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The Anchor
# SUMMER SCHEDULE

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SACRIFICE, THE PRICE OF PROGRESS.

The age in which we live may well be called the Age of Progress. Wherever we touch the pulse of the present world, the throbbing of its bounding life-blood gives evidence of energy and progress. Every industry and every movement that this world can boast has emblazoned on its floating banners the electrifying watchword, "Excelsior." But if we turn our eyes from the streaming colors to the surging crowd that below them is madly rushing to the front, we behold a sight that sickens and appals. For beneath the feet of those that triumphantly clutch the moving banners lie the mangled bodies of those that in the struggle fell by the wayside. A gruesome price, indeed—but it must be paid. Progress can be made only through sacrifice.

Nothing great can be achieved without the sacrifice of labor and of life. No battle can be fought without the plaintive beating of the muffled drum. Columbus cannot discover America without dying in poverty and disgrace, nor can a Harvey trace the circulation of the blood without losing his friends and his fortune.

Whenever in this wide world we see a man, or an idea, or an institution making progress, there we shall find that the price is being paid. Stroll through the factories of England and notice the condition of the women and the children, and among the whirr of gears and wheels you can hear the voice of
Shaftesbury, whose dying accents were spent in pleading for these neglected sufferers. Follow the progress of the American Revolution, and in the December wind of Valley Forge you will come upon gushes of heated breath, extorted from George Washington in the agony of prayer. The world will have progress, but progress must have sacrifice.

Obedience to this principle has given us some of the most beautiful examples of moral grandeur and of nobility of character. During the seventeenth century England was the scene of three great conflicts in the realm of thought. The kings had begun to interpret the divine right to rule as the divine right to tyrannize. But the people protested against such arbitrary use of power, and Charles I. was beheaded. Europe, however, favored royalty, and England became the outpost of the nations. To regain the confidence of Europe and to establish, once for all, the truth that while the king has a divine right to rule, the people have a divine right not to be tyrannized, was an achievement that waited for the sacrifice of a great soul. During the same century there was an awakening in the world of letters. Many books were being written, but only few were issued. For every book and pamphlet must pass under the vulture eyes of the government censor, and works of the greatest value were often stigmatized as harmful trash. And it was left for the sacrifice of the same great soul to purchase the priceless boon of modern times, the freedom of the press. Again, it was at this time that England made initial changes with regard to the relation of church and state. For many years the church had been allied with the state, and the constant change of rulers made necessary a constant change of religion, followed by the usual persecutions. The Catholics, when in power, persecuted the Protestants, and the Protestants, in turn, did not fail to seize every opportunity of persecuting the Catholics. The church was harassed by the state, and the state was abused for the sake of the church. To make these institutions see their true relation to each other was again an advance in thought that waited for a sacrifice on the part of the same great soul.

Although many lives were lost in these three great strug-
ceased echoing on the sacred hills than heaven and earth resounded with the glad tidings that through this sacrifice was purchased the redemption of mankind.

And the propagation of Christianity has been accomplished only by sacrifice. The blood of the martyrs has ever been the seed of the church. From the martyred Stephen to the Christian worker of today success has been measured by sacrifice. In these days we often hear of the progress made in Africa. From every platform and every pulpit comes the hopeful message of "dawn in the Dark Continent." But would you know the price of all this progress? Of the explorers sent to Africa by Christian countries more than six hundred have found in its jungles an entrance to the world beyond. In the year nineteen hundred and two fourteen missions laboring in Africa reported that of their workers one hundred and ninety-five had already added their lives to the sacrifice required for the redemption of the Dark Continent. Here also it is progress only through sacrifice.

Ever since it was spoken on the road to Jerusalem this watchword has been ringing down the Christian centuries, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister," and "he that loseth his life shall find it."

Rising from the faint voices of men and movements past and present, repeated by the man who for the three-fold freedom of his country sacrificed a life of pleasure, of praise, and of promise; reinforced by the life of Him who for the redemption of mankind "endured the cross and despised the shame," and re-echoed by a chorus of the millions who have "counted it all joy" that they might "fill up what lacked of the sufferings of Christ," there come to us with an overwhelming force the words that inspire to heroism and make all labor sweet—Sacrifice, the Price of Progress.

D. DYKSTRA, '06.

COUNT LYOOF N. TOLSTOI.

