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that's Jeruel Brown, I'll warrant,” panted one of the little gossips at the door, her eyes wide open, and one finger in the corner of her mouth.

"Why, don't you know? They've been a-keeping company ever so long, Hannah and him," rejoined another maid.

"And Peggie Meddlesome told me the other day, they was going to be married this summer," glibly ejaculated a third.

"I s'pose she was going to use the collection box to pay her things with," giggled a cross-eyed girl with fiery red hair.

At this juncture the group of gossips fell back to make room for the pale-checked girl of twenty, who was being thrust rudely from the door by old Deacon Sharp. Trembling with passion, and scowling darkly upon the girl, the old man stood in the doorway. As he lifted up his lean, sinewy arm, he spoke in angry fury:

"Never come back under my roof again, you hussy, even if you were a thousand times the child of my dead sister. To think, that you would bring such a disgrace upon your dead mother and me, a deacon of the church!"

His face dark with passion, the merchant turned away from the door, when his eyes fell upon a young man, who tried to brush past him unnoticed. The fellow was of moderate height and spare build, with light reddish hair, and sleepy yellow eyes, swimming in a livid white, which the red-ringed eyelids kept half concealed; his purple nose tapered, and was dotted richly with freckles; his pale blue lips were thin and straight, his chin sharp and pointed.

Deacon Sharp's eyes immediately took on a kindlier expression; and, as he grasped the young man's limp hand, he spoke almost eagerly:

"Ah Jeruel Brown, I feel deeply for you, my boy. Would that this shameful thing never had occurred. But there's no trusting people nowadays, not even one's own kin."

"I am sorely disappointed with Hannah, Mr. Sharp," retorted the young fellow in a low, theatrical voice, "but, of course, you'll agree with me, that under the existing circumstances I cannot marry her. What would the people say?"

And, looking 'round cautiously, he bent over to the deacon and said in a whisper: "Now, when I come to think of it, the other day I lost my watch-charm in a way as mysterious as the theft of the church money has occurred. To think that Hannah—"

"As he spoke, he snapped his pig-eyes, endeavoring to face the old man squarely; but whenever his eyes met those of the deacon, Jeruel Brown cast down his glance. Now he sneaked out of the store in a manner very much as his cur, Judas, had done. Rounding the corner of the building, he suddenly stood face to face with the poor orphan girl. She looked straight into his eyes with a mute, questioning glance, that searched the depths of his soul. The girl seemed to wait for him to speak, but the words Brown wished to utter, stuck in his throat. With a look of despair the maiden moved away. Thus Jeruel Brown betrayed the girl, whom but yesterday the people of Shaddlelee had said, he loved.

Hannah Linney, the orphan girl, accused of stealing the church treasury, hid her face in her apron, as slowly she went through the crowd. She heard the snicker of the young girls, and felt the reproachful glances of the matrons burn upon her back. Softly weeping, she went down the white shell road, that led to a small grave-yard outside of the village. Still keeping her face veiled, the girl opened the wicket, and proceeded with solemn step along the grass-grown path, until, coming to a rough-hewn wooden cross, she knelt down. The apron dropped from before her tear-stained face, and, as she bent the shapely head, her auburn hair almost touched the green sod.

"Mother," the poor outcast sobbed, "you at least know that I am innocent. And, oh let's it not be true that he, that Jeruel * * * Oh, it would make me mad. No, it cannot, it may not be. He would be worse than Iscariot, who betrayed his Master. Jeruel would never do it, for he said he loved me."

The white crosses on the graves already cast long shadows, when Hannah Linney arose. Her eyes were dry, she could not weep. The cruel injustice of her uncle and her lover had swept away the trust in mankind. And yonder was the river—the deep, quiet river, that seemed to invite weary souls to forget and rest. Just then the red shield of the sun settled on the bold shoulder of Pindar-Peak mountain. For a minute the dry, burning eyes of the orphan remained
fixed upon the marvelous spectacle. Then the hard look in
her face gradually melted away. Tears welled up in her eyes,
and a passionate sob broke forth from her heaving bosom.
She bent her head in reverence and spoke almost in a whisper:
"I will lift up my eyes to the mountains, from whence
cometh my help."

And the river murmured the glad refrain.

The following morning Deacon Sharp's clerk, Fortimer
Gray, whose father tenanted Colonel Bendon's farm on the
foot of Pindar-Peak, swept the dingy, private office of his
employer. After the treasure had been stolen, the deacon had
decided it no longer necessary to keep that little office
exclusively for himself. So, to the astonishment of Fortimer,
the old merchant had ordered him to clean the place. While
swiping around the iron safe that had contained the church
money, he discovered a small gold watch-charm. It was a
locket, slightly dinned on one side, but otherwise undamaged.
Gray put it in his vest pocket, intending to hand it to the
deacon later on, but, as it was Saturday and business was
rather brisk, he forgot.

