The Anchor
June Issue

1904
Holland, Michigan.
You can tell at a glance that the man in the picture is particular about his Appearance.

He has selected a suit with a smart pattern—one which gives natural grace to his figure.

He is a man of good breeding and strict tastes. We clothe such men—we can clothe you.

10 per cent reduction to students when they mention the Anchor. You will do well to call and see us. Also the finest up-to-date shoes in the city.

Lokker-Rutger Co.,
CLOTHIERS
"Georgie, Georgie! come, my dear; you have just fifteen minutes in which to get ready for dancing school." Mrs. Barrows stood upon the veranda and smilingly imparted this information to her seven-year-old son, who was proudly leading a band of soldiers across the lawn. The information did not meet with entire approval, however. "Oh, mamma, can't I stay home today? My foot hurts me so." And forthwith he began to limp most pitifully. "But your foot seemed to be all right a few moments ago. No, come at once, and Susan will get you ready." Georgie sullenly walked into the house and up to the nursery.

Susan, against much protestation, succeeded in washing his hands and face, and then came forward with his white shirt. "Oh dear, must I wear that old thing? Why can't I wear my sweater?" said the dissatisfied boy. The white shirt was put on notwithstanding and one more scowl was the result. At this moment mamma entered and asked, "Are you most ready, Georgie?" "No, and I wish all my clothes were lost," snapped the boy. "Very well, but run to the closet and get your pumps. Marjorie is all ready and is waiting for you downstairs." This only gave new fuel whereby his temper could consume itself. "It's funny I could'nt go anywhere without having a little sister hanging onto me. I hate pumps, I'd a good deal rather go in my rubber boots. I hate girls. I hate dancing school. I wish the teacher'd get sick for a change." Mamma said nothing and soon the much abused boy was ready. Marjorie was waiting for him in the hall with a pleasant smile upon her face. This smile Georgie answered by deepening the frown upon his, and together they started for the dancing school.
It was one of the red letter days at Mrs. Bennington’s dancing school. After the regular practice dances, came the Autumn Cotillion. Upon this day, all who had at any time during the term attended the class made it a point to come and join in the cotillion. Georgie, however, cared nothing for this. As soon as he entered the hall, he joined a group of kindred malcontents in an out-of-the-way corner, where they were freely berating the fate that compelled them to go to dancing school. They paid no attention when the teacher came upon the floor; they sought no partners when the music began for the first dance. But when Mrs. Bennington came up and asked Georgie to dance with her, he thought that of all unfortunates he was the most unfortunate. He did not try to conceal his discontent even from her, but she did not mind—she had handled such cases before. They had gone around but once when suddenly the scowl left Georgie’s face. Who was that dancing with Archie Godwin? Such a pretty girl he had never seen, he thought. Everytime he passed them his eyes remained upon her as long as it was possible without attracting too much attention. The teacher, however, saw and smiled to herself. She knew now that one more formerly discontented boy had been converted in his ideas with regard to dancing school. After the dance she took him to his new-found treasure. Then she went off, taking Archie with her. Georgie sat down, at a loss for something to say. His new acquaintance immediately began a conversation, however. "What did the teacher say ‘oo name was? I forgot." "Georgie Barrows. What was yours? I forgot too." "Marion Field, I know where ‘oo lives. Mamma showed me where Mrs. Barrow lives.” "I’ll bet you don’t.” said Georgie.

"Yes I do. In that big brick house on Wellington Avenue, dest a block from where we lives,” was the confident reply. "I’ll bet I know where you live, then, too. In that new stone house on the corner. Just moved in, didn’t you?" And the boy that he scored a victory. "Yes. How did ‘oo know?" "Oh, I knew it all the time. And then the waltz began.”

For the first time in his, to him long life, Georgie saw that there was any fun in dancing. For the first time, much to his sister’s surprise, he came up and danced with her. This however, was after he had made sure of the cotillion with his new acquaintance. For the first time he retired into the dressing-room before the cotillion began and smoothed down his hair, straightened his necktie, silently admired his spotless white shirt, and brushed a speck of dirt from his patent leather pumps. While he was standing before the mirror, Archie entered. He had just been refused the cotillion by Marion Field, so was not feeling very amiable. He turned up his nose at Georgie and said, "Seems to me you’re getting horribly particular, compared with what you used to be.” Georgie had no time to reply.

