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May, 1900
The genius of the French nation seems to tend toward extremes. The moral, social, and political movements of the nation, and, as a necessary result, the character of its individuals display this tendency. France was the home of the purest chivalry. It was there that the crusades received their warmest support. But it was also the scene of the Huguenot massacres. Military honor has often required sacrifices, but nowhere, save in France, has it required a travesty on justice such as the condemnation of Captain Dreyfus. Louis XIV. was the type of the absolute monarch; Louis XVI. was dethroned to make room for the most radical form of popular government, the suddenest and completest social and political revision the world has ever known. A few years later an empire arose from the ruins of democracy. The great European agitations have almost invariably assumed their most violent form in France.

To one of the extremes of French history attention has been called by the recent appearance of the celebrated actor, Sir Henry Irving, in the character of Robespierre. No merits of his own gave Robespierre a place in history. Condorcet says of him: "He had not an idea in his head nor a feeling in his heart." We could not find an example of virtue like him with Bonaparte called. "The most cruel hypocrite and the greatest coward of all the Jacobins." Nor would we expose him as an example of vice;
then we might better have chosen Mirabeau, for Robespierre’s vices were mainly negative. But Robespierre is of interest because he is so distinctly a product of the French Revolution and its causes: because, when that Revolution arrived at the climax of its desperate course, he, as its leader, seemed to embody in his personality so many of its characteristics, emphasizing so strongly its hideous fanaticism.

We must expect nothing new or original from Robespierre. A half century before, Rousseau had published his “Contrat Social”, his vision of an ideal government. Philosophers and statesmen had seen for years that the arbitrary Bourbon despotism could not last. The privileges of the nobility maintained by the oppression of the peasantry would not long be enduréd. A change must come. Mirabeau saw and Napoleon afterward made the first move in the change—a reasonable monarchy. This truth, which so often bitter experience alone can teach, Robespierre and his followers had not comprehended. The first light of day coming after the darkness of midnight would blind, were it not for the intervening twilight. Complete liberty immediately after thralldom brings disaster. Robespierre’s theme was the watchword of anarchy: “Our government is corrupt. Away with it!”

Napoleon would have won fewer battles, had it not been for Marshal Ney. The greatest genius can do little alone. But the genius of Napoleon could inspire his subordinates. He to a large extent could determine his own career. Not so Robespierre. He depended upon others, not only for the fulfilment of his plans, but for the plans themselves. The Jacobin club was the hot-bed of the Revolution. This fanatical body received Robespierre with joy because his doctrine was already theirs, the complete overthrow of royalty and aristocracy; and for his zeal they made him their chief. Here Mirabeau had kindled the flames he afterward tried so hard to quench. Here Marat preached the massacre of the nobility. Here the eloquence of Danton swayed the masses—Danton the real leader of the Jacobins, after Mirabeau’s death, the ablest man in France, strong, resolute, and devoted. He overthrew the monarchy. He founded Robespierre’s power. Why should Robespierre reap the fruits of his labors, become the hero of the Jacobins, dictator of France? Danton can be bribed. Extravagant and penniless, he puts himself at the mercy of the aristocrats: he does the little good; Danton is too true a Revolutionist, but here is his weakness. Robespierre is incorruptible. Incorruptible? Gold could not buy him. Think well on this. It is his one virtue; but a virtue, at that time, so rare in France that it eclipsed all of Danton’s. A legislature which does not accord with public opinion is of little use. In a few years royalty had been shorn of its power, aristocracy deprived of its privileges. Aristocracy had offered no resistance but had fled at the moment of danger. The king, too, had fled but had been brought back, captive to his own subjects. But royalty still retained its name, and even that was too much. The patience of the Revolutionists is exhausted. What their legislature will not yet do, they take into their own hands. Headed by Danton, the mob advances against the Tuileries. There is the king defended by the Swiss guard. The Swiss fight bravely and are overwhelmed, and the fury of the mob rages uncontrolled. Where now is their leader, who should have controlled them, the hero of the Jacobins? Hiding in a cellar.

A little mongrel cur is watching from afar the struggle between a huge mastiff and a wolf. When at last the mastiff has overcome its foe, our little cur rushes forth and amid furious yelpings gives the dying wolf one last, vicious bite. So now, royalty in chains, Robespierre comes forth from his cell and clamors, loudest of all, for the king’s death. Because Louis was a traitor to France? No! but a dethroned monarch might prove dangerous to the future dictator. Marat had already proposed the appointment of a dictator. Who should it be but Robespierre the incorruptible? Louis is executed and Robespierre rises to the height of his power. He has overthrown monarchy.

