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The Anchor

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LIFE'S SUNSET CLOUDED.
John Wichers, 10.

I come to speak for our passing sires. I come to plead for those who are nearing the evening of life and are already looking into the vast beyond with all its mystery. Old hills, old seas, old stars, old haunts awaken admiration because of their grandeur. Old age, grander still, is pleading in vain to an unresponsive youth, in voices often silent, more often misinterpreted. In considering the resultant picture, that of the fathers forgotten by the sons, we must, with unbiased minds, view young manhood and old age in their true condition. Notice here young manhood fighting against dreadful adversities. Can the sons in their present condition honor the fathers? Notice here old age at the close of life's conflict. Can all the fathers, because of their virgins and dignity, command our respect? With these pictures before us, of the forgotten fathers and the disrespectful sons, out of the love that burns within us we bring to our sorrowing sires our tribute of honor, to young manhood a plea.

However much men may have deserved bitter reproof, no one rejoices to be corrected when he is doing right. Harsh and dreadful to bear at all times is the scourge of chastisement. In the height of enjoyment, youth trembles to hear the unsavory words of correction. Conscience seems a hard master, and conviction speaks with an unwelcome voice. Old age accuses youth of forgetting her, and blindness, makes us answer that the words of old age speak false. But truth will not err, and conviction again votes assent. Little reverence for those beyond three
score years and ten. Little sympathy with the tottering step, the hoary locks, and the tear-dimmed eye. Truly, we confess, the sons have forgotten the fathers.

But are there no reasons for this prevalent disrespect for old age? Why does not young manhood foster a love for their fathers? Are the children in a condition that enables them to render respect? Certainly their audible cries of discontent must have some meaning. Their voices are pleading day and night. Why should this be? What has childhood suffered that robs it forever of respect for old age? And, again, why does not old age command more respect? Are the aged in our midst men dignified by their mental achievements and spiritual worth, men who in their time have lived lives of unselfish, magnanimous love and good-will, men whose characters are built upon heroic self-sacrifice? If all were well, there would be mutual love.

Commercialism, with its baneful influences upon the lives of the children, is the great cause of the disrespect for old age. Early in our lives this dreadful evil begins to gnaw at our vitals. The child is hardly feeling the first impulses of love in his soul, when commercialism comes to teach him that life consists not in dreams, but in realities. The nursery rhyme is barely upon his lips, when all too soon the beaming smile is followed by a bitter tear, as his little mind is taxed with a problem. His soul, filled with the song of the bird, scarcely pushes forth his own childlike strains, when his happy contentment is taken away forever. Romance, heaven-born gift, meant to feed him all through life, perishes while the child is still in his cradle, and there is left in his soul an aching void, while his subsequent hunger of soul must be fed with such food as cold commercialism may give him. He craves for romance, but his pleadings are unheard. He has asked for bread, and is given a stone. Commercialism's baneful influences soon have their evil effects upon his life. Only a little while and the love with which he must love old age is no more.

As the child grows older he must deal with an education that is thoroughly commercial. Naturally obedient to the poet speaking within him, with a tender appreciation that he lives not for self but in a happy brotherhood with his fellow-creatures, he would intimate in song that he loves his fellows.

but cold, commercialism enters as the robber of his life to crush the music, and to make him believe that he must live for self, and that the world owes him a living. It takes from him all that is beautiful so that the joyful tongue of music speaks no more, and poetry—the soul of all religion—wither in his life as a flower that never comes from the bud. The spirit of "getting on" kills all his noble aspirations, and his life is summed up in a mere Ego. He knows not brother; he knows not father; he knows not even God. Can the child honor the father whom he has never known? What have they in common? What child still sings in glee the ballad of his fathers? He would sometimes feign stop to listen to nature's woosings, but the world is too busy for a song. The poet bids him eat the native passions of his heart, but science and commercialism tell him truth is all, feeling is nothing. Nature has no sacred haunt for him; imagination is no longer a sweet retreat; Heaven's benediction is turned to a curse. Heaven has given him as a child with rich blessings. He has remained a child indeed. A broken life, a low ideal, a weak imagination, a soul craving for food—these are his endowment. When commercialism works such havoc, when it takes romance from the child's life, when it teaches him to live for self, and makes him blind to all that is sacred in old age, by natural result the child becomes unable to show respect for old age. Commercialism, with its baneful influences upon youth, is the great cause of the prevalent disrespect for old age.

