THE ANCHOR

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NICK DYKEMA
Tailor, Hatter and Furnisher  Holland
THE NORTHLAND.

T LAST—the summer vacation. The drudgery of six hours of mathematics and two hours of language study daily, was forgotten as soon as the Director told the Kid and myself, that we were to put in the required practical navigation on a four months' cruise around North Cape. At first I felt something of a pang, as if I heard the announcement of my funeral. A trip round North Cape! I had read Tollken's poem, and the horrors of a polar night, which the explorers Barends and Heemskerk braved, at once came into my mind. It seems very childish now, this sudden fear. But racial superstition is not brushed aside by a mere wave of the hand. My ancestors had listened to the rumble of the weird North Sea even before the time when Tacitus first wrote about them. They had never understood their cruel foe, and the low moaning of the sea when the tide ran low, or its thunderings when lashed furious by the hard Northwester storms, had filled their minds with superstitions awe. Besides I was still a child and remembered the stories of the sea, heard upon grandfather's knee. But the Kid, who had finished his second year of apprenticeship, scanned my face closely, and noticing my fear he spoke with mock reverence, "Sonny, there is no night there." His light-heartedness seemed contagious. So gradually my fear left me. In the afternoon we danced a merry jig over algebra books and, bidding our mothers a dutiful farewell, we boarded the Penelope and set out in quest of the unknown.

I pass over the emotions which came over me when the last bleak dune of the receding shore sank beneath the lumbo­ring waves. These feelings can not be understood, and they merge strangely and unconsciously with another and hitherto unknown feeling, commonly denoted as sea-sickness. Of the two days following our departure I can give no account, whether summoned to do so on earth or in heaven. These pages of my log-book are blank; the scribble begins again when we reached Trondhjem-fjord on the Norwegian coast.

The fjord lies about latitude 62 degrees N. and longitude 9 degrees E., and a city of the same name lies some forty miles up the fjord. The pilot has now boarded our vessel and we have anchor, pointing the Penelope's nose westward. As apprentice it is my turn to take the wheel; so I relieve the Kid, who belongs to starboard-watch. On my side stands the pilot, old Ericson, gaunt, stalwart, bony, with gray-blonde hair and kind, blue eyes. He might be a type of the old Norsemen, that ravished and burned the European coasts during the ninth century. He is rather taciturn; an occasional "Norde" or "Sute" is all he says. He treats me somewhat patronizingly; probably, because I am the youngest of the crew.

Trondhjem is now a' port and fort Munkholm on the starboard, while we rapidly pass on toward the open sea. At nine in the evening we are clear of the fjord and are steering due north. Merrily we skim over the waves of the summer sea. On the star-board tower the wild, Norwegian mountains, a low-murmuring swell breaking unceasingly against their craggy base. We never go far out to sea, but, hugging the rocky coast as close as the outlying cliffs permit, we skip along between the many small islands that fringe the west-coast of Norway. Vigten and Fro islands we leave on our port, and when the sun rises again we see Vagenose and Alstenvoe off on star-board. During the day we pass many bare and craggy islets. They appear very inhospitable, and in my mind I pity the poor sailing-vessel, driven upon this forbidden shore.

At seven in the evening of this second day I am on deck again at the wheel. The course is now N. N. E. with the engines working at full speed. A gentle breeze blows from the northwest, while the lazy waves lap feebly against the bow as the steamer skips along. We are now well out in the open, the Norwegian coast gliding by far off on the star-board. Old Ericson, who has just taken up the telescope, spits ahead
over port bow. Soon I see a sharp peak loom up in the offing and after two hours the Lofoden islands stand off a port. It is nine o'clock now, but the sun still swings high above the horizon. The wind has abated, only now and then a faint zephyr ripples the mirror-like surface of the deep. As the star-board watch has gone down silence reigns all around save for the thud of the engines and the rustling of the bow-water. Soft and mellow is the light of the summer night, a mysterious veil, transparent, gauze-like, wavering tremulously over the ripples of the northern sea.