Appointed to the committee of public safety, his influence with the people soon gives him absolute control and he is practically dictator. Fanaticism is supreme! Woe unto decency and order! Soon the queen follows her husband to the guillotine. All the aristocracy that have dared remain in France, perish. Society is corrupt and must be destroyed. In vain gentlewomen cast themselves at Robespierre’s feet and, in tears, plead for the lives of their fathers and husbands. Pleadings cannot touch that cruel heart. But one thing can—fear. No matter if they are innocent who perish. Hear Robespierre’s words: “The last proof of devotion we owe our country comes from our hearts every sentient of sensibility.” But now, surely, Robespierre is satisfied. No! the leaders of the Paris commune who have been even more extreme than he, they, too, are condemned. Condemned no longer singly and after due trial, but by scores and on mass resignation. Why? Robespierre is in the right. Fanaticism and atheism rarely combine. The fanatic usually sees a divine mission in his madness. The Paris commune had overthrown religion and proclaimed Reason supreme. Robespierre could never establish his rule upon reason. He needed a fanatic’s religion. Hence he declared that there was a supernatural being and decreed a fête in his honor. Glad in sky-blue raiment
of silk and satin, with silver buckles and golden chains, bearing in one hand a bouquet of flowers, he grasped in the other a lighted torch and sets fire to hideous images of anarchy and atheism. At the same time a statue of wisdom is erected. Robespierre founded a religion in principle as hollow a mockery as his government. Time did not permit it to become such a dreadful reality. The incongruity of Robespierre's priesthood was too great even for the French people, deluded by his hypocrisy as by the colors of a soap-bubble. Blown too large, the bubble had burst, and they saw how despicable he really was. The very incorruptibility they had adored, now they mocked. “Make way,” cried his executioner, “for the incorruptible man!” No grandeur in his death as in Danton's; no pathos as in the queen's; only fiendish malice and envy.

To view the personal characteristics of Robespierre, let us observe him in his chamber. It is in the early years of the Revolution and he has as yet no influence. In that room there is little to note. Neither luxury nor barrenness. But one thing mark. The wall is lined with mirrors. It is not beauty alone that is vain. Beauty's vanity is often as naught to that of hideous deformity. As he stands before those mirrors, see what is reflected. A small, sharp-featured, livid-complexioned man. His green eyes, deep sunk, and blazing with fanaticism, is that a type of that unhealthy, fanatical Revolution. But there's still in his glance, as in the earlier stages of the Revolution, somewhat of the ideals of Rousseau. A few years later look again. The ideal in his expression has given place to malice and cruelty. The livid complexon often grows more livid with fear. The eyes seem to have sunk deeper, the features to have become sharper, the tense expression to have grown more treacherous and cunning. What a type now of a Revolution, held in check no longer by the master hand of Mirabeau; nor guided in its course by bold and intrepid Danton; but a destructive torrent, bearing along as a fleck of foam on the crest of its billow—Robespierre. Look once more. As he surveys himself in that sky-blue coat, adorned with gold and silver, what vanity is reflected. Vanity! He, Robespierre, has decreed a God. What a type of a Revolution which held nothing sacred, deemed nothing beyond its control.

The abhorrence in which the name of Robespierre was held, this epitaph written for him vividly expresses: “Passenger, lament not his fate, for were he living, thou wouldst be dead!” Yet it must be admitted that he played an important part in a movement, which, with all its excesses, brought a measureless blessing to humanity. Robespierre's death marked the end, not of the Revolution, but of its license. A century has passed and still the Revolution sweeps on. Confined no longer to France, mountain range nor ocean has defined the limit of its sway. It will not cease till the world has acknowledged the principles of true democracy. And to this movement, strange though it may seem, Robespierre was essential. Revenge is a powerful factor in the establishment of justice. The noblest strivings toward culture often originate in jealous rivalry. Evil is subservient to good. So before the grand Revolution, with its motive power the love of liberty, came the outburst of hatred toward king and noble, an outburst which displayed itself in riot and massacre, and had as its apostle and type, our hero—Robespierre.

The Glory of Earth and Joy of Heaven.
To meet, to know, to feel affection's thrill, And then to love—the annals of the soul Re-count the varying journey to the goal Of the hereafter, where love alone shall fill The yearning bosom. There shall we realize The fullest measure of ineffable desire For love; and we may there aspire To feel and know the fullness of the prize That love may win. There thro eternal hours The wishful soul may whisper to the breeze Its burning thoughts. The stream of life that feeds Its crystal source shall murmur thro the bowers Of Paradise—the same sweet song for aye, Praising the All-Love thro eternal day.

An Epitome of a Life.
"Wal, wal, wal, if there ain't a pritty kettle o' fish. That flyin'-machine, perpetual-motion kid's got it into his head that he wants the Hensacklopedia Brittaniki. He says he can get it for two dollars a month—s'pose that means two dollars a month for eternity, at least 'pears kind o' indefinite like."
"Well, John, what do you think of Fred's proposition? Are you going to get him that Encyclopedia for his birthday?"
"Now, Bertha, I don't think we'd better. This late literary streak seems to have taken will probably leave him as his scientific did. And then we'd better be taking serious thought of his education. Tho we are quite well off, it might pinch us some to send him to college. I think there's a little something in his head that it will pay to develop."
"Yes, but just think how nice that book-case he showed us the picture of, and those thirty, large, well-bound volumes would look in the parlor, right under your father's picture!"
In these conversations it is easy to recognize three persons, a father, mother and son. They constitute the entire family of John Little. The son, Fred, the subject of his parents' conversation, was a ten-year-old boy. From his earliest infancy he had been accustomed to hear only the best of English, and, having been taught to read at the age of four, he was able to enter the fourth grade at seven. For reading, Fred early acquired a taste and, tho his parents never prohibited his reading any book, he unconsciously allowed himself to be guided until it was perfectly safe to leave him to himself in that regard. He soon took a fancy for science, and some of his inventions were decidedly unique.

"Now, I'll connect a dynamo with a motor and the motor with the dynamo. Then I'll start the dynamo; it will run the motor, the motor will run the dynamo again, and I will have perpetual motion. How big fools some of those fellows like Newton have been!"

