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The Problem of Discontent

The inevitable fruit of all life and progress is dissatisfaction and unrest. Over the dull clod broods absolute contentment. Infuse life into it, let it progress but a little, and in silent, mighty restlessness it struggles up from the dark earth, and grows into leaves and branches, flowers and fruit. Even the death sleep of the winter cannot calm its unrest, but ever, after the resurrection of the spring time, it struggles outward and upward again into the pure, mysterious ideal of its Maker. The dumb multitudes whose only prayer is for the daily bread, whose only suffering is the meek and voiceless anguish of the brute, these feel no mental unrest. But for the men and nations that have been swept into the current of an advancing civilization, there is no peace forever. Progress perpetuates itself by the hardy seeds of unrest which it sows. Witness the seething ferment of the present industrial world—the bold aggression of the higher classes, the fearless resistance of the enlightened lower classes. Or again that gigantic discontent of unfolding national life which has brought about the Russo-Japanese war, the latest conflict of the Titans and the gods. History, with its mighty empires and colossal ruins, its victory and defeat, its progress and retrogression, is but the tragic story of human unrest.

The same principle of discontent manifests itself in the life of the individual who has begun to live and develop; and as its field of action is here narrower, so its intensity is greater. For the man who thinks there can be no honorable peace. Before him lies the vast domain of knowledge—one glimpse of that mighty dreamland,
and the restless, adventurous spirit of the pioneer is upon him. Or again, who dares sit idle in the midst of this great humanity with its sadness and imperfection, its unallayed thirst for freedom and its hope deferred? Greatest of all, the soul of man demands an explanation of itself, the crushing problem of the universe is upon him, and the heart's insistent clamor for a knowledge of the things it sees in the night time beyond the thousand orbs of light. For nowhere does this dissatisfaction become so intense as in matters of religion. By some relentless law that begets doubt. And oh, the utter anguish of that hour when in its troubled restlessness the soul loses its grasp also on those eternal verities by which alone we dare to live. Not that one ceases to love his early faith; it is inseparably linked with childhood memories of mother and of home. Nor does one cease to respect it: the forefathers lived by it, and were they not earth's noblemen? But the soul is powerless against its own discontent.

What is the solution of this problem of unrest? Why this eternal restlessness? Where is surcease from sorrow?

Weared with struggle, men have sometimes gone forth into the desert to do penance for their insufficiency and to find in the stillness and the loneliness, if it might be, some answer to their questioning. They abandoned living in order to solve the problem of life; and the same temptation to exchange a life of action for one of that comes today to the men who in the depth of their philosophic doubt and unrest have lost the courage to live. Cowards are they all! And the solution of the problem of human restlessness lies not in thought but in action, not in rest but in struggle.

In the physical world the law is clearly illustrated. The plant works out the life-principle of unrest that abides in it, thru its constant struggle with the earth that would hold it forever in bands of darkness, and with the powers of air and sky that wrestle with it in the night and in the storm, and by that very struggle it grows at last into the princely sentinel of the forest stream, the spirit within it being satisfied anew each summer by the growth and loneliness that it has taken unto itself from the conflicts of the winter and the spring. Thus, too, mankind has learned to satisfy its discontent by battling with it. Awakened from its enchanted sleep of ignorance and dissatisfied in the relentless grasp of a dead church, sixteenth century Europe was forced to struggle for release, and in that struggle achieved its liberty. For human unrest is not some unrequited pain whose stifled cry goes up into the void and is unheard forever. Rather is it the vital principle of progress planted deep in the soil of our common humanity. In a world of sin it could not be otherwise; there must be unrest before there can be progress. And thus in labor and in sorrow mankind works out the long problem of its redemption.

How clearly this shows the duty of the educated man of today. Not in a life of retirement and contemplation will he find peace or a solution of the vexing problem of life. The deep unrest of his soul is a divine call to battle. Let him plunge boldly into the conflict then. Let him be "with the van and the freemen" in humanity's varied struggle. Thus will he most truly advance mankind's development, for the world's silent appeal is for an act, not a philosophy. Men who can slay the demon of corruption that stands guard over the halls of our legislature; men who can lead nations in the gigantic battles of modern statecraft; men, who by the silent compulsion of action and of life can teach the efficacy of true religion—these humanity summons to the conflict. Let them gladly answer, for in the stress of the world's battle discontent shall pass away into action and be no more.