Ten years had brought about quite a chance in the affairs
of Shaddelee. Old Deacon Sharp has been gathered to his
fathers, and Fortimer Gray runs the store with two clerks.
Across the street are offices, bearing the following sign: "Prud-
dential Land Co. Jernel Brown, Manager." People say that
Brown has acquired his wealth rather mysteriously; but people
have always been envious, and mothers of daughters of
marriageable age are ever ready to wag their tongues about
well-to-do bachelors, who don't care a particle whether, at
death, their fortune comes to some charity institution or to
a wife. Seated in an easy chair, the land agent looks out
dreamily upon the street. He is meditating upon the people
in general. Now, when they have forgotten about the theft
of the church money, of which some people had suspected
him, they find fault with his transactions of that tract of tim-
ber land, which he had sold to foreigners for double its worth.
"If the people want to pay the price, let them pay it." It is
not his fault that after a while they are starving, because the
rocky soil, after clearing, hardly affords a living, and that,

when unable to pay off the heavy mortgage, the lands fall
back to Jernel Brown. It is not his fault that recently times
grew prosperous and that timber lands have gone up to four
times the price he bought them for. It is all business, pure
and simple business. And now, again, the people are jealous,
because he was elected Sunday school superintendent. Forti-
mer Gray must have had a hand in it. Too bad he could not
drive Fortimer from Shaddelee. Of late, Gray had paid too
much attention to Lucy Bendon. Of course, the young store-
keeper stood not the ghost of a chance; but—one could not
tell. Girls were such fickle creatures. Fortimer had better
be removed some way or other. Thus reasoned Jernel Brown
by himself.

In the afternoon the land agent took out his auto.
Fortimer Gray, his rival, stood in the doorway of the store.
"Fine afternoon," remarked the young merchant.

"Always fine, when one goes riding with a lass," curtly
answered Brown, while stooping over to take a monkey-
 wrench from his tool-chest.

Fortimer bit his lip. He felt keenly what the land agent
was hinting at.

"It will be a fine bit of scenery on Pindar Peak," con-
tinued the latter superciliously, "especially if the enjoyment
can be mutual."

Fortimer Gray set his teeth. He made a strenuous effort
to curb his anger. Ignoring Brown's last words, he spoke
with a hard voice:

"But you would not tell me, that you were going to run
the auto over Pindor Peak?"

"That is more than some one would dare to do," came
the taunting answer.

This was too much for Gray. His prowess and courage
were known, and recognized by all the town, and he could not
bear to have a coward like Jernel Brown cast slurs at him.

"I'll bet my whole store, and more besides, that I dare to
run that old machine over the ridge!" he exclaimed angrily.

"Taken," said Brown promptly, while an almost imper-
ceptible smile played around the corners of his mouth; "but
my boy," he added in a patronizing way, "I'll make the terms
a little more generous. I'll let you keep your store." Then
he lowered his voice, and, bending over to Brown, he said:
"If you run this machine over the mountain-road, I'll leave
the town and not see Miss Bendon again. If you dare not
do it, you must go!"

"By George!" burst out Latimer Gray, "and did you say
you wanted witnesses to corroborate the deal?"

"I trust, your word of honor will do," rejoined the land
agent, grinning maliciously. "Tomorrow at four in the after-
noon I'll have the auto ready for you, half a mile from Colonel
Bendon's place."

Deep silence broods over the summit of Pinder-Peak.
The gray morning mists cling tenaciously to the juniper
and crags of the mountain. Through the stillness of morning one
can hear the click-clack of the drops of water, falling upon
the hard granite road bed below. Presently, however, the
serene quiet is broken. At short intervals, a dull, rumbling
sound, as from a heavy object, rolling over the rocky road,
is heard. For a moment a faint puff of wind rends the mist
and reveals a man, tugging with all his might at a huge
boulder. Just where the rough road slopes down the shoulder
of the mountain and falls away with a swift curve along a
sheer cliff, he carefully places the stone, which now, blocking
the road, will turn off every vehicle into the deep abyss.

Wiping the perspiration from his brow, Jernel Brown
smiles satisfied, and mutters:
"Well, this will do, I reckon."

Just then the mist disperses altogether, and the land agent
perceives a thin, frail column of smoke curling upward from
the chimney of a cottage below. It is Hannah Limny's hom,
in which the Bendon's generously have allowed her to live
ten years. As Brown notices the smoke, his face
darkens. Maliciously he looks down upon the harmless cot-
tage as he hisses through his teeth:
"You also must go, before Lucy Bendon becomes my
wife, and I the owner of her lands."

Then he departs hastily, for already he hears the jingle
of the cowbells on the Gray farm, and soon it will be time for
the men to go to their work.

