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THE ANCHOR.
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The Cost of Luxury.
This subject is one of extreme delicacy, because of its intricate relation, and wide diversity in different strata of society. Many things are considered excessive which in themselves are harmless, innocent, and even desirable. There fore we condemn one person or family what we approve of and justify in another. An ascetic alone will condemn as wrong in themselves, things that appeal to finer tastes and the finer appreciation, yet we doubt that the excessive use of such things is often unjustifiable and wrong. The true element must also be taken into consideration to intelligently decide in what excessive consumption consists.

We know that articles are continually transferred from the list of luxuries to that of comforts and necessities. It would be considered impossible to live in the humbleness and simplicity of the pioneers. The line between meagerness and extravagance has never yet been definitely drawn. In the same way, the golden mean between necessity and luxury is difficult to point out, and the conscientious question of many persons today is: "Where does necessity end and luxury begin?"

To be surrounded with a multitude of goods for which there is no direct necessity is not conducive to happiness. Those things only can make a person happy which directly affect and influence him. All in excess of this leads to misery and discon-
tent. The more goods a man has as his disposal, the more dissatisfied he usually becomes.

Among the laboring classes, the excessive consumption of economic goods is especially apparent. White business is prosperous and the means of purchasing the luxuries of life easily obtained, all regard for the future is cast aside. A decrease of business immediately brings such families into actual want for the necessities of life, and throws them on the charity of the state. This matter is also drawing the attention of organized labor, for it has become apparent in recent strikes that the principal reason why labor must give way to the dictates of capital is because no supplies have been stored away in the families to carry them over a period of inactivity. It is easy to increase, but exceedingly difficult to diminish the standard of life.

When the expense exceeds the income, instead of discontinuing the social standing, goods are borrowed from whatever source they may be obtained. Many discreet business men have in this way been ruined by their family extravagance.

Marrying early, the young couple are not content to begin life in the simple style in which the parents began, by increasing their comforts as the income increases, but they must live from the start as their neighbors live after years of toil and economy. The rents they pay, the furniture and ornaments of their home, the luxuries of their table, their clothes, and their social relation and expenditures are all far above their means. The result is, they get more and more deeply into debt, until finally, no longer able to obtain money, their real condition is revealed. Then, after floundering and stumbling on for a few months they succumb under the heavy burden of debts, dums, and anxiety, when the curtain falls and the wretched play of "keeping up appearance" is ended.

A person who is extravagant, very soon becomes inexact. He does not feel inclined to consider the cost of luxury. Many are under the impression that an exact account kept by individuals of their income and expenses shows a small and narrow nature.

Yet they are willing to admit that the independence of the state depends on this virtue. Can a system that is right and grand for the state be mean for the individual? Wellington kept an exact account of all the money he received and paid. Washington, who no one will consider a narrow man, did not disdain to closely scrutinize his own and his family expenditures.

No means or earnings can justify waste or extravagance. With all reverence we may say that God himself cannot afford to be extravagant. The miracle of the loaves and fishes ends with the command to "gather up the fragments that nothing may be lost."

Nature teaches economy. The autumn leaves and dead branches decay to aid next years crop. She utilizes the smallest atoms while man thinks it is degrading to save a bunch of molecules for future usefulness. Extravagance not only leads to the loss of a man's reputation, but also to the destruction of his character. He seems finds himself in such circumstances that it is impossible to remain absolutely truthful. Creditors doubt his word and friends begin to distrust him.

Luxury is often detrimental to a person physically as well as morally. How many examples there are, in this country, of physical wrecks on account of drinking and smoking. This harmful consumption undermines the constitution and brings with it the physical destroyer, late hours. To be surrounded with the luxuries of life also destroys the habit of saving. Ask those who spend all their wages, why they do not save a fraction of their daily earnings and they will reply: "What good can the savings of a few cents a day or an occasional dollar do?" But let them stop to consider. What laborer is there in good health who cannot save from his earnings $25 a year? Yet this paltry sum set out at 6 per cent interest amounts to about $4000 in forty years,—a sufficient sum to surround old age with all the comforts of life by saving less than seven cents a day.

