We wish to Announce

The publication of an ANNUAL for '04-'05. It will be a cloth-bound book of 175 pages, 8½x12-in. in size, containing over 50 half-tones of the societies, faculty and buildings, views of the campus, the laboratories, the recently erected Van Rensselaer Memorial Hall and the new Carnegie Gymnasium and Graduation Hall. There will also be about 30 zinc etchings and drawings, illustrating places of college life. A hundred pages will be devoted to reading matter and write-ups of the various departments of the college.

The Alumni

Will be especially interested in THE ANNUAL. Since the time they have left College many changes perhaps have taken place. THE ANNUAL will fully describe and illustrate what Hope College is to-day.

The Friends

The friends who so generously aid the College will find THE ANNUAL an answer to the query which may have risen in their minds "What advance is Hope College making?"

Fellow Students

The issue of this, the first ANNUAL Hope College has ever issued, depends upon your loyal support.

The contents of THE ANNUAL is entirely new, the photographs and drawings have been especially prepared for the book. The paper and binding is the best obtainable. The ANNUAL will appear June 1st. Send in your subscription as soon as possible to

The Hope College Annual

42 East Eighth Street
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN.
TREE has roots and branches. Every building must have its foundation. Even the world had a beginning and every plant is the growth of some seed. From the growth of the plant we can know from what kind of a seed it grew. Likewise the life of a man is the result of some underlying principle. As a nation is made up of individuals, its history is dependent upon some controlling force. Of this controlling force I wish to speak. Some have spoken of Greece and Rome, and the most noted men of our day may have taxed themselves to the utmost to extol the heroes of a thousand battle-fields across the sea and to tell of a Caesar who was murdered by his countrymen, or idolize a Homer and a Vergil for their literary greatness; but, were there no America, what would a lover of liberty speak about?

We may speak of Washington as the father of our country and with exuberant joy sing of "the land of the free and the home of the brave." But what of that? This land of freedom did not come forth from between the two oceans as the goddess from the head of Jupiter. It was bought with blood. Other countries may have been bought with the blood of just as many heroes, and yet they cannot boast of a country so great in territory and population, of such unheard of prosperity and true liberty. Others may have paid the price, but they did not pay it for what the American gave his blood. The government of Greece was for her people, and the people of Rome were for their government; but they did not receive from
their government that which every man who breathes the breath of
God is entitled to enjoy. I say absolute and unrestrained freedom
is the birthright of every man. No slave was ever born. And
cursed be the man who enslaves his fellow-man.

America is the theory of freedom put into practice. It was
founded because the rights of man were trampled under foot. When
not even representatives of the rights of men were recognized by
the tyrants of justice, then the rivers of devotion overflowed, and
the land, soaked with the blood of a thousand heroes, became the
home of millions of freemen. The flag of American freedom has
ever been sacred to the hearts of the American people. It is the
emblem of peace. It is the dearest possession a citizen can have,
for it protects him wherever the name of America is known. It is
most precious to him, because it reminds him of the great privileges
he enjoys above all other people of the earth.

What wonder, then, that America has become such a power?
Today our country is recognized as foremost among the nations.
Our counsel is sought, our advice heeded and our desires complied
with. Our prestige is established. Our army is the pride of
our people, and our navy the Leviathan of the ocean. But if our war
power is great, our power of diplomacy and arbitration is still
greater. To this twofold development is due the present greatness
of the United States. But what is due this two-fold development?
History gives us the answer: Man seeks after peace; but
if necessary he will go into battle to obtain peace. The nation
whose people enjoy freedom and will give their lives to maintain
that freedom, must prosper.

Do you ask, then, how America is today a world power? As a
small rudder steers a ship safe to its haven, so loyalty to our flag
has steered our ship of state to the great haven of international
prominence. There she is anchored in the safest harbor. This
haven of safety it has reached not without passing through stormy
seas and past treacherous shoals. When first it declared its
independence it passed through a most bloody war. But if the conflict
was bitter, the determination was keener and the courage stronger.
If the wintry frost was sharp, the love for freedom was more intense.
Thus the ship encountered its voyage in turmoil and confusion.
The war of 1812, the civil war and the Spanish-American war have

knitted more closely the bond of union. From these wars we see
how loyalty to our flag has protected our country. Our flag has
become the sceptre of power and of peace. To our enemies it is an
object of dread, to our friends it is ever the treasure of treasures.

