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Fred Zalsman, Local Ag't., Holland, Mich.
“ANNIE LAURIE.”
A Criticism

Unknown—thus the authorship of “Annie Laurie” is announced to the inquiring world. This poem claims for its creator no Milton, whose fame would insure it a welcome reception; nor a Whittier, whose magic simplicity would endear it to the heart of every reader. It is like a pebble on a sandy shore, that may be claimed by him who finds it; like a kitten lost in a meadow, that will purr sweetly for any one who cares to fondle it.

But whoever the author may be, his purpose is noble. He endeavors not to please our ears with a sensational ditty, nor to thrust upon us the overflow of his amorous temperament. His is a purer motive and a higher aim. He gives us an ideal of true affection. He pictures for us the beauty and the possibilities of a love that is sincere, intense, but withal pure. He teaches us what it means to have love without sentimentality, praise without flattery, passion without lust.

So much for the purpose of the author. In our criticism we are more concerned with the manner in which this purpose is accomplished. The author has nicely chosen as the subject matter of his poem the feelings aroused in his own soul by a contemplation of the charms of her he loves. Although at first sight it might appear that he is simply describing an objective reality, a closer study reveals that his every picture is colored with a subjective tint. Deep down in his human heart is the wound that will not be healed except by the consolation
of a kindred spirit, and the pangs of this wound can in poetry find expression only in the impassioned phrases of lyric verse. From his own heart and with his own mouth must the poet speak of the devotion that characterizes the ideal affection.

And it is in the characteristics of this devotion that the poem finds its enduring charm. First we note the intensity of the poet's love. He fondly recalls the "bonnie braes," where the evening dews are falling, as the place where he received the promise he will nevermore forget. To him all nature seems alive with Annie Laurie. The mute snowdrift becomes eloquent and speaks of her comeliness, and the feathered beauty of the swan addresses him in a language more genuine than words. Her eye is to him an unexplainable mystery—he ventures to suggest only, "and dark blue is her eye." Even the dewdrop bending the daisy's petals reminds him of "the fa' o' her fairy feet," and the sighing of the summer wind brings back to him the charm and melody of her maiden voice. In his meditation the power of emotion so completely overwhelms him that he finally bursts out in that grand hyperbole, "She's a the world to me." But for all its intensity, his love does not lack sincerity. No wanton paramour is he. It is not in him to dally with the affections of his fellow creature. He is only too anxious to believe, to admit, yea, even to repeat, that the promise she has given him is true. For her sake he is willing not only to forego a certain amount of ease and pleasure, but even to endure the climax of all human ills. Nor is this a childish fancy or a youthful whim, but a strong, manly purpose, for at the end of every stanza he repeats,

"And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me downe and de."
The poet has accomplished his purpose, and his labor has not been in vain. Love is the strongest force this world affords. It moves men of every clime, and often lifts men up to heaven or drags them down to hell. Shall not so potent a factor in human life be presented in all its intensity, sincerity, purity, its charm and loveliness, in order that all the world may follow the ideal of true affection? Our unknown poet has done it, and the continued popularity of Annie Laurie proves that he has done it well.

D. DYKSTRA, '06.

HER SWAN SONG

Without, the winds shriek o'er the castle wall,
Within, the hush of death is over all.
At Cleon's side they watch with hated breath,
And wait the coming of the warden, Death.

White is her face as marble of a shrine,
Filled are her eyes with rapture e'en divine;
Limp lie her hands, that once the harp-strings beat
To battle-music or to anthem sweet.

Oft have those harp-strings throbbed with Love and War,
Or simple lays of field and wood and star;
Once laughter gay rang through the castle hall,—
Now silent hangs the harp upon the wall.

Fondly her eyes upon the dumb harp dwell,
For 'twas her solace, and she loved it well;
Forth from the watchers steps her bearded sire,
And in her hand he lays the golden lyre.

Softly her hands caress the silver chords;
No clash of battle-ax or din of swords
Call forth the harp-strings, but a glorious song,
Such as the angels sing through ages long.

Softer the music grows. 'Tis sweeter far
Than any tale of Love or song of War,
As from the strings the last sweet notes arise,
Her soul ascends to God, and thus she dies.

