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The Anchor
"Opera in Rome"
VOLUME 19  MAY, 1906  NUMBER 5

THE HOPE COLLEGE GIRL

The article in the girls' number of the Anchor on the
"Hope College Boy" is considered by the "Boy" a kind of
challenge to express his opinion of the "Hope College Girl."
That article was a sort of criticism of the boy; but, of course,
like all girls, the "Girl" meant just the opposite from what she
said, and so, though the article is critical in tone, it is eulogistic in meaning. The "Boy," however, will not retaliate, but
will make this reply an appreciation, with only a few words of
censure, by way of contrast. The subject is broad, and it
would take an ordinary boy's lifetime to begin to sound its
depth. Nevertheless, accept this humble tribute.

The Hope College girls can be divided into two classes,
those who "plug" and those who do not "plug." To the first
of these classes belongs the girl who thinks much but lives
little. She is always absorbed in the thoughts of bald-headed
philosophers, who lived thousands of years ago. They con-
sidered woman the dust under their feet, and never conde-
scended to give the girl a thought; but now the girl gives them
many a thought. Such is fate. This girl hardly has time to
associate with her fellow-students (the boys). She is dignity
personified. The "Boy" would humbly remind her that but a
small portion of life's pleasures can be obtained from the bald-
headed philosophers. He advises her to get at least some of
her mental development by association with the curly-headed
or straight-haired youth, as the case may be. But the
"Boy" is not pessimistic about the girl who "plugs". In his vision of the future she occupies a prominent place. She lives in a rather unphilosophic-looking house; and in the tender peace of the evening twilight she reads to perhaps ten or a dozen dirty-faced, barefooted, turned-up-nosed, freckled little "cherubs", not about the freedom of the will, or transubstantiation or Plato's Apology, but "Adam's Diary" or "Huckleberry Finn" or perhaps "Peck's Bad Boy", or, in fact anything that will tell her that there are other "cherubs" as dirty-faced and mischief-loving as her own. Perhaps then she will think, with a thrill of pity, of the girl who planned to devote her life to the service of Minerva rather than of Venus.

To the second class belongs the girl around whom, as a rule, all the students hover. Like a magnet, she draws all things to herself. (The gender of the word "things" is in this case masculine.) She is always ready to greet the boy with a smile or a kind "hello", whether she be on the campus or on the street. The hall and the "girls room" resound with her joyous laughter; and she makes the otherwise rather monotonous school hours "a time of beauty and a joy forever." She is always the last one to enter the lecture room, and the first to prompt the "Boy" when he gets "stuck" and looks foolishly at his cuff to find that all the mystic symbols have been erased by his coat sleeve. Her training in morals and manners is flawless; and the youth who does not enjoy such a training is often made to feel foolish when unconsciously he steps on her social corns. Ignorance is not always bliss. Our professors, for all their dignity seem to be satisfied with the girl who does not "plug". Perhaps they remember the time when they were the boys and some other creatures were the girls who didn't "plug", when they too loved to "stroll down a shady lane," etc. etc. It must be admitted that sometimes even the girl who doesn't "plug" is cold and haughty. But let us boys remember that we never had a course in morals and manners, and let us not judge those whose shoe we are not worthy to lie. In short, the Hope College Girl is the girl. This may seem rather indefinite to some, but to others it is the most expressive word in the dictionary.

In conclusion, the "Boy" wishes to extend a few words of sympathy to the youth who thought he could learn everything from books, and consequently neglected the study of human nature and mutual mental telepathy. Unless Fate plays one of her unaccountable tricks, his will certainly be a bachelor's grave. If he does not appreciate merit at home he will never find it abroad. For, even if he seach the wide world over, and see the formal charms of the oriental beauty, or the rough graces of the cowboy girl of the wild west, never will he find the superior of the Hope College Girl, he she "plugger" or not. Then, perhaps, when college days shall have become a memory, all too late the meaning of those woeful words will dawn upon him for the first time.

"Of all sad words with tongue or pen, The saddest are these 'It might have been'"

THE BOY.

JACK LONDON AND "THE CALL OF THE WILD"

Jack London, the Kipling of America, and author of "The Call of the Wild" describes himself as a "competitive beast," and says he was "born for the battle of the jungle ten thousand years ago," rather than for the civilization of today. Much of his fighting blood comes from his father, who lived in the rough-and-tumble new-world life of trapper, pioneer-frontiersman, scout, and Union soldier. From his mother comes his wonderful fund of nervous energy, stick-to-tiveness, and best of all, the music and poetry of such great flights as are found in the last weird chapters of "The Call of the Wild."