Such it must remain if our country is to remain. To-day our
nation is in the grasp of commercial greatness; and prosperity,
which too often leaves a country desolate, has come upon us. Men
of all classes are flocking to our shores. Loyalty to our flag
demands that the American citizen of the twentieth century be on the
alert. The scum and refuse of the world is poured into our land,
and it is for us to do away with it. Our city politics are corrupt.
Bribery and dishonesty are slowly but surely working destruction
to the sacred rights of man. Capital is valued above capability, and
propriety above propriety.

Shall the end of this century find us a greater nation than the
beginning? Shall the equality of man be the guiding star of our
nation? It is not the millionaire or the capitalist who will preserve
our nation through the coming years. Nor is the soldier the only
safeguard of our inalienable rights. It is the man who will obey
and enforce the laws of justice. Loyalty to our flag will protect
our beloved country through the coming centuries.
To The Boys!

I know this subject is old. Every one writes or speaks about boys; even Whittier, one day, when his cash account was below zero and his boys needed new shoes and stockings, wrote a poem on the joys of the "Barefoot Boy." But there is nothing really poetic about a little boy's bare feet. They have more dirty toes than glory. The only glory that I can associate with a little boy's bare feet is the "glory" his mother gives him when he sticks those same, dirty, brown feet unwashed between a pair of clean linen sheets. So you will excuse me if I do not give you a poem like Whittier's "Barefoot Boy."

But though the subject be old, it can never be too old, for boys are always young, very young. In fact the most telling thing about a boy is his age. However tall he may be, however high he may tip the scales, and no matter how precocious, his age will always tell. He will leave his mother, while she is discussing angels and heaven, to pull the cat's tail or to pinch the baby. This pinching of the baby, especially, is very dear to the real boy's heart. Of course, a boy loves the baby,—he wouldn't trade it for any other baby in the block; but Oh! the baby looks so funny when it clinches its little fists and closes its eyes like a rat trap and wrinkles its face till you can't tell its smeared nose from a wrinkle, and even its hair seems to grow red with fury.

This pinching is also a very good expedient when mother cares more about your tending to the baby than you do. You can always lay it to pins. While I was a boy we had only one baby that I liked. He had a voice like a campaign speaker, and when you touched him you made mother believe he was going to have fits, and while she was busy clapping him on the back—mothers always do that—you sneaked out of the door, kicked at the cat on the porch, jumped over the back fence, and made a bet with a neighbor boy that you knew your catechism lesson better than he did.

When you do something like that you'd better not come home for dinner or supper. Somewhere around nine o'clock P. M. is early enough. Give your parents time to imagine you lost, or stolen by "gypsies." Then at the stated time come quietly down the path, and when you are sure you are within earshot, start up in a yearningly pleading, earth-weary, heaven-aspiring, soft voice, "I long to be an Angel," and be sure you are still singing when you enter the door. They'll fondle you, kiss you, call you a darling, a love—and when they have tucked you into your clean little cot and your tired eyelids refuse to wink any more, they'll stand there looking at you, father with his hand on mother's shoulder, wondering what visions cheer your boys'ish eyes in that land of dreams and angel whisperings to cause that smile that lingers so caressingly about your lips,—and all the while, you little hypocrite, you are wide awake pinching your leg to keep that angelic smile from broadening into a Demoniacaal grin. You'll be sorry for it some day, young vagabond, when you learn of those other times when you were not awake, and a mother, tired and weary of a day's unceasing toils, crept up that long stairway to linger yet a while beside a limp little figure wrapped in moonlight and dreams.

But a boy is not altogether wicked. A boy has his good side too. He may pinch the baby, but if he has nothing else to do he will take care of it with all the ardor and chivalry of knighthood. Indeed there are two things of which a boy is never ashamed; they are the family dog and the baby. Personally, I wouldn't be a boy in a family that did not own both a little dog and a baby. They are the conditions "sine qua non" of successful boyhood. Nor would I give a cent for a dog-less boy. Such a boy misses half of his life and will never be really great. A boy that has never put his arms around the neck of some "measly," little, yellow, flea-bitten cur, and kissed its moist, cold, black snout, while that same little cur was dragging his warm, rough, red tongue over every freckle on the boy's face, such a boy will never make a good man and husband, and stands a good chance of dying on the gallows. If you would know the future of any boy find out how he treats his dog. A boy that will back his dog against any other dog three times his
A Condensation of Silas Marner.
HENRY V. E. STEIGMAN, "C" CLASS.

