Special Sale of

Sample Shirts!

Just received from the largest Gents' Furnishing Houses in Chicago their complete line of SAMPLE SHIRTS. All new and up-to-date, but slightly soiled.

Bought at a Bargain and will Be Sold at a Bargain

ACT QUICK AND GET FIRST CHOICE

$2.00 and $1.50 Shirts, Sale Price 98c
$1.00 Shirts, Sale Price 68c

The LOKKER-RUTGERS CO.
Student's Headquarters for Shoes and Gent's Furnishings
GRADUATES OF HOPE

YOUR SUIT in either Black, Blue or Fancy in the COLLEGIAN MODEL is ready for you. Be sure to visit us before making your choice. We have correct styles for College Men and save you from $1 to $5.

P. S. BOTER & Company
“Best Clothing and Shoe Business in Holland”
16 West Eighth Street

FIRST STATE BANK
With Savings Department
CAPITAL, $50,000.00
Corner Eighth Street and Central Ave.
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

STUDENTS! STUDENTS!
We are always there with the meals, stacks and Midnight Lunches

BOSTON RESTAURANT
HOFFMAN BROS., Proprietors
Phone 1041
HOLLAND, MICH.
PHONE 1129

CENTRAL MARKET
Molenaar & De Goed, Props.
DEALERS IN
Staple and Fancy Groceries
Before you have that steak roast down the river, drop in and see our juicy cuts

The Men of the Hour Buy
Their Caps, Hats, Shirts and Toggery Wear at

4 E. 8th St. We solicit your patronage

May we have it?
Are Your Brains on Straight?

If so this is for you—a talk to the body of LEVEL HEADED Students

And the level headed ones are those who know whether they are getting their money's worth. Any day when you feel inclined it will afford us great pleasure to prove to you that your money goes farthest by purchasing your Clothes or Shoes from us.

We offer Kirschbaum all-wool, hand tailored clothes to fit all manner of men at prices from $12.00 to $22.00. We guarantee every garment. Money refunded if not satisfied. $3.00 buys a pair of "Beacon" shoes or oxfords. Here is where we save you $1.00 on each pair and you'll say so too when you inspect them.

All the latest styles in all leathers.

You'll never wear poor or ill-fitting Clothes, nor pay too much for your outfitting if you buy here.

And then remember that 10 per cent discount.

Notier, Van Ark & Winter

Think of

GRADUATION GIFTS

and you think of

Vander Ploeg's Book and Art Store

"Where you do the best."
A Stroll

Come, dear, come with me in the open air
This laboratory smoke is hard to bear
Let's leave the long, laborious search for men
For truth, Come, lock that door, to stay is sin.
This afternoon we'll trust ourselves, and joy
Child-like in April's gold without alloy.
For April's sun, more rich than Ophir's gold,
Is here, and bathes the meadow and the wold.

Thou comest! See that thread of gold that marks
The streamlet's course! They're cowslip buds, the sparks,
Of heaven's alchemy. Let's follow them,
For well I know they'll find the river's brim.

Beyond those distant trees you catch the shimmer
Of dancing waves, and far away the glimmer,
Where the river disappears. Come, hasten we,
For all this afternoon is glad and free.

Along the curve the scarlet maples burn,
Flushed with the wine of life; and as you turn
You see the dog-wood blooms, faint tinged with roses,
Their thorns and petals glassed the water shows.

The willow trees are tremulous with light
Of shivered sunbeams, softly all about;
They are with graceful robes of fairy green
Concealing half, the forms beneath the sheen.

And, dear, the ground beneath your feet is blue
With long-squatted violets, let me pluck a few
And twine them in your hair; and, hark, list well!
Those clear, sweet notes that dropping liquid swell.

Are from the hidden catbird's bubbling throat.
Hark! how the joy of living thrills each note!
His song is rapture born of pure delight,
The singer's joy that feels the world is bright.

Now, let us home with soul expanded, free
With simple joy, with glad tranquility;
Because the soul a closer kinship feels
With Nature who the great unknown reveals.

—STANLEY F. FORTUNIE
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

It is a seldom expressed fact—of perhaps little moment—that some of England's greatest literary artists have lived and labored during the reigns of her greatest queens. Queen Elizabeth's reign has been branded with fame and historical worth, by the song of "Avon's Sweet Swan." And, in later years, the pages of Queen Victoria's history have been graced by the art of no less a personage than Alfred Lord Tennyson.

What Shakespere lacked, Tennyson enjoyed. The advantages of birth, education, rank, moderate means—at least sufficient to educate him during his boyhood.—were some of the forces that conspired to make Tennyson what he became. It is said of Tennyson that, as a boy, he was exceptionally bright and supple of mind. But such a statement has never been made of Shakespere, for he gained all his knowledge outside of the supposed sanctuary of education's foundation, the school. Shakespere's plays are the fruits of a mind as unforgettable almost as the Past itself, and as capable of expressing its thoughts in honeyed words as the meadow-lark is of giving note to its overflowing feeling of joy in the springtime. On the other hand, Tennyson was no genius. It is true, he had a wonderful mind and a prodigious memory, but he perfected his art by the constant application of all his time and energies to it. His poems and songs are the fruits of a fertile and well-cared for intellect. Shakespere's plays show an easy, off-hand, flowing style; Tennyson's poems, in many instances, appear studied, artificial and strained, but almost always full of thought and hidden meaning, which can be understood by no superficial reader.

