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The Anchor

"Spera in Deo"

VOLUME XVI  JULY, 1903  NUMBER 10

The Tale of the Buccaneer.

Wild was the wind that morn,
Wild was the coast forlorn.
Wild clouds were onward borne.
Wild roared the sea.
There on a headland drear,
Found they a mariner.
Eyes rolling wild with fear.
Raving, spake he.

Wild was the tale he told,
Story of corsairs bold,—
"Forward the Black Flag rolled,
Symbol of blood,
Savage the crew I led;
Whie our bark onward sped,
I was their feared head—
Willing they stood.

Wild was our life and rude,
Bloody the course pursued,
Many the crews subdued,
With iron hand,
Many a galion late,
Laden with gold and freight,
Galleon of war and state,
Fell to our band.

Leaving the coast of Spain,
On to the Spanish Main,
Visions of gold and gain,
Ever before us.
Contrary blew the gale,
Drear the stormwind's wail,
Wildly the waves assail,
Mad breaking o'er us.
THE ANCHOR

Up from the mild Azores,
Up from the tropic shores,
Northward the good ship soars,
Torn by the gale.
Broken each mast and spar,
Stove in by cliff and bar,
Rocked by the breaker's jar,
Tattered, each sail.

Still raged the storm without,
While we in wassail bout,
Drained the decanters stout,
Merry each one.
Rose I with glass in hand,
Silenced the boisterous band,
Piercing the cry of land—
Great the commotion.

Rolled fierce the plunging craft,
Mounted the breaker's aft,
Then like a bustling shaft,
Struck she the cliff.
Breached on the starboard she,
In rushed the raging sea,
Pushed to the davits we,—
Bitter the strife.

Blanched was my face and pale,
Laid I the powder-trail,
No man shall tell the tale!
Rash was the deed.
Still there with curse and shout,
Mauling with creases stout,
Fought they the deck about,
Dear was I freed.

Slipped I with knife in hand,
Cut off the final strand,
Quickly the oars I manned,
Mounting the swell.
Swift to the rail they dash,
Blinding the powder's flash,
Deafening the fatal crash,
Fitting the knell.

Caught in the rushing swirl,
Spun by the water's whirl,
Dizzied by maddening twirl,
Rocked by the swell.

THE ANCHOR

Softly the ripples spread,
Over the fated dead,
Shoreward my bark I sped,
Fainting I fell.

Chided by spirits flown,
Tampered by breezes blown,
Mocked by the breakers' moan,
Accused my fate.

Morn ere the sun arose,
Eye when the star throng shows,
Thro twenty winters flows,

Watching I the strait.

Gloomy the gathering night,
Sickly the moonbeams' light,
Ghostly the coast line white,
Moaning the swell.

Filled was my soul with dread,
Visions of spirits fled
Coursed thro' my throbbing head
Staggering, I fell.

Back sank the mariner,
Fright was his eye and clear,
And where the dark rocks rear,

Watching he the sea.

Up sprang the old sailor,
Dashed to the rocky shore,
Crying of bondage o'er,

Joyful hailed he,

Rise! Rise! ye bark so true,
Hail! Hail! my bonny crew,
Waft flag of ebon hue,

Waft at our head.

Together we've brav'd the gale,
Together we'll cross the pale,
Into the Shadow Vale,

His soul had fled.

Hark! Hark! Prep. "A!"
Robert Browning: An Appreciation.

After the many poets and prose-writers, philosophers and orators, and historians and prophets, who since Moses wrote the Pentateuch have focused the intense light of their minds up on the things that interest man, one might think that all fields for such activity had been, if not deeply penetrated and thoroughly explored, at least discovered. But as late a time as the nineteenth century one arises whom critics cannot classify. All feel inclined to claim him of their number, yet all hesitate. They recognize in him elements that resemble theirs, still they discover in addition marked characteristics which tend to exclude him from their coterie. After nine weeks of slight acquaintance with one who is the subject of so much criticism and controversy, it were pretentious to be dogmatic. And why waste time and energy in profitless dispute. It is a matter of little concern whether in the future Robert Browning shall wear the crown of a poet, priest, prophet, or any two, or all three of them. Of higher value and greater import is it to know in what manner he affects us. Does he stimulate us to nobler and truer living? Does he inspire us with higher aspiration, with more wholesome motives, and a keener sensitiveness to detect and abhor the base and ignoble? In the perusal and study of his works can the spirit of Browning find a sympathetic response in our own souls?