When George Eliot penned her thoughts upon paper and gave us the book, "Silas Marner," we received a surpassing novel. The beauty of this story lies in her excellent portrayal of the character of the weaver of Raveloe, Silas Marner.

For fifteen years Silas had lived here, having moved hither from another town, called Lantern Yard. There he had been a devout and simple Christian; here he was an infidel. In Lantern Yard he had been fraudulently found guilty of robbery, and as God had not interfered, Silas lost faith. Now he lived as a recluse and as a miser, hoarding up the golden guineas that he earned by weaving.

Squire Cass had two worthless sons, Godfrey and Dunstan. Godfrey, having forsaken his secret wife, was courting Miss Nancy Lammeter, the belle of Raveloe. He bribed Dunstan to keep the matter secret, by giving him a large amount of money, which rightfully belonged to his father. To regain the money before the Squire found out, he gave Dunstan the task of stealing his horse, Wildfire. But Dunstan did not succeed, for Wildfire was killed. The rider was forced to return on foot through the rain. When he came to Marner's hut, near the stone pit, he opened the door, found the weaver absent, stole his money, and disappeared. Silas Marner had now nothing to live for; he merely existed. During this period of sorrow, Dolly Winthrop would come with her little boy, Aaron, to comfort Silas, and to exhort him not to weave on the sabbath day. For the man had sunk to such a depth that he worked seven days in the week.

It is a winter night. Molly Farren Cas, Godfrey's wife, is trudging towards Raveloe, with a baby on her arm. Her desire for opium again conquers her, and as a result she falls down and dies. The two-year-old child finds its way to the cottage of Silas Marner. The old man-hater becomes its foster-father. The babe is baptized and named Eppie, while Silas becomes once more a regular church attendant. While Eppie is growing up, through her influence Silas Marner, infidel and miser, is won back to his Lantern Yard self.
Today is Sunday. Eppie, now eighteen years of age, accompanied by her father, old Silas, and by Aaron Winthrop, her lover, leaves the church after the morning’s services. In the afternoon comes a great event in the life of Eppie and Silas. In the stone-pit, heretofore containing water, the villagers find a skeleton. Beside it lie the stolen treasure and Godfrey Cass’ riding-whip. This truth is evident; Dunstan Cass was the thief! That same afternoon Godfrey confesses to Nancy, now his wife, that he was married before, and for the first time she knows that Eppie Marner is his child. At night they go to Marner’s cottage, and ask Eppie to come to live with them. Her love for her better known father is too great. She says, “No.”

Silas still eager to vindicate himself before the people of Lantern Yard, visits the place with Eppie. It is gone. All old acquaintances are gone. A little later comes the fitting end. Aaron Winthrop is a bridegroom, and Eppie Marner, the bride. The young folks remain to live with Silas Marner, and his last days are happy. Thus we leave the weaver of Raveloe, Silas Marner, loved by all the villagers, fondled by the children, and supported in his old age by Aaron and Eppie.

Hoimaha and the Sun-God.

A. C. D. ’66.

“Tell me, gentle Nawadaha,
Whence the summer, whence the winter?

O, the lovely, laughing summer.
O, the flowers and the fragrance.
Like a maiden, blithe, alluring
Is the lovely, laughing summer.
Does she linger, does she tarry?

See, the leaves forget their color
At the rosy blush of autumn,
Distant thunderings rolling southward
Bear away the rain and showers,
Grim and hoary headed winter,
Frowning like an awful spectre,
Covers all with snow and silence.
In the time of frost and freezing,
In the time of woe and winter,
Tell me, wondrous Nawadaha,
Whence the joy and whence the sorrow,
Whence the summer and the winter?”