Russia saw the twentieth century dawn amid the darkness of despair. The conflict of ideas had become the conflict of arms. Men had learned to think; and, having thought, rejoiced in martyrdom as a seal of their convictions. True, the ingenuity of the Slav was slow in giving birth to ideas, but these ideas once formed were becoming shakings of glory to lead Russia's sons on into plains of higher living. Branded by Papal edicts, opposed by an imbecile Czar, antagonized by the adherents of the Romanist rule and thwarted oftentimes by the over-patriotic zeal of their votaries, these ideas have gone from strength to strength and have enlisted in their ranks peasantry and nobility alike, until today that colossal empire, whose boast is in "Ivan the Terrible" and "Peter the Great," is shaken to its very foundation before their irresistible onslaughts. And as we view the ever-increasing discontent among the masses, it seems that on the morrow Russia will resign herself to a mad innovation of bloodshed and revolution—more far-reaching in its influence than the clash of arms in Manchuria—more awful than the uprisings of the French common folk—yet none the less glorious in its fruition than our own American revolution.

The onward march of civilization is not marked by cannon's roar or flash of steel, but by the weightier unseen conflict of ideas. Still barren, bald ideas have merely pleased men's fancies and fed their imagination. Plato's Republic is little more than a classic, and More's Utopia is a curiosity. Yet when some idea, it matters not how ideal it may be, lays hold upon a soul and becomes the guiding principle of its life, there is born in the world a prophet and reformer, to lead mankind from delusion and superstition to the clearer light of reason and her freedom. Viewed thus, back of the dawn of a new era in Russia stand not liberty and equality alone, but liberty and equality embodied in their matchless exponent, Count Lyoof Tolstoi.

When Tolstoi was born, the beneficent influence of a tyranny such as only unenlightened Slav’s could endure had benighted Russia and stayed Russian progress until the acquiescent
masses had long since ceased to claim liberty as their birthright, but only lisped heaven-wards their prayers for the courage of endurance. In the almost forgotten past their rugged forefathers had lived in the hope that alleviation was at hand; but that hope, deferred through the centuries had embittered the agony of their suffering. Night, however, is darkest just before dawn, and so the unvoiced anguish of the dumb multitudes, who throughout the Russian dominions meekly bore the cross of suffering placed upon them by state and church, presaged a new day.

Such is the dark and gloomy background before which Tolstoi must act his life’s drama. A son of the nobility by birth, he at an early age drank deep at the fountain of licentiousness and crime to satiate the thirst of his being in its demand for action. But before the weight of manhood was upon him, he revolted from his life of shame, having learned that life’s purpose is not to satisfy the cravings of one’s lower nature.

Next Tolstoi, driven by the spirit of dissatisfaction and unrest, takes upon himself the life of a soldier. From childhood’s hour he had read of deeds of heroism and devotion to fatherland, and now in the stress of the Crimean war he must needs fight his country’s battles. At the age of twenty-one, he was entrusted with one of the main redoubts of the Russian army. While here he was ever in the thickest of the conflict. Today he saw the allied forces mown down by the artillery fire from the ramparts—on the morrow he beheld his countrymen, bleeding and worn, driven in confusion over the blood-stained bulwarks. In the evening, he sat beside his comrades around the campfires, as they wrote to their friends and dear ones of the victory and home-coming for which they longed; and on the morrow he knelt beside them upon the battlefield to pen their last farewells to those for whom alone they lived and in whom only life was worth the while. Truly, Tolstoi beheld it all—“the crest of that historic struggle spending its fury” at Sebastopol. The shouts of the victors, the groans of the wounded, and the prayers of the dying—these spoke to him of war in all its horror—war robbed of its glory. And as Tolstoi saw the suffering and woe of that shameful war, waged because of a petty jealousy, his manly spirit surged within him, and in the agony of despair he cried out to Heaven, “These things ought not so to be.” With that cry the old things of his life passed away and all things became new. Henceforth literature was to be the channel through which the well-springs of his regenerated life were to make glad the city of his regenerated Russia.

Tolstoi’s first claim to greatness, however, rests upon his work as a reformer. Neither visions from heaven nor the desire to establish new cults were the incentives of his reforms; but the Russian peasantry’s need for a fuller life, herein lay the inspiration of his mission. In the Crimean war, he had not considered so much the behets of the Czar as the widowed mothers and orphan children, who must pay the price of a despot’s whim. He saw in the pomp and splendor of the Russian capitol not those petty officials who vied in pagentry, but the burden-bearers who lived only to till the Czar’s soil and to pay the Czar’s tribute. The sight of such unwarranted inequality fired his soul to action.