What clerk or workingman that spends ten cents a day for a couple of cigars dreams that by this expenditure with the accumulated interest, he will in fifty years have smoked away 10,000 dollars? Yet we deem a man rich who, by a life of industry, has laid away such a sum.

In view of these facts, we cannot see how intelligent persons will advocate benevolences and missions and yet continue to live in extravagance. When the cost of luxury is so apparent, how can christian men and women continue to name that which is harmful to the system, when thousands are in want of the natural and spiritual bread of life? What will ever remain a paradox is why earnest christian men can spend money for cigars and tobacco when missionaries are begging for their extra pennies.

The testimony of experienced and great men center around these two words, "Avoid debt." Bulwer Lytton, in his excellent essay, "The Management of Money," says, "Whatever your means be, so apportion your wants that your means may exceed them."

Dr. Johnson also says, "Let it be your first care not to be in any man's debt. Resolve not to be poor; whatever you have, spend less." Mr. Mathew's testimony is, "Of all the foes to human prosperity and happiness, there is none more deadly than debt." But to avoid debt is only one primary factor in economics. Another is, not to consume all the income, not even for conscientious benevolent purposes. For the protection of self in case of illness, sickness, or death, a person should have at least a small amount of economic goods laid away.
intricate and one person is dependent upon another, yet in social life because one person has a new and fancy article, that is no reason why another should have a similar one. The ultimate question is, "Do I need that article?" This is a question of conscientious liberty in which no private individual or state has the right to interfere. Every person should carefully study his personal liberty and his relation to God and his fellowmen. That person is truly wise who knows his sphere and is content to live within its limits.

R. D. D.

The Aftermath.

It was bitter cold that New Year morning. Dr. Hale sat by the cheerful grate scanning the "Morning News." He was a busy man, was the Doctor. He was just hoping that he might enjoy the morning hours before office time undisturbed, and had given the maid orders to admit no one before ten. It was not long, however, before a faint ring was heard at the side door.

Presently the maid announced that a little boy half frozen with the cold insisted upon seeing the Doctor. When told to call at ten o'clock the muscles of his little face began to twitch and tears gathered to his pleading blue eyes. He looked so disappointed and wretched that she determined to run the gauntlet of the Doctor's displeasure and admitted him. The Doctor frowned as he raised his spectacles and bade him be brought in.

"Well, my little man, what can I do for you?" he said coaxingly as the lad approached timidly.

"Mamma sent me to bring you. Papa's dreadful sick. Here's a letter mamma said to hand to the Doctor, she cut it out of her big Bible cause we didn't have any writing paper. We's awful poor, and papa's sick and mamma's most always sorrowful and cries sometimes when she don't want any bread and milk, and gives it all to me and Sissy. Then we's sorrowful too, and don't ask for any more. Can you come right away Doctor?"

Dr. Hale took the soiled paper, touched by the pathetic earnestness of the child. His strong face grew very thoughtful as he glanced over the note. Folding it, he thrust it into his pocket and then drew it out again and read it a second time.

"Doctor,—When we parted we pledged each other friendship, I claim your pledge. I little dreamed of ever coming to this. My pride is all gone. We are in extreme need. Leonard is very ill and I fear is passing from my care. It is for him I seek your aid. I have watched you rise to wealth and position. I know you would have proffered assistance if you had known of my distress; but I could not bear to appeal to you. Please hasten for friendship's sake.

Myra.

13 Joyce Place, third floor.

Dr. Hale was known and beloved in the great city as a large hearted man. He was always at the beck and call of the needy and distressed. Many a poor sufferer blessed the brusque, yet kindly doctor with prayers of gratitude. And this was often the only remuneration he received for a midnight trudge thro' the murky streets of the tenement quarters. But for Dr. Hale, the satisfaction that he gladdened some burdened heart, was reward enough.

He seated the lad in his great chair by the fire and ordered out his sleigh. Rapped in the heavy furs they were driven rapidly to the South Side. In front of an uninviting flat, the driver reined his horses up to the curb from which the Doctor, led by little Charlie, began to mount the dingy stairway. The boy opened the door with a glad cry, "Here he is. Here's the doctor, mamma." Then added in subdued tones, "Don't cry mamma. The doctor's come, Look," as he tried to raise her bowed head from the folded hands upon the bed post. She rose and greeted the Doctor with the faintest shadow of a smile upon her wan features, as he approached the bedside of the sick man.

