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THE POTTER'S FIELD.

Contrasts mean much to most men. The Christian Church, that light of the world, was ushered in amidst deeds of gloom and crime. The echoes of the angel choir, which chorused "Peace on earth, good will toward men," had scarcely died away, when the world's greatest tragedy shocked men into horror, and earth into darkness, and left a memorial as gloomy as itself. In that tragedy, Christ opened the way to heaven; in that same tragedy Christ's disciple opened the way to oblivion—the oblivion of the Potter's Field.

Judas Iscariot, disciple-traitor, whose character should by association have been the noblest, whose environment should have exalted him, and whose opportunities were the grandest that man could possess, was the first to enter its dread bounds. And as round his name centers all the evil that human kind dreams most, so around that other name forever associated with the traitor-disciple's, gathers all the emptiness, the loneliness and the forgetfulness the human heart can know. The Potter's Field is the burial ground of unrealized destiny!

No ideal has ever found its resting place amid the unremembered graves of that lone bourne, "Ideals are world's masters. They order our life. They dictate the course of our career." Little did Savonarola realize when he entered Florence, an obscure priest, that he would become the forerunner of the great Protestant Reformation, but his was the spirit of Justice and the courage of conviction. Moved by these he inaugurated a relentless war upon despotism, immorality and
The Anchor

indifference to the unfortunate. By force of character he over
bowed the De Medici's, awakened the sleeping conscience of
millions, and infused into society a moral and religious en
thusiasm regenerating and uplifting its influence. In these
he lived today. Though church and state sought to destroy
his body, and though this world was to swing round its orbit
far endless ages, no Savonarola would find his final resting
place within the Potter's Field.

Side by side with the Savonarolas of our earth walk those
who are indifferent to life's responsibilities and opportunities.
Minds are their days and void of ambition their hearts.
Brain and intellect are theirs. Friends and wealth crowd their
pathway. But no lasting memories cheer their comrades, and
they leave no impression upon their times. They have no
work aims, no steadfast purposes, and they journey swiftly
toward the portals of the Potter's Field, the sepulchre of
every wasted life.

But the unmarked graves of oblivion's are hidden in their
more wasted lives. Ideals can never die, and the men they
inspire can never perish. Yet many a man whose aims
were high found unremembered place within the Potter's
Field. Only as one's aims are the Holy Star of his life, only
as they reach far beyond him, can they measure as ideals and
bring him eternal life. Well has the poet said, "Something I
may not win attracts me ever." It must be so. Aims once
reached have lost their power. "The heights by great men
reached and kept" can beckon upward never more. Thowlad-
son wept when he saw his statue equal his hopes. His heart
failed, for there was nothing beyond for him. Had his eye
viewed higher, had his gaze rested on the Creator's perfect
work, what challenge his skill would have met! How his
genius would have leaped to the call of the "more beyond!"

Who can imagine that the man of Iscaroet never dreamed
of lofty things? Did that fall field, whose price was the price
of blood, not bury some half-achieved task, some almost
realized desire? Yet no true ideal is buried there. Man's
true ideals are the originators of all life's accomplishments
the mothers of our greatness. Man's works are but the ex
ternalizing of his ideals. Statue and cathedral are his dreams
perfected. Somewhere within you shapeless mass of marble
is the image which the sculptor would bring to light. His

ideal directs the hand that strikes and chips and chisels. Stone
rises upon stone until your wonderful cathedral looms before
us as a master's mighty ideal. Chip thee after chip until there
be the day before us the artist's noble creation. Should the
architect or sculptor lose the inspiration that guides his eye
and hand, should the last blow he struck indifferently, the
perfection that is gone forever. But inspiration spurs them
on. No place for them among the uncompleted lives that
wander in the Potter's Field. There lie those whose strength
was spent before the goal was reached, whose courage failed
before the crown was won.

One reads no epitaphs within the Potter's Field. Those
tales were told for self, for deeds but partly done, or else for
naught. Self cannot be its own memorial. Deeds but partly
done are ruined soon.