Then spake gentle Nawadaha,
From his forest home primeval,
Spake he softly, spake he sweetly,
In the wave of wind in pine top,
In the call of bird and squirrel,
In the flecks of golden sunlight:

“Listen, O my little children,
To my story, to my story.
I shall tell you of the Sun-God,
I shall tell of Hoimaha,—
God of summer is the Sun-God,
God of winter. Hoimaha.”

And the birds and all the breezes,
And the noisy rush of waters,
Seemed to bush, as Nawadaha
Softly spake unto me thuswise:

“Far beyond the big, blue waters,
Where the earth and sky forever
Come together, just as lovers,
Is a country warm and pleasant,
Is a country called the Eastland,
Here was born the little Sun-God
In a lodge of golden splendor.
And his beauty was surpassing...
Today is Sunday. Eppie, now eighteen years of age, accompanied by her father, old Silas, and by Aaron Winthrop, her lover, leaves the church after the morning's services. In the afternoon comes a great event in the life of Eppie and Silas. In the stone-pit, heretofore containing water, the villagers find a skeleton. Beside it lie the stolen treasure and Godfrey Cass' riding-whip. This truth is evident; Dunstan Cass was the thief! That same afternoon Godfrey confesses to Nancy, now his wife, that he was married before, and for the first time she knows that Eppie Marner is his child. At night they go to Marner's cottage, and ask Eppie to come to live with them. Her love for her better known father is too great. She says, "No."

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Hoimaha and the Sun-God.

A. C. D., '06.

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Is a country called the Eastland;
Here was born the little Sun-God
In a lodge of golden splendor.
And his beauty was surpassing..."
Far surpassing gleam of silver,
Far more splendid than the shimmer
Of the waters, or the bright light
Of a blazing conflagration.
And his people bowed in wonder,
Bowed in fear and full of wonder
When his bright eye shone upon them.
Wah-wah-te-wo, little bright eye.
But he bade them be courageous,
Filled their hearts with joy and gladness,
Filled the earth with lovely sunlight,
Laughing sunlight, laughing summer.

But Nahuma, God of Wisdom,
Big Nahuma, burly brown bear,
Taught the little God his wisdom,
And he grew in strength and courage;
And the fox and wily grey wolf
Taught him to be keen and crafty,
Keen and mighty as the panther.
All the people learned to love him,
And they called his boyhood, Springtime.

Every day and every morning
Very early would he travel
From his lodge unto the Southland.
Old Niai and Tirawa
Called his going forth the sunrise.
Every day and every evening
In the twilight would he enter
Once again his lodge of splendor,
Lodge of splendor in the Westland.
Thus he grew, becoming stronger,
Till at last became he mighty.
And his people called him Summer,
Called him Father, Mighty Father;
And he loved them, called them children.

Long he labored for his children,
'Mid the fields of waving yellow,
He is older, he is weaker.
See, he falters, see: he totters,
'O Tirawa, O Tirawa!'  

Then the frown upon the forest
Deeper grew, as with a shadow,
And the flowers and the grasses
Shaking, shivering, sank in slumber.
Hushed became the woodland music,
Hushed and still the rippling river,
And the hearts of all the people
Seemed to sink with sad misgiving.
For they feared grim Hoimaha,
Fearing for their gentle Sun-God,
And lamenting, prayed Tirawa,
'O Tirawa, spare the Father,
Spare the Sun-God, O Tirawa!'  

But Tirawa, the Creator,
Manitou, the Mighty Spirit,
Saw the battle, saw the conflict,
Saw the quivering of the flowers,
Saw the lashing of the branches,
Saw the quailing of the people,
And his heart was full of pity,
And he whispered to the Sun-God
Words that filled his heart with laughter.
What they were, the people knew not
But they saw him kiss the flowers,
Saw him whisper to the forest,
Saw him fling his beams of sunshine
As he turned unto the people,
And he spake to them in this wise:

'Fear ye not, my little children,
I am coming, I am coming,
In the happy day of Springtime,
In the time when I am younger.
Then the monster Hoimaha,

Will he older, will he weaker,
I will slay him, I will conquer,
I will gladden all the people.'

Then he sank into the twilight,
To his lodge at Tawesenth.
But the flowers slumbered sweetly,
And the trees stood stiff and fearless,
And the people grieving, happy,
Bade farewell unto the Sun-God

This my children, is my story;
Hoimaha and the Sun-God.