But not only will the life of action and of usefulness furnish a natural outlet for man's restlessness; it will furnish also the surest means to solve those vexing problems of morality and religion, which most deeply stir the faith and calm of the educated mind. Character is built by action rather than by thought. Contemplation does not beget virtues. But out of the elements of the daily struggle we mould at last conceptions of justice, purity and truth, and build that temple of morality which is the chosen seat of true religion. Finally, it is only through the conflict into which his unrest urges him that man at last finds God. Revelation is powerless if it enlighten only the reason. Nature shows only some Incorruptible Force which forever baffles the mind and overawes the spirit with its mystery and power. All the labor of philosophic thought and contemplation has availed only to reason away the elemental instincts of our being or to create some lifeless, loveless God from whom the soul revolts. And even faith, without works, is dead. Only when it can enable us to enter fearlessly upon our God-given portion of labor, trusting somehow that good shall come of it, can it demonstrate its power to lay hold on God. And as faith is valid only when it leads to action, so its ultimate satisfaction is found only in the active life. In the monotony of each day's burden-bearing we learn to know a Power that answers unvoiced prayer. When we fall back
weary of the bitter strife with sin, we hear the whisperings of a sustaining Love. In the hour of pained affliction we meet the Man of Sorrows. And upon the child that stumbles bravely at its task falls the benignant radiance of a Father's smile. The god of philosophy is an abstraction. The God of experience is Personality, Power and Love. In the stress and agony of conflict we feel his living presence. At our side in the battle rides a sustaining Power. How strangely wise and simple, after all, is Heaven's decree. The eternal unrest of humanity and the discontent of the soul urge men to action, and in action is the principle of all progress on the part of the race and the ultimate warrant of peace to the individual. Thus does life's simplest law summon us to the conflict. Therefore—the battle! until each weary soldier file away to where

"Beyond these voices there is peace."

—Abraham J. Moxe

An Afternoon in a Doctor's Office.

Henry G. Dekruif, "C" Class

The observations and experiences of a doctor's office boy are often both interesting and amusing. If he be a student, his endeavor to study his lessons in the office is frequently an arduous task. Arriving at the office, he finds a few patients, who are almost always void of patience, awaiting the arrival of that uncertain quantity, the physician.

Having repeated the well worn information that the doctor will be in presently, the boy sets himself down with great intentions for getting out his Latin for the morrow. Suddenly the door flies open, and in stalk a woman and a man. Observe that the woman leads. She, a stout, bustling little cyclone with dark, frowning eyebrows, is followed by her meek husband, a tall, lank man with an angular head, bearing evidences of a recent crop of gray hair. The woman, who seems to have the authoritative word, demands of the boy.

"When will that doctor be in?"
"In fifteen minutes,” says the boy.
"Well, where on this wide earth is he?"

As if the boy is supposed to know, by some means of wireless telegraphy, every movement of the doctor.

"That's the hottest doctor I've ever heard of; you never can find him when you want him!" With a half oath, she growls at her husband. "Come Pete," and leaves the office in a rage, while "Pete," gives the office boy a wink and meekly follows his leader, like the henpecked husband that he is, leaving the boy to console himself with the words "good riddance."

He is again at his Latin,—"Unius Brutius was a"—
"Br, r, r, r, r, . . . ing!! Hello! Hello! no, he's not in yet, will be, in a few minutes; want to leave a message? Black pill for Somber Jones, all right, good bye!"

Another line of Latin is waded through, when the sound like that of an approaching band of escaped monkeys is heard, and the
weary of the bitter strife with sin, we hear the whisperings of a sustaining Love. In the hour of pained affliction we meet the Man of Sorrows. And upon the child that stumbles bravely at its task falls the benignant radiance of a Father's smile. The god of philosophy is an abstraction. The God of experience is Personality, Power and Love. In the stress and agony of conflict we feel his living presence. At our side in the battle rides a sustaining Power.

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door flies open to admit a fat woman carrying a blattering child on her arm, while three or four more of the same breed are scattered around the edges of her great apron, as advocates to Roosevelt's policy against race suicide. The boy is now doubly occupied in bending over his books and keeping an eye on the chattering little rabble of youngsters, who engage themselves in everything from besmeasuring the windows to testing their teeth on the varnished chairs.

You can imagine the office boy is now in a fit temper to listen to an affected housewife, who talks to him through the phone like a lass of fourteen affecting coquettishness. After many tedious questions, having persuaded the lady to speak so that he can understand her, he finds that she has called the wrong number, and "only wanted the Millinery store."

Then, in stalks a rustic "Rube," who has been working on a fertilizer wagon, and makes his mark upon the carpet with his boots which are clothed with the odoriferous substances.

Should some honest old Dutchman, well known for his "praat," chance to come in, the office boy, for the sake of amusement applies a few questions in his by-the-way Dutch, till he gets the old fellow going in such a rich dialect that one can fairly smell the tulips and onions of the wooden shoe country.

At last the doctor, who has been detained by some tedious case, enters; in just as good a humor as ever, for one of the secrets of a doctor's success lies in cheering his patients with his own pleasant words and countenance. He treats each one in turn, quickly but thoroughly, and as fast as they leave at the back door others enter the front.

But if one of the office boy's friends of the fairer sex (should he be fortunate enough to have such) comes to see the doctor, the boy gives up all hope of studying, or entertaining anything but the pretty creature, while she waits for her turn to be entertained by the doctor in his consultation room.