Martyrs never lie within the field of forgetfulness, for
their friends rise up through countless ages to call them
blessed. Earth's mighty benefactors have blessed our own
times and have brightened the pathway to immortality for all
future generations. Their eulogies are written in characters
of fire across the ornament of history, and their monuments
endure forever. Within its pale the Potter's Field holds none
of these.

In that unshallowed plot where countless lives lie hid, no
reverence are paid to commemorate great deeds. Those buried
soils of the Potter's Field knew no ideals. Mastery, infinity
and perfection were unknown in the battle of their life. No
blessed resurrection morn awaits those hopeless dead, and for
them the recording angel's book will have no welcome plaudit.
For them no furthered plans to follow in the after years.
They laid themselves within the Potter's Field.

But greatness is the symbol of life and the dream of youth.
Youth's ideals are of mastery, infinity and perfection. Cher-
ishing the possibilities which the future extends, what youth
will tread that barren way, wilt by hope, unlisted by ambition,
exalted by God, which leads at last to the Potter's Field! For
him God meant ideals, originating, perfecting ideals. Of
him the poet sang:

"Pilgrim no question of the horizon dim!
Cut loose the bark! Such voyage itself is rest,
Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,
A widening heaven, a current without care.
Eternity, deliverance, promise, course—
Time-tired souls salute thee from the shore!

MAE L. BRUSE.

OUR SIGHTLESS EYES.

Blind—how awful is the doom which that word suggests to the mind of man! To live in eternal night; never to behold the dome of heaven above; never to see the tender twig or bursting bud; never to regard a single one of the infinite beauties which are visible to mortal sense. Our hearts glow with gratitude that we have been given sight but we forget the truth that many of us are suffering from a blinding more terrible than that of the physical eye, blindness of the spiritual life. We have eyes but we see not. Our vision is dulled and the soul forgets its nobleness. We do not behold the things most real. We are blind to the beauties, the powers, and the teachings of the three "greatest and most satisfying pictures on which the soul can gaze."—Nature, humanity, and God.

Nature is always near us. We can find no spot so secluded, no nook so hidden that we may not see something of her beauty and glory.

"But wandering oft, with brute, unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres."

We pause to admire the sea-shell's graceful curves and to wonder at the flower's variety of color. But there is a deeper beauty in the harmony which stirs the poet's soul. It is breathed from the unknown desert. It is wafted from the mighty forest. It rules over sun and sky, over land and ocean. It veils from our sight the countless, never-ending changes and we see only the magnificence of a great, unified whole.

Turn from Nature's passive beauties to the active manifestations of her power. The dashing torrent, the raging storm, the thundering earthquake speak of an overwhelming force which, if considered alone, strikes terror into the heart of man. Lacking none of the grandeur of these tumultuous scenes but greater by far in the sublimity of its power, is the gently heaving sea and the soft sigh of breezes. Here Nature hides her power to soothe and inspire. Here, too, she offers her lessons of perfect faith and trust. Her struggles, the tests of endurance of a strong, vital personality sure of winning in the end, only enhance the restful spirit of her quiet moments.

To her she calls those whose shoulders are burdened with life's cares. She bids them note how each buzzing insect, each blade of grass, and even each pebble by the way-side shows contentment in performing its own small part. To them she speaks of the beauty, the courage, the strength of tasks well-performed even when no one looks on.

In man we find God's most beautiful handiwork and artists vie with one another in copying this beauty in sculpture, painting, and literature. But most of us see naught but "one of ourselves" in each of our fellows. The toiler at his work is to the masses a laborer. To Markham he is "The Man With the Hoe"; for Millet he inspires "L'Angelus"; to Daniel French he is the sculpture whom Death's hand stays. To the artist a mother is a Madonna; to the poet a little maid tells the pathetically beautiful story, "We Are Seven." Like beauties we may find in the lives of those about us if we will but purg e our vision and see. And with them we will find the added beauty which the mind of man, reflecting the image of the divine Creator, radiates in its noble aspirations and indomitable courage.

