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Babies and Baby-Worship.

While in search of a subject for a quiet evening's musing,
my eye happened to fall on the title, "Heroes and Hero-Wor-
ship." A splendid subject that—but not quite in harmony
with after-supper laziness. Besides, Carlyle was a very wise
man; he could tell a hero at a glance:—I couldn't if I had
"Hero" embossed upon every button of his wardrobe. But I
do know babies, and incidentally worship them. There are in-
numerably more babies than heroes anyway.

The essence of babyhood is littleness. All babies are small,
little things—some ought to be. Nobody likes "big babies." The
reason for this is difficult to discover, unless it be to give
mothers a chance to draw upon their infinite stock of pet
diminutives. It is a good thing for mothers, and for women
folks in general, that babies do not know much. If babies
could understand half of the unholy, undignified "darling
duckology" to which they are subjected incessantly day and
night, they would feel insulted to a man, and would refuse to
eat until their outraged dignity had been satisfied.

And yet this "duckology" has its place. Man is so con-
stituted that Ms nature demands flattery. Even little babies
are susceptible to it. We older people blush sometimes when
a friend recounts our many virtues, or compliments us upon
our good looks(!); babies never do. They seem to take it as
a matter of fact, how-could-it-be-otherwise sort of way.

It will not harm them anyway. They soon forget. If they
remembered everything, it would be detrimental to their character. I recollect being at a country Fourth of July picnic, and watching a hollow-eyed, nervous-looking mother taking care of a surly-faced, horribly fat baby, that was making more disturbance than an elephant of like age would have done; and I am morally certain that if that mother had been at home, where nobody could see her, she would have used a cracked bed-slat instead of the honeyed baby-epithets. If that baby ever recalls the incident, he will immediately decide to become a "prosperity" politician, and the mother is to be blamed for it. It isn't dealing fair with the baby. No objections to mothers fondling babies, and no matter how absurdly idiotic the names they give them, but let them mean it. People may call us anything, just so they mean it.

But my subject does not read "Hints to Mothers." Still there is one thing that I would like to impress upon the minds of all mothers: I would brand it in so deep that they will never forget it. It is this. Do not, under any circumstances, give the baby those infernal "sugar plums." Perhaps the vice is not very widespread; but where found, it is a nuisance. They are made by taking an old handkerchief (lady's size), and tearing it into nine equal parts. On the approximate center of each of these a raisin with some sugar is laid. This is held in the left hand. With the right the ends are then gathered up, till the raisin with the sugar appears at the end like a little ball. A string tied firmly immediately below this completes the thing. Nine of these are thus obtained, and are then mysteriously tucked into papa's Sunday coat. If papa does not scatter them over seven rows of seats the next Sunday morning in church, when he extricates his handkerchief, he is very, very lucky.

No earthly good can result from their use either. Half of the cases of appendicitis on record can be traced to their continued use. The babies sometimes swallow them whole; and they are certainly not what may in fairness be called a "pre-digested baby food." No baby can live on a diet of worn-out handkerchiefs. Please do not give them to the babies!

I say this out of regard for the babies. Most men would not acknowledge this. They deem it an essential mark of true manhood to claim that they hate babies; but they are born liars. It has always been taken for granted and often brought up against the women folks that they make a tremendous ado about the little ones. Men tell us that upon any and every occasion, at any moment, whether opportune or no, the sight of one will send the "eternal feminine" into enraptured ecstasy. Would that it were always true! Not very many men, however, are willing or dare to confess that they, too, "way down in their hearts," have a sort of weak feeling for the little dimples. It is true, though. Did you ever, boys and men, have a mother make you take her baby in your arms? Why did you feel so awkward then? And not only awkward—that is but momentary—but mysteriously weak—and strange? Was it the mother, looking at you in silent expectation of your praises, or the dimly conceived possibility that "it" might cry? Or was it something else, something far different, something misty, hazy, which you could not explain, like the scent of nameless flowers blooming in distant unknown gardens, or the tinkling of fairy bells, whose chimes you heard yet knew not? You are no longer yourself then; you are standing where you once stood, long ago, in white and dainty smallness—dreams, visions—babyland. Then take care or you will squeeze it so tight that it really will cry.

No, indeed, who would make sport of the babies? The little babies, wee, dimpled darlings, with their tiny, chubby hands, and their fairy, bonnie feet, with their earnest, gentle pleadings, and the smile upon their angel faces as in their dreams they hear the echoes of their mother's lullabies!

