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The Paw Paw by Moonlight

Hours I sit before my window
Musing, thinking, dreaming, greeting
Joyfully the tranquil evening,
As the din of day is fleeting.
River, lake and village, dreamy,
Settle into peaceful calm;
All things sleep, my drooping spirit
Nature soothes with cheerful balm.

Bright the moon comes o'er the water,
Climbs the heights of heaven, and pours
Floods of light o'er vale and river,
Fills with glory fen and moors.

O'er the depths of Paw Paw's water,
Sinks the light so soft and mild;
Casting o'er its silver ripples
Beach tree shadows, weird and wild.
Bending o'er, the breathing beaches,
Skirting the meandering river,
Whisper to the silver ripples,
Gliding on and on forever.
Silver ripples, gleeful gurgling,
Till they o'er the rock-steep bound;
And as yonder lake they enter,
Like the rumbling thunder sound.
Robins long since ceased their singing.
All is still,—no sound of bird.
Save, when oft the distant, mournful
Hooting of an owl I heard.

Bright the distant, sparkling steeple,
Piercing heaven's starry shores,
Stands a beacon light to travelers
Lonely, seeking stranger doors.
Sleeping village, drowsy meadows,
Fairy landscape's silver beams,
Sparkling steeple, rippling waters,
Weave my thoughts in tranquil dreams.
Whisper, murmur, pleasant beach trees,
Lift my mind to thoughts sublime,
Till at last I too, am sinking
Into peace, calm and divine.

"Prep" '09.
for tomorrow, and noticed your complacent expression when you picked up your 'Gradatim.' A still more self-satisfied look came over your face when you picked up your Latin grammar, and then you frowned slightly. On recollecting your telling me this afternoon that you were prepared on everything in your grammar assignment, except the periphrastic of "amo," my natural inference was that that was the cause of your frown.

I now wondered at my stupidity, for all his deductions appear so absurdly simple, when he has once explained them. My friend turned back to his experiment, and again became tense with concentrated attention. Suddenly he wheeled about and exclaimed impatiently: "I never felt more like taking cocaine than tonight. Times are becoming dull, and in such a period of extended lethargy my system craves some stimulant." Wishing to occupy his mind as much as possible, I took down the three massive manuscript volumes, which contain our work for the past two years, with the intention of getting him to talk on something of mutual interest. Neither the Abbink-VerMuelen case nor the Muste-Warnhuis case, which ended so tragically, aroused any interest in him.

Concerning the Laven-Parr incident and the Dykstra-Grote- mat affair, in which latter matter he so effectually brought the contending parties together and received the degree of LL. D. from the Common Council for the exploit, he would say nothing. The strange "Adventure of the Poisoned Meat," which I will chronicle more fully under that title in a later volume, excited only a passing grin from him, as he recalled how the boarders in Voorhees Hall suddenly developed such radical tendencies toward running, that the future success of our track team seemed assured. On "The Tragedy of the Spade" he was also silent. My disappointment was intense when he showed no interest in my notes on "The Curious Instance of the Defeat of the Freshmen by the D's," in which he solved the puzzle by detecting the rubbing of an Oriental liquid drug on the ball by the tricky Jap pitcher, Yama Moto,—a drug to which he was inured, but which rendered the opposing battery too sleepy for any use. In no other case did my friend show his adaptability to better advantage, for he employed his wonderful powers with total success in a sphere, far remote from his accustomed one of crime.

I was beginning to fear for the success of my endeavor, when a lively commotion in the hall below caught our attention. Some heavy-footed object scrambled up the stairs, and who should bound through the door but Johnnie Silverheels, a rising young detective, for whose future Schulling believed there were bright prospects, this fact having caused him to be known as a second Stanley Hall. Schulling had not moved during the dramatic entrance; he now calmly reached for a match to relight his pipe. Then, still without turning, he asked, "Well, Johnnie, what trouble are the A's in now?"

Silverheels, panting with exhaustion as he was, stopped in utter amazement. "Why, sir," he gasped, "that is exactly what I came to tell you about. I wanted your help on the case. But how did you know?"