We should not forget to mention simple minded Joe Noodle, who, contrary to the usual objects of patients, comes every day to say that he is feeling better; or the crank fisherman with his marvelous stories, or the traveling men with their loads of samples and accompanying literature, such adequate cures for that hungry feeling in the waste-basket.

When the physician has cleared his desk of this cosmopolitan crowd of real and imaginative sufferers, he is gone, probably on an eight mile trip into the country; while the boy makes for the open air and sport, but with the prospects that he will have to burn some midnight electric juice over his unfinished lessons, or take the "flunker's" fate on the following day.
The Decline of Sectionalism in our Country


I need not speak to this audience of the desirability of the Union intact. If the shades of vanished empires and broken kingdoms could speak tonight they would iterate but that one word: Union, Union, Union!

The danger to our Union historically has lain in the ill feeling manifest between the East and the West on the one hand, and the North and the South on the other.

But a few years after the adoption of the constitution by the thirteen colonies, Washington feared a separation of the West from the East. The main cause for fear lay in the inaccessibility of the West. The West had no means of communication with the East, and its trade more easily followed the natural channel afforded by the Mississippi and its tributaries to the Gulf of Mexico than the intricate, obstructed mountain trails that led to the Eastern coast. Naturally, if there had been no communication between them, the East and the West would have grown apart, and the United States would have been limited to but little exceeding the territory of the original thirteen colonies. But the invention of the steam engine and the telegraph set all fears on this score forever at rest, so that not even the acquisition of that vast new territory on the sunset side of the Mississippi furnished any cause for fear to the statesmen of those early days.

But new questions have arisen since the days of Washington. The new West was opened and improved by Eastern men with Eastern capital. The West became financially dependent upon the East. The East was the center of the money power, the home of the holder of the mortgage and the bond. It is not difficult to see that national policies, especially those bearing on the money and the tariff question, would be taken up differently by the West, of financially low standing, than by the highly moneyed East. But the East by virtue of its denser population controlled the government; and right here lies the problem. The West accused the East of ignoring their interests. All legislation transacted, they claimed, which had a bearing on financial matters was beneficial to the prosperous, and firmly established industries of the East, but absolutely detrimental to the financially low and depressed West. There is truth in this contention of the West.

The second cause for fear lies in the fact that the East for a long time failed to manifest a patriotic interest in the West. Thousands of Eastern men will travel across an ocean and spend almost a fortune to have a wizened duke show them his ancestral silver plate, when with more patriotism and less money they might have seen a thunderstorm in the Rockies—or lingered among the ever-blooming, ever-beautiful flowers in the Eden of the Golden Gate.

In addition to this financial difficulty and this lack of interest which seems to be just as true of Western men as of Western scenery—the East and West have grown apart in population. What we mean is this. Formerly the West was tied to the East by intimate bonds of old friendships and parentage. The young man of the East went West to make his fortune and he went back East to make—his grave. In the East was his cradle, in the East was his mother, he loved the East. All this has passed away. New generations have sprung up in the West, men of the West, Western, who no longer feel those binding ties of parentage.

In view of facts similar to these just mentioned Henry Litchfield West, in an article headed, "Two Republics or One," published in the North American Review of 1896, said: "The time may come therefore, though Heaven grant it otherwise, when the bustling, ambitious, independent West will see that its highest development depends upon the management of its own affairs."

Ten years have passed by since Mr. West wrote those words. In those ten years mighty changes have taken place. The West is no longer financially dependent upon the East. Industries have sprung up in the West and are being owned and controlled by Western men with Western capital. In the recent presidential election the West conclusively showed that it no longer feared the financial measures of the East, by casting an overwhelming majority of votes for the Republican tariff party. Not as we would intimate that the West showed its loyalty to the Union by going Republican. By no means. But it shows that the West now also has industries to protect, that the financial disparity has been equalized and that danger on this score need no longer be feared.

The interest of the West in the East and the East in the West is likewise increasing. Just take a look at the railroad advertising material which floods our country at the present time. Never before have the West and the East met as they do nowadays in travel. It could be said of President Harrison that he had never set a foot on the western side of the Mississippi; President Roosevelt has visited...
every state in the Union except two and those two are not Western states.

As a result of financial independence and of an increased interest of the East in the West, the West is at the present day more intensely patriotic than at any time previous. Says Senator Allen from Nebraska: "Let it be understood now and for all time that no people in the United States are more loyal or more devoted to the cause of the Union than are the splendid sons and daughters of the West."