JENNIE E. PIKAART, Prep. '06.

"LONONA"

On the first day of August, James Brandon was paddling his canoe down the lazy current of a quiet stream—a river it would be styled in the East—in the region of the vast Serrias. He had come from his native city to spend his vacation in the way he loved best—alone amidst the wildness and grandeur of Nature. Brandon was no dreamer, he was rather a wide-awake, bustling, vital specimen of the young business man of the twentieth century; but his heart had always cried out for just such an opportunity to know itself, uninterrupted by the clanking wheels of civilization. Here, amidst the grandest of Nature's works, he had gained his heart's desire, and was content in the relaxation of mind and body.

As he drifted further down stream, the current became turbulent, and he rushed on between the ever increasing heights of rocky cliffs, and on down into the deep cañon below. At length, landing at a fork in the stream, he made his camp, and, leaping into the canoe, he paddled away intent upon giving his native love of adventure full sway.

With eyes alert for either beauty or sudden danger, he glided swiftly along. The stream made a sudden bend. He gazed upward, awed by the stupendous mass of rock towering above the stream. In a ledge overhanging the river bed the glimpse of a crimson gown with a dark, intense, yet lovely face above it, added the final touch to a beautiful picture. Without uttering a word the Indian girl pointed imperatively toward the stream below. The tense look and the attitude warned the young man of danger, even before he saw his peril; for there, dropping to a sheer twenty feet, the stream broke into spray on the rocks below. No human effort seemed adequate to save him, for on either side the cañon rose above him, with not a place for a foothold if he had the time to gain it. As he closed his eyes for the fatal leap, he was wrenched violently from the canoe, and found himself floundering in the water. A rope tightened about him, and slowly he was drawn out—up—to safety on the ledge above. Leaping to his feet, he confronted a cowboy grinning at him good humoredly.

"Howdy, Pard! Close shave that!"
Brandon strode across the ledge, grasped the cowboy's hand, and wrung it in a vise-like grip. The cowboy winced and said:

"Good paw that, fer a tenderfoot. Say, but yuh air the stiff! Blamed if I didn't expect yuh tuh fall aweepin' at my feet, hneg me as yuhr savior: but—! Wall, yuh-all have some sense—though anyway tuh take an act of common decency ithout exhaustin' th' dictionary either. By Jinks! Where d' you hail from, Pard? Cum 'long an' hev somethin' warnin' to yuhr insides. Whare's that thare gal?"—looking around, while Brandon, too, in that moment remembered the face and the attitude of the Indian girl.

The cowboy led the way. The two men plunged through an opening in the rocks, and in a moment were stumbling through thick underbrush, the cowboy the while keeping up a rapid-fire monologue directed at Brandon.

"That thare gal! Wall now, she air as bashful an' timidity's a partridge. Yuh-all 'll hev tuh thank her, Pard. She seen yuh an' quick's a flash grabbed that thare lariat an' threw it straight's a die, an' 'fore I could say Jack Robinson—then tossed t'other end tuh me, sayin', 'Here, Monsieur Billy, bring him to.' Thought I hev it tuh do in more 'n one way by the looks o' them toggins' o' your'n. That thare gal's th' real article, Pard, an' don't yuh forgot it. None o' them in th' blasted ol' cities. Say, Pard, air yuh-all tongue-tied?"

Brandon laughed, saying: "Well, it seems to me that you haven't given me much of a chance. Just wait! I'll make your ears hum when I have commenced. But the glimpse of every diabolical thing I'd done since I was a little shaver, that flashed through my mind before that expected leap into Kingdom Come brought me up pretty short. Ever feel that way?"

The cowboy eyed him with evident disgust. "Well, by gum, I'd begun ter have hopes o' yuh-all. I kinder thought mebbe yuh wuzn't sech a tenderfoot as yuh looked. Why yuh 'll hev to go tuh one o' them thare baby schules—'Kindergarten'—they calls 'em—fore yuh 'll do for this here ungodly climate. Say, don't yuh know, Pard, tain't manners to let one's feelin's o' th' nex' world git th' better o' a feller? But yuh 'll larn—yuh air a promisin' kindergartner. Here we air."

