, but those who knew Frank Laven said nothing. Poor Frank, he more than any one else felt the calamities of his once true friends and the disgust of all, but what could he do? All he had to finish the year with was fifty dollars, which his mother had left him. Not that he could not borrow money: Wilson would have given him more than he could have used, for many times Frank worked long into the night, puzzling out the intricate parts of almost inconceivable problems in Calculus for him, and Wilson had not forgotten it. But how could he ask for more aid? All the money he had used thru his College course, of which he had not been as sparing as he might have been, his mother had borrowed from her brother.

...
His uncle was a kind man and that a good deal of Frank, even the Frank had always hated him. Just before Frank returned to college he gently accosted him, not to break the humiliating news that he was indebted to him for all that he was, but to tell him that he had cancelled all he owed him, and asked how much he would need to finish the year. His kindness somewhat overcame Frank, but the thought that he was in debt for all that he was was more than he could endure. He would borrow no more money on any condition, but would pay as soon as possible. Frank felt that he was no longer a free man and could not do as he formerly had done. He returned to school, only at his mother's last request and determined to earn his own way. To begin this changed life, he resigned as a member of the O. K. E., and even joined the "E" club which only the "beggar and tough" element patronized. His best friends declined to associate with him. Even the Faculty lost hope in him, and his fraternity buries him in effigy. Yet and all this there was one kindlier soul who had not lost his faith in him, even tho he had not spoken to her for two months. The rest of the girls called him "insane or in love," but all Helen would say was—"It is not without cause. He is over burdened with something we do not know of." Her pleadings won little favor, and even she sometimes doubted. The first feeling of surprise, however, wore away, and as Commencement drew near all began to pity rather than sneer, for at heart none could help but love Frank.

Wilson and Helen were seen walking oftener than usual, and although as one knew the subject of their long discourses, as they sat beneath the old elm or walked along the banks of the rippling stream, shimmering in the moonlight, yet every one thought Laven a more frequent subject, than their leagued botanical researches.

At last commencement day came, and Laven was the orator of the day. When he arose and announced his subject, "A Man Among Men," all cheered vociferously. He had hardly spoken his first sentence, when he seemed their debater and friend of old. As he dwelt long upon the thought, that the true greatness of a man lies in his ability to cope with adversity, all forgot their prejudices and were unanimous in their praise. Helen, too, was there and once or twice their eyes met, Frank to see in hers the inspiration for some one more successful and fortunate in life than he, and Helen, to see in him the greatness of a character beyond the ordinary.

That afternoon, by chance, they met, and surely he would speak to her, or at least bid her good-bye, for it would be his last chance—but only his accustomed doff. Frank knew that Wilson loved her and was most worthy, for he not only considered him an ideal young man, but knew that he was heir to a large estate, while he was a pauper, even more, was indebted for all that he was, and would not be a free man for a long time to come. Thus departed from Vernon College two who loved each other dearer than life itself, but were separated because of the inequality of life. Helen never married Wilson because she loved him—but for three years she had not heard from Frank, and Wilson had been his dearest friend.

Years passed on until the life of Frank Laven began to seem but a myth, and even Helen spoke of it less frequently. One afternoon as they were spending their last week enjoying the cool, refreshing breezes of the Pacific, by chance they stopped at a beautiful little city, Vernon by name, and to their surprise learned that it had been founded and practically built by a man whose character and description answered to that of Frank Laven, but who had already been dead five years. Yet the people loved to talk of him and speak of his philanthropy, while in the largest park they had erected a marble shaft to his memory. After careful search for any of his belongings which some friend might have saved, "for they said he had always lived alone," Wilson found but a few pictures which his landlady had carefully laid away hoping that sometime she might find one, to give to him than a mere friend, to whom she might give them.

That night as Wilson and Helen carefully studied those pictures, mostly of college days, they suddenly lit upon one which they had never seen before. It was of Laven's own painting. They would have called it a master-piece, but above it he had written, "My Ideal," and the picture was that of Helen as he had seen her the last time. Gently they laid the picture aside, Wilson to look into the dimly-distant past to see his truest
friend, who, on their last night together, had told him ever to think of her as a guardian angel, and worthy to be a king's queen; Helen to think of him who had ever loved her as he once confessed, but had denied himself that she might never suffer want or shame.

Benj. J. Bush.

Paragraphs on Robert Burns.

Burns' Sweethearts.

