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The Chase of the Greyhounds.

ROMPTLY at "eight bells," on the noon of the 21st of June, 1908, the first-class battleship Idaho slipped her moorings at Pier No. 1, at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and turned her mighty prow down the Delaware. The tide was low, but what matter! Not an hour before, another peerless fighter, the New Hampshire, had cast off her cables, amid the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," and was even at this very moment poking her nose out through The Narrows, toward the open sea. Both ships had, as their destination, the harbor of Colon, and, barring unforeseen accidents, would be within a comparatively short distance of each other, at the junction of their courses, off the Delaware Breakwater. Then, naturally, would follow a neck and neck race for the harbor of Colon.

Both ships had been in commission scarcely three months, and neither had, as yet, had her official trial trip. On board of each vessel was a battalion of 400 marines and their stores, besides a full complement of officers and crew, bound for the Canal Zone, to preserve order, in case the threatened outbreak at the Panama elections in July should actually take place.

The Idaho, because of her great draught at the time, experienced considerable difficulty in getting down the river. Shallow water in the channel, because of the ebb tide, delayed her for nearly three hours at the outset. This necessitated a wait
of four hours more, at Five Fathom Bank, for high water. Early on the morning of the 22nd the pilot was dropped at the breakwater, four bells jangled in the engine room, and by daylight the vessel was well out to sea, with the Delaware Capes growing dim on the horizon astern.

The New Hampshire, however, had passed by, off the Capes, shortly before midnight on the 21st, and by daybreak was nearly 100 miles off toward the south. But 100 miles, in a 2,400 mile journey, is scarcely more than a "mere trifle." At least, so thought the Idaho's "skipper." Donning a suit of dungalreens, he himself went below and "laid down" the situation to the "black gang" in the fire hold. They were willing to do their best. Every pound of steam that could be generated, without resorting to "forced draft," was crowded on the engines, and a continuous cloud of heavy, black smoke drifted astern as the propellers churned the salt water into foam. Evidence, that the "black gang" were doing their part, and of the tremendous energy that was being exerted in the attempt to overhaul the New Hampshire. The rest of the crew were also "next" to the thing, and most of those not on duty, lined the forecastle and bridge deck rails, all anxiously peering ahead for one sign—a cloud of black smoke, low down on the distant horizon, that was to indicate the whereabouts of the New Hampshire. Twice the hopes of the watchers rose to the pitch of excitement, and twice their hopes sank to the depths, as the cause of the smoke became evident. The first time it was a Reading Railroad tug with three oil barges in tow. Then, again, it was a German Lloyd passenger steamer that was being overtaken.

Two days out, the impatient "skipper" ordered the forced draft to be started, and the vessel, under the new impetus, increased her speed from 13 knots to 14.5 knots. The fire-room force, exhausted by the terrific heat which this method of stoking entails, were relieved at frequent intervals by details from several of the seaman divisions on deck.

Thus the race continued for five days, with no visible signs to encourage the followers. But the "never quit" spirit of the American navy was always in evidence, on the bridge as well as in the fire rooms below. Cordial greetings were being exchanged by wireless as both ships were straining themselves to the limit, for pursued, as well as pursuers, were doing their best, as each very well knew the ambitions of the other.

The morning of the 25th revealed Cape Mays well astern, with the western point of Hayti off the port beam. When well into the Carribbean Sea, both battleships encountered a severe storm. The wind, almost abeam, created a heavy sea that made things very uncomfortable between decks. With fully 1,000 men on board, and barely room for 700, most of the marine battalion were forced to sleep on the decks at night. This left only narrow passages for the use of the men on watch, who had great difficulty in making their way over the ship, owing to the heavy roll, which housed the low-hanging hammocks to swing back and forth like so many pendulums. The storm continued for two days, much to the detriment of the speeding qualities of the vessels. The Idaho's speed had to be reduced from 14.7 knots to barely 7. On the evening of the 27th the wind gradually died down, and the heavy seas subsided with it. A little later "four bells and a jingle" sounded in the engine room.