Centuries ago the world was given as a heritage to man. Nature was rich in resources. Gradually discovering the hidden wealth, humanity revealed it and made it her own. The lightning's secrets were disclosed and its power was made to travel fixed paths. The rushing stream was captured and forced to serve the will of industry. But greater still are the conquests of the mind. As voiced by Helen Keller, "the mind, the unconquerable mind, compasses all truth, embraces the universe as it is, converts shadows to realities, and makes the tumultuous changes seem but moments in an eternal silence or short lines in the infinite theme of perfection, and the evil but a halt on the way to good." Herein lies the power and grandeur of man.

But not in all is this power developed. The lives of many cannot be called great, for they but clog the wheels of

*Ch. Wagner.
progress. Cast your eyes on history's pages. Reflect on the rise and fall in the lives of its characters and learn humanity's lesson. Note how the power of a high and lofty purpose awakens man's faculties, how it brings before his consciousness broader fields of expression and greater possibilities. If with this consciousness of a great and noble aim there is an invincible determination, and the promptness of action with which Alexander said he conquered the world, naught can rob the individual of his title to true greatness, for to see all this is to be great.

But neither in Nature nor in humanity do we find the highest of spiritual joys and delights. We look beyond them and we find in God perfect beauty and perfect power. In Him is a love which guides the planets in their course, yet notes the sparrow's fall; a holiness which, though overwhelming in its greatness, yet with irresistible force draws men to Him. The Hebrew psalmist sangs in rhapsody, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." The whole universe was to him a revelation of God's greatness. To the average man the rising sun is but a summons to his daily work; the thunder's crash, a scourge to be feared. We are senseless to God's revelations and miss the power and enlightenment which we may receive. In vain we seek for happiness. To the efforts of the philosopher of old we add our longing to find truth, but again our attempts are foiled until we go to learn of Him who is the Truth. In life's desert is many "a bush abashed with God" but only he who "turns aside to see" has intercourse with Him.

This is but a glimpse of the wonderful riches which may be ours. The treasure is boundless, infinite. Its power no one fully realizes but each who has laid even the slightest hold upon it gladly witnesses to its preciousness. It broadens our estimate of life. It deepens our sympathy with our fellowmen. Above all, it gives us a higher conception of the "Majesty of Heaven," the giver of all good gifts. We may want outlook and be blind to all these blessings, but in each lies the power to see. Our faculties may be atrophied. Resolution and action will re-awaken our powers and enable us "to enter in and possess the estate of the soul." We need not be counted among the number of those who "walk sad-thoughted and downcast through this radiant, soul-delighting earth, blind to its beauty, and deaf to its music." With our spirits buoyed with hope, with courage in every step, always pressing on towards the goal which has been set before us, we may run our race as we will but lift up our eyes unto the hills, to the glories, to the truth about us.

* Helen Keller.

NIAGARA STUDENT CONFERENCE.

From June 14 to 23 a students' conference was held on the shore of Lake Ontario in Canada, just across the border. Niagara on-the-Lake is an ideal place for just such meetings as were held and while the grounds were more or less isolated, the approach was very easy.

At this conference forty-eight universities and colleges were represented with a total representation of 350 men. These men came with a definite purpose and that purpose was to give a broader and deeper conception of the religious conditions not alone of their own state or country but of the world at large and they were fully rewarded. The conference was held on Canadian soil and thus a large delegation was present from our northern neighbor. The Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes floated side by side and many pleasant acquaintances were made with our Canadian brother.

But while all these conditions made our surroundings friendly and pleasant they were but the setting of the spirit which such men as John R. Mott, Robert Speer, Bishop McDowell and others brought to our meetings. To have heard these men speak of the miracles which the gospel of Christ has accomplished and what it still can do, is sufficient to arouse any dormant feeling which one may possess in regard to our spiritual duty.

The predominant keynote which every one of these men sounded may be summed up in Paul's note of exhortation, "Watch, quit ye like men—stand fast, in the faith—Be strong!