"I heard one of the "A" girls talking about their party tonight," so I knew that something would happen to them. They are so slow that they're always having some trick played on them," Schulling was unclassified himself.

"But, Schulling," I protested, wishing to defend this year's Prep. graduating class, "they're always doing pretty cute stunts, and they stick together mighty well. Now those caps and breeches and that painting business were good stunts."

"I repeat, they are too slow for any use," replied Schulling, rather nettled. "The brown of their breeches is the color of the snail; the implication of the green hue of their caps. I need not explain; when they painted the 'A's' around the campus, they forgot that 'ses' could be placed so nicely after each 'A'; and, as to their sticking together, why molasses sticks together, and, furthermore, they're all so slow that none of them could run away from the rest, if they wished to."

I was amazed at this keen inductive reasoning, which further illustrated the stupendous analytical bent of my
friend's abnormal mind.

"Well, Silver," he continued, "what's the matter now?"

"Their ice cream has been swiped," piped the Silvery.

Schulling and I jumped up in intense excitement.

"Come, Watson," he ejaculated, "off for the scene of action! Tonight will witness the beginning of 'The Adventure of the Purlained Ice Cream'!"

We donned our walking coats and issued forth into the murky darkness of the night.

"Now give me the particulars," snapped Schulling.

"Why, I was walking out on Central avenue, near Sixteenth street, when I discerned figures running about wildly, as though chasing their shadows. Presently I recognized several of the 'As.' 'What's the matter, boys?' I cried. 'Our ice cream has been swiped,' they shrieked, wild-eyed and hair tossing. 'Who did it?' I shouted. No one answered until DeMotts, the calmest of the party, came up to me and explained: 'We have found Bakker's note-book and DeRoos' cigarette case near the scene of the crime, so we suspect them,' he said. I did not reply, but determined to ask your help. Mr. Schulling, to free my class-mates from this terrible accusation."

Schulling was silent, but I could see his brows contract in deep thought and his slender, supple form become vibrant with the zest of the game. At the house we could find no traces of the thieves, so we gave it up for the night.

The next morning Lestrade De Youngh, the "A's" detective, came over to Schulling with a sneer on his face, for Silverheels had spread the news that Schulling was to champion his class-mates' cause. "So you have engaged to clear Bakker and DeRoos, have you?" he said, mockingly. "Well, I feel sure that I have a clear case against them."

"Yes," replied Schulling, in that far-away manner of his, "even with Henry George Roest to plead for us, we could hardly evade the decision."

De Youngh knew from his opponent's tone that he would still fight, but was cock-sure of his position. "It will be my

turn now to get the better of my deadly rival, Silverheels," he thought.

A meeting of the student body had been ordered by the Student Council for May 12, to settle the affair. For a week Schulling said nothing about the case. Every afternoon he consumed many pounds of tobacco without changing his position and, accustomed as I was to his habits, I knew that he was thinking hard on the problem. Every evening he employed himself diligently with the thumb-mark experiment, with which he had been occupied before the committal of the crime. On Thursday, the sixth of May, at 8:57 P. M., he jumped up from the experiment triumphantly. "I've got 'em now!" he exclaimed, "I can't miss 'em now!"

Bakker and DeRoos ceased to dwindle away when I told them that Schulling held out bright hopes for their acquittal, and the "Ds" began to hold up their heads once more. But Schulling, with his usual disinclination to reveal his plans, said nothing, but worked on steadily to perfect his discovery.

At last the day for the trial dawned. As Chairman Heemstra called the assembly to order, three hundred and fifty students looked up with eager expectation. The object of the meeting was stated, and the complainants were asked to state their case. Mr. Lestrade De Youngh confidentially asked for the defendants' conviction, showing the note-book and cigarette case as undeniable evidence of guilt. It certainly looked bad for the "Ds." The defense was then called for. Johnnie Silverheels stated that Mr. George Schulling would conduct the "Ds" defense. A murmur of anticipation swept over the audience, for Schulling's exploits had leaked out to a considerable extent and had gained him quite a reputation.