"Mr. Bendon, how much do you ask for the Gray farm?"
Thus, in the afternoon of that same day accosted Jernel

Brown old Mr. Bendon, while the two leisurely enjoyed their
smoke on the piazza of the spacious Bendon house.

The colonel opened his eyes and cast a half surprised
glance at Brown. But immediately he reclosed them, and,
pulling away at his fragrant Havana, he said dreamily: "Don't
think I'll sell, Brown."

Just then a slender brunette of about eighteen came run-
ning on the porch, and said somewhat hurriedly:
"Papa, I am going to visit Hannah Limny this afternoon;
I hear, she is ill."

"Don't stay out too late, Lucy," yawned the old gentle-
man. "I should not wonder but that we'll have a thunder-
storm before night. It is quite warm. You had better go by
way of Three Pines. That's the shorter way."

"The woods are not very safe after nightfall, Miss Ben-
don," interjected Brown, with affected anxiety.

"Innocence is safe everywhere, Mr. Brown," snappishly
retorted the girl, while a dangerous fire danced in her dark
eyes.

Jernel Brown hardly knew how to take the rejoinder.
He laughed uneasily, and said:
"Ah, I suppose Fortimer Gray will be——" But he did
not complete the sentence, for Lucy Bendon cast upon him
so scornful and haughty a look, that the land agent became
almost petrified under the glance. He cast down his eyes,
and became busily engaged in brushing away the ashes from
his new worsted suit. After the girl had run off, he appeared
not very eager to resume the conversation. However, after
a few minutes, he began listlessly:
"I can pay you five thousand for the tract, Mr. Bendon."

This time the colonel forgot all diplomacy and actually
dropped his cigar on the porch.

"Five thousand dollars, you say?" he cried in unfeigned
amazement.

"Just so much in hard cash, sir, for the Gray farm, in-
cluding the plot of seven acres with the old hut of Hannah
Limity's on it," coolly corroborated Brown.

Old Richard Bendon forgot to pick up his cigar. For a
while he was thinking very hard. The farm was not worth
half the offered price. Brown was undoubtedly well to do,
and it was just such a son-in-law he would wish to take in
the run-down affairs of the Brandon & Bendon Mining Co. Lucy would come round in time, undoubtedly, he thought. And the Grays could stay where they were, and Hannah Linney also; for who would bother for an old butt?

"I'll agree," the colonel said after a few minutes of deliberation.

"When do you wish the papers to be drawn up?" asked Brown in a business-like way, as he took his hat and rose to go.

"Any time tomorrow will do for me," answered Colonel Bendon.

"Very well," retorted the land agent, "I'll bring a representative of Johnson & Johnson, lawyers. Good day; sorry I can not stay longer, Mr. Bendon, but I have an important engagement, which I should not like to miss."

Away he went in his auto; but when back of the tall hawthorne hedge, that sheltered the Bendon gardens, he stopped the machine, and, jumping out, loosened the gear of the brake, and went off again.

Half a mile from the Bendon house he met Fortimer Gray.

"Do your best with her, Gray, and good luck to you," he sneered, as he jumped down from the auto.

"Fine sport indeed!" bragged Fortimer, swinging into the seat.

While Gray took his seat, Jernej Brown caught a glimpse of a small trinket on the store-keeper's watch chain. He immediately recognized it as the locket he had missed the day of Hannah Linney's conviction. Startled, he put his hand to his mouth, to call back Fortimer Gray, but the latter was already too far away to hear him.

To be concluded

**VALUE OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION.**

T. E. Gouwens, '00.

"Instinct," says Prof. James, "is the faculty of acting in such a way as to produce certain ends, without foresight to the ends, and without previous education in the performance."

A chick breaks its shell and picks at specks on the ground with infallible accuracy. As soon as a duckling begins to waddle about, it takes to the water and swims. Only a very short time is required for these creatures to adapt themselves to their environment. The period of infancy is short, and the farther down the scale of life we go, the shorter the period. These creatures easily take care of themselves and need the fostering care of their parents for but a brief interval. But in man, the case is different. His period of infancy is longer than that of any other animal. Only after years of careful training and education can he successfully cope with his surroundings, and assume his God-given dominion over his lower fellow-creatures. The seed of reason, hidden in the mind of every child, is cultivated, until rational judgment decides in man the wisdom or folly of a course which the lower animal, through his lack of training, follows instinctively. The importance of this period of infancy in man is supreme, for the habits acquired during this first third of his life, are largely the habits which will carry him through the world. The training, or neglect of training, which falls to his lot now, either will make him one of the important factors in the onward rush of civilization, or will leave him buried in his own ignorance.

