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“BEST CLOTHING BUSINESS IN HOLLAND”
THE CALL OF ITHAMAR.

The town where Ithamar lived lay in a valley surrounded by mountains proudly holding their summits aloft to isolate this peaceful seclusion from the noisy world. The mountains, sloping gently, were crowned with imposing, majestic trees which spread their massive branches in multitudinous beneficents. Above, peak after peak rose upward, until they rose from the depths of the encircling forests and stood naked against the sky. The sound of the bell from the moss-covered tower boldly assuming pre-eminence among the humble dwellings, would drop down sweet and enchanting to Ithamar. The sun unceasingly smiled upon it with her golden beams at day; the moon and stars never deprived it of the silvery rays at night; the gentle zephyrs never failed to breathe.

The abundant vales of this mountain enclosure nourished a race which, through their honesty and ingenuity, were enjoying all the privileges of life. There were no selfish ambitions and hostile rivalries to be contested with. All their thoughts, actions, and deeds had imbued the spirit of altruism, and their high ethical and moral standards had been elevated to the ideal. The surrounding mountains were the barriers which excluded them from the noise and tumults of the world. Social Peace and Contentment held sovereign sway.

But, a dark cloud had gathered over Ithamar's head, which was destined to change his life and ideals, and to lead him to a joy more real and sublimer than the joys of the valley. The fiery sting of disappointment awakened in him a consciousness of nobler service and a discrimination between happiness and real joy.
Venus' blind son was instrumental in changing Ithamar's subsequent life. Little Cupid with straggling step was wandering upon the mountain tops, and accidentally his fiery dart landed in Ithamar's heart.

Lola Bennezar was bountifully endowed with beauty and charm, and her gentle aristocratic bearing had won the admiration of all the youths in the valley. Her kindly words and noble actions incited all her countrymen to love and adore her. Ithamar had been the last man in the world to be frightened into marriage. But now he had to submit to the inevitable. Love with all its perplexities and happy anticipations took undisputed possession of his thoughts, and it seemed to hurl and dash his manly constancy and impassionate self-control upon the rocks of Infirmitry. Long did he suffer from the torments of his love unexpressed; long did he ache for the opportunity to be unburdened by expressing his love.

Propitious Time offered the Opportunity.

Lola's father invited Ithamar to his home for a supper, since he and Ithamar's father had been close friends. The old gentleman dressed in costly robes beautifully embroidered, was not a very entertaining companion at the supper. But as for the daughter, she suited her surroundings with the best grace imaginable, and whatsoever she said seemed so appropriate that Ithamar conceived a great idea of her talents. Her impenetrable dark eyes sparkled and the refluent sunlight played about her fluffy hair. Her sweet smiles artistically dimpled her charming checks, blushing whenever the eyes of the lovers met. To Ithamar, Lola seemed beautiful and full of action. Her voice seemed to be sweeter than the melodious notes of the birds in the heavens. Her words re-echoed in his heart.

Many an evening, could we see them strolling among the lofty pines in this calm, secluded valley. Their conversation, their actions, their thoughts, their feelings, only lovers know and understand. Could I paint I would portray for you how Ithamar's wooing went.

One evening, Ithamar took a stroll just when the surrounding hills began to cast their refreshing shadows over the fields. The pleasant thoughts of Lola Bennezar soothed him, and they transported him to realms of revelry. He seated himself on the green grass at the hill-side, while his thoughts wandered listlessly into the future. Again and again he would repeat to himself, "Lola, my Lola Bennezar," seeking satisfaction in her very name re-echoing among the hills.

In the distance he beheld the approach of his love, clothed in the charm and beauty of a goddess and moving as gracefully and easily as a nymph. She drew nearer and nearer, constantly eyed by an unexpected lover. He could now distinguish her features.

His love and admiration of her moved him to express his feelings to her. Yea, too long had he suffered the torments of a love which he neither could nor dared to express; too long had the romance in his heart lain concealed under his cold and unaffectionate bearing, but now the warm rays of love issuing from a heart all afire, penetrated the cold unattractiveness of his bearing. Waiving all the abruptness that might ensue, he decided to converse with his love without hesitation on the subject most interesting and vital to him.

With all her natural calmness, with all her sweet smiles which fascinated all men, with her gentle words with which she addressed all, she met Ithamar, never suspecting that she occupied such a place in his heart; and that his feelings toward her were so tender, which once she had grievously longed for. His heart was now so full of emotion and love that it had to seek expression.

He said, "Dear Lola, I never knew any one I loved so well as you. I may be mostly cold and unaffectionate, but my love for you is deep, unfathomable. People may consider me devoid of all emotion and love, but my love for you is heart felt, and it shall never, never die. I offer you all my heart's best affections. I'll marry you if you will."

Astonished and surprised, she stood in silence. Deeply stirred by their emotions, they parted without uttering a word.