Through the still quiet of the tropical night, the sturdy fighters once more plowed their way through the moonlit waters of the Carribbean. Noon of the 28th would see the outcome of the heart-breaking struggle. It was now or never. Through the entire night the Idaho is reputed to have averaged 13 knots an hour, and at a little before dawn was well on toward the isthmus. "Two bells" had not yet struck, and "revelle" had not yet called the soundly sleeping sailors from their swaying hammocks. A tropical rain was pouring down in blinding sheets, rendering objects invisible, from the bridge, more than two ship's lengths ahead. Suddenly, from the blue-jacket aloft, on watch in the "crow's nest," came that awful cry
of "Breakers!" The officer on the bridge might have collapsed then and there. There was cause enough. Here was a mass of 13,000 tons of steel, bearing with it fully 1,000 souls, most of them asleep, rushing to destruction on a rocky shore. Instantly, from the bridge, there came the answering hail, "Where away?" And again the sailor's voice was heard, "Dead ahead, sir." The officer swore. At the same instant a low-lying line of rocks, with great green combers breaking upon them into great masses of white foam, appeared directly ahead. What was to be done? There was no time for deliberation. The officer, acting under the impulse of the moment, reeled toward the lever that controlled the starboard engine room gong, and pulled it twice, at the same time shouting to the sailor at the wheel to throw it hard over to starboard. For an instant the great mass of steel quivered, then slowly began to list over in the direction of her new course at a dangerous angle, instantly answering to the rudder and the reversed starboard propeller. Then the rocks that had appeared to be such a menace, became in a way to be the very salvation of the ship. The deep water abreast the rocks permitted the vessel to swing clear without grounding, but with less than a stone's throw to spare.

An hour later the Idaho, under a reduced head of steam, entered the harbor of Colon, where she found the New Hampshire quietly riding at anchor, having dropped her "mud-hook" there only five hours previous.

Note:—That part of the coast of Panama from the town called Porto Bello, to Colon, runs very nearly due south, and exactly parallel with the course of a vessel entering the port of Colon from the Windward Passage. The slightest deviation of a ship's compass to port, is more than enough to place that ship out of her course to the extent of bringing her exactly in line with this part of the coast.

—MANLEY STEGEMAN, U. S. M. C.
quietly asks, "Ach, Rein, what can we do?"

"Starve you shall not; to Zeeland shall I go," is his reply.

With Van Weelde there is no delay. Buttoned up in his great seaman's coat, his feet encased in leathern boots, he stands on the threshold ready to depart on his twelve-mile journey. Just as he turns, his wife comes out to him, and, sobbing, cries: "Ach, Rein, you shall not go. The night comes; tomorrow you shall go."

"Tonight I go, mein Pietertje, so have I said."

"Then God keep you."

"So there be a God, he is against us! Where is 'The Holtz'; where is the ship; where now is food?"

Without a backward look he leaves the little clearing, with its cabin door still open, from which the white-coifed woman turns away as he disappears into the forest.

The task before Van Weelde was an arduous one. Zeeland was the trading point for that part of the Holland colony. In the summer a trail wound in and out of the thickets and glades and forests, now fording a stream, then circling around a bog, but always south of the marsh and leading westward to where the dozen block-houses, log church and school house marked the site of Zeeland. Now, however, the forests were filled with drifting snow, landmarks were covered, and the Baron could rely only on an occasional blazed tree and the streams which flowed in a westward direction. The sun had passed the zenith when he started, and the lengthening shadows aroused him to a faster pace. Well in the woods the snow was less deep and the cold less severe. The last storm had chased the denizens of the woods to their retreats and had left the pines burdened with snow. The Baron trudged steadily westward, heeding not the solemn grandeur of the woods, or the rhythmic soughing music of the wind in the forest. A wolf, driven forth by the pangs of hunger, stopped in an open glade and glared in surprise at this strange creature, then leaped over a windfall and loped off into the thickets. The fear of man was upon him. Black and white chickadees chattered in the seed-pines near a brook as the man passed, but he looked neither to right nor left. He heeded neither wolf nor bird; his mind brooded over the thought that he, Baron Von Weelde, should lack for bread. Night drew near, and wolf-call answered wolf-call through the silent woods. There was no danger, for a mile below, across the barren clearing, the twinkling lights of the village appeared. Soon he reached a broken track, and in a few minutes more he stood before the rude building which served as tavern and trading-post for the pioneers.

Van Weelde entered and stood blinking in the lighted room. A long, dingy place, both tavern and store, lighted by tallow-dips,—such was the town tavern in the early days. With a curt "Good-even," the Baron advanced to the stove and ordered meat and drink. These were set before him and partaken of in silence. The host, a lanky, leather-faced Dutchman, puffed stolidly at his long pipe, while the assembled loafers carried on a solemn, monosyllabic conversation about the latest arrivals in the "colony."