On we speed toward the mystic islands. I gaze ahead over port-bow and take one of the dark peaks whereby to steer. The task of helmsman is not a very arduous one this night, for only now and then I turn a spoke. The vessel itself seems under the charm of this weird scene, for, docile as a child, it obeys the rudder. It is now ten o'clock and the sun swings low over the sharp, craggy peaks of the islands. It is an enchanting sight: every point, every jut, every rock lined with a golden hue, while the whole huge black mass seems to float in a dull sparkling, yellow fluid. I forget course and vessel, so fascinating is this scene. Old Ericson sits beside me on the railing of the commando-bridge, his chin resting in his hand, while his soft blue eyes gaze wistfully far away over the limpid water toward the wonderful islands. He has seen them a hundred times before, but still they beguile his fancy. Is he thinking of his ancestors, the wild roving Vikings, wont to sail these weird, lonely fjords in their drake-headed barks? I do not know, but surely, it must be some "call of the wild," some recollection of perhaps centuries back that only the soul remembers, which brings about this pensive mood and lures the pilot away from duty. For the old man does not notice that we are falling two points away from our course and are now heading directly for the sombre rocks. I do not waken him from his reverie but quickly bring back the vessel to its right course. So we sail on up the West fjord, and when at twelve the Kid relieves me at the helm the Norwegian coast again presses upon the star-board. Though the sun has set an hour ago, there is still light enough to read by. When at four I take the helm again the rays of a new sun already dash from over the mountain ridges on star-board.

Next day we skip through narrow passages, between numerous islands. We sail through Anderson fjord and leave Kløven on our port. On our starboard rise the Kiolen, the mighty mountain range of northern Norway. The general elevation of these mountains is four thousand feet, some peaks being six thousand feet high and clad with perpetual snows. It is an impressive sight, these high mountains rising sheer from the silvery waters of the fjord and lifting their lofty crests into the clouds. One feels very small in the presence of these towering piles of granite. A feeling of awe overcomes even the strongest and proudest of mortals; unconsciously he acknowledges that this is not the handiwork of man.

Words can hardly describe the beauty of this wild Norwegian scenery. Far away stretch the placid waters of the fjord, on both sides closely guarded by these haughty sentinel mountains. Close by your side, a little ahead, a silver ribbon seems to flutter down the steep layers of granite; it is a precipitous waterfall, rushing down in mad hurry from a height of seven or eight hundred feet. Far in the distance, where the fjord takes a sudden turn, the snow-capped peaks are veiled in a misty, bluish hue. The glittering vault of heaven over-spans the mighty summits and sets off so beautifully the pearly whiteness of the glacier-snow. Turning a bend, a fresh view burst upon the sight, entirely different, sometimes still grander than the preceding one. And thus your eyes may feast all day long, and your soul drink in the beauty of Nature's undefiled handiwork, until, when your eyes have grown weary, still night wraps it all in a veil of glimmering twilight and you seem to sail on and on, as in a dream, through this strange, silent Northland.

Again the fjord suddenly turns, and an ugly rock obstructs our course. Swift eddies chase each other around the rocky base and the passage seems extremely dangerous. But
by this time we have become somewhat accustomed to hair-breadth escapes, and so we face the danger very coolly. Just opposite the rock old Ericson commands very quietly, “Port, hard a’ port.” We whirl round the bend with the prettiest swing the Penelope ever made, the current eddying madly round the stern and dragging us to the rock a’ port. But once round the bend the yacht becomes easily manageable, and care-free we continue our course. Often we sail through numerous flocks of wild geese and ducks; the birds, however, are so tame that they hardly swim aside to let the vessel pass by. At ten in the evening we pass Tromsoe on our port. Judging from the looks it is not a very large city. Still, Ericson tells me, that especially in the summer a great many tourists come here, the gayety and frivolity of these temporary inhabitants giving it the name of the Paris of the North. Just now, at fitfull intervals, the strains of a band float drowsily over the water, and as the reflections of the lights from hotels and summer resorts dance merrily upon the rippings of the fjord, the statement of the old pilot seems not without truth. The next day we pass Hammerfest, the most northerly city of Europe, and, rounding North Cape at a latitude of about 73 N., we sheer off toward the southeast into the White Sea, to the land of the Russian exile.