The next morning, he met her in the garden, seeking consolation from the sympathizing roses which imbued their beauty and fragrance upon her. He addressed her again.

He said, "I've been thinking of getting married and I wait for your reply."

She looked at him for a single moment, but the radiance that gleamed from his clear and steady eye and the kindly ex-
pression that played upon his face would have disconcerted an
angel under the circumstance, and she looked down again upon
the ground in silence.

But she had to reply. She had to utter harsh words which
came not from her heart, but they were necessitated by un-
propitious circumstances.

She, frantic and in an ecstasy of grief, spoke out and said,
"Do you not know that you are insulting me. The very ice-
bergs are not so cold and unaffected as you are. Rather
would I lie on the bosom of Siberia's fields of snow that to be
chased in your arms, offensive and cold as steel. Never, never
shall Lola Benmezar be called your own, and never shall you
be mine."

Her father had just recently promised her in marriage to
another man, since he had given up hopes that Ithamar ever
intended to marry her.

Lola left Ithamar with tears in her eyes, for she knew that
he loved her and that she loved him. Oh, the grief—words
cannot relate it; and that last parting look at each other—
pen cannot portray it. Their tears were expressive of the
wounds in their hearts. Those cruel words which she had to
speak, did now cut her tender heart like steel.

A dark cloud of sadness had now settled upon Ithamar.
Despondency seemed to weigh heavily upon him, and the in-
tensity of the grief seemed well-nigh unbearable. Often we
see him empty staring into the distance, with tears in his eyes
and mournfully chanting to himself, "Lola, my dear Lola." The
man who had enjoyed all the happiness and contentment of his
native valley is now bent under the burdens of sorrow.
He was so little interested in all other subjects, that when his
neighbors asked him anything, he would merely say, "Yes, in-
deed," and that was all he said.

"What a pleasant, secluded spot have we here in compara-
tion to the noise and conflict of the outside world," said his
friend to him.

Said he, "Yes, indeed."

Said his friend, "Have you heard of the rumor of the ter-
rible wars which are waged beyond the borders of our valley,—
behind the lofty mountains? Do you know wherefore brother
fights against brother?"

Said he, "Yes, indeed," but he said no more.

"Yes, indeed" was his reply to all questions. In the quiet
hours of the night, we see Ithamar loitering on the road which
passed in front of Lola's house. Night after night, he alone
would stroll among the murmuring pines to the mountain glen
in which she and he had spent many an hour of joy. Now, he
sits alone on the seat under the mighty oak.

His native town is no longer Utopian to him. Its people
are no longer the ideal; its air is no longer pleasant and sweet.
He finds no more real joy among the people of the valley,
although all the desires of man could there be accommodated.
He has yet to learn the source of real joy.

Night after night, as he is seated in the quiet recess of the
forest, he hears a calling beyond the encircling mountains
which seems to say, "Ithamar, Ithamar, come along, come
along." Night after night he hears the call from beyond the
misty mountain-tops, "Ithamar, Ithamar."

He suddenly breaks the stillness of the night and answers
the distant call by saying, "Where must I go?"—his words
reverberating among the silent hills. Then suddenly a ghost
in the appearance of a beautiful maiden flits from the dark
and lonely tree-top and cries out, "Follow me, follow me,— I
shall lead you to perfect joy—the joy of self sacrifice," and
awakened nature re-echoed the call within the sleeping en-
closure. The terrified owl perched upon the highest branch
answered the call with his shrill note, adding dreariness and
mystery to the place.

The spirit led and Ithamar followed. He was led out of
his native peaceful town into the noisy, warlike world. Here
the winds whispered into his ears the news of defeats and vic-
tories. The earth rang and trembled with cavalry and hows,
and for days the battles seemed to terrify the very earth. The
captains of war with cannons and trumpets, standards and
drums, passed Ithamar in long processions. The rhythmic step,
martial stride, the pale, haggard faces, the discolored banners,
and the tattered flags filled him with a sense of weariness, pity,
and wonder. In the distance he heard the cannon roaring, the
feet trampling, the chains clanking, and the great armament
sweeping onward and onward. It was a crusade against
tyranny and oppression. India sacrificed her youth upon the
altars of freedom to be emancipated from the bonds of slavery and oppression. Ithamar was amazed, — astounded. Still he heard the call of “Ithamar, Ithamar,” from the boundless distance. The spirit led him on.

They reached a high, rugged, and wooded hill. From the top of the hill came the peals of thunder calling out to Ithamar. He ascended the trembling mountain. He heard from the misty summit the cry, “Ithamar, Ithamar.” He reaches the summit of the mountain. It was a place of mystery. From the dark, dense mist a Voice thundered forth, “Whence comest thou?”

Ithamar answered, “I have obeyed thy call, for thou didst call me. What must I do?”

And the Unseen answered, “I have not called thee.”

Ithamar, “Whence then these calls?”