"I hold in my hand," he began, quietly, "a liquid which, placed on a firm surface, will reveal the thumb-marks on that surface. I will wager that other thumb-marks will be found on the surfaces of these articles than Bakker's, DeRoos' or De Youngh's. These belong to the men who stole the ice cream and tried to throw suspicion for the theft upon these innocent lads. Mr. De Youngh, kindly hand me the articles in
question."

DeYoung did as requested. Schulling laid them side by side before the chairman and dabbed some of the chemical over them. Immediately numerous thumb prints appeared on the surface of each. By wax impressions taken on the spot, there were shown to be three others than the defendants' or Lestrade's. Schulling took a book out of his pocket and studied it closely for a moment. Then he arose.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he said, "if you will compare these thumb marks with those of three men in any police book on famous criminals, you will find that they belong to—"

He paused for a moment, probably for dramatic effect, for his natural, social self at times craved for the applause, which his professional, scientific self disdained. A pin could have been heard to drop when he finished with—"Mr. Cotts, the second Moriarty, and his companions in crime, Olthuis and Vissers!"

The entire concourse arose and gazed at the culprits. Their guilt was written upon their blanched, cowardly faces. They were to be punished; the "Ds" and their men were again in general good favor. A cheer rang out and through the chapel I looked for my friend, but he was gone.

I was the first person to see Schulling after the incident. I found him at our Baker street apartments.

"My congratulations, old man," I said, heartily, warmly grasping his hand.

"Thanks, Watson," he replied, heartily: "would you mind running around the corner and buying me a little Duke's?"

Afterword

The selection of the dramatis personae has been made at random from the students of Hope, in order that the action might be made more interesting. The individualities and characteristics of the men in the story are not meant to mirror their real selves. So, if your name appears, consider it an accident,—nothing more.

—M. V. OGGEL.

THE SMALL COLLEGE AND THE UNIVERSITY.

HE Americans are proverbially an energetic people. They love to do things and to do them in a hurry. This is true not only so far as it concerns the more material aspects of our civilization, but holds also in that less tangible sphere of mental development. It manifests itself in that particular realm in the almost universal desire of the graduate from the High school and preparatory school to go at once into some technical school. Comparatively few are those who today regard it worth while to first acquire what for want of a better name we may call the liberal education. All must prepare for their life work in the quickest possible way. Therefore, many go at once from secondary school to the universities. Confronted by facts such as these, one may well ask, "Has the small college lost its usefulness? Has it ceased to have a function?"

In the present essay I propose to answer that question, dealing justly with the effects that the tendency, to acquire a technical education in the shortest possible time, has upon the question, and secondly giving a comparison of the advantages and disadvantages of the university and the small college, as far as acquiring the so-called liberal education goes.

First of all, then, what has been the effect of the technical education had upon the small college? That this is a well defined tendency is shown by the fact that many of our high school graduates go at once into universities to study engineering, law, etc. Such do not deem it worth while or necessary first to gain a general education. As a result of this, many never even think of attending the small college that aims to supply that need. "What good does it do one to go to such a small college?" "What can you do when you graduate from college?" Such questions, often asked of those attending the small college, are indicative of the spirit. The general tendency as shown by these facts and questions is to consider the small college a well nigh useless luxury. The effect, there-
fore, of this tendency to acquire a technical education at once after graduation from a secondary school has been to consider the small college as an institution that has lost its "raison d'être." But the justice and wisdom of this may well be questioned. Those who follow this tendency, graduate from their technical courses lacking that general broad basis of their education that gives them an interest in things outside of their mere trade and a greater social value. Narrowness is the one word that is expressive of the result of this tendency. Some of the men I myself know, who have followed this limited course, are excellent illustrations of the point. And narrowness, which always must be avoided, is especially to be deprecated in one who professes an education. This tendency is to be condemned on this very account. And beyond a doubt this will yet be realized. When this is done, the university will become what it ought to be, a school for post-graduate work. The tendency to have them attain that position is already setting in. In summing up, therefore, in respect to effects, that the tendency to secure a technical education, immediately after graduation from secondary schools, has had upon the small college, it may be said that for the time being it seemed, as though it no longer had a function, but is bound finally to come to its own end.