They came in sight of two or three neglected rude log shacks that stood in the midst of a small clearing. Raising his voice, the cowboy called: "Lonona, here's the paleface yuh-all stung up so handsome. Cum 'long an' give him some o' that thare warm-th'-right-spot stuff yuh air keepin' so careful."

A low musical voice came gravely from the larger of the log shacks: "If you, the pale monsieur wish to serve, you the tings know where are." The cowboy tossed his head and laughed heartily; then, catching sight of the still dripping Brandon, said to him:

"Th' little hussy has ideas, an' this here is her last; I reckon she's mostly willin'—but that thare gal's a princess, I hev yuh know. She serves none but th' ole one's friends, and yuh ain't in it. (Again speaking louder.) "I say, Lonona, this here paleface comes from the White Father, an' he'll be blazin' mad if yuh don't skip aroun' lively."

The low voice, with a hint of laughter, came to them from just beyond the doorway of the hut: "The White Father would send never a pale monsieur over a waterfall to my father for to see." The cowboy grinned admiringly while Brandon's face flushed, and Billy gleefully remarked: "Say, Pard, ain't she a brier, though? Keen's my huntin' knife." Turning his attention to the Indian girl, he called: "But, Lonona, th' young paleface wants to see yuh-all."

"If to me the paleface monsieur to speak wishes, you he would never let say it."

"Thare, by gum, the ladies likes young John Allen better 'n ol' Miles Standup."

Brandon smiled at the reference and for the first time addressed the hidden girl:

"I would that the Mademoiselle Lonona, if so I may call her, should give me the pleasure of seeing her face again. I am waiting."

The Indian girl emerged from the hut and stood before them with eyes downcast, and yet her whole bearing betrayed
but a hauteur and pride strange to see in so lonely a spot. Swiftly raising her eyes to Brandon's face, she said quietly: "What is it the monsieur wishes to command of Lonona?"

"Command!" Brandon exclaimed impulsively. "What! Command the Princess Lonona, when it is she whose quick thought and action have preserved my life! Rather should I throw myself at her feet to be commanded."

"Say, Pard," drawled the cowboy, "yuh all 'd better look out; that thare gal ain't used to no sech talk. Yuh 'll bev a breach o' promise thuh stand up afore if yuh keeps a makin' sech speeches as that thare."

The girl's eyes blazed, her lip curled, and she said, contemptuously: "Billy, remember! A friend of my father's you are, but me—my name you have not the right to play with."

Billy, the cowboy, actually had the sense to feel abashed, and only said: "Mademoiselle, th' paleface is cold, wet an' with a holler space atween his ribs. Ain't there nothin' ter eat in this here shack?" With the words scarce out of his mouth he plunged through the doorway of the nearest hut.

Lonona looked gravely at Brandon. "You a foolish man are, to risk the falls at that place. You a tenderfoot must be, or never on this river would you come. Follow me!"

Brandon, hesitating but a moment, followed the girl into the larger hut. With a slight motion of the hand toward a bunk the girl said: "Some tings of Billy's are. Take all!" As she silently turned to go away Brandon heard the low moan of a sick man. The girl turned swiftly and dropped upon her knees by the side of a rude bed. She spoke a few words in a strange tongue, and the gaunt figure of an old, old man half raised itself, and then, falling back heavily, gave a tired sigh; and with a single convulsive shiver lay very still and quiet. The young girl's head dropped over the rough blanketed form and she knelt there in rigid quietness. Brandon dared not move. Billy pushed his head through the opening that served for a window, but before he could speak Brandon pointed to the silent figures, and the cowboy wonderingly withdrew.

A very long time seemed to elapse; at last the girl arose to her feet, and, seeing Brandon standing so quiet and stern-faced before the rude fireplace, she said, simply: "He is the last of a great nation, monsieur, and he was my father." With a moan of anguish she cried with hands raised toward heaven: "Oh Jesu! Jesu! Protect the orphan Lonona! Oh, Jesu, have mercy!" Brandon turned to leave the girl alone with her sorrow and her dead, but she cried pitifully: "Oh, stay, monsieur—only say one word to Lonona. Lonona is not proud now—Lonona is heart-broken and alone."