If, then, youth is such an important period, how may it best be spent? Where can a boy best be prepared to figure as a man among men, rather than as a tool? Nobody wishes to dispute the influence of the home. Nobody wishes to deny the absolute necessity of the public school. All consider a high school education essential for success. But as to the most profitable method of spending the last years of youth, opinions differ. Whether or not the average young man should spend four years in a college before entering active life, rather than take up his life work upon graduation from a high school, is still an open question. It is, however, becoming to be more and more generally admitted that the college course is decidedly advantageous and preferable.

The difference between an educated and an uneducated man is, that the one is primarily a thinker, and the other is not. The college is a brain factory. What the world needs today is brains, and this is what the college furnishes, as it can be furnished in no other way. Statistics prove that the college man can climb faster and higher in the professional
or business world, other things being equal, than the high school man. The cause for it lies in the fact that the college man has learned to use his brain. He has learned to go to the bottom and see through things, to see cause and effect, and to work more easily and more proficiently.

His study of history has shown him what methods and principles have succeeded in the social world, and which have failed. His study of Latin and Greek has taught him to apply himself to his task, regardless of its drudgery. His study of English has taught him to express himself as only a study of English can teach it. His logic and mathematics have taught him the principles of cold reasoning. And all together they have instilled into him orderly habits for his work. The college graduate has learned to think logically, to see things in a broad light, and to work systematically.

But if the college gives brains, it gives also something which lies back of these brains, something which masters these brains and uses them. It gives also character. The college student leaves home and is forced to take care of himself. He is thrown upon his own responsibilities largely. There is no one to watch him and a strange feeling of freedom and independence creeps over him. But with it comes the added weight of responsibility, and with the responsibility comes a feeling of power. This power, directed in paths of right through the influence of previous home training develops daily until integrity and stability are grafted forever in his temperament.

Another important factor in the moulding of the future man is his choice of friends in college. College friendships are among the best and longest-lived that are ever made. The student becomes acquainted with some of the best young men and women from all over the country. Different ideas, intellectual and moral, are brought together, and the friendships broaden their view-point and develop their judgment. They treat each other as brothers and sisters, and when one is in trouble, he soon becomes suffused with the cheerfulness of his fellow; the strong will power of another helps him to overcome his difficulties; and the manly encouragement of another instills into him the feeling of being a man and fighting for himself.

Besides these friendly relations, there are others less

applicable. Sometimes our enemies are our best friends. Shakespeare says, "Sweet are the uses of adversity." One of its sweetest uses in the college is the eradication of self-consciousness from the minds of some of the students, especially of the first classes. If there is one thing a college student cannot accustom himself to, it is to associate with a conceited fellow. The college is not a home of the nobility where rank means more than man. The college is the most democratic institution of the country. Everybody, from the son of the biggest money king to the son of the poorest widow, from the son of the highest officer to the son of his meanest laborer, is on a level. If any one tries to raise himself above his fellows, he will find that he is the only one who will recognize his supremacy. All the rest will ridicule him, and avoid him until the pain of the contempt of his fellows overcomes the pleasures of his self-conceited superiority, and he is brought to realize that the only criterion by which he or anybody else is judged, is expressed in the simple question, "What is he?"

But if the friendships of students are important and valuable in school, their worth does not diminish in after life. These friendships last. College men will ever take the lead in the progress of the world. College men will ever be the most influential. And thus these early friendships will be the sureties which guarantee the good will of some of the most prominent men in the country. The college man will always have among his acquaintances, doctors, lawyers, ministers, educators, and prominent business men, not as mere business acquaintances, but as real true friends, whose hearts are his for the future as surely as they have been his for the past.

There is another class of friendships formed at college besides that of student for student. Perhaps the friendships formed between professor and student are even more important than the other. On every faculty, there are two or three professors who appeal particularly to each student. The same professors may not always appeal to all the students, but each one has his special friend or friends in the faculty. This relation can be of great mutual benefit, but it is especially beneficial to the student. The professor has had experienced not only in the ways of the world, but also in the workings and developments of young men's minds, and he is
capable of giving advice and suggestions which, when given with a feeling of personal interest, will do much to direct the future course of the student. No one is so capable of encouraging a student when he needs encouragement, of directing him when he needs direction, as is a professor in a heart to heart talk. In the choice of electives, the man in charge of a branch should be just as important a consideration as the branch itself, for, very often, more can be obtained from the man than from the study itself.

Now there remains another phase of college life which is too important not to merit a little special attention, and that is the culture the college gives. We cannot analyze the process, but we can see the results. The college-bred man is more cultured than the man not college-bred. Chauncey M. Depew says, “It has been my fortune for twenty-five years, as attorney, as counsel, as business associate in many enterprises, to become intimately acquainted with hundreds of men, who, without any equipment of education, have accumulated millions of dollars. I have never met with any one of them whose regret was not profound and deep that he had not an education. I have never met one of them who did not lament either the neglect of his parents or his own poor opportunities that failed to give him the equipment. I have never met one of them who did not feel in the presence of cultured people a certain sense of mortification which no money paid for. I never met one of them who was not prepared to sacrifice his whole fortune that his boy should never feel that mortification.”