Softly now and still more softly,
Sang the voice of Nawalaka.
Till it melted 'mid the sighing
Of the great and boundless forest;
Leafy labyrinth of Nature.
"As well kill a man as kill a good book," says Milton. Although he says this in connection with the suppression of books by legal authority, yet a book may be killed in more ways than one. A book that is allowed to remain on the shelf unread is in a way starved. It might as well be stored in the darkest corner of the garret, and its place be occupied by something more useful. There is a large number of books in our library on which the dust of ten years ago is still lying undisturbed. They are books published perhaps hundreds of years ago, printed in a type that can be deciphered only by the few skilled in ancient lore. The text has become blotted, and the margins yellow with age. They are of immense value in a museum, but of no use whatever in a library that is meant for practical purposes. We heartily agree with the suggestion of one of our professors that keeping a few of them as curiosities, they sell the rest and buy new books in their stead.

But even as it is we have a valuable and practical library. From time to time new books are added. During the last few weeks it has been increased by almost two hundred volumes. Nearly all the great classics are found there and also most of the books that are of value in the intellectual life. But in regard to this part of the library that sentence quoted at the head of this article may apply with double force. If the books are not drawn they might as well not be there.

They are killed; they are deprived of their usefulness. And the student that does not allow them to exert their influence on him loses that pleasant intercourse with earth's greatest souls, the intellectual and moral development of which is incalculable. There are students whose names are not even found upon the librarian's record, who have never thought it worth while to make use of the library. This is wrong. All the students should get all the benefit from all the departments. The lecture room and the playground will produce a man only partly developed. But "reading maketh a full man." Its benefits may not be apparent immediately; but the latent charm of good books will give a culture that is sought in vain in the classroom. Our library is by no means of least importance among our courses of study, but it can be of no use to the student unless he allows it to help him.

The man who uses slang is of all men most pitiable. If this statement be true, most men are most pitiable—college men not excepted. But, some one remarks, slang is so effective. Indeed, it is a very effective way of saying nothing. We cannot but pity the man who compliments himself upon his brilliancy displayed in what he considers a very expressive adjective, when in reality his listener has not the least idea of what it is supposed to express. Unless a slang phrase has a setting that extorts from it a meaning that is vaguely definite, it has no expression whatever. An ordinary grunt is equally expressive, if not more so. Words and phrases that are used for every idea finally stand for no idea. They are not unlike the vagrant curs that prowl about the streets—their home is everywhere and nowhere. Would you like to handle them? On the contrary, I see you flinging bricks and other convenient or inconvenient missiles at them. And yet, we find that people eagerly snatch at slang phrases, and hug them as though they were their dearest pets. Further, it is a pity to see men grope around in the gutters of slang if perchance they may find a nasty weed, while they might be roving over the meadows of pure and healthy language, culling beautiful flowers in abundance. All the rich storehouse of English words is locked to him who uses slang, for he never stops to look for the needed key. Let us no longer wallow in the mire, but let us step out upon the broad and missless area of pure, expressive speech.
With the approach of summer the campus is fast acquiring its beautiful garb of green. Last year’s rubbish and leaves have been carefully raked aside, and the soil is spending its pent up energy in covering itself with grass and flowers. Flowers, did we say? Yes, flowers. They are of such a kind, however, that we fear would wish them to be where they might “waste their sweetness on the desert air.” But in spite of the dandelions, our campus is unusually attractive. The natural slopes and the primeval trees are features of which many a campus cannot boast. On Arbor day last the seniors continued the happy custom of beautifying the home of their Alma Mater. May many a one return to lounge away an hour or two in her cool shades and quiet bowers.

“The boys that wore the blue are turning gray.” One by one the heroes of the Civil war complete their course and pass away from our sight. Their places may be lost to us, but their memory is bound to stay. On the last day of this month the nation will pay its tribute to those who lost or endangered their lives for the safety of the union and the welfare of humankind. Of the many the graves will be decked with garlands, but of some few no grave remains, and to their memory we chant the words of Charles Wolfe:

“We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory!”

Among the Societies

The Fraternal Society has elected the following officers for the Spring term:
Pres. C. A. Broek,
Vice pres.—E. F. McCarty.
Sec. and Treas.—P. E. Kleinheksel,
Keeper of Archives—P. E. Hinkamp.
Marshal—A. J. Muste.