His meal finished, the Baron approached the counter.

"Corn-meal." The proprietor eyed him askance, and with hardly a pause in his smoking, asked, "Where is thy money, Mytheer de Baron?"

"I pay in the spring."

"Then no corn-meal!"

"Well, but you know me! I am Baron Van Weelde."

"This is not the old country—you are the poorest pauper in Zeeland!"

Scarcely believing his ears, the Baron glared at the tavern-keeper like an entrapped beast. That the son of a peddler who had often craved shelter at his door, should speak thus to him, Baron Rynder Van Weelde! Then back to his mind came the thought of Pietertje and the child, starving in the cabin among the pines. "By den Druivel!" he roared, cleared the counter with a bound, seized his bewildered tormenter by the throat, and dashed him to the floor, where he lay, a hud-
died, moaning heap. As one man the others leaped at the Baron. But his fighting blood was up, and back against the wall, an axe-helve in his hands, he awaited their attack. Warned by the fate of the shape on the floor, they advanced warily. A sudden swing and the foremost staggered to the ground as the oaken stave crashed upon his shoulder. With a yell, the remaining three dashed at Van Weelde. But they had misjudged their man. Forgotten now that he was a Van Weelde, forgotten now that wife and child were in need, forgotten everything but that here was work for a man, and that he was a man who knew no fear. "Come on, varlets!" he cried, as with his heavy foot he caught one of his assailants full in the mouth. The man fell heavily, cursing and spitting blood. This left but two, and these were now less eager to attack. But one had snatched up an iron balance-weight and sent it hurtling at the Baron. It struck him full in the chest, and for a moment he wavered—but for a second only. Then with a hideous cry, he leaped forward. Blow after blow fell. One man turned and burst out into the night. The other faced the frenzied giant for an instant, then fell back choking as the Baron's hands closed on his throat.

The Baron arose, but he was a Baron no longer. Now he was a man. He had fought his fight alone. Thenceforth men should know h'ow by his deeds. Casting hardly a glance at the restless figures on the floor, he took the needed provisions, lighted his pipe, and strode out into the starlight.

—A. V. H.

THE COWBOY FAKE.

If you are a judicious reader of newspapers (and certainly every student ought to be that, as well as a judicious reader of books), you have doubtless gleaned from the gist of their editorial and news matter that at present the world is engaged pre-eminently in exposing fraud. There are political muck-rakers and moral muck-rakers, social and domestic, high-classed and humble, well-paid and not paid at all, "and many other kinds of muck-rakers," as the schoolboy would say in his first essay. All the world used to love a lover; but at present this old world is dividing its affections between the lover and the muck-raker, and is giving the latter the lion's share of it. Everybody tries to find fault with somebody or something; and in their attempts to find something new, they exploit such widely different subjects as the position of the North Star, and the newest fashion in socks. Just for the sake of being in the swim, I have rigged up a little private rake of my own, and have named my particular brand of fake the Cowboy Fake.

In recent years there has been a perfect deluge of books dealing with the West. The magazines for a long time have been bulging out with Western stories; so much so that I suspect some of the editors have a supply of stock cuts of cowboys' and open-air girls to illustrate these stories. Perhaps the best known of this class of books is the "Virginian." The average college student fairly bubbles over with enthusiasm when he discusses this book. There is no comparison at all, he thinks, between Owen Wister and such amateurs as Walter Scott or Charles Dickens, and the "Virginian," and books like it, are the "real thing." No doubt the "Virginian" is an entertaining story, and a great many of the other books of this type are admirable to drive dull care away. But that is usually about as far as they go. They are found woefully lacking when looked upon as pictures of actual conditions. Many of the so-called Wild West writers are like the English author of the "Mysteries of Udolpho." She devotes about a hundred-odd pages to descriptions of the Alps, although she had never been within a thousand miles of them. Once in a very great while she approximately tells the truth about them.