The room was tidy; but oh, so bare and cheerless. On the rough mantle nestled a much worn Bible. A brass lamp and a broken vase stood at the ends. The vase contained a bunch of oak leaves gathered in the balmy October days of long ago. Above the mantle hung two large faded photographs in a gilded frame.

A sad reminder of the days when Myra Wells was the fair, laughing bride of Leonard Drew. These were the only ornaments seen in the room.

On a bed in a corner lay a man of some thirty odd years, in the last stages of a wasting disease. He was staring blankly up at the ceiling and seemed to be unconscious of those about him. Now and then he muttered disconnected sentences, phrases from the card table, technicalities of law and again the refrain from some popular song or familiar hymn. He had been a tall man of athletic proportions. His face had once been handsome in outline, but had imprinted upon it a sinister look which dissipation had deepened but not brought there. Physiognomists say it is a mark of unscrupled selfishness. Be that as it may, Leonard Drew had certainly been unscrupled and selfish. Reared in a Christian home, well educated and happily married as all the world said, he seemed to have valued and enjoyed none of these ennobling influences which would tend to call into action all the noblest qualities of true manhood. Drink, gambling, the theater and all their accompanying evils, allured him, ruined his prospects, his home, his health and were breaking the poor wife's heart.

As Dr. Hale bent over him he became conscious of some
one near him. He turned his eyes full upon the Doctor. His mind cleared and his eyes lost their vacant expression.

"You are Dr. Hale. No use Doc. I've come to the end of my row. I ought to have reached it long ago. Oh, what a brute, what an imp of hell I've been! I'll take my discharge as I deserve. No, it's no use Doc, you can't patch me up now. I'm all done for. I know you're a good fellow Hale, would you let a brute like me ask a favor? The whole city speaks of your labors of love. You have wealth, you have influence and you have prospects. You were my rival for Myra's hand. For her sake I would to God you had won out. For the love you once cherished her, would you look after the children a bit? I could meet my fate if I felt easy about Myra and the children. I know there is no cause for friendship between you and me. I know I am worthy of your contempt. The children are so very young. Their father's disgrace they will never feel. Thank God for that. Will you see them in a good home? Have I a right to ask this of you?" He turned an appealing glance at the Doctor who assured him with a nod and the pressure of his extended hand.

"Thank you. I feel relieved. Asking another to do what was my own sacred duty, my God given privilege. What a fool, what an ingrate and wretch I have been. He sighed heavily and turned his face to the wall, exhausted and unconscious.

The Doctor turned to the careworn wife. "Myra, why did you not call upon me sooner? You have deprived me of a great pleasure, the favors of friendship. You knew all the time that I would have aided you."

"I know it, Charles, how should I not? But I just could not ask any favors of you, and have him abuse them. I could not prevent him from taking it all. My little earnings, everything, it all went for drink. Oh Leonard! Leonard! I can not reproach you; but it has been so hard, so very hard. And I had always hoped he would recover from this and be a man again. Is it true? Is it true that he is dying?"

"I can do nothing for him. Three hours is all I can promise you."

The dying man caught at the last sentence and repeated, "Three hours is all I can promise you. Three hours. It is almost other eleventh hour. Myra, will you bring your Bible and find that about the "eleventh hour'? I don't know what it is, something about standing idle until the eleventh hour. Trent said something about it over in the Marie Mission. Doc, will you tell Trent to come and help a dying man at the eleventh hour?" He fell back again from weakness, repeating, "the eleventh hour, the eleventh hour."

Dr. Hale drew from his pocket a few dollar bills and handed them to Mrs. Drew, "Take these, Myra, keep him quiet and give him this when he wakes. I will hunt up Mr. Trent and call up later in the day."

She said nothing; but tears sprang up fresh in her eyes as she barred her face in the golden locks of the little girl on her knee and I sobbed aloud. The Doctor was deeply moved and hastened from the room. He climbed into his sleigh and ordered his driver to stop at the first provision house. Here he ordered certain articles to be delivered at once to 13 Joyce Place. Mr. Trent was then looked up and driven hurriedly back to the tenement.