"Looking into the tear-stained face, he said, quietly: "Mademoiselle, I loved my father and he left me too—alone with none to care for the harum-scarum lad of eighteen. But his memory lives, and now your father too has left a memory dear to his child. What poor words of comfort and sympathy that I can give are yours."

The girl turned and dropped upon her knees beside the still form.

Brandon went away quietly, meeting at the door curious Billy. The cowboy spoke first. "O'f one gone, eh? Godless place to die. Saved him right! Ol' fool must come to his oll campin' ground. Sent for th' gal—she way down East, again' to some high-flyin' cemetery for young ladies, studyin' Lord knows what. By gum! she was game though. Come right long like a Sunday school scholar, even changin' her talkin', tuh snit th' ol' gezer. Say, Pard, that thare gal can use language though! She puts on that thare kind she's aheen dealin' out tuh you-all. She's got all sorts of thare things yuh-uns call beaus—we calls 'em fellers where I cum from. She'll git marrit now, an'—"

"Shut up!" thundered Brandon. "You talk to me about manners concerning the next world; you would be better off if you had enough to last you over night on this planet. That girl, helpless and unprotected, whoever she is, is in there breaking her heart over the death of her father, and you stand here and gossip about her private affairs to a perfect stranger. I have a notion to thrash you."

"Slow up thare, Pard; if it wasn't yuh-all I'd hev a hand in that thare doin's myself; but cum on, I needs it, by Jupiter,
... I'm willing to stand any of 'thrashin' yuh all wants tuh deal out.'

Brandon laughed in spite of himself, and for a second time within the hour they pranced hands in a gait leading to a better understanding. That very day they buried the old war chief in the spot he had long since chosen as his last resting place.

The Indian girl in her sorrow cast aside the mask of feigned simplicity. As she stood over the new-made grave, the blinding tears fell thick and fast; and, forgetful of all save her own great sorrow, she threw herself down upon the mound of rough gravel, sobbing as though her heart would burst. Brandon stood by with head uncovered, the only witness to the heart-broken girl's grief. After a long while he leaned over the weeping girl and tenderly lifted her from the damp earth. She suffered him to lead her away, only casting a last lingering look at the spot where she was leaving all that was dear to her.

Brandon quietly tried to distract her thought, telling her of his father and mother, of their lives, their love and their parting, when his sainted mother had died many years ago. At last he said, simply: "Lomam, fate guided my cannot to that treacherous brink this morning, and shall we ignore fate? It seems brutal to say it here and now, but, Lomam, I love you. You do not know me, but will your heart say me nay?"

Wonderingly the Indian girl raised her eyes to him, and with face still wet with tears of sorrow, she said: "To-day I have lost a father, and today and henceforward I will follow you, my husband."

BLANCHE A. HOWELL.

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RECENT FICTION

Through the Eyes of An Under-graduate

We are undergraduates. This is but another way of saying that it is our privilege to criticise. In fact, the world expects it of us. We must talk about things. And as students we know, among other things, that there is an abundance of fiction these days. A college man may hardly expect to keep abreast of all this fiction. Nor is this otherwise than it should be. For the man who has a work to do in this world—and this is essentially the case of the college man—must be something more than the devotee of the novel and the magazine. But nevertheless it is the mark of the sound, broadminded college man to observe and pass judgment upon the nature and trend of at least a considerable part of the literature of his day.

It is interesting to note the influence of the modern magazine upon fiction. And it is equally interesting to observe the influence of the times and of the people upon the magazine. We are cosmopolitan and we are recluse. The magazine, therefore, as the expression of our life, is open to the whole world of today, and it is eager for the future; in so far it is cosmopolitan. But it cares little for the yesterdays; it lets the dead bury the dead; in so far it is recluse. And in none of its departments does the magazine sustain this tendency so universally as in its fiction. The fiction of the magazine is pre-eminently a representation of the life of to-day. Whether this is in response to public demand, whether it is a reaction from the lately forsaken cult of the historical romance, or whether it is the inevitable expression of our intense and strenuous life we leave for others to decide.