This was Robert Speer's text words for the last meeting of the conference and the power and earnestness with which he pleaded was remarkable. Surely no man could leave that meeting without a desperate resolve to be more useful to his needy brother and to be strengthened in his own life.
The afternoons of the conference were generally devoted to whatsoever sport one might indulge in. It might be mentioned here that Hope College made a good showing in baseball and in the 100-yard dashes and only lost the championships after a hard struggle.

I would make a plea for a larger delegation from Hope for next year. While this year the delegation was of a good size I would suggest that more students would go whether they are appointed or not. The new friendship and the good which we bring back are not to be despised and lasting is its influence upon one's life.

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O. J. VAN HOUTEN.
comic oration of Memno Van Singel was received with much applause.

The first fifty years of the society's existence were appropriately closed. Next fall the society enters upon a new era and the Anchor extends its best wishes.

THE BACCALAUREATE.

Those who could not be present at the baccalaureate service of our commencement missed a rare treat in the baccalaureate sermon delivered by the Rev. Wm. L. Chamberlain of New Brunswick. The large appreciative audience, which more than filled Hope Church, is evidence of the interest shown in the masterly oration of the evening.

The theme, chosen from John 21: 5, 'Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it,' was Christ the supreme, final and absolute authority, and leader of life. The great thing in life is leadership, authority. The only leader, who is absolute, true and reliable in every circumstance of life, is Jesus Christ, our king and example. And Christ is also the final authority over the relations of life. History and experience have proved this conclusively, and the ultimate recognition of this must come with the advancing ages.

In his address to the class, the orator urged that their lives be made such as to be in harmony with this authority of Christ. The choice of making their lives what they wished was before them. Many would be leaders. They would not only be as a ship on the sea of life, but also as a pilot on that ship. They had in their power to make the music, not only to be the instruments on which the music was made. But whatever their talent, whatever their aims, Christ's authority should be their guide and rule. Submission to this is the only safe step to take.

The address was a master piece, scholarly, polished, and strictly to the point. It did not fail to inspire the hearers with a conviction of the truth of his words, and the depths of his knowledge and experience of them. It was an address which we cannot soon forget.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

The graduating exercises of the "A" class always prove to be of great interest to the people of this vicinity. This certainly was the case this year, and we can vouch for it that none left the hall without feeling that he was amply repaid for being present. The huge barren walls of the Carnegie Auditorium were very artistically decorated with the class colors, green and yellow; and an enlarged model of the class pin was displayed in front of the rostrum.

Miss Caroline M. Moerlyke and Mr. A. C. Van Raalte played the "Tamahanser Grand March," to the time of which the members of the graduating class marched upon the platform. After the invocation a very pleasing program was rendered. H. V. E. Stegeman was the reader of the class. He chose as his recitation a selection from "Black Rock." Although the selection was long, he proved himself worthy of the honor. Miss Eva Fortune read the class history entitled "Bygones." In spite of her weak voice, many a giggle rippled over the audience. The class artist was represented by Mr. Henri DeKruiif. Clad in an amusing costume, he gave a very entertaining chalk talk. The oration was given by Mr. E. Robert Nyland. He chose for his subject "Count Casimir Pulaski." Although his delivery was somewhat unpolished at places, he possesses the possibility of some day being a great orator. His style is oratorical and his message was evident. He spoke to the people and his voice was fraught with conviction. The prophecy was given in the form of a dialogue between Messrs. J. D. Niessink and J. A. Verberg. It was very entertaining. The program was interspersed by music rendered by the Misses Mae Van Drezer and Irene Bruss and Mr. H. De Kruiif.

The last and the best of the program were the tableaux, given by some of the members of the class. They included scenes of both ancient and mediaeval times. The posing was indeed beyond all expectations. It was a clever ending to a program, which speaks very highly of the abilities of the class.
UIFILAS ENTERTAINMENT.

The Ulilias Club gave their annual entertainment Monday evening and a very fine program it was. The members of the club had made special efforts to make this program a "howling" success and they succeeded. The whole program was in the Holland language, but there are Dutchmen enough in Holland to make such a program appreciated, which was demonstrated by the large audience.

