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former while going down, the idea in its surroundings. A reason more why evolution appears in company is that, alone, it has become suspicious. It has lost its pure mathematical innocence. It has transcended its own meaning. Evolution is now leaving the whole lump of thought. Boys have hobby horses, men have hobbies. The imperialism of an idea is even more dangerous for the republic of all truth than the legions of America and Britain to human freedom. Is the whole of arithmetical evolution?

**Inversion and evolution are complementary.** It was an interesting inquiry which term is more applicable to the familiar theory. Primarily and purely, inversion is a synthesis from simple to complex; evolution is an analysis from complex to simple. Spencer defines creation: A change from an incoherent homogeneity to a coherent heterogeneity through continuous differentiations. This is, indeed, a fair statement of evolution itself. It evidently implies a change from simple to complex. Evolution assumes that originally all matter—for it begins with matter—was a homogeneity, a qualitative likeness in a quantitative chaos. By differentiation this simplicity became an increasing complexity of forms. The boundless original nebula, by the inversion of an initial charge of motion, has been raised to even higher power, even as every turn of the dynamo multiplies the small capital of electricity. Evolution and inversion are quite inseparable. The theory as a real process in nature is more exactly called inversion: the analysis of this synthetic process to resolve the highest powers of existence and the composite forces of nature into their simple components and prime factors, this is best termed evolution. Inversion and evolution are splintered circles. Both can be united under the same revolution; for are not the transitions from rocks, dissolved to soil and living forms, and these again to coral reefs, cycles of being ever becoming something else as laboriously the wheel revolves, half in the realm of light and life, half in death and darkness?

However, be the fittest name e—in— or revolution, the theory as a creed of scientific belief remains. It lies coiled with raised head in the corners of libraries to inspire a silent suggestion with every volume opened; it teems the scholars on the page in physiology with man's hand and gorilla's foot; it beguiles the professor of theology when he discourses about germs. Not that it is new; Heraclitus spoke of a fiery mist and Epicurus of a fortuitous concourse of atoms. Laws have limits. Every law aspires to be universal. Evolution would bring all that was, is, and shall be under the sway of one vast rule. Here lurks harm of legislation, also when man passed laws for nature, as for nations. Newton never did with gravitation what Spencer did with evolution. Laws may be suddenly checked and even reversed. The law of condensa-

**The independence of similar designs.** What tempts the evolutionist to his transgressions? An extravagant mutual dependence of similar designs. The phenomena of nature, notwithstanding the adage of the two leaves, betray much close resemblance. Everything reminds us of something else and everybody's face recalls an acquaintance. Striking agreement of some men's features with those of animals, we observe. We need not multiply instances to strengthen the omnipotent argument from similarity. Huxley demonstrates how the focus of reflected rays of a candle coincides with that point where the reverberating tickings of a watch unite, converging. The apparent differences between light and sound vanish in one wave. With a keen eye for likenesses, and by an inclination to elevate the concrete into an abstraction and to generalize the particular into a universal, evolution boldly transmutes similarity into absolute uniformity. To prevent or correct this we suggested independence of similar designs.

Two vases much resemble each other. Does it oblige to conclude that one was crushed to produce the other? Walking, trotting, and galloping are similar in being motions by foot. One might think that the horse walked first, that the walk develops into a trot, and this into a gallop. Such actually happens; it seems natural. Nevertheless, there may be trotting at once, or galloping at once without the former locomotions preceding. It may illustrate independence of similar designs. While the dew-drop and the cherry are round, the cherry did not necessarily originate from the dew-drop; nor is it imperative, though both are for respiration, that the gills of fishes and the beginnings of human lungs. In proposing this independence we impose upon it also the limitation of laws; we would not apply it so severely as to sever what really has a common origin. It is simply to restrain the excessive zeal which reduces all sameness to the error of evolution.