The writer of Wild West fiction sits in his well ordered study and assiduously pounds the typewriter during the cool of the afternoon at five cents a word, grinding out his installments for the mid-summer fiction numbers. Perhaps, when a boy, he has seen Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, and he
clearly remembers a great many of the "stunts" performed there. The cowboys pick up handkerchiefs from the ground with their teeth while riding at full gallop, and consequently every cowboy in the story goes through the same performance, as though, forsooth, that is the only way the real cowboy has to keep busy. And then the picture of the cowboy's make-up that the click of the typewriter invariably conjures up, is composed of a slouch hat with beautifully romantic dents in the crown, and a poetic twist to the rim; a red handkerchief tied loosely around the neck, with the knot arranged heroically at one side, so as to expose to view the shirt front opened with careful negligence; bear-skin trousers with the long, shaggy hair trailing in the dust, and large gauntlet-gloves which are usually accompanied by a lasso held artistically coiled. Such is the conventional Wild West make-up; and then follows the picture of the cow-boy himself. He talks in an amiable drawl that endears him to the heart of every innocent reader; he loves to play a practical joke, but there is never anything vicious about it; he gets a trifle "soused" once in a while, but that is because local option has not penetrated that far; his talk is so laconic at times, and so studiously picturesque, with such a wonderfully rich assortment of slang, that it would be a credit to a high class vaudeville performer. He has a supreme contempt for money, is generous to a fault, never has a vulgar thought, is absolutely unable to comprehend what fear means; in short, is a rough diamond with the innate lustre shining through the rough exterior. He is innocent of such useless nonsense as book-learning, and his contempt for the tenderfoot is equalled only by his desire to exploit the ignorance of this same tenderfoot to his own huge satisfaction.

I have had some little experience with cowboys myself, and that is the reason that I can confidently handle a muck-rake. However, I would not be so confident that my experience is not a mere isolated exception, if I had not seen an authority on Western life express the same idea in one of the magazines. I once made a little trip to the Northwest for quite other purposes than local color, but determined incidentally to see as much of life in the primitive as possible, and to verify with my own eyes the marvelous accounts of the latest celebrities in fiction. This was, perhaps, one of the reasons that I made a visit to the Indian Reservation in the state of Washington; for where, in all this great land, could a traveler on the lookout for sights that are a little out of the ordinary, find better opportunities to see a cowboy lasso a bucking broncho; or corral a thousand wild steers, unaided except by his dog; or hang a horse thief; or, mayhap, (if luck were with him) see him rescue the proverbially beautiful open-air girl of the West from a bunch of drunken rowdies? I hoped to hear the inimitable drawl, and to see the slouch hat, the open shirt-front, the loosely tied handkerchief, the bear-skin trousers, the gauntlet-gloves, and the whole outfit. I further hoped to escape the cowboy's supreme contempt for the Eastern tenderfoot by ingratiating myself into his good graces in some such fashion as the author of the "Virginian" did.

The very first evening I was there I received a pretty severe jolt. I supposed that I would see some pretty sights, anyway, because there were saloons enough in the little city of North Yakima to make glad the heart of any toper. But all was order and regularity, and the saloons observed the ten o'clock closing ordinance. The cowboys in town were only common mortals. They did not employ the inimitable drawl, and they did not seem to be unduly impressed with their superiority over the Eastern tenderfoot. Some, indeed, wore slouch hats and bear-skin trousers. But I suspect that that was because they did not have time, before coming to town, to change them for more dressy clothes, because I saw some among their number dressed up, who seemed to be proud of the rubber collars, that made them look, for all the world, like the so-called "rubes" in Michigan.

I had the rare opportunity of learning to know the cow-
boy quite intimately. One evening, when I was lost on the
Indian Reservation about thirteen miles from a railroad sta-
tion, and at about ten o'clock sat down on my suit-case to
rest and to make plans for spending the night in a friendly
straw-stack, one of the cowboys happened along. He was
not on horseback, as the conventional cowboy always is, but
was driving a team hitched to a big lumber wagon. He took
me to his tumble-down shack that could be used as an
astronomical observatory. He lived there all alone, and dur-
ing the day tended a herd of cattle on the plain. After eating
a hearty supper of boiled "spuds" and fried bacon, we made
our bed on two or three blankets on the floor. About the
only romantic touch about this cowboy was a long revolver
which he put under his pillow. When I romantically asked
him if that was for the Indians, he said: "No; the prairie-
dogs often make a lot of noise about my shack at night, bark-
ing so that I cannot sleep, and then I bang away at them two
or three times, which makes them stop." All the time I was
with him I tried my level best to find the usual romantic
frills about him, but in vain. He was afraid of about the
same things the average mortal is afraid of: he boasted of
what a great favorite he was with the women, although his
personal charms belied his words. He spoke eloquently
of the bit of land he was going to buy in the Nachee Valley
to go into fruit farming. All in all, there was about as much
romance about him as there is about the average street car
conductor; and I afterwards found that most of the cowboys
conform more or less to this type. They are not in a class by
themselves, that has a monopoly on excitement, as many
writers on Western life seem to imply. They are simply aver-
age men, such as you meet every day on the farms or in the
factories; and their occupation of tending cattle has given
them robust health, usually, and a good appetite.