The Doctor was unusually thoughtful as he made his rounds during the remainder of the day. Accustomed as he was to scenes of suffering, he could not dismiss, from his thoughts the shocking misfortunes which had befallen the beautiful Myra whom he had loved so fondly and hopelessly. She had filled his life with an indescribable something in those once happy days of the past. When she rewarded another man with her affections he felt that no other woman could ever fill the void she had left. He tried to starve the love which seemed to have a thousand lives. Activity alone brought relief. It engaged his thoughts and soothed the nameless yearnings that often threatened to consume him. By sheer force of will and fearful energy he hushed the divine passion into a deep slumber. With heart and soul he threw himself into his profession and it brought unsought success. Success, as the world looked upon it, meant nothing to him. He loved to do good for its own sake and for the relief and satisfaction he derived from it. But now the old passion had been aroused with unabated fury. The name and sight of her again thrilled him with strange emotions. Her noble nature had not suffered even by the dreadful ordeal. She was still beautiful and youthful. He would tell her that he loved her still. He felt no compunction that the man of her erring choice yet lived. The wretch had forfeited all respect due him for her sake.

The day after the funeral Dr. Hale called at the flat to talk over matters with Mrs. Drew. She had no plans, no prospects, she must think she said. He had thought, and he had plans, too. For old friendship's sake she and the children would come and stay awhile with them, him and his sister. She was often lonely, he being so much abroad. She, his sister, would be delighted. And she, Myra, needed rest and care. Yes, he knew she would for friendship's sake. And so it was settled for the time being. She knew he loved her still and that it was only his considerateness that held him in abstinence the burning question. It would come, and she had decided upon its answer. It did come, and she gave it answer. Both had suffered and come forth stronger and nobler of soul.

In the late summer these two gathered love's aftermath still fresh and fragrant.

J. A. De Hollander, '03.
The O’ld Woman who Lived in a Shoe.

A Reverie, Not by a Bachelor Made, But by a Bachelor Maid

I don’t much believe in day dreams. I don’t see how any sensible girl can find time to sit down for a whole hour doing nothing, nor do I see where she would get material for her dreams. Not that a girl doesn’t build air-castles, and plan all sorts of future possibilities. But these are very different. A day dream is what its name implies—simply a collection of idle, impossible fancies. An air-castle is built up piece by piece into a very real structure (of air.) A day-dream, once broken off, can never be repeated, an air-castle can be interrupted anywhere after the corner-stone is laid, and at the next opportunity you can begin where you left off, for an air-castle is never finished.

But the greatest difference and the advantage for air-castles is that they can be built while the hands are busy, and on this account they are particularly a woman’s delight. A man has no fancy-work, no sewing, no tatting, no wonder he cannot keep his fancies in the limits of common sense. But why this long exposition? Simply because the other day I let my thoughts wander of their own free will, and now I must find some excuse for my fancies.

I was working on a pillow cover, one that I thought particularly odd and that, when done would be a decided adornment for my cozy corner. It was a design from Mother Goose—The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe—to be worked in outline stitch. The work was not intricate, and I felt to guessing about this queer old lady, who was she and how did she become so famous.

I was a very little girl when I first met her. In some way there had fallen into my hands a brightly-covered card advertising a certain make of shoes and on this card was the picture of a great shoe with windows and doors in the side, and roofed over with straw. I have a faint recollection, too, of a little old woman in a high peaked hat and a wide polonaise, and of an innumerable lot of children. Poring over the picture house at a time, I used to wonder where she could have got the shoe, and I planned all sorts of impossible things, against the time when I should be grown up and live in a shoe. I think I finally decided that the shoe had been left by one of the giants with whom, in the child’s imagination, the world is peopled.

The dread occasioned by this connection with the giants was increased by the story of how she treated her children. “Broth without any bread” to the childish mind meant simply cold water, and in connection with the next line, “licked them and switched them, and sent them to bed” meant that they went supperless to bed; which punishment, by the way, is the very worst calamity that can happen to a hungry boy or girl.