To say that Tennyson stood for what is artistic in versification would scarcely be an expansion of the truth. We have been told that Robert Burns was all heart and very little art, and that Tennyson was all art. Yes; it is true that through-out all his poems the artistic element is exceedingly prominent, but very many of his works are, to my mind, a subtle and crafty combination of the artistic and the emotional. Review for a moment his most precious jewels. The "In Memoriam" is the cry of a soul suppressed. It is the stifled wail of a grief that lies too deep for tears. It shows a heartfelt longing for a dear, dear friend, as lost forever. They say a dry-eyed grief stings deeper than a grief suffused in tears. Such a tearless grief was Tennyson's. It found its long-delayed expression in his tribute to the dead Arthur Henry Hallam. The emotion may not appear in bold faced type, but there it is, and who can deny it?

Again, his last and perhaps his masterpiece, "Crossing the Bar," shows his depth of feeling. It is not such a sympathetic emotion as that which is characteristic of Burns. It is a greater and a deeper sentiment. It shows his trust and his deep-seated consciousness of safety in his Pilot's hands, and therefore it will ever remain as the emblem of a true heart-felt and religious faith. Not only these two poems, but also many others, show that, amid the thoughtful and careful architecture of his verses, there abounds the emotions of love and hate, sympathy and appreciation, hope and despair.

Tennyson's careful study of form resulted in most beautiful and pleasing little rhymes. I cannot refrain from repeating a few verses from one of these, "The Brook." They run as follows:

"I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

"And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel."

It seems to me that I have never met any bit of poetry more
pleasing or more conducive to jovial feeling than this little bit. One can almost see the tiny rivulet as it brings life and good cheer to all in its path. Tennyson's art surely had reached a high stage of development.

It is commonly supposed that most poets are developed from a precocious childhood to a maturity that abounds in much else than practicability and rare common-sense. Tennyson is, indeed, an exception to this rule. For Tennyson was a scientist, astronomer, physician, biologist, philosopher and poet, all in one. The Immortal Shakespere made many gross errors in his reference to scientific subjects. Not so with Tennyson. Every word; every expression; every thought; and every reference was studied and approved of before it could be employed. To this fact we might well attribute Tennyson's poetic ability.

Tennyson has again proved to be exceptional in that, during his own times, and in his own country, he was honored above many others. To him, as we all know, was bestowed the royal office of Poet Laureate. This position he filled capably for many years. His poems, in printed editions, brought him a handsome income, which enabled him to devote still greater energies to his life's work. Popular favor followed him from his college days to his grave, for in his works was that element which can appeal to every human heart, no matter how unrefined. Tennyson lived and died, but by his living and by his death the world has been made brighter. His poems have enriched the ages, and his memories have moved many a heart.

In this brief essay I have failed to give you an account of Tennyson's life. But, was it necessary? Are the few facts of a poet's existence comparable to the immortal expressions of his innermost soul? To me it seems that by reading Tennyson's works one may learn to know the man, how fancy-free, how imaginative, how chivalrous and how austere and morose he could at times become. Indeed, they say, if all literature, save the Bible and Shakespere's works, were destroyed, literature would again be revived, for in Tennyson's works as an acquisition, the loss of which the world might scarcely survive.

—Frank J. Hospers, '10.
bow-boat whether the latter shall push the head end of the raft to the right, or pull it to the left. Now the stern boat backs-water in order to swing the raft into its proper position. I wonder at the skill of the man at the pilot wheel and at the agility and skill of the men who skip along over the rolling logs.

Now the raft comes to a bridge under which the large stern-boat cannot pass. The smoke-stacks of the bow-boat, however, are shorter than those of the larger craft, and so will not obstruct its passage. I see that the stern-boat is cutting loose as it nears the bridge. Soon it backs up and steams around to the draw to pass through it. It is now on the other side and goes to rejoin its little helper which, entrusted with the care of the raft, has safely conducted it under the bridge. I know that they will journey together down the winding river, and at last having moored their raft at its destination, they will bind the bow-boat to the side of its larger brother, and together they will make their way up-stream to assume the guidance of another charge.

It is all very vivid in my memory. I remember the names of many of the boats—the “Ben Hershey”, the “J. W.” and “Lydia Van Sant”, the “Verne Swain”, “Joe Long”, “Artemus Gates,” “Lafayette Lamb”, “Winona”, and many others. How many pictures have I not drawn of them in school, when I should have been studying? We all had our favorite and knew which had the greatest speed. Many an hour, too, have I spent in the saw-mill, watching the dripping logs slowly pulled up the long chute. The carriage, the band-saws, and the many different machines used before the smoothly planed board is produced, have held me bound in wonderment. You will pardon me for recalling one little incident which remains fresh in my memory. It was on a warm summer afternoon that I had gone to the saw-mill to while away my time. There I had taken a station from which I could overlook one of the interesting departments. Becoming wearied, my eye-lids closed and my head drooped. Suddenly I awoke to see one of the workmen laughing at me. You would have laughed to see with what shame I walked away toward home.

Even though the mill is entirely gone and a raft is getting to be a rare sight, these scenes of my childhood are impressed upon my mind to stay. I seldom think of the passing of the rafting industry from the Mississippi waters but that there comes to my mind a thought of the transitoriness of man's work, and of man's life. Then I think, are we going to leave just a mere trace of the position we have once occupied? Visibly, yes; but unseen influences will have gone out from us, and will have gone into the structure of lives, which men and women coming after us will build.

—ARTHUR HEUSINKVELD, '12.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE LECTURE COURSE.