**Sunrise**

All peaceful is at parting of the night,
While lingering stars their pale eyes gently close,
And pale cold cloudbeds change to living roes,
While lane and meadow lie in dappling light.

Soon peeping o’er the crest of purple hills
In tender light, the sun’s first ray’s appear;
With magic wand they touch the lowlands near,
Changing to pearls the ripples of the rills.

The early dawn is pure, a time apart
For warbling bird to sing with joyous loud,
And pour the music of its little heart
Into the quiet loneliness of rest;
Its song a fit beginning for the day,
Announcing it with bright and joyous lay.

MURIEL FORTUNE.

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**THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.**

HE night is dark. The wind, shivering along the sandy roads and dry autumnal meadows, blows the last leaf off the old maple at the gate. An owl hoots in the neighboring wood, a squirrel, bewildered by the flurries of dry leaves, hesitates a second, then scampers on down the rough little footpath that leads to the dingy old hut. All is silent, dead. There is not a star in the heavens but darkness everywhere. Now and then the distant howling of a dog breaks the silence. Suddenly a ray of light falls upon the bleak wind-blown road. The moon escaping from the iron-black clouds gives forth a dim and ghostly glimmer. A figure, old and bent plods down the road; it stops, totters, and then plods on again. Slowly it passes from the shadows of the wood and in the yellow light of the moon, now completely freed from the clouds we see the Man with close cropped hair and striped clothing. He is alone seemingly, but, as the moon plays fitfully with the clouds, a shadow dark and terrifying falls beside him, the Shadow of a Cross. Seeing the Shadow, the man stops, draws back; and lo! the Shadow stops. He covers his eyes as he mutters, “Everywhere, always.” The moon passes behind a cloud: the Cross disappears and the man, shuddering, walks on up to the creaking little gate. Step by step he winds his way up the forsaken path and on to the little hovel. He places his foot upon the step and it crumbles away. He looks at the cracked window-panes. He pauses there like one who stunned with a blow, cowers from fear of another. The owl in the adjoining wood cries out once more like a lost child sobbing for its mother in the night. Slowly the moon comes out and the Shadow of the Cross appears again, standing like a spectre beside him. The man, feeling the Presence, shudders and drops his head lower on his breast. But now a trembling seizes the Cross, it moves and seems like a living thing. Red hot burns each point as it presses closer and closer upon the man. Pushed by hands,
by living hands, it crushes him to the ground. And there
behind those hands are ghostly forms—forms of all the vast
multitude who live upon the earth, with laughing, jeering,
scornful faces, that look upon the Cross as a plaything. Upon
each of its points are graven letters that stand out like thorns
upon the stem. On one point is inscribed, "No father:" on
the opposite, "Mother gone;" while at the top appears in
brazen letters, "Thine own sins." Whiter and whiter burns
the Cross and more mocking become the faces. Suddenly the
light goes out and all is dark again. The owl in the wood is
silent; the squirrel climbs to her house in the tree; the rabbit
scampers to her hole in the ground. And the man? Is alone
—alone; with not a soul to comfort, not a soul to cheer, with
nothing—nothing but the memory of the terrible Cross. He
shakes himself, straightens up and fights: fights with the man
within, and conquer. Soon he stands up and starts down
the path again; he reaches the road and walks on. His step
is firmer but still beside him is the Shadow, black and malign-
ant as ever, only now, at times, it falls behind a ways but
then again it presses hard and fast, making the man sweat
beneath its power.

The sun is beginning to tinge the east with the first
faint colors which promise day. The birds are waking in the
wood and the gloom is lifted from the landscape. The man
wanders on down the road until he reaches a valley darker
than the night had been. He hesitates a moment, then turns
bravely into it. He stumbles and would have fallen in the
darkness; but the Shadow, like a beacon lights his way and
passes before him into the valley. The man, bewildered, dares
for the first time, to look boldly at his Cross, and sees, glow-
ing with a thousand radiant colors—the Crown.