The cotillion was a great success, at least so Georgie Barrows said as he walked home with Marjorie and Marion. He repeated the statement when he reached home, adding that dancing school was more fun than playing soldier. Mamma was surprised and did not know what to make of it. Papa only smiled to himself—he knew. And Marjorie didn’t say a word.

It was Friday noon, about four weeks later. The dancing school had remained in highest favor with Georgie. In fact, he started to dress himself for it immediately after dinner on Saturday, and it was he who now had to wait in the hall until Marjorie could get ready. Mamma had ceased to wonder. She had resigned herself to the fact that the impossible had happened. Upon this particular Friday, Marion had smiled at Georgie more often than usual, and the oftener she did this the more Archie Godwin’s little heart swelled with jealousy. He held a whispered conversation with his seat-mate, Charlie Allworth, and unfolded to him a plan whereby he’d "get even with that Georgie Barrows. He thinks Marion Field is stuck on him, but I’ll show him she ain’t.” Charlie readily agreed to the scheme, chiefly because Archie was a little bigger than he was and also had a big brother at home.

School was dismissed. The little girls went tripping gayly down the street, singing and chattering as they went. At a respectable distance followed the boys in heated discussion. "How is that pasture of yours? Can she talk straight yet?” This from Archie to Georgie. "Never mind,” was the reply, "you needn’t think you can tease me with things your big brother at home tells you to say. Think up something new." Then Archie
drew him aside and whispered something in his ear. At first a cloud came over Georgie’s face, but this soon disappeared and he firmly said, “No I won’t.” “She won’t care; she likes you so well.” “Well, I don’t want to do it and I won’t do it, so there was Georgie’s firm declaration. “You don’t?” Charlie said. “I’ll bet you I do dare, but I don’t want to.” “Well, if you did you’d do it, and if you don’t want to it, you didn’t” was Charlie’s logical statement of the case. Then all chimed in, “No he’s a baby; he doesn’t.” Unmannned by such taunts and jeers from his playmates, Georgie said, “Is that so? You just see if I don’t,” and forthwith ran up to the happy group of girls, threw his arms about Marion, and planted a kiss upon her red cheek. The poor child burst into tears and ran home, accompanied by the ever-faithful Marjorie. Then she told her mother the whole story, and when Marjorie left, she whispered to her, “Don’t tell your mamma, will you?” And Marjorie didn’t tell.

The next day the interest in the dancing school had depreciated greatly. At dinner time Georgie complained of a headache. “Perhaps you had better not go to dancing school this afternoon then,” mamma suggested. “Maybe I hadn’t” agreed Georgie, “but I guess perhaps I’m well enough to go just the same.” “Aha!” laughed papa, “so the temperature has gone down some, has it?” This time it was Marjorie who was ready first. Mamma noticed all this, but suspected nothing.

Two hours later, there was a slamming of doors, and Georgie stormed into the room, meekly followed by Marjorie. “Dancing schools are the craziest old things there are,” he snapped out. “I’m never going again. I’m going to throw these pumps into the stove and you can send this shirt to the Indians or somewhere else where I’ll never see it again.” “What’s up, Georgie? Did she dance with somebody else oftener than with you?” papa smiledly asked. Georgie said nothing. He did not tell that when he passed her in the hall, she would not speak to him; he did not tell that when he started to walk towards where she was sitting, she got up and walked away; he did not tell that when it became time to go home, she had walked off with Archie Godwin. Neither did Marjorie tell.

