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Original Translations
THE RUINS OF ROME
(From the French by Joachim Du Bellay 1525-60)
There did the children of earth in ages old,
Build high upon the mountains to approach the sky,
They faint would fight the gods, and even Jove defy,
Who hurled his lightnings down upon these pigmies bold.
And down upon the earthly hope his thunder cast.
Down from their dizzy heights the earthly squadrums fly.
The World shakes in its course, the Heaven's reply.
The Universe abandons the downfall of the bold.
Thus, then, above the level of the human race
The City of the Seven Hills set her proud face,
Bedecked with priceless gems to mock the gods divine.
And now, O Rome, we see thy jewels scattered wide.
Thy mountains mourn, the mighty dwellers of the sky
Need never fear again the Roman's martial line.

THE WORLD
(From the German by Hoffman von Hofmannswalden. 1619-1679)
What is the world and all its longing for glory?
What is the world, with all its beauties bright?
A paling sheen, amid mists and mountains hoary,
a lightning flash across the black shrouded night.
A purple field, with thorns on every flower,
A costly home, where sickness reigns unchecked.
A house of slaves, where Evil is in power,
A bathsome grave with alabaster decked.
That is the rock wherein the race has builded,
That is the clay it girds into a god.
To thee, O Soul, a farther sight is yielded
Thou knowest this gory ring of sky and sun
Break thou, O Soul, the fetters that confound thee,
Cast off the burdens that increasing swell.
Then shall thou see that blessed elixir around thee
Where Life and Beauty in their fitness dwell.
CURACAO, QUEEN OF THE SOUTH.

Curacao is a small island off the coast of Venezuela. Its area is perhaps 500 square miles. For years the island has been a Dutch colony. With its rocky and irregular coasts it is well-nigh impregnable to attack, and its deep harbor is safe for the greatest sea-going vessels. Each side of the seawall protecting the entrance to the bay is a gigantic battery, and here, too garrisons of Dutch soldiers are stationed the year round. Willemstadt, the capital of the colony, is located on the eastern side of the harbor; opposite it, is its sister city, Otra Banda. A pontoon bridge of antiquated design connects these two cities. The length of this bridge is about one-half a mile. In Willemstadt is transacted all the business incident to the tremendous commerce of the port, for it harbors ships of every nation, though among the ships the Dutch tri-color flies from many mast-heads.

The population of Curacao is for the most part Dutch, French, and Spanish. Outside of the towns the only occupation is planting, and the island is a perfect paradise of orange and lemon groves, and tobacco, sugar, and rice plantations. The life of the white planter is ideal. Negroes and mulattoes perform all the labor, and the white gentleman lives in state in his plantation house, much as did the planters of our southern states before the war. The climate is tropical, the income sure, and life continues day by day in the same easy, happy round of pleasure. Surely the Curacao planter's life is well-nigh Elysian.

In the towns much the same thing is true. During the day there is little activity on account of the heat. When the sun sets the round of pleasure and business begins. The negroes raise their voices to the tunes of guitars in sad, wild songs. The Spanish youth rides up and down before the window of his lady, and the water front suddenly becomes noisy with the sounds of commerce. Until late in the clear southern night the gay sounds continue, and then even the sea-wind ceases to blow over the "Queen of the South."

—Adolph Pierre Rigeaud.

AN ENDURING REPUBLIC.

(Winning oration in Coles Contest.)

When we say that we are citizens of America, we speak with pride. We look back upon the course of our national life, and we say: Glorious has been its development. Almost within the span of a human life we have grown from a struggling confederacy to a world-power. At the beginning of the last century America was laughed at, and hardly recognized among the nations. Today her power and influence are felt around the world. Today she is building railroads and industries, schools and churches, on the other side of the globe. The awakening Orient, today, looks upon our country as the leader of the nations. Truly, we are proud to be citizens of America.

But here a question comes to us: Can this progress continue, and can our great nation long endure? Round about us we hear many an ill-starred prophet exclaim: "Our republic is passing; America has reached the zenith of her greatness, and is already beginning to decline." But this we do not admit, for if we watch the development of our national life closely, we shall soon see that America is not declining, and that its march of progress can still go on, and with the determination of a loyal people its advance will continue to go on.