I. O. D., SOROSITE, '11.
upon the student body. It will be what you make it. In order to edit an attractive paper we must have the assistance of every writer. With the literary societies and the literature departments in a flourishing condition there should be no lack of material. We are expecting long articles, short stories and poems from you. If you write anything, hear anything, see anything good, give it to the staff. As editors we are happiest when looking over your contributions. An inspection of other college papers reveals a general dearth of usable material. This should be otherwise. The requirements for an essay or story are not so difficult as it would seem. Your best is all we ask. Our aim is high, but what we print cannot be higher than the average ability allows. Each student excels in some line of work, and he owes it to himself and to his paper to give the student body the best results of that work. Considering this, we have the right to demand your cooperation in producing a paper worthy of being called the production of Hope's studentry.

THE SOCIETY.

Among the most important influences in college life stands the Literary Society. Its part in developing the student, whether it be for good or for ill, is large; it may either greatly facilitate a student's progress, or retard it in advance. In Hope College, we are glad to state, the aim of all the societies is high, and their influence is for the best. And so, there can be no hesitancy in urging every student, not only to join some society, but also to support it with all his heart.

We believe it to be the duty of each and every student to join some society. The training which he may find there, not only in literary work, but also in the formation of character—in other words, the practicing of what the class-room preaches—is of inestimable value in completing a college education. We believe it to be the student's duty, furthermore, to support his society with all his might and ability.

College man, be true to your society. The society needs your interest, your active participation in all its projects and efforts. Without these, it cannot develop or be of great assistance. If success is to come in oratory or in debate, it must come through the society, and thus, eventually through the efforts of individual members. In this as in other walks, let us remember, the more investment, the larger the dividend.

It is not, however, that there are no difficulties connected with this view of the society. Time was, before the present generation of students, that a bitter and implacable spirit separated the societies. The very mention of the word "society" was a sign for general hostilities. We are profoundly grateful that that time has passed—let us hope—for ever. To be sure, we must have a certain amount of rivalry between societies, or else we will have naught but apathetic, aimless, efforts. But when this same spirit is so intensified and embittered that college is forgotten in society, nothing but antagonism and shattered friendship can result. We ask for a catholic society spirit. This year, indeed, a fine example of good-will and friendliness was exhibited, when two college societies lent a hand to found a new organization.

Later, the joint meeting of the three societies gave a more public sign of the same feeling. This is a most desirable state of affairs. Let us by all means have rivalry, sharp if you will, but let it at the same time be friendly and generous.

H. E. Y.

Y. M. C. A.

The new cabinet finds the Y. M. C. A. in a very prosperous condition. Throughout the year the meetings were marked by splendid attendance and fervent consideration of the topic in hand. Several speakers of note visited the meetings and delivered addresses, which were of enduring inspiration. The large roll of membership, and the many different ways the spirit of usefulness and Christian endeavor seeks to express itself among the students is only equaled by the inti-
mate individual interest centered in the weekly services.

Beside this our Y. M. C. A. has for her field of activity various phases of religious work. One of these successful activities recommended is the flourishing Sunday school work. During this college year a new Sunday school has been organized at Jenison park which, added to the four older schools, gives promise of helpful advancement. From these schools a two-fold benefit is derived. The first benefit comes in the way of bringing the gospel to some 250 children whom otherwise it would not reach. The people in the rural districts realize a distinct privilege in the student efforts and further the movement by loyal support and hearty appreciation. A second benefit comes to the student in a way of which he is not fully conscious. His is the privilege of associating with people of a different stamp from his own, he learns to do a noble work by actually engaging in it, and better still his is that genuine satisfaction which comes as ample reward to every one who gratuitously offers his services for the molding of useful lives.