No superficial reform, however, was to save Russia. The forces which were undermining her society were not of recent origin—they were inherent in the very nature of the Russ. It was but the old story writ large in the history of the human race: Russia was divided against herself. On the one hand, the few clothed with the dignity of power and wealth lived in wanton luxury; on the other, the many in helplessness and poverty led out a hellish existence. In the past such conditions have given birth to revolution and anarchy. But in Russia, amid the gathering clouds of discontent, Tolstoi’s voice rings out clarion-like for reform. No nihilist he, who would reform by leaving the fertile plain a desert solitude. He has studied his people, and knows their needs.

Yet to herald reform was no easy task. The Russian press was the ally of the Czar. The Russian church served not the people but the people’s monarch. Worst of all, Siberia ever longed with an insatiate greed for her victims. Even unfounded suspicions have sent many brave souls upon their last jour-
ney to that land from whence none ever return, that land in whose secret confines Russia for centuries has stifled her advanced thought and slain her forerunners of freedom. But to Tolstoi these obstacles were only rounds by which he rose to that height from which he caught glimpses of the promised land.

Tolstoi's system of reform is simple and concise. He has learned of Jesus that the meek shall inherit the earth, and proclaims to Russia the doctrine of non-resistance. He has caught Paul's vision of a universal brotherhood, and proclaims to the world the amalgamation of classes. Critics—Christian critics—tell us that the doctrine of non-resistance lacks vitality, that it is unheroic and suited only to the weak and cowardly in life's struggle. But those selfsame critics would hesitate to say that the triumph of arbitration bespoke universal weakness. They forget that they re-echo those old antiquated criticisms which are ever being made upon the teachings of Jesus. Again, these Christian critics tell us that the doctrine of nonresistance is impracticable—that as a working scheme it is fit only for ideal conditions and perfect beings. Yet it is but a few centuries ago, that on the shores of Galilee, in an age deep dyed in sin, to a hostile people, a despised Nazarine preached the gospel of love. Impracticable, do you say? Already that gospel has transformed the world.

Tolstoi's amalgamation of classes is no new idea; it is as old as history itself. But in Russia, scarce aroused from the lethargy of centuries, it is revolutionary in the extreme. It sounds the death-knell of the hitherto unquestioned rights of the few, while to the many it means little more than unbridled license. To the casual observer the idea of change carries with it all of the attendant horrors of revolution. To Tolstoi it will be the giving way of the old to the new, a wronged and oppressed people entering their God-given heritage. In that day there shall be neither strife nor blood-shed, for each shall love the other as himself. Then there shall be neither rich nor poor, neither great nor small, but from the Baltic to the Urals, and from the Black Sea to the Pole, a united people, awakened from the sleep of centuries, will join hands and do obeisance, not to the state or church, but to the One God, who is Lord over all.

From this land, on whose frontier the dawn of civilization is just beginning to break, there is heard that prophetic voice pleading for honesty, for simplicity of life and for a broadened conception of man's relation to man. Tolstoi touches the heart strings of universal need, and were our own fair Columbia to heed his teaching, embodied so perfectly in his matchless life, she would do well. Why in our own land must the many toil for the enrichment of the few? Why must the laborer be preyed upon by his unscrupulous employer? Why must he in whose veins flows the blood of humble birth live in a hovel, while he whose sire robbed poverty of her needs dwells in palaces? Why must ill-gotten gains dictate a nation's laws? Why must stolen gold defeat the ends of justice? If charity be our watch-word, where in the wake of progress is she playing her part? Were the ethical principles of Tolstoi to be put in practice among us, our national perils would disappear as the mist before the rising sun.