The saying is that the measure of the success of a preacher is not of how entertaining he may be at the moment, but of how lastingly he may have been able to imprint his message upon the minds of his hearers; and so with this year's lecture course, it seems to me that the same criterion of success might well be applied. For, to me at least, the lecture course this year has left more than ever before.

S. H. Clark, Dramatic Interpreter, from the University of Chicago, presented at the opening of the year George Eliot's "Silas Marner." Perhaps he, of the entire course, was the least popularly received. And the reason lies partly in the selection of a novel of such depth rather than one of a more popular order, as his theme for interpretation; and partly in the almost total absence of the usual machinery of the interpreter—the lightning change of facial and vocal expression. There will always be the argument between the one who demands the "physical" interpreter, and the other who prefers the interpretation of an author's meaning and purpose. Prof. Clark appealed to the latter. His peculiar stress upon a word, a phrase, a sentence which was to make plainer the gradual evolution of character and plot, was par-
particularly fine. One instance. When Dunsay went from the stone cottage with Marner's bags of gold, Mr. Clark's stress upon the sentence, "And he rushed out into darkness" pointed so unerringly toward that day sixteen years hence when the gold and the body was found in the old stone quarry, that even one totally unfamiliar with the story must have felt the significance of the words.

Champ Clark, of Missouri, gave me more real amused enjoyment than any other number. His lecture, "Picturesque Public Men," was not so much of a revelation to the regular of the stories on public men have appeared at one time and reader of The Saturday Evening Post, for the greater number another under "Who's Who and Why," but the revelation of the man's personality and manner of looking at happenings "in congress and out of it," was the reward that most of us got out of it. Once he said: "You may quarrel with what I have to say, but this is my lecture and I'm saying in it what I want to say." Champ Clark is a great man in national affairs, and it is not very often that we have an opportunity to see, and, at least attempt, to study a great man. His colossal conceit is so disarming and open that one is quite charmed. I think it was Holmes who said that "conceit is the salt of life; without it there is no flavor to existence." Certainly anyone that is at all interested in the study of personality found a rare opportunity in Champ Clark.

Whitney Brothers came next. It was the only number of the course that I missed. For days I heard from every source nothing but "Whitney Brothers", until I actually felt confident that I could give a most accurate description of each member of the quartet, their singing, their stories, and their history. Finally, when I heard someone commence to talk about the famous quartet, I stood ready to prompt the narrator when he hesitated, even to the smallest detail. That number certainly must have passed the previously mentioned test of a good preacher, but inasmuch as they were minister's sons, why not?

The aggregation of Four Artists surely lived up to the very generous advertisement given them by their forerunners, the Whitney Brothers. The pianist, Mr. Shonert, looked everything but his part—even his hair was false—but he certainly was a master accompanist. Everyone was charmed by his music, both as accompanist and as a soloist. Madame Beebe's manner was rather too coy for her figure, but hers was a beautiful voice. It seemed rather too bad that she was not received more cordially by her audience. Mr. Carr was most pleasing. His Irish folk songs were exceptionally well received. And "Especially—Especially—The Drum-Major" still finds its echo in Holland. But the finest of the Four Artists was the little violinist, Mr. Ploots. More than once I heard the expression, "I have never heard the violin played before." And we have thought that we had been particularly fortunate in the violin before now.

The Rogers-Grilley combination of harpist and reader was very well received. Mr. Rogers is a musician for the sake of music itself, and his appearance is not especially easy or graceful except when touching his very beautiful harp. The harp, by the way, according to Prof. Nykerk's very generous information, was made by Lyon & Healy of Chicago. Most people love harp music and they were made very happy by Mr. Rogers' beautiful interpretations, for such they were. Mr. Grilley, the reader, kept his audience in a very good humor. Personally I was in the depths of gloom—the victim of the blues, grouch, a cold—but they didn't last long under Mr. Grilley's genial influence. "It's too bad" we can't have him often, "for he is a nice man."

Edward Amherst Ott closed the lecture course with his famous "Sour Grapes." There has been nothing finer ever given in Holland. There are few men who could have said so much, and have made it strike with such telling force upon the most vital points in the lives of his hearers, as Mr. Ott did in the two hours that he talked to us. A most rapid speaker, of remarkable dramatic ability, he carries his audi-
ence with him through each thought and sentence of his lecture. A firm believer in heredity, or "hetrey diterey", as the old farmer called it, he spoke so convincingly of the home, the community, the state, the nation's tremendous responsibility in the making of future generations, and quoted statistics so appalling, that one could not forget, if he would, the message the man was bringing to his audience. If the lecture course had consisted of but one number, and that number have been Edward Amherst Ott, the patrons of the course would have then been deeply in debt to the Lecture Course management of 1910.

And these are the impressions left by the Lecture Course this year. I cannot ask for better, but I wish a success as signal for the management of 1910-1911.

—BLANCHE A. HOWELL.

COLLEGE LIFE IN JAPAN.

I came from Shizuoka, my father's country home, west of Tokio, when I was eleven. There I had learned all Japanese grammar, easy mathematics, and Japanese geography. At Tokio I went in the Peers' College, where all sons of peers and big men of our country are educated. Americans, English, French teach there, also many Japanese teachers. When in lowest classes I studied Japanese, Chinese, English mathematics, my country history, writing, picture making, also soldier drill three times a week. When a student fails in one study he must take all year again. Character also has marks. All are A, B, C, character. A is best, then B, then C. Below C cannot go to Peers' College. Students sit best near teacher, in front, poor students in the other seats. No girls go to our college; they go to a Peeress' School.