Another phase of immediate interest is mission study classes and conferences. Three courses of study have been given this year, "Down on the Hills of Tang," "Reform Church Missions" and "Japan and Its Regeneration," with considerable enthusiasm and gain. Interest in mission study is created at the young men's conferences held at different times and places each year. The reports from Niagara and Rochester conferences were duly appreciated and did not fail in their desired aim. If it is true that inspection for the study of missions and a desire for strong, sympathetic and broad manhood is acquired by attending these conferences, then it is of concern to us to enlarge our delegations to the summer conferences to be held at Lake Geneva in June. The hopes and efforts of the new cabinet are to send at least from 15 to 20 men. May we succeed.

The Y. M. C. A., considered from these diverse aspects, means much for the students of Hope. In times past it has been the source of untold and abiding blessing. And our trust is that with the material of responsibility there may have fallen upon the members of the new cabinet that finer sense of obedience to truth—and then shall the coming hopeful year be placed in her records as a prosperous year indeed.

The newly elected officers are: President, E. O. Schwitters; vice president, Eldred Van Der Laan; secretary, John Bennink; treasurer, William J. Strouks.

Y. W. C. A.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Hope College has just finished another year of work. This year has been one of great blessing in many ways, and we are very grateful for it. Our meetings during the past year have been marked with a spirit of earnestness and helpfulness. During the week of prayer many girls were brought to know Christ as their Savior and Master; and we feel sure that their decisions were due, in part at least, to the efforts of our association. That missionary interest has been aroused is shown by the fact that this year two mission study classes were organized, and that the missionary fund this year is larger than ever before. Best and most important of all, the members have felt in their own lives the strong spiritual influence of the association.

What will the coming year mean to us? What shall we aim for in our Y. W. C. A. work? Among other things, let us aim for a larger membership. Hope College shelters within its walls today a greater number of young women than ever before. The beginning of our next college year will probably see a large number of new girls matriculating here. Shall we not welcome them to our association membership and to our meetings, as heartily as we welcome them to old Hope?

More important still than a large membership is a deep spiritual life in the Y. W. C. A. During the coming year we desire not only to become better acquainted with each other and with ourselves, but also to know more about our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. We want our members to lead consistent Christian lives, and to become better fitted for Christ's service. It will depend upon you, as members of the Y. W. C. A. of Hope College, whether our meetings shall be helpful and inspiring; and whether, through helping others,
your own spiritual life shall be elevated, strengthened, and purified. Are you willing to make the coming year one which shall mean growth for yourself and for the association?

The new officers of the Y. W. C. A. are as follows: President, Gertrude J. Hoekje; vice president, Minnie Beld; secretary, Zora L. Barnaby; treasurer, Helena De Maagd.

FRATERNAL STAG BANQUET.

The first annual stag banquet of the Fraternal Society was held Friday evening, March 18, 1916, in the Fraternal hall. After an elaborate dinner a well chosen and interesting program was rendered and a general good time enjoyed, in spite—so to speak—of the Quaker atmosphere. The event, though the first stag entertainment ever held by the society, was such an unqualified success that the members propose to repeat it next year.

SOROSIS PARTY.

On Friday evening, March 18, the members of the Sorosis Society came together to enjoy a social time as well as a program. It was the last meeting of the term and everyone was determined to make it one of the best. After an exceedingly interesting program, consisting of "State Contest Echoes" and appropriate musical numbers, the members adjourned for a Sorosis "good time." Elaborate refreshments were served and all were loud in their praise of the refreshment committee. The party was held in the reception hall of Voorhees Dormitory and it was with great reluctance that the members dispersed at an hour early enough, at least, to avoid violation of dormitory rules.

JUNIOR-SENIOR DINNER.

On Wednesday evening, March 23, the Senior class was entertained by the Juniors at the home of Irene Brusse. Pennants formed beautiful and appropriate decorations, and the Senior and Junior banners for once hung peacefully side by side. An elaborate dinner was followed by a program of extempore toasts, John Laven acting as toastmaster. The affair was a great success in the way of strengthening the friendship between the classes. All class rivalry was forgotten, and memories of fast "scraps" and "rushes" only added to the jollity of the evening.

SOCIETY OFFICERS FOR THE SPRING TERM.

Fraternal.