But there is another reason why the sons are forgetting the fathers. It is sad to see that commercialism has such a baneful influence upon our promising youth. Far sadder yet it is to see that many a man, old in years, and near the end of life, is neither through his ability or character an object for youth's esteem. Concerning this second cause of disrespect for old age, we must speak carefully and with no little sympathy. We find this cause in the conspicuous absence in old age itself of those elements that naturally foster the love of age. Though our childhood is becoming indeed a plundered childhood, still young manhood cannot fail to honor an old age characterized by mental power. No hoary head has ever yet failed to win respect if it were deserving of honor because of its wisdom. But far too often literary acumen and knowl-
edge are not our sires' possessions. So, too, spiritually. Even after the soul has seen its sorrow, and the joys of life have been overburdened with care, still old age frequently is not mellow with the dignity of spiritual worth. And, to speak it with kindly respect, not every father's old age is crowned with unselfishness and whole-souled humanitarian love, based upon heroic moral sacrifice and achievement. If all these elements were present in old age, young manhood could not fail to bring its respect. Will old age deliberately cease to be the model of our youth? Will old age herself become the cause of our not loving her? Foes without and within her own ranks are plundering her of well merited honor. Commercialism is robbing youth of the ability to reverence the sacred dignity of old age, and secondly, many of our aged sires do not possess those characteristics which naturally awaken respect. These are the two great reasons why the sons are forgetting the fathers.

But the picture is not wholly dark. There is light in the background. Truly! Old Age, we love thee still! The vices of a debauched world have not taken all the virtue and purity from our lives, and the flame of love and honor that God kindles in every bosom has not yet died to a smouldering ember. Often sympathetic tears gush to our eyes, and our voices swell to your rich blessings. Noble and true, yet we hear to your fathers. You will not pass from us unrewarded. From the fulness of our hearts we are compelled to speak, but what you hear from our lips is but a taste of the soul's holier passions. Youth's and childhood's poetry of soul is not yet wholly lost.

We are urged to honor old age because it is our own most sacred hope. Only yesterday as children we stood upon the dawning of our lives, and gazing in open-mouthed wonderment upon those who had grown old, looking up to the sunset of their lives, understanding not the change. The tottering step, the silver locks, and the tear-dimmed eye made us sad indeed, and old age became to us a haunting specter. But the spirit of our honor came with a gradual growth; and now in unbiased vision we see in the evening of life rather a goal to press forward than a barrier to shun. Honored sires, your cheerfulness has made it so. Tell me, does your calm repose say that there is so little sorrow beyond three score years and ten, or is old age so much more enviable than youth? We feel our ship already tossed about on the billows of care, while your frail bark is drifting slowly in the harbor, close to her mooring, with all the danger behind her. Your period of life must have pleasures of which we never dream. Your new conditions have brought with them new enjoyments. Ah! those golden days! we shall soon tread upon them as on hallowed ground!

Ever trying to do justice to the valor of the fathers, with our eyes and imagination scanning the history of your deeds, we plead from our young manhood a lasting trophy to your memory. As long as virtue and truth rule within us; as long as love of country swells our bosoms, your names and character will be cherished with honor in our lives. Your shouts of victory have been loud, but our songs of praise will be even so loud, and sung in unbroken harmony. And while life is given us, in endless train America's youth will bear homage to every sire who has been virtuous, whose life is a noble model for young manhood, and whose character has shown in every act.