We have baseball, tennis, also many boat races on Sumida river. There is not so much fun in Peers' College, everybody stays at father or relatives' house, and students are much watched. On Saturday, or when we sneak away, we walk six miles from Tokio and all take our lunch. Often we climbed hills. From the end of March to April 15 we had much fun. Then all boat teams go to the boat house on the river banks and train for the big races. I was always in teams, in the third team. We never beat, always beat third.

I was in Peers' College six years, in the Preparatory Department, then I came to America to school.

—YAMAMOTO MAKOTO, "Special."

PEN PICTURES.
The "Would-be."

"There he goes; he must be sick." He is, and his disease is contagious, and dangerous when once it becomes chronic. Every student has a touch of it at some stage of his career,—the faculty seems strangely immune. The disease has been carefully diagnosed in chapel talks, so these observations are merely superficial. The invalid rarely knows of his affliction, and is a source of much amusement to psychologic friends and professors with economic-ward ambitions. The sight is amusing. A plush-like pompadour is the only covering afforded his head. His face is always adorned by a crook-stemmed bargain-counter briar, or, if the subject is no longer a minor, a cigarette. It needs no seasoned smoker to notice that his enjoyment of the weed is entirely negative, and that the pipe is purely a bit of stage-property. There is a pseudo-nonchalance, too, which ill-fits the youthful appearance. But mannerism and vagaries are not the only symptoms the "would-be" exhibits. His personal adornment is both fearful and wonderful. Happy is he when an athletic letter adorns his brilliant sweater. His trousers remind one of the Dutch fishing costumes on rusk packages, making up in width what they lack in length. But be the "would-be" what he may, we are glad he is here, if only to furnish material for professors inclined to sarcasm; and then, too, "what's a college for?"

A Diagnosis.

"Die den schoen passt, trek hem aan."

It began when she was in the fourth reader grade. When—
ever the authority at the desk wished to be answered quickly and correctly, she had only to raise her head to find a frantically waving hand whose small owner was waiting for recognition in order to display her knowledge. She was so bewitchingly attentive, how could the teacher thwart her ardor? Moreover, she was at the "cute" age, and so interested in the work. If desiring to be noticed is the criterion by which we judge interest, she certainly was—especially in her classmates' failure to recite.

But she did not remain in the fourth reader grade. She might have been promoted even if she did not recite so much and anger her playmates beyond endurance. A co-ed now, she still has the habit of attracting attention when she wishes to recite. It is true, she no longer waves her hand, but when some unfortunate, called upon to recite, dubiously ventures, "I can't say exactly—" a light begins to kindle in her eyes, a patronizing smile spreads over her face, she leans forward perceptibly, and waits. The results are as effective as when she was a child. A "Well—" from the authority at the desk gives her an impetus to launch forth into her correct and carefully prepared answer. Her manner, sufficiently distracting to drive the thoughts from the unfortunate one's mind, has enabled her to star again. And the class—is still polite.

The House on the Hill.

All the students know it—from the outside. Its a proud little house, rearing itself from the crown of the hill like the very "citadel of our hope." The older students have acquired a sort of condoning love for the little red pile, notwithstanding its seeming uselessness, for it seems so sturdy and proud. But the Senior of five years hence, if the Fates and the Faculty are propitious, often gazes apprehensively at the mysterious square building, with its formidable apparatus atop. For somewhere in that long row of college courses framed in the lobby, he has heard there is a magic word which is the key to this puzzling house on the hill. But years come and go, and the hirsute "Prep," becomes a Stetson-crowned Senior, and the little red house is still a puzzle, for its key is an "elective" and only a minor credit.
a diligent and accurate research in matters relevant to the subject. The student learns to discard extraneous material and to choose only those things which are absolutely essential. His point of view becomes more definite and he begins to think with clearness and precision. And from this there springs the second reward like a mathematical corollary, the ability to use principles of logic, namely, method, order and system. To be able to make practical use of these is of incalculable value in whatever form of expression one may choose to engage.

This two-fold satisfaction, we believe, has in part been experienced by these six men and those who engaged in the preliminary debates. But what about next year’s debating? Let not these splendid victories lull us into a lethargic sleep—resting confidently on laurels won. Debating is fast coming into favor among our colleges, and almost everywhere we find the old style of elocution supplanted by the argumentative method of writing and speaking. Thus with a united effort let all those who can (and they can who think they can) try out in the preliminaries, and then the law of activity will be followed by the law of progress, and this alone assures satisfactory results. —E. O. SCHWITTERS.

FACULTY EDITORIAL

Why should not Hope College be represented at the Women’s Contest of the Michigan Oratorical League at Ypsilanti next spring? This year at Lansing, although the best seats in the house were reserved for the Holland delegation, Hope was conspicuous by her absence from the afternoon contest. This was, however, due to the fact that we did not receive our letters of instruction before leaving Holland. In the evening we were there in full force, and had every reason to be proud of our representative in the Men’s Contest. Shall we not go to Ypsilanti next spring with even more enthusiasm, to support speakers in both contests, and perhaps bring home some honors?

The orations are already in for the Raven Prize Contest, which will take place during Commencement week, and the winner will, as usual, represent us at the State Oratorical League. Though there is no room in the Commencement week program for a women’s oratorical contest, and though there is not sufficient time between now and June to prepare for such a contest, yet there seems to be no good reason why eight or ten girls may not have orations ready to deliver some time in October, the best one to be selected to represent the feminine element of Hope College at Ypsilanti the following March. With full recognition of the fact that the young women on the program at Lansing made a fine appearance, delivered some excellent orations, and reflected great credit on their respective colleges, the writer is convinced that Hope College girls need not hesitate to enter the contest. We have a number of young women who are attractive in appearance, who have ability to write, and who are gifted in oratory. Will the girls respond to the call?