"When the wind hits the windmill, the wheel turns around. If I turn the wheel the other way, it will hit the wind and have a tendency to go backwards. Now I'll put half a hundred aluminum windmills in a horizontal position over an aluminum airship. I'll run them with electricity; they will push the air down, the ship up, and I'll have a flying-machine that beats Darius Green's all hollow."

"Say, I've got an idea. They're making so much fuss about lightning-rods. Supposing it's a tree I want to protect. I put a piece of ice on top of the tree. When the lightning strikes it, it will melt the ice and the water will put out the lightning."

"I have a scheme for quick transit and I challenge all the electric roads in the country. I want to go from New York to Buffalo. I dig an underground tunnel between the two cities. It must be straight, for if it wasn't—ah hem! Then I'll procure a very thick and a rubber cable a few miles long. This is fastened at Buffalo and several yoke of oxen stretch it to New York during the night. Then in the morning all those that want to go to Buffalo get astride of it and, when all are ready, with a few strong men at an axe the cable is cut, and—all are at Buffalo. But now will they 'get off at Buffalo?' It seems to me they would go clean through to Detroit, tunnel or no tunnel. Hum, make a tunnel. I might put a stone wall up at the other end like they have at the end of the railroad siding, but! it might hurt them a little and they might not want to make the return trip. No, that won't do. I might stuff the other end full of pillows, but I don't much like the idea. I know! At New York I'll cover all their clothes with a water-proof suit and I'll dump them into a tank of water at Buffalo and let them off easy that way."

But time passes and Fred, at the age of eleven, graduates from the eighth grade. His morals are far above those of the average public school boy and he has only a very few associates among them. His chief and most enjoyable companions are books. But he has graduated, and what is to be done about it? The high school is only a mock name for a high-school. He is too young to be put to work, and if he is left idle he will read his eyes out. Shall he be sent to the preparatory department of some denominational college? He will be apt to find good companions and certainly will be in a fair way to gain an education. Friends are consulted.

"Mr. Brown, what would you do with Fred? He's been the greatest worry I've had in a long time. He's dead set on going to college over there in the East, next September, and I'm in a kind of a muddle. What's worse, Bertha is as set on it as he is."

"Well, sir, since you've been so kind as to consult me, I'll endorser to be of some as—as—hm—help to you. Now, sir, in the consideration of such mighty questions as the edification of a bright young lad—"

"Bright! Fred Little, bright! Laws! Mr. Little, are you somberly thinking of sending Fred to college! Why, my John is sixteen and only in the fifth grade. I know he is smarter than your kid is; why, he could hoe two rows of taters while Fred was trying to pull the hoe out of the ground. You're in with the school-board all right—you're one yourself!" and the jealous mother flounces out of the room.

"Mr. Little, I think I was just saying when we were so unceremoniously interrupted—I mean when my most hamiacal spouse gave a very k'rect and appropriate impression of her views (I had to change that, or!)—that I would gladly offer you the experience of seventeen years of married life."

"I am very much obliged to you for your kind advice and am quite a little inclined to follow it. Good afternoon."

"Ha, ha, ha, he's worse than usual today. I should think with that wife of his, he'd be very somberly thinking of a divorce. Well; it seems my own judgment must decide the question after all. He is young and very susceptible to impressions, good or bad. But I think he will naturally choose good friends, and he seems to be quite strong morally. I don't think he will have to study very hard and fortunately the gymnasmum work is compulsory. It will be a good, wholesome change for him and—and he goes next week! He goes next week."

Numbers cannot express the length of the following week, but finally Fred Little is in—. There he found the Lowinks, Adjacenthouse, the famous Cuban general, and others he had long looked-up to as the realizers of his highest hopes. He met with only one rebuff.

"Huh, here is another of those Western tenderfoots. We've got enough of those fellows that don't pay any tuition. The college, he needs his money."
Our hero very early took passage on the "Alpha" for the "City of Fame" and soon took a very prominent part in the weekly meetings of its crew. He was rather deficient in social requirements, but while others were laughing he was studying, and a difference in results quickly appeared. He did not have much trouble with his lessons and so read a great deal but in a different way from what he had been accustomed to. He planned out a term's systematic reading in advance, allowing proper time for the various classes, fiction, poetry, history, biography, science, and he adhered closely to this plan. In the same way he planned out each day's work and never wasted a minute, got up the instant he awoke, did as much studying before chapel as he was able—never going early so as to run over Greek or Latin with somebody else and be sure he had it right—and utilizing every possible moment between recitations. You say that he was a dry specimen of humanity, so soaked with study he could not be sociable. I answer, no! by all means, no! But when he studied, he studied, concentrated his entire mind on his lesson or reading and mastered it quickly; when he recreated he recreated, entirely relaxed himself, and was as sociable as anybody. He laughed when it was time to laugh and worked when it was time to work and consequently made a success of both instead of a failure, as it seems the majority of our students do from the way they clamor for no literary work the last term, or a schedule of three studies instead of four. These either do not know how to study, are naturally dull, are tremendously lazy, or have a vastly distorted idea of the relative value of acquisitions. In the first and last cases, learn; in the second, persevere; in the third, "Go to the ant thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise."

But to return to Fred Little, in view of these facts it is small wonder that he graduated from the college with the highest honors and won the valedictory at the age of nineteen.

But what did he take with him from that memorable commencement eve when he astonished even those who thought they knew his powers, when he took the audience from tears to laughter in the twinkling of an eye, and when he left them breathless at his close. Let us hear his thoughts when he retired on that night.