I do not wish to say off-hand that there are not many
cowboys who would form interesting studies, but the same
is true of any other class of people. The point I wish to make
is that the work of many Wild West writers is simply a hot-
house product, with no sufficient basis in fact. The cowboy
does not take himself as romantically as the writers try to
make us believe. He is often innocent of book-learning, in-
deed, but, instead of rejoicing in this, he looks upon it as a
misfortune. Nor does he usually look with contempt upon
the Easterner, because experience has taught him that on the
average there is just as much endurance and hardihood in one
part of the country as in another.

Mr. Roosevelt once made an attack on the nature-fakers;
and I suppose he could just as appropriately have made an
attack on the cowboy-fakers, for he is more intimately ac-
quainted with the cowboy than most people. Anybody who
has seen the West ought to be frankly willing to admire this
great land and its people; but that admiration should be
based on the usual standards of thrift and progressiveness,
and not on the frills of romance. The West, with its grow-
ing industries and almost exhaustless resources, is a land in-
teresting enough to inspire the best of American fiction and
poetry, without resorting to the sentimental trash of the Wild
West faker. It is about time that the fake cowboy be rele-
ated to the list of exploded myths. And the thousands of Eastern
people that will attend the Seattle Exposition this summer
will doubtless become a potent force in wiping out the im-
pressions that the Wild West faker has succeeded in making
upon the gullibility of the tenderfoot.

—ARNOLD MULDER, '07.
THE ANCHOR.
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EDITORIAL

When, recently, visitors from a sister college, not over a hundred miles away, visited our campus, they expressed their impressions in the following words: "Why, we always thought Hope was but a small college." The days of small things have passed; in accommodation of buildings and equipment we are rapidly merging to the forefront. Our material is all first-class, but where is the spirit without which the choicest marble becomes but little more than a stumbling block?

Latin, Greek and Mathematics go a good ways to bring about usefulness. But these branches are not all-sufficient. They are the seed from which may spring a plant of a most wondrous growth; however, the most congenial hothouse atmosphere will at its best only render the stem limpid and weak; and when the plant is transplanted to the cold soil without, even kind heaven itself, with its pleantious store of real, pure air, turns to wrath and kills the poor, abnormal weakening.

Students, in many phases of their college life, resemble hothouse plants. Once within the college walls, no direct contact with the outer world can be had. Consequently, they form ideas and opinions of their own, they have little or no sympathy with the "outsiders," and soon the "gown" becomes a paradox to the "town," while the latter is gradually dropped from the student's consideration. Thus the purpose of college education is lost sight of; instead of being trained for present and future environments, the student grows to be self-interested and is in great danger of becoming, upon graduation, a permanent misfit in society.

We hear you say, "May Hope College never become responsible for such a one-sided training, through lack of contact with other colleges and educational institutions. If so, open the doors of that hothouse and let us have a whiff of fresh air." Yes, but what if a Goliath guards these doors? With your open doors you undoubtedly mean inter-collegiate relations—debates, oratorical contests, and, yes, don't hesitate, inter-collegiate athletics. Our faculty generously encourages the first; the last, my brother, alas, alack, our respected council forbids.

You say: "Why must Hope be different from its sister institutions? Give us the facts which will prove that we have gained by our ultra-conservative policy." Well, we could not say just exactly why we must be different, but the council evidently knows. And as to facts,—in oratory we have ranked from the bottom to fourth place, while during the last two years the coveted first place was held by Albion, which has inter-collegiate athletics and lots of spirit. In debate we have been administered a double thrashing at the hands of colleges which have inter-collegiate athletics and
plenty of college spirit. Today Hope might have had its representative at Oxford University, England, if athletics had been more generously encouraged. Several of our comparatively young Alumni have broken down in health, and about seventy-five per cent. have not enough college spirit left to enable them to untie their purse-strings and subscribe to your college paper.