WASHINGTON BUST CONTEST.

The second prize contest for the J. Akerman Coles’ Bust of Washington, held April 27, 1910, in Winants Chapel, was the occasion of another example of Hope's prolificacy in orators. All the orations were of the patriotic order, and after three hours of such oratory, few hearers could possibly have remained pessimistic as to the happy future of the Republic.

The winner, J. J. Heemstra, ’10, presented a strong didactic oration, “The Ideal Republic.” Mr. Heemstra is fortunate in having a style so well suited to his virile, direct delivery. H. V. E. Stegeman, ’12, whose oration, “In the Van of the Nations”, was given second place, was a revelation to his friends. Although comparatively inexperienced in public speaking, his delivery, naturally earnest, was greatly reinforced by his complete self-possession. He tied with the winner in thought and style, and his impression on the audience
was marked. H. Vruwink's oration, "Industrial Peace", was awarded third place.

As to the other orations, there was not one which was not a credit to the man presenting it. Wide as the range of subjects was, there was not one but that the orator struck some chord in the heart of every American. These men will be heard from again. Such voices must not be stilled; they had their messages. As a prominent literary man said after the decision: "I would rather be one of the orators than one of the judges."

The Judging Committee consisted of Judge P. J. Danhof, Rev. Alex Brown, and Prof. C. J. Dregman. We are glad to say for these gentlemen that their decision gave universal satisfaction, and that the thanks of all the students is theirs.

We print the order of the speakers:

H. V. E. Stegeman—"In the Van of the Nations."
O. Droppers—"The Development of a Great Republic's Principle."
H. Anker—"The Child of the Factory."
J. Heemstra—"An Enduring Republic."
M. Visscher—"Whither Goeth America?"
H. Vruink—"Industrial Peace."
H. Lampen—"Lafayette, an Example of Unselfish Patriotism."

The Sea

The ocean billows round about me roared,
And angry lashed the rocks that lay around;
I thot' of Tennyson, so much adored,
Whose verses with the love of sea abound.

The noisy scream of sea gulls swelled the air,
Voices, the Laureate loved to hear rang out,
And lightened all mv load of heavy care,
My sorrow, anguish, fear, my stubborn doubt.

A heavy wind swept o'er the furious sea,
And dashed the waves far out upon the sand;
It brought again fond memories to me
Of loved ones in the blessed, happy land.

FANNY A. VAN ZOEREN "A"

A Double Victory for Hope.

The second annual debates of the triangular debating league were held on the evening of April 8th, 1910. The honors, this year, belong to Hope, for we were victorious both at home, where we met Alma's team, and at Olivet. The subject of the debates was, "Resolved, That the United States Should Levy a Progressive Income Tax, Constitutionality Conceded."

At home we defended the affirmative side. The speakers for Hope were J. DeMotts, J. A. Vis, and J. Heemstra. The speakers for Alma were A. Lindley, B. Von Thuren and C. D. Call. Mr. DeMotts was the first speaker of the evening and he clearly and concisely outlined the arguments to be presented by the affirmative. Though it is Mr. De Motts' first year of college work, he is already a debater of high rank. Mr. Vis, Hope's second speaker, was very forceful in his delivery, and spoke with wonderful conviction. Mr. Heemstra is an exceedingly strong debater and delivered a masterful address.

Hope's men spoke with greater conviction than Alma's men and presented their arguments with greater definiteness. The Alma men, however, were all men of ability and worthy opponents, as is shown by the decision of the judges, which was 2 to 1 in favor of Hope. As The Weekly Almanian says, "Alma was not defeated because of the weakness of her men, but because of the ability of the men from the western part of the state."

At Olivet, Hope's team defended the negative side of the question. Berry of Olivet opened the debate, and spoke suavely and convincingly. Royal took up the argument and continued it with keeness and force. McAllister presented
the closing arguments with the same determination that helped him win for Olivet the enviable positions she took in the cross-country run on the following day. Hope's team, consisting of Luidens, Ahbink, and Dame, was strong in clearness and conciseness, in proper assimilation and management of material, and in forceful delivery. The decision of the judges was two to one in favor of the negative. The winning debaters were delightfully entertained by the students of Olivet. After the debate a reception was given in honor of the winning team.

The success attained in these debates is largely due to the excellent training which the inter-society debates afforded. We hope that the inter-society debates may be continued next year, with equal fervor and enthusiasm, and then it will be ours to enjoy victory again in 1911.

MISS TAFT'S VISIT.

On April 19th and 20th, Hope College was visited by Miss Frances L. Taft, travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. A joint meeting of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. was held on Tuesday evening, April 19. Miss Taft spoke to us about personal consecration, urging us to make Christ supreme in our lives. Her strong personality, coupled with conviction of manner and honesty of purpose, gave her message an unusual impressiveness. We trust that the influence of Miss Taft's visit will be deep-seated and abiding.

MINERVA SOCIETY ENTERTAINS.

On Friday evening, April 29th, the Minerva Society pleasantly entertained some of the young men. The party was held on the third floor of Van Raalte Hall, which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion with pennants and flowers. After a few well chosen words by the president, the evening was spent in games, which were heartily enjoyed. Dainty refreshments were served and the evening ended with three rousing cheers for the hostesses. The Minerva officers for this term are as follows: President, Hendrine Hespers; vice president, Jennie Lubbers; secretary, Hattie Riksen; treasurer, Nellie Smallegan.