As it fuses light and sound, so are crystallization, vegetation, and animate life really but one activity; physiology and psychology are identical; the faculties of the mind dissolve into unconsciousness and are identified with the functions of a body. We hear a physician regard memory as a physiological trick of the brain. In parlance of evolution mind becomes brain. Mind, motion, and monism is a beautiful, pernicious alliteration. Evolution retrospective or prophetic is strangely weird. It passes by which steam contracts with decreasing temperature operates rigidly even after liquification to water which still contracts in cooling; until, just when we expect to see all the ice in the pond go down in obedience to the law of greater gravity, with lessening heat,—lo, the ice expands and it floats! Evolution is liable to ignore the limitations of laws.
from unconsciously to unconsciousness, from nebula to nirvana.

Evolution, as every inquiry, touches the answer of the Sphinx's riddle—Man. When Darwin digs for earth worms he is engaged in anthropological studies. The origin of man is man's constant question—the origin of the human species, evolution would have it. The bare subject of debate is, whether man ascended from the gorilla or descended from God. Evolution traces in the cock's attempt to vindicate his rights, the origin of justice; it speaks freely, therefore, of subhuman justice. Thus with other ethical conceptions. Is morality of subhuman or superhuman origin? Cicero placed the foundation of equity in the nature of the gods. The anachronism of man's constant question—the origin of the gods. The unknown which is our subject may be read: The unknown glory. "Trailing clouds of glory do we come From God who is our home." The sign which is our subject may be read: The unknown imaginary root of a negative unknown. We have tried to show that evolution errs, like youth, through extravagance. This does not deny it a place in the system of human thought, if it will be modest as in the advanced arithmetic. How beautifully but how differently might the method of evolution explain "the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to his saints; to whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the gentiles; which is Christ in you the hope of glory." B. D. D.

Savonarola.

The Renaissance had flourished for more than sixty years; Lorenzo de Medici had gathered about him all the learning and art within his reach; Greece seemed to have emptied herself into Italy. The Italian cities had grown in wealth and learning. They rivaled one another in the magnificence of their buildings and productions of art and literature. There was outward elegance and culture, but within was decay. Florence had reached its pinnacle of glory, yea, overreached it. Republicanism had already suffered a landslide when Savonarola came upon the scene.

As a youth Savonarola was serious and grave. He loved solitude and lonely walks. Yet he was not timid or reclusive and as the world opened up to him he was appalled by its religious and moral darkness which drove him to seek a sanctuary where he might dwell alone with his God. Says John Lord,
ther the prosaic Saxon, who looked for underlying principles. He directed his giant energies to reform doctrines rather than morals. Savonarola was a church man; but when his rebuking and warning voice was gone the people rushed headlong into all their former vices. Earnest, eloquent and practical, he sought those within the reach of his voice. Luther on the other hand logical, doctrinal and full of thought, stirred the world. Savonarola's triumphs were of short duration. He had incurred the displeasure of Rome because he denounced the evils committed in high places. The forbidden to preach he continued to do so with unabated zeal and boldness. Said he, "It is my duty to obey God rather than man." This disregard of the commands of the pontiff and his cardinals led to excommunication and finally to persecution. He was tried, tortured and perished a martyr to the cause of humanity. His body was burned; his ashes were thrown into the river Arno; the Arno carried them to the Mediterranean, and the Mediterranean mingled them with the waters of the Atlantic. Such was the earthly reward of a true patriot and a great soul. He died in ignominy, but his liberty loving spirit has lived thru the ages and wielded a powerful influence in shaping the liberties of the European nations and the American continent.

A. Walvoord '04.

In the Palmy Days.

"Are you in earnest Dot?"

"Yes, decidedly so."

"But there may have been a misunderstanding."

"I'm satisfied that there was not."

"Ah, I have it! I saw you in the chapel the other morning making eyes at Fred W — and commencement is quite near you know."

"Doc Williams I think you're a perfect bore!"

"And I think you are a perfect angel."