"Mr. Fred Little, A. B. I wonder what those two letters stand for in my case. I suppose if my thoughts were known I would be called conceited but I know what I can do and have confidence in myself and a person who has not is a fool. I think I have a pretty good physical and mental equipment for life—I have made the most of my opportunities here and have made several opportunities for myself. But what is to be done? I have received several offers of important chairs, but I have only commenced my education. I will go as high as the universities will take me and then—then—"

He sleeps and "into his soul a vision flew." He sees himself in post-graduate courses at our best institutions, he sees him taking the highest honors this world can confer, and finally he is on his death-bed.

"I feel that I have left the world a little better than I found it and yet I know nothing. But I am happy. O Eternity of Eternities, welcome! welcome! I can carry this little I have acquired here. Eternity! Eternity! Time! Limitless time to carry on my researches infinitely! Nothing to do but to work! To be the associate of the great men of all ages, to have an infinite field for the display and development of my abilities, to feel the intensest joy in work, most enjoyable work, to be in Heaven! O, it were enough to inspire the veriest infidel!"

C. B. Stillman, "E" Prep.

One Drop of Poison.

Tick, tick, tick, tick—impatiently the small alarm clock told off the passing moments as its hands pointed to an hour long after the iron hammer had struck the huge gong in the neighboring church steeple twelve times. Without, all was silent as death and even the footfalls of the belated travellers did not resound thro' the silence of the night, for it was winter and the snowflakes had fallen thick and fast thro' the day, covering the world without with a shroud as that of death.

Within, the god of night held in his grasp all the inmates of that dwelling and had plunged them into the unconscious state which we call sleep. In one room, however, the light is shining brightly and the fire burning fiercely. The occupant is nervous­ly pacing up and down while his breath comes in gasps and now and again, with sudden jerk, he brings his hand to his forehead or passes it over his bosom. Even as we look he gasps, clutches at his heart and sinks down into a chair where he remains un­moved as in the grasp of a death-like lethargy.

While he is thus unconscious of our scrutiny, let us look more closely at himself and his surroundings and I shall ask you to listen to the recital of a chapter in his life's story which will account for his unusual condition tonight.

The person before us is a young man who might be twenty­five years old or ten years further on in life. This is difficult to determine from the appearance of his features. The high forehead is crossed by deep furrows, the eyes that even in their half­closed condition retain some of their lustre, are seated deep in their sockets and betray the thoughtful mind; the nose, of roman
build and slightly pointed, reveals the investigator; even in this present agony, the lips show the trace of a determined character, the pinched look betokens intense and strained activity of the mind, even to the detriment of the bodily frame. Some years ago, before his life began to mold his features, he must have presented a comely appearance which would make a great contrast with the angular form before us. Such the young man.

On looking about the room we at once notice that its occupant is a student—a student of science. His cases are filled with books, whose German and French titles defy the understanding of the uninitiated. Even the titles of the English volumes give to the mind not versed in scientific lore but a slight clue to their contents. This much however, we can discern—the sciences of life, biology and physiology, are most conspicuously represented upon the shelves. On the table are scattered, beside many pamphlets, some leaves of manuscript, physical computations, drawings, vials and other paraphernalia for the use of a scientific student.

But here, on this side of the table, evidently is the chair last occupied. Before this chair lies a manuscript which contains neither drawings nor computations. It is a letter closely written in a scrawly hand. The date attracts our attention. The letter was written some years ago. What may be the reason for its preservation for so many years? Perhaps this will explain in part the silent agony our friend is enduring at this moment. Heaven forgive us for profanely casting our eyes upon what, for so many years, has been withheld from the world.

The letter in question was written to "My dear friend Hal." Its tone is melancholy and seems like the despairing wail of a soul that has lost its hold upon the last object of its adoration. "Life has lost its charms for me," he writes. "Only a month has passed since I was the happiest mortal on this footstool. I studied, I worked with a zeal and diligence such as can be inspired only by the highest ambition. All around was cheer and joy and when, passing through the hall from the laboratory to the classroom, I caught a glimpse of that face which I learned no full of love and admiration on me, I could feel the blood course faster through my veins and my mind quicken with the thought of the bright future before me and the attainment of my ambitions. Day after day I plied my busy brain to solve the problem which would give me my degree. Day after day I neared the goal. Already there lay in my room the almost completed manuscript of the thesis that should be the means of adding fame to the name of Forbes. That very week I had confided all my hopes and aims to her—Eleanor Rose. Many a compliment had been given me by my head instructor upon my patient and painstaking research work.

The next day was to be the crowning day of my life so far.
Bain handed me his thesis on the same subject only a week ago and you shall have to find some other line of research to obtain your degree.

I heard no more. The walls turned pale, the furniture faded, the professor seemed to me a horrid demon that had suddenly transformed my brightest aspirations into dreary dungeons. When I recovered consciousness, I lay upon a hospital bed with the benignant face of a nurse bending over me, and I faintly caught the words, 'still lives.'

My recovery was slow and until now I have been exceedingly weak. I do not know what to think of Eleanor. She has not once inquired after my health. Nor did I know that McBain was pursuing the same line of investigation as myself. There is a mystery somewhere. Oh, that I could solve it! Hal, what would you advise me? Shall I leave school and settle down to some quiet business or shall I pursue my course of investigation? All ambition has gone from my life and I am almost ready to give up in despair.