The Voice replied, “Thy Conscience, thy conscience has called thee. Thy call is from without.”

“Now then must I obey the call,” said Ithamar.

Said the Unseen, “Serve thy Fellow-man,—sacrifice self,—then thou shalt have real joy.”

Ithamar has heard the Voice in his conscience; he has obeyed the Unseen; he has joined the army of self-sacrifice; he has left the Delectable Valley of self-love and pleasure.

In torrid and barren fields, on the rugged hills of India, he was the first to face the fire from the guns of English oppression, to emancipate India from slavery and despotism; the first to face the roaring cannon; the first to endure the dangers and toils of war,—to serve his fellow-man,—to sacrifice “self.” Wounded, bleeding, dying, upon the field of battle, the old smile again playing on his face, and the old sparkles again gleaming from his eyes, he gasped.

Yes, in deed.”

HENRY D. TER KEURST, ’14.

MARY LAMORE.

We were out for a walk, Sue and I. It was one of those first spring days when the ground is covered with a soft slush and water, but the air is fresh and invigorating, and we feel happy and free without knowing or caring why. We had walked for an hour or more when Sue said, “Shan’t we go to Aunt Mae’s for a cup of tea?”

“Yes, let’s go. I’m awfully hungry.”

So we went to Aunt Mae’s and got tea and—cakes it happened to be this time.

While we were talking, my eye chanced to fall upon a photograph on the mantel-piece. That it was a wedding picture I guessed, and rightly, but it was different from most wedding pictures I had seen. The man I scarcely noticed—he was large, and rather old, I believe,—and I remember, too, the proud smile of ownership on his face. But the woman attracted my attention. She was not young—middle aged, I should say. Her dress was an attempt at style,—but it was not that which impressed me,—it was the face. It was so sweet and so extremely happy. Her eyes fairly beamed at me, and her smile showed perfect contentment. Her hair (which I am sure was otherwise combed smoothly back) was puffed and frizzed with a bow of ribbon at one side.

I smiled when I looked at that picture.

“Who is she, Aunt Mae?” I asked.

“Why, that Mrs. — Mary La More, she used to be.”

And then she told me the story of Mary La More’s life.

Mary was the oldest of a family of seven children. Her parents were poor, and the mother, a good, patient woman, thought and planned and worked for her children until Mary was old enough to help her share the burdens. Then she gave up the cares of the household to Mary, who was only a child, barely twelve. Before and after school, she wheeled the little brother’s go-cart, washed the little sister’s face and combed her hair, wiped the dishes, or swept the floor.

By-and-by, although she had but just finished the grades, Mary was kept from school. There was so much to be done at home. She wanted to go, oh, how much she wanted to go! 
But mother was not strong, she seemed to be getting weaker and weaker every day, and Mary was needed at home. And she said nothing. She performed her tasks every day. The same round of things, until tired out from her day's work, she would go to bed, only to awaken to live through another yesterday.

When her mother died, there was no great change in the household. Everyone was used to depending upon Mary, and every one did so now.

Life went on from day to day, from week to week, from year to year, just as it had always been done. Gradually, as the children grew older, one by one they married and left home. All except Mary. Not that she had never been asked. Not that she had never loved. No, not that. She had loved, and had not forgotten. There was only one man she had ever cared for, and he—he had loved her. He had asked her to marry him—and she had refused. She gave no reason. How unhappy, how miserable she was! But she knew she had done right. Her mother was gone; the children did not want her any more, but her father needed her.

Ever since her mother's death, she had filled the mother's place—and now she could not be spared. She had always thought of others, had always planned for others, had always worked for others, and now, when she might have been so happy, her first thought was for others.

Her father was getting old and childish; he did not want to leave the old home, and wander around from one of the children to the other. He would be content only where he was. So Mary stayed, and she knew she had done right.

Thus she lived day by day. Her father never knew how much she suffered, for she seemed happy.

One day she learned that John, her old lover, was going away—the next, that he had gone. It had been a comfort to her to know that he lived near. And now he had gone! How vacant everything was. The church next Sabbath was filled, but how empty it seemed to her—for John was gone.

Another year passed by, when one day her father came home with the news that John was married! He did not know to whom, he had only heard some one say that John was married.

Mary could not weep—she could not sleep when night came. She could only think, think, until at last she grew confused and could think no more. She awoke in the morning after a short and restless sleep, with a heaviness at her heart. She had a vague recollection that something had troubled her before she had fallen asleep, but what? Then, in a moment, it all came back to her. She arose a little paler and quieter, but she took up her life and work as before. She had never known anything but disappointment and sorrow, so she bore it now.

In the year that followed, her father's health began to fail. He was old now, and needed all of Mary's devoted attention. At the end of the year he died. There was nothing now for Mary to do. Time was heavy on her hands; her life had been so filled with the care for others, and the long habit of unselfishness had grown so deep, that now she could only sit still, and do nothing. Gradually she settled down into her new life, and as she had grown accustomed to all things, she now grew accustomed to this.