To the unthinking and prejudiced mass of humanity, Tolstoi is little more than an object of vulgar inquiry. And if the canons of a selfish and refined society are to estimate a man's value to the world, then the name Tolstoi will not long endure. But if heroism, uncompromising love for truth, and sublime devotion to fatherland and humanity still have power to perpetuate the memory of a brave soul, whether African or Malay, whether Tenston or Slav, then when turmoil and unrest shall have given way to the calm and quiet of a representative government, Russia will hail Tolstoi as the voice crying in the wilderness, and unborn generations will honor this peasant-nobleman as the precursor of a new civilization. A soldier, a novelist, a reformer—these we, but more than these, Tolstoi is the most striking and fearless example of that movement which is applying the principles of Jesus to everyday life; and it may be that in that day when men shall know that love is the fulfillment of the law, men shall recognize in Tolstoi a prophet sent of God.

BENJ. JAY BUSH, '06.
Light and shadow were harmoniously blended in this picture of human happiness and woe.

The solos were pieces of art in themselves. Mrs. Grace Updegraff Bergen, soprano, was the favorite of the audience. She is the possessor of a rich, clear voice that can express every emotion and thought. Her finished technique and perfect enunciation made her singing a delight. Mr. John Duffy, tenor, sustained his reputation as a singer of unusual ability. His voice was stronger even than last year when he took part in the rendering of “Elijah,” and his technique more finished and artistic. Mr. Pease, baritone, from whom work of the very highest type was of course expected, managed to surprise the audience by seeming to attain the impossible. Mr. Pease is a great singer, and demonstrates each time he appears the grand possibilities of the human voice.

“Hiawatha” has taken its place beside the “Elijah” as one of the great musical achievements of the Choral Union.

MELEPHONE ENTERTAINMENT.

The Melephone Society gave their usual annual entertainment on Friday evening, June 15th. The all round excellence of this year’s program shows that the society is each year getting more ambitious in literary work. Doubtless their members wish to keep pace with the growth of the college.

John Wiegers made his maiden attempt in public at impersonation by reading the “One-Legged Goose.” He was not perfect in reproducing the darkly dialect, but the interest of the story and the general excellence of pose and voice and gesture hid this deficiency sufficiently to make it a success. H. V. E. Stegeman, the orator of the evening, spoke on “Nathan Hale, a Sacrifice for American Independence.” His composition and delivery were simple and straightforward. The conclusion of the oration was strong in artistic diction and poetic beauty. J. H. Kregel also tried his luck as an impersonator. In the long and difficult selection, “The Sign of the Cross,” he made quite a hit. The best thing about it was the nice distinctions that he made in individualizing the different characters. G. D. P. De
Jong read the budget, which was better and more spicy than budgets usually are. Some of the professors came in for their share of the editor's wit and sarcasm, and a number of the students were made to "see themselves as others see them."

Instead of the usual farce a stirring dramatic scene was acted out entitled "Gentlemen, the King!" It of course represented a plot to kill the king, and the latter by his wonderful self-abnegation wins back the loyalty of the conspirators. The music was furnished by the Apollo Orchestra.

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.

Dr. Samuel Zwemer delivered the baccalaureate address in Hope church for the class of '06. The words of Christ, "Man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesseth," formed his theme. The sermon was an earnest protest against money making for mere wealth's sake. All the speaker's richness of imagination and power of intellect were brought to bear on this theme, so pregnant with meaning for the young men and women of this materialistic age. Wealth is not to be despised; on the contrary, true consecrated wealth is one of the forces that can move the world. But it must always remain a means, and never become an end. The real assets of life are expressed by the words of Caesar, "Veni, vidi, vici," meaning action, vision and conquering. What you do for humanity and what you are as a power for good should speak so loud that men do not hear what you say. The young man or woman should "see visions and dream dreams"; they should look upward to the higher life, for thus only can great things be accomplished. But the power to conquer is the greatest asset in life. The price of leadership is to be despised and rejected; and the loneliness of leadership is akin to the loneliness of genius. But to be a leader is to be a power; and though it involves loneliness and disgrace, it is the final goal of all who have a sense of the real value of life. Each graduate should build his structure "with a dome more vast," and their "stately mansions" of thought should be reflected in the nobility of their lives.

"A" CLASS EXERCISES.