The permanency of our republic depends upon two necessary characteristics: the one, good government; the other, good citizenship. No republic can endure with only one of these constituents,—both are essential. The one rests upon principles; the other, upon character. We cannot have good government without good citizenship, since the men who sit in our legislative halls may be men whose minds and souls are corrupted by the lust of power and wealth, even though our principles of government are firm and unshaken. But, on the other hand, no matter how excellent the character of our people, unless our government is founded upon principles upon which a nation can safely rest, we are building upon drifting sand. And now, when we look back upon the development of our national life, we find that there is one great
principle which has made it possible for this great nation to endure.

At the beginning of our national life we find two forces struggling against each other; the one, Individualism: the other, Nationalism. The one wished to make the state the center of governmental power; the other favored a strong national government. Individualism expressed its principles in the Articles of Confederation. Here we have a union without a strong bond to bind the states together, a government without power, and consequently our national life was threatened. The man who came forward to remedy this condition was Hamilton, who laid firm the corner-stone upon which our government rests, the principle of federal supremacy. The government once having been established upon this foundation, the struggle was not ended. In the Civil War this principle was severely tested, and then forever established. But the struggle against it still goes on. When, recently, California tried to take the immigration laws into her own hands, she was struggling against the principle of federal supremacy, and she found that the federal government was supreme. So also we find that in our national life of today there are problems whose solution can be reached only through the exercise of federal power.

Two of these problems which the American people are attempting to solve are the industrial problem and the labor problem. There are institutions in our country today, which have grown so wantonly upon the fertile American soil that they overlap all state lines, and are beyond state control. The unlimited combination of wealth has given to these gigantic corporations despotic power. The captains of industry are despots in their realm. The problem of corporation, trust, and monopoly is a great one, but we are beginning to realize that when these despots debauch business and oppress the masses, and are impelled only by gain and greed, that above the combined power of wealth is the authority of the national government.

In the field where the combined forces of labor are marching in the ranks of unionism, the problem is no less appalling.
To render our government permanently successful, one purpose should burden the mind of every American citizen—that he seek the best interest and welfare of all—which is the very essence of patriotism.

The demands which such a citizenship makes upon us are many, but a few are fundamental. The first of these demands is obedience to law. Without that obedience on the part of the people, government by the people is a mockery. The way in which society protects its weaker members against the injustice of the strong, is by means of legislation; and if we are to seek the prosperity of all, we must obey the laws which society lays down for its own welfare.

A second demand which citizenship makes upon us is that we shall conscientiously exercise the right of suffrage. This is a simple duty, but it is very important. The right to elect the rulers of our land is a great privilege, but also a great responsibility. American citizens, this sacred trust, this obligation which we owe to our fellow-men, we may not betray.

There is still another demand which citizenship makes upon us: a duty which we owe to future America; it is that we shall train our youth to be good citizens. It is a comparatively easy matter to teach the young man that it is his duty to obey the law and to cast his ballot, but when it comes to inspiring him with the principles of the founders of our nation, so that when he shall hold office in city, state or federal government, he shall seek public welfare rather than private interest, it becomes a more difficult problem. We owe it to future America that the examples of the men of today shall be that of uncorrupted citizens, and that our public men shall be men whose souls the lust of wealth and power cannot corrupt, and whose arms shall ever be strong to uphold the right.

Many say that this is not the character of our public men of today, but that the spirit of gain and greed is the moving force in our nation. For this spirit they blame our industrial institutions. And, indeed, it may seem that this great industrial age has brought only corruption into our national life. But we must not forget that this industrial spirit has also wrought great good. It may be that often corrupt men

secure control of our political offices, but there are also many who are grand examples to the young men of today. It is such men that America needs, and for whom she is continually calling.

It is with the young men that I would plead. You are the builders of future America, you will be her leaders. Young Americans follow in the footsteps of great men. America needs men of large vision; men who see the whole of our national life; men who will not condemn our industrial progress, but men who will fight the evils that follow in its wake. We want men like Theodore Roosevelt,—men who believe in the supremacy of government, the power of legislation, and the welfare of the public.

Our great nation is moving onward and upward in the march of progress, and slowly, but steadily, our government is approaching the goal of perfection. Through the struggles of economic war the laboring man finally is recognized and gains his rights. Great corporations oppress the masses, and we exercise federal control. Continually new problems confront our nation, but younger and brighter minds come forward to solve these problems. By overcoming each succeeding difficulty, the nation mounts to greater heights. Evils are rife in business and social life, but American statesman are rising up and purging our nation, and a nobler and purer generation will follow. We lift the veil of the future and we behold a great nation. We hear in her the hum of industry, and we see the prosperity of her people. We turn to the sacred page of history, and we read these words, inscribed in letters of gold: "Thou, O America, didst endure, because thy government was supreme, with power to solve every difficulty, and thy sovereign people were worthy and noble citizens."