The prelude was played by the Misses Mae VanDrezer and Ida Larkin and several musical selections were given by a quartet. Philip Jonker, the president of the club, made a few opening remarks. William Walvoort read an essay on "What America Owes to the Netherlands." It was a thoughtful essay well worked up. Henry Mollema sang the praises of Queen Wilhelmina in an oration on that subject; Prof. A. Raap gave a recitation entitled "Edward II Before Calais," and M. A. Stegeman read the budget. Two plays were given, one a dialogue entitled "At the Photographer's" by C. Muller and A. Haverkamp, and another a play entitled "Honesty Is the Best Policy" by G. VanPierseut, B. DeYoung, W. Walvoort, E. Huibregtse and B. Wynveen.

THE ALUMNI BANQUET.

If the old proverb, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," is true, the Alumni banquet of June 18th was a grand success. For on that occasion a host of "good things to eat" disappeared with almost alarming rapidity. With the thermometer bravely endeavoring to follow the poet's exhortation, "Excelsior," the banquet committee hustling amid a multitude of fans and a deluge of perspiration, and more than two hundred guests simmering and "sawing wood"—all had, as Mr. Kuiper, our genial toastmaster, remarked, "A hot time in the old town tonight." There is nothing so satisfying as being busy, and certainly no one present was indisposed to "pitching in" that evening. The only wish we heard expressed was that the upper jaw could work too, or that the taste papillae extended some distance beyond the throat.

But the "good things to eat" were only an earnest of what was to come. For the toast which followed were of the racy, witty kind, well-calculated to prevent all possible indigestion. A formidable array of missionaries, one from nearly every field in which our church is working, made up the larger portion of the speakers.

Rev. J. J. Banninga of India "set the ball a-rolling" with a brief, but pleasing talk, conspicuously free from the "shop" element, which won for him the favor and good-will of all. He spoke on "Hope and the World," and handled his subject in so tasty a manner as to set us all on the quivive for puns and give us a keen appetite for further mirthful comments.

Nor were we disappointed. Dr. Oltmans of Japan gave us echoes from the field which sustained the interest and maintained the glee of his hearers in a very satisfactory manner. Following his toast was a postal from Dr. S. M. Zwemer, expressing regrets for his absence, and containing the same earnest ring which characterizes all he says or writes.

Dr. Dosker followed with a short inspiring address in which he struck the keynote of every guest's feeling when he closed with the remark, "God willing, I'll be at every Alumni banquet of Hope College, as long as I live."

Rev. Boots represented Hope's interests in China, and he gave voice to an effective plea as he told us of the needs and the conditions in the Celestial Empire.

Rev. Hekhuis of Overisel spoke on the home interests of Hope, and Mr. Philip Jonker, of the class of '07, closed the series of toasts with a few fitting remarks of appreciation and good will. After such a feast of things by word of mouth as well as by way of mouth, all arose and sang Auld Lang Syne, with a fervor and feeling which can be experienced but not expressed.

And so the banquet ended with a grander realization, if possible, than the happy anticipation with which it was begun. And the newly-fledged Alumni of '07, have voted, one and all, that the Alumni Association of Hope College is a "jolly good bunch," and that they are glad to be enrolled on its membership list.

It was the first time the new Voorhees Dormitory was used for a public purpose, and, as Dr. Kollen said, in his hearty welcome address, its first use could not have been a better one. Although the dedicatory exercises did not take place until after the banquet, the dormitory was in reality
dedicated, (or at least masticated) on that occasion. May its beautiful and spacious dining hall be the scene of many a happy Alumni banquet in the years to come!

DEDICATION OF ELIZABETH R. VOORHEES GIRLS' DORMITORY.