Thus we see that the aim and accomplishment of the college is the development of men. The self-made man, no matter how great his attainment in his special line, is always inclined to be narrow-minded. The college man has laid a foundation of general knowledge, and has acquired a mental habit which will enable him to solve problems which, to the uneducated mind, are inexplicable. A college-bred man gets so much more out of life than the uneducated that Aristotle said of them, “They differ as the living differ from the dead.”

AN ESCAPADE AT GRAHAM HALL.


“Girls, I am desperate! If there is not some excitement pretty soon, I fear I shall perish,” cried Cathy, suddenly looking up from her books. “My sentiments, too,” exclaimed Pris, closing her Latin grammar with a bang. “Here, too,” echoed the other occupants of the room. “Well! as we all agree, let’s have some fun. Lent will soon be here and then it will be worse than ever. All those long enough to run chances of expulsion for the sake of having a good old-fashioned feast, please rise,” commanded Cathy, the leader. Every girl in the room was on her feet immediately. “Good! Now for the plans. When shall it be?” “The sooner the better,” called out Meg from her retreat among the pillows; and a unanimous vote decided that they would have it the following night. “Who will volunteer to help me get the cats?” “All right, Gretchen and Meg, we’ll die together if need be. I’ll leave Pris in charge of the other preparations, and let’s go right off before our purpose cools.”

Fifteen minutes later three figures clad in dark coats with hats well over their eyes, might have been seen climbing out of a basement window of the school building. They made their way down toward a grocery store and bakery several blocks away, and, before very long, returned loaded down with suspicious looking parcels. It was a hazardous undertaking, but this time luck was with them—and they reached their rooms undiscovered.

Since the holidays the rules at Graham Hall had seemed unendurable. The old principal, whom all had loved, had been forced to give up her school, and to travel for her health, and in her place had come a stern and disagreeable woman from Boston. She made entirely new rules; punished severely the slightest evasion of them, and trusted no one. The Seniors, especially, resented this and it was a group of these who had gathered in Cathy’s room to study.

Dinner, that night, was the same as usual, but for an undercurrent of suppressed excitement at the Senior table. The restlessness of the girls during the evening study hour passed unnoticed by the teacher in charge; and the whispered
consultation, as they filed to their rooms, aroused no suspicion in the mind of the corridor teacher.

"Lights out" bell rang, and the school had seemingly settled down for the night. One by one, the teachers’ lights went out, and, finally, the anxious watchmen were relieved to see through the transom, that the principal’s room was dark. The town clock had struck twelve, however, before the first white-robed figure slowly made its way down the long creaky corridor to Anita’s room. Others soon followed, and when the half hour gong sounded, Cathy, Pris, Meg, Chris and Lucile were safely landed, and were chattering to each other in low whispers, while they unwrapped packages, and laid out the spread. "I guess everything is ready, but why doesn’t Gretchen come?" inquired Anita. "Dear me! I expect she has gone to sleep again. I had an awful time waking her when I dropped in on my way here. She said she had a headache but would follow me directly," replied Lucile. "Well, ye creatures of the night, loath as I am to miss one of the goody company, I think it’s up to us to dive in—and suit the action to the word, Cathy stabbed an olive with a borrowed nail file. The others followed her example and were soon enjoying, as only school girls can, a lunch, consisting of cheese, cake, pie, pickles, olives, nuts, and candy. "Too bad Gretchen is missing this," sighed Meg. "There she comes now," exclaimed Pris, peeping through a crack in the door. And sure enough there came Gretchen gliding down the corridor, but as she passed the principal’s room, the door opened and Miss Tompson appeared, curl papers in her hair, and her angular figure wrapped in a faded kimona. The girls in Anita’s room were paralyzed with fear when they heard her angry voice explain: "Gretchen, what does this mean?" They soon rose to the emergency, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the remains of the feast were dumped indiscriminately among the laces and ribbons in the bureau drawer, and all the girls hidden. Three had disappeared under the bed, two had jumped into bed, while Cathy had vanished in the wardrobe. Breathlessly, they listened for Gretchen’s reply; but none came—the suspense was awful.