Reared in the quiet, sunny California valleys, he spent his boyhood days in dreams and castle-building, the results of which are seen in the thoughtful, contemplative undercurrent running beneath the story. From boyhood on, save for a few years in school, Mr. London has wandered over the earth, at one time patrolling the oyster beds of San Francisco Bay searching for poachers, at another time hunting for gold on the Yukon; now acting as war correspondent in Japan, then
sailing along the shore of Africa, driven on by his own restlessness. His spirit of tireless energy is illustrated by his advice to young writers: "Work! Don't wait for some good Samaritan to tell you, but dig it out for yourself." When dreaminess, an insatiable desire for wandering and adventure, and a marvelous capacity for work are combined in one writer as they are in Jack London, one may expect to see some of the world's greatest quests in the realm of thought undertaken and finished.

He also has a profound pity and sympathy for humanity. This it was, which led him to join Coxe's famous army, and to become arrested and imprisoned in Buffalo on the charge of vagrancy, and which caused him to live for some months among the poor of London as one of themselves. These qualities of heart, combined with strong mental vigor and fearless moral and physical courage, go to make him an ideal of all young American writers.

Jack London's prose is vivid and virile, equaling, if not surpassing that of Robert Louis Stevenson, the great master of nineteenth century prose. In his books are found elements of reality, of tragedy, and often of lyric beauty. He makes use, also, of that most precious quality of realistic style—the suggestive. He has that perfect mastery of his art, by which he leads the reader up to a certain point and then leaves him to use his own imagination to soften down the horrors of realism, which otherwise in the tragedy of life would be unendurable. This consciousness of the tragedy of life Mr. London derived mainly during his adventures in the Klondike. He saw life as it really was in the child-world. He saw the primitive peoples die away before modern civilization. He saw life in its most ancient struggle for existence. The relation of man and animal to the past, his slow social development through the ages, his subconscious memories of long-forgotten experiences and of far-off ancestors, his struggles to master his instincts—all opened undreamed of vistas and furnished the young writer's richest material. These new ideas, together with deep thought and investigation of scientific subjects, especially the theory of evolution, resulted in his best book, "The Call of the Wild."

This story takes the reader far north into one of the undeveloped corners of the earth, over hard trails, through virgin forests, over Arctic ice and snows. There is the "feel of the North" in the story, the sting of the cold, and the weariness of the long endless stretches of dreary ice and snow.

Mr. London has very clearly preserved the distinction between human virtue and animal virtue. The farther the dog-herd, Buck, reverts from the condition of a domestic creature to the natural condition of the "dominant primordial" beast, the more enthusiastically (if unwillingly) do we admire him. There is something magnificent in the spectacle of his gradual detachment from the tame, beaten-in virtues of his fore-fathers, his increasing ability to hold his own among untrained conditions, and his final triumph over the dread powers of the wilderness. "He was a Killer, a thing that preyed, living on things that lived, unaided, alone, by virtue of his own strength and prowess surviving triumphantly in a hostile environment, where only the strong survived. Because of all this he became possessed of a great pride in himself which communicated itself to his whole being. * * * * His cunning was wolf cunning and wild cunning; his intelligence, shepherd intelligence and St. Bernard intelligence; and all this, plus an experience gained in the finest of schools, made him as formidable a creature as any that roamed the wild." The portrayal of such a hero constituted not a pretty tale at all, but a very powerful one, and besides, it is a psychological study that, in subtleness of analysis, can hardly be surpassed.

Buck was born in the "sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley," and lived there until men in the North found a yellow metal. Then dogs were needed—strong dogs, with strong muscles with which to toil, and furry coats to protect them from the frost. So Buck was stolen and shipped away to be brutally broken, and to trudge along, pulling the sledges, and soon to rise to mastership of the pack over the body of his beaten foe, Spitz. At the beginning of his travels, smarting under the indignation of being kidnapped, wild with wrath at being bound with ropes, Buck met the terrible man with the red sweater, the man with the club, and learned the "law of club and fang."
Then came the long trip to the North with Francois and Perrault, and the terrible battle with Spitz. After this there were other journeys and other friends, until Buck found the man he learned to recognize as his real master, and whom he loved with all his strong heart. But Jack Thornton met death at the hands of the Yeehats; and Buck, cut off forever from his love of man, heard the call of the wild and responded to it, throwing in his lot with the wolves. Here the story ends. But the "Yeehats tell of a Ghost Dog that runs at the head of the pack. They are afraid of this Ghost Dog for it has cunning greater than they, stealing from their camps in the fierce winters, robbing their traps, slaying their dogs, and defying their bravest hunters." Such is the story of Buck.