The next Monday was the most unhappy day Georgie had ever spent at school. Archie and his followers lost no opportunity of teasing the poor boy over his fall from grace. But, worse than that, Marion would not look at him, and all the other girls kept him at a distance. After school he slunked off home alone and went up to the nursery. When he was called to dinner his eyes were red and the tears still stood upon his cheek. Papa took the poor boy upon his lap and asked him what the matter was. Then Georgie told the whole unfortunate story and laid bare his broken little heart. Mamma immediately became indignant. “I thought my boy was a little gentleman but if he does not know how to behave, he can go up to his room to bed immediately, and think about what he has done.” “No, no, no, mamma, don’t break his heart still more. He has feeling as well as we have. Now Georgie, after dinner you go over to Marion’s house and tell her you are sorry for what you have done and ask her to forgive you. I’m sure that will fix it up all right.” At the prospect of a reconciliation the boy’s face lit up and he could hardly wait until dinner was finished. On his way out he saw a large apple on the buffet and remembering how forlorn she was of apples, put it in his pocket.

As he neared her house, his heart began to flutter. There she was on the steps of the veranda. Upon nearing the gate, however, his courage failed him and he went by. Then he turned back and again walked past the gate. Once more he turned and this time he approached more slowly. As he neared the gate this time—oh joy! Marion herself said to him, “Aren’t you coming in?” Of course he came in and explained, “I was just going down town when I thought I had left something behind, so I was going back for it, and then I found I had it after all.” “Are you sure you have got it now?” Marion naively asked. A brief pause during which he collected his thoughts, and then he began, “Say, Marion, I’m awful sorry for what I did, and my pa, he says, I must ask you to forgive me. Do you want this apple?” She reached out her hand and took the apple. As she took the first bite, she bowed her head and looking at him from the corners of her eyes, slyly said, “I wouldn’t have cared so much that ‘oo did it only there were so many folks around.”

And the dancing school was in favor once more.

A. Judson Kolyn, ’06.
A Summer Night at Macatawa Park.

The moonlight dances on the lake,
The air is moist and still;
And from the distant swamps is heard
The tree-toads chirping shrill.
The dew is sparkling on the grass,
And on the sand-hills nigh,
Which toss aloft their pine-decked tops
To meet the star-decked sky.
The birds into their nests are flown.
The flowers have closed their eyes;
All sleep until awakened by
The morning's bright sunrise.
The shady walks, where lovers strolled,
E'en the squirrel has forsaken;
And to his nest high in the limb
He has himself betaken.
The sandy beach deserted is,
Where once the children played;
The swirling waves that lashed the shore
By a stronger power are stayed.
The cottage lights have long been out,
But the stars still shine on high;
Some shadowed inlet of the lake
Reflects the twinkling sky.
All honor to the Maker be,
Who by his power and might
Has made, and in his love has given,
This peaceful summer night.

M. C. T. ANDREAE, Prep. '04.

Antigone.

Progression and innovation are pre-eminently characteristic of "Hope." Novelty still has its charm without the awe of surprise. "What next?" is unspoken for lack of time before a realization of the unexpected is experienced. We cannot stop to enumerate the advances that are being made and the advantages that are being offered along every line of culture—experiment and learning—adventure. It will suffice the patrons of our paper and the devotees of our alma mater to mention the latest innovation that has put to a test the quality of Hope's students,—the rendition in English of Sophocles' Antigone on the evening of May 27.

To render Greek play palpable to an American audience is certainly no small matter. The modern tendency toward light comedy and jocos entertainment revolt against the weightiness of ancient tragedy involved in pagan religion. There is wanting that telepathic sympathy between the modern student of Greek and the old Greek dramatists in the majority of cases, and only those who for years, have been continually imbuing the Greek spirit as it comes to us through its literature, can fully appreciate the aesthetic element that permeates every sphere of Greek life. And yet the versatility of the Grecian intellect has em-
bodied in its literature such universality of interest and immortality of charm that a mere glimpse of that naive beauty as conceived by the mind beautified Greek surpasses all the gross panoramic spectacles of our own times. Altho the English language, in its hissing harshness, is incomparable with that of the Greek with its musical color of long and short vowels, and thus considerable of the original is not apparent in the translation, the original qualities that have given the Greek dramas enduring worth "will never pass into nothingness, but still will keep a bower quiet for us."