And so they parted. The leaves of the wise old campus-bred oaks rustled uneasily. The pine branches sighed great force pump sighs and two unruly robins suddenly flew from the trees with an angry whirr of wings and much fluttering and chattering.

It was truly distressing.

The college and city nines were at play and both day and game waxed warm. Upon the bank of the terrace (an apology for a grand stand) and shaded by the big gymnasium was assembled a great gathering of college and local baseball enthusiasts.

There was no brass band to enliven the spirits of either players or spectators but at divers moments mighty cheers would ring out across the open. The time honored peanut vender was replaced by the sad-faced youth or maiden with the collection hat. Into this occasionally tinkled a coin for the benefit of either club.

Dot was there with her brother Tom. She although a co-ed was known to favor the local club, tho some suspected it was because her brother was on its pitchers' list. At any rate they were now all attention.

"What's the matter, Tom? You're not making much noise."

"No" somewhat gruffly, "they can't find the pitcher."

(But alas for technicalities.)

"Why," said Dot "Isn't that him, the one with his cap perched on the side of his head?"

Tom groaned, "You know it," and Dot relapsed into silence.

"Ah, how's that for a balk?" (From Tom.)

"What's a balk, Tom?"

"Oh it's a — it's a feint."

"But I don't see anyone fainting, Tom."

Minute—"Oh no, but you'll see me keel over in a minute. I positively can't watch the game and be a bureau of information. It's a bodkins, I'm going over among the kids."

Tom suddenly left her and Dot began to muse:

"H'm, quite a gentleman. Quite a sample of bear and forbear. He acts the bear nicely. But how I deplore my ignorance. Now there's Doc—" and she rapidly recalled with what genuine patience Doc had endeavored to explain the intricacies of baseball to her. How they had laughed together over her mistakes. How— a great many other things and how she had required it all and she suddenly broke off with, "poor Doc," and then "but I'd like to get even with Tom."

Both teams played clean, rapid ball. The score stood 7 to 7 and it was the last inning. The college ninth loused to win for their new twirler had pitched a fine game. Theirs had been the errors. Even Doc had a losing streak. Ah, if he would only play in his usual form. With two outs on the tally sheet and a man on second, Doc stept to the plate. The pitcher chuckled to himself, "he's a dead one." For a moment Doc looked over the field. His eyes rested upon a figure in pink and white and his heart sank a peg. The pitcher coiled himself up, uncoiled and shot over the plate. "Strike one," and the locals cheered. Again a coil, uncoil, "Strike two," and the locals jeered. The catcher delayed a moment to readjust his mask and Doc glanced in the direction of the figure in pink and white.

Ye shades, what was that! She was standing up. Waving the college colors and at him.
The Anchor.

"The clouded clowne gave way, the sun shone forth."

"Strength and exuberance had given vent to itself in that hit.

"But you know the critical condition of the game, Doc?"

"Well—yes, but you see I wanted to cheer for the college for a change."

But Doc thought hard. Thought of that moment at the plate, of the victory, of the maid beside him and somehow he drew her quite close to him, and then—well anyway the evening quiet was lightly disturbed by something which sounded very like to a belated echo of that famous last inning strike.

The oak leaves rustled knowingly; the great pine branches soughed in happy unison and Bro' R. Robin moved a notch closer to his mate.

It was no longer distressing.

A. C. D.

Michigan Oratorical League Contest.

On Monday evening, May 13, the M. O. L. held its fourth annual contest at the Michigan Agricultural College. The spacious Armory Hall was crowded with a large and appreciative audience long before the appointed hour. Yells of the several colleges which were represented in the contest, seemed engaged in a kind of preliminary trial. To a student a yell is the real indicator of college spirit. It is a kind of war song. It unites the clan. But upon an audience of students, a few minutes telling has an excellent effect. It soothes them. It prepares them to listen.