—Jacob Heemstra, '10.
THE PHANTOM Flier.

L. ABOARD?” The conductor swung his lantern and the train was off, bound for the great West. The last passenger to enter the coach was William Steen, the star half-back, who stood leaning over the railing of the rear platform. “Keep up a little brass, Bill,” shouted his friend from his seat on the station steps.

“All aboard?” The train again moved on, but this time it left Bill upon a lonely station platform. After a quiet journey of three days he had arrived at Cheyenne, where he was to take his position as operator for the Great Western Railway. It was a cloudy night. Here and there the great black dome of heaven was shivered by flashing streaks of lightning. Occasionally a peal of thunder resounded, and large drops of rain fell. “Be it an omen for good or bad,” said Bill, “I’m here to stay.”

At noon the next day he stalked into the station and was confronted by a weird and unaccustomed scene. The instruments were ticking off their messages. Over them bent a tall, slim figure, pale and care-worn. His eyes protruded, and his prominent cheek bones accentuated his extreme pallor.

“Well, Pat!” said Bill, “here comes your substitute. Evidently you need a rest.” With a sympathetic look upon his face the worn-out operator said: “Friend, don’t stay until you’re in a like condition.”

The noon train stopped and again departed. The pale operator had left behind him Bill and lonely Cheyenne. Cheyenne was hardly the place for an active young athlete. The Great Western station was the main point of interest. A little to the north a babbling brook, shadowed by sheltering pines and wide-spreading oaks, wound its course. The plain to the north was studded by the shabby wigwams of some wandering Indian tribe, while some distance to the east could be seen a small grove, at whose edge were several scattered dwellings. In one of these Bill made his home. In his solitude he often mused over his experiences in the East.

It was a dark and dreary night. Occasionally the wind sighed out its doleful moans, and Bill longed for his far away home. Just then the instrument began to buzz and to tick out its message: “Fast train No. 34 due 10:02.” Bill eyed the clock and waited. Eleven-fifteen and No. 34 had not yet arrived. Surely it could not have lost thirteen minutes in that short distance. The telephone rang. “Hello! This Cheyenne station?”

“Yes.”

“Kan Kee crossing, Fast train ditched. Send aid.”

Relief and wrecking trains were sent to the scene. Few were injured, except the engineer, who was crushed beneath his engine. The fireman, though doctors found no injuries, was delirious. A few days afterward he came into the station. Bill handed him a message, which read: “Fireman of No. 34 need not return; evidence of wreck against him.” He looked up at Bill and said: “Let me tell you how it happened.”

“Of course, understand that this is the fifth wreck in seven months, and headquarters will not receive explanation in respect to a so-called ‘Phantom Flier,’ as Cassie, the engineer, nicknamed it. In fact, the night of our own wreck we laughed the story to scorn. Take this for what it is worth. Twelve miles north of Cheyenne is a sharp curve just below the Kan Kee hill. Four miles south of Cheyenne, at Schwanville, is a similar curve and hill. At these places the previous wrecks have occurred. We near the Kan Kee crossing and Cassie put on the brakes. Suddenly, to our rear, we heard a shrill whistle. Cassie looked back and simultaneously threw wide the throttle and we rushed on at a terrible speed. I also looked back. Upon the Kan Kee grade I saw an engine thundering down upon us. Her mammoth drivers were at a white heat. Her boiler head seemed riveted with bolts of fire. ‘Cassie!’ I shouted, ‘the curve!’ From her smoke-stack belched forth clouds of flame. In her cab stood two black figures. I groaned, for in a moment her tender would grind our rear. On it came, like a demon after its prey. Alas, at break-neck speed, we struck the curve. I again turned. The ‘Phantom Flier’ had reversed her drivers, and like a...”
climbed the steep ascent and was gone. Our engine left the track—and then everything grew blank.”

That night when Bill went to his room he weighed the evidence. Surely, to him it seemed possible, though hardly probable. Moreover, as far as he could perceive, the fireman had appeared truthful. “Well,” said Bill, “I will investigate. If it is the supernatural, I am not a fit agent. If it’s a mortal invention, they’ll have to live up to the schedule.”