The remainder of the letter is torn away. Evidently, the man sitting unconscious before us, has just now recalled the darkest chapter in his life. The fond dream of love had turned into a nightmare; the ambitions of youth were suddenly checked; the young man of promise was transformed into a weary, plodding scientist who was to achieve nothing remarkable in the scientific world. Is it a wonder that the memory of this event throws his mind into confusion?

But I promised to tell the rest of that story and shall have to proceed, for the subject of it may awake at any moment and we must be gone before he recognizes us. The fragment of the letter to his friend Hal gave the opening chapter. That occurred ten years ago. One year after that occurrence, the society gossips had all they could do to tell each other circumstantially about the grand wedding of Miss Eleanor Rose and Professor Francis McBain.

It afterwards became known that McBain had stealthily and systematically stolen every one of the laboratory experiments performed by Mr. Forbes, that he had vitiated the final experiment of that young man by adding one drop of a foreign ingredient to the poisons used by Forbes. He was enabled to do this through the medium of that very Eleanor Rose, upon whom Forbes had settled all his affections. She had falsely professed friendship towards him, gained access to his heart and thus to his secrets and, having obtained the first draft of the results of his laboratory experiments, had divulged them to McBain to whom she was clandestinely engaged. Thus this faithless young woman wrecked the future of as bright a young scientist as ever entered a university hall.

These facts did not become public until a couple of years after their marriage. McBain proved harsh and unpleasant. His wife was haughty, extravagant and vengeful. They lived unhappily and family quarrels occurred daily. During one of these quarrels, she twitted her husband with the fact that he had only gained his fame through her. This he resented and threatened to beat her. The quarrel ran to such a pitch that the servants had to interfere.

They are now separated. Eleanor lives a sad, remorseful life in the lower part of the city away from her former surroundings. McBain has been dead these four years—too much drink, people say.

Forbes still plods along in the laboratory and earns a competent livelihood at the university. But lustre has left his eyes and love has long since bade farewell to his heart. His is a cheerless life. The only happiness he has is to communicate with his friend Hal, whose letters are always cheerful and encouraging.

But we must be going. He is stirring uneasily and will soon awaken from his stupor. Who knows but some day love may come back into his life and he may yet become one of the world's bright scientific lights.

—Henry VanderPloeg.

EDITORIALS.

A word of explanation may not be amiss, relative to the late appearance of the Anchor this month. Our students were all interested in the State Oratorical Contest,—witness our delegation and its enthusiasm. The Anchor felt that Alumni and friends outside would like to hear of our success at the contest as early as possible, and we did not feel justified in keeping them waiting a whole month for the outcome,—hence the delay.

Serenading.

The approach of the calm, quiet summer nights brings with it the evening serenade. Tho an old custom, and sometimes retaining characteristics which remind one of the Middle Ages, it is by no means, therefore, simply a worthy relic of the past. Whatever may be said against it, we believe it may properly hold a place in college life. The results attendant upon the student's serenading the professor are not always unpleasant. To the hard-working student, it means a healthful change from the dull atmosphere of his room to the fresh air outside, together with freedom from worry and vexation. It tends to create better feel-
The Wind receives between the faculty and studentry, provided that the one receives good-naturedly what the other does with no evil intention, but only to give vent to a healthful overflow of youthful spirits. Why should student and professor each live in a separate world, and come only into cold contact, when they work constantly in the same field? Why may not our spirits be enlivened, and mutual good feeling be increased, by an occasional serenade?

\[\text{**Truth Will Out.**}\]

We sympathize very deeply with the editor of The Outlook who seems to think that the loss of about fifty Boers and Colonel Villebois de Mereguil sufficiently counterbalances the loss recently suffered by the British forces. Their loss is only a little over a thousand men and seven guns. It is pleasing to notice, however, that our pro-British editor is candid enough to admit,—the it be tactily,—that this little band is of quite superior quality. How otherwise account for a fair counterbalance? Truth will out.

\[\text{**Vivisection.**}\]

A question of interest to our prospective medical students and to us all is that of the legal restriction of vivisection, which has been discussed in Boston. In the Independent of April 5, Elizabeth S. Phelps, on the one hand, gives a report of "The New Inquisition" of this subject, and is strongly opposed to the cruelty practised towards dogs and other animals. On the other hand, Dr. Madden gives arguments in defense of vivisection, showing that the salvation of human lives is dependent upon such experimentation, and that these experiments are attended by comparatively little suffering.

The question is not only of physiological importance, but is one in which the interests of humanity are involved. What shall be our feelings towards the dumb, helpless creatures?

\[\text{**Exchanges—The Wind Mill.**}\]

We feel a sort of uncharitable pity for the idea some men have of what a college-paper should be. This feeling changes almost into disgust when we see the conceited defense such editors offer for their journals when others kindly volunteer to give much-needed advise. Such a case is strikingly illustrated by The Wind Mill of Manlius, N. Y.

Originality is their claim to recognition, first, last, and all the time. But the field in which they attempt to be original, is hardly worthy of their boast. To tell school-news, which constitutes their entire subject matter, does not require originality.