So at eight they were ready to harken to a song from the Industrial School Choir. A hearty and deserved encore was responded to. The program was then carried out from start to finish. Each orator appeared in the place assigned him. The audience seemed well pleased with the first speaker, but the third capped the climax of the first division. In the next three a profound anti-climax reigned supreme. The audience was completely out of sorts with the orator from Hillsdale. Perhaps a philosophical essay will sometimes veil a judge, who, when in his study, may not be thinking that he is to consider it as an oration; but an audience loves to be carried along by that which has directness and which appeals to the virtuous and das Ritterliche.

But music has worked wonders ere now, And so it did after an "Omega" had silently passed before their eyes. The audience recovered somewhat from its distracted state. The rest was to be done by our orator C. VanderMel. And how well he did it! Soon he had every eye fixed upon himself. Throughout the entire speech they gave him their undivided attention. The Kalamazoo orator closed the list of speakers. No comment is needed on his work further than to say that he received second place: while first and third were assigned respectively to Olivet and M. A. C.

<p>| NAME OF CONTESTANTS, COLLEGE AND SUBJECT OF ORATION |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Contestant</th>
<th>College</th>
<th>Subject of Oration</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>George D. White</td>
<td>M. A. C.</td>
<td>&quot;Price&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. Willard</td>
<td>Michigan Normal</td>
<td>&quot;The Mission of America&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seth Poole, Olivet</td>
<td>&quot;Gettysburg&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John N. Ingersoll</td>
<td>&quot;The Pilgrim Fathers and their Mission&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>George Cleaver, Albion</td>
<td>&quot;A Second Washington&quot;</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>D. E. Asbury</td>
<td>&quot;An Omega of Evolution&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Caroline Van der Meil, Hope</td>
<td>&quot;The British Bear War&quot;</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Arthur R. Belang, Kalamazoo</td>
<td>&quot;The Knights of Liberty&quot;</td>
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As the figures indicate, the decisions on delivery were almost unanimous. There are only two instances in which they differed more than one point. But the decisions on thought and style were not so unanimous. This may be due to the fact that two things are to be considered—thought and style. However, it ought never to be lost sight of, that these are orations and not philosophical essays.

In general, the prevailing view is, that the League
may congratulate itself upon the contest of this year. The M. A. C. acquired itself well. A reception was given at 6:30 at the woman's building, which, as many as found it convenient attended.

The delegation from Olivet, one hundred and fifty strong, returned the same evening with their special train, carrying two trophies in their midst—one gained on the base-ball grounds, the other on the rostrum. They surely deserve congratulations.

J. Wayer.

EDITORIALS.

Self-Confidence.

What is power, what is knowledge, without self-confidence. High aims and strong resolutions without self-confidence are as useless as the muscles of a Samson shorn of his strength suffusing locks. As students, we cannot too much cultivate a spirit of self-confidence, and with a solid foundation there is no danger of failure. "Do not think, know." "Self-trust is the essence of heroism."

Helpful Advice.

As commencement days are drawing nigh, it is rather amusing to read some of the addresses that are being given to graduating classes in different institutions. Mr. Schwab, President of the great steel trust, seems to regard success in life as being counted by the making of so many dollars and cents. To a class of young people he has this to say, which is but an expression of the tendency of materialism: "Another thing, boys, and that is, the boy who gets a start with a manual school education at seventeen or eighteen will get a start that the boy who goes through college will never catch up with * * * out of forty men I know who are great leaders in the business world only two are college graduates."

The Rev. Dr. Harcourt's advice seems to have more of an antipathy against the clergy, when, in an address before a graduating class in Baltimore he says,—"Young men, in advising you about your future work, I urge you to be careful about allowing clergymen into the sick-room. They are a great cause of alarm, tip toeing about with a little black book under their arm and whispering to the sick or dying person, 'are you ready?' it is character that tells, not the puff of prayer * * * keep the ministers out of the sick room, it is not their place.