Some wise old philosopher has told us that all the Mother Goose Jingles have a hidden meaning; that they are nice little sugar-coated pills. The sugar-coat, though, must be pretty thick, for I can’t for the life of me find the morals of some of these old rhymes. Take this one about the old woman in a shoe, for instance. Perhaps Mrs. Goose meant a schoolma’am by this and, if she was a prophetess no doubt she did. Poor, tired schoolma’am’s, “so many children they don’t know what to do!” No wonder that sometimes these children get broth, unsatisfying water, without any solid bread of knowledge. No wonder they sometimes whip them and switch them—only with their tongues, remember, for the modern schoolma’am rules by love, which means the use, when necessary of that refined torture that teaches children to dread the tongue more than ferule or birch.

Another clue to the interpretation of this parable of Mother Goose came to me as I was idly repeating the rhyme.—“The old woman who lived in her shoe.” You see that fits all of us, for we spend the most of our lives in our shoes. But the children? That is a puzzler. Perhaps by this are meant the children of our brains, the thronging, unmanageable thoughts—so many we “don’t know what to do.” And perhaps there have been people who could whip these thoughts and subdue them, and send them to the bed of forgetfulness. Like this old woman people sometimes do incredible things.

But for most of us there seems no method of silencing these troublesome, clamorous voices. They keep calling and screaming through the corridors of our brains. Perhaps Mother Goose thought it an easy matter to put these thoughts to bed; perhaps she thought it a remarkable achievement. At any rate, here she has it, an allegory in black and white; make of it what you will.

We wonder what became of this old woman. Did her children ever grow up? And if they did how could they all get into that one shoe? And if they couldn’t get in, what became of them?

Perhaps, one by one, her children left her, and then, when all were gone, this old woman crept into her shoe-house and sailed far, far away to that part of the sky where goblins and fairies dwell. A pleasant conceit isn’t it? And we are free to imagine whatever we please about her. But after many weeks of puzzling and imagining, the result for me was only a tantalizing mystery.—and a very “cute” sofa-pillow.

Grace W. Hoekje, ‘03.
EDITORIALS.

Where and How to Spend Vacation.

With the June rose comes the question, where and how shall I spend my vacation. Home associations, circumstances and natural inclinations, of course, enter largely into the consideration. There are a great many ways in which a profitable and enjoyable vacation may be spent. A few popular ways are, rusticating at the seaside or the country, touring, farming and canvassing.

The majority of us cannot be 'summer people.' Those who can, certainly are privileged and often envied. There is a charm and grace in leisure which most all covet. But such leisure too often becomes idleness, and this is not conducive to recreation. Lounging on the beach or dozing on the veranda, out of sorts with the weather, your neighbors, the flies, the cook or the morning mail—are not the doings that make your vacation a truly delightful one. A more aimless and dissatisfied lot of beings than the 'summer people' at the resorts and summer hotels would be hard to find. And why? Simply because their ideas of a vacation mean an entire relaxation of all mental and physical activity. This is not even rest. Rest does not consist in idleness, but rather in a change of occupation from a compulsory to a voluntary one. What better opportunities could a student with leisure have of studying botany or geology in his rambles among the fields and woods and hills? What a vast deal there is to learn from the birds and insects when once an interest is aroused. What calm, deep enjoyment, a gorgeous sunset or a quiet woodland scene affords to one who has come in touch with the soul of nature. This contemplation of the beautiful begets a life of adoration that quickens interest in the leaf, the pebble, the worm, the ripple of the rill and the chirp of the cricket. How reverent, how disgusting is the yawning snarl of the indolent grumbler.

Many young men and women are needed on the farm and at home during the summer weeks. It may seem a humdrum life and lacking in dignity and advantage; but there is no better recreation than a summer on the farm. The early breakfast, the free perspiration, the parched thirst, the keen appetite, the tired limbs and sound slumber—are tonics that leave small profits to the doctors and undertakers. If the home letters are urgent for your coming home to assist in the harvest, go by all means and feel thankful for the opportunity. You will not have to take sun-sets for your breathe or rurges for your complexion.