Sadder and more tragic in its results than this occasional ill-feeling between the West and the East is the history of Northern and Southern antagonism. Some tell us that the Civil War was the result of the ambition of traitorous demagogues. Others that it was a question of State Rights, whether there should be one flag of many stars or many flags of one star. To a certain extent both are right. These things, however, lay merely on the surface. Beneath them, back of these immediate, surface causes, stood the grim, haunting spectre of slavery; the gaunt shadow of the shackled African, dark-skinned as of centuries of mourning. This Republic could not exist thus half slave and half free; and a crisis naturally came. In four years of the fiercest struggle the historian has ever witnessed, the question as to slavery or non-slavery was forever decided; and this last vestige of an un-American past having been swept away, the opportunity was laid open to a speedier advance of American institutions, to a fuller realization of those principles which underlie our national progress.

But that war has left its wounds. A Greek tragedian of long ago tells us that there is no balm to heal those wounds, that, over that family whose brother's blood stains brother's hand, a shadow falls whose blighting curse no time can revoke. Perhaps it is a little pessimistic; but tell me, Citizen of the North, would you call it treason if in that Southland a lip still quivers, as in his mind's eye the old, broken veteran of the South once more beholds his regiments marching beneath the Stars and Bars, to the tune of "The Boys in Gray?"

For twenty years immediately following the war, during the so called Reconstruction Period, when nothing was reconstructed, the North and the South drifted farther apart than they had ever been before. The North looked down upon the South, considered it the home of rebellion, the rendezvous of disloyalty and treason, and considered itself the bulwark and high-citadel of nationalism. To a certain extent the North probably had a right to part of this opinion, but she had no right to show it. As a result we have the "Party Sectionalism," the solid Republican North arrayed against the solid Democratic South, which obtains to our own day.

In addition to this "Party Sectionalism" there exists the difference in conception of the Race Problem. The North accuses the South of oppressing the negro by disenfranchising him, and by creating distinctions between the races which are obnoxious and un-American. To no small extent this Race Problem has been instrumental in keeping the South and the North apart.

As to the first, the Party Sectionalism, it must be remembered that it is not natural. If any harm ever resulted from it or will result from it, it will stand as the darkest of crimes against the character of the party politician, who, during the years from '65 to '85, fanned the dying embers of Sectionalism, for mere party ends. And, if for no other reason than the fact that it showed that the North no longer distrusted the South, the election of Grover Cleveland to the presidency in 1885 was a veritable Godsend to our country. If I were to date the birth of the true Union I would set it on that day of the Democratic election of 1885. Or do you think that Party Sectionalism is still as strong as ever? A few years ago, a house of slight Republican majority voted down the proposition to return to the South its old battle-flags for which it had fought so valiantly through unsuccessfully throughout the Civil War. But recently a house overwhelmingly Republican voted almost to a man to return those flags as an appreciation of the loyal South.

As to the Race Problem, it is a difficult one to solve. Never before has a problem in any way similar to it been solved. Two civilizations, a superior and an inferior race, in one country, under one government,—and that government a Democracy. We do not know how or when this problem will be solved, but this we do know, that if it is to be solved the Union must do it and not the South alone, while the North stands aloof suspecting and distrustful. Said Henry W. Grady in an appeal to the North: "We cannot solve it with less than your tolerance and patient sympathy, with less than the knowledge that the blood that flows in your veins is our blood, and that, when we have done our best, whether the issue be lost or won, we shall feel your strong arms about us and hear the beating of your approving hearts." We believe those strong arms of the North are about them today to uphold them and to strengthen. The North is gradually beginning to understand the South. We now may know
that in return for a black man's loyalty to the homes of its fathers, the South loves that humble servant perhaps better than you do. The false representation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," appeals no longer to the North except where history is a sealed book. A few years ago it was not at all uncommon to hear a Northern audience applaud the sentiment that branded the South with the ingratitude of oppressing the race that had nursed them in childhood and served them in maturity. Today that same audience would hiss that same sentiment, if any one dared utter it. Listening to such impassioned utterances as those of that eloquent Southern orator, Henry Grady, who, speaking in the name of the South, and concluding his remarks on a certain phase of this same question, said, "If my people forget the Negro, may my God forget my people,"—the North must rest assured that the future of the American Negro is safe in the hearts of the chivalrous sons of the South.

Taking into consideration both these questions, the differences between the East and the West, the South and the North, it may now be said that never before have the various sections of our country stood shoulder to shoulder as they do now, united in peace, united in war. United in war? In the Spanish War boys from every state fought side by side. Nor can any one estimate the good that has resulted from that war, especially in uniting the South and the North. When the flags returned from the hard fought battles of the Civil War, all the bands played the "Star Spangled Banner," while the strains of "Dixie" died, "Away down South." When the flags returned from their errand of peace and freedom for long suffering Cuba, the bands played a medley. "Twas once more "Dixie land," followed by "The Star Spangled Banner," and both merging into the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" with its oft recurring strain, "As we go marching on."