One evening she was sitting alone by the table; she had been reading, but now sat back in her chair, thinking of the years gone by, and of John. She had heard to-day, that John was back. She wondered whether she would see him, how she should meet him. A rap at the door startled her. Who could be coming to see her? She was unused to callers. She rose quickly, awakened from her reverie, and went to the door. When she opened it, she gave a start and stepped back. She could not speak, could not move, she could only stare. She knew she should not leave him standing there, she knew she should ask him to come in, but her lips would not move.

She lived through the next hour as through a dream. She heard him tell her he loved her still, but she could not realize what it meant. He assured her he had never married; it must have been a false report, but she did not seem to understand.

The next day she was ill. The doctor came, and for days she was unconscious. When her mind cleared, and she was able to think, she began to realize what had happened that night, and a look of hope and joy settled on her face. Now, at last, she was to be happy!

Thus it was I learned the story of Mary La More. And
I saw in that look of perfect happiness, and in that gorgeous dress, the attempt of a woman—a woman who had never enjoyed her girlhood—to live over her youth.

It was late when we left Aunt Mac's. And as we walked back through the wet snow, I saw before me constantly, the sweet, pathetic face of Mary La More.

RUTH VAN DEX BERG, '14.

BOER HARDERS.

A Story of the Old Fatherland.

The late summer sun poured his golden beams over the vast purple heath of South-Eastern Drente. The small village of Heydorp was bathing in sunshine and peace. Not a living soul was to be seen in the broad village street. It was Sunday, and the sons and daughters of toil were gathered in the neat little church.

When the morning service was ended, the scene suddenly changed. The people poured out of the church and filled the lazy street with life and color. Surely people they were; the men, somewhat bent through hard work in the field, were clad in black coats and green velvet trousers, black caps and wooden shoes; the many-petticoated women wore red or green waists and close-fitting gold or silver headgear covered with lace. They were all hard-working people, cultivators of little farms, and knowing neither want nor abundance, No wonder that they went content!

A little distance behind the crowd, belated on account of a little talk with the young minister, came a man different from all the others in the group. He was tall and well built, carried his head with an aristocratic air, was neatly dressed in a dark blue suit, wore a soft hat and a neat pair of shoes. It was the Burgomaster, elder in the church, the only prosperous man of the community. He owned an extensive farm and an imposing red brick mansion; he was the only one in the neighborhood that kept a hired man and employed farmhands during the busy season.

When he passed, the people standing in front of the houses busily talking to their neighbors, greeted him by bringing their hands to their caps with a martial salute, which politeness he repaid with a kind nod of the head or a friendly word. He was beloved by his people, always kind and helpful. When they brought to him their petty quarrels, he always made a wise and just decision, and in no case would the people question his opinion. He had never wronged any man, but had always done well by every one who was in distress and sorrow. Such, in short, was Boer Harders.

A few days later, Geert, Boer Harders' hired man, came into his little cottage to tell his wife that he was to go to a neighboring town and would not return until the following day. He kissed his wife and children good-bye, and hurried off to the stables. Boer Harders had sold eight cows, and Geert with two lads, Pete and Chris, were to take them to the buyer, who lived in Coevorden. Geert was to collect the money, some six hundred odd gulden.

It was nearly evening when they reached Coevorden. They delivered the cattle and Geert received the money. He put it in a leather pocketbook, in which he also carried some money of his own, and safely trusted the treasure to his inside coat-pocket. Business done, the men went to an unpretentious inn, where they took a good meal, and found a place to sleep in the only spare bed-room.

The following morning, they arose early. Geert had some private business to attend to, and the two young men resolved to look around town. After an hour they were to meet at a certain place to go back home. Geert went to a store and bought some articles, but when he made ready to pay, he discovered that a two-hundred gulden bill had disappeared from his pocketbook! The man was surprised! He had not opened the pocketbook since he had placed the money into it, and could not understand where it had gone.

Geert ran back to the inn, searched the room and questioned the hostess, but found no trace of the lost bill. In his desperation Geert cried as a child. How could he go back to Boer Harders? What could he say in explanation?

Finally, he thought of the appointment made with Chris and Pete. He paid his bill and left the inn, full of distress. When he came to the place of meeting, the other men were not to be found. Geert looked at his watch and saw that he
was more than an hour late. They must have grown tired of waiting and have left.

Geert was not sorry that his companions were gone. He wanted to be alone in his distress, and plodded away wearily, thinging. * * * Of course, he would have to pay back the lost money. But what he could save was so little. It would take a long time to save two hundred gulden. But it must, it must be paid back.

The sun was low as Geert neared the village. He did not take the village street, but went along a by-way. He might meet Boer Harders on the street and he feared to meet him unexpectedly. At last he reached the house and entering the back-door, asked for Boer Harders.