But while all may be very willing to admit the desirability of securing a so-called liberal education before pursuing a technical course, not all may be inclined to admit that a course of general education ought to be pursued in the small college in preference to the Literary or Liberal Arts departments of the universities. To settle this aright, a comparison of the advantage and disadvantage of the small college and university is necessary. The university, because of its financial condition, in general has better equipment and a supposedly more efficient corps of instructors. These claims are undoubtedly true in most cases. But the strength of this as an argument in their favor is very much lessened when it is borne in mind that there are advantages with the small college right in this line that affect these factors. A very important factor in the success of teaching is the size of classes, since this necessarily determines the method of instruction. The smaller the classes the greater the chance for individual work, and the greater the benefit derived. Now in the university the classes are generally very large. This necessitates the lecture system. But this allows of almost no individual class work. In the small college, on the other hand, the large class is the exception rather than the rule. There individual work becomes possible. But this insures better results. As far as acquiring knowledge is concerned, therefore, the small college may be said to have the advantage. The advantages that accrue to the university from superior equipment and more efficient corps of teachers is more than offset by the disadvantages that ensue upon numbers in classes. For intellectual development, therefore, the small college is not inferior.

But education is not only intellectual. It should also be moral. What bearing has this fact upon the question of the comparative merits of the small college and the university? First of all, then, what bearing have the element of faculty and number upon the problem? We must bear in mind that it is not now the mental capacity of the instructor, but rather his personality, that is the thing of importance. Because a man is more brainy than another does not mean that he is a better man. The fact that from the standpoint of intellect the university faculties are generally superior to those of the small college, does not warrant the assertion that they are such from the moral viewpoint. On the contrary, facts in general tend to show the opposite. The fact that many of the small colleges are semi-religious in their nature at once makes for a faculty of men of good morality and personality. At many of our universities as much can scarcely be said of many of the instructors. If many, or even any of the stories, told by some of those attending some of our larger universities be true, we are well justified in making the above statement. From this point of view, therefore, the small college is at no disadvantage. Moreover, while the effects of a bad
example work out even when there is not the closest relation between the person who sets the example and those affected by it, the effects of a good example are dependent largely upon the closeness of that relationship. In this particular the larger classes and larger masses of student again make against the university. Therefore, as tested by the character of the personnel of the faculty and by the degree of probability that a strong character shall exert the influence it ought among the students, we may say that as far as moral education goes, the advantage lies with the small college.

But there is another element to be considered here. That is the religious atmosphere of the college. Now a person does not have to belong to any particular religion to admit that there is the closest relation between religion and morality. These are related almost as cause and effect. In ninety-nine out of a hundred cases this is true. The bearing of the religious atmosphere that prevails at any institution is, therefore, of the utmost importance. We have but to read the article in the May number of the Cosmopolitan to be convinced that in this respect the palm must be awarded the small college.

The small college has still another advantage resulting from its fewness of numbers. It is often said that attendance at a university broadens one’s outlook because of the many people he comes in contact with. But this claim is rather weak, when it is considered that the number of persons anyone comes in contact with sufficiently to exert that broadening influence is necessarily limited to such proportion that a like effect may be gained at a small school. Moreover, the small college gives each a better chance for self-development. Leadership is better developed. The spirit of unselfishness and sympathy grow better in a place where each feels some responsibility, which feeling of responsibility is not liable to be so general in the larger institution because it is more likely to be supplanted by the mass spirit. In this, too, the advantage is with the small college.

We have now seen that as far as education, intellectual and moral, goes, the small college has more advantages than the university. We have also seen that the tendency to acquire a technical education cannot permanently impair the small college. These facts enable us to answer the question which we undertook to answer by saying, the small college has not lost its usefulness. It still performs a function. And it will ever continue to do so. Its place is, therefore, assured.