Babies are so mysterious! How often, when awake in its cardile, its eyes seem to be riveted on a far-away unknown! And when its forehead wrinkles, and a crown flies across the crease smile-lit features, who can tell us what phantom-shadows cross its baby vision, with ghostlike, silent tread? We cannot read their thoughts, and babies never tell us of the fancies always flitting through their dreamy baby-minds. Sometimes, I think, mothers know—but it is too sacred to tell to common men and boys.
No wonder that babies are always welcome, "welcome as the flowers in May." No wonder that we love them, airy bits of pink and white. Too soon their baby cooing is forgotten, too soon their delicate softness turns to coarseness, and all too soon their hearts are hard like ours. For they cannot always remain babies. They, too, have stars toward which their tiny ships are sailing, and some day the music of their lispings must entirely cease.

"For what does little baby say,
In his nest at peep of day?
'Let me fly,' says little baby;
'Mamma, let me fly away.'
Baby, wait a little longer,
Till your little wings are stronger;
When your little wings are stronger,
Baby, then you'll fly away."

—Jehosephat Tenfelsdreck, D. D., Ph. D., LL. D.

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COLLEGE SPIRIT.

Did you ever stop to think how multiform college spirit is? It may be yielding and plastic, or firm and irresistible. It may be one of the noblest influences of early youth, or it may be an obstruction to the perfect development of character and life. It influences to some degree the life of every student, and its effects upon character are so evident that it should be carefully considered.

College spirit is awakened in the heart of the embryo student long before he leaves his home. It begins even before he has made his choice of schools. His plans, his ambitions, his aspirations, must find some outward form of expression, some reality about which to collect themselves, and so college spirit is born and grows. Every circumstance tends to increase true college spirit. Through the opposition of friends regarding his decision, he becomes a valiant champion; through the trying, lonesome days of rushes and hazing and freshman rains, he becomes a martyr; and then he feels himself born anew.

He has developed into the beautiful fulfillment of his dream and has become "one of the fellows."

Now the beginner thinks he is a true patriot. He imagines that his heart is thrilling with pride and love for his Alma Mater; but he little realizes the depths of true college spirit that belong to the more mature, less demonstrative upper classmen. He has still to experience a long course of preliminary training. He will witness victories and defeats of his college upon the athletic field, and in well-fought contests of other kinds. It is not until the closing days of his Senior year that he receives the master's degree in college spirit.

The expression of college spirit depends largely upon its settings. It is also necessary that it should be expressed in an outward and visible manner. This result is obtained chiefly by means of athletic contests. But here a great temptation enters. One is prone to mistake the empty noise and glitter and other manifestations for true college spirit itself. One is even led by his enthusiasm to believe that the fame and fate of his college are at stake. He may be tempted to adopt questionable means to win, unmindful of the fact that he will bring dishonor upon his college and disgrace upon himself. Should his college win, his admiration grows vast; should it lose, his regard dwindles into insignificance. This is not true college spirit. If so, the amount of college spirit would be proportional to the size and prowess of the college, while often the fact is that this is conversely true.

The only enduring college spirit springs from a true regard for one's college, its aims, its institutions, and all that its name implies. This regard should be the result of admiration for its achievements, reverence for its customs, respect for all that it holds sacred, a love, true and lasting, for the college itself. Love is the noblest manifestation of college spirit. It questions not nor seeks to learn of shortcomings, but accepts them and seeks at once to remove them when found. It is entirely unselfish; one loves his college not because he belongs to it, but because it belongs to him. Such spirit is sincere and constant. Defeats serve to make it still more strong; it is enduring and remains with one through life.
True love does not spring from gratitude. It comes rather through serving that which one venerates. The student loves the school in which he has done his best, and has thus offered a passive return at least for favors received. The crowning triumph in the life of one who shows true college spirit comes when he finds that he has reflected honor upon his school.

Thus it is that true college spirit thrives. It dwells in associations and pleasant memories, that linger round unforbidden woodland scenes, in the kind faces of life-long friends, in the words of those who first led the way to higher things, in recollections of long tasks well done, in a thousand fleeting thoughts and memories of bygone days, it lives forever.

Wm. Robinson.

THE MOTHER OF EGYPT.

(See Exodus xii. 30.)

I.