But we may be certain that the magazine has done a great deal for the short story; perhaps there are those who would venture to say that the magazine is responsible for the short story. At any rate it is given an important role in the magazine. It is being used by every walk of life to tell its story, to plead its cause, to give its warning, to bring its smile or tear. The technical construction of our short stories may be faulty; but, then, we are Americans, and we have a way of doing these things so that they count, regardless of the ways of the forefathers. In fact, we can do no better than quote Bret Harte's words of a few years ago when the short story was aspiring to its present status. And very aptly did he state what has come to be the intense vogue of the short story of to-day. He said that it was "the treatment of characteristic American life, with absolute knowledge of its peculiar-
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ites and sympathy with its methods, with no fastidious ignoring of its national expression, or the incoherent poetry that may be found hidden even in its slang; no moral determination except that which may be the legitimate outcome of the story itself; with no more elimination than may be necessary for the artistic conception and never from the fear of the fetish of conventionalism." That is exactly the short story of to-day as you find it in the magazines from month to month.

Are we to be congratulated on the subsidence of the historical romance? Undoubtedly we must allow the criticism that there was much misrepresentation and actual historical falsity in them. But their popularity must be attributed to something more than public whim. Was this popularity due merely to the glamour and romantic haze of old war times, and the renown of their heroes? Was it merely the poetry and the patriotic interest, inherent in the conditions as they were, without the intervention of the romancer, that is to account for the recent public interest in these books? Or did at least some of them stand on their own true worth? The nature of these books was such as to give unusual opportunity in the way of character portrayal. And some excellent character work was executed. Winston Churchill and Paul Leicester Ford, among others, have been very successful with the historical romance. But since it monopolized public attention, and since it has left a few substantial, not to say enduring, representatives of its class, we are perhaps to be congratulated on its subsidence.

There is a careless abandon about some of our recent fiction. It seems to be a virile expression of one phase of the American spirit rather than a mere painstaking effort at truthful character sketching. There is life in it and deep feeling too. This is the character of the Wild West stories that really amount to something. Henry Wallace Phillips, Emerson Hough, and Eleanor Gates are contemporary writers in this line, while Jack London and Rex E. Beach are speaking for the American in Alaska. "We are of the earth, earthy, and we don't deny it; no man out here has a past," are fragments of the message that we gather from their characters; and this message is not without its pathos. A wholesale abandonment of the conventionally ideal, a deep joy in strife and in freedom from restraint, a tacit understanding of and loyalty to the frontier code are among the elements that make and keep these stories fresh—fresh because they appeal to the primitive man in us all.

Then we have, too, some excellent writers on the lighter side of life. Humor is an essential element in their stories. As a representative of this class we might mention Emery Pottle, whose rich humor and generous satire do well to illustrate the charm and delight, and yet the unmistakable voice of warning against fad and snobbishness, which may be the strength of the short story. Robert Chambers, too, has done some very original work, pointed with a delicate satire, in his stories of the "Jole" series. Lloyd Osbourne has succeeded in reproducing the rollicking life and lively ways of the wealthy American, not yet subject to ennu and delightfully common. Moreover, he writes an airy and sparkling dialogue that somehow reminds one of the dialogue of the Clyde Fitch plays; and, like the popular playwright, he has succeeded in shading this dialogue into conversation of lyric import. Lloyd Osbourne and Emery Pottle, together with others, in a less degree have the faculty of a happy manipulation and insertion of stock expressions of the day, which lend a peculiar quaintness of humor to their work.