According to the story of the fireman, an ideal night for the “Phantom Flier” came about three weeks later. At five o’clock Bill sent word to the night operator that he was too ill for duty and asked him to substitute until morning. The night operator complied. After Bill had made a pretense of dozing a while, and had had some supper, he took his three-wheeler and raced toward Kan Kee grade, expecting to side-track his car a few miles beyond the grade on a siding which led to Jasper tunnel. But No. 34 was already in sight. He placed his car in the long grass near the siding. Hardly had the fast train passed when he heard a rumbling which evidently came from the tunnel. Bill threw himself behind his car and grasped his swift-repeating revolvers. The “Phantom Flier” approached the switch, which opened by some secret mechanism. Her gigantic mufflers deadened her exhaust, but otherwise she rumbled on like a worn-out engine. Toward Cheyenne she flew. Bill, trembling with fear, sped after them in his motor car. Truly, he was travelling at a dangerous speed, but ‘twas a relief to his fast-sinking spirit to leave as great a distance as possible between him and the mysterious tunnel. Already had he passed Kan Kee grade—and no wreck. Now he, too, had experienced the illusion of the “Phantom Flier.” He approached Cheyenne and entered the station. The substitute operator, with bulging eyes, lay prone upon the floor. Ah! he knew. The “Phantom Flier” had this time chosen Schwanville for its tragedy. He sent the distress signal for aid; threw a near-by pail of water upon the operator and waited. Again that same rumbling came to his ears. He heaved a deep sigh, for in a moment that hellish destroyer would be resting in its lair. She neared—that mass of living fire. Bill jumped to the derailer, pulled the lever and rushed out of doors, grasping a pistol in each hand. As the drier passed he sent two volleys from his lightning repeaters into the cab. One figure rolled and fell. In an instant the “phantom Flier” struck the derailer, swayed, toppled over, and half buried itself in the sand. In the glare of her light Bill saw the remaining figure climb from the cab. With a curse the black figure rushes toward him. Their pistols flashed—were reloaded—flash again. Silence rules for a moment. Both men stop to steady their pistols. Bang! Bang! The operator falls upon one knee. The black dare-devil will leap upon him. But no, he staggers—he falls. The engineer has met his Nemesis.

The relief train soon drew near, and after the doctor had given what aid he could and had spoken a few words with Bill, he rode on toward the wrecked No. 34. The inhabitants of near-by squatter cabins also came to look over the “Phantom Flier” and they, too, heard the groaning of the figure in the cab. After some labor they rescued him and took him to the station, where, upon regaining consciousness, he told of their long-nourished grudge against the Great Western; how they had smeared the engine front with phosphorous and had made the flames holc forth from the stack by using a rapid-combustible fuel.

Bill’s lonely days at Cheyenne were over, for, when he had recovered from his wound, he was called to Santa Fe, where he worked under the direct supervision of the superintendent. There he became acquainted with the special business of the company and soon was capable of being manager of one of the divisions of the Great Western Railway Company.

—James Weurding, ’11.
Since our last issue Mr. F. L. Keeler, Assistant Superintendent of Public Instruction, has completed his annual inspection of the denominational colleges of the state. In an interview Mr. Keeler said: "Hope College is the best equipped of the denominational colleges in the state, and the laboratories are especially fine." Such a statement, coming as it does from unbiased authority, is of great moment to us. To those students expecting to teach chemistry, biology, or physics, or who expect to take post-graduate work in these courses, this is of especial interest.

During the past year separate chairs of chemistry and physics were established. Prof. D. B. Yntema retained the chair of physics, while Almon T. Godfrey, M. D., was elected professor of chemistry. During this year the department of chemistry has been put upon such a basis that unconditional credits will be granted for all chemistry taken at Hope in the Universities of Harvard, Michigan, Chicago, Wisconsin, Northwestern, and Western Reserve.

The advanced courses in chemistry are designed to give students needed training preparatory to the study of medicine. Students planning to teach chemistry or to practice industrial chemistry will find the elective courses adapted to their needs. This year, also, three students have acted as laboratory assistants, G. J. Van Zoeren, Soph.; H. C. Kremers, Fresh., and Gerrit Cotts, "A." As experience in managing a laboratory is indispensable to the teacher, such an opportunity is invaluable. Individual work is required of every student, thus insuring absolute thoroughness in the courses.

The courses in biology are also especially adapted to those intending to study medicine or to teach scientific subjects, although they are arranged to meet the needs of the general student in science. Besides making the courses as attractive as possible, the aim is to raise the standard of work to meet the requirements for recognition by the best colleges and universities. We hope shortly to announce that the courses are accepted by Harvard, Yale, Chicago and Michigan for full undergraduate work in biology in these institutions. Efforts are also being made to secure unconditional credits for post-graduate courses in biology. Such courses are yearly offered to a limited number of advanced students.