Hush thou, my dew-drop! How restless thy slumber!
What speak the gods to my Own in his dreaming?
How do thine eyelids tremble and quiver,
As shake the wavelets the bloom on the river.
Oh! What a rushing, as of wind 'mid the Nile-flags!
Woe to his mother! Her first-born is lifeless!

II.

Blue were his eyes as the heart of the iris;
Silken his hair as the petals of roses.
Dead is my heart, where once there was gladness;
Scorched by the pain and the anguish of sadness,
As are the maize-fields, by the wind from the desert.
For he has left me, the Pride of my bosom.

A.C. Ver Hulst, Prep. '95.

CHECKERBOARD.

A Bunch of Gentle Taps for Profs. and Students.

The most interesting thing is the funny thing. That is why a student is so interesting to watch. He is just like a hare pursued by a hound. One never knows what dodge or turn he is going to make next. With a smile on his face he comes to the lecture room, and the professor looks anxious; with a deacon's frown he comes to a social, and the fellows "roast" him. In each case he may be feigning.

The life of the average student is like a checker-board that has been used in a large family of children for twenty years. It is somewhat faded and battered: only here and there are left a few bright checks. I do not want you to think I am a gall-splitting pessimist. I am an optimist of the highest type; but facts are facts, and must receive recognition.

Let us examine a few of the bright checks in a student's life; let us see why they are so attractive, and why they stand in such strong contrast to grubbing out Greek for an hour and three minutes, so washing down dry Latin with a few gulps of fear-flunk, to trying to get some idea of what the author in Ethics means but did not express, or to trying to grasp the professor's explanation of some obscure passage which that intellectual giant cannot comprehend himself.

One bright life-check which shines more brightly than the brightest star on a bright summer evening when it is a crime to walk alone, is vacation. Of course the students enjoy their work. They love their books, they love their companions; and, above all good and bad things of college life, they love their professors! The more grumpy, the more sarcastic, the more unreasonable he is, the more love and affection is lavished upon him by the students. How many students do you not see who have eyes heavy and dull, caused by loss of sleep, due to the worry as to how they can please their professors! But in spite of this fact the student loves a vacation. Then he feels that the eagle-eye of the professor is for the time being closed; that he is certain that that little stub of pencil,
which has caused him so many sighs, is lying harmlessly on
the desk.

Very similar, and somewhat of the same form and color,
and of the same genius as the vacation, is the absence of a pro-
fessor. Whether the professor be ill, or his dear ones not
well, or he himself be dead, let him be assured that all the
students, with one accord, offer him their sympathy. Still
the thought of a professor's inability of being at his post sends
a thrill through the body. It starts in the topmost hair (pro-
viding the student is not so unfortunate as some of the pro-
fessors, as to be bald), goes down into the brain, driving out
every sensible thought, into the eyes, manifesting itself in
tears of joy or sparks of pleasure, to the mouth and throat,
sending forth a glorious whoop, into the heart and lungs, to
the arms, setting them in rapid motion and causing a dozen
caps and hats to go spinning into the air, down into the legs,
sending the student down stairs six steps at a time into the
free, pure, unprofessorial air.

Another bright check is the prospect of a wedding—in the
faculty. Although the boys feel that such gigantic minds can
hardly make a mistake, still they are a bit sorry that he loses
his personal freedom. They feel more sorry, however, for
the dear one whom the wily professor has decoyed, and
heartily wish that they might give her their view of him, be-
fore "amen" is said. The funniest part before and after the
trying ordeal is "they act so funny."

Perhaps one of the brightest checks left on the living
checker-board is a letter from "dad." Perhaps you think a
letter from mother would be more pleasing. But let me ex-
plain. When a fellow feels blue and homesick, and all the
world seems against him, when he feels that life is only a
horrible nightmare, and the sun is nothing more nor less than
a glaring fire, ordained to fry him, then there is nothing like
a letter from mother. How it refreshes the soul and quickens
the spirit! How it changes sighs to songs, and makes those
heavy feet, weighing a ton or less, spin over the ground like
the flying heels of the campus goat! But!—But! when the
purse is empty, and credit is almost a thing of the past, when

bankruptcy stares a fellow in the face, and hills, those vile
little wretches, grin at him from behind every bookcase and
picture frame, when conscience sits like a revenging god on the
bedpost—then, if the postman suddenly drops a letter from
"dad" through the door,—oh, the joy! How the student's
heart thumps as he draws out a fat check and a scribbled note:
"Try to make this do for a week or two. Will send more in a
couple of days. Dad." Then is the time a fellow feels good and is
willing to stand treat. Then is the time he is willing to
"chip in" a nickle to buy a can of syrup, destined for the pro-
fessor's chair, "to keep him down," or a few ancient eggs to be
mysteriously placed where they can do the most good. Very
frequently when the student feels so rich, he buys a whole
two cents' worth of "peppermints," and eats them—alone? No,
you don't know a student. He gives at least half of them to
a little conglomerate bundle of ribbons, laces, silks and furs.