—HENRY ROTTSCHAEFER, '09.

FOR THE ANCHOR.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Will you permit me a little space in your estimable paper? The other day I met a young lady whom I had known as a girl by the good old name of Anna. I found that now she had blossomed out as Annette. Not long after I met another whom I had once known as Kate. She had since become Kathryn. And still another, a good, old-fashioned Lizzie, had become Beth. My sentiments on the subject are best expressed in the following story which I find in one of my journals:

"After a few weeks at boarding school, Alice wrote home as follows:

"'Dear Father: Thought I was homesick at first; now that I am getting acquainted, I like the school very much. Last evening Grayce and Kathryn (my roommates) and I had a nice little chafing-dish party, and we invited three other girls, Maryne and Carrye Miller and Edyth Kent. I hope you are all well at home. I can't write any more now, for I have a lot of studying to do. With lots of love to all,

"'Your affectionate daughter, ALYSS.'

"To which she received the following reply:

"'My Dear Daughter Alyss: I was glad to receive your letter and to know that you are enjoying yourself. Uncle Jaymes can't the other day, bringing Charls and Albyrt with him. Your brother Henrie was delighted, for he has been lonely without you. I have bought a new gray horse whose..."
name is Byllye. He matches nicely with old Fredde. With much love from us all, I am,

"Your affectionate father,

"Wyllyam Jones."

"The absent daughter, in the next letter from her, signed herself 'Alice.'"

Applicable to the above sentiment is also the following poem:

"Behold how from her lair the youthful llama
Llopes forth and lightly scans the landscape o'er.
With llusty heart she looks upon life's drama,
Relying on her late-learnt worldly llore.
But lo! Some lad, armed with a yoke infama
Soon llures her into llowly llabor's cause;
Her wool is llopped to weave into pajama,
And llanguidly she llearns her Gees and Haws.

"My children, heed this lllesson from all llanguishing young llamas,
If you would llive with lllatitude, avoid each lluring illay;
And do not illightly illleave, I beg, your illonesome, illloving mammas,
And illlast of allll, don't spellllll your name in such a silllllly way."—Everybody's Magazine.
Yours very truly,

—JOHN M. VANDER MEULEN.
OUR SENIORS.

A few days more and our seniors will leave us. In fact, the empty Senior seats in chapel are filled again; they already have been claimed by the over-anxious successors of the departed. College life is like the life in the outside world: there is a constant strive to advance; the pleasures of school-life, the golden days of college life are hardly ever appreciated, before the last days of the Senior year are there. Perhaps you, Seniors, are surprised to find yourselves wishing to be able to again fill those empty "D" class seats. But your time is past; your Alma Mater has crowded you to the edge of the nest, and fledglings though you be, you must either fall or fly.

Still, though we are aware, and fully appreciate what of
joy college life affords, we nevertheless beg to differ with the sad-eyed Alumnus, who, waiting for you on the chapel steps, confidently tells you, that now your best days are over. It is true, our brother Alumnus may have experienced it thus, but, then, is there not perhaps a cause? What use did he make of his time while in college? It may seem a bold presumption, but we believe that, possessed of a liberal college education, the world will not deny you a living, and the future undoubtedly has still many happy days in store for you. Even the knowledge that now you are able to be of some use, that you also are a cog in the great world-wheel, is a sweet satisfaction in itself. The so-called “cold world” is perhaps not nearly as chilly as some wish to decry it. Only, it demands returns for the money it expends. And, as graduates of the college, where, together with the training to be useful, a spirit of unselfishness is fostered, you will be well able to fulfill your obligations; those whom you serve you will give an overflowing measure of service.

The cement stairway north of Carnegie Hall is a lasting and most appropriate gift of the class of ’09. The Seniors could have erected their donation in a more conspicuous place; however, remembering the teaching, not to give your gifts for the sake of being seen by men, they built it in a somewhat obscure location, it is true, but nevertheless in a place where it was most needed and where it will be of the greatest use. To do well, and to do this well, is not only a great virtue, but even an art.