That the scientific work at our college is worthy of such recognition comes as a revelation to many of us. With the credit given by the higher institutions for scientific work done here, Hope College will be seen to be an admirable place for those desiring to specialize in these branches, as it has long been to students of the classics and English. Let us hope that with the long-deserved recognition from authorities may also come a like appreciation from the institution's students and constituents.
THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

"Whether we shall meet again, I know not."

We have again come to the end of a school year. We are leaving it behind with all its record of lights and shades—a closed book. We are thankful for all the joys and lessons and the mistakes, too, of the past year. As we review it, we feel that it has been a privilege to us to be comrades for even one year.

Seniors: We bid you God-speed on your way. We wish to express our appreciation of your daily life among us; we have been bettered by it, we are sure. But,

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new;"

and so, though we hope to meet you again, it is with a mingled feeling of sorrow and joy that we see you depart—sorrow to lose your fellowship and comradeship, but joy that you have been so successful. We hope and trust that your life in other spheres may be as exemplary as it was here—the life of a man. May you bear higher than ever before the star-emblazoned banner of old Hope. We ask you, as a parting request, never to forget your Alma Mater. At some time, their will come a golden opportunity to aid her; then, be true. This we ask of you, to bear in active memory the halls where some of the best years of your life were spent.

Alumni and Friends: We greet you again as you have returned to renew old friendships and live again your college days. For all its changes, the campus is still the same old spot. We thank you for your presence now and for your kind offices during the year. We can point with pride to a year of advance and benefit. And to you, also, we would give the same message: "Remember old Hope." For, if she is in need of anything, she needs your enthusiastic, loyal support.

College mates: As we are about to depart to our summer vocations, may we not pause a moment to take a look behind and before? May we not reckon up the errors of the past year and from them lay plans for the next? And while we are gone, let us be mindful that we are still of the sacred guild of studentry. We have as much a chance to help our college in vacation as in the school year. Let us not fail to do this and live worthy of our college. Our institution, though it is forging forward, none the less is still far from its possibilities. One way to better it, as it seems to me, is to enliven our college spirit. Conviction and enthusiasm are necessary to any cause for its success, and so with this. Just now our college needs a stirring spirit that will join students and alumni in one loyal band. It is for the studentry to bring this to pass. Surely college spirit is the most necessary of all. for it comprehends the others—class and society spirit. As we meet others, then, let us be enthusiastic for old Hope.

-H. E. Y.

THE BURNS PROGRAM.

On Friday evening, May 27, the first annual invitation program by the Fraternal Society was given. The reception rooms in Van Raalte Hall had been fittingly decorated for the occasion with pennants and college pillows. The Senior Frats, in cap and gown, received the guests. After the invocation had been given by Prof. Kuizenga, the president, Mr. Ver Huist, made a few remarks, introducing the subject for the evening—Robert Burns. The life of the poet was ably given by Stanley Fortune. Mr. Stegeman, whose subject was "Burns the Poet," gave a survey of Burns' poetry which greatly enhanced the effect of the selections comprising the program. The musical numbers, which were all Scotch selections, with the exception of "Marcel" (from Godard) by Mr. Hensinkveld, greatly aided in the creation of an appropriate atmosphere. The quartet's work caused many favorable comments, and Mr. Dykema's solos revealed great appreciation of the spirit of the music rendered. This program is an innovation in society work, but it will doubtless be a welcome pre-commencement event in coming years.

PROGRAM.

Invocation..............................Prof. Kuizenga
Roll Call.
Opening Remarks.
Violin Solo..............................George Damson
Paper. .................................................. "Robert Burns, the Man"
    Stanley T. Fortune.
"Annie Laurie" .............................................. Giebel
Paper .................................................. "Robert Burns, the Poet"
    Henry V. E. Stegeman.
Piano Solo—"Marcel" ...................................... Arthur Hensinkveld
Recitation ................................................ "To a Mouse"
    Nelson Balkenberg.
Recitation ................................................ "A Man's a Man For a' That" 
    Ernest C. Brooks.
Solo—"O Whistle and I'll Come to You" .............. Hopekick
Jhohn H. Warnshuis.
Recitation ................................................ "Address to the Unco' Guild"
    Henry Vruwink.
Recitation ................................................ "John Anderson, My Jo"
    Eldred C. Van Der Laan.
Solo—"How Long and Drear'y is the Night" .......... Park
    "There Was a Bonnie Lass" .......................... Park
    James Dykema.
Recitation ................................................ "A Bard's Epitaph"
    Frederick Van Dyk.
"My Love is Like" ......................................... Steele
"A Highland Lad" ......................................... Vogrich
Fraternity Quartet.
Song .................................................. "Auld Lang Syne"
    Friends and Fraters.