The old age of which we speak, characterized by mental power, dignified by spiritual meekness, and crowned with unselfish and heroic achievement, has left us a heritage surpassing rich, meriting our lasting praise. Through its faultless service we have inherited a matchless country—a land of freedom whose name shall not perish from the earth. It is through the efforts of you the fathers that we possess a system of morals permeating our lives, and of religious institutions by which our country and we ourselves are guided to follow after chastity, and are saved from evil. From you we have learned civic purity and honesty that no corruption has been able to destroy. I speak to you whose hands have remained untried with bribery. You who have loved your country as yourselves. You who as soldiers or statesmen or common citizens have steered for the beacon-lights that once guided your fathers—beacon-lights upon the promontories of time, the pure-souled religious belief of the Pilgrims, the civic justice that lived in the hearts of our American fathers long before the Revolution, and the mutual love and helpfulness that has lighted this world from its earliest history. These elements you have well preserved. You have been
men indeed. This to you is our tribute—a request that you teach us, the young men, to follow in your pathway. We add thereto a promise—out of love for your memory, the present generation will with all moral and physical valor guard this country's welfare. In your personal life you have given us examples worthy of being followed. There you have heard the cry of the widowed and the fatherless, and for justice sake you have pleaded for justice at the bar. In your national life you have fought your Civil War not for the sake of battle, but to weld North and South in a united brotherhood. You statesmen have pictured the possibilities of a world at peace, and with a Hague tribunal as your camping ground you have won a priceless victory. Both in public and private life, honored or unlauded, perhaps even unnoticed, you have won glorious victories. Yours is a mighty triumph song; ours the quiet voice of appreciation. To you we bring a tribute born of the soul, nourished by the fire of patriotism and religion, glowing in the bosom of every young man who dares to call himself American. We call that tribute love. And we are enabled to bring this tribute because you, the parents, have kept us morally pure in early youth. You have brought us up in religious homes. You have taught us to consider with reverence the great commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord, thy God, giveth thee." For this we thank you.

Therefore, young men, because the fathers have first loved us, let us repay them with honor. Now is our opportunity to pay our respect. The morning of our lives is passing; the noon-day is not far distant. Sit not and weep over the dead past. Be ye men. Men pure-souled and virtuous, who know not but to honor old age's hoary heads. Minutemen in a noble fight, driving forever backward and away to defeat and ruin him that dares to raise one finger in contempt. Men of whom old age will say, "Ye have been worthy sons." More love in your bosoms. More vigor in your characters. More life in your souls. Live, then, in the bloom of youth to the honor of old age. Live, then, in the nobility of love to merit for yourselves in the near future a glorious recompense.

Thus is our love not dead. Aged sires, you have come to the evening of life. You are quietly drifting in your frail barks nearer, nearer to the mooring, and the end of the voyage. Nearer to the rest of the saints, and the promised land. Nearer home. Let there be comfort in your souls. Be assured that in you is fulfilled the sacred promise, "At evening time it shall be light." Think not of the sunset and night before you, but think rather of the morrow's dawn. Neither think that you are passing without our sympathy. It is true commercialism threatens to make our souls too barren and our eyes too blind to see anything sacred in old age, but our virtue still triumphs, and our love still bids us speak with unreserved respectfulness. As yet once more you doubt whether young manhood loves you, receive upon your heads our choicest blessing and Heaven's benediction.

Iser riots of Pindar Peak
By Henry K. Pasma, '10
Continued from June Anchor

In a bend of the road the young store-keeper overtook Lucy Bendon, her white bonnet carelessly slung over her back, while on one arm she carried a basket, filled with refreshments, for Hannah Linney. As he stopped his auto, the youth hailed her gayly:

"Going this way, Lucy? Let me give you a ride. You see, I am a millionaire today!"

"And Mr. Brown's auto!" exclaimed the young girl, vivaciously; "and where did you shake off my devoted slave? Preferred to walk back, you say? Well, a little exercise will do him good. Are you going through the woods?" the girl asked in one breath.

"No, Lucy, I am going to drive over the mountain. The other day I made an agreement with Mr. Brown, to run his auto round the curve on Pindar-Peak," retorted Gray, with hesitancy.