Miss Tompson’s angry voice became more angry as she demanded an explanation, but Gretchen paid no heed to her question, and with her eyes staring into the distance and her month wide open, walked calmly on. Miss Tompson seized her arm; her touch woke the feigning somnambulist, who collapsed into her arms in an apparent faint. The principal now very alarmed, carried the limp form to her own room, and commenced to apply restoratives. The frightened girls breathed easier when she closed her door, and one by one dispersed to their rooms in safety. Gretchen’s clever acting had saved the day.
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EDITORIAL

BLUFF

There is in the English language a word which, though hardly ever thriving in the relentless and keen-sighted business world, often becomes a noxious weed amongst college studentry. We mean the word "bluff," indicative of a quality, despised by the honest fellow, invoked as a protecting deity by the man in a pinch; and readily adopted as a second nature by the man called Bluff. This man Bluff is easily recognized, firstly by his conspicuous garb, a means seized upon to hide the fallacy in his personal worth; secondly by his boisterous laughter and talk, the result of the resonant waves of idle and meaningless words, re-echoing through the vacuum of his brains.

But in all seriousness, this Bluff is a really dangerous character on a college campus. Not infrequently he gets the best of his instructors, when, laden with flattery, his words benumb the keen discrimination of his professors. And the "poor stick," the conscientious "pluggers" groans, when he hears the oracle praise the Bluff "soft and low." He wonders, whether the word honesty is not a bluff also, or, whether education is really the power to know a good man when one sees him.

As a rule the Bluff is an unscrupulous electioneer, zealots, to lead astray the weak souls of under-graduates. Thus often the Bluff becomes one of the leaders amongst his fellow students, for the adage, "Mundu decepit vult," holds true even on a college campus where Latin is read so widely and understood so thoroughly.

COLLEGE SPIRIT

Our base ball team disbanded for the season on May 23. There was still time to play four or five more games. Then, why stop so soon? There are some, perhaps, who would lay the blame upon the manager, saying, that he did not do his duty. Others would criticize the playing of the team, and say that because of lack of ability, they could not finish the season creditably, and therefore quit.

The Anchor does not take either view of the matter; for the base ball manager had a full schedule, while the team has done much better than on former years. The fault lies, we know, with the support given the team. At the Grand Rapids High School game, we are ashamed to confess, there were less than twenty students wearing tickets, and in attendance, exclusive of the team. No team can long continue to play visiting teams when the association supporting it loses from eight to ten dollars on every game. The Athletic Association is not yet in debt, however, and could have continued to support a team had they been given, at least, the moral support of the students. We claim, that if there was a proper college spirit amongst our students towards athletics that the team would have received encouragement, at least.

We trust we are not of that number who think that loyalty to an institution is best expressed by shouting for it. Shouting ourselves hoarse at a base ball game does not, necessarily, constitute college spirit. College spirit may be
shown in many ways, and is so shown at Hope College, but in athletics we leave all evidence of it to the few men who compose the team. Even during a championship basketball season, we allow the citizen supporters of the team to outnumber us five to one.

Without a further grant of privileges in regard to athletics on the part of the council, we think that we can spread the name and fame of "Old Hope" by playing a winning game. To do so, however, we must have men who feel it an honor and a mark of credit to represent their school on a team. That feeling, among those who play, is strong, only when they receive the encouragement which comes from a healthy college spirit among their fellow students.

OUR VOLUNTEER BAND

Although we have no reason to complain of spiritual conditions at Hope, still there is a dearth of missionary interest. It is true we have a Volunteer Band, which meets regularly, but its membership is very small. As opposed to the lecture room, where the meetings have up to this time been held, a room devoted entirely to missions would be a decided step in advance. We believe that a vigorous Volunteer Band is a powerful factor in the life of any college. Never before has there been greater occasion for the existence of such organizations. The wonderful transformations in non-Christian lands, so convincingly portrayed by Mr. Mott, present a tangible call such as few student generations have faced. The Orient, writhing to escape from the thraldom of the past, is throwing its doors wide open to western influence. Whether Christianity shall be the dominating factor in the moulding of these new nations lies with the church at home. The church rightfully look to the Christian colleges. Money enough; where are the men? Take it in our own college, eight volunteers constitute the band. Of this number one will sail for Arabia next September. Two members of the Senior class will not be with us next year. Their places must be filled. We have often boasted of Old Hope as the missionary college. Her honor is now at stake. It lies with us either to sink into lethargic indifference or rise to her defense and sustain the record of the past.

The Hon. G. J. Dickema, '81, was orator of the day at the Memorial Day exercises in Grand Rapids.

The New Brunswick contingent of Hope's recent graduates have taken up their summer work. A. J. Muske, '05, will assist Dr. Paget, of the Collegiate Church, New York City; E. J. Bush, '06, at Hawthorne, N. J.; Joe Sizio, '07, will work in Oklahoma; J. Van Zanten, '07, in Kentucky, and Phillip Johns, '07, will tutor on Long Island, while enjoying a much needed rest. A. C. Dickema, '06, is at Krumville, in the Catskills, M. A. Stegenian, '07, will preach at Grant, Mich.

