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The Anchor

"Spera in Dea"

VOLUME XXIV

MAY, 1911

NUMBER 5

The Lily

Ah! lily on thy broken stem,
Thou art a fair one fallen.
Thy petal’s whiteness was a gem,
And golden dust thy pollen.

Thou stood’st sedately by the wall,
Of all the flowers a queen—
Thy head uplifted proud and tall,
And clad in richest green.

At noonday, sunshine made thee gold,
The breeze o’er thee blew;
At eve, thy deainty cup didst hold
Its flit of glistening dew.

No other flower could stand so high,
Nor look so pure and fair,
Nor let such glistening banners fly,
As thou did’st wave in air.

Lost night the wind bloweth ceaselessly,
Headless, with power strong;
He died away at break of day,
With shriek and careless song.

The garden now has lost its charm,
Since thy flower hath fly.
And may shouldst thou receive the harm
When boisterous winds will blow?

Sweet lily, be not sad— but say,
"Tis well, I once was queen.
My beauty was but for a day,
But joy that day has seen."
TYPES OF DELPHI GIRLS

First we have our athletic girl. Independent, frank, she carries herself with the easy grace of perfect, healthy girlhood. Always alert and eager she is, with a quick enthusiasm that flings itself headlong into any project, and makes of it a brilliant success by her boundless energy. Her popularity she gains by her quick wit and her buoyant spirits. The men like her because she meets them in a spirit of good fellowship that makes her a fine comrade. Besides, she is interested in their sports. All the members of the teams are friends of hers; she sees all the games; she keeps the score; she knows the rules; and when one comes up that she does not know, she asks about it without the slightest embarrassment because of her ignorance and in a manner that gains an intelligent, careful answer.

But behind this gayety of manner, this bubbling life, there is a strong character, a greatness of soul, and purity of thought. Loyal to her friends with a faith that never swerves, frank in her likes and dislikes, there is nothing deceptive or frivolous in her nature. The underhanded thing is far below her, she respects herself too much to stoop to take any unfair advantage. Her philosophy of life is simple and sweet. "There is a gain in every loss, do thou but find it,"—and she turns her clouds to show the silver lining always, bearing her burdens with a cheerful face that we almost forget she has them. And so she lives among us, invigorating, helping us, lifting us to higher thoughts,—inspiring us to better lives by her wholesomeness, her heartiness, her whole-souled enthusiasm, and her artless loveliness.

Then we have our social girl, our dainty, charming, lovable girl, the girl who was made for the sole purpose of creating happiness for others. Her smile is always bright, her eyes sparkling, and her face cheerful. She lives in her friends and for them. Her life is a well of happiness from which all draw. In everything she can be depended upon; her spirit of helpful-
ness brings to her many tasks that are placed upon her shoulders because others think them too disagreeable, and they are always accomplished with great thoroughness and a sweet graciousness. Her impulses are always kindly ones, her deeds are unselfish, her words carefully thoughtful of another's feelings. In company she is to be desired not so much for her brilliant powers of conversation, as for her sweet friendliness; for her ready sympathy makes her a good listener. And to her belongs this peculiar trait, that her enthusiasm is quickly aroused by another's brilliant scheme. This is peculiar to her unselfish nature, for most of us are accustomed to wasting so much enthusiasm upon our own projects that we see no beauty in another's plan. Popular as she is, she never realizes her worth, and keeps her sweet unconscious girlliness through her steady faith in others. Gracious, sweet, and true, she will be admired and loved as she deserves.

And last, we have what we like to call our mother-girl, who is womanly, lovely, and tenderly loving. If genius be infinite capacity for work, then in bility, it seems to me, must be infinite capacity for loving—and this our mother-girl has. Blessed with a heart that has room for all who are troubled, in dormitory life she is a pearl in its most perfect setting. All the girls go to her with their little secrets and their great troubles, and each one finds a quick sympathy and a tender comforting, for our mother-girl always understands. And so it comes about that she bears the burdens of all her friends, and yet remains sunny and lovely herself. For she is not tossed about by varying impulses and trifling passions,—she is calm, strong, and undisturbed by the petty vexations that are her share. They cannot destroy the peace that belongs to her by virtue of her serene conscience and her lofty soul. To her friends, she is a tender helper, a wise counsellor, a source of strength. And so we love her because of her gracious womanliness, her quick sympathy, her sweet helpfulness, and her loveliness. When we think of her we think of

"A womanly woman, who on every hand
Sheds the lustre of purity, goodness, and grace,
Who carries her loveliness stamped on her face."

'13
THE PHANTOM CANDLE.

T a fork in the road, halfway between two villages in northern Illinois, there is a deserted estate, popularly known as “Brown’s Corner.” It is a weird place, several feet below the level of the road and overgrown by a thick tangle of underbrush. At the side and back are trees gnarled and bent with age, bearing silent witness to the fact that they were once a thriving orchard but have long since outlived the days of their usefulness. A row of defected looking sumach bushes outlines the path at the left, and at the right, parallel with the road, is a dense hazel thicket. In this unpropitious setting, perhaps a hundred yards from the road, a house is dimly visible. It is a long, low, ramshackle structure of many rooms, with gently sloping roof and old-fashioned dormer-windows. One recognizes at first glance that it was once a place of surpassing beauty, in spite of its gaping, paneless windows and its flapping clapboards. Its doors have moulder from their hinges and hang helplessly ajar. In the niches of the crumbling walls, shiny lizards have their habitat. From the branches of some fallen tree comes the caw of the crow, which, to the hearer, possesses a sound of horrible mockery. It is with dread that one approaches the obscure path leading to the door. At every step reptiles glide away from underfoot and lose themselves in the deep, moist grass. Upon the low, wide porch still stands a bench covered with moss and lichens, which completes the desolate appearance of the ruins. An atmosphere of sinister gloom hangs over the premises, and suggests to the beholder the mystery of a haunted house.

The haunted house, for such it is, is now an object of much concern among real estate men, and a subject of varied reminiscence among the old cronies of the two villages. Years ago, the present owner sold it to an unsuspecting newcomer, who, on account of its favorable location, purposed to convert it into a tavern. Before operations were begun, however, rumors concerning the history of the place reached his ears, and the project was promptly abandoned, he “was willing to give spirits to his guests,—but could not afford to furnish spooks at the same price.” Legal proceedings finally so adjusted matters that the property returned into the hands of the would-be seller, who has by this time given up the idea of a sale and credited the property to his loss account.