As in all tragic literature there is a struggle between two motives appertaining to an event of supreme importance and terminating in the exaltation and supremacy of the higher and the transcendently universal motive, so in Sophocles' Antigone there is a struggle between the laws as ordained by heaven and proclaimed by man, or between the divine and human decrees of justice,—between "a sister's love and sense of religious obligation, and resentment for violated authority." The play is built up on a race curse and infatuation that originated with Cadmus and were transmitted to his descendants, each of whom added thereto and swelled the accumulating torrent of fate—Laius by volitional disobedience, Oedipus by volitional impiety, and Eteocles and Polynices by volitional fratricide. Antigone and Ismene are the sisters of Eteocles and Polynices. Creon, after the death of the brothers, each by the other's hand, becomes the King of Thebes, and to show his abhorrence for the traitorous act of Polynices commands that to neither Polynices nor his allies a lawful burial be given. At this point the play begins.

The characters and the actors who played their respective parts are the following: Antigone, Jacob Brewer; Ismene, A. Judson Kelm; Creon, Edward R. Krutzenga; Eurydice, Willis J. Hoekje; Haemon, Abraham J. Mute: King's body guards, Philip Jonker and Wm. Duven; Tiresias, state priest, John Van Zumeren; Priest's guide, Dean Bergen; Guard, Jacob Kelder; Herald, Anthony Walton; Maids, Benj. De Jonge and Jacob Kelder; Chorus with chorus leader, James J. De Peer.

The time of the play is at early dawn, after the battle of "The Seven against Thebes." The place is the open square in front of the royal palace upon the Cadmea, the citadel of Thebes.

The arrangements for the rendition of Antigone were wholly in the hands of Prof. Edward D. Dimment. The stage represented the old Greek theatre with a lofty wall of massive blocks of stone at the rear. In this wall there were three doors through which the actors came upon the stage from the dressing rooms behind it, the central one being called "the royal door." There were also two columns, one on each side of "the royal door" forming an architectural facade to represent the palace before which the action of the play was supposed to take place. Curtains were hung to conceal completely from the view of the audience all but the stage and its simple scenery. The costumes of the actors were also selected with the intention of reproducing the Greek style of simple dress and adapting the color to the role of each character for artistic effect.

The translation used was also by Prof. Dimment. It is a translation in verse of scholarly merit, suited especially for grace of speech and ease of interpretation. The following is the programme as given, showing the arrangement for presentation:

**PROGRAMME.**

**SCENE BEFORE THE ROYAL PALACE, THEBES.**

Overture
Prolog, Antigone and Ismene
Antigone announces her determination
Invocation, The Chorus
Episode I Creon, the Chorus, Mutes
Inauguration Speech
Later, A Guard
Polynices' burial announced.

Stasimon I The Chorus
"The Wonderful Ways of Man"
Mendelssohn

Episode II Guard, Antigone, The Chorus
Kreon and attendant; Later, Ismene and attendants; Report of the Guards.

Stasimon II The Chorus
"The Sins of the Fathers"
Mendelssohn

Episode III Kreon with two attendants,
Haemon. Haemon pleads for his fiance, Antigone.

Stasimon III "Oh Love Supreme"
Mendelssohn

Episode IV Antigone; Guard; Later, Kreon.

Antigone's Defence and Lament.

Stasimon IV "In Ancient Days"
Episode V. Kreon; Tiresias and Guide.

The warning of the Priest.

Hyporchema "Hear us, Bacchus" - Mendelssohn

Exodus Messenger: Later, Kreon.

Funeral Procession in the Distance.

Kreon's Lament.

Finale "Wisdom to Age"

Music by Prof. Dimnent.