Prof. Beardslee, '98, has been granted a year's leave of absence.

We were glad to again meet Rev. H. Van der Naald, '03, on his recent visit to his Alma Mater and friends hereabouts. Mr. Vander Naald has a charge at North Yakima, Wash. J. Van der Beeck, '02, is another Hope graduate located in Washington. His charge is at Oak Harbor, on the Island.

 Gerrit J. Huizenga, '07, lately returned from India on furlough, is at the home of his father, A. T. Huizenga, of Zeeland.

The students of Hope recently had the pleasure of listening to Rev. A. L. Warnshuis, '07, when he led the chapel service and talked briefly upon impressions received as he returned from China. Mr. Warnshuis is a forceful speaker with a broad view of conditions in the Orient.


On the 20th of May occurred the marriage of Rev. Cornelius Van der Schoor, '04, and Miss Minnie C. Riksen, '04. The Anchor extends hearty congratulations.

Rev. Peter Grooters, '03, was recently installed as pastor of the Reformed Church of Greenleaf, Minn.

Dr. Henry E. Dosker, '76, is spending the summer months at Central Park.

Rev. and Mrs. A. Klerk, the former of the class of '98, mourn the death of a little daughter at Cedar Grove, Wis.
SOCIETY NOTES.

Ulfilas Club Entertains.

The members of the Ulfilas Club surprised their fellow member, Prof. Raap, at his home on Monday evening, May 4. After the usual meeting had been held in Ulfilas Hall, the club adjourned only to meet once more that evening, this time at the home of the astonished professor. When Prof. Raap had collected himself and the club members had adapted themselves to their new environment, the real fun began. Dutch stories and jokes were told, Dutch songs were sung, and Dutch games were played.

In the midst of all this merry-making, the jovial professor and his wife served refreshments.

The enjoyment of the evening reached its climax when A. Haverkamp, as president of the club, presented Prof. Raap with a beautiful gift from the society. Everyone present felt that it was good to be a member of the Ulfilas Society.

After a very prosperous season, the Ulfilas members are again working hard in preparing for their annual entertainment, which this year promises to be a great success.

"A" Class Members Entertained.

According to their annual custom, the College societies entertained the male members of the "A" class. On the Friday evening of May 15 the Cosmopolitans invited the "A" class members to their hall. The entertainment consisted of a program, literary and musical, games, and refreshments, and above all a good time.

On the following Friday, the 23rd, the Fraternals welcomed the class to their halls. Here again a pleasant time was reported by all.

The Debating Club.

There is one society which deserves special commendation at this time, and that is the Debating Club. In spite of the difficulties which confront a newly organized society, the term's work has been a success. The debates were on questions of national interest. They were rendered in a way that showed the deep interest of the debaters in the work of the society. After the formal debates, the questions were offered for open discussion, in which all members took part. The number of members is small, but the regular attendance has prevented this from becoming a drawback. The society has done all that can be expected of a new organization. Credit is due to the few who have started the work, along this most important line of public speaking, and it is hoped that the work in the fall can be taken up by more men equally as zealous.

BASE BALL.

Class League Standing.

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Hail to the class of '11! By steady, consistent work they have won the pennant in the Class League. Has the league been a success? Its games have aroused more interest among the students than our regular College games. The pennant winners did not have a walk-away. The first four teams were very evenly matched, and furnished high grade contests. To the surprise of all, at the last game, the class of '10 walked away with a 5 to 4 victory over the league leaders, and spoiled their too sanguine hopes of a perfect record. By giving to every one a chance to play, the league aroused the interest of all, and in that way it has done much to develop a healthy class rivalry. It has opened up to some students a realm outside of "bookdom," and has given to all a new interest in athletics. Our answer to the question is, "The league has been a success."
EXCHANGES

We wonder whether exchange columns of the average type are a matter of interest to any others than the exchange editors and editors-in-chief; and whether they are matters of interest even to this class, when the items do not appertain to their own paper. Beyond a doubt, the exchange editors of the E. O. H. S. News and the Red and Black are conscientious workers, but it is equally clear that a large part of their efforts have gone to waste. Exchange comments, if they are to be read by some one else, than the exchange editor of the paper they treat of, must have a general interest, must be representative and applicable to more than one paper. The exchange page needs no apologies. It is the place where one group of students touches another group. It shapes the ideal of a college paper.

A certain exchange complains that the stories, which appear in the ordinary college paper, are so fragmentary. The reason for it is, we think, in the motive which produces them. Generally, this is the demand for something lighter than orations and essays, in the school paper. Consequently we find merely plot-outlines. The story-writer, for the college paper, must have a message just as well as one who writes to make permanent literature, and there must be something which impels him to cast this in the form of a story; else the story has no meaning. Editors before they accept a story, or any material for their paper, should ask whether it will repay one for reading it. Set a high standard, and you will have plenty of material, because in that case it will mean something to write for the school paper.