Burns not only admired beauty as displayed in the flowers, the birds and the scenery of his beloved Ayr, but his aesthetic eye was charmed by a graceful "cook," bright eyes and flaxen hair, as well. He sang of the laverock, Aiton Water and the Ayr, but sweethearts galore are immortalized in his poems. Variety, to him, was the spice of love, and love never lost its savor. To each new maid he vowed constancy, and proclaimed her prettiest and best of all. By the river, in the valley, at dewey eve or in the morning, it made no difference,—Burns saw admired, loved. His affection partook of the spontaneity and exuberance of his genius. We dare not praise him for this; nor yet do we blame him overmuch, for genius, unrestricted by the ordinary limitations of humanity, in the working out of its greatness, is as well deprived of these salutary restrictions in the working out of its every day life, when in common with other men, it meets the base, material temptations of a prosaic world. And Burns tho perhaps not a man, was a genius unsurpassed.

Jan. Dykema, "C."

Burns, the Bard of Scotland.

Carlyle, in his "Essay on Burns," tells us how little national spirit was found in Scottish poetry, previous to Burns. This seems the more strange when we read about the ancient Bards, who, like Icelandic Skalds, sang the glory of their national heroes and their native land. It seems that, since the last poet of the old line, the Irish O'Coralan, died in 1787, national spirit had been extinguished—however, not for always; for, when for fifty

THE ANCHOR

long years the harps had been hanging on the willows, a true son of Scotland, the Caledonian singer, the patriot, Burns, tuned them again and sang in the style and manner of the Bards. He, the son of a people whose history is the product of legend and story: the native of a picturesque land, the mountains of which are still adorned with the ruins of ancient castles, where at night time the haunted ghosts of knights are said to wander; this man of the vivid imagination,—is it any wonder that from his lips burst forth the song of the long repressed patriotism of the Scots? We have but to read his "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" and his "Caledonia," to see in him one of the bards of old.

Henry Pasma, "C."

Burns' Spontaneous Genius.

Burns was a genius of nature's own making. Born in an age which is considered the most prosaic Britain has ever seen, under circumstances the most disadvantageous, he nevertheless produced poetry which no man has yet surpassed. Often poets of world-wide fame have left this world an inheritance which seemed at the time of its appearance, most valuable; in time, their charm became less potent, because their success lay in some mechanical excellence. Such excellence can always be copied, and when copied, becomes common place. These poets found their instruction in the study of their predecessors. They had their models to copy from; they stood, as it were, in the midst of a boundless treasure-house of tools. Robert Burns was made a poet, without help and without tools,—truly a genius of Nature's own making. Whereas Tennyson had to smoke twenty-four pipes over his "Princess," Burns produced his works spontaneously. His soul was all music: he had but to see one of the humorous or pathetic things of daily life—and there was poetry.

John H. Kregel, "C."
Our Platform.

This is the first number of the paper, issued under the direction of the new Staff. Since the outgoing Staff was guilty of no mismanagement or negligence, it does not become our painful duty to institute any sweeping reforms. It is doubtless fitting, however, that we should reiterate what, in our opinion, is the purpose of the Anchor, and what in co-operation, will be our policy as to its management. The Anchor, then, serves a two-fold purpose. The first has reference to Students. The primary object of any college paper is to give student-life in its many phases an opportunity to express itself; and if it worthily serves this purpose, it cannot but possess value and interest. Intellectually, for instance, where is thought so advanced and various as in our colleges? College papers give opportunity to voice this thought. We at Hope are surely not behind in this respect, and the stories, essays and orations that appear in the Anchor ought to equal those in other college papers. If, however, they fail to do this, the fault does not lie entirely with the editors. It is for you, students, to discover excellence in the productions of others or yourselves and then to offer such productions to the Anchor. Are you going to take pride enough in your paper to keep its literary standard high and to fill its columns with the best product of your thought?

But the life of our students is more than intellectual. Athletics is constantly becoming a more prominent interest at Hope, as we of the sluggish Dutch mind are beginning to see the orthodoxy of physical culture and the advantages of friendly rivalry and intercourse with other schools. Then there are your societies—your alumni and fellow-students are interested in the work you are doing, but the contributions you some times send to the Anchor’s Society Editor are so commonplace that they are calculated to quench even the most ardent interest. The reason why the work of the Y. M. C. A. has not been as fully represented as it might have been, during the past year, is because it has been well-nigh impossible to obtain even a fairly interesting statement of it from the Society’s leaders. But further than this, it sometimes happens in colleges, as in cities or countries, that abuses of privilege and violations of right are discovered. Were such a thing to happen at Hope, the Anchor would consider it itself the voice of the studentry in earnest criticism and sincere demand for reform. Nor does this mean that it would side blindly against authority, or lower itself by giving way to boyish inconsiderateness in the use of unwarranted abuse. These are our opinions on this question. It is for you, fellow-students, to help us in making the Anchor truly representative of student life.