**COLLEGE SPIRIT**

The part that “college spirit” plays in the life of the college is readily recognized by every student. No one would wish to see disappear that pride in ourselves, and that self-recognition of our own individuality which constitute the essence of “college spirit.” Now it is very easy to point out facts from which we might conclude that our “college spirit” is not up to par. And there are many who, when pushing through some particular undertaking and not receiving the support of the students in it, are in the habit of doing this very thing in a very positive and more or less public way. We all know the result. The whole trouble lies in the fact that we criticise the “college spirit” of everybody on the campus but ourselves. For the spirit of the school is dependent upon the student body, and the unit of the student body is the student, and that’s you. What are you doing, raising the average or pulling it down, trying to do as much for the school as possible or getting out of everything that you can? Find out right now what you owe the school, to what extent you are in duty bound to support its activities. Cultivate an interest in those features which do not appeal to you as much as others. “College spirit” will increase not by “knocking,” but by every individual accepting his responsibility.


**SOCIETY NEWS.**

On Friday evening, May 1, the girls of the Y. W. C. A. gave an informal reception to Miss Landis in Voorhees Hall. Miss Landis is traveling secretary of the Y. W. C. A. and we are always glad to have her visit us.

The boys of the “A” class were heartily entertained by the Cosmopolitan Society, on Friday evening, May 7. After listening to an excellent literary and musical program, the boys were ready to enjoy the delicious refreshments. The remainder of the evening was spent in having a genuine good time.

On Friday evening, May 21, the Fraternal Society also, according to their custom, were the hosts of the male members of the “A” class. Here again the “As” received the most generous entertainment. They were served with everything that was good—a splendid program, excellent refreshments, and, above all, a fine time.

After being thus heartily entertained by the college
societies, the "A" class boys feel that they will be gladly received next year. There are twenty-three boys in the class at present, and many will return next fall to take up college work, and to fill the places in the societies left by the Seniors.

On Tuesday evening, May 18, the girls of the "B" class were the hostesses of the co-eds of the "A" class. The reception was given in the reception room of Voorhees Hall, which was beautifully decorated in a dainty and artistic way with pennants and flowers. An excellent program was rendered, one of the most interesting numbers of which was the class prophecy. During the evening one of the fair members of the "B" class served punch in a very enchanting room lighted with Japanese lanterns. After supper had been served the co-eds played games and spent the remainder of the evening in the most jovial fashion.

The month of May, this year as never before, has been a time for class doings; but class doings of a social kind. Space would not permit to enumerate all the social functions which have been engaged in by the different classes. Picnics, parties, "blow-outs"—truly every one who has some class spirit is waking up and finding out about it now.

Every class, with the exception of the "D" and Sophomore classes, have been having one or more social doings. The Seniors and "As" especially have been taking advantage of this last, but excellent opportunity, not only for having a good time, but for arousing a better class spirit which will ultimately end in binding closer the tie which links them to their Alma Mater. Why should we not have some class spirit aroused? It, surely, will do no harm. After a year of hard work is nearly completed, each class is certainly entitled to enjoy a few social good times before they disband for vacation.

The Anchor extends its cordial sympathy to Rev. A. A. Piansthiel, '76, of Somerville, N. J., who is mourning over the recent death of Mrs. Piansthiel.

Bernard Ronischaefer, '06, expects to go to India in the fall to fill an appointment to one of the Reformed church mission stations there.

Rev. A. Steegenga, '06, was married to Margaret Beekman, of Holland, on May 26. The Anchor extends congratulations.

Rev. J. Van der Meulen, '97, recently preached in St. Nicholas Collegiate church, New York city, in the pulpit of the late Dr. Donald Sage Mackay.

Gerrit Van Peursen, '07, of Princeton, N. J., recently visited his Alma Mater. He expects to be in charge of a church at Duluth, Minn., during the summer vacation.

The Anchor extends congratulations to Henry Heusinkveld, '09, who has been awarded first prize of a scholarship of $180 for writing the best thesis on independent work in the fundamental branches of medicine. The subject treated was "The Determination of the Potability of Water."