Had such advice as this been given by a skepetic, we should

in no wise be surprised; but for a divine to consider it a "great cause of alarm" that a minister, loyal to his duty in visiting the sick and needy, as his Master has taught him, should be spurned, is shocking indeed. Evidently such a divine has not much of the spirit of Him who "came not to be ministered unto but to minister." The words "Jesus wept" must grate upon this man's ears.

It appears to us that young men and women who have completed a course of study are not in need of advice as to how they can make the greatest amount of money tho this may be hcnorable; nor are they hard up for messages that bear prejudice and anti-pathy against a class of men, but what they expect from experienced men are words of counsel, such as shall help them live an unselfish and altruistic life—a life that shall have for its purpose, helpfulness to fellowmen.

The exercises of Commencement are regarded as a happy, yet solemn period in a young person's life. Happy, because a long course of study has been completed; a goal has been reached. Solemn, because the student leaves the care and tutelage of teachers to work out his own salvation in the active duties of life. The man that addresses such a class of young people has a grand opportunity. His words leave a lasting impression. Ordinary sermons are often forgotten. Lectures and public addresses are often delivered without effect; but a commencement address or sermon is never forgotten. The occasion is too impressive. These young people as a unit meet for the last time. They stand before active life, inexperienced in many of its difficulties. Happy the man that seizes upon this opportunity to point out to such a class their duty and relation to society; to welcome them into a world of activity, a world that stands sore need of honest, hardworking, consecrated young men and women—young people in whose eyes a guinea shall not glister, and in whose heart prejudice against a class shall find no toleration. Better had such young people go out with a desire to serve society, to uplift their fellow men who are less privileged, than to be fired with an ambition for material gain and for hating "ministers."

A Debating Club.

Who does not believe and is fully persuaded that Hope can compete with any other Western College credibly? We may not always get first place, as the last Oratorical Contest has again shown, but Hope nevertheless covers herself with honor on all occasions. Now the question comes: why, if other colleges have intercollegiate debates, why not Hope also? We have many particularly strong in this line, as is often shown in
The Anchor.

Literary Societies and class debates. Contact with other colleges and the spirit of rivalry would surely prove beneficial. As it is a home debating club should be organized; and with some preparation and experience, Hope would certainly stand no poor chance in any contest.

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Looking Outward and Upward.

America has been busily engaged during its century and a quarter of national existence in laying firmly its political and industrial foundations at home. But in these days there is a great deal of comment and anxiety expressed in public opinion regarding the abnormal tendency toward materialism at the sacrifice of the esthetic. Capitalists are rejoicing over the possible or already actual control by American capital and products in the markets of the world. Territorial and commercial expansion is called imperialism by those at variance with the administration. The foreign press says we are fast becoming a nation of single-eyed money makers devoid of all refinement and moral scruples, hurrying on toward imperialism, social and civil war, anarchy and nervous prostration. And a few thinking men are asking ‘Whereunto all this will lead.’

But while the destiny of our country is working out its own salvation in the stir and debate of the political and financial world,—there is another phase of the American nature struggling, and struggling hopefully we believe, to a fuller life, namely the artistic and literary. An Englishman of letters complaining of the lack of artistic and literary ideals in the American people, says, ‘They measure progress by the soaring together of telegraph wires, heaving up houses and the making of money.’ This is true of the past. There are good reasons for this quiescent state of things. There is even a good reason for the present conditions. America at present is not neglecting the arts and letters to any considerably greater degree than England is. If we give much attention to business we give it from a surplus energy that no militarism exacts.

As already suggested the history of America is that of a pioneer people. We have been occupied in building homes, clearing lands and developing the resources and industries of the country. We have worked and planned with little time for flights of the imagination or the luxury of dreams beyond the recompense of our toil. The painters of the great masters have found no place on the rude cabin walls, nor has the airy rhythm of Shakespeare’s sonnets harmonized with the click of the miner’s pick in the dank vaults of nature’s store house. The finer sensibilities of heart and mind developed with the refinement of man’s surroundings. Our fertility of resource and tireless energy have enabled us to create these favorable surroundings. Triumphs

and laurels henceforth await us in the demesne of art and letters.