The second object of the Anchor has reference to the Alumni and Constituency of the College. We know that you are interested in us, and, as we have said, our first object in publishing the Anchor is to satisfy this interest. But the second object of a college publication such as this is to maintain, in its integrity and strength, the bond of union between the College and its Alumni. It follows that, as you are interested in us and look to the Anchor to learn something about us, we are interested in you and look to the Anchor to learn what name you are making for yourselves and your Alma Mater. Therefore, all contributions from you Alumni and especially items of interest.
the work of your fellow graduates, in spheres of church, state or society, will be received with pleasure and thanks. One of our chief aims will be to maintain a strong Alumni Department.

One word as to Subscriptions—it is the honest opinion of the present Staff that these ought to be paid for not later than one year after they become due! Trusting that none of their fond hopes may be disappointed, and that all of their plans for the betterment of the Anchor may realize themselves in achievement, the new Staff enter upon their work.

In the present issue the new Staff gives a delicious example of its simplicity and utter unselfishness by leaving the list of the old Editorial Staff on its pages. To save our predecessors, however, from the opprobrium of issuing this number, the following confess to a share in the real blame:

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Athletics.

GRAND RAPIDS: HOPe II.

The basketball team covered itself with glory on March 25th in the last game of the season. It was played in Grand Rapids with the representatives of the Y. M. C. A. As it was the night of the annual Y. M. C. A. exhibition an immense crowd was out to witness the performance. The first half was all Y. M. C. A.; the second was all—Hope. The victory was peculiarly gratifying because so many of the Alumni and Constituency of the College were out to see the game. All honor to the team that has made for Hope a name in one branch of athletics at least!

But think not that this is the end! The leaven is affecting the whole meal. Along the south side of the campus a running track is being constructed, and soon the fleet-footed sons of Hope will pursue one another with mighty strides over its smooth surface, that they may gain strength of heart and swiftness of foot for coming contests with those of other schools. And then, on sunny afternoons, you may see students of every description engaged in forms of sport hitherto a little strange at Hope, jumping, shot-putting etc. Best of all, the baseball season is on! This sport has always been popular here and if this year's team amounts to anything it will doubtless receive the best of support from town and college. At a recent meeting of the squad "Doc" Vander Laan was elected captain. We all know him as a fine player and if the men will but be enthusiastic and willing, he should be able to run the team well. It has also been decided that we get along without help from city players this spring. Consequently there are six vacant positions on the team. Who will help us on to victory?

So far nothing but good seems to have come from this renaissance of athletics. It certainly is to be hoped that the prominent part the younger generation of students gives to physical exercise will do away with that lack of physical stamina, that is the most noticeable fact about some—yes many—of the boys. Moreover, the slightly greater latitude that the authorities are giving to us in athletics, has done worlds of good in bringing about a spirit of harmony and good-will such as has not been felt for years. There is no reason why we can't be successful in this line. We are being given the chance. What shall we do with it? The Anchor greets this movement among the dead bones, with Three Cheers for Athletics! Three Cheers for the Athletic Association. Three Cheers for OLD HOPE!

De Alumnis.

'88. The new mayor of Holland, Henry Geerlings, was elected by a surprising majority of 439. Hope's sons and daughters rejoice that one of their number has become chief magistrate of the city wherein our Alma Mater is located.


'99. After graduating from the W. T. S., John E. Kuizenga will become pastor of the Reformed church at Graafschap, where plans are being laid for the erection of a handsome new house of worship.

'00. Rev. Abraham DeYoung, of Waupun, Wis., has been very ill at the home of his parents in Chicago. We hope for a speedy recovery and his return to his field of labor.

Hope's Alumni among the teachers in the Wisconsin Memorial Academy were seen in our midst during their vacation. The three, Alice Kollen, '03, Minnie DeFeyter, '02, and Principal Egbert Winter, '01, report a successful term of work. A class of seven will graduate from the Academy in June, four of whom expect to enter Hope college in the fall. Miss Kollen will not return to Cedar Grove for the spring term.