"The Call of the Wild" is a book for college students to read and read again, if for nothing else than its strong, clear, sincere style. But more than that, by reading it thoughtfully, one gains a clearer insight into the secrets of God and nature, a deeper sympathy for the dumb creation, and a profound respect and admiration for that which is wild, free, and untrammeled as, opposed to the restrained, convention-bound twentieth century civilization of today.

ELIZABETH L. GROTEMAT.

SOME MORE PHÆDO

[Editor's Note: The Ms. of the following article was found by Mr. R. Visscher during one of his imaginary trips abroad. It was written on parchment in Greek. On glancing into it Mr. Visscher immediately saw that it was something valuable, and after reading the whole Ms. he came to the conclusion that it was a continuation of the Phædo. Its inestimable value can hardly be conceived of. It throws light on many matters hitherto dark to the readers of Phædo. Although some of the words had been partly obliterated, Mr. Visscher has succeeded very well in his translation of the old Ms. Only the later part of the Ms. is given here. The first few pages treat about woman in general, and the sentiments expressed agree with the ideas of all ancient philosophers. Therefore, we considered it best to print only the part referring to Socrates' personal history.]

At this point in the discussion a young man, named Critobulus, interrupted the philosopher.

"But, O, Socrates," he said, "you have been speaking as though woman is the greatest of all evils. Now, I by no means agree with you in this. What you say may be true of most women, but I know one who is so beautiful and fair of face, and whose conversation is so pleasant, and who, I am sure, will sew the buttons on my 'chiton' so nicely that it would be a great deprivation to lose her even in the future world."

"How old are you, Critobulus?" inquired Socrates.

"Nineteen."

"And you are not yet married?"

"By no means, tho, by Zeus, I hope to be soon."

"It is as I thought," replied Socrates. "Even I, Socrates, the philosopher, who, not being wise, know that I am not wise, used to be afflicted by this same form of madness when I first knew Xantippe. Foolish young man! Know that at thy age every youth is particularly susceptible to the wiles of women. But when, after marriage, men find out by what bonds they are held, their misery becomes intense. Yet so perverse is the nature of the Hellenic mind that men will go about pretending to be happy in their bonds, that no one may see that they have been deceived."

"Yes," said all the old men, "this is without doubt true."

"And, by the head of Zeus," said Cebes, "even before marriage women are a bane to mankind. For if they think we love them not, they forever pester us with their wiles. But if they think we truly love them, they have us at their mercy, knowing that, no matter what they do, we must let them have their way. They play with us as children with their toys. And the poet Aeschylus truly says: 'Man wasteth his substance upon her, taking her to parties, yea, and also to balls, and lo! she goeth off and flirteth with another fellow.'"

"You speak very truly, Cebes," said Socrates. "I well remember that before our marriage Xantippe used to call me 'Socrates'; now she calls me 'Old Soc' or 'You brute,' or sometimes in company 'Curio Socrates.'"

"Socrates," asked Simmias, "where did you first meet Xantippe?"
"It was at the K. of P. hall, given in the Parthenon. The memory of that ominous event is indelibly written on my mind. By the Graces! I had it bad that night. After she had given me two waltzes and a two-step* we sat out a dance or two in a shaded corner of the Acropolis. Everything went very nicely, and before I had handed her into her litter at three o’clock in the morning we had come to a pretty definite understanding, and I had a date to take her to a play called ‘The Clouds,’ written by a fellow by the name of Aristophanes. That play eulogized my character so, that when I afterward proposed, she accepted me.

"Before I proposed, however, I telegraphed† to the oracle at Delphi, to find out whether such a step would be wise, for even in my youth I reverenced the gods. But this time Apollo played me false: for though he immediately answered, he used more than ten words in his reply, thus making me pay double rates. This was the answer:

‘Before you propose,
For a moment suppose
Her as old as her mother,
Then—you may propose.’††

“But I foolishly did not heed the god’s advice, and from that moment my doom was sealed.”

When Socrates had said these words an attendant, entering, brought the message that the eleven executioners would soon be there with the fatal hemlock. He also said that Xantippe had just telephoned up that she had now recovered, and would be at the prison in a short time.

Socrates blanched slightly and said: “Tell the eleven to hasten.”