The most impressive event of Commencement week was the dedication of the Elizabeth R. Voorhees Girls' Dormitory. The Rev. Oscar M. Voorhees was present to convey the "greetings of the Hollander of the East to the Hollander of the West." He outlined with great power the struggle and the final, glorious success of the Hollander. Mr. Edmund U. Booth of the Grand Rapids Evening Press spoke on the theme, "Sacrifice the Working Principle of Every True and Successful Life." In a pleasing way he paid his tribute to the benefactors of the college and held them up as examples of success for "only in sacrifice for others does life have its fruition and becomes worth while. The man who lives for self dies, but he who lives for others truly lives." The Rev. A. Vennema, D. D., with an abundance of wit and humor spoke of his student days and compared Hope College of the past with Hope of the present. He ended with a look into the future and a powerful plea for the institution.

It was indeed a memorable event in the history of our Alma Mater. It was of particular interest to the young co-eds, and the speakers did not forget to compliment them on their new home. The program, pleasing and entertaining as it proved to be, was, however, rendered still more agreeable by the beautiful songs sung by a chorus of Hope's maidens.

COMMENCEMENT.

On Wednesday evening, June 19, the class of 1907 "crossed the bar" of the so-called real life and instead of reverend Seniors, they are now still more reverent B. A.'s. With their sheep skins at the picture store for framing, they now feel that they are well enough armed for the battle of life.

The exercises were of the usual impressiveness. The class was nineteen strong, of whom only two were young ladies. But although those seventeen young men had thus far scanty opportunity to get exercised in chivalric deportment toward the members of their own class, doubtless some had received "outside impressions," for on the stage all bore themselves with due ceremony and propriety.

There were six orations on the program besides the valedictory. The first speaker, Joseph Richard Sizoo, spoke on the "Cost of Leadership." His argument was that leadership is gained only at the cost of loneliness and sacrifice. It was a pleasing oration and Mr. Sizoo's delivery was characterized by zest and enthusiasm.

Miss Alice Louise Brusse delivered a most beautiful oration on "The Potter's Field." The potter's field is the burial ground of ambitions neglected and ideals lost. This oration was a rare piece of art, and it was delivered in the speaker's most inimitable way.

Paul Kleinheksel's oration on "Democracy on Trial" was full of hope and optimism, for the continuance of our government and civil institutions.

In "The Victim of the Sheltered Life" Mr. Benjamin De Young deplored the lot of the rich man's son who never knows the exhilarating joy of honest toil.

Miss Kathleen Martha De Jong spoke on "Our Sightless Eyes." It was a beautiful and thoughtful oration and was well delivered. She said that we often forget to see the beauty of nature, to feel sympathy for humanity and reverence for God.

Mr. M. A. Stegeman's subject was "The Kingship of Labor." He said that all can attain to this kingship. Its characteristics are power, influence and beneficence. For the worker all is not drudgery. He often sees the true dignity of toil and feels himself a king.

Paul E. Hinkamp, the valedictorian, spoke on "Feeling After God." Trustful faith in God is the only answer to the eternal why that mankind has asked through all ages.

The following musical numbers were given: Violin solo, "Romance" of d'Ambrosio by Miss Katherine Conlon; violin solo, (1) "Reverie" of Hubay (2) "Conzonetta" of d'Ambrosio, also by Miss Conlon; vocal solo, "A Dream of Paradise" of Gray by James T. Veneklasen; vocal solo, "Villanelle"
of Eva Dell Acqua by Miss Katheryn Pessink. The last
named had to respond to an encore.

The following prizes were awarded:

George Birkhoff, Jr., English prize of $25 for the best
ey essay on “John Keats,” awarded to Adolph D. Schaefer of the
Junior class.

George Birkhoff, Jr., Dutch prize of $25 for the best essay
on “Het Huiz Larnernesse,” awarded to George Hankamp of the
Senior class.

Mrs. Samuel Sloan, Foreign Mission prize of $25 for the
best essay on “Present Relations Between the Government
of the United States and the Empire of China from the Stand-
point of Christian Missions,” awarded to John Wichers of the
Freshman class.

The Henry Bosch English prizes: First of $15 awarded
to Jennie Wofford of the “C” class; second of $10 to Agnes S.
Visscher of the “C” class.