The Second Annual Invitation Cross-country run was held Saturday, April 9. Five teams participated and the affair was a huge success from every point of view. Large crowds watched the thirty runners from all available spots, and when Tilliston of M. A. C. and Voelkner of Olivet came down the home stretch together, after the four-mile grind, cheer after cheer met them. By a final spurt the M. A. C. lad won the gold watch put up by the Hardie Jewelry company, and also led his team to victory. The Holland Business Men's trophy goes to them for one year, to be competed for again next spring. The other teams finished in the following order: Olivet; G. R.; Y. M. C. A.; Hope; Muskegon H. S. All the contestants were well pleased with the prizes and the fine reception extended them by the Hope students, and so we have fine prospects for an even larger entry list next year.

H. Van Tongeren has offered a splendid silver cup, valued at $15, for the Grand Rapids-Holland relay race to be run May 14.

The first inter-class meet will be held May 21. It will be a regular college field day, all athletic events being on the program, and the class scoring the most points wins the Wykhuizen-Karreman trophy for one year. This cup has been presented for annual competition for six years and is a fine piece of sterling worth $30.

HOPE 4; HOLLAND INDEPENDENTS 0.

When David killed Goliath and when John Paul Jones hauled down the Union Jack in the English channel, surprise and joy surely ran riot in their camps. Still it seems impossible that these feats could have aroused a more surprised
enthusiasm than when Hope turned the annual defeat of the Holland Independents to victory April 16. Not only did our men defeat them, but they did not allow one man to cross the home plate. A shut-out for the Independents! It all seems like a dream, but the score, 4—0 is in black and white in the score book and it makes us justly proud of our team.

Honors of the game must go to our captain, John Laven. Through his effective pitching, the erstwhile "clouters" only got four hits, and to their deep chagrin seven strike-outs were added. With Roggens on third and "Mack" at short, it was practically impossible to get a ball through the infield. Hope's fielding should certainly be complimented. It all seems like a dream, but the score, 4—0 is in black and white in the score book and it makes us justly proud of our team.

Honors of the game must go to our captain, John Laven. Through his effective pitching, the erstwhile "clouters" only got four hits, and to their deep chagrin seven strike-outs were added. With Roggens on third and "Mack" at short, it was practically impossible to get a ball through the infield. Hope's fielding should certainly be complimented. Hits—Hope 4, Holland Independents 4. Batteries—Hope, G. Stegeman, J. Laven; Holland Independents, D. Elton, O. Oettema, C. Shaw.

HOPE 6; HOLLAND H. S. 3.

With enthusiasm running high after the cross-country run, Hope opened the baseball season at home by defeating the local High School 6—3. The splendid fielding of our boys was decidedly in contrast with their poor form at bat. However, Hope proved its superiority at all stages of the game. Much credit must also be given the High School for their excellent showing. It is undoubtedly one of the strongest High School teams in the state. As this is only the first game of a series of three with the locals, we will soon meet them again.

Exchanges

In glancing through our exchanges, we find considerable variety in the line of cuts. We find some that are beautifully symbolic and suggestive, which lend dignity to the page—some that are humorous and very apt in their place; and others that may be classed as absurd caricatures, or mere ludicrous cartoons. Upon this last class we place the ban. It is not in our province or in the range of our ability to recomment any particular model or type, yet we do plead for cuts that reveal a hand of care and skill, and that are worthy of place in college and high school journals.

Last month, a protest from the exchange desk was entered against the "Calvin College Chimes" for inserting "ads" among her literary pages. In her last issue she explained her case, by maintaining that justice to the advertisers demands that the "ads" appear in conspicuous places. This stand is taken with a benevolent purpose, it is true; but the effect of this method is its own condemnation. Rather than sacrifice any of the "aesthetic value" of the paper, the management should use the time-honored arrangement, and at the same time push a vigorous campaign among the students in order to arouse them to support the advertisers. Something may also be done by making the advertisements as catchy and attractive as possible—a good "ad." commends attention.

"The Olivet College Echo" recently startled us by deigning to make an attempt at an exchange department, under the caption of "With Other College Papers." Keep it up, Echo; we're looking for more.

We congratulate Albion and Hillsdale Colleges on their success in the State Prohibition and Peace Contests. Now, it would seem to us that the "Pleiad" and the "Collegian," which represent such strong schools, should contain more articles of literary value. It is well and good to have a paper to chronicle the college doings, but it should not lack a good array of literary productions, to reflect the excellence of the school's attainments. However, we enjoyed the poem, "Longing", and the story, "Whom God Hath Joined", in the "Pleiad." The story has a simple plot and "unity of impression", and is written in terse, effective language.

"Hilltop Visions", in "Cooper Courier" is very good as a didactic interpretation of Nature. "Shall the People Rule?" is an extensive and bold discussion of present conditions in America, but instead of treating some theme suggested by the
In 1887 he married Fanny Phelps, ’82. In October of the same year they left for their mission field. Twenty years of labor have been spent there, with only two short furloughs. We feel that the Reformed church has lost a great worker in the loss of Dr. Otte. But we sincerely hope and pray that we all may feel a stronger call to fill up the ranks.

John Van Zante, ’07, has accepted the call to the Reformed church at Metuchen, N. J. Rev. Conklin, who died last summer, formerly had the church. He was for many years the field secretary for the Board of Domestic Missions.

Born, to Rev. and Mrs. C. Vander Schoor, ’05 and ’03, of Baldwin, Wis., April 30, a son.