But now we come to a spot that strikes a responsive
chord in every heart. Sunday evening! I have known that
time of the week to do wonders. Last Saturday I was talking
with one of the fellows who was sick: "Well, old man, what
about tomorrow evening?" With a wee, tiny, shadowy ghost
of a worn-out smile he said: "Oh, I must go to church tomor-
row." See teh character of the man! Almost too sick to
speak, but still he had the determination to go to church. He
could not miss church; there his heart was anchored. We
trust the man; nor do we look too deep for the motive. But
with a twinkle of the eye we simply hum:

"To miss the church is to miss the Miss,
And miss the greatest Miss of all."

Taking all things into consideration, it is easy to under-
stand why the student has to do some extra "cutting up" in
the Spring term. It is to keep up his courage. The very
thought of separating from the professors chills the heart.
Considering the bond of warm, constant friendship existent
between professors and students, it is no wonder that the
former all look mournful as the close of the Spring term draws
nigh. After school has closed, go to the different lecture rooms. See in each a veritable Niobe weeping for those who are no more. See the professor's head bowed upon the desk, while wails come rumbling from his troubled breast, and the brine comes gushing from his tender eyes. They who used to be the most crusty, and who scolded and growled the most, now howl the most sorely. Truly the ways of the professors are past finding out, and beyond comprehension. "'07."

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**THE ANCHOR.**

Published by THE ANCHOR ASSOCIATION, Hope College, Holland, Mich.

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During the college year that has just closed, the usual number of triumphs and reverses has been met with by the students. In the various contests and matters engaged in outside of the lecture room, as well as in the daily recitations, the brighter and darker shades have been quite harmoniously blended. We have had defeats and we have had victories; and it is well to have both. Nothing but defeat makes a person lose self-confidence, and feel like a cur with a tomato can tied to his tail. Nothing but victory is apt to make one's hat-band stretchy.

On the baseball diamond also we have had some glorious victories and some rather humiliating defeats. There is nothing exceedingly brilliant about our baseball career, and on the other hand nothing discouraging. There is one thing very encouraging about it. It has shown that we are gradually getting a better team. It is slow work, but it seems to be sure work as well. In spite of some defeats, this year's team was stronger than any we have ever had. As the college grows larger and the number of students increases, the ath-
letic teams should also grow stronger. In other words, there should be a normal, symmetrical growth. If we aim at the highest in all the departments and phases of our college life we may some day develop into that Western Michigan University that one of our more optimistic professors has predicted.

SHORT STORY CONTEST.

On account of the difficulty of obtaining good original short stories the Anchor staff has decided to give the students a chance to go into a short story contest. Three prizes are offered: First, a three years' subscription to the Anchor; second, a two years' subscription; third, a one year's subscription. All Mss. must be in before September first. All stories must be written under a nom de plume, and must be accompanied by an envelope containing the author's name, and having the nom de plume written on the outside. The editor will reserve the right to use for publication any or all of the Mss. submitted, whether they obtain a prize or not. Address, Anchor, Holland, Mich.

SENIORS ENTERTAINED BY DR. KOLLEN.

When the Seniors were entertained at the home of Dr. Kollen, which happened too late to be mentioned in the May Anchor, they enjoyed one of the most pleasant social events of the year. Dr. Kollen is just as energetic about entertainments as he is in unfastening rich men's purse strings; and whenever he tries his hand at social functions there is "something doing." The event was not too solemn, nor too boisterous, but in perfect unison with the dignity of Seniors. Elaborate refreshments were served, after which several toasts were responded to. Events like this linger long in the memory of any class; and the class of '06 is appreciative enough to agree heartily with the sentiment that "Dr. Kollen is the man whom everybody loves."