After a few moments they entered. Socrates eagerly

*Of course, the terms “waltz” and “two-step” are not exact equivalents for the terms used in the Greek; they cannot be expressed exactly in English, so I have taken what seemed to correspond most nearly to it.—Translator.
†This looks very much like an anachronism; and, so far, I have found no adequate explanation for it. I have simply translated the text as I found it.
††This response loses much of its force by being translated into English.

reached for the cup and drained the contents. As he set it down he said to Cebes: “Cebes, offer to Aesculapius, the god of healing, a hectacomb, in token of this escape.” Just then the messenger reappeared, announcing that Xantippe was at the door.

“Give me another drink of that hemlock, quick,” gasped Socrates. “Cebes, if I am dead before she gets here you can make it two hectacombs.”

Xantippe entered in a whirlwind of fury; but Socrates was safe, for even at that moment he sank dying on the floor.

Thus perished the great philosopher, and came to a state where he did not even know that he did know that he did not know anything. He was now safe from all influence of women. But the young Critobulus, although he had seen and heard all these things, and although he had been persuaded to desert his first love, was yet so influenced by the madness common to mankind, that he soon afterwards married—the widowed Xanthippe.

RAMOND VISSCHER, ’66.
THE AMBITIOUS SOPHOMORE

A PORTRAYAL

Life is a mystery, and people are not all the same. Work is not the only thing that a student finds of value. Oh, no, he believes in the gospel of relaxation. It is not all of life to live and not all of death—; well he is only a Sophomore, so he does not complete his sentence this time. His preparatory course was taken at a classical academy. He has been at college a year and meanwhile has observed. Let us follow this boy through the changing scenes of his Sophomore year.

He believes in athletics. What is a well developed mind without a strong body? Of course a student should take part in athletics. Well, there is a basketball game. A large crowd is assembled; the galleries are packed, while the boys display manly strength. Rogers throws a basket. A dozen handkerchiefs across the hall are waved by "snowwhite hands of lasses fair." The girls cheer Rogers, and the whole crowd roars. The Sophomore thinks (which he seldom does), "Could I but shine there and show them a few. If the 'co-eds' would wave for me their banners and for me would cheer." He is not jealous, but it would strengthen him so much to take part in athletics. So day after day, this boy goes to the "gym" for exercise. He needs it. His health is improving, and he can study so much better. What a mistake he has made not to join the "gym" before.

For a few weeks our gallant youth gives himself to physical culture. But the basketball season is over. His social standing has not been raised much. In short he hasn't made a hit. And, after all, was he sent to college to train his body or his mind? For what is his father sacrificing? Most assuredly he thinks, he ought to attend to his lessons first of all. So he studies faithfully; no, he "plugs." He prepares his Latin and Greek with diligence, looking up every principle part and every grammatical reference. He burns his midnight oil, and spends his late hours to be perfect in his recitations. The satisfaction there is in really getting one's lessons well! Now, he is improving his time and fulfilling the mission on which his father sent him. His professor praises him, and his classmates are rather envious of him. He is sincerely trying to get good out of his college course. "Noble boy! Goody good!"

But his chum tells him of the beautiful book he has read and gives him Van Dyke's Fisherman's Luck." After perusing it he is satisfied that it certainly was a "dandy," so he gets another. Before he is aware of it he is absorbed in reading novels. He does not care for Athletics, and his lessons are dry as the dust that is wont to gather on unused Greek books (and great is the number thereof!) He burns his midnight oil and spends his late hours in reading. He reads and reads, and then all he does is read. The Greek professor wonders how it is that this otherwise faithful student is doing such poor work. Nor does he shine in Latin. His English also suffers. But he puts in his time, so we cannot blame the Sophomore for his way of looking at things. The college librarian certainly gives him credit for drawing books.

But while you are a Sophomore "variety is the spice of life," so our friend cannot be expected to continue his reading much longer. Of course he does not stop it by a command of his free will (a term used in ethics which a Sophomore is not supposed to know). But the society social is at hand, and, of course, there must then also be a partner at hand. Sunday evening he goes to Third church but sees more of the audience than he gives audience to the speaker. Just as the minister pronounces the benediction he sees her for whom he has been looking all evening. So after church,—well he goes to the wrong home and arranges for the social. This week his lessons have suffered only a very little. But then a student is young only once. He ought to have some enjoyment in life. Next week a class party comes off, and a few boys happened to go to a neighboring village to "raise holy" at a circus, and, of course, our Sophomore could not afford to miss it. An occasional walk for exercise is also proper. So his method of living is changing and he neither studies much or reads at all. He does not burn his midnight oil any more, and he spends his late hours, no one knows how. He is said to be burning the candle at both ends.
This boy is giving rather much attention to outside matters, and tries to do things with a high hand. But it soon becomes pretty hot for him; and like Icarus, soaring too near the sun and having his wings of wax melted, so our busy ambitious Sophomore drops his wings of fancy and is once more a hard working student. Such are the ups and downs of life.