Edward Strick, ’03; Judson Kolyn, ’06, and Arnold Mulder, ’07, were campus visitors.

Dr. A. Oltmans, ’83, was re-appointed some time ago to resume his work in the Theological Seminary in Tokyo, Japan, and expects to go back there in August. Dr. S. M. Zwemer, ’87, also expects to go back about the same time to his field in Arabia. His work will be done by Dr. W. I. Chamberlain, the new secretary of Foreign Missions.

The Mission Class of the Third Reformed church surprised its teacher, Prof. G. H. Dubbink, ’92, and presented him with two valuable volumes of Prof. Henry Van Dyke.

A pretty home wedding took place in New Brunswick, April 14, when Miss Adelia Siemons became the wife of Rev. Anno Charles Dykema, ’06, of Mahuah, N. Y. The Rev. Dr. P. T. Pockman of the First Reformed church, and Rev. Martin Qual of the German Reformed church were the officiating clergymen. Prof. Charles H. Hart, organist and choirmaster of the First Reformed church, rendered the nuptial music. Pink and white was the color scheme carried out in the decoration of the house, and also of the gowns of the bridal party. Sisters of the bride attended as maids of honor and bridesmaid. Rev. Dykema was attended by his brother, James Dykema, Senior at Hope. Peter Pleune, ’09, of the
Theological Seminary at N. B., acted as one of the ushers. The Anchor extends its congratulations.

Now that June and Commencement time are drawing near, we hope that the Alumni will lay plans to come back to attend the various exercises. Both the Alumni associations are to have their annual banquets and, among the societies, the Fraternal Society will give its annual banquet on June 9, to which its alumni are invited.

“Whom the Local Editor writeth about he loveth.”—Anchor ’98.

Prof. Patterson in Botany: “We have a number of different kinds of mint.” He then proceeded to name the plants of the mint family. “Does anyone know any more?”

Serena Haberman called out: “Spearmint” as she diligently chewed her tongue.

Barbara Fritchie Up-to-date.

Who touches a rat on your peroxide head, croaks like a pup. Skidoo, he said.—Ex.

The automobile divides all mankind into two classes—the quick and the dead.—Ex.

During his recent talk in chapel, Van Slyke looked at the D’s and said: “Is that par?” He should have looked among the Freshies.

Prof. Patterson, in Biology class: “How many have text books?”

Abbink and H. V. E. Stegeman raised their hands.

Prof. P.: “Well, practically nobody has a book.”

Delia (in French): “I have promised to be Frank’s.”

An A class student’s version of “Intimations of Immortality” is “Imitations of Immorality.”

Want Ads.

Jennie Pikaart—“A man who doesn’t use the detestable weed.”

Gerrit De Jonge—“A good cook.”

John Bennink—“One of the 47 varieties.”

Anna Schuelke—“Jim.”

Agnes Stapelkamp—“Black ink.”

Bessie Fellows—“A bonny bush (without briers).”

Charlotte Boer’s opinion of Freshman and Sophomore boys: “By their feet ye shall know them.”

Women’s faults are many;

Men have only two—

Everything they say,

And everything they do.—Ex.

De Motts: “Something is preying on my mind.”

Prof. Nykerk: “It must be awfully hungry.”

After carefully drilling her class on the names of the different ports of China, one of our former students received this answer to the question, “What are some of the chief ports of China?”

“Imports and exports.”

Prof. Brush (after instructing his class to furnish themselves with a copy of “The Ring and the Book”): “The book costs fifty cents.”

John Levan: “How much is the ring?”

Dr. Godfrey: “Miss Visscher, of what use is sodium bicarbonate?” (washing soda).

Miss V.: “Well—ah—it’s used in making bread.”

author?”

Flatfoot to Van Houweling: “Who is your favorite

Van H.: “My father?”

Flatfoot: “Your father! What did he write?”

Van H.: “My checks.”
Senior Co-ed: "Mary's hair is what you might call Titian, isn't it?"
Senior: "Yes, or imi-Titian."—Ex.

During the recent reproduction of the comedy, "Cinderella", we were very much surprised to see Prof. Dimnent carefully focus his opera glasses upon the players in the "spoony parts."

Sociology?

After careful deliberation the prize book, "How to Study Greek," has been awarded to B. Wynveen. His answer was: "As long as it takes a hop-toad to make a shirt-waist for an elephant out of two yards of well-water."

Mrs. Durfee to Cloetingh, in English: "Give the abbreviation for mademoiselle."
C.: "Mdse."
Mrs. D.: "She may look it."

Lives of Seniors all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Ponies for some weaker mind.

After several days of continued rain, Irene was heard to say: "We certainly do need a few 'Dyks' in this town."
Miss Baker has invested in a life subscription to the Anchor.

A few reasons for the happy faces we see about the campus:
The Eastern Seminary students will soon be here.
John C. Hoekje has accepted a position in the Zeeland schools.
The Seniors have almost completed their course at Hope.
Arie Te Paske's papa says Arie may attend the Western Theological School next year.

Necessity prompted the organization of a "Pure English Club" in the advanced class in Qualitative Analysis. The officers are: President, "Boor" De Haan; Secretary and Treasurer, "Butch" Den Herder; Judge, "Slick" Manting;
Eye GLASSES

That will fit any shape nose and make a good appearance on your face, fitted with the best glasses made, are sure to give you comfort.