Their Easter number—a special issue—would be honored to be called a farce. The only parts worth mailing were the blank pages, which, be it said to their credit (?), formed the greater part of the paper.

\[\text{**A Genius In Our Midst.**}\]

The unprecedented has struck Hope. Among our students we now find that *rara avis*, a genius,—one of Napoleon’s stamp, one who has not reached (consciously) the "limits of his abilities", one who "feels the infinite within him", one who expects to reach in "three years more the pinnacle of fame" and perhaps of knowledge. This unusual creature has among the other essential qualifications of genius, the necessary amount of conceit and the customary disregard for the lack of equal abilities in others. He finds his daily work for the class-room—nil, that is, requiring no time to prepare. Do you longer doubt the presence of such a genius among you? Then witness the infallible eccentricity of his category,—and mind, even that is different from the ordinary. Most geniuses have desired independence but this one seeks direction from superiors (quite a laudable desire, but not in a genius), he desires more work along class lines; he has nothing to do; he cannot take up independent research, hence his classmates must suffer in silence or hasten to be included in the category genius. There really does seem to be too much phosphorous in the composition of this individual, for its spontaneous combustion has left such a noticeable vacuum in his head that he desires to have it filled. Is there not some one kind enough to prescribe a process of independent stuffing that will appease the cravings of this aspiring mortal?

\[\text{**Is There a Danger Lurking?**}\]

The public reading rooms in our larger cities are unquestionably not only great accommodations to the public, but also factors in the diffusion of useful information. Here an opportunity is offered everyone to wade into the inflowing tide of current thought. Periodicals of every name and creed are abundantly provided for those seeking after knowledge. That such reading rooms should have a formative influence is but natural. They are apt to clothe it in the garb of intelligence. They give tone to the community. But what tone? Can it give any other than its own? Of course not. Well, then, if we find there infidel publications, as for example, "A Free Thought Magazine"; whose contents are revolting to any man of religious convictions; which is a loud echo of those principles that filled French philosophy and literature just before and during the stormy period of her Revolution and brought about the most terrific and most horri-
flying drama of all time; which relegates the Bible to the shelf of fables, and Christian activity to the money-making enterprises—indeed a sad comment upon the church.—we ask, is there not a danger underneath this robe of philanthropy? Are these reading rooms not subject to proper inspection? If not; ought they not be inspected? Shall young America be intrusted to such formative influences?

**Dignity and Modesty.**

The members of the L. L. L. have won a reputation as entertainers. The climax of their efforts was reached in their recent attempt to unbend the diffidence of the "Seminoles", with rather doubtful results. No reflection, however, on the abilities of the ladies, but rather an indication of the adamantine attitude of the entertained. Even light refreshments were taken with gravity and there is no record of any dignity disturbed. Some evil genius with goggles and appareled in tweeds seemed to have an inkling of the situation and led on a host to "disturb their inmost councils from their fated aim", but there was no agitation beyond perplexity. Result,—some of the poor fellows fell so to pondering on the inexplicable disappearance of headgear that they became quite forgetful of duty and pleasure after the meeting, and retired to solitude alone and left others to their fate.

**The City for the People.**

Six hundred pages of fact and philosophy on public ownership, direct legislation, municipal home-rule, proportional representation, the merit system of civil service, the automatic ballot, and the best means of overcoming political corruption—such is the important book entitled "The City for the People," by Prof. Frank Parsons. An appendix gives the text of the leading statutes and constitutional provisions on direct legislation, municipal ownership and home-rule, together with improved forms suggested for future legislation.

No question before our people today is of more vital interest than the problem of monopoly, and no presentation of the disadvantages of private monopoly and the benefits of public ownership that has come to our notice, possesses more clearness or force than that contained in the opening chapters of "The City for the People." Prof. Parsons’ articles in the Arena and other magazines have already given him a wide reputation as a clear thinker and vigorous writer, and this book shows the same depth and breadth of research and strength of presentation which characterizes his former work. The "Equity Series", 1520 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, is published by Dr. C. F. Taylor. His aim is education, not profit, and this book, 600 pages, crammed with facts and arguments, is sold for 50c., paper; $1, cloth.

**April Fool.**

The following funny incident occurred May 1, the chief actor probably mistaking Dewey’s Day for April Fool’s Day.

**Place.—**Van Goor’s churchyard.

**Dramatis Personae—**In Act I, several small boys. In Act II, two of our college professors. Tableaux, the entire faculty.

**Act I.—Anticipation.**

A mischievous misnomer, that has come to our notice, possesses more clearness than that contained in the opening chapters of "The City for the People." Prof. Parsons’ articles in the Arena and other magazines have already given him a wide reputation as a clear thinker and vigorous writer, and this book shows the same depth of research and strength of presentation which characterizes his former work. The "Equity Series", 1520 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, is published by Dr. C. F. Taylor. His aim is education, not profit, and this book, 600 pages, crammed with facts and arguments, is sold for 50c., paper; $1, cloth.

**Act II.—Realization.**

Prof. Dimmitt and Nykerk to the rescue. Prof. D. hastens to a neighboring house for a rake, but it proves too short to reach the sack. Prof. N. comes to his assistance with a barrel. He nimbly mounts it, and Fortune smiles with favoring beams thro the tree tops.

**Act III.—Consecration.**

The victors withdraw, to the chargen of the small boys, and hasten to divide the spoils with the rest of the faculty. The sack is opened and is found to contain naught but wind. Great rejoicing?

**Moral.**—"All is but gold that glitters."

**The Oratorical Contest.**

If ever an expectant crowd was doomed to disappointment, it was at the Michigan Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, held at Kalamazoo, May 4. Save the awarding of first place to James McGee, of Kalamazoo, there is little to commend any of the judges upon, and for Hope there is the consolation that at some future contest we shall meet with a decision not so disgusting to the majority of the audience.