Now, don't become discouraged, my brother, and say, "What's the use, anyway?" This "never-to-be-too-much-sat-upon-egg" of inter-collegiate athletics will sometime be hatched out, even though it takes the old hen mighty long. We'll yet behold the faces of our brethren, the Olivettites and Almanites and Albionites, and all the other ites of Michigan. We'll wrestle with them, not only in the mental arena, but also upon their gridirons and baseball diamonds, and in their gymnasiums. We'll compare ourselves with them and then see the goodness of our fellow Hope-ite, the excellence of our instructors, and the strength and beauty of Hope's walls and towers.

INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATES.

In the first annual debates of the triangular debating league, Hope suffered a double defeat. This has come as a surprise to all concerned. The question to be answered, at least in regard to the Alma-Hope debate at Alma, is whether delivery should be taken into account in rendering a decision. Hope's argument, in its entirety, but especially in the rebuttal, was admittedly strong. It seems that on this score honors were about equally divided. But our men made absolutely no attempt at oratorical effect. Oratory is not considered an essential part in debate. Alma's team was therefore easily superior in delivery. This factor was of some aid in landing them a victory. Hope wishes to acknowledge at this point the congenial and jolly entertainment and hospitality that our team enjoyed at Alma.

The point of a second angle in the triangle where the air was heavy with arguments was Winants Chapel. This battle resulted in a decision of two to one in favor of Olivet. The chief features of the debate were the able rebuttal by Ver Hulst on Hope's team, and the direct, forceful argument by Harwood, the leader of Olivet's team. What brought victory to the visitors was not the superiority of their arguments, but the conviction with which they presented them. Here's a lesson: Defeat has taught it. Every debater must be alive, direct, forceful, and, above all, throbbing with conviction. The man's very life must be in his words. Let his body, mind, and soul—his entire being, speak, and he necessarily must convince. Olivet in some measure attained to this ideal. In this Hope was weak. Had our team spiced the purely mental with an appropriate measure of the purely vital, we should have obtained a victory. Hope's representatives at Alma were George Roost, '09; Henry Rottschaefer, '09; Grant Hinkamp, '12; John Abbbink, '12; while Anthony Verhulst, '10; Verne Oggen, '11, and John Warnhuis, '10, fought the battle at home. —J. W.
RESIGNATIONS OF MRS. VAN RAALTE GILMORE
AND PROFESSOR MEYERS.

It is with genuine regret that the Anchor learns of the resignations of both Mrs. Van Raalte Gilmore, Dean of the Women's Department, and Professor F. R. Meyers. Though Professor Meyers has been with us only a short period, he will not soon be forgotten by the students, while Mrs. Van Raalte Gilmore's leave can hardly be realized, for the results of long years of faithful, unselfish service is never lost, not even upon the most ungrateful of generations.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. feels grateful and encouraged over the increased interest which has been shown in the work during the past school year. The membership has been increased from fifty to sixty-five members, while there has been an average attendance of about forty at the weekly meetings on Thursday afternoon. An increased interest in missions, too, has been brought about by monthly missionary meetings in which all took part. Our Y. W. C. A. is the central figure in the Christian life of the girls at school. Life without it would be very different, for it has a silent influence on our lives here at school which unconsciously rules and guides us. We feel that by means of our Y. W. C. A. we are brought into a closer union with Christ and with each other. The spirit shown among the girls is that of Christian fellowship and sympathy. The Y. W. C. A. is a factor in our life which prompts thoughtfulness and the desire to help the other girls. It is helping us in the molding of strong characters and in the inciting of noble purposes into our lives. But in spite of the present hopeful condition, and the good spirit which prevails, we feel that we are in need of a deeper spiritual life. Then, too, there are still a number of the girls who are outside of our association, whom we are anxious to reach. We feel that we need their help and that they need our meetings. It is through these weekly meetings that we learn to know each other better and that we receive a deepening sense of our cooperation with God in the work for girls. Our aim for the present is to make the Y. W. C. A. and its influence mean more to us and to the girls still outside of the association than it has ever done before.

Society News

The Junior class very cordially entertained the Seniors at the home of Miss Ann Schuelke, on Friday evening, April 9th. A very enjoyable evening was spent by all. Eloquence of both classes was handed out in unstinted measure. The worthy Seniors gave their good advice to the Juniors and also bequeathed them all the privileges and responsibilities of Seniorship, which were gracefully accepted by the heirs.