The "A" class this year gave one of the best programs ever rendered on a similar occasion. The make-up of the program showed considerable imagination and artistic insight. There were several new features, of which Mr. John De Vries' chalke talk was the most novel. G. De Jong, the class prophet, dressed as an Egyptian astrologer, made quite an impression. Henry Vruink, the class orator, delivered a strong eulogy on Kosuth. With more voice control, he will become an effective speaker. Doris Albers and Theo Thurber each admirably rendered a monologue, the former "The Ruggles' Dinner Party," the latter, "How Patty Learned Anglo-Saxon." Jennie Pikaart read an original poem on "The Martyrdom of Saint Eulalia," which theme she treated with poetic insight and studied diction. A play entitled "From Barrytown to C—— and What Came of It," was acted out by John Wichers as Mr. Smith, a farmer, Florence Taylor as Mr. Smith's wife, Lena De Haan as Miss Smith, and Nicholas Sichterman as John Jacob, Miss Smith's would-be lover. James Dykema gave a retrospect which he called "My Guitar and I in Reverie." It was an artistic mixture of impersonation, reverie, guitar music, singing and whistling. Miss Turnbull and Dean Bergen played a piano duet, "Der Ersten Liebe Goldne Zeit." B. De Vries played a violin solo, "Fantaisie de Concert" from Faust, and Anna Schuelke, a piano solo, "La Polka de la Reine," by Raff. Jennie Veneklussen sang "Voices of April."

DEDICATION OF CARNEGIE GYMNASIUM.

The interest of commencement evening was eclipsed this year by the event of the year, the dedication of Carnegie Gymnasium. Dr. MacKay, the man of the hour, charmed the audience with his strong poetic rhetoric and his "bonnie Scotch" accent. William Alden Smith, the embryonic senator, with his jolly seriousness and serious jollity, paid his tribute to the great man that surrounded him; Hon. G. J. Dickema,
the future governor of Michigan, the silver-tongued son of Holland, etc., made his wit tell on his distinguished friends to the huge delight of the audience, and even the princely young governor, Fred M. Warner, was present.

The impressiveness of the scene evades description. Lung-stretching cheers and yells were indulged in by the students; and the grave men on the stage looked wistfully at the younger element that had such a fine opportunity to give vent to their enthusiasm. "Carnegie," that had haunted the campus ever since it was composed last December, was sung with rousing effect by the literary societies. The different speakers vied with each other in eloquence. Dr. MacKay, of course, was the hero of the evening, and in addition to his own share of praise, he received Carnegie's too, to hand over to the great philanthropist when he shall meet him in Europe. His rousing words were an inspiration and a delight; but when he called Dr. Kollen the brainiest and most commonsense president he ever saw, the enthusiasm was beyond control. Dr. MacKay is a great man and a sincere man, and that he has become one of Hope's friends is full of the greatest encouragement for the future.

The Carnegie building has been fittingly dedicated as an auditorium. Next fall the boys will see to it that it is fittingly dedicated as a gymnasium. Although nothing has yet been decided on in regard to any ceremony on that occasion, the Anchor would suggest that some festivity be held in which athletic contests shall be features. The old men have had their fling; give the boys a chance too.

COMMENCEMENT.

The commencement exercises were of unusual impressiveness. The class that graduated numbered an even dozen, and from these six had been chosen as speakers. The orations showed great ability, and, in some cases, marked originality.

Richard d'Zeeuw was the first speaker. His subject, "The Modern Cyclone," kept the audience guessing almost until the end of the oration. But the inevitable criticism on modern
life came, as it is bound to come in most commencement orations. Mr. d'Zeeuw's style was simple, and his delivery effective.

Hannah Camelia Hoekje spoke on "Woman's Debt to Christianity." Her oration was full of optimism and courage. The history of woman's emancipation was traced, and the vexing questions of woman's sphere were met with an earnestness that carried along with it absolute conviction.

D. Dykstra's oration on "Sacrifice, the Price of Progress," was, in the editor's opinion, a masterful piece of work. The Anchor readers are given the chance to decide whether they agree with this opinion or not, as it appears in this issue. Mr. Dykstra's delivery rang true, and his voice was fraught with earnestness and power.

"Count Lyof N. Tolstoi," by Benj. Bush, also appears in this issue. It betrays a comprehensive grasp of subject and a healthy sympathy with modern ideals. Mr. Bush's delivery was artistic and finished. It was thoughtful rather than emotive.

A. J. Kolyn spoke on "The Progress of Peace." He held up peace to his audience as a world ideal. The world has always been striving after this ideal, though it was often nearly lost sight of. The future is full of hope for the attainment of this ideal.