JOHN VAN DYG, '07

TO MY SISTER SOJOURNING IN EGYPT

Thou hast flitted away to the land of the myths,  
To the banks of the Nile, famed in story,  
Where legends were told, and Joseph of old  
Added fame to the nation's great glory.

Have you gazed on the peak of the pyramids high,  
Or the tomb of Pharaoh, the ancient?  
Have you questioned the sphinx, who has watched like a lynx  
For thousands of years—still is patient?

Or, perchance, you have wandered through dust and through sand  
Toward Luxor, its grandeur to view!  
Do corridors speak? and blanches pour cheek  
When history's flood-tide appals you?

Oh, say, are you living midst mummies and gods,  
Stone princes and painted princesses?  
Does Rameses seem like a thing of your dream,  
When you greet him and pay your addresses?

But say, sister mine, though 'tis blissful to roam,  
And to study the wonders you see,  
After wandering long in that grim land of song,  
Please hasten back home, and to me.

MILDRED WESTON, Prep. '06.

THE ANCHOR.

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PROF. CORNELIUS DOESBURG

The Anchor hereby wishes to pay a humble tribute of respect to the late Professor Cornelius Doesburg. His death is a loss, not only to the immediate circle of relatives and friends, but also to that wider circle of people who have felt the influence of his life upon their lives. Nearly all the alumni of Hope, at least those that graduated between the years 1866 and 1899, have in some way or other been connected with him. When we consider how many men, preachers especially, who use the Dutch language in their daily work, owe much of the purity with which they speak their native tongue to the efforts of Professor Doesburg, and further consider how many lives are influenced through this medium of expression, the work of this quiet, Christian educator assumes great proportions.

The present student body never came into very close touch with Professor Doesburg, since he did not do any active work in the lecture room since 1898. But nearly all knew him at least, as a kind, quiet gentleman, who, as long as the growing infirmities of age permitted, took pleasure in visiting the scenes of his former activities. As such all respected him, and now mourn his loss. His quiet life was filled with a helpful activity, and the professors and older students remember him as a genial man, who went through life in pursuance of high
ideals of manhood, and with a sense of duty that did not allow him to rest until each day's allotted work had been accomplished. The quiet tenor of his life was never broken by any sudden upheavals or soul-crenching storms; but he went quietly as "from the great deep to the great deep," in the firm conviction that he would finally meet his "Pilot face to face."

THE PANCAKE BREAKFAST

At no other college in America, perhaps, are the professors and boys more ready to help the Co-eds to realize some worthy purpose than at Hope. For a whole week long, they uniformly, yes, even cheerfully, faced the prospect of a life tortured by the gaunt specter of dyspepsia and indigestion, in order that they might, by their noble self-sacrifice, aid the girls in raising funds for their Summer Y. W. C. A. Conference. Then, on Saturday morning, over one hundred of the bravest, taking their lives in their hands, marched courageously and without a groan up the stairs and into the kitchen. There, amid the smoke and din, they submitted to what Fate had in store for them. All miraculously escaped and, with few exceptions, all have recovered from the after-effects. Each tries to outdo his comrade in tales of daring and of the torture passed through. Noble heroes are they all. They have proved to the world that the days of stout hearts and daring devotion to the cause of fair women are not yet passed. The girls of Hope appreciate the heroic spirit shown by our professors and fellow-students, and wish to thank them for their loyal and gallant help.

THE NEW LITERARY SOCIETY

The college department has already two strong and vigorous literary societies, in which the upper classmen train themselves and help each other. And now we have whisperings of the coming of a third society. We welcome its advent. Many of the students, interested in literary and elocutionary training, have felt for some time past that two societies are inadequate to include all the college students, with comfort to themselves and justice to all. The "Fraters" have already limited their membership to thirty-five, because they feel that their hall cannot comfortably accommodate more, and that a larger number would hamper a member's chances for an all-around development.

If a person is entitled to his "six foot two" when dead, he certainly can claim the same amount of space when alive, with a little added room to allow for an occasional wriggle. Again, it is readily evident that with an average of about ten programs per term, no member can reasonably expect more than two or three chances a term, unless he is proof against that feeling which is so apt to come over one's soul, when the length of the program and the lateness of the hour cause him to cry out "enough."

Besides, the belief is generally current that a new society would appreciably improve the feeling of good-fellowship, which must always be the least bit tainted as long as there are only two to share it. To have a third society will do our college good. Two slices of bread, however wholesome, always have a rather "flat" taste when compared with that three-layer article in which a dainty and tasty moral is sandwiched in between.