The college feels grateful to Mr. G. Hondelink, '00, and Mrs. Hondelink, '03, of Kalamazoo, Mich., for placing in the college museum a very valuable Japanese woven panel.

Rev. M. J. Duven, '04, and Mrs. Duven, '03, of Corsica, S. D., recently visited friends and relatives in Holland and Zeeland.

The Anchor was very much pleased to hear of the marriage of Rev. Dirk Dyksra, '06, to Miss Minnie Witterdink, missionaries to Arabia. They were united in marriage on April 8, at Bahrim, Arabia, by Rev. James E. Moerdyk, '97.
John C. Hocke, '06, has been re-elected for the fourth time to the position of Superintendent of the Public Schools of Sioux Center, Iowa, at a neat increase in salary.

The Anchor also sends congratulations to Philip Yenker, '07, whose engagement to Miss Emilie Kemo, of New Brunswick, was recently announced.

Hope College students are looking forward with great expectations to a visit from many of the Alumni of the college at Commencement time. Arrangements have been made for several class reunions besides the annual Alumni banquet. The latter is becoming a feature of more and more interest and popularity every year. The Anchor hopes for a greater number of Alumni visitors this year than ever before and extends a hearty welcome to all.

**Athletics**

**BASE BALL.**

Grand Haven High School, 3; Hope, 1.

Grand Rapids High School, 6; Hope, 5.

In a fast game with Grand Haven High, Hope went down in defeat to the tune of 3 to 1. The game was very interesting as far as the last inning, the score then being 1 to 0 in favor of Hope, but a few errors on the part of Hope's players soon changed the score. With Veenker in the box, the pitching honors were evenly divided, and had his support been good to the last, it would have meant a glorious victory for Hope. The Grand Rapids game was equally interesting, running into the tenth inning with the score 5 to 5, when the High School boys brought in a run which sealed the fate of Hope. Sensational double plays were made by Laven and Yamamoto. The game was well attended and the rooting somewhat improved over former efforts.

**Exchanges**

"Helios," Grand Rapids High—Par excellence. The cuts of the orchestra are exceedingly amusing.

The German selection in the "Normal Advance" shows thorough information on the subject. A little less biography and more general eulogy would make it a stronger paper. And although the whole construction of the issue is of highest rank, we find one department in your staff unrepresented. Get an exchange editor.

You are starting out fine, '10s. "Spectator." We congratulate you on the poem, "Nature's Call." We all are afflicted,—lively and thoroughly student-like.

Poet Carleton gives the address to the Carleton graduating class in June. The village was named in his honor.

**Pella Central University** may well pride herself on the successful glee club. The club has just returned from a tour of some 810 miles, touching 32 counties in Iowa and Minnesota. The marked appreciation with which it met gives them confidence that the tour to the Western coast this summer will only mark another step in the upward trend. The "Ray," however, fails to tell us what they are doing in athletics.

"Seminarian."—You have a very neat little paper. The harangue against the "Merry Widow" is surprisingly clever.

Senior "fit" and engineers of Michigan will raise $1,400 to furnish bronze doors for the new memorial building. This is the most superb class memorial ever left the University.

Hope's track men, if you wish to excel in track work, read "The High School Panorama"—and abide.

"The Reveille."—The honor system in the Baton Rouge University seems to reach its highest estimation and value. It works so well that it is not a bore as some would think, but instead has excited the sentiment of the entire student body against cribbing in examinations. The student council takes care of the individual cases, deviating from rectitude,
and silently dismisses them. This is a feature which we believe will inculcate common honesty and manliness and should therefore work its way into more of our institutions.

Adrian College will graduate this June, the largest class in fifteen years.

"College Chips."—You have a very strong literary department; in fact, too solid. A good story would lighten and brighten the paper very much. Well represented in every department.

"The Olivet Echo" editorial on the one talented man is inspiring. It is not the talent we possess as students, which shall determine our success in the busy highways of life, but rather our endeavor to develop power. The student with good educational advantages often lacks ambition. Moral: Keep busy.