In the meantime not every little breath of air which fans our national atmosphere must be taken as an omen of approaching disruption. It's a strange household where brothers do not quarrel once upon a time. And it would be strange indeed if in a country so vast there should not be some occasional manifestations of spirit between the different sections. But what else do you want? Do you want a Union like China's, where everybody is like everybody else because everybody happens to have had some sort or other of an ancestor? Nay, rather than that narrow union born of perfect similarity give me that broad union born of disparity and differences. And such is our Union. For as beneath the various sects and de-

nominations of the church the consecrated ear can detect the chords of one symphony, the prelude to the grand march of the Church Triumphant; so beneath the various sections of Our Country, beneath the wranglings between the East and the West, the South and the North, the patriotic ear can detect the rhythmic tread of an onward marching host,—the mingled strains blending in one melodious processional, the prelude to the grand march of Columbia Triumphant.
The Anchor
Published by THE ANCHOR ASSOCIATION, Hope College, Holland, Mich.

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Editorials
The reader may be surprised to find no mention made in the news of Commencement week of the doings of Hope's Alumni. A still greater surprise is in store. The Alumni have consented to edit an Alumni number of the Anchor, to appear in October of this year. In this number will be found a complete statement of the Alumni's business and festivities during Commencement week, as well as articles of great interest to all Alumni. The work is in charge of the officers of the Alumni Association:

President—Gelman Kuyper, '89.
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The Baccalaureate Sermon
The exercises of Commencement week were opened Sunday night when Dr. D. H. Martin of Newark, N. J. delivered the baccalaureate sermon to the Seniors. His address was vigor and push from beginning to end. The spirit of his text "I am debtor" echoed from every sentence. He spoke of the great obligations under which education puts a man, obligations to himself and obligations to humanity. He made an earnest plea for a sincere life, affirming that sincerity is better than success and that it is better to make a life than a living. He did not condemn the desire for money, but he did condemn most strongly the mere accumulation of wealth. While acquiring money a man must cultivate his intellectual and moral nature. He spoke with scathing sarcasm of "the man with the withered hand," the college graduate who is not man enough to do a man's work in the world, who says "I cannot" whenever a task is required of him. All through Dr. Martin preached the gospel of work and the gospel of pluck, and it was elevating to hear a baccalaureate sermon so effective and invigorating.

"A" Class Exercises
The class day exercises of the "A" class on Monday afternoon were of a high order. The program was unusually long but the audience enjoyed every number. The music by the lady members of the class was one of the pleasing features of the program. The orations by A. J. VanHouten and P. Pleune took on account of the speakers' enthusiasm and grace in delivery. The rest of the original work by the historian, prophet and poet were marked by humor, optimism and pathos respectively. Nor must we forget soliloquizing "ike" He fired the first shot and tho' it was not heard "round the world," his deep toned voice carried it to the utmost corners of the chapel. The class has some good impersonators in W. Wichers and A. Vos. The dialogue too gave great amusement. As to the Latin selection, the writer of this article humbly begs leave to refrain from criticism for he "knows little Latin, less Greek." The exercises were a success and may the class sing themselves into the college as cheerfully as they sang themselves out of the preparatory department.

Ulphilas Club
The Ulphilas club is certainly made up of the right material. This they showed Monday night when they gave their annual entertainment. There was very little music on the program. The members of the club think the Holland language is musical enough without it. Whether this be so we profess to be incompetent to judge, but the speakers certainly turned out pleasing work, Dick Muykens showed his usual spiciness and made his usual references to moon shine. The recitations by H. Mollema and M. Stegeman...
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Musician—Prof. A. B. Nykerk, ’85.

The Baccalaureate Sermon

The exercises of Commencement week were opened Sunday night when Dr. D. H. Martin of Newark, N. J. delivered the baccalaureate sermon to the Seniors. His address was vigorous and push from beginning to end. The spirit of his text “I am debtor” echoed from every sentence. He spoke of the great obligations under which education puts a man, obligations to himself and obligations to humanity. He made an earnest plea for a sincere life, affirming that sincerity is better than success and that it is better to make a life than a living. He did not condemn the desire for money, but he did condemn most strongly the mere accumulation of wealth. While acquiring money a man must cultivate his intellectual and moral nature. He spoke with scathing sarcasm of “the man with the withered hand,” the college graduate who is not man enough to do a man’s work in the world, who says “I cannot” whenever a task is required of him. All through Dr. Martin preached the gospel of work and the gospel of pluck, and it was elevating to hear a baccalaureate sermon so effective and invigorating.

“A” Class Exercises.

The class day exercises of the “A” class on Monday afternoon were of a high order. The program was unusually long but the audience enjoyed every number. The music by the lady members of the class was one of the pleasing features of the program. The orations by A. J. VanHouten and P. Pleun took on account of the speakers’ enthusiasm and grace in delivery. The rest of the original work by the historian, prophet and poet were marked by humor, optimism and pathos respectively. Nor must we forget soliloquizing “Ike”. He fired the first shot and tho it was not heard “round the world,” his deep toned voice carried it to the utmost corners of the chapel. The class has some good impersonators in W. Wichers and A. Vos. The dialogue too gave great amusement. As to the Latin selection, the writer of this article humbly begs leave to refrain from criticism for he “knows little Latin, less Greek.” The exercises were a success and may the class sing themselves into the college as cheerfully as they sang themselves out of the preparatory department.