It would be difficult to say whether any one acquainted with the circumstances of the case would accept the old house as a gift, and certainly no one could be induced to occupy it. At various times, indeed, certain adventuresome persons in the neighborhood, in order to pay off a wager or to prove the fallacy of superstition, have volunteered to spend the night in the shadows of the ruin, but strangely have always failed to appear at the psychological moment. Consequently, no two persons seem to agree exactly as to the facts of the story I am about to tell, but those given the most credence and handed down by the oldest authorities are as follows:

When this vicinity, traversed by the Des Plaines river, was still a forest, and blazed trails served as highways, a gay young man with his pretty wife had come from over seas and built a splendid house, patterned after the dwellings of his native village. It had been very conspicuous and had created much interest, since the few houses in that part of the country were rude structures of logs or of rough pine boards at best. Although the name and station of the young couple were unknown to everyone, nevertheless the neighbors, being of a friendly and hospitable character, gathered, when all was completed, to celebrate the usual house-warming. Their astonishment at being ushered into a room whose floors were covered with costly rugs and whose walls were lined with books, may be better imagined than described. Such luxury was a thing unknown to the simple rustics of that neighborhood. Even on state occasions, they were simply clad in homespun, and never in their wildest dreams had they pictured furnishings so gorgeous. It is needless to say that everything conspired to make them ill at ease and that all left at an early hour.

The event furnished gossip in the village for months afterward. The men folk were at first inclined to disapprove of the wicked display of earthly goods, but all secretly paid homage to the host who they felt must be some distinguished personage, for even in their all too brief visit they had not failed to observe his colored slave. The women marveled at
the extreme delicacy of the little wife, and were awe-stricken to learn that, like the lily, she neither toiled nor spun. Hardworking people that they were, they privately wondered if such idleness were not sinful. It was plain that these strangers were different from themselves.

As time passed, no one ventured to call again upon the young couple, who gradually became more and more exclusive and passed most of their time among their books. Thus elapsed a period of nearly three years, when, one morning, a neighbor, who was passing along on his way toward market, heard the cries of a child, which seemed to come from within the manse. The effect which this produced upon him was such that, instead of continuing his way, he turned about and made with all haste to the nearest farmhouse. Before night the whole settlement had heard the news more or less indirectly, and interest was at its highest pitch.

Most circumstances in this world yield readily to woman’s prerogatives—her sex and her mutual understanding. Thus it happened that, out of sympathy, several of the women manifested courage and braved the hostility of wealth by paying their second visit to the big house. This time their stay was more protracted, and their attitude was far different when they left. The little woman, who they learned was Mrs. Brown, they found desperately ill; and, when they had offered their advice and services, both had been thankfully accepted. The cries heard the day before by the neighbor were found to have come from a wee little girl with golden hair, who was later christened Althea. The two discoveries occasioned regular visits, which continued for a period of two weeks. At the end of that time the last visit was paid to little Mrs. Brown, who was that day carried out of the big house never to return. During the ceremony—and throughout the ensuing night, the rain fell drearily upon the grave as if to add emphasis to the grief of the already stricken husband. The condoling neighbors recalled the superstition regarding the rain-washed grave; and, seeing the overwhelming sorrow, looked at each other and sadly shook their heads, anticipating the second death within the year.

Although their fears did not fully materialize, still the master of the big house was a changed man. He no longer kept up the grounds about his home. The old order of things was changed. All the former luxury was dispensed with, and only the bare necessities of life were permitted. As years passed by, Mr. Brown became more and more eccentric, and even began to be feared by the folk of the village. During the day he could be seen seated upon a bench upon his porch, musing with such a dismal expression upon his face that children fled at sight of him. He was never known to leave the premises except at night, when he would wander down to the little churchyard which nestled among the trees near his estate. There alone he seemed to find solace. The efforts which the minister made to arouse him from his lethargy were unavailing. Not even the duty which he owed his child could prevail upon him to abandon the morbid reflections which were daily reacting upon him.

It is a miracle, therefore, that Althea preserved the cheerful disposition which had been her inheritance. In such an environment she had developed into young womanhood—carrying with her all the delicate refinement which had been her mother’s, and the once gay, hopeful nature of her father. There was something buoyant and spirited in her manner, which set her in a class apart from the other young people. During her childhood her father had forbidden her to play with other children, and hence she had spent her days with her negro mammy as her only companion. Together they attended the services at the little church and walked about the neglected grounds. Other forms of recreation they had none. Mammy, who was passionately devoted to her charge, inwardly rebelled at the unjust restrictions laid upon the child. It may have been because she had plans of her own with regard to Althea. At any rate, when on a Sunday there appeared at church a strange young man, it happened that, at the close of the service, Mammy was nowhere to be found.

The young man bore upon his face the stamp of high breeding; and, as Althea was by far the prettiest and most desirable girl in the settlement and plainly of his type, it was small wonder that he asked permission to accompany her home. By good fortune Mr. Brown was preoccupied when she entered the house, and did not notice the absence of Mammy. On succeeding Sundays the same incident took
place, and by degrees their friendship ripened into something more. Thanks to Mammy's contrivance, their meetings remained unknown until fate finally took matters into its own hands. One Sunday evening the growing inquietude of Mr. Brown caused him to remain upon his front porch instead of going to the churchyard as was his wont. This was something upon which Mammy had not reckoned, and when the lovers returned from service, they were unexpectedly discovered. The stormy scene which followed, it were best to omit. Suffice it to say, that Althea was forbidden ever to speak to the young man again, and that he was forced to retire in discomfiture.

However, there are occasions in which youth will prevail, and this proved to be one of those occasions. For weeks Althea had conducted herself in a manner which would have convinced any one that her love affair was entirely obliterated, when one night she mysteriously disappeared. Investigation disclosed the fact that the young man also had left, but that was all that could be learned. Mammy professed great ignorance concerning the matter, and no amount of cross-questioning could induce her to utter a word.