He heard the well-known voice say, "Come in, Geert, I'm here!" Geert's heart sank into his shoes. With flushed face and his head down he entered. "Well, boy, how did you make out? How did you happen to come back alone?"

"Boer Harders, I lost—, somebody took—, there is two hundred gulden short!" Geert gasped.

"How? Two hundred gulden short! How did it happen?" And Geert told him all he knew, however little that was.

Boer Harders said: "You may go home now, Geert. We will see about it to-morrow." Geert went home; his wife received him joyfully, but when Geert had told her her story, sorrow took the place of happiness.

Boer Harders sat down by his gleaming peat-fire, his head bent, meditating and trying to solve this strange case. Could Geert have lost the bill? No, that seemed impossible! But, if it had been stolen, why did not the thief take it all?—Could Geert have taken the bill and used it for some purpose? He had never thought that Geert would do such a thing, but then, Geert's father had been convicted of stealing!—Some eggs were stolen lately, and that new axe, which so mysteriously disappeared, where did that go?—He would ask Pete and Chris to-morrow what they knew about the lost bill.

Boer Harders slept badly that night. As soon as daylight glimmered he arose, and when he saw the farm hands walking through the yard, he left the house and spoke to them.

"Say, Pete, what did Geert do when he received the money?"

"Why, he put it in his pocket-book, and after we went to bed he counted it over again. I think, he took one bill and kept it apart, but I'm not sure though. I was very sleepy that night."

"All right, Pete!" said Harders and turned to the cottage where Geert lived. He walked slowly and thoughtfully. "Geert took one bill and kept it apart," he repeated. He came to the cottage, knocked and opened the door. What did he see there in that corner?—His axe! He stepped inside and inspected it. Yes, it was his axe! And he found it in Geert's home!

Geert came from the other room, wondering to see the boss standing with the axe in his hands.

"Where did you get this axe, Geert?"

"I bought it from Levi, the peddler, three weeks ago."

"So? I say, that's my axe!"

Geert was dumfounded. "Your axe?" he shouted.

"And what did you do with that bill, Geert?"

"That bill? I do not know where it is, Boer Harders, but you do not think that I stole it, do you?"

Boer Harders kept silent for a few seconds. Then he said:

"Geert, Pete said you took it; I could not believe it at first, but now I find my axe here, and I see that you must be a thief!"

"You are a liar, Boer Harders," cried Geert. "I took neither that axe nor the money!" And he repeated: "You are a liar!"

Boer Harders' face was white with rage, his lips trembled, his body shook. He could not think for a moment. He, the man who had always endeavored to do what was right, who would rather lose everything than his reputation for honesty and sincerity, he, Harders, was called a liar by the man who had taken his goods.

And Geert? He sank down in a chair with a sob and covered his face with both hands. He was taken for a thief by the man whom he esteemed and loved. And he had called the best man of Heydorp a liar!

Boer Harders spoke: "Geert, I will not have you arrested, but you must leave the cottage. I don't need you any longer." With this, he turned around and left. Geert's wife had heard everything that was spoken. When Boer Harders had left, she laid her hand upon Geert's shoulder and said: "You did
not take the money, Geert. I know it. Some day Boer Harders
will find out that you are innocent."
Geert rose, kissed his wife and said: "We will move
to-day. But where shall we go? There is no house to be
found in this place. I must build a hut out in the heath."
The people of the village looked and looked again as they
saw Geert and his wife go by, pulling an old cart loaded with
their simple furniture and the two laughing, innocent children.
The villagers did not understand, and Geert would not answer
the many questions addressed to him.
Geert built the little hut, away out in the field. Then he
looked for a job, but could not find any; the harvest being
over, nobody needed any help. Their small savings were soon
used up. As the cold nights came and the rain poured
down day after day, his wife and the children took sick. All
was misery. Winter was ahead! What could be done?
Boer Harders had not spoken to any one about the matter,
but Pete and Chris had told the story in the only "herberg"
of Heydorp, and soon everybody knew what had happened.
Most people did not believe that Geert was guilty. When the
Burgomaster walked through the village, some of the peasants
launched deprecating glances at him, and the customary greeting was
neglected. But nobody dared to speak to "Mynheer" Harders.
About a month after the unfortunate day, Levi, the ped-
dler, paid another visit to Heydorp. Boer Harders saw him
and thought of what Geert had said about the axe. He
inquired and found that Geert had spoken the truth. The Jew
had sold the axe to his man. "But where did you get that
axe?" he asked.
"Why, I bought it from one of your farm hands. He said
that he needed it no longer. I made only twenty cents on
the deal!"
Boer Harders went his way. He was more troubled than
ever. He had accused Geert of stealing the money, because he
found that axe in his home. And now he surmised that Geert
had stolen neither axe nor money!
Immediately after Harders came home, he called the two
servants. He questioned them sharply, and finally found out
that Pete had sold the axe to the "koopman." This confession
was followed by an earnest talk, during which Pete's con-
science was touched. The culprit confessed that he had taken
the bill from Geert's pocket-book while Geert was sleeping!
It is hard to describe how Boer Harders' mind worked
when the self-confessed thief had left the mansion. He had
accused Geert, his faithful servant, of theft, and had brought
shame and suffering upon his once happy family. He, upon
whom all the peasants looked as an example of goodness and
justice, had committed a great wrong!
The next morning Boer Harders hitched up the horses.
He drove to the hut where Geert was living. With tears in
his eyes he begged for pardon. He had come to bring them
back to the old, dear cottage. He himself helped Geert to
load all his household goods upon the wagon. The sick wife
and children they wrapped in blankets, and Geert was made
to sit on the front-seat to keep an eye on them.
In this manner, Boer Harders drove them back to his
farm, he walking beside the horses all the way. When they
passed through the village, Harders' face was flushed with
shame.
The good news spread abroad. Again all the people took
off their caps, when they saw the Burgomaster, and an old,
gray father was heard saying: "Thank God for such a man.
I knew all the time that Boer Harders was good and just!"
E. FURDA.