Our better class of writers are happily above the striving after novelty of plot, which at all times engages the endeavors of a considerable coterie. Some of our authors are prone to dispense with the mechanics of fiction—perhaps too easily. They let events take their own course and they concern themselves with higher interests. This at least promises sincerity of treatment. These writers are of lyric bent. They aim to formulate, to express in naked truth, the response of the human heart to the complex and varied conditions and influences of our intense life. And we must judge from results that some of them find the task a difficult one. "The Cost" is a good example of this kind of book. Who, having read it, can put it away with a feeling of satisfaction? And David Graham
Phillips is neither a pessimist nor a cynic. He has borne witness and his witness is true. He seems to tell us that he has done what he could for his characters, but that we must not ask the impossible of those characters or of him. There could be "no living happily ever afterwards" in "The Cost." The ruin and the marred lives are the cost of our times and our living. Probably you will refer me from "The Cost" to "The Pit" as a more skillful treatment of a somewhat similar situation. But, however excellent "The Pit" may be in other respects, "The Cost" has gone deeper into existing conditions. If "The Pit" is true to life, "The Cost" is truer to the so-called high life. Mr. Phillips has made us lose faith in the very wealthy American. And the recent scandals of high finance go to show how true the message of his book is. In "Success" Mr. Phillips is now undertaking the case of the smart college man, who has always been a joke to some people, while to others he is becoming more and more the object of grave concern. At any rate we may follow with interest what is certainly a sincere attempt to conscientiously dispose of the interests and destiny of the full-blown 'varsity man. It is gratifying to have such men as Mr. Phillips and Will Payne at work upon the problems of our times. You may say that all this is useless and artificial; but remember that this is the day of the laboratory. And such is their method.

In conclusion it remains to lament the untimely taking off of Paul Leicester Ford, Guy Wetmore Carlyl, and Frank Norris. Mr. Ford, besides "Janice Meredith," gave us "Peter Sterling," for which is claimed a more abiding popularity than for any other work of modern American fiction. Mr. Carlyl has given us probably better epigram than any of his contemporaries, and nowhere is it used to better advantage than in his posthumous story, "Far from the Maddening Girls." Mr. Norris showed probably more skill than any other contemporary writer to bring out the throbbing, prosperous American spirit. Mr. Carlyl and Mr. Norris were young—so young that we were yet looking for their best work.

GEORGE FORD HUIZINGA, '07.
The last number of this season's lecture course was rendered on the evening of March 14. Dr. J. M. Driver, speaking on "America Facing the East," closed the series with what was perhaps the strongest number on the course.

He captivated his large and appreciative audience from the very beginning, and held it captive till the end. The very presence of his great, strong physique was a thing to be felt, and it took only a few minutes to convince his hearers that they were listening to an alert and eloquent orator and a "royal good fellow."

But Dr. Driver came to instruct as well as to entertain, and certainly all felt that there stood before them a man who, from the well-filled storehouse of his wide experience, extensive travel, profound study, brilliant intellect and immense thought-area, was well fitted to teach them much. The lecture was a very valuable one, for it not only gave food for serious reflection by the promulgation of new ideas, but also enlarged one's horizon and broadened his views. Never did anyone get a glimpse of a grander or more patriotic conception of his country's work and mission than when he heard Dr. Driver tell of how it is our nation's noble task to do the lion's share in civilizing and Christianizing the countless hosts of the heathen and pagan Orient. And never can an American experience a prouder moment than when he reflects on the fact that the Far East is anxiously awaiting our coming and wants no other country, for it considers us alone as disinterested. This thought was the corner-stone of the address, the core of Dr. Driver's message, around which he built a magnificent and majestic structure of edifying ideas, gorgeously decorated and embellished with wit and humor.

ALUMNI NOTES

Rev. John Lamar, '88, of Rochester, N. Y., has declined the call to the Second Reformed Church of Muskegon, Mich.

Rev. P. Ihrman, '82, of Maurice, Ia., visited his Alma Mater Thursday, March 29, while on his way to Hamilton to attend the funeral of his sister.

Rev. B. Hoffman, '85, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has declined the call to First Reformed Church of Holland.

Dr. S. M. Zwemer, '87, after a stirring address on the "Needs of the Mohammedan World," in the West End Collegiate Church, New York, succeeded in raising $700 for the Muscat Mission.

Rev. C. Van Oostenbrugge, '76, of Muitzeskill, N. Y., has accepted the call to the Reformed Church of Lishaskill, N. Y.

Rev. H. Harmeling, '88, of Chicago has declined the call to the Third Reformed Church of Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Third Reformed Church of Grand Rapids has extended a call to Rev. Albert Vandenberg, '85, of Overisel, Mich.
ATHLETICS

Base ball has an added interest for Hope this year. The lack of sports during the winter, due to the building of our new gymnasium, has aroused a keen desire to do something in base ball this spring. And then, too, we have good reason to expect a fast team to represent us. Captain Bush has for the past month been working his men faithfully in the gymnasium, when the weather did not permit of outdoor practice. There are several new men trying out, and they are giving the members of last year's team a hard fight to hold their positions. The infield will be stronger than ever and the pitching staff is no longer our weakest point.