When all was in readiness and the time had come for the play to begin, Antigone came out upon the stage and walked listlessly to and fro wrapt in deep meditation. Presently Ismene also appeared, and with a look of wonder mingled with sorrow upon a countenance whose eyes were reddened with weeping, she stopped before Antigone awaiting the import of the summons. The audience at first took this too seriously. Antigone and Ismene—the one with hair of a raven black, with an appearance of deep seated sorrow subdued by a will that sets to nought the inconsiderate decrees of man; the other with hair of a golden hue, suggestive of weakness, and both with robes to which the modern eye is unaccustomed,—were still to the audience nothing more than Mr. Brouwer and Mr. Kolyn, who played the role of each respectively. But after both had spoken and the prologue of the play had been given they were ever afterward Antigone and Ismene, and nothing less. The clearly spoken words and measured thoughts of Antigone immediately threw a mantle of gloom over the audience, for she revealed the soul inspiring and heart-rending issue of the bigoted mandates of man un-sanctioned by heaven. When the prologue was over, Mr. Brouwer and Mr. Kolyn had not only left an impression of the determination of Antigone to bestow upon her dead brother, Polynices, the burial rights in spite of the commands of the king, and the readiness of Ismene to be subservient to his laws, but also of the domineering authority and short sighted impetuousness of Creon. Consequently when Edward R. Kruizenga, who played the role of Creon, appeared before the chorus in the first episode, his task was to enforce the impression already made. Clad in the purple of authority and the golden hue of kings, Creon came out upon the stage thro’ the royal door” and spoke his inaugural address in words betokening his regal power and a devotion to his state. Despotic pompousness was nicely portrayed, yet not overdrawn, by the clear ring of Mr. Kruizenga’s voice and by a natural haughty demeanor assumed. Creon’s patriotism surpassed his despotism since it was for the welfare of the state, an example for others, that to Polynices—

"Decree went forth no one a funeral mound Should raise nor weep with loud lament but leave Unburied, lie as prey for birds, as meat For dogs, a ghastly sight to look upon."

Such was the introduction of the two principal characters, Antigone and Creon, the former standing for divine justice, the latter for human justice, and both with a strong determination to do or die. But before passing on to the deeds and fate of each, the Chorus must be mentioned, for it was as much an integral part of the play as any one of the characters. The Chorus leader, Mr. James J. De Free, expressed the sentiments of this venerable body of fifteen aged men who know well the affairs of state of the past, and meditatively yet unresistingly viewed the occurrences of kinglly highhandedness of the present.

As arranged for this occasion the Chorus consisted of fifteen male voices, nine tenors and six bassos, who were trained by Prof. J. B. Nykerk, Miss Amy Yates being the piano accompanist. Their first appearance was made after Antigone and Ismene had left the stage and before Creon’s inauguration speech. They came upon the stage robed in white garments and singing a song of triumph. They then remained on the stage continuously until the close, singing at the end of each episode the Choral Odes that mark the successive steps in the development of the play, with such musical perfection and volume as never has thrilled a Holland audience before.

To resume the events of the play, Creon was again upon the stage, and news was brought him by a guard that his decree had been broken by one who had given Polynices burial. Creon suspected the guard as an accomplice in the deed for lucre’s sake, and threatened to take his life if the doer of the deed were not revealed. Creon’s sense of absolute power was becoming more prominent, and in the next two episodes reached its climax.

In the second episode the Guard again appeared before the
king. Heedless of her who committed the deed and thoughtful only of self, the Guard presented Antigone, told his tale, which was confirmed by her own words, and received his dismissal. The defiant attitude of Antigone filled the king with anger. Her defending the unwritten laws of Zeus as more worthy of obedience than the laws of Creon pricked him to the quick, and with the cognition that his determination must not be baffled by that of hers, he feelingly asserted:

"But now I am no man but she is man,
If power in this shall be her free desert!"

Ismene he also summoned, suspecting that she, too, was implicated in the deed. Here again was seen the weakness of Ismene by which the strength of Antigone was more forcibly impressed.

In the third episode Haemon, son of Creon and lover of Antigone, represented by Abraham J. Muste, approached his father with filial respect. But when the relentless self will of Creon annulled and even despised the tender love he had for Antigone, Haemon broke away from filial esteem and upbraided his father for not guarding the laws of God, and swore that near him Antigone should not die.

The applause that followed this episode was spontaneous. There had been no applause whatsoever after that which followed the prologue, which was more the result of custom than of stimulated emotions. But when Haemon so vehemently had defied his self-contained, death-decreing and love blighting father, the pent-up emotions of antipathy for Creon, which Mr. Kruizenga in his arrogant tone of voice and whole expression had inculcated, could not but burst forth and give relief to the audience who: sympathetic Mr. Brouwer had so absolutely won for Antigone.