There are some students who have neither the leisure, time nor a home at which to spend a vacation in the country. Shop work at this time is neither desirable nor profitable. Such usually take up agent work. Of all trying occupations canvassing is conceded to be the most disagreeable of them. Still even canvassing has many things to recommend itself to the needy young man. First there are ample profits for the energetic, persevering, honest man who, while he becomes all things to all people does not forget to be courteous and gentlemanly. Canvassing helps one to acquire tact and a facility in dealing with all classes of people, which can hardly be obtained in any other way. Then, there are the advantages of travel and the excitement of adventure connected with it which often afford subject matter for many an entertaining conversation. There is also a moral training in the work. Doing resolutely what is naturally irksome makes one master of himself which is in itself an element of success.

No matter where the student may spend his vacation, if he be a student in the true sense of the term, he will use his mental and physical powers to learn some new and useful thing from the people and things with which he comes in contact.

The C. E. M. L. Convention.

The convention of the Christian Endeavor Missionary League of the Reformed church in America was held this year in Holland. The city certainly enjoyed a great privilege in having this body in their midst. The students of Hope College were no less privileged. Most of them are C. E. workers in their home churches and many are members of local societies. The college authorities recognizing the importance of having the students attend the convention, suspended the regular college exercises for a day. Those who took advantage of this opportunity to attend feel themselves greatly benefited.

The programs of the convention were very helpful. The conferences were intended for the discussion of the work. The addresses were to give inspiration and enthusiasm. There were present some of the most prominent men and ablest speakers of our church, both from the east and from the west. Prof Amos R. Wells of Boston and Prof. Graham Taylor of Chicago were also secured to deliver addresses. The most attractive number on the program was an address by the Indian chief, Wauntan from Oklahoma, who spoke in the sign language and was interpreted by Rev. W. C. Roe. The story of the Indian chief was very pathetic but it also brought encouragement to the hearts of the missionaries. Wauntan is a living example of the power of the Gospel. Only to have heard him would have been a rare treat. The Missionary League is to be congratulated upon the success of the convention.
Oratorical Items.

In view of our connection with the Mich. Oratorical League we present the following summary of the Fifth League Contest. The contestants represent these colleges respectively: State Normal, Olivet, Adrian, Albion, Hillsdale, Hope, Kalamazoo and M. A. C.

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<th>NAME OF CONTESTANTS</th>
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<th>JUDGES ON DELIVERY</th>
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What comment or criticism must we pass on these facts? We may say what we please but we must submit to facts. Let us manfully accept our defeat if defeat it be. No true soldier was ever discouraged at loosing a hard fought battle. True success is not measured by gold medals, but by the extent it elevates and inspires mankind to nobler and truer living. Viewed in this light, we dare not say that twice we fought at Zama. Let our wounds teach us how to fight.

Says The Echo of Olivet: "Next year's battle will be fought on home ground, and this fact, coupled with Olivet's two states victories in succession, ought to spur every orator in college to his best efforts for the contest. There should be additional impulses to work for next year from the fact that the winner will represent Michigan in the International contest composed of ten other states." Let us too, advance enthused with the same motive.

Most heartily do we approve of the action of Prof. Nykerk in inspiring the different classes to "set our men to work immediately." Let us then not despair but take courage, remembering that great victories are won only under great difficulties and through persistent labor.

AMONG THE SOCIETIES

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. was addressed by the Rev. A. Clark of this city, May 1. His subject was, "The Immortality of the Soul." The soul cannot be proven deathless by any scientific analysis, yet there is in every life an inherent hope or dread of that something beyond. Science cannot reason around it, nor can scepticism quench it.

May 8, the Rev. Mr. Strabbing of North Holland, presented the subject, "The Worh of Christian Manhood".

The following week, May 15, Melvin Trotter and one of his assistant workers both from the Rescue Mission of Grand Rapids, pleaded the cause of city rescue mission work. Mr. Trotter left a deep impression among us, and great interest and discussion has been aroused in respect to the Association taking up some new work along these lines.

May 22, the conference of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Reformed Church was in session here, and it was thought best to omit the regular meeting of the Association for the larger meeting in Hope Church.