Miss Nettie R. De Jong was the valedictorian. Her rather mystic subject, "The Quest," was treated with sympathy and appropriateness to the occasion. The words of farewell were full of emotion but also full of courage. The closing words did not lack "the meed of some melodious tears."

The following musical numbers were given in the course of the evening: "Hope College Processional" of Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster by the Senior and "A" classes; baritone solo, "Fear Not Ye, O Israel," by Clarence Pease; violin solos, "Romance" and "Obertass," by Miss Katherine Conlon; quartet "Good-bye, Sweet Day," by the Hope College quartet.

The degree of A. M. was conferred on the following members of the class of 1903: A. Barreman, L. Boeve, P. Grooter, Stuart, Vander Naalt, C. Van der Mel, T. Welmers, S. Zanstra.
The degree of D.D. was conferred on John G. Gebberd and Albertus Pieters. Donald Sage MacKay was given the degree of L. L. D.

Prizes were awarded as follows:

The Geo. Birkhoff, Jr., prize for the best essay on "The Arthurian Cycle in English" to Paul E. Hinkamp of the Junior class.

The Geo. Birkhoff, Jr., prize for the best essay in Dutch on "Vondel's Gijsbrecht von Anstel" to K. d'Zeewy of the Senior class.

The Mrs. Sam Sloan Foreign Mission Prize for the best essay on "Christian Missions Among the Jewish People in the 18th and 19th Centuries" to D. Dykstra of the Senior class.

The Henry Bosch prizes for the best examination in English grammar and orthography—first to Lea Zoe Partridge, second to Hessel Yntema.

ULFILAS CLUB.

The Ulfilas Club gave a better program this year than ever before in the history of the society. Numbers of special interest were the budget, by John Van Dyke, and a monologue by A. C. Dykema. The play was full of action, and the flowing bumper, filled "with the old familiar juice"—cold tea!—marked the scene as being truly Dutch in hospitality. The club is prospering, and enjoys the distinction of being the only literary society on the campus that has a professor as one of its members. Other numbers on the program were: Oration, B. Rottschaefer; monologue, Joseph Szo; essay, M. A. Stegeman. A quartet composed of B. De Young, Prof. A. Raap, A. C. Dykema and G. Van Peursem furnished the music.
'A' CLASS SONG.

As swiftly flying birds in twilight gray,
Across the evening sky their quick flight wing,
And for a moment on our view delay,
Or fleeting note in passage sing,
Thus one by one our "prep" days sped,
Each hast'ning onward to its rest,
And leaving e'er dark night o'er landscape spread,
A memory dear, or token blest.

CHORUS:
With recollections fond of days long dead,
The past, so bright,
Makes future light;
And when once more our onward path we tread,
The star of Hope will brightly shine ahead.

Black, as the midnight watches of the sea,
Gold, as the lingering rays of setting sun,
These are the emblems pure we bring to thee,
Our Alma Mater fairest one.

Dark was the maze we oft times found,
Clear was the light that shone before,
To lead us where Ambition's pathway wound—
For this, dear Hope, we thee adore.

JAMES DYKEMA, Prep. "A".

*The class colors were gold and black.

JOTTINGS

A TRAGEDY IN SIX ACTS.

Scene: From Van Vleck, making circuit of Holland.

Dramatis Personae:
Pete (frantic.)
Ike (dying, afterwards crestfallen.)
Hyma (eyes on fifty cents.)
Students (jeering.)

ACT I.
8:15.

Pete (racing madly down the stairs at Van Vleck, collarless, etc.): "Boys! My clothes! Where's a wheel?"

ACT II.
8:25.

Pete (white and ghastly jumps from wheel and falls fainting into the room. Abie runs for a pitcher of water, while Pete gasps out to Ike, who is anxiously bending over him): "Dykema, tailor not in—house dark—neighbor said prayer meeting—14th street church. Fifty cents—get him!"

ACT III.
8:30.

Ike (boldly setting forth. Four minutes later he comes scurrying back, looking cheap): "Man's up in front. I ain't goin' in."

ACT IV.
8:35.

Hyma (in 14th St. church prayer meeting, whispering): "Say, Pete, he wants his pants."

ACT V.
8:45

Pete (falling on Hyma's neck): "Noble boy! My deliverer! etc. — slush — !"
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to tell you WHERE TO GO, and

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The Anchor

ACT VI.
8:55.

Pete: "I'm beastly late, but—but—" (ingeniously) "I'm
here."