By continual and unfair association the proper noun "Browning" and the abstract noun "obscurity" have to the minds of many become synonymous. Truth never becomes trite, and the very fact that the charge of obscenity against Browning is becoming hackneyed proves that it savors of falsity. It might almost be regarded as a confession of a lack of material to write upon if one should dilate upon this subject. Yet a word seems necessary. Browning is obscure in the same sense that all men and all things are obscure. It were pedantic presumptuousness to expect with our limited understanding to comprehend the intricate workings of a human mind—the most ignorant mind cannot be understood—how much less, then, that of a genius. To one who is entirely out of sympathy with Browning's spirit and approaches him with a prejudiced conception, Browning will and ought to remain obscure. Who cannot be appreciated cannot be loved. He who seeks entrance into the heart must "take a lamp
of love to guide him;" and what would otherwise be a labyrinthian maze and pluitonian darkness now becomes illumined with a celestial brightness. Obscurity is but a relative term. If but a faint inspiration has been received from the study of Browning, if but a single ray of light has penetrated the darkness, his soul has become translucent; and this ray marks the advent of the complete transparency of the utmost recesses.

Perhaps no greater tribute of praise can be paid to an artist than that it can be said of him that he is independent and original. The number that follow beaten paths is legion compared with the few that cut new roads into the forest depths. Without fear of contradiction it can be said that Browning is original and independent. Doubtless one of the causes of his proverbial obscurity in his aggressive originality and concomitant to originality is temporary failure. The world cannot appreciate a genius: not until men have attained the planes of the genius will they be able to estimate his worth. Browning was a genius. He sought not the flattering applause of men, he cared not that critics were unable to subject his work to rule and definition; he had something to say, his soul burned vigorously with truth, and he unceasingly gave expression to his fulness as he saw fit, the subject matter, method of presentation, mode of expression and homeliness of figures. Browning is pre-eminently free from the iron clad laws by which literary men are usually criticized. As a true artist who knows no law, he boldly formulates his own law.

A volume would be required to do justice to these subjects and many others prominently brought out in Browning's works, as conciseness, suggestiveness, various eccentricities of styles, absence of humor, descriptive accuracy, vividness of narrative, etc. One point, however, needs expansion. His contemporary seems to have had no influence upon him. Browning subjected beauty—the chief characteristic of Tennyson's poetry—to truth and power. Defiant of the prevailing theories of art he would, rather than set forth fallacious teaching in charming form, give us truth in defective form. He would appeal to the intellect and profound depths of the heart by presenting stolid and astounding truth rather than stimulating the sensibilities with delicate and "melting beauty." Tennyson might be said to
have given us a philosophy of aesthetics. Browning gave us a philosophy of living.

Browning takes a strong position in his philosophical teaching. To appreciate this fully the thought and aspirations of his age must be kept well in view. Plausible theories did not tickle his ears; he subjected everything to the severe judgment of his intellectual acumen. He was, truly, in the world but not of the world. He was impregnated but not vitiated by the tendencies of his time. With the same probing spirit and restless activity that characterized his time he was possessed, but he mastered and made them to serve noble ends.

Back of the hurry and worry of life Browning found the soul to be the spring of action. This was to him the only object worthy of study. Material things are of time; ethereal are eternal. To him this life is to be viewed only in relation to a life to come. Love, soul, God, and immortality are the kernels of his teaching. Death is but the transition into a higher existence for which the soul yearns with inexpressible longings. Death is not a change from an imperfect to a perfect state; even in the future life perfection is unattainable—"What is come to perfection perishes."

But despite our inability to reach perfection, Browning would not have us remain idle. The divine purpose of life is soul-development, bringing to difficulties and submitting to obstacles is a sign of weakness:

"* * *

We fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, and sleep to wake."