Ulflas Club

The Ulflas club is certainly made up of the right material. This they showed Monday night when they gave their annual entertainment. There was very little music on the program. The members of the club think the Holland language is musical enough without it. Whether this be so we profess to be incompetent to judge, but the speakers certainly turned out pleasing work. Dick Muykasens showed his usual spiciness and made his usual references to moon shine. The recitations by H. Mollema and M. Stegeman
were well rendered, bringing out effectively both humor and pathos. Prof. Raap too told his story in the professor's well known genial style. Z. Roetman, the orator, and W. Rotschaffer, the essayist, gave thoughtful and interesting productions. The dialogue was one of the best numbers on the program, d'Zeeuw's ability as judge was rather hampered by Rotschaffer and Muller, the witnesses, on account of the deafness of one and the stupidity of the other. Stegenga kept up his reputation for his ability in handling the gentler sex, and Slagh makes an excellent criminal—in the play of course. The entertainment was one of the best given in recent years. Stick to it and stick together, members of the Utillias. "Een- 
drecht maakt macht."

The Choral Union Entertainment

The annual Alumni entertainment on Tuesday evening gave way this year to the public recital of the Choral Union and the latter entertainment was not unworthy of a place in the commencement exercises. It was the greatest thing ever attempted by the Union, and also its greatest achievement. Anyone acquainted with the wonderful production of Mendelssohn, "Elijah,", can form a slight idea of the fame the Choral Union gained for itself by a successful rendition of this masterpiece of oratorios. By careful and persistent drill under the efficient leadership of Prof. J. B. Nykerk the class was enabled to render this classic to the entire satisfaction of an audience critical and exacting in musical productions.

The chorus work was of a high order. The many voices blended harmoniously in the various phases of the selection; now suggesting the echoing thunders on Carmel's height, and again pleading in the plaintive tones of a famishing people, at one time bursting forth wildly in answer to the earthquake, the fire, and the storm, at another yielding to the quiet influence of the still small voice. The chorus was thoroughly in sympathy with the varying moods, and rendered excellent support to the soloists.

As to the latter, Prof. Nykerk was very fortunate in obtaining the best talent of western Michigan. Miss Mulford, alto, was especially happy in the recitatives, although she was at her best in the beautiful aria, "O Rest in the Lord." Mrs. VanVerst, soprano, rendered her parts well, being strong in the arias, particularly in that entitled "Hear ye, Israel." Mr. John Duffy sustained his reputation as a tenor, and sang his selections with a happy abandon that won for him the good will of the audience. It was Mr. Clarence Pease, however, who was considered the star attraction of the evening. He figured as Elijah, and while he was unerring in the technic of the music, he was particularly successful in the interpretation of the prophet's changeful moods. Hope College may congratulate herself on having on her corps of instructors a man of such extraordinary musical talent.

Commencement

Wednesday evening was an ideal night for commencement. A large number of people took advantage of the weather and the occasion, and Winants Chapel was completely packed. The program for the evening showed the good sense of the class, being composed of a limited number of orations with a liberal sprinkling of lighter material. All the productions were well rendered, and the orations showed careful preparation in composition and delivery.

After the entrance of the class, Rev. J. G. Gebhard opened the meeting with the invocation. Dr. C. Gaskell favored the audience with a violin solo. Dr. Gaskell is a new man in the musical circle of the college, and at his first appearance he made a favorable impression. D. H. Muyskens followed with an oration, entitled, "The Decline of Sectionalism in Our Country." As to thought and style, the reader can judge for himself by reading the production, printed in full in this issue. As to the delivery it may be said that the speaker rendered his oration with his usual clearness, forcefulness, and freedom.

Maud Ballington Booth was fittingly chosen by Miss Margie Keppel as the subject of her oration. And the development of her subject was as fitting as its choice. In plain and unaffected language she portrayed the life and work of this friend of the prisoner and of the poor. Her delivery was as natural as her style, and was marked by great calmness and deliberateness.

Willard Van der Laan favored the audience with a baritone solo, "The Voice of God in Creation," by Evans. Mr. Van der Laan has a pleasant, mellow voice, which, combined with clear enunciation, made the rendition of the selection very acceptable.

G. J. Pennings followed with an oration on the subject, "The Problem of the City Poor." In clear and thoughtfull language the
speaker presented the conditions, causes, and cures of poverty. His delivery was powerful rather than polished, carrying with it irresistibly the convictions of the audience.