A Sonnet

When 'er at night the shadows lengthen
and twilight follows sunset in the sky,
As birds their last glad carol raise on high
to greet the glimmer of the evening star.

When toil and fear our peace have ceased to war
All clouds from out our vision have fled by
And left the eye all things to clarify
Which float in from you golden sunset bar.

Then come the dreams that day and care repressed
They surge from out the heart, the mind set free;
The longings of the soul stand all confessed.
The dreams of high ideals we wished to be
Those dreams we hide which none have ever guessed.
Dreams full of meaning just for you and me.

A Hopeite
EDITORIALS

ON TIME.

A man planned to leave a city on a train that left at 3 p.m. He arrived at the station one minute after three and the train was gone. As a punishment for being late he was forced to wait until midnight for the next train.

There is a grievous habit on the campus of being late. If a committee meeting is called at a definite hour those that are punctual are compelled to wait often fifteen minutes for the belated members. Time is money in this busy age. A person that delays a meeting is stealing time from others; it is just as much thievery as to take a purse from some one else. Who has the right to upset another’s plan?

Some people are always late—late for breakfast, dinner and supper, for class room and meetings of every conceivable kind. They acquire a reputation to that effect. Is there any virtue in it? Is it exemplary and helpful? A radical change is strongly urged. And from now on let us firmly and solemnly resolve to BE ON TIME.

VACATION.

“No more Latin, no more French,
No more sitting on a hardwood bench.”

Are not these words your sentiments, too? The vacation time is at hand, and plans are being laid for spending the three months between Commencement and September.

Some are desirous of the end so that they can see father and mother and spend the weeks on the old home place. This certainly is a happy and joyful occasion, and, more than this, it gives us an opportunity to show our love for those who have sacrificed for us all winter. How are you going home? With love and kindness in every action, and word to every one, is our earnest desire. Spread the good you have received, and you will be twice blest.

To some of us, there are not going to be the happy hours at home. We must, perhaps, miss seeing the dear ones altogether, and go to work at once among strangers, where we will meet with discouragements and periods of homesickness. Be thankful that you can go to these people and learn new persons and methods in the world. Here is one of the finest chances you will ever have to stand up for your rights. I mean by that, your colors, your principles. The boys may laugh at you and tease you, but stand and lift high your colors and you will win their respect and probably their friendship.

There is one sentence and command that each of us should carry with him this summer and that is, “Choose your friends.” By that, we mean, be select and careful what associates you have, for you will not be above the company you keep.

A last direction is “Store up energy for next year.” Make every day and hour count for you and not against you. You will need every ounce of strength and health you can acquire if you are going to live a strong college life next year, one in which you are going to be diligent so that you will be the better fitted to cope with the future problems of life and be helpful to your fellow men.

L. H.
VOORHEES DAY PROGRAM.

The chapel was artistically decorated in the "Orange and Blue," with sprays of cherry blossoms, and bouquets of wake robin and cowslips, Wednesday afternoon, May 8, 1912. It was a day which our co-eds celebrate particularly and it was done in a creditable manner. The carefully planned program could not have met with greater success. Oratory, music and song delighted the audience. The following program was rendered:

Three-part Song—Come Back to Erin—Claubel ....... Chorus Invocation Rev. J. E. Kuizinga
Oration Woman’s Opportunity Mae E. De Pree, ’12
Oration—A Satisfied Nation Agnes S. Visscher, ’13
Oration The Alaskan Indian Jeanette X. Vander Velde, ’14
Oration—Universal Peace Florence X. Brown, ’15
Piano Solo—Engledull—Moszkowski Marguerite Pieters
Oration—Home Caroline Bollard, ’13
Oration—The Pursue of Fortuna Anna M. Ossewaarde, ’15
Oration—The Jew Cornelia Bouma, ’14
Oration—Robert Emmet Helena De Maagd, ’13
Three-part Song—The Blarney Stone—Shirley ....... Chorus Evelyn De Pree, Accomplished.