If Mr. Brown heretofore had been a broken man, he was now a wreck both physically and mentally. What little reason had remained seemed now to have deserted him. He became aged and stooped. He began to hear strange sounds, which made him tremble from head to foot. He no longer frequented the churchyard, but confined himself to the house with a persistence that wore sadly upon poor Mammy's patience. His injustice to his daughter haunted him like an evil dream and gave him no peace night or day. He labored under the delusion that one day she would return, and, to facilitate that end, placed in her window every night a lighted candle which should serve to guide her. At length the old negroes could endure the strain no longer, and left the old man to his doom. The people of the neighborhood shunned the environs of the big house as they would have shunned some evil thing. Night after night the candle shed its light out into the thick darkness, and still Althea did not come. Day by day the old man grew more feeble. His tottering limbs would scarcely support him as he trimmed his ever-burning candle, and only the hope of her return kept up his spirits.

At last, one night the candle failed to appear in its accustomed place. The villagers observed the fact, but did not attach much importance to it. They supposed that the old man had at last grown weary of his vigil. But when on the following night the window showed only darkness as before, several persons felt impelled to investigate. They found the door locked, and upon forcing an entrance discovered the old man dead upon the floor. In his weakened condition the second sorrow had been more than he could bear, and his life had gone out with his candle, which had burned entirely away. Since no one knew of the whereabouts of either Althea or Mammy, he was quietly buried beside his wife, where he had spent so many hours of his lonely existence. After the funeral the light reappeared in its old place at the window, and bending above it was seen the likeness of the old man. Every night, according to hearsay, the spectre appears to trim the dimly flickering candle, which still burns to light the way for the daughter who has never returned. Since no one can offer definite proof to the contrary, the fancy may be justified. However, the wind has such a dismal fashion of sighing through the trees about the house, that few people are bold enough to venture off the road after dusk. Therefore the superstition clings to the place, and in all probability will cling until the walls have fallen into ruins and the haunting spirit of "Brown's Corner" has found repose and passed into oblivion.

\[ '13 \]

**WHEN THE NEW MAN CAME.**

**A**ss the pickles, s'il vous plaît?"  
"Sure, catch."  
A pickle flew across the room with alarming swiftness, and struck the outstretched hand with accuracy.  
"Good for you, Esther, you're a peach."  
A spread was in full swing in one of the third floor rooms of the girls' dormitory. Half a dozen
girls occupied every available place in the room. Theresa, gay and breezy, shared the bed with Helen, whose eyes sparkled with suppressed merriment, and with Laura, the irrepressible. Rose, fair-haired and lovely, sat upon the trunk and discussed things present and to come with Nora, who was constantly convulsing the group with her naively expressed opinions. Henrietta, irresponsible and heedless, was busy making chocolate at the table, and Esther sat meekly upon the floor as became a hostess. Kimono-clad, sweet, they chattered on gayly, an interesting group.

"When I was a kid—" spoke Theresa.

"When you were a kid! What are you now, I'd like to know?" teased Laura derisively.

"Never mind, I'll show you." There was a scramble, a whirl, a scream, and Laura found herself sitting meekly upon the floor.

"Oh, Theresa, now see what you have done. You are so inconsiderate," she complained.

Theresa giggled.

"If you eat ten olives,—Rose slipped down from her seat on the trunk and spoke impressively—"If you eat ten olives, and you don't like them, you'll like them."

"No, siree, I tried and it doesn't work. Olives are fierce."

This from outspoken Helen.

A chorus of indignant denial followed.

"Olivettes are great! I love them!"

"You don't know what is good."

"What I want to know," offered Theresa, "is when that chocolate is going to be ready."

Henrietta, stirring leisurely, turned a look of contempt toward the bed.

"You don't know anything about chocolate," she rebuked. "This will be done when it is time. I wish everybody would—"

"Put her foot on the soft, soft pedal," finished Helen gayly.

Esther suddenly awoke to her duty as hostess.

"Who wants some fudge, or dates?" she inquired, adding hospitably, "Don't all talk at once, please."

When everybody's wants had been satisfied, there was silence for a few minutes, when Theresa inquired, "Did you girls hear about the accident I had Friday night? Well, at the Frat banquet, you know, they had the loveliest chocolate,—her tongue lingered lovingly over the words, and her eyes traveled wistfully toward the chafing-dish—but the waiters weren't very good. I guess, and they spilled chocolate all down my dress in the back, and I wandered around all evening with my dress all stained, and never knew it." The words came out with ripples of laughter. "But," she added, "my bow is ruined, and I don't know how I shall take the spots out of my dress."

"Well," said Helen, with an air of grandmotherly wisdom, "you had better not try it yourself, my child; such things—" A scream from the bed interrupted her.

"That cocoa is boiling over."

"Then," said Henrietta, coolly, "it's done."

"Good. I'm just ready for chocolate after all that cake. Where are your cups, Esther?" demanded Nora.

Again there was a short silence, and Rose slipped from the trunk once more and spoke eagerly. "Girls, I know something!"

"Good work! Glad to hear it," encouraged Laura from the bed.

Theresa giggled.

"Something you don't know, and don't have to know; either, if you don't want to," she continued with a vexatious air of secrecy.

"Oh, come, don't be foolish. Tell what you know, child," said Helen severely.

"Listen, then. Theresa, do stop giggling, for conscience sake! Dr. Kollen says a new man—"

"Is coming here! Hooray!" Laura sprang from the bed, and shouted.

"Freshman?" asked Esther. "Say something, and don't look so wise."

"When you girls get through talking, I might."

The din subsided, but not before Helen had had her parting shot. "It would be just like him to be a 'D.'"

"No, he is a Freshman, and he is from the East. A fine young man, of a very good family," she finished, imitating
the President's hearty voice.

"Girls, I'll tell you," Henrietta spoke with excitement, and snatched a spoon from the table to give force to her gestures, an unnecessary proceeding, but Henrietta always needed her fingers, and arms, and eyebrows even, when she was excited, and her shoulders were as busy as a Frenchwoman's. "Let's each of us tell what we think he will be like, and then when he comes it will be so funny! I'll begin," she finished in her characteristic way.