The spirit that rests satisfied with the joys of this world is an abhorrence to Browning. Such an attitude is not conducive to the growth of the soul. The most lamentable sins are those committed against one's own nature—a weakness of will. To sin with a will, to sin in defiance of God and law characterizes a stronger man, is more in harmony with the divine development of the soul than to harbor evil intentions and fearing the consequences, fail to act. External morality and internal hypocrisy not only retards the progress of the soul but is its decay. Browning would not condone sin but to house evil is sin—a greater sin than a fearlessly perpetrated deed.

"Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will."

In matters physical, as well as spiritual, Browning remains consistently a true idealist. The universe is to him not a machine, impelled by inexorable and immutable laws. An omnipotent and omnipotent Being shapes its destinies and prescribes its course. He is the Creator and preserver of his handwork. Thus only could he sing the song of faith and courage in \( \text{Pippa Passes} \):

"God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world."

From Browning's philosophy to his religion is an easy transition. Such views of the universe and of God conform more nearly to the Christian views than to those of any other religion. He particularly emphasizes all the essential doctrines of Christianity and finds in them the highest joy and peace. His God is a God of love, a personal God, not immanent in Nature, not transcendent, but high unto each one of us. The very yearnings of the heart for a God of love is sufficient proof to Browning of his existence. He himself could love, then why not God, the Creator of the creature? Though God is at the same time powerful and just, his love and goodness transcend the sternest qualities. The attributes of God are manifested not only to man aggregate but more particularly to man individual. He is a God to each one, and each individual is responsible to him. The simply moral man is not Browning's ideal type of manhood; a sinner with faith is more acceptable to God.

The Bible was to him a precious book. It supplied a proof of the love of God. That one cannot understand all the things pertaining to God did not trouble him; for he held that the highest truths he demonstrated in accordance with the rules of logic. He detested the man that accepts Christianity as affording the best that can be found. Such an acceptance implies a selfish motive. Pure, enthusiastic faith in God and his love as manifested in Christ, with love in one's self, rich in activity, is what Browning demands.

Amid the mad rush for things material, the satisfying of our baser needs, the vain doublings and obstinate questionings, and the tendency to fatalistic views brought upon us by the fact that there seem to hover over us and snatch away our freedom immutable and inexorable laws, Browning points the way to the attainment of things eternal, to a higher life of soul progress, to
a faith unshaken, a trust implicit in a Supreme Being who is a loving Father and cares for his children, and to the expectancy of a future state of joy and happiness. From this unmistakable nature we take renewed courage to fight boldly the battles of life—the obstacles that would retard our soul's progress in the realization of the divine purpose for which it was created. With him as our guide life takes on a new hue, new aims, and aspirations are set forth, new ideals are to be realized, new hopes swell the breast, and the future looms up not as a dark uncertain, but as luminous by a radiant sun, it rises as a happy state to be realized.

THOS. E. WELMERS, '03.

Peter Flynt's Story of a Boy's Battle at Life:

PARODY ON HOLMES'S "GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER HILL BATTLE."

It seems like touching red hot embers, when at twenty, one remembers
All the aching and the shakings of the times that tried boys' souls;
When I speak of masters licking, fearful spouting, brutal kicking,
To you the words seem funny, but to me they're living coals.

I have heard the ferule rattle, when the 'kids' our 'tricks' did 'tattle'
Ben Wilson, how he got it! I can see his striped coat still'
And a deadly chill comes over, as the hour looms up before me,
When of slaps and taps and beatings and kicks I had my fill.

I have heard the children singing, when the bells had stopped their ringing;
And Jim Shark and I were sitting in the knotted, old, oak tree;
But when the master spied us, and the tree no more could hide us,
I tell you then we got it, yes we got it Jim and me.

And, at first, he tried to bluff us: with big words he tried to stuff us,
Of the sort that all those fellows learn to use when they teach school;
But we heard not what he told, till at last he tried to mold us
To a better way of thinking with the handy, much-used rule.

Dad and master talked together, in that pleasant April weather,
"There's no learning without 'lickin'," thus the stern, old man begun,
And that morn those two did teach me, that the rod, at least, could reach me.
For that morn two masters licked me: yes, two masters stead of one.

Thus the time with grief and pleasure did fulfill its destined measure;
And of learning I got something: the "young idea," how it shoots!

And, at length, I was sent to college, for to get much needed knowledge:
To the pine encircled college, with its Greek and Latin roots.