All the participants in the program are to be congratulated upon their success. In the next morning the decision of the faculty made Helena De Maagd our representative in the women’s state oratorial contest and Cornelia Bouma alternate.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The Adelphi society, of the Seminary, entertained the young men of the Senior class on Thursday evening, March 21, at the home of Dr. Beardslee. The worthy "Seminole" undoubtedly gave the Seniors good advice concerning their future work.

The Sorosis society entertained the Delphi’s on the evening of April 20. After the "Sorosites" had given an interesting program, the presidents of both societies joined hands, and led a grand march through the halls of Voorhees Dormitory. Refreshments were served in the society room. If the present feeling of good "sister-ship" continues perhaps a mutual admiration club might be established.

"Hence, all vain deluding joys," quoth a reverend Senior, on Arbor Day, as he raised his Seniorial brow from the dust, and gazed after a very "fresh" Freshman. But the momentary disgust soon passed away, and gaily chanting:

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth’s smoothness rough,"
the Senior class "hied" themselves to the park for a picnic, which was a "joy forever."

The "Freshies" decided they also would like to "commune with nature," and disregarding threatening looks, and double "flunks," spent the day upon the beach.

On Saturday evening, April 27th, the Sophomore class, hearing the class-meet defeat with a light heart, betook themselves to the star-lit beach of Lake Michigan, and there beside a blazing fire, and with much to satisfy the inner man, drove care and disappointment away.

On the evening of May 2nd, the Junior class entertained the Seniors, at Voorhees Hall. The eloquence of both classes was shown in the toasts and speeches. The worthy head of the Senior class gave good advice, and sage counsel to the aspirants to Seniorship.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Mr. A. Verhulst, ’10, who has finished a successful year of theological study at the Louisville, Ky., Seminary, spent a few days in Holland this week, and has returned to Carlyle, Kentucky, where he will take charge of a congregation for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Dykstra, missionaries to Arabia, spent a day visiting Hope College.

H. M. Meinerts, ’09, who graduated from the Princeton theological Seminary in May, won a prize of $50 in that institution on the essay, "The Date and Historical Relations of First Peter."

Harry Anker, ’10, who during the past year was a student at the Garrett Biblical Institute of Evanston, Ill., intends to enter the Western Theological Seminary, of this city, next fall.

Rev. J. Ossewaarde, ’90, and his wife visited here on their
way from Manila, and went to Vancouver, where the Third Infantry Regiment is stationed of which he is chaplain.

Mr. Isaac Van Westenbrugge, '09, who has just graduated from the Western Theological Seminary, was married May 22nd to Miss Reka Kamfferbeek of this city. Prof. Kuizinga officiating. They will reside in Marion, N. Y., where Mr. Van Westenbrugge will assume his first charge as pastor of the Second Reformed Church. The Anchor extends its congratulations.

Mr. Peter Pleume, '09, a former editor of the Anchor, was recently married to Miss Margaret Melis of Grand Rapids. Mr. Pleume will assume the pastorage of the Church of the Comforter in New York City. The Anchor extends its congratulations.

Mr. A. Van Houten, '09, was married last month to Miss Grace Van Zoeren of Grand Rapids. They will live in Lodi, N. J., where Mr. Van Houten will become pastor of the First Reformed Church. The Anchor extends its congratulations.

EXCHANGES.

The Indian Number of the Crimson and Gray is neat and interesting. The poem, entitled "The Passing of the Race," is to be commended for the noble thought, and the poem, entitled "Mitchie Gawa," for the beautiful style and rhythm.

The plot of the story, "His Guest," appearing in the College World is rather weak and does not seem true to life. A few cuts would also improve the paper, which in other respects is well up to the standard.

The College Chips as usual is very strong in literary work. This speaks well for the standard of the school. Yet, a few more jokes would add spice and interest.

The exchange column of the Central Ray is exceptionally good.

The Spring Number of the Student has an appropriate and an artistic cover. The number also contains interesting reading matter, such as "Aunt Marthy," and "Barney to the Rescue."

The Wheaton College Record has an excellent and unique method of notifying its subscribers. It prints a circle in each record, and states that as soon as an X appears within the circle the subscription is due.

The Athletic Association at the University of Michigan cleared over $12,000 this year.

Purdue has decided to build a new library costing about $100,000.

ATHLETICS.

Baseball.

On Saturday, April 13, Holland High School was played, and captured 5-4. Poppen and Vanderveele headed, while Verhoek caught. The team showed fine form and good team work and some fine plays were executed.