'98. Rev. C. Kuyper, who recently became pastor of the 4th church in Grand Rapids is meeting with most gratifying success. Some twenty-five young people have joined the church since his arrival.

Of our Alumni professors in the college, J. M. Van der Meulen, '91, and E. D. Dinnent, '96, are taking a course in Biology under Prof. A. W. Dorr. Prof. J. B. Nykorr, '85, spent two days of the spring vacation in Muskegon, enlivening with his music the meetings of the Eighth District C. E. Union in Convention assembled. The delegates speak loudly in praise of his solo work and of his skill in leading the choir of the Second Reformed church of Muskegon.

Fraternal Through the zeal and faithfulness of its members the Fraternal Society is, as ever, progressing. There is in this society a true spirit of fraternity; and this, together with the loyalty and energy of the Fraters, has made the society a model one. The programs of the past term were of a high character, and gave evidence of considerable talent. Criticism is freely engaged in by the members, and is of such a character that great good results therefrom. The society was gratified during the past term because our fellow Frater, the college's representative at the state oratorical contest, distinguished himself at that contest by his oratorical ability. There is no doubt that society in the college where better orators are produced than in the Fraternal society; for is it not true that the successful orators at our local oratorical contests are usually Fraters?

The work of a new term has been begun—a term which, although the shortest of the year, will, we hope, be characterized by efficient and zealous work on the part of the members. The officers who will manage the society's affairs this term are:

President—J. Van Zomeren.
Vice president—A. J. Muste.
Secretary and Treasurer—J. C. Hoekje.
Keeper of Archives—A. Stegenga.
Marshal—J. Van Dyk.

Cosmopolitan The Cosmopolitan society has again entered upon a new term's work. The beautiful spring weather, the coming changes in nature, and the atmosphere about us are evidently reviving in some of our members the sublimest poetical thoughts. The programmes rendered during the last term, and especially the work done by those who have united themselves with us this year as new members, show great progress in the growth of literary ability in our society. We have great reasons to feel encouraged and to continue our work with still
more ardor and ambition. The officers that have been elected for this term are the following:
President—G. J. Penning.
Vice president—Z. Roetman.
Secretary and Treasurer—B. DeYoung.
Sergeant—B. Poppen.

Minerva
The Minerva Society, after a winter of hopeful work, are able to begin this term with the interior of their hall beautiful. The various entertainments given during the winter months have materially blessed the society, and have created a more manifest society spirit. The coming term will be one of exacting, careful work, especially along the line of original productions. The new officers planning the work are:
President—Hannah G. Hoekje.
Vice president—Mae Venecklassen.
Secretary—Mae L. Bruise.
Treasurer—Hilda C. Stegeman.

Melophone
At the closing meeting of the last term the following officers were elected:
President—R. H. Nichols.
Vice president—J. J. DeKraker.
Secretary—A. Vos.
Treasurer—A. T. Laman.
Sergeant—P. H. Pienne.
Marshal—H. Pasma.
The meetings of this term will be devoted mainly to miscellaneous business. Every effort is being made to make the anniversary programme in June a grand success. New features will be introduced, which will tend to show the progressive spirit of the Melphonians.

Ulfilsa
The Ulfilsa society with renewed efforts resumes its work in the study of the Dutch Language. Its meetings last term were encouraging; and there is no doubt but that the work done is proving very helpful to the members in gaining command of the language. The society has an increase of membership over that of last year, which clearly shows that more interest is being awakened in the study of the Dutch Language. Preparations are being made for the annual entertainment at the end of the school year. The officers of the society for this term are:
President—Z. Roetman.
Vice president—B. Rottschaefeer.
Secretary—J. Van Zomeren.
Marshal—G. Hankamp.

Y. M. C. A.
The Y. M. C. A. is continuing to flourish. The newly elected officers are becoming acquainted with their work, and all the committees are taking hold of their allotted part of the society's duties. The Tuesday evening prayer-meetings are faithfully attended, and are growing to be more enthusiastic and helpful. The mission-study classes of the college and preparatory departments are looking forward to a very interesting series of meetings. The two classes have united for this term to study the history and the condition of the foreign mission fields of the Reformed Church in America. The classes have been placed under the leadership of W. G. Hoekje of the Senior class of the college. By providing an opportunity to become acquainted with missionary needs and activities, the work of this class is not only a great help to those who attend to make a judicious choice of a life work, but is also largely responsible for the genuine missionary spirit for which Hope College is noted.