"The Age of Industry" was the title of the oration delivered by J. C. Polgrim. The address was written in good style; the poetic quotations were fitting but rather frequent. The delivery was excellent. With a clear, strong voice well modulated and under perfect control the speaker rendered the production with great pleasure and delight to the audience.

After a violin solo by Dr. Gaskell, President Kollen proceeded to the awarding of certificates and prizes, and to the conferring of degrees. The "A" class made a final appearance on the platform for their sheepskin, and the graduating class of the college received their A. B. Degree. Of the latter the following received State Teacher's Certificates: Margie Keppel, Jacob Polgrim, G. J. Pennings, Z. Roetman, W. Rotschaefer, Don Taylor, Willard Vander Laan, Elmer McCarty, and D. H. Myskens.

The degree of A. M. was conferred on the following members of the class of 1902: Berend Bruins, Wm. H. DeKleene, Henry P. DePree, John Van der Beek, John Van Peursem, and Hessel S. Yntema. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on the Rev. Wm. Moerdyk, of Zeeland, and on the Rev. Jas. F. Zwemer, of Holland.

Prizes were awarded as follows:

The George Birkhoff Jr. prize for the best essay in Dutch on the subject "Pieter Stastok" (Camera Obscura) to D. H. Myskens, of the Senior class.

The George Birkhoff Jr. prize in English literature for the best essay on DeQuincy, to A. J. Kolyn, of the Junior class.

The Henry Bosch prizes for the best and the second best examinations in English grammar and orthography—first to H. V. E. Stegeman, second to Eva H. Portune.

The Mrs. Sara Sloan Foreign Mission Prize for the best essay on the subject, "Young People and Foreign Missions," to Nettie R. DeJong, of the Junior class.

The valedictory was then delivered by A. J. Muste. As the production is printed in part in this issue of The Anchor, the reader may himself judge as to thought and style. The delivery was in thorough keeping with the composition, and Mr. Muste appeared at his best. With grace, fluency and with great effectiveness he brought before his audience "the problem of discontent." The speaker closed with a word to the council, faculty, and students, and with an ardent wish for the welfare of their common Alma Mater.

De Alumnus

Rev. H. Schipper, '90, of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, has received a call from the Reformed church of Springfield, S. Dak.

Miss Margie Keppel, '05, has accepted a position as teacher in the Zeeland Public School.

Mr. H. DePree, '02, was on June 30 united in marriage to Miss Cornelia Everhard, of Zeeland Mich. Mr. DePree will soon take charge of his congregation in Bethel, la.

Rev. J. J. VanZanten, '80, of Beaverdam, Mich., has during this month been called to South Holland, Ill., by the death of his father.

Rev. G. H. Hospers, '84, of Cleveland, Ohio, has been asked to become the pastor of the Reformed church of Rock Valley, la.

The work of Rev. G. Korteling '01, and Mrs. Korteling, '03, in Clinton, Oklahoma, shows good progress. They organized a Sunday school last October with seven members. This number has increased to one hundred and twenty five. The new church was dedicated in April and in August Rev. and Mrs. Korteling expect to move into their new parsonage.

On June 15, Rev. J. M. Vender Meulen, '91 Hope's Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy, was married to Miss Mae M. Veneklasen, '04 at the home of the bride's mother, in Zeeland, Mich. The "Anchor" extends its congratulations and best wishes for the future.


Rev. J. Huizenga, '67, of Rock Valley, la., has spent about a month's vacation with friends and relatives in Michigan.

Dr. H. E. Dosker, '76, of Louisville, Ky., has recently received the title of Doctor of Laws from Central University, Danville, Ky. Dr. Dosker and his family are present residing at their cottage in Central Park.

Minerva Society

The Minerva Society closed a year of hard and faithful work with a picnic, Friday, June 16. Early in the afternoon the party left on the launch "Margaret D" for a ride on Black Lake, and landed near Waukazoo where a delicious picnic lunch was enjoyed.
Meliphone Society

The program that was rendered Friday evening, June 16, by the members of the Meliphone Society was listened to by a large and appreciative audience. One of the most pleasing features was the music. The piano duet by the Misses Lohuis and Huizinga was a pleasing prelude to the program. Miss Mina Coggeshall very sweetly rendered the song "Sing On" and the Hope College quartet was compelled to respond to several encores.

The literary part of the program was up to the high standards of the society. After the invocation by Prof. Beardslee, A. J. Van Houten, president of the society, made a few fitting remarks about the purpose of the society. Peter Vermeulen gave a declamation entitled, "Soldier's Day," which portrayed the feeling of hatred aroused by the civil war and the final reunion of the opposing forces. The dialogue entitled "Christian Forgiveness" by James VerBurg and John Wiekers was one of the strong numbers of the program. After this Andrew Vos spoke "The Polish Boy" in a way that did not surprise those who on a former occasion heard him render "Jimmie Butler" so inimitably. But perhaps the one that struck the audience most favorably was "The Relation of the Mosquito to the Human Family" by Henry DeKruif. In a mock earnest voice he gave bombast and nonsense and admirably presented the picture of a would-be philosophic lecturer. A. C. Verhulst's original poem "Elijah" reflected great credit upon its composer. Milton Hoffman's oration on "Ulrich Zwingle" showed that Switzerland was the cradle of enlightenment and so led gradually to the topic, the Swiss hero. A fitting close to the program was the budget by H. F. Veenker. It had the usual interchange of wit and humor and the usual hints at the pecularities of the students and professors.