On the 27th of April our old friends, the McLaughlin Business College of Grand Rapids, was played. It seemed good to play the "Bookkeepers," and those who witnessed the game saw a rare treat. We had all kinds of thoughts of our team, but little expected such magnificent work with so little preliminary practice. The score stood balanced at 3-3 from the seventh to the eleventh inning, when "Stogie" managed to get in on a warm one from "Whitie" Stegeman. Hoeke is to be commended for his excellent work as Umpire, umpiring a fine game. The batteries for Hope were Poppen and Verhoek, for G. R. B. C., Fischer and Holst. Final score 3-4 in favor of Hope.


Track Department.

On April 27 the fourth annual Cross-Country Run was held around the old Waverly course. Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A., Muskegon High School, and Hope, competed. Muskegon High won for the second time, the only competing team that has two victories to its credit. Muskegon had only nineteen points charged against it, while the G. R. Y. M. C. A. and Hope had forty-seven and fifty-eight respectively. Holleman of Hope was the only man of our team who came in with the first half, taking seventh place.
Inter-Class Field Day Track Meet.

The Inter-Class Meet on May 4 was a bigger success than ever before. It was the third annual event, but by no means a walk-away for any class. Manager Steinenger is to be commended on the way he staged all the events. There was not the delay of former years, and there was absolutely no hard feeling noticeable. The rivalry between the Freshmen, Sophomore, and Junior classes was at white heat throughout the afternoon, and it was certainly an inspiration to all the contestants to see the Co-eds in their gala attire, tooting horns, and waving pennants and ribbons. The intense interest can be imagined when one realizes that the last race settled the meet. The boys from "Verdantville" won the day with a total of 40 1/2 points. The "Sophs" got second, and the Juniors third. Vandervelde, "15," was the highest point getter with 17 1/4; Dalman, "B," 17 1/2; Holleman, "14," and Heneveld, "13," each with 15 points.

Hope-Grand Rapids "Y" Relay.

On Saturday, May 18, the Fourth Annual Track Relay Race was held between Hope and Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A. A successful race was arranged for by Manager Steinenger, and a very pretty cup was donated by our public-spirited business man, Mr. Boter, but unfortunately we could not keep it here this year. Hope and the "Y" each have two of the trophies now. Still, if it is true that each man on the team has pledged to keep in condition and show Grand Rapids up in true style next year, then the trophies may once more come our way.

Athletic Election.

On Monday, May 20, the following men were chosen to supervise and manage the various departments of our association:

Athletic Director—A. Van Bronkhorst.
Secretary Director—J. Poppen.
Treasurer—C. Dame.
Football Manager—G. Warnhuis.
Basketball Manager—R. VandenBerg.

Baseball Manager—Ott VanDerVelde.
Track Manager—G. Steinenger.
Tennis Manager—C. Muste.

LOCALS.

Prof. Dimment (discussing with De Motts)—"That means then that you would rather have her picture beside you than herself."
De Motts—"That would be true in several cases."
Prof. Nykirk—"When I was a boy I was the best runner in the county."
Prof. Dimment—"Oh, that only proves that you were a poor fighter."
The following is a specimen of a question and answer in American Lit. class on "quiz day":
Prof. X—"What did Thoreau do when a boy?"
Right Answer—He drove the cows home.
Bennink—"Every time the mail man comes he calls Grand Rapids."
Gerarda—"I do wish next year was past."
Bill Stronks—"Did you know that they practice cannibalism at the dorm.?"
Brock—"How so?"
Stronks—"They had seven ministers for dinner the other day."
Senior Girl (at a baseball game)—"What are those men on the corners?"
Sandy—"Those are second and third base."
Senior Girl—"Then is the fellow in the center the soprano?"

Arbor Day.

A tree was planted on the campus
By the Senior class serene.
The Freshmen chanced to saunter by,
And then no more that tree was seen.
But on the soil of Columbia Square
We found a mess of shirts and hair.
There was intense excitement Monday when it was learned that tables and chairs for 420 persons were to be arranged in Carnegie Gym. What great banquet was coming off? Later it was learned that the 8th grade exams took place on Wednesday.

Tillema—"Shall we have a class meeting at five?"
Muyskens—"No, I can't come. Wait and have it when the best follows can be there."

Hoebeke (after Physiogonomy lecture)—"If you have a pug nose you're pugnacious."

Prof. Nykerk told his American Lit. class about a lady who gathered the best poems she could find on trees.

Here's another Iowa story:
Jacobs was relating how he and Van Zyl go fishing for 150 lb. minnies.

Miss Martin (to Lokker, who was trying to entertain the class with various vocal performances)—"Empty bottles always make the most noise."

Brush—"What does that mean?"
Ott—"Fragrance of flowers."
Brush—"Mr. Vander Velde, I'm sure you're still heart-free."

Boers (translating Ger.)—"The old woman who had been sitting there for 400 years."
Brush—"What! She must have been a daughter of Methuselah."

Boers—"This is supposed to be a joke."
Miss Martin—"There will be no marriage in heaven because there won't be enough men to go around."

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