There the days passed on more quiet, who of us that can deny it?
But we did not have the pleasures that we had in by gone days,
And our trilling tricks and troubles, seem but as frail, bursting bubbles,
As we, smiling, look upon them at the parting of our ways.

'Mong these pine trees old and hoary, telling each a separate story,
Of the storms that passed among them when the winds blew cold and strong.

There we muttered, discontented, that our books our games prevented;
Pored on many a new bound volume filled with lessons hard and long.

And our Physics, Greek and Latin—what with weary hearts we sat in
The old, dusty, worn-out benches, that were occupied of yore!
These would sometimes make us dreary, sometimes mirthful, sometimes weary.
And we often thought of pleasures that we then could find no more.

And when the lights were burning pale, I would read some lively tale,
When I didn't feel like going o'er the clock struck twelve to bed,
But we small boys grew no better; and our lessons, like a letter,
Did oppose our longed-for freedom, that we there enjoyed no more:
So one morn up stepped the master, little dreaming of disaster.
And he sternly plodded onward, but he found a fastened door.

On that quiet summer morning, right the first thing gave him warning
Was the racket of us children, running o'er the dusty floor.
"Ho," he shouted, "What's the matter? What is all this noise and clatter?
Stop your noise, you little rascals, stop your noise and open the door."

And he tried to break the shutter, first the one and then the other:
But he found that they were stronger, than his frail and petty strength.
And we boys just kept on roaring, never heeding his imploring,
Till the master, weak and weary, stopped to yell and roar at length.

Thus the whole morn we were jolly, little caring for the folly
That was hidden in the school books; for we opened not a one:
And the master, broken hearted, on his homeward journey started;
Thus for once, the school dismissed was, e'er the lessons had begun.

And I said, "Now, Jim and Penny, don't you fret and worry any;
For I'll just go down and tell you whether master's gone away,
There can't be mischief in it; I won't be gone a minute,"
For a minute then I started; I was gone the live long day.

For that wily master spied me, e'er I could as much as hide me
In the old and dusty school room behind his great, old-fashioned chair,
And immediately he caught me; to my father's house he brought me,
E'er I could as much as tell him I would sooner take it there.

And the Prof. next morn would say: "Read no novels, it doesn't pay."
But who wouldn't sooner read a novel than a language that is dead?
Thus in times of grief and glory,—shall I tell the whole dry story,
How the "kids" bent o'er their lesson as a sea breaks o'er a deck?
How they all were wont to cram them when the Prof's, would soon exam' them?
How they wrote with greater hurry than a man swims from a wreck?
"Why, Peter, how you're winking!" Yes, old boy, it sets me thinking
Of the days that are a-coming, of the good times that are near,
I won't tell you all about them, but I hope you will not doubt them;
For, in fact, that's why I'm speaking, and you people are all here.

Arnold Mulder, Prep. '03.
Editorials.

We can now safely announce that the Van Raalte Hall which has so long been eagerly looked forward to will be ready for use next September. This building with its many recitation rooms and laboratories gives not only the professors a more congenial habitation during their period of instruction, but also conveniences the students, especially those who are taking up a course in chemistry and biology. There is no such thing as stagnancy in this educational pool of Hope. Its waters are clear, and upon the bottom can be seen such inscriptions as involve the principles of the highest education. Greater facilities are now offered than ever before. This new building has been a great expense, but no one will deny that it has been a most worthy investment. From it we hope to see graduates better equipped and more thoroughly versed in the sciences.

The new gymnasium has not yet appeared. Although it was thought necessary to have a gymnasium with all modern fixtures, the old building will have to suffice for another year. It has been a great benefit in past years in maintaining physical health, and with the needed repairs it can still be of great service.
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Van Vleck Hall will be used entirely as a dormitory. The basement will be open to students who desire to make any special scientific experiments.

The seniors. They have become alumni, those seniors. They have finished their college course, and have reached one of the milestones of students' life beyond which the way broadens, branching off into many diverging by-ways toward the various goals of special activities, and vocations. Worthy alumni are they, in as much as they were ideal seniors. As a class, diversity of talent, clearness of insight, wholesomeness of modesty, love of truth were all their own, characterized by each individual. Whatever they may undertake, wherever they may see themselves needed may Fortune ever smile upon them.