President—Anthony L. Ver Hulst.
Vice President—J. H. Warnshuis.
Secretary and Treasurer—H. L. Yntema.

Cosmopolitan.

President—Jean Vis.
Vice President—Harry Anker.
Secretary and Treasurer—Oliver Droppers.

Knickerbocker.

President—James Weurding.
Vice President—Clarence Dame.
Secretary—Harry C. Kremer.
Treasurer—Herman Rozema.

Meliphone.

President—Jacob J. Althuis.
Vice President—Miner Stegenga.
Secretary—Leonard Yntema.
Treasurer—Charles Stoppels.

Ulfilas.

President—James Verbarg.
Vice President—A. Te Paske.
Secretary and Treasurer—Harry Anker.

Sorosis.

President—Anna Schuelke.
Vice President—Bessie Wiersema.
Secretary—Irene Stapelkamp.
Treasurer—Anna Warnshuis.

The Minerva Society has not yet had its election of officers for the Spring Term.
John Plasman, '09, who has been spending the winter in the South, has accepted a permanent position as a member of the "Chicago board of underwriters."

Miss Minnie De Feyter, '03, and Miss Martha De Jong, '07, both teaching in the Cedar Grove Memorial Academy, spent their spring vacations with their parents in Holland and Zeeland.

Mrs. G. J. Dickema (Alcott), '85, wife of Congressman Dickema, '81, who had been ill for some time, died at Washington, D. C., on Sunday, March 6. Mrs. Dickema had endeared herself to a large number of friends. She was since her girlhood a member of Hope Church and very active in social and philanthropic circles. The Anchor extends its sincere sympathy to the sorrowing family.

Mr. J. C. Hoejke, '01, has resigned his position as professor of the Sioux Center High School, and will take up work at Ann Arbor next year.

We are glad to hear that again this year Hope is to send a couple of her alumni to the foreign field. Gerrit Van Puierssem, '07, has received an appointment to Arabia and Herman Renskers, '08, has decided to go to Amoy, China.

Rev. Veltman preached a very strong sermon on local option Sunday, March 27. The mayor and city council attended in a body.

Mr. C. Muller, '07, has the promise of a call from Bethany, Iowa.

Rev. Benjamin Hoffman, '05, of Grand Rapids, who recently declined a call, was presented with a purse of $150 by his congregation.

Herman Renskers, '08, spent his spring vacation in Holland.

Mrs. Dirk Dykstra (Wilterdink), Bahrein, Arabia, is said to have broken the record in her language examination.

Permission was given to Rev. D. C. Ruigh, '96, to return to Japan early in the autumn.

Rev. Samuel Zwemer, '87, was in the city to attend the funeral of his father. He conducted chapel services March 21.

Two of the Seniors at the Western Theological Seminary have accepted calls. George Hankamp, '07, the call from Hamilton, Mich., and Henry Mollema, '07, from Muscatine, Iowa.

Announcement has been received here of the engagement of Rev. Joseph P. Sizoo, '07, a senior in the New Brunswick Theological Seminary, to Miss Dorothea Schierer of Philadelphia. In the fall the young couple will leave for India to take up mission work there.

THE M. A. C. GAME.

The inter-collegiate and A. A. U. championship of Western Michigan hung in the balance on March 11. M. A. C. came down determined to win all, by one mighty effort. They played, however, against equal determination, and that of the Dutch variety.

It is significant that Hope plays better under the inter-collegiate rules than under the familiar A. A. U. The first half we had all the game our own way. Plays from center to both forwards and guards were successfully completed. Our team work in this half was fast and sure. The dribbling of team work in this half was fast and sure. The dribbling of
McKenna and Barnett of M. A. C., and our little Laven proved very effective. The half ended 19 to 11 in our favor.

In the second half, under the A. A. U. rules, M. A. C. had a shade the better of Hope. During the last ten minutes Coach Brewer put in his giant center. He, fresh and strong, successfully put a damper upon our scoring machine, run down by the furious pace of the previous thirty minutes of play. Our enthusiastic crowd grew wild when, at the pistol shot, the score stood: Hope, 48; M. A. C., 30.