Michigan "co-eds" are trained in canoeing. Capsizing is part of the course.

The Freshmen number of the "Albion Pleiad" is not below the standard of excellence. The high college spirit which prevails so dominantly in all Albion's undertakings seems to carry off victory in every line. The author of "Manton's Vision" is to be commended for the inspiring thought and beautiful moral. The several cuts, especially the annual "tug-of-war," enliven the appearance of the issue.

"The Collegian," issued by the Juniors of Hillsdale, contains a fine cut of the class. The issue is very unbalanced. A good story would make a good showing.

**Locals**

College men are very slow; They seem to take their ease, For even when they graduate They do it by degrees.—Ex.

While out on a campaign for joke timber, we learned from a Chicago paper that "The inalienable right of a citizen of Wisconsin to use profanity under sufficient provocation is not to be arrogated by the legislature without the consent of Governor Davidson." Cheer up, Wynveen, Ten Pas, Wallwood! You can say it when you get home.

Somebody asked Hensinkveld why he drinks so much milk. He said: "I've got an iron constitution, you see, and water might rip it."

The father of a certain student was asked: "In what course will your son graduate?" "In course of time, I believe," he answered.

A gentleman came into the restaurant and asked, "Do you serve lobsters?" "Yes, sir," said Vis, "just sit down and you'll be served at once."

Query—What is a caterpillar? A.—An upholstered worm.—Ex.

Before very long somebody will be wanting this recipe for flunks, which we found: "Take a string of bluffs, stir in one pound of thin excuses, add a few class parties according to the class you're in, sift in an overabundance of baseball enthusiasm, flavor well with moonlight bottled during evening strolls, add one quart of concentrated quintessence of cramming, and serve hot at the end of the term."

Mr. Van Houwelen was making observations on poets. "There's one who speaks of an 'aching void.' How can there be an 'aching void?'" "Mr. Van Houwelen, did you ever have a headache?" inquired his lady friends, with apparent irrelevance.

The other day Clarence Lokker said, "I ran my auto right into a building the other day." "Goodness!" exclaimed an uninitiated feminine, "What was it, a store?" "No, not exactly—the garage."

Sunday at about 12:15, Bess Wiersema met a couple of girls who asked her if she had been to church. "No," she said, "I forgot what day it was and I've been sitting up in school all morning waiting for the profs. to come."
John Laven loves children. He was the first to volunteer when Mrs. Meyer sent to the dormitory for a girl to come and take care of the children.

There seems to be a new organization on the campus, in the shape of a walking club composed of three members. Anyone who desires to join will apply to George Roost or Verne Oggel.

Patterson (to Miss Remis): "Is an onion a root or a stem?"

Van Der Laan: "A stem."

P.: "I suppose you agree with him, Miss Remis?"

(Loud laughter from class.)

"Oh! that's easily explained."

The following notice was on the black-board in the Biology room not long ago: "Who put moses in the water?" We don't know; we didn't.

Dalenberg forgot to put on a tie the other morning. Ask him what time he got up.

Dame was overheard at the phone the other day to say: "Has the 'House of Seven Gables' arrived yet?"

Our estimable professor in English had seated himself in the barbers' chair. Having relaxed into the capaciousness, he remarked: "Well, I guess I'll have a hair cut." It wasn't the barber that suddenly waxed witty and asked, "Which one?" No! it was the voice of our professor in Greek, from the bleachers, that said, "Don't you think you had better make it a shine, professor?"

To our minds the Junior class picnic has been one of the most important events of the month. And for several of the members it was a milestone in life's race. For, sad to relate, we have good proof that Ver Hulst, Warnshuis, Tenpas and Tepaske were seen each smoking a corn cob pipe. The funny part of it is that, in obloquy, Warnshuis is told that the harshness in his voice is due either to over strain or to smoking. Which is it, John?

You can imagine which professor said this: "Who is more faithful, the woman or the dog?"

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