It is as yet too early to give a correct line-up, but in all probability Vrunwink will play behind the bat, with Veenker on second and Roggen at short. Huizenga and Rigoud will pitch. A lively contest is on between Stegeman, Dykstra and Vermeer for first base. Who will play third is also uncertain, and Slagh and Oltmans are both candidates. Captain Bush will fill his old position in left field, while Heusinkveld, Weurding, Sizzo and J. C. Hockje will fight it out for the other two positions.

Our base ball manager, Mr. Veenker, presents a good schedule, and Hope will play some strong teams this year. The season opens on April 28 with a game to be played with the McLachlan Business University of Grand Rapids.

The base ball team is the only team it was possible to put into the field this year to win honors for our Alma Mater, and now let us support it with a will.

EXCHANGES

The Pulse has considerable literary merit.

The World’s sentiment regarding exchanges, is sensible and praiseworthy.

Montgomery Bell Bulletin is very well edited, but would be greatly improved by a neater cover.

The Anchor

We hereby express our initial bow as exchange editor. Our work is still the work of a novice, but may every successive attempt be more useful to our exchanges and ourselves.

Many recent exchanges contain some of the orations of the recent contests. These enhance the literary value of any paper, because they are the product of many a week of earnest work.

The Student’s leading story may be commended. This paper would be improved by a more orderly arrangement of its departments.

The Stator must be commended on its neat appearance. It’s class notes are clever and its short stories fair.

Adrian College World would do well to keep up its exchange column. We notice that no exchange space is used at all.

“What’s in here?” asked the tourist.

“Remains to be seen,” responded the guide as he led the way into the morgue.—Ex.

The Almanac’s editorial on the Oratorical Contest expresses some good sentiment. The combination of the Locals and Exchanges make a very happy jingle.

The Hillsdale Collegian has a very well written eulogy on Wm. R. Harper.

Purple and Gold appears in its usual neat form. The oration “Altmicen the Dynamic of Christianity” shows clear insight and careful study.

JOTTINGS

Dr. Kollen’s first lesson in snowballing: “Don’t throw snowballs around the buildings.”

WHAT? Pancakes and maple syrup.
WHERE? Kitchen, Van Raalte Hall.
WHEN? 7 to 9 a.m., Saturday, April 21.
WHY? Money for Lakeside.
PRICE—15 cents.

Fellows, if you want to know where to get the best goods for the best prices see the “ads.”
Estelle (to visiting friend)—He is such a nice fellow, and has such a good voice.
Friend—Yes, too bad he got sixth place in the contest!
Estelle—Contest? Why I was talking about my dog!
J. Niessink (to Prof. Boers)—Since we've just finished U. S. History, can't we sing some national hymn?
Prof. Boers—Yes, you start off with a solo.
Hankamp's Philosophy—"It is proper for a bold sage to raise the deuce."
Anchor "ads," tell the truth. If you don't believe it, go to the advertisers.
Kolyn and Burton swear eternal friendship.
The Iowa legislature is busy revising game laws since Dr. Bergen has accepted the call to Dubuque.
A new money-making scheme—the registration blanks.
Patronize those who patronize us. That is business.
Hoekje claims he found Krop tending bar at the Pantlind. Who is guilty?
Willis Hoekje went to Nashville to take care of Mrs. Zweemer's baby.
There is often more good literature in the Anchor "ads," than in many of the productions written for the English Department.
Heated discussion among the theologians as to who filled those appointment blanks! Dr. Dubhink under suspicion!
Stegenga (reading card on bust of Ajax in the council room)—What in the world is the use of this sign? Any old fool can see that the hands are off.
This is the way Hankamp recites the alphabet: A, B, C, D, (F, E), G, H, etc.
Mollema to Raap—Professor, May I please have a new catalogue?
Prof. R.—We're just out of new ones, but have some of last year's issue.
Moll.—Oh, that's all right; I don't care for the blue cover anyway.