"All right! Everybody come to order!" called Theresa in stentorian tones.

"I think—I guess he'll be tall, you know, with blue eyes, no, gray, and big and honest, you know." She finished with a half-appealing glance around the group.

"Yes, we know, sounds to us a great deal like somebody we know," teased Laura.

"Now, why do you say that again, Laura? He is nothing to me! I don't care for him!" Henrietta was getting excited.

"There, all right, I didn't say anybody, did I?" soothed Laura, and Henrietta subsided with flushed cheeks.

"Now it's your turn, Theresa."

Theresa meditated a few moments, hugging her knees. "Well, I think he'll be very dark and broad-shouldered, and black hair, and dark eyes, and nice clothes, and, oh, just nice," she finished incoherently, with a giggle.

"No, indeed, dark nothing," jeered Laura, "he'll be tall and strong with straight, fair hair, and clean-cut features, and he'll look clean and splendid, like the East. Don't you think so?" She appealed to Helen for confirmation.

"I don't know," said the other with deliberation, "something like that, a good man,—someone who knows how to behave, and is sensible."

"That's you," sputtered Laura, "you always want boys to know how to act. You never have any use for them if they don't."

"Well, that's their business," said Helen, shortly.

"Rose's turn, next!" shouted Theresa from the bed.

Rose looked long at the light, and spoke dreamily.

"I think I'd like him to be tall, of course, and dark, with sparkling blue eyes, like Jack's, a high forehead, a good, strong chin, and a straight nose, like a Gibson man."

"Hear, hear," chanted Laura softly, getting a pinch from Theresa for her pains. "I wonder how somebody who is here already would answer to that description."

"That isn't fair," said Rose, blushing.

"Now let's hear from Esther. This is interesting. We'll have some of these descriptions tacked up on the bulletin board, so if any one thinks he answers to any of them, he can apply." Helen stated her plan with satisfaction, and then nodded to Esther to go on.

The latter giggled with embarrassment. "I like a man that is nice," she began.

"Good for you! I call that original." This from Laura.

"Never mind," soothed Rose, "Laura is foolish."

"I don't care so much how he looks—"

"No, you wouldn't mind one blue eye and one gray one, or bowed legs—"

Theresa smothered the rest in a pillow. Laura stuttered, and finally emerged, remarking, "You are too violent, young lady. You will kill me yet."

Theresa giggled, "It will be your own fault if I do. You will have to learn to keep still when other people talk."

"Yes, ma'am," responded the other, with a grimace.

"Finish your story, Esther," commanded Theresa.

"There isn't much more to tell. I don't want a homely man, but a good, kind boy, you know."

"Wise child," commented Helen. "Nora's next."

"Oh," began Nora, apologetically, "I don't care what sort of a man he is. You girls make me tired. What good does it do if you talk such foolish stuff?"

"Man-hater, man-hater, you think you're going to be an old maid, don't you? Well, you aren't, I can just see you running off some fine day with a man you think is just about right."

Laura's tirade was cut short by the ten o'clock bell.

"Oh," cried Henrietta, coming back to earth with a jerk. Everybody has to wash his own dishes."

"Where's a towel?"

"Everybody works at our house," sang Helen gayly.

"When is this big gun coming?" asked Esther, with in-
terest.

"I don't know, sometime tomorrow or next day, I think," answered Rose.

There was a step in the hall, a rap at the door, a gay "Come in," and a mild rebuke—"It's time you girls were in bed. The bell has rung, and the lights will be out in about three minutes."

The girls moved reluctantly from their comfortable seats, and scattered to their rooms. All through the next day there were knowing glances exchanged, the air held a secret excitement, and when a stranger passed there were suppressed giggles. The girls were behaving foolishly and were enjoying themselves because they knew they were. The day following was just as bad. After the first class, however, Rose, meeting three of the girls on the campus, cried out, "He was in German."

"Honestly?" "What's his name?"

"German, you don't say! Do you like him?"

"Is he—What is he like?"

"I've only a few minutes," replied Rose. "His name is Herford, and he's a strapping big man. He looks quite pleasant. I didn't see his face very well. No, he didn't recipet. A language course, I think. Good clothes, yes, I should say! He is to room with Verne, he came with him. Light hair, yes. That is all I know, and I shall have to skip now, or I'll be late to French."

By night all the girls had been able to catch a glimpse of him, and when the warning bell rang, they gathered to compare notes. Even Nora was impressed. "He looks like a nice man," she said, "but he doesn't walk very well."

"Nice boy," cried Henrietta, impulsively, "is that all you can say about him? I think he's lovely! Such nice hair and eyes, and so big and strong. I guess you didn't see him very well."

"Well," said Helen, the judicious, "he is a splendid, athletic-looking fellow, but I don't know whether I think his face is handsome or not."

"Oh, I do," chimed Rose, "he has a beautiful forehead and nose. I wish I knew him."

The new man was indeed a fine-looking fellow. Tall, broad-shouldered, strong, he immediately impressed one with a sense of strength, of power. There was nothing small about him. The fair hair was brushed back from the high forehead carelessly, the features were clear-cut, strong, the nose straight, the chin firm and decided. The gray eyes looked out upon the world frankly, behind them lay nothing of which the owner might be ashamed. His bearing was one of careless ease, as if he were so sure of his strength that there was no necessity of parading it. He looked out upon the world with a smile and an attitude of careless indifference, and yet there was something even in his lazy bearing to make one feel that when he stood up straight, and squared those shoulders, and flung up that firm chin, he was a force not to be triffed with.

The girls saw very little of him the first week, he kept to his own affairs. Rose was introduced, and reported him a good entertainer. "I like," she said with some enthusiasm, "the way he throws back his head, and laughs." Then, a few days later, Theresa made an astonishing discovery. She exploded her bomb on the landing as the girls came up from dinner.

"Girls, listen! The new fellow plays basket-ball! And he's great! Verne just said so. Can't you just see him!" She hugged herself enthusiastically, giggling with delight.

"Oh!" sighed Laura, striking a tragic attitude, "he'll be the death of me yet."

"That is just it," said Henrietta innocently,—"these athletic fellows are all so nice. I can't say how I feel. A shame it is!" Utterly unable to express her feeling, she sighed.