There are evidences that we are making rapid strides toward proficiency in both painting and literature. The fact that American exhibits are favorably received and well awarded in the schools of London and Paris is proof. Perhaps the best literary painting of the year is that of an American. It was an American who was appointed to paint the funeral scenes of Victoria. Says an eminent Swedish painter, ‘American art is showing a freshness and strength due to a vigorous nationality and it is making most marked progress.’

This new awakening is felt likewise in our literature. Of the six best selling and most widely read novels cataloged by publishers and librarians three are by American authors. In the effusive output of fiction there are of course many school-boy attempts; but from the abundance of chaff some genuine wheat does fall.

At present we do not need more artists and authors so much as more pupils and keener admirers of the beautiful in art, nature and poetry. There is necessary an educating of the great masses to an appreciation of the poetical and sublime. There are many influences that aid powerfully in bringing this about, such as the city parks, galleries and museums, the pictures in the home and schoolroom. Then there is the camera which has come into such general favor. The amateur begins by taking the faces of friends then the village church or the town hall and so on to the more sublime scenes of the hillside or the woodland glen. Such exhibitions as the Chicago Exposition and the Pan-American are also great educators.

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The Senior Reception.

On the evening of May 10, the members of the senior class and the young ladies of the college department were very pleasantly entertained at the home of our President. Altogether the occasion was ‘solemn,’ a sign of the coming commencement and the end of college life, all looked cheerful and happy. After all had gathered the hostess gave the sign to walk into the dining-room, where four tables, decorated with flowers and the college colors, awaited the guests. After refreshments, the President called upon some of the gentlemen, who responded to toasts as follows: ‘Our Preparatory and College Course,’ Oswald W. Fisher; ‘Hope like our Country seeks Expansion,’ Benj. Luggers; ‘Greetings from German Valley,’ W. Denekas; ‘Iowa and Michigan, one Educationally,’ J. Wesselink; ‘Glimpses into the Future,’ J. Steunenberg. The speakers stuck to their text, so that there was no need of ‘calling for the resolution.’ (?) After the toasts all again gathered in the parlors and the time was passed in pleasant chatting, singing and music. When about to
leave the class president John G. Winter, in behalf of the Senior Class tendered a vote of thanks to Dr. Kollen after which the boys vented their feelings in their class yell, the college yell and a hearty cheer for Dr. Kollen. The Senior party, altho passed will be another fond recollection of college social life and of the hospitality of our President.

\[\text{X} \times \text{X} \]

Athletics.

The greatest interest in base ball continues this term. There are one or two games played with local teams every week. The college team is somewhat crippled because of Huizinga's lame shoulder, but in spite of hard luck the boys in blue are playing good ball. VanderLaan's batting and fielding have been phenomenal. Of the series of games with Holland and Zeeland, Hope has lost one to Holland and two to Zeeland, and won one from both. The "Prep." team is a strong one and has thus far met with no defeat. Class games are also very popular. The plucky "D"s bid fair to become the champions of the institution. Their victories over the Seniors have driven that worthy body out of business.

\[\text{X} \times \text{X} \]

De Alumnis.

We were glad to see Mr. C. Spaan '99 of Princeton Seminary among us for a few days.

Mr. A. Klerk '98 of the seminary, has received two calls, one from Fairview, Ill., and the other from Little Falls, N. J. Mr. C. Kuyper '07 of the seminary, has accepted the call from Graafschap.

The Rev. A. Van Arendonk of Luctor K. has received a call from Sheldon, Ia.

The Rev. G. H. Hoppers, '84 and family of Cleveland, O. are spending a short vacation in Orange City.