On Tuesday evening, April 27th, Miss Dinah Teersma, head cook at Voorhees Commons, was happily surprised by the students, who overwhelmed her with a glorious kitchen shower. Peter Pleune, '09, presented the various gifts and read the instructive verses which accompanied them.

The Anchor herewith extends the heartiest congratulations to Miss Teersma, who has so long been connected with student life on Hope College campus.

A committee composed of two members of both Fraternal and Cosmopolitan societies, together with two members of the Hope College Debating Club, met last week to draw up by-laws relative to inter-society debating. This movement purposes to bring about permanent interest in debate in both societies and thus train their members throughout the year for the annual inter-collegiate debate.

Perchance this agreement will do away with the present debating club, but since the members of this body almost exclusively belong to either Fraternal or Cosmopolitan societies, the loss will not be great, and perhaps be conducive to stronger society work. To conscientiously perform duties in two societies each week is a difficult matter and hardly ever done, while regular systematic debating by both Fraternals and Cosmopolitans will materially strengthen their weekly programs.
ALUMNI.

Mr. Andrew Stegenga, '00, of the Western Theological Seminary, has accepted the promise of a call extended to him by the Reformed church of Clymer Hill, N. Y.

The Anchor extends congratulations to Abel J. Renkes, '08, of Fulton, Ill., who was married to Miss Lena Arendsen, of Holland, Mich., on April 21, '09.

* Jacob Pelgrim, '05, who has been taking post-graduate work at New Brunswick, N. J., has declined two calls in the expectation of traveling for some time, visiting Scotland and continuing his studies there.

Mr. William Rottschaefer, '05, of the Western Theological Seminary, has received the promise of a call from the Reformed church at Oak Harbor, Wash.

Edward J. Strick, '03, who is taking his third year of work at Rush Medical College, has just received an appointment to a fellowship in Anatomy in the University of Chicago. During the winter quarter he assisted in Splanchnology at that university.

Rev. H. Harmeling, '08, of South Holland, Ill., has accepted the call to the First Reformed church of Grand Haven, Mich.

Hope College feels grateful to Attorney George E. Kollen, '02, for having added to the college museum a splendid collection of biological specimens representing the complete Flora and Fauna of the state of Florida.

Professor John B. Nykerk, '85, recently gave in Wiman's chapel, a very instructive and entertaining stereoptican lecture on Oxford.

Jacob W. Kelder, '04, has been appointed Superintendent of Schools at Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

Rev. Henry E. Dosker, '76, of Louisville, Ky., has for some time been delivering Calvin memorial addresses in Kentucky and other states. He is one of the five speakers to deliver a similar address at the coming assembly at Denver, Colo., from where he expects to go to Kansas to preach the Baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class at Austin College, Sherman, Kas.

Chapel services were led by Rev. Samuel M. Zweemer, '87, on April 21, and by Rev. Edward R. Kruisenga, '04, on April 22. It pleases us very much that our Alumni still show an interest in their Alma Mater.

ATHLETICS.

Base Ball.

Practice games—
April 16—Hope, 7; High School, 5.
April 23—Hope, 13; High School, 2.

Independents, 8; Hope, 2.

In the first real game of the season, Hope went down in defeat at the hands of the Independents. In spite of the fact that the Independents are an exceptionally strong team, Hope's boys in red, with the exception of one inning, put up a stiff fight. But there was room for much improvement along the side lines. Boys and girls who go through a college course without taking some interest in athletics are not well educated. There must be more rooting and more colors flying if we expect our team to do its best. Enough said.

Cross Country Run.

In spite of defeat, the Hope College runners have been daily taking their practice trips, and are not disheartened because they failed to make good in the cross country run between the teams of Muskegon and Hope. Their Dutch determination and stick-to-it-iveness manifests itself in their constant hard work, and if the interest keeps up, the possibilities for Hope next season will be increased 100 per cent.
EXCHANGES.

The Hermonite: In one of your editorials you plead for a yearly prize for poetry. Well you may, for your paper shows some very fine poems. Especially the "Evening Song" is artistically and well constructed. Take the hint, Hope.