Dr. Bergen (with bird cage and Bible-study notebook in one hand, leading Bubby by the other), followed by Dinah (with armful of coy ducks, gun and two dogs), followed by Hansen, manfully shuffling along in a pair of monstrous boots, also accompanied by dog; then his next young hopeful with six fish poles, net and other piscatorial paraphernalia, with hired girl bringing up the rear, armed with broom and tea kettle, together with another dog. Thus they went Westward Ho, all possessed of the "Iowa idea."

Newspaper Comment—A party of wanderers, headed for Dubuque, arrived in town last night. Suspicions were aroused and the party spent the night in jail, being released in the morning.—Dixon Free Press, Dixon, Ill.

In the Month of May

Students, and others, interested in good literature, will be able to secure

Remarkable Bargains in Books.

We wish to weed out our stock, and are willing to sacrifice a great deal. Prices will be slashed in a terrible fashion.

WAIT.

H. VANDER PLOEG
44 E. Eighth Street

Dr. Bergen has arrived. Important part of family safely housed in the parsonage. A large force of men is busy erecting kennels for the rest.—Dubuque Church Record, Dubuque, Ia.
What queer discussions they have in Sophomore English!
Here's a sample:
Prof. Nykerk: "How many of you boys love to hear the tea kettle sing? There is nothing that I love better. It makes one dream of home."
Vander Schaff: "Introspective or prospective, Professor?"
There are dozens of people at Hope who have foolishly boasted that they have never been roasted in the Anchor. Just wait! As for the rest—don't boast!
Ask Pleume about those omelets.
Kleinheksel, '07: "Eat, drink and get married."

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WHY? Money for Lakeside.
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OVERSEEL, MICH.
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Miss Ida Larkins (confidentially)—I used to have a "steady" myself, strange as it may seem.
R. Visscher and the State Oratorical Contest had a serious falling out. A lady in the case, as usual.
Be sure to read the Anchor "ads," both for your sake and for the sake of the advertiser.
Misner (puffing and blowing as he mounts the stairs)—Plasman's down there talking at the wall. He's made quite an impression already.

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DYKEMA, THE TAILOR
41 E. EIGHTH STREET
Over Loker-Kruigers Co.

Prof. Nykerk seems to have forgotten that he hasn't ascended to his final reward; at any rate, he has positive opinions as to the final outcome of Prof. Dimment, for he carelessly refers to him as "my friend below."
Niessink was out of training.
Race course!
Daily exhibitions!
"Pony" kept and exercised on third floor of Van Raalte Hall.
Judge as to the merits of the beast—Prof. Brush.
Prof. Vander Meulen: "Rottschaffer, tell us all about the clergyman's daughter."
Dr. Bergen: "Kleinheksel, tell us all about it."
Van der Schaff (at a class meeting): "Say, fellers, if they steal our banner, that picture in my room is a widow."
Prof. Dinnett: “It doesn't seem to be very clear why they should have been called grasshoppers. What do you think about it, Miss Grotevant?”

Miss G.: “I don’t know, unless it is that old men are all dried up like grasshoppers.”

The inevitable small sister was talking—she might not have been, of course—and she said that her father didn’t tell R — t — ch — f — r to go home at nine o’clock.

Miss Alma De Young mails letters to Ann Arbor via Zeeland.

Nauta—with a bottle of milk under his arm and a young lady at his side: “Well, it looks as if we were going to housekeeping.”

Everyone beware of Hinkamp, Hoekje, and Mulder! Grafters! Every one of them!

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208 River Street.

Girls, beware! George De Kruijff has again decided to enter the lists. He has designated his intention of commencing an active campaign during the spring term. Girls, beware!

R. Visscher (disconsolately): “The girls all like to have a good time with me, but they don’t fall in love with me.”

Ano C. seems to have been lost in those “fathomless lakes.” Remember, Dyke, a rose always has thorns, and that you, too, may be pricked.

Bessie, upon her return from Nashville, said: “We could not help but fall in love with all the Southerners, even the policemen and street car conductors——” (Laughter).

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