Fraternal Society

In spite of threatening showers a jolly crowd enjoyed the Fraternal Society picnic at Saugatuck, Saturday, June 17. Boat-riding and a climb up "Baldhead" furnished pleasing amusements, and appetizing refreshments made the day one long to be remembered by the party.

The Tennis Tournament

The tennis tournament held this year has given a new zest to tennis playing. Competition apparently arouses enthusiasm,

judging from the way the game has picked up at present. The spirit of beating the other fellow always tends to bring renewed interest which results in some definite end, something accomplished. The question who shall win arouses interest wherever it is used. It has surely done so in this case.

In the past tennis has lain buried under the debris of the other larger sports. The game has lagged. None felt as if they wanted to play because so few actually played, the game was too slow for the majority. Slowly but surely the game has picked up. Base ball men, foot ball men and basket ball men, who thought tennis tame, have joined the sport and have found it quite as strenuous if not a trifle more so than all three other sports.

There were over twenty enthusiasts when the tournament began. Of these fifteen joined. The first round took place the twenty-third of May in which the players competed in pairs for first place in the second round. The manner in which the pairs were grouped was determined by lot. So after the first round those who were defeated fell out, leaving the others to compete in the second round for first place in the third, and so on until it finally settled on one man. On a scorching hot morning, June 17, the finals took place. It was up to A. J. Misner or B. G. DeVries to take the medal. For two whole hours the competitors toiled manfully at their task until finally A. J. Misner ran off with the medal.

FINALS.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>SET NUMBER</th>
<th>SCORE</th>
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<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>6-4</td>
<td>Misner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>9-7</td>
<td>Misner</td>
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Match score—2-0
Won by—A. J. Misner.

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**Aer Caliens**

"I always used to be G. B. now I am A. B." was the proud remark of Bosch, one of the graduates.

Muyskens expects to wear a "Prince Albert" and clerical tie next year. So do Ruissaard, Roetman, Bosch, Pennings and Van der Schoor, prospective lights in the church militant.

"I AM IT" is the force opposed to the "asinity" of the Juniors.

Who is going into the pickle business during the summer?

Although the college is closed, all students cannot take unto themselves "Wings." Some must stay here. This is one of Jim's jokes.

Aer caliens was chosen because, when we were writing, the sheets of paper all blew out of the window, when one of those brained seniors opened the door and stared vacantly at space.

One of the fellows owns a pipe that is so strong that it meets him in the morning and says "Hello."

"More fresh "(h)air" is the cry of the faculty these days.

**JUNIOR DUTCH DICTIONARY.**

Vertrouwelijk—stil onderhouden, enz.

a. v.—Prof, een die het goed voor heeft maar het daarbij laat.

b. v.—onderhoud een deel gesprek, en neger-en negentig deelen manneschijn.

c. v.—houding—den arm plaatsen zoodat de muggen de

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hand kunnen aantasten zonder enige hindernis.

Reeder—een die kalk, steening enz. naar boven sjoekt.

Ballast—drie vierde der studenten, en insluitende de faculteit.

Hangmat—een wurg-touw.

Wank—a hand schoen.

Roerpen—a sammentrekking van "bervorder pen"

Vuurtoren—een kerk toren daar de bliksem ingeslagen is.

Een vaste knoop—iets waar Prof. VanderMeulen §5 00 voor heeft betaald.

Een druk gesprek—negen parten "druk" en een part gesprek.

Een kwijnend gesprek.—Voor in lichtingen vervoege men zich bij Prof. Raap.

Dr. Kollen has just announced that smoking on the campus was strictly forbidden. This "aka-e" had special reference to council members and friends of the institution, who may be wandering about the campus.

The Juniors just finished "a partial course in Greek tragedy."

Geo. Hankamp, the comisssary at the Hope College Boarding club, says that the only kind of boneless ham to buy is liver.

Those who desire to become ushers, please apply at the Greek Dept. Terms reasonable. Positions guaranteed.

That Choral Union entertainment was a "hot affair," thanks to the weather for making it such.

Pelgrim is writing a book on "How to become an A. B." While Rottscsaer is writing "Theses" for Prof. Beardslee, in pursuance of instructions contained in "How to become an A. B."

Wynia: "Huh! A tom cat with half a lung and the whooping cough can sing better than you."

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