In the fourth episode the last and woeful words of Antigone were heard. Piteable was her appearance and lamentable her fate. Previous to this there had been but one thought expressed, one purpose in mind—to give her brother, Polyneices, rightful burial. She had shown a strength of character that savored too much of masculinity. But in the lament, the stereotyped character, divine law incarnate, was lost; Antigone was supremely human. Clearly she saw her fated end.

"No mournful dirge attends; unwed,
No nuptial hymn sang bliss for me,
Death's angel is my love."

"Unwept, unloved, unsung, my wretched soul
Her ready course now fates."

But Creon was implacable.
In the fifth episode Tiresias, the priest, warned Creon of the dreadful disaster about to come upon his house. Not even the seer whose hair was white from age and whose eyes were blinded to the footpaths of men but open to the future's fated course, could awaken, at first, Creon from his lethargy of isolated authority. But at last the ring-song chant of ill-forbidding prophecy struck terror to his mind and reached his heart. To recant was hard; but recant he must. He was ready now to obey the Chorus. He ordered at once that Antigone be released from prison. And yet he remained the same impetuous Creon.

In the Exodus Creon's love and humility were fully portrayed. The messenger reported the tragic deaths of Haemon, Antigone and Eurydice, fearlessly and unconcernedly. Creon's tyrannical spirit was broken; the somnambulist of shattered dreams awoke from his slumberous folly. With a look of agony upon his face and a tone of despair in his voice, Creon passed from the stage a humbler and wiser man.

The Chorus, which at the end of each episode had relieved the audience of the intense strain which the soul-harrowing events were successively increasing, now sang the Choral Ode, "Wisdom to Age," which ended the play.

There is a general tendency to depreciate the abilities of our students while under graduates; and apparently—by the reports of prizes and honors won elsewhere—they must be caparisoned with new environments and drink from the Pierian spring whose drops of knowledge are poured out by Wisdom's ancillaries of other institutions before they can reveal the latent power that needshb a spark for it to break forth with a flash in open demonstration of some accomplishment. But we need no longer disparage the capabilities of our students, nor await wired news of their success, as though this were the only success achieved when we remember with what remarkable success Antigone of rendered under the wise direction and careful supervision was Prof. Dimment.
Athletics.

The baseball season that is so nearly past has been only partly successful. Financially, it was a deplorable failure. The games have cost more than those held in previous years, and the article of ball put up by the college team has not been of the kind to win support enough to pay for the extra expense. Nor have other conditions been entirely favorable. Capt. Van der Laan has worked hard for his team and for the college; yet, for some reason or other, the men were shamefully irregular about their practice. One thing we men at Hope must learn is that success in athletics, as well as in other things, comes only after hard, regular, persistent training. There are few geniuses in athletics—it would seem, fewer even than in other departments of college life. Following is a brief summary of the games played:

Kalamazoo 13; Hope 0.
Kalamazoo is a very strong college team. Timely batting won her the game. Hope was conspicuous mainly by its errors.

Benton Harbor H. S. 1; Hope 9.
The college showed marked improvement at the bat. Duven, Nies and Van den Burg each got two safe ones.

Allegan H. S. 5; Hope 8.
This was the best game of the season. In the second inning Van der Laan went “up in the air” and allowed six hits which, with the help of a few errors, counted for 5 runs. After that the college men climbed steadily upward and with the help of timely hitting by Andrease, Kelder and Bush won the game.

Grand Rapids H. S. 2; Hope 5.
The game was close and interesting. Vruvink singled twice and played a steady game at short. Nies was almost invincible and pitched shut-out ball.

So much for baseball. In other lines, a track meet is to be held in the near future between the Preparatory Department and the Holland High School. This is a new departure and we hope for the success of the meet.

On June 3rd the annual election of the Athletic Association was held. Those who will manage athletics next year are the following: General Manager, A. J. Muste; Secretary, A. J. Van Houten; Treasurer, Jno. Hockje; Base ball Manager, C. A. Broek; Foot ball Manager, H. Veenker; Gymnasium and Track Manager, A. J. Koly; Basketball Manager, R. H. Nichols; Tennis Manager, J. De Vries.

Commencement Anchor.