The last sad rites have been performed. Demosthenes is
having a warm time below, and on Thursday, June 14, at 11:30
he ascended in a pillar of smoke, when the Juniors said good-
bye to Greek forever, and wantonly made a bonfire of the great
author.

"Of all sad words of Tongue or Pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been'."
Do not repeat these lines. Send direct to me for anything
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will feel satisfied that you need not repeat them. I offer
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44 E. Eighth Street.

"The 'Not Yets' that have not achieved not-yetism."

Stegman at the Frat. Banquet: "This thing has been
thrust upon me." What? Who? Which? The banquet, the
girl, or the speech?

Talk about coincidence! Mrs. Kamferbeek and Ike Van
Westenberg came to poor, suffering, frightened Donia's res-
cue. Where was Ike?
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After listening to "Hiawatha" as rendered by the Choral Union, two "A's" thought it would be a stunt to depart

"In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind, Kewaydin—"

But alas! their selfish classmates
Called them back from Big Sea Water,
Called to them in accents frantic;
Sent to them the brave life savers,
Towed them in, these reckless wanderers,
From the land of the Hereafter.

Lovely state of affairs! Instead of rallying his class and going after the Sophomores in decent style, our brave (!) Senior yells loud enough to raise the dead, and then hides behind the skirts of Uncle Sam. Brave Boy! Well done!!

Anno Dyke: "We cannot refrain from giving a help to matrimony."

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THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

The last two weeks of school have been marked by many interesting events. Several of the classes and nearly all the literary societies engaged in "blowouts" of one form or another, to make the year's closing scene a time of cheer "when hearts are young and days are fair."

The first of these festive events was on the evening of June 4th. On that occasion the annual Junior-Senior banquet came off. The Seniors were the guests of the Juniors, and the class of '06 received as hearty a "send-off" as any class ever did. The banquet was held at the home of Paul Kleinheksel, one of the members of the Junior class; and Professor and Mrs. Kleinheksel provided an entertainment for the two classes and their friends that will long linger in the memories of those that participated in it. Though the president of the Junior class was prevented by unlooked for circumstances from giving his toast on "Our Host and Hostess," yet each individual expressed the thoughts of the unspoken toast in the hearty handshake of farewell. Of course, as usual on such occasions, the weatherman provided a rainy evening, but this did not seriously spoil the fun.

On the evening of June 8th the Cosmopolitan Society enjoyed a ride on the bay in the "Shelby." An evening of informal fun is always highly enjoyed by every true son of Cosmos. The bay resounded with the hearty cheers of members of the society. The refreshments were elaborate; and due justice was done to them by the boys and girls whose appetites had been sharpened by the influence of wind and wave. All who participated in the event agree that Cosmos is the society for some good old fashioned fun.

The Fraternal Society ended the year's work with a "glorious" banquet at Hotel Holland on the evening of June 8th. The banquet was not ended before the clock held up both its hands in apparent horror at the lateness of the hour. For lack of space a detailed description of the great event cannot be given, but the program that follows sufficiently describes the mood in which the banqueters found themselves at the end of the feast.

PROGRAM.

A. C. Dykema, '06, Toastmaster.
Introductory Remarks
"Opening of a Chestnut Burr."
Vocal Solo—"Roses in June"
James T. Venekassen, '07
"Here's where we play the hero's part."
Reminiscences
J. G. Pilgrim, '05
"Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned away."
F. S. in the Future
B. J. Bush, '06
"The veil that covers the face of the future is woven by the hand of mercy."
Frater's Song
Fraters & Co.
"A solemn sacrifice performed in state."
The Seniors
Paul E. Hinkamp, '07
"Rest is the sweet sauce of labor."
The "Not Yets"
N. A. Stichterman, P. '06
"The future is always a fairyland to the young."
Violin Solo—"Madrigale"
Bernard De Vries, '06
"Ain't that a shame."
F. S. in Bachelordom
M. A. Stegeman, '07
"A bachelor's life is a splendid breakfast; a tolerably flat dinner, and a most miserable supper."
F. S. in Matrimony
A. J. Kolyn, '06
"He that takes a wife takes care."
The Ladies
R. Visscher, '06
"Drink ye to her that each loves best."
Song—"Vive L'Amour"
Company
"Please go 'way and let me sleep."
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