The Rev. G. De Jonge of Vriesland addressed the Association May 29, on the subject: "The Counsel of the Wise Man." Apply yourself diligently and thoroughly to the matter that requires your attention now.

THE COSMOPOLITANS.

As the end of the school year is approaching, we may look back with pleasure upon the work accomplished. The meetings have been regularly held and well attended. The time spent in the Cosmos Hall has come to be considered one of the most enjoyable hours of the week. There student can meet student on an equality. Criticism has been one of the important features of our work, in particular, the criticism of productions read or spoken. The members freely take part in expressing their views and at times it is amusing to hear strong commendatory remarks and equally severe deragations—both in good faith—on the same composition.

On the evening of May 16, the society met upon invitation with the L. L. L. The members were given an opportunity to judge what the sister organization had accomplished. A program of music, recitation and the always welcome "journal" was rendered, after which the time was spent with games and refreshments. All testified to an evening of pleasure and delight.

X X X

Alumni.

Mr. L. L. Legters, '00, and Mr. George Korteling '01, will spend the summer in evangelistic work in Oklahoma.
Rev. H. Harmeling, ’88, of the First Reformed Church of Chicago, has declined the call to the First Reformed Church at Kalamazoo, Mich.

Mr. G. Te Koiste ’gg, has received a call from the Reformed church at Ebenezer, Mich.

Rev. Wm. Stegeman, ’89, of Perkins, So. Dakota, is at present visiting in this city with friends and relatives.

Rev. N. Boer, ’97, of Jamestown, has received a second call from the First Reformed church at Pella, Iowa.

Rev. J. Poppen, Ph. D., ’82, of Bentheim, Mich., has accepted the call to Wortendyke, N. J.

Rev. B. Hoffman, ’95, of Spring Lake, has accepted the call to the Fifth Reformed church of Grand Rapids.

Mr. J. L. Dinkeloo, ’oo, recently spent a few days at his home in this city.

The Anchor extends its sympathies to Prof. E. Dimnten, who was suddenly called to his home in Chicago, on the 19th of May, on account of the death of his father.

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COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

Edith says she sells more keys than either Lottie or May.

Base-ball spirit lies a mouldering in the grave

While courting goes marching on.

“Bill” always goes home to see his other girl on Sunday.

Our alumni editor has gone to Chicago to attend a wedding.

Wonder whose?

May cannot be given away. She must be sold.

“Annie Cow Dykema”

Lead not others into temptation. Advise to A. Muyskens.

Ben De Young recently made a swift trip to Geneva with the intention of locating there permanently if the place proved satisfactory.

Do you know that Wubbena already has his bird caged?

A—la—la—‘tis zonde.

Three in three weeks says Ben. Yes variety is the spice of life.

Ask Patsy about his new shirt.

Resignations are catching. Miss Estelle Kollen has resigned from the L. L. L. Reason unknown.

“And then, we’ll double up.”—Prof. Nykerk.

Melly’s walks along the Rhine were few but precious.

Business is so flourishing with Bill and Huizy that the dictionary does not have a word to express it. Rushing is much too weak. Who can suggest a better.

Miss W. has a sign four for a cent. The other evening after Huizy left she had a penny in her hand. Conclusion?

Henry Hyink, Prep. ’oo, has recently embarked upon the matrimonial sea. A pleasant journey is our wish.

Charity thinketh no evil.—Miss Hoekje.

A special feature of the convention was the committee meetings after the evening sessions.

May is doing a rushing business since she put up her sign. 6 for a cent. No wonder they’re so cheap.

When someone’s arms were placed around Miss Riksen she said, “Don’t be too loving in the day time, only at night.” Who was the happy someone.

Kruizinga says he likes Miss Hoekje better than Walvoord does.

May had John last year, Edith this, Lottie ought to have him next.

Alice loves to read the Georgics.

“Get it sisters, get it!”

Margie says she left all her books in Zeeland.

“Dick” has been reminded that the class-room is not a circus and that he is not to try to play the part of a clown.

Pennings talks about bowing with Grace.

A young man was overheard telling Miss Roest that he always walks home from church alone on Sunday evenings. What can this mean?

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