Voorhees Day.

In honor of the birthday of Mrs. Elizabeth R. Voorhees, the dean and young women of Hope College kept open house at Voorhees Hall, Saturday, May the seventh, from three to six o'clock. The large reception hall was beautifully deco-
their second outing. The evening was spent on the bay and beach of Macatawa. Though well supplied with telescopes, they caught no glimpse of the comet.

"A" Class Happenings.

On May 6, the Cosmopolitan society entertained the young men of the "A" class. The Fraternal society held a banquet in their honor on May 13.

On Wednesday, May 18, the Misses Røken and Oltmanns delightfully entertained their class mates at the home of the latter. After an interesting program, games were played and delicious refreshments were served. The "A"s are looking forward to many more class parties before Commencement day.

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<th>Hope, 4: Holland Cubs, 0.</th>
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While the Hope track men were burning up their relays in the Grand Rapids-Holland race, the baseball men gained another victory. The Holland Cubs were defeated 4 to 0. No runs were made until the seventh inning, when Hope scored through an error. Timely hits in the eighth enabled Hope to increase this score by three. Owing to the excellent pitching, the game was fast and interesting. Hope, however, managed to get four hits while the Cubs only got two.

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<th>Hope, 2; Kalamazoo Normals, 1.</th>
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(Twelve innings.)

Believe me, we sure got Kazoo's goat right this year. By winning a hard fought game from them on May 20, we established our rank in base-ball among our sister colleges, as we did last fall by our foot-ball victory over the would-be "profs." And 'twas no kids' play, but as fast and scappy an exhibition of our national pastime as the fans of Holland have seen in many a day. Captain Levan started the scoring in our half of the first by getting hit, stealing second and third, from where he tromped home easy on Weurding's safe drive to left. Nothing more stirring, except in the third, when a little wildness and a couple of miscues gave Kazoo their run. Until the twelfth, when Mack laid down a pretty bunt. Levan drove a clean single to center, putting Mack on third, and Gib. Stegeman lined one to short too swift to be handled in time to prevent the speedy lap from crossing the pan, and thus the game was ours. Levan was strong at all times but the third, and allowed only two hits, while we gleaned six off Tub Berger. Shorty Vruwink led off in the sixth with the long hit of the game, a two-bagger beyond the oak in left field, but he died after stealing third when Lutie hit to first.


The Annual Relay Race.

We do not hesitate to say that Hope crossed the tape in the second annual relay race between Grand Rapids and Holland before one of the largest and most enthusiastic crowds that has ever turned out for any athletic contest in Holland. Bulletins at H. Van Tongerens' kept the restless mass informed as to the runners. The 50-yard gain of the first runner increased to a half, three-quarters, and even a mile seemed hardly plausible to those informed as to the relative strength of the teams. The blowing of the curfew whistle, however, warned everyone that Hope was still leading in the last lap. At the finish H. Stegeman, the Hope captain, worked his way through the jam on Eighth street, three and one-half minutes ahead of M. Vander Visse, the Grand Rapids captain. By this victory Hope places the splendid Van Tongeren trophy beside the Jarvis cup, which was won last year.

Fellow-students, if there is any athletic team to receive recognition for work done, it is the track team. Now, then, everybody. Nine "rabs" for Anker, Verlock, J. Verburge, Tanis, Tillema, Tollman, Dalenburg, G. Stegeman, M. Ver-
burge and Captain H. Stegeman, the men who won the cup for Hope.

Field Day.

On Saturday, May 21, occurred the first annual inter-class track meet for the handsome trophy donated by Wyklunzen and Karreman, the local jewelers. A great crowd of both students and townspeople witnessed the contests, which were run off quickly and promptly, due to the able management of E. C. Brooks, track manager.

The Freshmen, by virtue of the great number of athletes entered, took the meet in easy fashion with 69 points to their credit. Their great showing is in a large measure due to J. Vravink, who alone scored 34 points, enough to beat any of the other teams. The Juniors were second with 13 points and the "C" class third with 14. Officials—Clerk of Course, E. C. Brooks; Starter, J. Laven; Announcer, M. Den Herder.