They have decreased in number. When they were in the Preparatory Department, they were in a class of thirty-two members. The remnant that remained until the last, the day on which they were grads, the day on which the right hand of fellowship was extended to them by the alumni, and commencement day,—this remnant numbered sixteen. Those who received B. A. diplomas were: Grace W. Haeckle, Alice J. Kollen, Cornelius K. Baarman, Lucas Boeve, Wm. H. Cooper, Peter Grooters, Ned E. Hessenius, Anthony Karreman, Henry G. Pelgrim, Edward J. Strick, Gerhardus J. Stuart, Cornelius Van der Mel, Henry Van der Naald, Edward Van Landegend, Thomas F. Weimers, Sidney Zandstra.

As was expected, the program and its rendering was of high merit. Never before was fact and truth so dexterously commingled and impressed upon the public. Each one of the speakers laid his finger on the throbbing pulse of modern tendencies. With a sage's knowledge of the past, with a prophet's foresight into the future, with a hero's dauntless courage to seize the present by the forelock to guide aright the minds of men and to stem the tide of commercialism, they battled with themselves and plead with men in all earnestness to grasp the magic wand of right to ward off the "potent powers" of existing and growing evils.

Those who appeared on the program and honored the occasion were the following:
Edward J. Strick. Subject: "Universal Public Education."
Henry Peligrin. Subject: "Power of Character."
Lucas Bueve. Subject: "Twentieth Century Knighthood."
Grace Hoekje. Subject: "Foreign Missions: Do They Pay?"

Ned E. Hesse and. Subject "American Genius."
We do not believe in being the echoes of men, the satellites of human minds, but we truly believe that here is a class worthy of emulation. Seniors, you have done nobly. Let the deeds of your future life be an inspiration to our undergraduates and a credit to Alma Mater; then you will be an honor to Hope as long as she shall stand.

The
Not much is heard of the Utilius Society during the year. Some, perhaps, are not even aware of the fact that in quietness and loneliness with homeliness and perseverance, this literary society of the Holland-dutch language has been spending its weekly meeting for the purpose of being more deeply and thoroughly versed in their native tongue. This society has been in existence many years, being wisely fostered and carefully directed by Prof. Dassburg. No longer does the society receive helpful instruction from him; no longer do we hear his annual address at the entertainments. Nevertheless, the members of this society gave aousing program of good thought, common sense and Dutch wit.

As long as we have Hollanders in college of whom we cannot but feel proud, as long as there are to be ministers to preach in the Holland language, so long til the end of time, for they have the: staying qualities: do we believe that such a society should be backed not only by individual effort and social promulgation, but also by the faculty, the college, the communities for whom they labor and strive to attain the best in this language. Judging from the program so carefully and intelligently rendered, judging from the many Holland families whose sons and daughters are becoming sons and daughters of Hope, than whom no Alma Mater can be dearer, founded as it is in the spirit of true Holland principles, grounded on the insight and foresight of Van Raalte to whom we have erected a new building, cared for by a president who would not blush because of his Holland ancestry, judging from this, we see no reason why this society shall not flourish, nor why it shall not be helped to flourish. We see no reason why this society should not have a hall of their own with pictures of literary worthies upon the walls, with a library to which they can turn at any time. Could we use the French, the Spanish, the Italian or the Greek and Roman languages as well as many now use the Holland, do you hesitate for a moment to think that we would have no such societies?