By mutual consent Coach Brewer and Manager Verburg agreed not to play a deciding game. This proposition was most satisfactory to the players on both teams because each had just finished a long and hard schedule. Besides, examinations began at M. A. C. that following week and at Hope the week after.

Basketball of '09-'10 closed upon a most successful season despite the early defeats on the trip. The season of '07-'08, and previous seasons, left us undisputed champions of Western Michigan. At the close of the season of '08-'09 we had a claim on the A. A. U. championship of Michigan. This season we share honors with M. A. C. not only for the A. A. U. but also for the Intercollegiate championship of Michigan. Are we willing to share honors in '10-'11 also?

Hope's baseball team has made a successful start for the season of '10, the first game with Grand Haven high school ending in a decisive victory for Hope. The game was called in the first of the eighth on account of the inability of Grand Haven to retire the Hopeites, who, with only one out, were holding a dress parade around the bases. The score at that time was 38 to 4, with prospects of reaching 100. The Grand Haven team was helpless against the clever pitching of Rigaud, who, with fair support, allowed only three hits.

Hope will need the support of every student if we are to make the season a success. We have the best team we have had in years, also the hardest schedule. Hope plays two local series with Holland High School and the Holland Independents, both strong teams. In addition to these games we will play McKleathian's Business University, Grand Haven High, Bissells of Grand Rapids, and, last but not last of all, the Kalamazoo State Normal School. All these games will be played on the college campus. So let's all come out every Saturday and support the team.

—A. C. V. R.
branch of work which might with profit be engaged in by more of our students.

"Unto the Hills" in the Normal College News is an excellent specimen of college English.

The Lincolnian has a very comprehensive and instructive article on "The Women of Turkey," written in simple and pleasing language.

Purple and Gold should do more justice to her exchanges, and her comments should be more specific. Every paper likes to know just wherein it excels or wherein it may be deficient. The oration, "The Dawn of the Orient," reveals a good grasp of modern world movements.

The Voice has several good cuts, but lacks exchange notes.

The Recorder, Crimson and Gray, Ecore Fabrian, Cooper Courier, and the Review from Hamilton, Ohio, have neat and attractive covers.

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Prof. Nykerk to Miss Warnshuis—"What are you smiling at, Miss Warnshuis?"
Miss W.—"Nothing."
Prof. N.—"Well! Don’t let me catch you smiling at me again."

Judging from appearances at the M. A. C. game our new Y. M. C. A. president has suddenly become interested in "The Sporty Life."

Dell Baker’s favorite song, "My Anchor Holds."
John Levan—"I don’t think I deserved a zero in that test."
Prof. Beardslee—"Neither do I, but that was the lowest mark I could give."

---

According to a recent Latin translation De Motts has a rather strange idea of love. He informed his classmates that "it terrifies."

One day Mrs. Parr gave Dorothy a nickel with a hole in it. She told Dorothy to go to the store and buy some doughnuts. The clerk looked at the nickel and said, "That nickel has a hole in it." To this Dot quickly answered, "So have the doughnuts."

Oh, those wretched old exams,
How they rob us of our E’s,
Sometimes even take our G’s
In their train!
Oh, that all the powers that be
Would among themselves agree
That the just should never
Trouble us again!

Isn’t it strange? You can take a horse to water, but a pencil must be led.

After several attempts to give one of the professors a translation of the past tense of the verb "to free," Richard Vandenbergh finally said, "be freezed."

Bennink has found an answer to his question published in the March Anchor. He found that even our first parents couldn’t get along without a cane (Cain).

In Virgil—Some translations.
L. Mulder—"The stars went slipping through the sky, dragging their tails behind them."
C. Muste—"Her passion for love kept her warm during the winter."

Mae De Pree to Dalenburg—"Do you think Greek has much value in modern education?"
"Certainly," replied Dalenburg, "the Greek alphabet enables a man to know what Frat he belongs to."

Professor Nykerk—"What is the meaning of elocution?"
Aspiring D.—"It’s the way people are put to death in some states."
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