Practical Helen interposed. "Quit your foolishness, you girls. Other boys can play basket-ball. You girls will be making fools of yourselves."

Laura's eyes looked a mirthful reproach, Theresa giggled. Henrietta drew herself up like a tragedy queen. "Do you think I'd show him that," she blazed. "I never make myself foolish, do I?" she demanded eloquently.

"We'll all hang together anyway. If I get heart-failure after the next game, you'll know what the trouble is. Come, Rose, time for German, and Laura walked off.

The next basket-ball game found all the girls there early.—
"to avoid the rush," Theresa said. The gymnasium was filling up rapidly. The tooting of horns and the flutter of banners gave promise of an enthusiastic audience, and a good audience meant a fine game.

Esther, however, was troubled. "I wish Nora were here. She told us not to wait because she went out for supper. You haven't seen her, have you, Rose?"

"No, but she will come soon, I guess. Have you seen the new man, yet?"

Then they fell to discussing the audience, and were forgetting all about Nora when suddenly Rose caught her breath in a gasp. "Great goodness!" Laura looked up to see what had caused the sudden exclamation and saw Nora walking calmly across the floor with Herford, who carried himself with a proud air of possession. The other girls saw, too, and a ripple of surprise ran over the group. Then Theresa giggled. "It's too funny," she laughed. Herford, however, soon left the room and did not appear again until the preliminary game was over and the basket-ball five ran out upon the floor. The game was a good one, and the girls were soon absorbed in watching the splendid playing. From the moment when each man stood beside his opponent, alert and eager, from the moment that the center, having measured his antagonist, tossed back the long hair from his forehead and jumped, there was not a dull second. The team played swiftly, surely; they made splendid passes, which only perfect confidence in each other could have enabled them to do; again and again the ball was tossed into the basket; the score mounted. And the other team kept pace. The excitement was intense; during the last half the sidelines and galleries were on edge always. They watched with outstretched heads, leaning far over the railing; watched tensely, keenly, with clenched fingers and teeth gritted hard. And then, as a brilliant play took away their breath, again and again they rose to their feet with one impulse, yelling frantically, and always they settled back with a sudden hush, to lose no bit of the game. The yellmaster was utterly unnecessary. When the pistol went off the crowd went wild. A victory by just two points,—and for a few moments there was pandemonium.

When the girls reached the dormitory they gathered with

one accord in Nora's room to await her coming, and fell to discussing the game with all the enthusiasm of college girls for a favorite game. They spoke of the new man and his playing, for they all agreed he had played splendidly. "And," said Laura with a dignity she felt her eyes belied, "we'll make Nora explain this outrage. Not to say a word about it!"

They were still chatting with animation when the door opened and Nora entered, looking sweet and radiant. The girls fell upon her in a body, and the next few moments were a whirl of questions, reproaches, and accusations.

"Why didn't you say something?" demanded Theresa, with mock fury. "I should think you might have. Look how we all made fools of ourselves."

"It's a nice note if you can't tell your own friends a thing or two," grumbled Esther.

"Well, but,—really, L,—how could I?" said Nora in pretty confusion. "He—L—visited in his town last summer," she finished desperately, and then dropped her head to hide her cheeks.

"Oh, no wonder he comes here," cried Theresa in sudden understanding.

The girls looked at each other mutely; then the bell rang sharply, to their relief. Laura was the first to get her mental balance. "And now I'm looking for a place," she sang gaily, and the girls filed out singing, "a very regrettable, very regrettable case."

Rose, however, lingered just long enough to drop a kiss on the bowed head and to whisper, "Never mind, dear, the girls are only teasing."

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Dearest Friend:—} \\
\text{In answer to your most urgent questions as to the way I spent my vacation, I can say that it was entirely out of the ordinary. I will assure you of the fact that I was not up to} 
\end{align*} \]
mischief. I did not engage in fanching the girls' beds, nor had I any need to borrow all their alarm-clocks to keep me from getting lonesome. There were too many here for anything like that. Rest assured I was a good girl. Having read thus far, I hope you are breathing easier.

One day we spent cleaning our rooms. It was too much bother carrying everything from third floor to the line; so to make things simpler, we threw the stuff out of the window. I was down below to catch the things that went astray. But, alas, the wind was too strong and blew some few things into a tree. By the time we had our rooms cleared, there were picture-nets, curtains, quilts, etc., waving on all the branches. We had all sorts of acrobatic performances, even tight-wire-walking. Of course these stunts were just performed on our bed-springs. Nevertheless we got our rooms clean. We were very particular about it. We even washed the matts and dusted the holes.

I s'pose you heard that one of our dearest and best friends couldn't come back to finish the year with us. It certainly was a hard blow, and nowadays we are rather lonesome. But that reminds me of the last night she slept with us. All four of us were in the Prigg Co.'s room, where they had enough beds to accommodate us, because some of their Company had broken up shares and abandoned the place of business. The "down" was rather quiet that evening, many of the girls having gone home.

Milly and I were unusually quiet. At least we decided to write a letter which Pris could read in Trainland. I went up stairs for my stationery; and after I had found it, turned out the light and tried to pick my way back to Milly's room. I was feeling around for the door, when crash! bang! I bumped my foot, and banged my nose flat against something, which—five minutes later—I decided must have been the door. Well, for a few minutes, I saw all the stars that were out. I didn't know whether to cry or laugh. But my nose began to tickle painfully, and that settled the question. I laughed so heartily, loud and long, that Milly ran to the stairway to see what had happened. That was not the worst of my troubles, but only a mild introduction to what was to follow later in the evening. We were all preparing for bed, when the lights went out.

was on my way to pick an article from the floor—there was inky blackness and a deep silence for a long minute, when, kerplunk! went my head against the sharp corner of the table. I could hear irrepressible titters—someone whispering, "Put on the soft, soft pedal," and we all burst out laughing. From that time on we giggled. I don't know whether the accident had anything to do with it or not, but I know I felt awfully foolish. I thought of everything in a most humorous way. Perhaps it had been laughing, we might have cried, since it was the last night, you know. But soon we all cuddled on one bed and talked seri-ously for a while, and then crawled off to our respective bunks. Pris wanted rest for her next day's journey. We were almost asleep, when burr-r-r-r went a bell. We thought it must be our girl's intermittent alarm-clock, and waited for it to ring off. But instead, the ringing kept on and on, till we could stand it no longer. We decided to get up to see, and discovered it was the phone.