Fraternal
The hour was late before all of the members and alumni of the Fraternal Society met in the banquet hall at Hotel Holland to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the society. The Fraternitites rose unconsciously to a superb altitude of dignity, when they found themselves in the inspiring presence of fifty alumni and their accompanying friends. Wit and wisdom vied with each other to sit upon the throne and wear the purple of supremacy. Wit quickly passed her cup around from which each one unani-
mously sipped the sparkling contents, not in the least suspecting they made up the key board upon which Wit was playing her laughing song. Presently the last was broken. Gathered about the tables, Wit spread before them delicacies of every kind. They ate, they drank, they talked, they joked, they laughed, they smiled. Wit's cups of joviality and plate of good cheer had roused all minds of unheathful reserve. Wit gloried in her achievement. Her buds of anticipation blossomed in the brilliancy of realization. Now came Wisdom's turn. Had he lived in vain? Where his heirs desert him in this assembly? Had they not heard him speaking through the voice of Solomon? Had Wisdom's oil anointed the heads of men throughout the ages to no purpose? The hour had come. The president of the society, Cornelius Van der Mel, championed neither side, but yet inclined to Wisdom's cause. Then Hon. G. J. Dickena rose having been introduced by the president. As toastmaster, Mr. Dickena became Wit's closest friend. In Dr. Dosker, Dr. Kollen, Rev. Dr. Olman and Prof. Dimmink, who responded to toasts, Wisdom found his advocates. Then followed J. Van Zomersen who strongly favored Wit. But humor gazed and listened.
It was now morning. Roosters heralded the coming of another day. The assembly was broken up. The banquet was over. Wit and Wisdom stood beside the throne awaiting the verdict of Humor who had acted as judge. Humor remained silent, but finally broke the silence saying: "Wisdom, well hast thou done, but thou shalt not sit upon this throne. Wit, clever hast thou been, but thou shalt not sit upon this throne. Two new thrones shall be built, grander and more golden, side by side, and upon these shall ye sit only when the Fraternal Society shall celebrate its anniversaries. Above the two thrones, written in golden letters shall be these words:

"How gird in age; how fair in youth,
Are holy friendship, love and truth."

And now they await the return of another opportunity to be with their most lovable subjects who, through their culture, learning and experience, are the strongest advocates of Wit and Wisdom.

The subject next year will be "The Reformed church in America and Missions."

The subject of the Geo. Birkhoff, Jr. English prize essay was "Shakespeare and his Comedies." This prize of thirty-five dollars was awarded to Willis Hoekje. It was limited to the junior class. Twenty-five dollars were awarded to Peter Grooters for the best essay in Dutch Literature on the subject, "De Slag Bij Nieuport" by De Costa. This is also a Geo. Birkhoff, Jr. prize and is limited to the senior class.

The Meliphone Society still lives, flourishes and gives its annual entertainments and "buts." The entertainment presented to the public this year was one of the best that has been given for many years. Although the members are "preps" exclusively, they gave evidence of rare ability to hold their audience by the earnestness of the youthful orators; by the dramatic insight of a forceful reader; by the seriousness of the careful debaters; by the witicism of the editor of the budget.

We cannot speak to highly in words of appreciation of the endeavors made by these Melophonians. Especially do we mention the orators who have equalled, if not surpassed, many a college student in the composition and delivery of their orations. There was not that studied rhetoric which always can be detected; there was not that careful balance, that searched for alliteration, that dug up mythological allusion,—all of which throw a veil over the idea to be conveyed.
The four years spent in the Meliphone Society is one of the best courses in the grammar school. There is something more to be gotten than lessons for the class room. It is very noticeable, when new members join the college societies, whether or not they have engaged in society work previously. Let the good word of this society continue. Let the members of the other societies look upon them as equals in aspiration and endeavor, and as equals in accomplishments also in their more limited sphere.

The "A" Class

The "A" class exercises were as well attended and as well rendered as they were any year heretofore. Although the program was long and the weather warm, there was no lack of interest shown. The weariness, if there was any, was wholly removed by a scene from "Rip Van Winkle" wherein Andrew Bonthuis acted the part of Rip just before Rip was driven home. His imitation was good, involving the audience in an ebubition of laughter and then in that pathetic feeling of pity. "A's," you will make good freshmen. We want you at "Hope."

Prizes

As is customary the "C" class had its annual contest in English grammar and orthography. The first prize, fifteen dollars, was awarded to Stanley Fortuin; the second prize, ten dollars, to Hilda C. Stegeman. The judges were Miss Smith, Mr. Ernst and Prof. J. G. Winter. Both of these contestants have shown remarkable interest in and command of the English language, and bid fair to become competent students in English.

Alumni

Commencement week has once more drawn Hope's. Notes

Alumni to their Alma Mater. This year the Alumni meetings were better attended than ever before. At the annual business meeting of the Alumni Association the following were chosen as officers for the ensuing year:

President—George E. Kollen.
Vice President—A. M. Van Duine, '89.
Secretary—D. Dimment, '96.