The Adrian College World is a very well balanced paper, of the dignity worthy of a college production, and well worth reading.

The Ray is a good paper, but somewhat common-place and lacking in originality.

Oratorical aspirants will find copies of the Inter-state Orations in the Albion College Pleiad. We are glad to learn how creditably Albion represented the spirit and the hospitality of Michigan colleges at the Interstate Contest.

M. A. C. recently won a great triple victory, winning in debate, base ball and tennis, from Ypsilanti.

LOCALS.

The cut on the cover of the May number of the Anchor proved to be a puzzle. Can you find the man?

We are now in the last days. Soon we again must part. Those given over to Latin will wail "Vale Vale"; those who have a mathematical turn of mind will say, "So-long." All others will say, "Good-bye" or perhaps silently slip away without saying anything.

Prof. Surpren said the other morning, "Today you will recite in the order of your rank—the rankest first, Mr. B., begin."

The city council is said to be seriously considering the proposition to rename East Sixteenth street—the part out by "Van Rumpel's." "Lovers' Lane" has been suggested, but that is trite, besides being rather in the nature of an insult to that cemented thoroughfare. Won't some genius go some evening and investigate, and suggest something to help out the solons?

Recently in the Evidence class, Prof. Beardslee made this observation: "According to Moses' law a man might put away his wife for rather slight reasons. Now if you and I, Remkes, should do such a thing—" After class congratulations wore in order.

One day somebody gave Prof. Surpren this version of "amo"—amor, amas, De Motts. Prof. S. answered, "I see. He's been having poor lessons lately."

Weersing found Zandstra out on the campus meditatively chewing grass, lately, and said, "What you got to do this afternoon?" "Quite a lot," said Zandstra, "I've got to stay here all the afternoon and listen to the strawberries getting ripe."

The next day after the last "A" class party, Arthur Schaefer favored the German class with this gem of translation: "I have been once upon a time somewhat out walking." "Yes, I should judge so," answered Prof. Bush.

Miss Schuelke says, that she belongs to that school who believe thoroughly in "Art" for "Art's" sake.
Blekking in reply to a question in sociology, "My mind is not settled on that point."
Professor—"A few more facts would, perhaps, make a reagent sufficient to give you a precipitate."

Going past Bessie Fellows' room the other day we perceived this remark floating in the atmosphere. "An equine quadruped may perhaps be propelled to the immediate proximity of aqueous fluid, but he cannot be compelled to imbibe."

This much for the query column:
Q—Define a bachelor.
A—Webster says a bachelor is a dry stick. Hence, anything a woman can stick to or get stuck on, the better, for purposes of adhesion.

Pete Gebhard has departed from this earth and is at present working on the Hudson river. He says he'd rather survey the Hudson than the campus any old day.

John Wichers: "I was born an orator."
To which De Jong replied: "Don't you wish you were one yet?"

Huibregste (translating in Greek)—"May I—may I—?"
Prof. Dimnent—"Yes, you may."
Huibregste—"May I die?"

Cornelius Evers has asked us to put a certain joke of his in the Anchor as he hasn't had his name in the paper yet. The joke will not be published.

The Revs (?) Roost, Blekking, and Dykstra filled the Douglas pulpit lately. They report that there was a crowd out at the service. Well, three is a crowd.

Willard P. V. D. L. of our sister institution just across the street announced to his intimate friends last week that he had received a call. That certainly can be named, "The Call of the Wild."

The mantle of H. B. M. has fallen upon B. V. D. W. and since the Dorm has lost its Janitor Extraordinary it will henceforth be known as the Voorhees Commons.

Tennis (gazing sadly at a fried egg):
"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—it might have been—a hen."

Dalenburg recently read a story entitled, "For the Honor of the School," which was the tale of a boy who ate forty-nine pancakes, and broke the school record. Seeing that in the constitution of the Athletic Association nothing has been said about awarding an H to those breaking eating records, Dalenburg has brought in an amendment to the constitution to that effect.

He (reading a descriptive paragraph)—"He stands directly in front of us, in the meanwhile walking from one side of the room to the other."

Boers—"Dickemia, you must get down to work. What's to become of you if you don't do anything?"
Dickemia—"A congressman, of course."

"The Best is None too Good, Especially in Medicine."

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This is not Kipling; it is Hope College English. I sell HOPE COLLEGE BOOKS to Hope College Boys and Girls and Hope College Alumni. If a book is not wanted, a FOUNTAIN PEN might please, or an AKT PICTURE. Come and see me any way! I'm one of the old boys. Yes, '93 was my year.

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