Those desiring extra copies of the special Commencement issue of the Anchor are requested to inform the management of the fact not later than Thursday, June 16th. If your Commencement number is to be sent to a different address than usual, please inform Mr. Dykstra, Subscription Manager, of the fact or mail a notice to the Anchor, Holland, Mich.

De Alumni.

During the past month many of Hope's Alumni have entered into practical life-work. A. T. Godfrey, '00, received his diploma from the Medical Department of the North Western University in Chicago, and is now prepared for professional life. C. Spaan, '99, graduated from the Princeton Theological Seminary, and has returned to his home in the West. Geo. Korteling, '01, came home from New Brunswick Theological Seminary, and will soon be working as a missionary in Oklahoma. From the Western Theological Seminary have gone out J. E. Kuizenga, '99, and of the class of '01, J. Steunenberg, J. Wayer, W. Denekas, and J. Van der Heide. The new fields of labor for these dominie have already been announced in these columns. To all these, The Anchor extends “congratulations and best wishes.”

The Hope College contingent of Princeton Seminary students has again carried off honors. To H. P. De Gree, '02, was awarded the “Horace C. Stanton” prize for a critical essay on “David and the Temple Worship,” and to J. Van Peursem, '02, the “Robert L. Maitland” second prize in New Testament Greek. These boys have been in our midst during the month and received a congratulatory hand-shake from many of their friends here.

T. Welmers, H. Van der Naald, G. J. Stuart, and C. Van
der Mel of '03, have also taken a look into the college work. ‘Tis said they almost envy the present students because of the advantages of Van Raalte Memorial Hall.

The theological students have commenced summer mission work among the vacant churches and mission stations of the Reformed Church.

Prin. P. J. Soulen, ’92, of the North Western Classical Academy at Orange City, Ia., writes to The Mission Field that this institution has nearly finished its second decade of educational work. During the first ten years 66 graduates were numbered, and during the last ten years this number has increased to 147. Many of Hope's Alumni are also Alumni of the N. W. C. A.

The Wisconsin Memorial Academy loses another efficient teacher by the resignation of Principal Egbert Winter, '01, which shall take effect at the close of the current year.

Rev. P. Braak, '99, can not be easily enticed from his present field of labor, Westfield, N. Dak. The four calls extended him by other churches and the Iowa classis have all been declined.

Rev. A. Roëndal, '97, of Hamilton, Mich., will serve the church at Oostburg, Wis., as its next pastor.

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Rev. A. Roëndal, '97, of Hamilton, Mich., will serve the church at Oostburg, Wis., as its next pastor.

regard to grammatical errors, but also in regard to position on the platform and manner of speaking. That the members are fully satisfied with the year's work was shown by their regular attendance at all meetings. Our popular Dutch professor has also been a great help to the society in his occasional visits, by his recitations and readings, and by his suggestions.

The Van Raalte Society has come to stay. The members are very enthusiastic in their work. Plans are already on foot for the next year's campaign. A complete canvass of all the old as well as the new students will be made in the beginning of the fall term. A new feature to be introduced will be a course in Dutch history and literature. At the last meeting the following officers were elected: Pres., A. T. Laman; Vice Pres., A. Lampen; Sec., M. Hoffman; Treas., J. Dykstra; Sergeant-at-Arms, H. Pasma; Marshal, T. Ver Hulst.

Two Through the intervention of Mr. H. Van der. Masterpieces Ploeg '93, Van Raalte Memorial Hall will, for a time, have the distinction of harboring the finest paintings ever brought to this city. They are the work of the great artist from The Hague, Netherlands, Johannes Helder.

Both paintings represent scenes from the life of the fisherfolk in the Netherlands. One is entitled "Varscholen" or "In Hiring." and represents the face of a young fisherwoman, peering through a jagged hole in an ancient weatherbeaten board wall. The woodwork coloring in this is so realistic that many mistake it for the frame to set off the face.

The other painting, the more valuable of the two, is the scene of an old tumble-down, stormbeaten fisherhut, and is entitled "De Visscherstoods." Two women are pictured, one pointing out to the other some object in the distance, presumably the figure of her sweetheart, coming from the boat. The love-light dances in their eyes and the expression of the faces with the "Dutch bloom" are remarkable for their vigor and healthful appearance. Also here the wood work effect has been so carefully reproduced that it seems as if one were gazing at the real material.
College Jottings.