"Hello!"
"Is Professor Burns in?"
"Yes."

"Grand Rapids wants him," said the operator. I ran back to the room. There was a twenty minute discussion as to who rooms on the first floor of our building and who should go down to call the professor. We could come to no definite conclusion, so I went back to the phone and asked—

"Is it very important? The professor is in bed."

"Yes, very," said the operator. "It is a long distance call from Grand Rapids. Mr. —a—Hospers wishes to speak with him." That poor operator must have been a very out-of-the-ordinary, patient sort of a person, or he would have used stronger language. Perhaps he felt a little sympathy for us. We had another council meeting. I decided to be brave and self-sacrificing, so promised I'd go, and then every girl in that room positively refused to go with me. Such impertinence I never saw! Finally Pris, who thus far had said nothing, put in a last word:

"You must go down, it might be death."

That settled the matter. I lit a candle and bravely started out. (Poor operator, he must have been tired by this time.) I succeeded in arousing the professor. After, well a length...
toilet you might say. Burns appeared on the scene. We girls were waiting breathlessly for results. He had some trouble getting the connections.

"Hello"—"Hello!" he yelled in no gentle voice.

"Yes, what's wanted?"

"I understand, ah, yes, rather clever joke."

"I think I recognize the voice." He mentioned a college boy's name, and we girls doubled up with laughter. The professor hung up the receiver and muttered something under his breath, which we girls failed to hear.

If that supposed operator could have taken a peep behind the scenes and seen the joke as it was carried out on this end of the line, I am sure he would have had a double portion of enjoyment. Thus ended the day of March 31st.

When April morning dawned, rosy and smiling, I found myself with a swollen nose, and a blue, round hump on my forehead.

And now vacation's almost over, and I am sorry. They tell me here I am growing, but I don't know whether in length, breadth, or thickness. I went to a musicale last night. It was fine. Washed my hair today. Wish you could have seen the program—of the music, I mean. It would make me dizzy to relate all that happens here. As ever.

Your most lovable and adorable, PHIL

Dewdrop Inn,
Voorhees Hall,
April 5, 1911.
their efforts. Such competitions as these in which they have participated bring with them splendid training and profitable experience. Such contests are among the many privileges of college life.

It cannot be doubted that the incessant, persevering, and withal wearisome preparation for various contests—physical as well as mental—is a great factor in personal development and in training for later years. His training must indeed be narrow, who in all his college career has never in any way taken part in competitions, and “gone through the mill” of industrious application. The broad student forsakes his lessons now and then, forgoes transient pleasures, and buckles down to the worthy task of prize-seeking.

And when the contests are over, and some have won while others have lost, who can estimate the good that comes both to victors and to conquered? He is fortunate who can win honors, and take them with becoming modesty; and he really deserves to be called a victor, who takes defeat as a man, and calmly stands aside while the other fellow gets the medal. Such a one is coming to know that there are individuals whose desires must be satisfied as well as his own, that the noble life often demands suppression of self and the furthering of others’ interests.

The friends of our colleges are not chary of prizes for us. The prize-list for Commencement Night is an inviting one, while the contests are of various character, suitable to various tastes and abilities. At the same time, we have each spring the opportunity of competing for cups or other articles, which local business-men offer for athletic events. The chance is there, students. Take it now. See to it that in after years you can say that you, too, have crossed swords with your fellows in academic battles, and have felt the exhilaration of college competition.

Our society series is complete with this number. It had been intended that the last issue under the old staff should end the list, but the Delphi Society remained yet to manifest its cleverness. They suffered the new staff to make its embarrassed debut in the April issue, and in this May number we have the excellent productions of the Delphi girls. The Delphi is a new organization, and with glad hand we welcome them to our lyceum circle.

The Anchor staff expects to make a change in procedure. In the past our paper came from the press in the middle of the month or later, and sometimes the month was far spent before its particular issue was sent out. Doubtless the change that we intend to make will please the readers. Hereafter the paper will reach them in the first part of the month, at all events before the 15th. The effects of readjustment may appear in some parts of the periodical this month, but in the future things will run smoothly as usual.

HOPE AND OLIVET.

Some of the current magazines will have it that the American college has but little interest in matters outside of athletics and social functions. That this is not the condition of affairs in the colleges of Michigan has been shown by the debates held by Alma, Olivet, and Hope Colleges. On April 14th, Olivet met Hope in Winants chapel on the question: “Resolved, that the Commission plan of government shall be adopted in cities of over 20,000 inhabitants.” Zandstra, Stronks and Droppers represented Hope on the affirmative, and Osborn, Savidge and Stott upheld the negative for Olivet. Prof. Kuizenga presided. The debate was spirited and vigorous throughout. Mr. Zandstra, in opening the debate, stated clearly the position of the affirmative: that the present separation of governmental functions is the real and only cause for existing evils in American cities. The arguments of the affirmative were a support of this position, showing that the Commission plan remedies this fundamental error. The first speaker’s arguments were clear and convincing. Mr. Osborn opened the argument for the negative by shifting the burden of proof upon the opposition, outlining what the affirmative were required to prove, and putting two important questions. He then proceeded to outline the position of the negative. Mr. Osborn’s delivery was easy and very pleasing. The debate proceeded. Mr. Stronks was decisive in tone and manner. Mr. Savidge of Olivet stated the heart of the matter
for the negative when he explained that the defects in municipal government are not inherent in the aldermanic form, but are due to various other causes. Mr. Savidge is a born debater. Mr. Drovers presented his part with great conviction and force, and was not a whit annoyed by the pranks of the electric current, which left the hall in darkness for ten minutes. He finished his argument by the glimmer of candlelight. Except for a slight monotony in tone, Mr. Stout finished creditably for the negative.