The Rev. H. Straks of the N. W. A. has received a call from Harrison S. D.

The Classis of Kingston chose the Rev. Dr. E. C. Oggle, '64 as candidate for the vacant professorship of Church History at New Brunswick Seminary.

The Rev. Ossewaarde '97 and Miss Jeanette Gaillkan were united in marriage at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. Veneklassen at Zeeland. Upon their arrival at New Era, they were warmly welcomed by the people of their congregation at the parsonage. After a short address Mr. P. Braak presented the young couple with a new range, the gift of the congregation.

The Rev. W. Kots and wife were pleasantly surprised on the return from their wedding trip by members of their congregation awaiting them at the depot. They were escorted to the new church building where a social time was enjoyed. They were also remembered with handsome gifts.

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Among the Societies

MELPHONE.

Altho we have no more regular programs this term, our enthusiasm has not diminished. The excellent work that has been done during the year will manifest itself in our public program on June 14. We have been very fortunate in securing the Rev. VanderErve of Grand Rapids to deliver the master oration. Our annual "Bust" will again be held this year at Alpina Beach. All the preparations for this event have already been made. The officers for the term are:

President—H. A. Naberhuis.
Vice-President—Jacob Pelgrim.
Secretary—Benj. Masselink.
Treasurer—George Huizinga.
Sergeant at Arms—William De Bruyn.
Marshal—Abraham Muste.

\[\text{X} \times \text{X} \]

"As Others See Us."

Seniors—
Full of wise saws and modern instances.

Damson—
So faithful in love so dauntless in war.

Lugers—
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye,

Wesselink—
Well, well, we don't think small beer of ourselves, my noble friend.

Hoppers—
Be close my girl for this must fetch my gold.

Wayer—
"And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."
Visscher—
O ye lightenings! the dread arrows of the clouds,
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
—Cedrine

Korteling—
Thou lovest but hast ne’r known love’s sad satiety.
—Shelley

Wiering—
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute
Tempered to the oaten flute.
—Milton

B. Winter—
The applause of listening senates to command.
—Gray

Hoecksema—
When the drums and fifes sounding a troop,
Off they bravely set.
—De Foe

Steunenberg—
This is true liberty when free born men having to ad-
vise the state, may speak free.
—Eratosthenes

Van der Heide—
Lay’d in my bed in study as it were
I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts ap-
ppear.
—Scarr

Denekas—
All the night sleep came not upon my eyelids.
—Sophocles

J. G. Winter—
Boy! thy first looks were thought to seek
Their heaven in Hellas’ skies.
—Bryant

Tellman—
To festive mirth and wit that knows no gall.
—Thomas

Are You an Angler Wise?
If you are you will buy your tackle of us.
A great variety of good tackle at prices that will tem-
pt you. Better inspect it at your convenience.

CON DE PREE, DRUGGIST.

ANTHONY ROSBACH, THE ONLY SODA FOUN-
TAIN ON RIVER STREET.

The A’s.

Donna—
He grew up fast in goodness and in grace.
—Romer

Verwey—
How sweet are looks that ladies bend,
On whom their favors fall.
—Tenison

Hyink—
No other book but the score.
—Henry IV

De Witt—
I know not whether I am proud,
But this I know, I hate a crowd.
—Landor

Van Dyk—
My life you ask? Why you know full soon my little life
is told.
—Procter

J. Pelgrim—
I’ll play the orator as well as Nestor.
—Henry VI

Masselink—
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes for many a joke had he.
—Goldsmith

Blocker—
All future ages thou hast deigned to teach.
—Milton

Van der Schoor—
Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme.
—Burns

Vander Laan—
A hit, a palpable hit.
—Hamlet

Miss Weston—
Then the world is not so bitter
But a smile can make it sweet.
—Tenison

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A gentle nymph not far from here.

O how still is the working of his will.

I strove with none for none were worth my strife.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me.

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