ATHLETICS

In baseball great despair and great rejoicing tells the tale for the month of May. The first game of the month was a defeat for the College, at the hands of the plucky little players of the Holland High School. Great gloom settled upon us all. This was soon dispelled by a victory over the Zeeland Cigar Makers' team. Hope showed an entire reversal of form, and won the game by clean hits. In the fifth inning, Karsten, the former U. of M. pitcher, went in to stop the scoring, but he, too, was easy; and when the fun ended Hope had a hold of the long end of a 9 to 2 score. Amid great rejoicing the knockers put away their hammers. Two more games were handed to Holland High School during the month. Verily, Holland High School is our hoodoo.

On May 19th Hope met the Grand Rapids High School. This, too, was a defeat. While playing a good fielding game, Hope was not able to hit, when hits meant runs. Twice the bases were full, but expectations were dashed to the ground when the side was retired by the strike-outs. The final score was 5 to 2. Again were we humbled by a High School.

That we have a ball team the boys demonstrated on May 26th. A change in the batting order worked wonders. Zeeland men were again our opponents. Nineteen hits off of the delivery of Hendricks, the big man from Zeeland, made him look smaller than Regaud, the plucky twirler for Hope. The excitement throughout the game was intense. Hits were made almost every time one was needed to bring in a man. The fatal eighth gave Zeeland two runs and the lead. With bases full in the ninth inning and the score 7 to 5 against us, Vruwink, who had been out of the game because of an injury to his hand, was sent in to bat for Sizoo. A home run for a total of four scores was his contribution to the score column. Zeeland in her half, by a desperate effort, tied the score. Nothing
was done in the tenth inning. The eleventh saw Hope cross the plate twice. Zeeland had scored once in her half, with two men out. Vruwink, not content with his work in the ninth inning, saved the game by catching a difficult fly in left field. Regard pitched a good game, staying in the entire eleven innings. The hitting of Roggen and Dykstra were features, the former landing three safe ones. Last year we were easy for Zeeland; with the same line-up they defeated us three times. Captain Dykstra, who takes the place of Captain Bush, resigned, is proving a good leader; and we expect good results in the few games yet to be played.

ALUMNI NOTES

Rev. Henry Huizinga, '03, and family, arrived in Holland May 26, on a year's furlough from India.

Rev. Martin Flipse, '90, of Passaic, N. J., was tendered a happy surprise by his congregation, and presented with a check of $250.

Mr. Gelmer Kuiper, '89, claim agent for the Pere Marquette Railroad, has been elected to the presidency of the National Association of Claim Agency.

Rev. Henry I. Veldman, '02, of Milwaukee, Wis., delivered the baccalaureate sermon at Central University, Pella, Iowa.

Prof. J. M. Van Der Meulen, '91, delivered the Memorial Oration on Decoration Day at Holland, Mich.

Mr. C. Van Der Mel, '03, who has recently completed his theological course at New Brunswick, N. J., captured the first prize of $25 in the oratorical contest held there. His theme was "The Bond Servant of Christ."

Rev. G. J. Hekhuis, '85, of Bethany Reformed Church, Chicago, has accepted the call to the Reformed Church of

Overisel, Mich. He expects to occupy his new field next month.

Mr. Thomas Welmers, '03, who graduates this year from the Princeton Seminary, received as first prize in a competitive examination in "Old Testament Literature," a two years' scholarship in any university in Europe.

Honorable G. J. Dickema, '81, and Dr. S. M. Zwemer, '87, were on the programme for addresses at the centennial meeting of the Synod of the Reformed Church that was held in New York city June 6-13. Mr. Dickema spoke on "Our Church in the West," and Dr. Zwemer on "Mission Study." Among the delegates were Rev. W. Moordyke, '66, E. J. Biekkink, '83, J. Steenenberg, '01, Dr. G. J. Kollen, '68, represented Hope College.

EXCHANGES

An article on "Newspapers" in the College Chips deplores the quality in proportion to the quantity of newspapers in circulation today. It says, "Journalism is no longer a profession, but a trade, the object of which is to buy paper at so much a pound and sell it at a profit. Whatever is printed on the paper is only calculated to sell it regardless of its value or what it contains."

"The question of the literary value of the novel as compared with that of the poem cannot be decided at present," says The Normal Advance. "There has been a feeling among critics that the novel is much inferior to the poem; but critics have been influenced by their collegiate studies of the classics. It is not fair to use the poem as a standard in evaluating the novel, for the purpose and the effect of the novel are not the same as those of the poem. The form of the novel has been especially criticised; but with art, form of itself is nothing—impression is everything. If a novel appeals to the noblest emotions and leaves a definite and lasting impression, it is not an inferior form of art."
“Now the season of the green apple has arrived,” said the teacher, “and—”

“Yes, ma’am?” shouted Tommy quickly.