Rebuttal by Mr. Zundstra was especially comprehensive. The judges, Messrs. Jewell and Hyde of Grand Rapids and Supt. Fell of this city, rendered a verdict in favor of hope by a vote of two to one. The debate was ably sustained on both sides, and the contest was a close one. It is a significant fact that not one of the three teams debating the negative was successful. Is it possible that the men who act as judges unconsciously favor the affirmative answer to this question?

**HOPE AT ALMA.**

The debate at Alma was exceedingly interesting. Mr. Meisnar of Alma opened with a strong speech in favor of the new form of government. Mr. Pohley had the clearest and most convincing speech of the affirmative side. Mr. Von Thurn was third speaker for Alma and spent his entire time in an attempt to overthrow Hope's arguments. Dame, De Motts, and Hoffis were full of fire and delivered their arguments very forcefully. The sides were very well matched and there was a decided difference of opinion as to who had the better of the arguments. The judges rendered their decision in favor of the affirmative side by a 2 to 1 vote. During Mr. Von Thurn's final rebuttal a misunderstanding arose which may have influenced the decision. Mr. Dame rose to a point of order, and neither Alma's men nor the chairman seemed to be acquainted with parliamentary rules. As a result some gained the impression that Mr. Dame was out of order and this did not help our side.

Of Alma's entertainment of the Hope team too much cannot be said. Prof. Adams met the men at the train, saw that they were provided with comfortable rooms at the hotel, and made things generally agreeable. After the debate was over, the ladies gave the visiting team a reception at Wright Hall.

**URING the spring vacation occurred an event which is of interest to all the alumni and friends of Hope College. But most interesting of all must have been to Miss Estelle M. Kollen, '08, and Rev. J. Carleton Pelgrim, '05, for on Thursday of that week they were united in marriage, the Rev. Mr. Niles performing the ceremony. The wedding took place in Hope Church. Music by Miss Grace Browning and Mr. Frank Kleinheksel preceded the arrival of the bridal procession. Miss Anna Schmelke played the wedding march, and to its music the bridal train marched to the altar. The ceremony was impressive in its grandeur. The latter part of the evening was spent by the friends of the newly-wedded couple at the home of the bride. The reception rooms, as well as the church, were beautifully decorated with pink and white roses, carnations, and ferns. After the dainty luncheon had been served, the bridal couple left amid a shower of confetti. The Hope students, through the Anchor, send them the most heartfelt wishes for happiness.**

The Y. M. C. A. enjoyed a great privilege on Tuesday, April 11th, when W. H. Tinker, Secretary of the Association at the University of Michigan, was present to speak on "The Rewards of Service." Mr. Tinker emphasized the fact that the Christian life is a life of joy—in his conception Jesus Christ was a broad-minded, big-hearted person, who recognized the need of earthly joy, and was opposed to somber-
ness and asceticism. The speaker pointed out two ways of getting joy, the direct and the indirect,—seeking joy for personal ends, and receiving it through the channel of altruistic activity. The former was justifiable to a certain extent, provided that the joy did not interfere with one's Christian work or wound another's tender feelings, and that one was willing to share that joy with others. But Mr. Tinker dwelt principally upon the joy that comes indirectly to the man who serves. Very candidly he presented the dark side of the life whose every minute is filled with bustle and care, the life of him who is compelled to see and feel the manifold sorrows of his fellows. Yet after this admission the speaker could so much more effectively teach the rewards of that life—the joy of getting valuable information about the world and human existence, of finding truer friends and new friends, and of manfully facing imperative issues. Mr. Tinker brought a message to men in a man's way. He has a presence and a manner which cannot fail to gain and hold the attention of young men. All realized that they had heard "a great talk."

The Science Club has elected the following officers:
President—S. T. Fortune.
Vice-president—G. J. Van Zoeren.
Secretary and Treasurer—E. Wichers.
Janitor—J. De Pree.

Holland, Mich., April 28, 1911

To Fraters Edward, John, and Wynand Wichers:
Whereas, It hath pleased Almighty God in His all-wise providence to take to Himself Miss Nellie Wichers, and,
Whereas, He has seen fit to cause our Fellow Fraters to experience this keen sorrow of bereavement; therefore,
Be it resolved: That we, the members of the Fraternal Society of Hope College, extend to our beloved Fellow Fraters our heartfelt sympathy; and, further,
Be it resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Fraters Wichers, and that they be published in the College paper, The Anchor.

Signed, The Fraternal Society.
John Bennink, E. S. Aeuits, Henry Pyl,
Committee
Rev. Albertus Pieters, '87, of Japan, was elected president of the Classis of Holland at its spring session. Rev. Pieters is delivering a series of missionary lectures on Japan at the Western Theological Seminary.

Rev. H. V. S. Peeke, '87, is the editor of "The Messenger," a magazine issued by the Presbyterian and Reformed missionaries in Japan.

"The Unoccupied Mission Fields of Africa and Asia" is the title of the latest book written by Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer, '87.

The Second Reformed Church of Rochester, New York, of which Rev. John Lamar, '88, is pastor, has freed itself from debt. Rev. R. H. Joldersma, '81, and Rev. A. Stegenga, '06, took part in the ceremonies accompanying the burning of the mortgage.

Dr. J. J. Mersen, '05, has been elected alderman for the Third ward, Holland, Michigan.

The marriage of Mr. E. J. Strick, '03, to Miss Edith Mae Walker of Milwaukee, took place at the home of the bride's sister in that city. Mr. Strick has for some time been connected with the medical department of the University of Chicago.

Mr. Arnold Mulder, '07, was married to Miss Kathryn R. Kollen on Tuesday, April 4th, at the home of the bride's parents in Holland. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. J. Blekkink, '83.

Prof. John G. Winter, '01, of the University of Michigan and Miss Anna Riemens, '02, who were married February 22nd, in New York, New Jersey, sailed at once for Europe on the S. S. Cedric of the White Star line. They have been spending the first weeks of their honeymoon in Italy.
G. J. Pennings, '05, having passed his final examinations in the Arabic language is in charge of the work at Bahrein, Arabia. On the return of Dr. Zwemer and Mr. Dykstra from the Lucknow Conference, Mr. Pennings expected to leave for Kuwait, where he is to spend a part of the year.

Rev. Peter Moerdyke, '66, led chapel exercise Wednesday morning, April 12.