There are some men in college at present who belong to no literary society; and the incoming Freshman class will, according to present indications, be unusually large. The two societies now existing will need but few new members next fall to keep their membership full. So the time is apparently ripe for the founding of a new society, for every college man should belong to some literary association. Therefore, younger brothers, we exhort you to launch the new vessel. We shall watch you with interest and shall help where we can. Do not fear to start because your strength at first will be but meager, for with Hope's present policy of expansion, rapid growth is assured. The time when your elder brothers had to struggle for very existence is still within the vivid recollection of the younger alumni. Besides, it means something to be a charter member. Do not despise the day of small beginnings. Put your hand to the plow, look not back, and complete our literary circle.

P. E. H.
ideals of manhood, and with a sense of duty that did not allow him to rest until each day's allotted work had been accomplished. The quiet tenor of his life was never broken by any sudden upheavals or soul-wrenching storms; but he went quietly as "from the great deep to the great deep," in the firm conviction that he would finally meet his "Pilot face to face."

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RESOLUTIONS

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from among us the late Prof. Cornelius Doesburg,

Therefore we, the Faculty of Hope College, bear witness to his long and useful career as a teacher in our institution. We express our sorrow and sympathy with the family of our departed brother, and commend them to the comfort of Him who is our “very present help in trouble.”

In the death of our brother Hope College has lost one who for forty years has made the institution the object of his constant devotion. As teacher of the modern languages, librarian, and clerk of the faculty he was always loyal to her best interests. With love and submission we bow to Him who has called His faithful servant home.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the faculty, published in De Hope, and a copy sent to the bereaved family.

J. T. BERGEN.
J. M. VANDER MEULEN.
JOHN W. BEARDSLEE.

ATHLETICS

In what proved to be a batting bee Hope won her first baseball game of the season on April 28, playing with the McLachlan Business University of Grand Rapids. After having shown up poorly in practice work, the team showed what it could do when put on its mettle and backed up by a loyal crowd of rooters. The McLachlan boys lost no time in scoring three runs on errors in the first inning. Hope in its half duplicated the trick, but her runs were earned. In half of the third inning Hope crossed the plate five times and cinched the game. DeJongh pitched good ball, allowing only four hits and passing but two men. The team showed good form at the bat. Krock is a pitcher of no mean ability, but Hope found him for thirteen hits. Errors were too frequent, yet many of them were on hard chances. We are satisfied that with consistent practice and loyal support our team will be a winner this season. The following is the score by innings:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>McLachlan</th>
<th>Hope</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Runs</td>
<td>3 0 0 0 0 0 3 0 - 6 4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hits</td>
<td>3 0 5 1 0 0 1 2 8 - 12 13</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Batteries—Krock and Anderson; DeJongh and M. J. Stegeman.

The Athletic Association was never so prosperous as at present. It started the year with an indebtedness of eighty dollars, which has now all been paid. The membership is large; and with careful management the association will be able to finish the season with money in the treasury. There is great interest in tennis this spring, and the improvement of the courts is planned.

The members of the Van Raalte Society lately organized a baseball team with the following line-up: Werper, Dr. Kuijer; grieper, H. Stegeman; eerdezaakman, Wm. Scholten; tweedezakman, M. Van Single; derdezaakman, C. Dame; kortezaakman, A. Van Bronkhorst; linkerveldwacht, M. Ver Berg; rechterveldwacht, G. Scholten; middelveldwacht, Wm. Vis; dirinmeester, Prof. A. Raap.
AMONG THE SOCIETIES

SOROSIS

Although the Soros is is but a newly organized society, it is already strong and in a flourishing condition. The members are showing interest and enthusiasm, and the society has great prospects of success. Following are the officers for the Spring term:

President—Ida Larkins.
Vice-President—Alyda De Pree.
Secretary—Jennie Pikaart.
Treasurer—Mildred Weston.

MINERVA

The Minerva Society delightfully entertained the Soros on Friday evening, April 27. A pleasing program of literary and musical numbers was given. Dainty refreshments were served, and a variety of interesting games indulged in by the merry company. There is the best of feeling between the two societies, and an evening spent in this social way tends greatly to increase the friendliness and good will which already exists.