BUBO’S NOOK.

Bubo left for London, England, June 20, where he intends
to spend the next three months at a summer school. He has
long felt his need of a better hold on the English language,
knowing well that many of his patrons cannot read the Latin
quotations given from time to time. A telegram from a Scotch
port, at which he stopped, says that Bubo feels at home among the people of that locality, at least he thinks
they are very cordial, as one of the citizens, seeing him, called
out, “Hoot mon.”

Such copy as he left we cheerfully submit. Bubo says:

Vale qui aliquid dicent.
Vale Bloemendal.
Vale Sammy Mast.
Vale Seniores.
Vale puellae et pueri.
Vale II. C. Boarding Club.
Vale II. C. Co-op. Ass’n.
Vale et iterum vale in aeternum. The Son of God goes
forth to war et “Carnegie” curr puellae et pueri admitteretur
gradum Baccalaurei.

To the Public: Our office has been flooded with possible
clues as to the two ambitious chemists who were responsible
for the hydrogen sulphide gas at the Commencement exer-
cises. We print a few:

“Profs. Yntema and Godfrey.”
“The Juniors.”
“Some naughty students! I think, but I can’t say who.”
“The Seniors.”
“Some of the five per cent.”
“Bloemendal and Yonker.”

Committee of Latin Students: Your request that Bubo
“kindly submit” a list of Latin words for summer study seems
almost preposterous for several reasons. Firstly: Bubo is
trying hard to forget the Latin language and become more
proficient in the lingua barbarorum as he needs it in his
business. Therefore the visit to Oxford and his aversion to a
review, which the compilation of the list would necessitate.
Secondly: Space in our columns. (No ambiguity nor
ocular equivocation here.) Thirdly: (Respectfully sub-
mited. You would not study them anyway. However we
print a few which in consideration of our firstly, secondly and
thirdly we trust you will appreciate: Pecunia, conflare
pecuniam, conflare magnam pecuniam, dormire.

Well, good bye!
Did you say “Thanks?”
One kiss, Bessee.
Minstrel show! Don’t smile. Think.
Are your marks at home?
Oh, those maids in the tableaux!
Well, good bye.

“The sun will shine, the fish will bite.”—(Double Track
News.) Let's hope that the D. T. N. is right, at least in the first assurance.

My, but the campus is quiet!

The rye is still coming up nicely.

Have you a little fairy in your home? If so, send in her \name and address with that of her claim and catalogs will be mailed immediately.

Well, good bye.

What were you doing one month ago today? Feel a little bit lonesome? Yes? No?

Wish there be a difference in each i. n. p. g. h. when it comes back in the fall. Yet they say that there is nothing new under the sun.

There wasn't such an immense crowd out to see the Alumni-College game, but those who missed the game missed it. "Nuff" said. You might call it far-fetched if you heard that a missionary from India jollied with a "prof." from Iowa, who in turn bantered a Michigan hardware man. That's the way it went, though.

Well, good bye.

Well—!

Well—!—like pulling teeth to get away, isn't it?

Well, I must go!

Well.

Well, here goes.

Say?

Yes!

Well, good bye.

SONGS CHARACTERS.

Mignon's song: "Knowest thou the land where the lemon tree blows?"—Down and Out Club.

"When the Harvest Days Are Over, Jessie Dear."—The Home Returning "Ones."

"The Girl, the Time, the Place."—J. W. B., Jr.

"Our Jack's Come Home Today."—J. B. N.

"Ain Wiedersehn."—'07.

"There's One Wide River to Cross."—'08.

"When I Am Big Like Papa."—'09.

"If I But Knew."—'10.

"Wearin' o' the Green."—'11.
A Good Time

We all had it at the last Commencement. Now for the summer vacation. This is a GOOD TIME to save a bit for that Volume of Poetry, or that Dictionary, or that Fountain Pen you like to get next fall. Our store will furnish you with these at most reasonable prices.

We desire to thank Students and Alumni and friends for their loyal support during the past school year and hope to merit a continuance of their patronage.

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