Y. W. C. A.
Another year in our Association work has past. In most respects we feel that it has been a successful one, and we now look forward to another term of service. Our membership now includes nearly every woman in the college, and our average attendance throughout the year has been all that could be expected. A greater interest than formerly has also been shown by our members. The visit of Dr. Root has inspired us with new missionary enthusiasm and we look for results in
the future. On Feb. 4 our election of officers for the year was
held. The following were elected:
President—Lottie M. Hoyt,
Vice president—Margie Keppel,
Secretary—Hilda C. Steeman,
Treasurer—Olive L. Barnaby.

Exchanges

One of our exchanges, The Legenda, is published by a
girl's school. It might be well for some of our ladies to study
this paper carefully prior to understanding the getting out of one
of this year's numbers of the Anchor.

Once there was a busy B
So busy that he couldn't C
And to a drone he said at T
O G U R A E Z B.—Ex.

One of our exchange tables is the "College Paper," Stillwater,
Oklahoma. Now that the Reformed church is so deeply inter-
ested in Oklahoma and may sometime have a college of its own
there, we ought to study with considerable interest the work of
one of our predecessors there.

Tell me not in mournful nos.
Cats are harmless little things,
For the soul is dead that slos.
When the cat at midnight sings.—Ex.

Apropos of the discussion about a two year college course,
President Woolrow Wilson of Princeton says: "I cannot see
how anybody who has ever seen a Sophomore can possibly
think of graduating him in that condition." The remark is to the
point and ought to be plain enough to stop silly discussion on
this subject.

The Alethian for March contains an exciting description of a
girl's basketball team at practice—the remarks would not apply
to our girls. Read it.
College Jottings.

A or non A.

"Matt, Matthias."

Work hard and get nothing.

Spring time—much fun and more Greek.

"We can't all win, but we can all do our best."

Prof. to Dykema: $4 + 2 = ?$

Dykema: 6

Prof: \( \frac{1}{2} \) note plus \( \frac{1}{4} \) note = ?

Dykema: \( \frac{1}{4} \) note.

**UP IN THE AIR.**

This is a Fo-to-graff. Ike Van W. is rant-ing a-bout his Marks. Hou-te and Pleu-ne are jolly-ing him.

Pleune says it's a lot of fun to syrup door knobs.

Ruissard's poem of 1904:

A seam on the front side,
None on the right side,
None on the left side,
Abominable trousers.

---

Stegenga got a hair cut.

J. Hoekje: Last time I took my sister, but next time—girls beware!

Wanted—A machine to solve physics problems. Nichols.

Dykema has already sent three invitations to lady friends, for the spring banquet and still has more on hand. A stitch in time saves nine.

The Anchor extends sympathy to Kolyn, who in loyalty to athletics, came back with the basket-ball team from Grand Rapids and on account of the flood, had to spend his vacation in Holland.

This is an oth er Fo-to-graff. It re-pre-sents Ham and Van Zo-mer en sprint-ing the 4 Block Dash for the Ward cham-pion-ship.

The Juniors in Phaedo say there is nothing like getting things thoroughly.

Some of the boys and girls will be sorry to learn that Miss Kotvis is not going to spend the summer at the park.

Paul K. to Duven—I'll play until five and then you can play second.
B. Steketee
The best soap for shaving is
William's
We sell it.

Sunlight OR
Daisy Flour
Write Direct to the Mill for it

FANCY! FEET! PURSE!
We fit all three. GOOD SHOES ought to; they really don't
suit either unless they suit all. You'll find the styles are right
the shape and comfort and the price too.

This Space is For Sale
FOR PARTICULARS see E.E. McCarthy

Holland City News
All kinds of Book and Job Printing.
Commencement Programs and Invitations,
Commercial Printing.
Boot and Kramer Building, Citizens Phone go.
See the Joke?

Then laugh—Read this after you have sobered up.

Books & Stationery

The same old song—When we were in college we always bought our suits at—say the old boys. We want you to tell your grand children that you always traded at the

THE BOOK STORE

R. VanderPloeg, 44 E. 8th St.

P.S. Don’t forget to remind your professors of it.

If you are thinking of getting a new suit or a pair of trousers do not fail to give me a call and examine the full line of suitings always on hand.

Cleaning and Pressing neatly done.

N. Dukema
11 East 8th Street

Fast, Frequent Passenger Cars

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THINK ABOUT IT

$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 Hammocks for 75c

They are going fast

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