For us there are only the lessons of defeat—lessons that even the victorious home college might learn with profit, and we hope they will learn it before another opportunity comes to them to extend a reception to visiting delegates. A few old Hope-ites greeted us at the depot, but Kalamazoo men were conspicuous only for their absence.

We feel that old Hope, by its delegation, gathered as much glory unto herself as if she had gained first place on the list of speakers. Our delegation, numbering ninety, was far larger than those of all the other colleges combined, and its enthusiasm was not inferior even to the home college. The opportunity was not given Hope, or we might have taught the winners how to hail their victorious speaker.
We give below a detailed account of the markings of the several judges on thought and composition and on delivery. And in future years we hope to see the orations handed to some professors of rhetoric and then we need have no doubts but that there will at least be good authority and reason to back the decision. We need not then expect a premium to be placed on sermons or essays or on self-consciousness and affectation.

In spite of the low place he was given, we feel proud of our representative and we can assure him of a gracefulness and power that won for him a recognition from the people more nearly approaching what he deserved than was given him by the judges.

"DE HAAGSCH LOTERIJ."

### Songs of all the Colleges.

In a neat, well-bound book, Hinds & Noble, the New York publishers, have issued *Songs of all the Colleges*. There is little doubt but that, because of the wide and varied selection, it will be a favorite in all colleges, from the very start. Hope has never been well acquainted with many of the best college songs of our country and we feel that if this book could be introduced into our societies we would add another joy to our jolly college life.

Apparantly the publishers have spared no expense in securing the very latest and best songs as well as a number of the old songs that retain their popularity wherever students assemble. The whole soiled hearty college songs with which every one is familiar and which one loves to sing and to hear, whenever two or three who love a song are met together—whether at college, at home, abroad or field—all these have been gathered into this book, and we do not hesitate to declare that it is the college song book of the future.

### A Card to the Athletic Association.

**Dear Fellow Students:**

An explanation is due from me to the members of the association, who so kindly invited me to act as one of the judges at the recent athletic contest.

When I reached the gymnasium and discovered that among the events was the high swinging on the "Parallel Rings", at once I protested on the ground of essential risk of life. My protest being disregarded I made the president acquainted with my reasons and quietly left the building.

I am fond of all sport that is of benefit to the body and free from immorality, and am aware that there is possibility of accident in all sport; but when there is constant, essential risk, there is violation of moral law. One instant of loss of self-control or vertigo; and we all would be plunging into sorrow. Perhaps I feel very strongly upon this point because a student friend at Rutgers was killed in just such a risk, viz., the running high jump.

Surely there is enough safe sport without the sensational high swinging. Trusting that you will pardon my refusal to serve under those conditions, I remain,

Very truly yours,

J. T. BERGEN.

### Y. M. C. A. Notes.

In our Y. M. C. A. during the past month much interest has been shown in missions.

On April 12, Rev. J. F. De Jong of Zeeland addressed us on "Our Missions in Arabia." Mr. De Jong, who was Hope's first Y. M. C. A. president, is especially interested in this field, because his congregation is supporting their own missionary, Samuel M. Zduner. The speaker showed that such independent support tended not to detract from, but rather to enhance interest in missions in general. He showed also that well can we feel thankful for the men Hope has sent to the foreign field. Especially did Mr. De Jong emphasize prayer on our part for the workers in His kingdom.

The meeting of April 19 was helpful and inspiring to those
intending summer campaign work. Prof. Dinnent spoke of this work in general, showing that history should be studied by bearing in mind the universal ruling power, the spirit of love for man, as exhibited in the life of a missionary; that, consequently, we should make a personal application of this spirit to ourselves in our campaign work. Mr. Stormzand then briefly stated the needs of the association, that, in particular, we should strive to maintain and create an interest in missions, by emphasizing the need of prayer, study and true habits of giving on the part of the church. Mr. Hondelink talked about the methods to be used in this work; that the purpose of the campaign is to spread missionary intelligence, especially in the home church by our giving missionary talks to the C. E. society, and by the holding of conferences with the missionary committee. To this end, he stated, it was necessary for us to study missionary books. Dr. Kollen then joyfully surprised us by reading a letter from Dr. Chamberlain who expects to be with us during commencement week. Our president then showed that at home people expect something from us, and that what we need is personal consecration.

Tuesday evening, April 25, the regular Y. M. C. A. meeting was held in order to give Dr. Coe, of the Collegiate church of New York City, who is one of the members of the council, an opportunity to address all the students. He gave a most instructive talk on "Enthusiasm and Staying Fever", setting forth the value of each in its independent and reciprocal action, along with excellent examples from lives of the great, illustrative of the dangers and difficulties and discipline which are attendant upon or in control of enthusiasm.

The Y. M. C. A. was addressed May 3 by Rev. Clarke of the M. E. church of this city, on the "Life and Character of Moses." The address was very fortunate in securing Rev. Clarke to speak on this subject, for he has made an intensive and thorough study of this great lawgiver as shown by the address of that evening.

J. J. Hoffman, '02.

Alumni Notes.

Rev. H. K. Boer, '79, of Hamilton, has accepted the call from the North Western church of Chicago.

Rev. T. W. Mulienberg, '89, was chosen as president of the Ottawa county Sunday School association.

Rev. J. Sietsema, '91, has received a second call from Oostburg, Wis.

The church at Carnel, Ia., has called Rev. H. Dykhuizen, '95, of Le Mars.