The earnest words spoken to the class of '03, at the recent Alumni meeting have not fallen on deaf ears. The call to service has already been responded by several members of the class, some having decided to prepare themselves for the ministry and others to enter the foreign field.

Miss Grace Hockje, '03, bade her Holland friends a last farewell before leaving for Japan in Sept.

Mr. E. J. Strick, '03, has accepted an appointment as professor in the Northwestern Academy at Orange City.

Two of the class of '03, Mr. Weimers and Mr. Boeve, have taken to the carpenters trade, at least for the summer. They are busy building a cottage at Central Park but expect to take up their theological studies in the fall.

C. Spaan, '95 has returned to his home in Orange City after seven months' work in Oklahoma.

Mr. Wesselink, '01, expects to continue his studies at Chicago University this summer.

Rev. M. Kolyn, '77, of Grand Rapids has been asked to fill the chair of Pedagogy at Hope.

Rev. J. J. Van Zanten, '80, has been appointed Educational Agent in the place of Rev. Joldersma who has resigned.

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FRUIT ICE CREAM.

PUREST FRUIT SYRUPS.

Try us and See,

Con. De Pree's Drug Store,
Corner Eight St. and Central Ave.


Cigars.

HAAN BROS.,
CENTRAL DRUG STORE.
No. 6 East Eight Street. Holland, Mich.
Good by e.
Adieu, co-eds.
Good-by e Seniors.
Au Revoir, A's.
Farewell, fellows.
Be sure to return in the fall.
Bring two or three fellows along with you.
After the Fraternal banquet, "What, 60 cents more? Whew!

No school for me next year."
"Do you fellows ever "drink" from a kerosene can? We used to. Ah, those were the days."

The following has been gleaned as to prospective doings of some of the boys during the summer vacation.
Boebe and Welmers. To build a cottage at Central Park.
But not for themselves, however,
Benj. J. Bush—To look pleasant "forminist" the counters of Brusse's Haberdashery.
"What do you expect to do for the summer, J. Pelgrim?
"Oh, work for my dad, I guess."

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Duven 'Patsy' "Oh I am going home to spend the summer taking pictures."

Vandermell—"H. J." which being translated means, "I expect to be with the H. J. Heinz Pickle Co. this season."

DePree, 'Jimmy'—"I'm just going to stay at home."

Nauta, Joe—Juggling trays at Van Drezer's which has nothing to do with cards but simply means "waiting on table."

Russeard—"H. J." See above.

Muyskens—"Oh, I'm going to spout a Fourth of July spiel at Orange City and then going out for a grand hunting and fishing trip."

Pennings—"I don't know what I'll do. Guess I'll hire out to the Holland Gas Co."

VanderNaalt—"I expect to work on the farm."

Dykema James, clerking in Chicago.

Bonthuis, "Guess I'll do some carpentering work in Chicago. There's good money in it."

Walvoord, "At home after July 4. Cedar Grove, Wis."

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Duven 'Patsy' "Oh I am going home to spend the summer taking pictures."
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Pennings—"I don't know what I'll do, Guess I'll hire out to the Holland Gas Co."
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Doc Van der Laan, "Say, I've got to break in a new automobile. Come up to Muskegon May and I'll take you out for a ride."

Nienhuis Tony, At the Buss Machine Shops.
Vander Schoor, Colportage work in Grand Rapids.
Kleinheksel Paul, "I'm going to try my hand laboring at Steketee's Crockery Emporium.
Hoeijer, Willis—"I expect to take in the Geneva Conference, return to Fremont and stay there."
Nichols—"Rudy"—"I'm feelin' kind o' thin. Guess I'll re-cooperate at our cottage on the Bay."
Stillman, Charley—Ticket taker on the Harvey Watson, ferry at Macatawa Park.
Cooper, William Hawthorne—Sunday school missionary in Pennsylvania.
Kolyn, Judson—"What do I? I won't do. The lease of my troubles forsooth."
Vander Schoor was "loath to leave." As steward of the Scott Club he could scarcely "tear himself away," but must need be "faithful unto the end."

Three erstwhile members of the graduating Senior class were discovered roaming about the campus during the week of Commencement: "Jacky" De Holland. "Andy" Wagemaker and "Chappie" Van Dam.

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