MELIPHONE

The Meliphone Society is in its usual flourishing condition. The program for the annual entertainment has been arranged; and the fact that it will be given in the new gymnasium, inspires all the members to do their best, in order that it may be the best program in the history of the society. It is also planned to have a "bust" in June, in order to give the "A's" a good "send-off." Following are the officers for the spring term:

President—N. S. Sichterman.
Vice-President—J. Verberg.
Secretary—H. V. E. Stegeman.
Treasurer—E. R. Nyland.
Sergeant at arms—J. Weurding.
Keeper of Archives—H. F. Veenker.
Marshal—H. C. Vruink.

COSMOPOLITAN

The Cosmopolitan Society has safely passed all impediments and obstructions, and is nearing the goal of the year's work with flying colors. The members are enthusiastic and all keep in "good spirits" to the very last. We can predict hard work and faithful attendance for the remaining meetings of the term. The officers are:

President—J. Douma.
Vice-President—W. Walvoort.
Secretary and Treasurer—J. A. Roggen.
Janitor—B. Rotschafer.

FRATERNAL

The spring term finds the Fraternal Society in a very flourishing condition. Throughout the year it has been the constant endeavor of the society to maintain its standard of excellence, and the success attained has been pleasing in every respect. The programs have been so good that many productions have been considered worthy to be placed in the society archives. Following are the officers:

President—A. J. Kolyn.
Vice-President—A. C. Dykema.
Secretary and Treasurer—M. A. Stegeman.
Keeper of Archives—J. J. Dekraker.
Janitor—W. Wichers.
ALUMNI NOTES

Rev. Prof. H. E. Dosker, D. D., '76, has been nominated for the chair of Church History at the New Brunswick Seminary.

Rev. G. J. Hekman, '85, of Bethany Church, Chicago, has received a call from the Reformed Church of Overisel, Mich.

Rev. J. Steunenberg, '01, of Jamestown, Mich., has declined a second call from the First Reformed Church of Holland, Mich.

Prof. J. B. Nykerk, '85, has been granted a leave of absence for one year, to pursue a course of study at Oxford University, England.

Thomas E. Welmans, '03, who has just completed a course of study in Theology at Princeton, has received a call from the Reformed Church of Litchfield, North Dakota.

Dr. S. M. Zwemer, '87, has just returned from Cairo, Egypt, where he attended a conference of all the missionaries who labor in the Moslem world. He reports that about sixty-five delegates attended this conference. Rev. J. Van Ess, '99, also attended.

It is our sad duty to record the first death among the members of the class of '79. Dr. E. DeSpelder passed away April 11, at his home in Zeeland, Mich., having suffered for a few weeks from an attack of brain fever. The Anchor extends its sympathy to the stricken and sorrowing family.

Rev. A. Vandenberg, '85, of Overisel, Mich., has accepted a call from the Third Reformed Church of Grand Rapids. He preached his inaugural sermon May 6.

Lucas Boeve, '03, now a graduate of New Brunswick Seminary, has received three calls, two from Reformed Churches in New York, and the other from one of our churches in New Jersey. He has accepted the latter.

EXCHANGES

"A MOSQUITO"

At last upon a Senior's head
He settled down to dwell;
He bored away for half an hour,
And then he broke his bill.—Ex.

Purple and Gold has a very attractive Easter cover.

Hurrath for Athletics! But Argus we would relish a little more literary matter in your columns.

"How's you gettin' on wid you-ah 'rithmetic, Lou?" "I done learned to add up de aughts, but the figgeres boltter me."—Ex.

The College Index for April contains "The College Man's Mission," the winning oration of the Michigan State contest. The scheme of running the Locals, Personals and Exchanges alongside the "ads," is a very wise one. The splendid array of "ads," is a credit to its business manager.

The Ray for April contains a helpful article on "Perseverance a Necessity for Success." One thing The Ray lacks is an exchange column, and bright, terse Locals. Its present Local column is a mixture of local, alumni and athletic news.

All hairpins are now known as "switch tenders" among the really up-to-date.—Ex.

Albion College Plediad contains a naive little story entitled, "The Verge of the Infinite."

The Academy Index has a very full and interesting editorial column.

We would suggest that the Literary department of "The Orange and Purple" exchange places with the "Class Reports." You would then be grading your departments in line with their importance.

La Plume has a splendid literary department.

An article on "Woman Should be Allowed to Vote" in The College Paper, says, "Let woman preach, practice law and medicine, lecture, attend ball games, horse races, ride horses astride, or any harmless amusement, but don't let them neglect to get dinner on time." If woman would do all these things, and then try to get meals ready on time, all the men would die of indigestion.
JOTTINGS

A few natural conclusions from Prof. Dimment's recent lecture to the Juniors:

George Washington—"The Greatest American Tadpole."