Rev. K. J. Dykema, '93, has been called to Wortendyke, New Jersey.

The twenty-second day of May A. L. Warnshuis, '97, will be ordained as missionary to China. The ordination will take place in the Fourth Reformed church of Grand Rapids.

The Western Theological Seminary held its commencement exercises in the Third Reformed church Wednesday evening, April 25. The graduating class this year was unusually large, being composed of the following eleven men: Eerk Boelts, N. Boer, Jacob Brummel, George E. Cook, B. De Jonge, John De Jongh, B. D. Dykstra, Gerrit Kooler, Henry P. Schuurmans, Jacob Van der Meulen and Gerrit Huizenga. Calls have been extended to and accepted by five of their number. Mr. Aeils having received a call from Claire City, Minn.; Mr. Boer from Jamestown Center, Mich.; Mr. Schuurmans from the Ninth Reformed church in Grand Rapids; Mr. Van der Meulen from Britton; Mr. B. De Jonge from Lake Shore. Gerrit Huizenga goes to India as a missionary, while Messrs. Brummel and Kooler, also volunteers for the mission field, being compelled to remain at home on account of the Board of Foreign Mission's lack of finances, stand, with the remainder of the class, as candidates for the ministry.

College Jottings.

Brouwer weighs himself on a hay-scale. What next?

Naberhuis says that the first condition for a sleigh-ride is a partner.

Mellie now sings, "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood."

The Juniors are planning a surprise on "Cousin Katie." The monkey was persistent in his admiration of Pool. We wonder how long ago the acquaintances first met.

With its four "Deaconesses" the base-ball team is now complete.

Death has again entered our ranks. The L. L. L. extends its heartfelt sympathy to Miss Riems for her recent bereavement.

Prof. Ladd's "Fug" is beginning to feel his oats. So is Prof. Veghte's.

"Children, ten cents; students, fifteen; adults, twenty." We wonder what they charged the faculty.

$6.50 a day is being made by our agents, and any live student can make the same during vacation, selling Lang's Scrap Book. Everybody buys it. Sample free. Write for territory at once.

The following note was never sent to Miss F——

"When a book wears a book, the best way to pray
Is to put both a book and a boy in the same tray.

Miss Roberts was in the library last night, looking for books to read, and she decided to take a book from the shelf. She found a book that had a note in it, so she took it and began to read. She read until she reached the end of the book, and then she put it back on the shelf. She decided to take another book from the shelf, so she picked up a book that was sitting on the end of the shelf. She began to read the book, and as she did so, she heard a noise coming from the other side of the room. She turned around and saw a man walking towards her. She was surprised to see him, but she decided to go back to her book and continue reading. As she did so, she noticed that the man had a book in his hand, and she asked him if he had any questions about the book. He told her that he was looking for a book on philosophy, and she suggested that he try the philosophy section in the library. He thanked her, and then he left the library."

Kruisinga stood first at the athletic contest in the high, broad drop from the horizontal bar.

A certain young Muskegon lady is anxious to know when C—— is going to settle up for that hammock he broke last summer.

The "C" members claim that Schaefer has fallen in love.

Schipper can no longer keep the good news to himself. He has kindly asked that the following be published in the Anchor:

"Married last September." Congratulations.

Nies of the "D" class says that his father keeps on hand a large stock of horses, cows, and all kinds of machinery.

Woe unto the meek, for they shall flunk in Greek.

Prof. Bergen says he was rather hasty in his dispatch of the Junior fire department,—"the boys were afraid they might burn, they were so dry." Well, we hardly blame the Juniors for their dangerous condition.

Daniel Bekius of the "B" class has left for California, where he will spend the summer.

Brouwer says he rather liked the fun, but hates to go "beyond the setting sun."

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SODA FOUNTAIN
Anthony Rosbach,
228 River St.
Distance lends enchantment to—Senior singing. We fear the miller's big dog will some day be slain on the barn floor.

Prof. Siegers has found a new punctuation mark. It is not to be graphically described but it is claimed to be a cross between a grunt and a groan. It stands especially at the end of an exclamatory or interrogative sentence, and is often the convenient close for the common ironical phrases Huffawu:

"I am a numskull and you know it." Genius is suggestive.

It's a good thing for Weersing that he lives out in the country, otherwise we might ascertain the cause of these yaps and snores.

Van Zomeren says, "Only be stiff and you will be alright." All be sure and see Prof. Boers' new "up to date calendar."

Student's definition of his first condition.—"It feels as though one has been drawn through a knot-hole into another world."

No wonder Stanton captured the prize, since a pair of blue eyes in the gallery were constantly watching him.

The powder used in recent social conquests is said to be smokeless. Van Zante claims, however, that he occasionally sees a puff.

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20 W. Eighth Street
During the recent cold spell there was a strong odor of burnt rubber in the chapel. Upon investigation it was found that the Sophomores were near the register.

With as much truth as humor the president announced the return of Spring and Rev. Mr. Van Slyke. Fedde's mysterious disappearance has been cleared up and carried out to the last chapter but one.

"If two fellows don't get out of Van Vleck they may get a picking."

The ex-college carpenter and seminary correspondent has, with the kind, but unasked for, aid of others, effected his spring house-cleaning.

Shelley describes the "B's" as "heavy-winged thieves, faint with too much sweet."

Same old, old story,—the Sophomore biology class flunks on a quiz.

Yes, of course, we got them.

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