Eyes Tested Free

Geo. H. Huizenga & Co.
Optometrist

38 East 8th St. Holland, Mich.

For College Printing, see

Garvelink Printing Company
Printing "AS YOU LIKE IT"

Above Post office Citz. Phone 2036

The Season is on FOR BASEBALL GOODS, GO TO

H. Van Tongeren

Are You Tired of Monotonous Breakfast Foods? Then try

Holland Rusks
One bite gives you the appetite

Holland Rusk Company
Holland, Michigan

AFTER YOUR EVENING STROLL STOP AT OUR PALM ROOM. EVERYTHING THE BEST

C. BLOM, Jr.
The Candy Maker

18 W. EIGHTH STREET
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

Every chance customer becomes a constant customer at

FRIS' Book Store
Stop in and see our full line of stationary and books

Wykhuysen & Karreman
Watch Repairing and Jewelers

214 COLLEGE AVENUE
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

Coster Photo Supply Co.
21 E. 8th Street. Citz. Phone 1582

Photo Accessories of all kinds, Developing and Printing. Cameras for sale or rent. An elegant line of souvenir postals at one cent each
"We cut Hair
For People that care"

Casper Belt

Just Around The Corner

H. Iliohan

Graduate in the Boot and Shoe Art

E. 8th St.

The College Shoeman

For nice Home Made Candies, Chocolates, and Bon Bons

Holland Candy Kitchen

26 E. Eighth St.

Try our Hot and Cold Drinks. They are delicious. Combination lunches served at all times.

The only student four chair shop

F. Charter's

6 West Eighth Street

Next to Van Drezer's Restaurant

CHAS. D. SMITH, Druggist

5 Hotel Block

Citizens Phone 1295.

Holland, Mich.

DR. JAMES O. SCOTT, Dentist

Office over Doesburg's Drug Store.

Citizens Phone 1441

Solid Gold Jewelry for Graduating Gifts

Lasting and practical. Watches, lockets, rings, cuffs, neck chains, etc. at

HARDIE, The Jeweler

GO TO J. BARKEMA

for FINE FOOTWEAR

Repairing a Specialty

130 E. 8th Street

MRS. J. C. BROWN

Ice Cream in Season

Home Baked Goods and Candy

Citz. Phone 1751

Superior Photos and Portraits

T. F. Noble

Photographer

103 Monroe Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Finest Equipped Studio in Grand Rapids. Come in and see us.

Special Rates to Students
Lovers should see
Our Line of
Brownies and Kodaks

H. R. Brink

Central Drug Store
Ice Cream Soda, Drugs, Stationery, etc.
Our Soda Fountain is one of the finest in the city. We are the only store in the city handling the Rexall Drugs
HAAN BROS., 6 E. 8th St., Citz. Phone 1531

H. BOS, Tailor
213 River St.

STUDENTS! For first class shoe repairing go to the
ELECTRIC SHOE HOSPITAL
All work guaranteed. We also keep a full line of Shoe Polish and Laces
17 E. 8th St. Phone 1784

Brick and Bulk Ice Cream for Picnics and Parties. They all get their Ice Cream from
R. W. CALKIN
Citizens Phone 1470 "There's A Reason"

Narrow Seated Rigs for College Couples at
BOONE'S LIVERY
209 Central Avenue PHONES: Citizens 34; Bell 20

HOPE COLLEGE
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

HOPE COLLEGE
THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL
THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

COURSES

Classical
Scientific

Classical
Scientific

Piano
Voice

English-Modern Language
Latin

Violin

Biologic
English

Theory

Teachers

Composition

The Western Theological Seminary
of the Reformed Church of America is located in Holland adjoining the College Campus. Corps of Experienced Instructors

LOCATION.

On the Pere Marquette Railway, 160 miles from Chicago, 26 miles from Grand Rapids. EXPENSES MODERATE. For further information or year book apply to

PROFESSOR G. J. KOLLEN, LL.D., PRESIDENT
Holland City News
Established 1872
THE PRINTERS WHO KNOW HOW

Model Laundry
PROMPT SERVICE, FINE WORK
Citz. Phone 1442 97 99 E. 8th Street

Vander Linde & Visser
CLOTHING and GENTS FURNISHINGS
4 West 8th Street  Holland, Mich.

We can save you money. Buy your wearing apparel at

Nick Dykema
Tailor and Furnisher
Opposite Hotel Holland  Agent for American Laundry

I TAKE pleasure in informing the readers of the Anchor that despite the strong competition from outside parties I am again doing the class work for the students of Hope College and the Western Theological Seminary.

If you have any faith in the judgment of the students concerning photographs, please give us a call.

G. A. LACEY
Kanter's Block  Holland, Mich.
Graham & Morton Line
The Gateway to all Michigan

St. Joseph and Benton Harbor Division
Leave Benton Harbor 8:00 p.m., daily except Saturday.
Leave St. Joseph 10:30 p.m., daily except Saturday.
Leave Chicago 9:30 a.m., daily except Saturday and Sunday.
Leave Chicago 11:30 p.m., Saturday.
Fare 50¢, Stateroom $1.75

Holland Division
Leave Holland 9:30 p.m., daily.
Leave Chicago 8:00 p.m., daily except Sunday
Leave Chicago 9:00 p.m., Sunday.
Fare $1.50; Stateroom $1.75

The right is reserved to change this schedule without notice.
Close connections are made with Interurbans and Steam Railways.

J. S. Morton, President; Benton Harbor, Mich.
W. H. Morton, Asst. to President, Chicago, Ill.
Chas. A. Floyd, General Agent, Grand Rapids, Mich.

CHICAGO DOCK: Foot of Wabash Avenue
Chicago Telephone, Central 2162