Benjamin Franklin—"The Typical Tadpole."

John Brown—"A Deluded Tadpole."

Dowie—"A Fake Tadpole."

Joseph Fabiano and other Greeks—"Embryonic Archangels."

Visscher is trying to imitate the siren's voice, but Miss Larkins seems to have tied herself to the Mast and filled her ears with wax.

It seems that just because Bloemendal went to Europe, all the rest of the faculty must go.

Citizen (irritated by medley arising from vicinity of campus, during College vs. High School game)—"Say, what in the world is the cause of that noise?"

Enlightened Brother—"I'm not sure, but I think the Hope College Council is in session today."

The only way to stop waste of money is to trade with those who advertise in the Anchor.


One of our Profs. says that whenever a man "croaks" he has reached the frog stage of development.

What is the best way to amass a fortune? Go according to Anchor ads. Be sure to watch the ads, for announcements of bargains.

Prof. Nykerk had been speaking of the sublime element in nature, and then he said: "Mr. De Krakker, coming down to you ——" (Laughter.)

Ray Visscher: "All girls are alike in one thing—they're all different."

Prof. Beardslee: "You young students are in the same position as the students of Socrates."

An impertinent Senior: "Yes, with the exception of the teacher."

What has happened to George R—st? Why is his faith gone? He was heard to remark bitterly: "Girls are a curse."

Prof. Nykerk: "Each sees Life with his own eyes." Later: "Nine-tenths of life is love."

Prof. Nykerk: "When Coleridge married, what was his 'pantisocracy' changed into?"

Bright Maiden: Absolute monarchy.

Prof. Dimment to Van Dyke: "Go and spend the afternoon with a lady—it won't hurt you."

Think About Commencement

GIFTS and
Van der Ploeg's Book Store

A GOOD COMBINATION

Jennie Pi—k—r, in festive attire, was asked, upon boarding an interurban car, if she was going to Grand Rapids, and she replied: "Yes—that is—no, we're going to Forest Grove—that is, we're going to get—why, Jimmie, where are we going?"

Roggen and Van Stureen have strengthened Darwin's theory of evolution remarkably.

Why not call the co-eds, "Gilmore's Band."
Hankamp (stating things in true scientific form)—I am approximately bald.

Visscher (in the biological lab.)—"I have discovered that a hen does have teeth."
Nichols—"Where?"
Visscher—"Oh, in its comb."
Miss Hockje—"Leader of Easter Chorus."
Little Boy (seeing Dr. Kollen ride horse-back)—"Oh, my, there goes Burton!"

WANTED—Any one who has found one of our advertisers unreliable.

Innocent Visitor in Museum (inspecting round leather dices)—"I suppose these are specimens of the cakes they served at the pancake breakfast."
Jonker (who is showing the visitor around)—"Yes, but these have been softened quite a bit."

HANKAM

GRADUATION PRESENTS

BOOKS AND FOUNTAIN PENS

BRINK, THE BOOKMAN

206 River Street.

How appropriate it was to have the pancake breakfast in the museum!

From local paper published at Grant, Mich.:
"Willis Hockje preached here last Sunday, and the church will now be closed three weeks for repairs."

Our President: "You did a good job in digging those ditches: now see if you can't do as good a one in filling them up again." Such is the end of our skating rink!!!!

Confession is good for the soul, but bad for the reputation!

Two people were conspicuous by their absence from the Pancake Breakfast. The one was the Professor of Greek, and the other was Miss La-k-ns. Why—oh—why?

It becomes exceeding strange when the non-musical member of the faculty goes to hear Nordinia; and more strange still when the fair non-musical Junior is his companion in misery.

Big minds run in the same ditches; it becomes tragic when the ditches have to be filled up with the sand taken out, liberally mixed, with cinders.

A Junior, making sport of the Senior caps and gowns, said:
"What's that little loop on the back of the collar for?"
Stogie (bright lad!): "That's for the Juniors to catch hold of when they can't keep up."

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41 E. EIGHTH STREET

Dear Lovely-Rutgers Co.

The Cosmopolitans are up-to-date. When they cannot have finger bowls, they carefully wash out the salad bowl and use that!

Jim Dykema was asked which girl he would prefer as a wife, and he resignedly replied: "It doesn’t make any difference to me, I love them all." He’s still safe if he loves them all.

Read Van der Ploug’s ad.

Stogie, in the course of an interview, gave forth this valuable inside knowledge: "I have to pay eighteen, instead of fifteen, cents for tonsorial honors, because of the inevitable tendency of my hair to resolve itself into ringlets."
If you "anchor" your faith to

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