"Science" ranks the big universities as follows, not counting summer school attendance: Michigan, Columbia, Minnesota, Harvard, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Illinois, New York, Yale, Wisconsin, California, Syracuse, Northwestern, Nebraska and Chicago.

The story teller still lives in "When the Mists Had Cleared Away." Very excellent, "College World."

Benton Harbor College Senior class struck and threatened to boycott the school if not permitted to hold a dance under the auspices of the College. President Edgcomb said: "You may dance, but not under the auspices of the college."

The class came back. M. T.

University of Minnesota gives 2,000 acres to the school of forestry. M. T.

There's not a busier man in Michigan than Professor C. H. Gurney of Hillsdale College, and he's busy to a good pur-

The Anchor

We read in the "Collegian" that Hillsdale students are engaging in prohibition oratorical contests. No doubt this will serve to interest many in local option and help the cause of prohibition.

Dr. Henri Hus, of the U. of M.'s botanical department, introduces a novel course in plant breeding. He seeks to make holony practical in attempting to improve field crops by selection, cross-breeding, and other methods.

Nine Cornell students have been dropped for lying to the gymnasium instructor.

Brown University suspends or expels twenty-eight students for "cribbing."

Dr. Lancaster, president of Olivet College, conducted two classes in gymnasium work last winter term. "Beati sunt!"

Read the editorial, "Olivet's Advance," in the April number of the "Olivet Echo."

LOCALS.

Here's what people saw twenty years ago in the Holland City News:

A youthful "Henry" made his appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Roost, on Monday, April 22. The baby shows a tendency to make violent use of his vocal organs.

And this is what a member of the A class has to say for the Vicar of Wakefield: "But the wicker took it all; he not so much as ever met her with one cross word whenever he would make a remark, yet, it would be made in the most kindest way; and thus the cord of love between husband and wife was kept unravelled and knotless, that it might pass over that great wheel of life in a smooth manner and not jar their future days which yet hung on their ascending end." Talk about the riddle of the Sphinx!

After Prof. Vander Meulen moved into that house across the campus, a student said to him one day: "Oh, pro-
fessor, I'm so glad you live in that house now instead of DeVeere's dog."

Hamstra tells of an old farmer who came to the jewelry store after a clock. "How long will it run without winding?" he asked. "Eight days." How long will it run if you wind it?"

Somebody told "Nan" Warmshuis that eggs are high now because hens don't lay very well in the winter. "Will that affect the price of egg coal, too?" she said.

When the goose lays green gooseberries,
And the ox makes oxygen,
Could a chick scratch chic verses
If it wrote with a pigpen?

One day a little dispute arose in Sophomore botany class about absence. Laven said, "I was here the second hour yesterday, professor."

"You might come in half a dozen times," answered Prof. Patterson, "and I wouldn't see you at all."

Of course you saw the Arbor day scrap? The campus needed some court plaster, and so did some coats, while Tennis got a double portion when, upon retiring, he prayed the gods to return the plaster with terrible vengeance upon the head of some poor 'greeny.' But they, not knowing the intricacies of Van Vleck hall, effected a landing in the wrong room and smeared the supplicant himself with half a ton of ceiling plaster. Tennis has broken off all relations with gods and Freshies.

The Council of Hope College has again met in session and the following circumstances may be due to its meeting:
1. Johnny Koster cleaned his room, thinking that the council would inspect all the rooms.
2. Several professors were seen wearing their Sunday suits.
3. Art Schaefer was heard to express his pleasure at meeting a council member from the West.

To John Wichers we attribute the possession of a fertile imagination. Foremost among the uses of ink he places its ornamental value.

Professor Patterson, our latest acquisition, has a peculiar habit of hiding the meaning in his remarks. This is what he said: "Many famous men were born in February; so was I."

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Hubregtse, in Biology: "Which hen is the mother of a chick, the one that laid the egg or the one that hatched it?"

Nykerk: "I should speak to the students and all children on that subject."

During the Senior-Freshman scrap, Dorothy Parr was asked: "Where is your professor, Miss Parr?"

Dorothy: "Oh, he's out there, fighting."

Flikkema to Walvoord; during the scrap: "Say, Bill; I'll quit if you will."

Q. "What would you call a fellow from Maine?"
A. "A Mainee."

Town Kid, at the ball game, speaking of Prof. Van der Meulen: "I'll bet that fellow is Professor in Hope College; just look at him shoot off his mouth."
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