Mr. William Walvoord, '08, has accepted the promise of a call from the church at Byron Center, Michigan.

The Board of Education of Zeeland, Michigan, has re-elected John C. Hoekje, '06, to the superintendency of the schools of that city for a term of two years. In appreciation of his services he has also been voted a substantial increase in salary.

SNAPPY, sparkling periodical is the High School Review, of Hamilton, Ohio. Garbed in a neat cover, it contains two stories and two poems, all of which are commendable. We admire its original cuts.

College Chips, your essays are worthy and numerous, but, may we not ask, where are your stories? In our opinion, one of your best essays is that on "Activity." We recommend this article as an antidote to those of our readers who have imbibed that baneful drug called laziness. "The Rise of Universities" is likewise an instructive and thorough treatise upon the development of schools for higher education.

In The Lincolnian "The Extract from Bob Blank's Diary" is a breezy, whimsical piece, written in entertaining fashion. If you intend purchasing an airship, read it by all means. We note with pleasure in the same paper the high moral tone of its editorial concerning Senator Lorimer. Coming from an Illinoisan it has added force. Perhaps, if articles of this nature were written more generally throughout our country, we would make short work of obtaining the election of senators by popular vote.

The E. O. H. S. News is good as always. The story, "In the Reign of the Suffragettes," is delightfully imaginative. However, we will not vouch for its being true to life. The locals are in good shape. For a high school staff, the board of editors work together excellently.

Only words of praise are due The Pennant.

The Mirror has very good essays and stories, but her editorials are rather meager. The author of "All's Well that Ends Well," is to be envied for her ability in spinning yarns. All the shades of local color unite to form an exquisite picture. Such stories we do not often find.

TRACK ATHLETICS.

THE spring term and warm weather here, and baseball, as an intercollegiate sport, on the shelf, the question of track athletics looms up bigger than ever before. "Track" means no longer one cross-country run, and one relay race,—it means a department with a regular schedule. One of the reasons for abolishing baseball schedules was the booming of track work. Here is your chance, athletes, to make track work a regular branch of college sport. No sport requires so little time, no branch involves so little expense. All that is needed is a pair of "gym" shoes and a lot of Dutch determination.

The beautiful perpetual trophy for the cross-country run, the fine Wykhuyzen-Karreman cup for the interclass meet, and the silver loving cup for the 30-mile relay race, should be enough to inspire any student to "come out." These three
events do not constitute the entire schedule. Two field meets with both field and track games will be added to this list.

That Hope College has some very good material for this sport, is no longer a doubtful question. Last year one of our "H" men landed a place in the two biggest interscholastic meets in the country. In another meet, our college, represented by two men, landed second place against several other teams. At the Student Conference meet last June, one of our men, contesting with men from several universities, secured three prizes. Our Monogram and Trophy Room now proudly displays two silver cups, representative of two victories in two 30-mile relay races.

But this year we need more than two or three men to represent us, we need three dozen men to try for places.

Let us take advantage of this opportunity of putting track work on a firm foundation. If you cannot help support the team or arouse interest for it, then come out and "make the team," and find out for yourself whether loyal support is not needed and appreciated. MGR.

Stuit (in German)—"Why, didn’t the priest have a sort of border around his head?"

Mr. Schlosser—"Ah, ‘Kranz’ doesn’t mean border, it means crown."

For a substitute for steam-heat radiators call on Mr. Peet. For special lessons in German oratory consult Mr. Schaefer. The price is within reach of every pocketbook.

Some of the students were discussing the bravery of men in English history, who had seen the suspended sword, when Flight said, “Oh, that’s nothing, I’ve sat between two women with hat-pins.”

Of all sad words of tongue and pen, the saddest are these, "Where have you been (last night, Butch?)"

Anybody wishing to learn the revised song of the donkey: "Ke-i, Ke-o, ki-ae-he, o-he-a," please meet Mr. Vanderlaan on May 26, 4 p. m. The (re)tired musician.

For a brief outline of Shakespeare’s love affair, consult not the Encyclopedia but Jim Weurding.

One of the Freshmen had a joke on Shakespeare just about the time the Seniors had settled their discussion about him. It is something like this: A book-agent came into a drug store one day and said to the proprietor, "Any Shakespeare today?" (He wanted to sell his books.) Said the proprietor, "What! Shakespeare! Why, I sell root-beer, lager-beer, and many other kinds of beer, and what in the world shall I do with shakespeare?"

How would it seem—

If a slump in the cap market should deprive Prof. Schlosser of his favorite article of apparel?

If little Burggraaf should grow?

If Prof. Nykerk should forget to talk about Oxford?

If Arthur should stop wearing kid gloves?

If the "dorm," girls should not be late to class?

If Prof. Boers should forget how high the flag-pole is?

If Mrs. Durfee had never lived in New York?

If Tena stopped giggling?

If Van should forget his favorite subject—"Love"?

If Vanderlaan flunked?

If the Joke Editor always had good jokes?

If Hoebeka failed to draw a seat at Mrs. Durfee’s table?

If Prof. Brown should hurry up?

If Prof. Patterson had his airship?

Said Bernice at a basket-ball game—"How do those guards remember to put only one arm around? I’m sure I’d always put two."

Said Jeanné to Duiker: "Every little helps."

Nykerk, the other day, asked for a summary of the Puritan age.

Said Mr. Verburg: "The Puritan age was an age of purity. The literature was very much purer during that age
than during the preceding one. It was called the Puritan age because of the purity of its literature, which had been purified to a great extent, and because of the class of people who were called Puritans."

Which all goes to show that there is more genius in the Sophomore class than people give it credit for.

Two Act Comedy.

Stage setting. Groups of students in Voorhees Reception Hall after supper.

ACT I.


ACT II.

Few minutes later.


Jeannette Balkema spent the entire vacation studying "Cupid's Understudy" and "The Simple Life." Results of this original combination have not yet appeared.

A little girl was once given two pancakes for breakfast, a very small one and a large one. She ate the small one first, and then remarked encouragingly, "Don't cry, baby, mamma's coming."

Oliver Droppers was heard to remark after the debate, "Well, I'm glad it's over," and then he went walking with Bernice.

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