The meet was in every respect a great success and many thanks are due to the donors of the trophy, both for the trophy and for stimulating interest in track athletics. The inter-class track meet bids fair to become one of the most popular and interesting factors in athletics at Hope in years to come.

May 21 our track captain, H. Stegeman, represented Hope "Prep." school in the big inter-scholastic at Ann Arbor. He only entered the two-mile run, in which there were 27 entries, finished in third place, and received a handsome bronze medal.

May 30, Hope College took second place at an invitation meet at Grand Rapids. Although but two athletes were entered, their great showing enabled Hope to get 21 points and second place. J. Vravink won the medal for individual points of the whole meet, scoring 16 points. He took first in the 220 and 440-yard dashes, and second in the running broad jump and the shot put. Captain Stegeman was an easy first in the mile run, the only event in which he was entered. Gold medals were prizes for first place and silver medals for second.

Leaders for all the departments of athletics for the com-ing year were elected May 12. John Levan was unanimously chosen as director of athletics; Arthur Heusinkveld, secretary, and William Stronks, treasurer; E. C. Brooks, football manager; M. Den Herder, basketball manager; J. Weurding, baseball manager. Track athletics is in charge of H. Stegeman, and C. Holleman will look after tennis.

Rev. W. J. Van Kersen, '04, of Pella, Iowa, has accepted the appointment as Field Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Synod of Chicago.

Rev. E. J. Blekken, '03, pastor of the Third Reformed church, will leave Holland about June 1st for England. He will attend the World's Mission Conference at Edinburg and will also visit the Netherlands and other places of interest.

Mr. Mannes A. Stegeman, '07, has received a call from Springfield, South Dakota.

Miss Hama Hoekje, '06, one of the workers in McKee, Ky., is spending her vacation with her parents in Holland.


Professor J. F. Zweemer, '70, and his wife, intend to spend their vacation with their children in McKee, Kentucky.

At the February meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions, Miss Nettie Dejong, '06, was appointed to do educational and evangelistic work in Amoy, China. After some months of rest and preparation she hopes to sail for Amoy, in the summer of next year.

Hope College has seen many alumni visitors this month, among whom are the following: David Van Strien, '09; John Dykstra, '09, and Tennis Gowens, '09, from Princeton Seminary, Princeton, N. J.; Peter Illenne, '09; James Veneklasen,
Mrs. A. Pieters, '87, with her three little daughters, left Kumamoto, Japan, the latter part of April, and she expects to be in Holland the first of June.

Peter Pleume, '09, is to take charge of Rev. Abraham Muste's, '05, church in New York City during the latter's vacation.

Rev. Mathew Kolyn, '77, of Grand Rapids, led the V. M. C. A. on May 21. His subject was "The Claims of the Gospel Ministry."

Mr. William Damson, '01, has, from time to time, during his trips around the world, sent Hope College many valuable articles. This month he presented to the Hope College museum a boomerang from Australia.

Rev. James DePree, '07, who has been the pastor of the church at Sioux Center, Iowa, for thirty years, has accepted a call to Washington.

Rev. Martin Flipse, '90, of Chicago, mourns the loss of his wife. The Anchor extends its sympathy in his bereavement.

Exchanges

The Student of Detroit Central High School is a very artistic and attractive paper. As a record of the various school activities, it serves its purpose well. "The Dawn" is an interesting tale, written in an excellent style. The story, "A Fool," is too complicated for its length, since it has too many characters. The outcome is disappointing and too melodramatic.

The Bowen Blade contains an interesting story, entitled, "Red." However, the plot seems to be a double one, while the material brought forward is sufficient for two good stories instead of one.

The News of East Orange, N. J., has a unique exchange section in its April issue. This unusual method of dissc-

The Anchor

sion shows that even the drudgery of exchange editing may call literary talents into service.

"Leisure" in the College World reveals deep thought on the writer's part. We commend the author of this essay for having views and opinions of her own, although some of her ideas impress us as dangerous doctrine.

"The Toll of the Sea" in The Pennant is a simple, well-written story, superior to some of the complicated plots which amateurs produce.

For good, solid literary matter, College Chips surpasses most of our exchanges.

All of the stories in The Cue are to be commended. They are ambitious productions, and stand out above the ordinary.

The editorials of Crimson and Gray are business-like, and filled with excellent ideas.

The agitation of the honor system among the exchanges gives promise of good things in store for the schools of our country. However, the system itself has two sides. Those interested in the pro and con of the question should consult the Collegian and Calvin College Chimes.