Be a musician and hate all your friends.

Keep off the grass and let the weeds grow.

The requisites of a base ball player: a sore hand, a 'barked' elbow, a sprained ankle, a burned thumb, a crutch, a cane. a rubber bandage, ten minutes practice per week.

Visscher: "Gedup, cluck, cluck! What's the matter here?"

Gedup. "What's the matter with this old nag anyhow?"

He don't know no more nor a rabbit.

Lady Friend: "Say, Mr. Visscher, hadn't you better get out and unc the horse first?"

Soph: "Prof., is there a translation of all of Quintilian's works?"

Prof.: "Yes. I suppose you know there is one for the tenth and twelfth books."

McCarty (translating): "Which also of a prudent man is."

Prof.: "In English we don't usually keep the verb until the end."

Pat: "I did that for emphasis."

Prof.: "Well—go on." Pause.

Pat: "I didn't get the last few lines."

Prof.: "Did you keep that for emphasis too?"

Freshman to Van Dyke: "Did you think to-day?"

V. D.: "No; he didn't call on me."

To accommodate the regular Sophs. who spend Fridays at the resorts, the class in elocution has been changed to the eighth hour on Mondays.

Dr. Kollen: "By apologizing so promptly you have made me a year younger."

Soph. (in a whisper): "We could soon make him a young man, if that's all that is needed."

Miss Kollen has taken her seventh day off to have her picture taken.

Seely: "I wonder how long before Washlyke will leave?"

Muller, reporting on his surveying work: "It was my duty to tend to the brusse pile."

Miss Veneklasen says she is going to take a culinary course next year and then will take a trip to the Orient. Congratulations and best wishes.

"Kolyn, that good for nothing little brat, I'll clean his clock," says Capt. "Doc," "and if I can't do it, Patsy can."

Dykema has been to a convention.

Don't you know, don't you know

And everything you say or mention

Makes him think of Buffalo.

Dalenberg says he hasn't developed an eye for pitching as yet, but thinks he holds the record for fielding.

At present the College track team is doing fine work and promises to be a winner. ?? ?? ?

Pelgrin at his second appearance in Vriesland moved the house (to leave).

6:15 p. m., Stegenga: "If I had done anything wrong, like skipping, I wouldn't apologize."

10:45. Muller in tears, Stegenga on his knees. "Oh, Muller, I didn't mean to do it. Forgive me. I'll set it up again. I didn't think, I'll never do it again."

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Visscher asking a friend to go to the F. S. banquet: "If you can't go, I know some one else who will."

Koyna recently received the following telegraph: "Buffalo, N. Y., May 14, '04. Be sure to give her that base ball ticket. Collect from Jim."

He a murmuring "brook"
She a pleasing twitter—and they're gone.

Wynia says the Catalog is unreliable, as he has used over $450 already this year and the ice cream season has but just opened.

Scholten the 3d recently visited his brothers and says he will be here next year to join the ball team. The management gave him material to practice up with.

Van Zomeren and J. Hoekje have also joined the goat club, but Stegenga has been denied a new license, as he is accused of being a professional.

Van Dyke of Passaic, was recently seen walking with a lady classmate, but he has apologized and promises to do better.

Prof. Bergen: "Who is trying to break the back seat? Andreae: "Oh, no one, Professor, it is only Nichols trying to sit down."

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A Sonnet, which Stegenga is reported to have written on the occasion of his being caught upsetting rooms:

"Now I consider how my heart was rent
Ere half I'd passed thru that dark hall and wide
And how no place there was for me to hide,
For I was 'fired,' since my soul was bent
To 'raise the dance'; and now I must present
My forfeit key, to him that did me chide.
For I did wreck a room. 'Tis not denied
I was a fool. But Pleune did invent
For me destruction, when that I had need
Of that most prudent counsel that is best
To bear in mind eternal. This my state
Of mind, when I did haste with hurried speed
That night, the last that I might seek for rest
On my accustomed couch. But such is fate."

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