The Cosmopolitan Society delightfully entertained the Minerva

Society Friday evening, April 21. An interesting program was rendered after which refreshments were served and a social time was enjoyed.

De Alumnis

Rev. H. K. Boer, ’70, has been chosen as member of the Council of Hope College.

Mr. J. Venema, ’89, has recently been honored by being elected as president of the Holland Society of Chicago.

Many of Hope’s alumni attended the regular spring session of the particular Synod of Chicago held at Zeeland, Michigan, May 3-5.
Rev. Koly, ’77, was chosen as president of the Synod, and Rev. Harmeling, ’88, as vice-president.

A cablegram has been received from Dr. Otte, ’83, stating that he has arrived in Japan. Mrs. Otte, ’82, has returned to her home in Grand Rapids.

Rev. P. Braak, ’99, of Westfield, N. D., has accepted the call extended to him by Grace church, Grand Rapids.

During the last few weeks Prof. Soulé, ’92, of the Classical Academy of Orange City, Iowa, Rev. C. Steffens, ’82, of Dubuque, Ill., and Rev. Reverts, ’92, of Bellmond, Iowa, visited their Alma Mater and conducted chapel services.

A. Walvoord, ’04, who has been teaching during the past year at Sioux Center, Iowa, expects to sail for Nagasaki, Japan, to be engaged as teacher in Steele College.

It is reported that Prof. Ph. Soulé, ’92, and Prof. E. J. Strick, ’03, both resigned their positions on the faculty of the Northwestern Classical Academy, Orange City, Iowa.

Our Exchanges

The April number of The Pulsé is very pleasing in its local interest. The story “An Olympian Exodus” is clever in bringing out the distinguishing characteristics of the Greek deities; and its
climax centers in a local event. The poem “A Lay of Pulsedom” has also the local note in it. The paper is cute.

We recommend to the members of our different literary societies to read the article in the Collegian of Hillsdale, on “A Model Literary Society.” It is a fine mixture of the humorous and the serious. Among a number of practical and serious rules we find the following: “Every member should be present for first roll call, unless delayed by obstructing freight cars which are too dangerous to crawl under.

The April number of The Stator was well gotten up. The stories are interesting, especially “A Telephone Conspiracy.”

“Ah,” said the Professor, feeling the boy’s head, “persevere, my son; there’s room at the top.” Then he wondered what the parents were mad about—Ex.

“The crop is not a failure,” said the dominie as he pocketed another wedding fee—Ex.

Umpire (at ball game)—“Foul!” Small boy—“Where are the feathers?” Umpire—“This is a picked team.”—Ex.

The college man is like a kerosene lamp: he isn’t especially bright, usually smokes, frequently goes out at night, and is often turned down.—Ex.

Teacher—“What letter is next to H?”
Boy—“Dunno, ma’am.”
Teacher—“What have I on both sides of my nose?”
Boy—“Freckles, ma’am.”

Teacher—“What’s your name?”
“Julie,” replied the youth.
“Yeu should say Julius. What is your name?” turning to another pupil.

Other pupil—“Billius.”—Ex.
“Got a talking machine at home.”
“Yes; what did you pay for it?”
Nothing;—married it.”—Ex.

Spring fever will get you if you don’t watch out.—Ex.

The article on the “College Bred Girl,” in College Life, is good and to the point.

Hope has a fellow-feeling for Ripon College in regard to State Oratorical Contests.
Glad to see the cuts in The Pedestal; they show us whom we are reading.

Students contemplating teaching will do well to read the articles in the Normal College News.
We think the idea of giving the college paper to certain societies and classes for special issues is a good one.

Teacher—What made the tower of Pisa lean?
Student—It must have been built during time of famine.—Ex.

The cartoons in the Interlude are exceptionally good.

Cablegrams

The other day it became evident that something must be done to the base hall diamond. So the manager rigged up some sort of a diamond, a combination of tines and bridge-boards, to scratch the surface. The effect was somewhat similar to running a fine-tooth comb over the collective head of the faculty of a small college.