The May number of the Ray is devoted to the Seniors. We are glad to see the likenesses of these staid individuals.

What Others Say of Us.

"The last issue of the old staff of the Anchor, Hope College, Mich., shows to good advantage what they could do. We are waiting expectantly for the debut of the new staff. Your literary department, particularly, stands out in the March issue."—The World, St. Paul, Minn.

"The Easter number of The Anchor is especially attractive and neat."—High School Panorama.

"The cover of the Anchor, Holland, Michigan, is pretty and artistic. 'The Prodigal Son,' in the March number, is a well written story, very touching, and tending to excite the sympathy of all. We hope and believe that the new Anchor staff will produce as good a paper as the one which we have received from the retiring staff."—The Pennant.
"We regret the retirement of the Anchor's staff. Their work was well done. We extend to the new staff a hearty welcome."—Adrian College World.

"A new staff is now editing the Anchor. Another year of management, such as that of the former staff, will reflect honor on your worthy paper. The cover of your last month's issue is very neat."—Calvin College Chimes.

At last the worries of our fair Senior are over (at least until the end of June).

The comet has passed; the twenty-first has come; and Jimmie is here.

Mr. Bennink claims that there was an error in our "Want Ads." last month. He says it wasn't one of the "47" he wanted; it was a pickle.

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Bennink?"

Mabel (to a sympathetic Sophomore): "I have an awful case. Do you suppose I'll have to go to court?"

The men who attend church services, public lectures, etc., are waiting with fear and trembling for the appearance of the "Halley Hat."

At the Dormitory the other evening the bell rang two long rings. Evelyn DePree got up and left the table. Zandstra was then heard to remark: "Why, she's not too long, is she?"

Stocks are sometimes above par, sometimes below par; but Alec is always "at par."

Prof. Knizenga (speaking about tennis): "Miss Danhof does not need a racquet; she's racket enough by herself."

Comet Rays.

Prof. Dimment: "Some Greek students remind me of the comet's tail. They're always behind or else not in evidence."

Prof. Zutphen: "The son of Cicero was like the comet because he didn't leave anything behind him."

One of the poets says that in these balmy spring days the heart of the young man lightly turns to love. The same may be said of Seniors, for a few days ago Te Paske and Anker were seen eagerly gazing at the samples in a diamond ring catalogue. Ann Schmelke was also very much interested.

 Stranger to Dr. Godfrey: "What are all these Oxford people doing here?"

Prof. Brush to Mae Lahnus: "What does 'Kabale und Liebe' mean?"

Mae: "I don't know what 'Kabale' is."

Irene Staplekaap (tiring of studying French): "Oh, dear."

Arthur Hensinkveld: "Me, too!"

Scholten to Warnhuis: "How much does Boter give you to wear that?"

Mr. Campbell to J. D.: "Be sure to keep up your vocal work during the summer, James."

James: "Yeh, I got a job as motorman on a horse-car."

Vacation Vocations.

Warnhuis: Fashion plate posing.

Te Paske: Neverslip.

Swiss: Cutting up wells into post holes.

Mae L.: Minding Rutherford.

A. C. V. R.: ?

Delia O.: The bored walk.

Mrs. D.: Nothing.

Prof. D.: Helping Mrs. D.

Flossie: Making up flunks.

The Seniors have requested us to publish their names in the Anchor this month.

Henry Vruwink—

O wad some power the gittle gie us
To see ourseil's as ither's see us!
Arie Te Paske—
And to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him.

James Dykema—
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stairs.

Cornelius Evers—
Whence thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?

James Verburg—
None but himself can be his parallel.

Harry Anker—
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.

John Warnshuis—
A noticeable man with large gray eyes.

Frank Hapers—
I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that
wit is in other men.

Anne Schnelke—
Mistress of herself though china fall.

Jean Vis—
I am a Jew; hath not a Jew eyes?

Gerrit De Jong—
He made an instrument to know
If the moon shine at full or no.

August Veenker—
The glass of fashion, and the mold of form,
The observed of all observers.

Edward Hubregste—
For I am fearfully and wonderfully made.

John Wichers—
A son who is the theme of honor's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant.

Walter Ten Pas—
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown.

Jennie Pikaart—
Is she not passing fair?

Jacob Heemstra—
And out of mind as soon as out of sight.

Anthony Ver Hulst—
For rhetoric he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a strophe.

Nelson Dalenberg—
He would rather eat than sleep.

Henry Pasma—
I am a man
More sinned against than sinning.
Eye

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