“You should not interrupt me Tommy, but how do you know?”

“I’ve had inside information, ma’am.”

The Senior number of *The Hillsdale Collegian*, contains some good literary articles. Especial reference might be made to the prize essay, “The Present Tendency of American Prose Fiction.” This production may be read with much profit. The Senior number in May gives the Seniors a splendid opportunity for a very apt good-bye.

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**JOTTINGS**

Prof. Sutphen has expressed his ideas of marriage thus:

Amores .................... Love.
Mores ........................ Custom.
Ori .......................... Beauty.
Res ............................. Money.

In Chemistry—Geo Roest: “Oh, you work that out by common sense, not by mathematics—that’s why I couldn’t understand it.”

The Sophomores were discussing Tennyson’s “The Princess.” Some one remarked that it dealt with the woman question. A moment later Haverkamp sagely made this statement: “Tennyson solved the question of the day.” We ask, why then is woman still an enigma?

Did you know that when you mount your Pegasus and fly to unknown heights, that you’re only using a “pony”?

John Hoekje: Sleeping beauty.

Freshmen, while surveying, paused to admire the tender green of the trees, and Andy V—s dreamily remarked: “Yes, maples are pretty, but after all I like the beech best of all.”

R. Visscher: “I’m good for nothing but to jolly.”

Geo. De Kruijff says he isn’t tied up any more. He must be at sea, bound for some haven of delight.

---

Sophomores have raised (?) the record. One of their number admits that they got in before 10:30 A.M.

Don’t carry a chip on your shoulder. There is always some fool ready to knock it off.

S—z—o (very much exasperated) to Prof. N.: “Thou Terror.”

Three lates = One skip.

Three ships = One letter to “Dad.”

Five ships = “Back to the Farm.”

---

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Stogie goes fishing in the afternoon. In the evening he takes his catch around to corner of 16th and Central,—and stays over for breakfast.

Uncle John, Uncle Willis, and Aunt Hannah!

“The Girl” admires “The Boy’s” strict adherence to the Golden Rule —— but to her, David Harum’s is infinitely more satisfying.

A. J. Kolyn—the Nick Longworth of Hope College.
Dimment: "No, but you see he had been married to Xantippe."

Many people would be pleased if Mast would give a recitation of Poe’s "Bells."

Different theories advanced as to why Prof. Nykerk wore tennis slippers:
1. Sore feet.
2. Color blindness.
3. Other pair at shoe repairer’s.

"Years ago students paid for their admission to concerts, even if they were to take part in the programme. A few years later they demanded complimentary tickets for taking part. Now—oh, the degenerates—they not only ask for a comp. for themselves but even another for their piece of gingham.

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Roozenraad: "Professor, was Socrates out of his head when he said this?"

"Again—30 years ago the students built the gym. themselves; ten years ago the students stocked and furnished the gym. at their own expense; NOW the students sell the stock in town and pocket the money."

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GREAT ADVICE
Before going home have your clothes attended to at

DYKEMA, THE TAILOR
41 E. EIGHTH STREET

Hankamp (on seeing Rev. Birchby): "Ah, goodness, there’s Piggy."

Alas! Alas! Woe is me, alas!

Miss Larkins—Katrina Van Tassel.

Visscher—Ichabod.

?—Brom Bones.

Ben De Young (in heated discussion with John Van Dyke): "If Martha Van Dyke is any relation to you I’ll cut it out."

Plasman subscribed for "Ye Zeeland Tymes," but missed the very first issue.

Hankamp (in botany notes): "We soaked twenty-five hayseeds."

One of the school teachers is getting out a very entertaining work, entitled “Two Years Beside the Mast.”
If you "anchor" your faith to

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Furniture, Carpets, Linoleum, etc., go to

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We sell 'em in bunches.

Two in a bunch.

F.G. KLEYN, THE SHOEMAN
28 E. Eighth Street

Last year's hammock is ragged and thin;
It won't carry her, so much less him;
So she made up her mind, "there was naught else to do,
But buy a new hammock, plenty strong for two."

We sell Hammocks from $1.50 to $6.50.

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