The Junior Dutch Dictionary

Lettenschecht—A college graduate butler.
Oogendiener—An eye specialist.
Erwtenteller—One who takes a course in Botany.
Ongelukskvogel—John C. Luckie.
Kwakzalver—Seminary Professor.
Glimworm—Een worm die glint.
Stekelvarken—A sick hog.
Lost, from the Greek dept:

A gentleman by the name of To Pragma. He was last seen on Eighth street, mingling with the rabble, on the evening of April 29.

Ed. D Dimment. -4

Those “A” class caps certainly are something fierce. The only redeeming feature about them is that so many ladies wear them.

Prof. Mast: If you draw the water out of the bottle and do not allow the air to enter, what will it contain?

Student: “Er—Donno.”

Prof. M.: Under the given conditions what will it contain?

Student: “C O2”

Suppressed laughter from class.

Student, going up in the air: “I’m not so wise as you fellows.”

Douma is taking frog-course by coming to the lab. once in two weeks.

He is taking the — course by attending prayer-meeting. John certainly goes to the bad.

Mr. and Mrs. VanPeeursem of Maurice, Iowa, Mr. and Mrs. Roggen of Middleburg, Iowa, and Rev. Veenker of Clara City, Minn., were here to see their young hopefuls do some intellectual stunts.

Our heartfelt sympathies are with the “Little Prep,” who has a weakness for visiting a dry-goods store on West Eighth street. His visits are welcome, but they must not be protracted.

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There are only two baseball games worth recording this month. These are the Senior-Junior and Senior-Seminary games.

Senior-Junior Game

Unless the ball passed over the Blarney stone it was no strike. Pat McCarty dropped his bat in his excitement to catch a fly. Then, with some true Irish remarks, he dropped the fly like a hot potato.

“Stogie” tried to catch the ball with his feet while he stood on his head.

Score 16-1 in favor of the Juniors.

Senior-Seminary Game

The Duven-VanderBeek battery got in some very good work before which the Seniors went down like a forest before a cyclone’s breath.

And then there were Hoekje, Drinkman, Koster and a host of others representing the Institution Militant. Verily a bunch against which the ungodly Seniors could not prevail.

Score 16-7.

Pasma—poet.

Mollement still wonders where she went to so quick.

Stogie registered a kick because he was not mentioned in the last issue, and gave a good drubbing for it. Two others, Rottschaefer

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and Douma, did the same con-jointly because they were mentioned. Truly the ways of the quill-pusher are hard.

Paul Kleinheksel had no date for the night of April 10. This was the night of the Century Club meeting and the poor boy had to stay home with the children. Very sad, to be sure, but unavoidable.

Don't you think that that combination Swedish brogue and Darcy dialect is beginning to become rather stale?

The Sophomores are willing to fight anyone. They have to.

Dykema says that McLean will have to take his girl home himself after this. Tickets to the Park are expensive.

"Where's the organist?" said he.

"Beside the organ" said she.

And then Pat thought she was cute.

Sixteen fare-receipts from Zeeland to Holland were recently found in John Hockje's pocket.

"No sir," says Douma "that's the only good thing in life anyway—a good girl." Don't get discouraged, John. Never forget "Phaedo."

First student: "What was the name of the place that Prof. Nykerk visited when he was down South?"

Second student: "I don't really remember but I think it was called St. Eggleston."

Please says that if he hadn't had his coat on, Douma would never have put him down. Perhaps not. It was a good fight anyhow and we are happy to say that they are both down now.

Who?
Who chased Roosenraad?
Who said "fire?"
Who were the Vandals?
Who was it Rottshagef chased?
Who has reformed Stogie?
Who broke in the old gymnasium?
Who licked Yum Yum?
Who ate the Cosmopolitan ice cream? The Cosmopolitans. Who didn't?

Pennings is at it again. Here is his latest:
"Have you heard of the new building?"
"What building?"
"The building of character."

Greek Prof: "Dykema, what kinds of clauses do you know?"
Dykema: "Relative and Santa Clauses."

Dick Muyksens says "nerve and spring fever" don't go together. As the one increases the other decreases.

The absence of Dr. Kolken has a very demoralizing effect on the student body, because only about half of them attend chapel in the morning. Whether it is that they miss the Doctor's genial presence or fear being hauled over the coals if they fail to come, this we have failed to discover up to the present date.

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