"Horrible! impossible!" cried Miss Lucy, growing very pale. Then very emphatically:

"But I tell you, Fortimer, you shall not do it!" And her voice sank, as she added in a whisper:

"Go by way of the woods, Fortimer; do, for your kind mother's sake."
excitement laid her small, white hand on his. The youth took it between his broad palms and said calmly:

“No, girl, I cannot go any other way. You know not what I lose, should I go by way of the woods.”

“But you'll get killed, going by way of the mountain road,” she said earnestly.

“My loss would be still greater if I did not,” rejoined he, with a slightly trembling voice.

For the moment Lucy Bendon was at a loss. She did not fully comprehend Fortimer’s mysterious words. This was entirely different from his usual, bantering way of speaking. She tried to think, but, unable to collect her thoughts, she asked in an embarrassed manner:

“But what could you lose dearer than your life, Fortimer?”

“You,” answered Gray with conviction. “Listen, Lucy,” he began, while firm he held the small hand that struggled hard to free itself, “I made an agreement with Jeruel Brown to bring his auto round the curve of Pindar Peak. If I fail to do it, either for lack of courage, or for some other reason, I must quit Shadleec and never see you again. If I succeed, Brown leaves.”

“It is cruel! It is fiendish!” cried the maiden vehemently.

“But you must not go, Fortimer, for even if you should not live up to the stipulations of the agreement—”

Stopping abruptly, she bit her lips and blushed scarlet.

“What if I should not go?” insisted Fortimer. Their eyes met, and hers quailed under his searching glance.

“O, I cannot—I do not know,” Lucy Bendon stammered confusedly.

An awkward pause issued. Then, shaking off all bashfulness, the young girl spoke determinedly:

“But if you must go, I'll go with you.”

“Only as far as Three Pines,” corrected Gray.

“By way of Pindar-Peak,” coolly insisted Lucy. Fortimer Gray felt unable to cope with this feminine stubbornness. His most eloquent pleadings were of no avail. Consequently, with a deep sigh, and wishing with all his heart that there were neither mountains, nor land agents, nor automobiles, he started the machine, and, with the brave girl by his side, began the ascent.

As he went through the meadows very leisurely, Jeruel Brown caught sight of the auto just as it began to climb the mountain.

“Good-by, old machine,” he murmured, “this is your last trip, but I'll charge the cost most cheerfully to old Bendon. The brake will be just slack enough; and, if the boulder is in its place, this will prove Fortimer Gray's last trip also. In regard to him, we'll be very generous. A handsome cross erected over his broken bones will look stylish enough,” he chuckled. “But hold on, what is this?” he exclaimed in surprise, while he rubbed his eyes, and looked keenly at the slowly moving auto. Unable to distinguish clearly, he took a pair of field glasses from his pocket and focussed them on the machine. Only for a few seconds he looked. Then the glasses dropped from his trembling hands.

“Great God!” he cried in horror, “it is Lucy Bendon that is with him. Now everything is lost. The very woman, for whose possession I planned and toiled, lost by my own stupidity. Fool that I was, to give that rascal the machine today. Didn't I hear the girl say she was going to Hannah Linney’s?”

He clasped his head between his hands and stood as one dazed. Then, tearing off his coat and shoes, he set his face toward the mountain and began to run wildly on, jumping fences, leaping over streams and brooklets, bursting through brush and briar, ignoring the thorns that cut his skin and tore his clothing to mere shreds. Now he reached the narrow strip of wood-land that bordered on Pindar-Peak. Like a spectre he glided beneath the stately trees, his footfall deadening upon the thick carpet of pine-needles. Suddenly he plunged headlong into a small clearing. His foot sank into a decayed stump, and, with a dull thud, he pitched violently on his face, directly in front of Hannah Linney's humble hut.

There on the porch, upon an old mattress, her hands folded upon her sunken bosom, and the lividness of death settling on her face, lay the poor, lonely woman. The noise of Brown’s fall awakened her from her stupor. She opened her eyes slowly, but, upon beholding the prostrate land agent, a violent shock ran through her frame. With a ring of joy in her weak voice, she cried:

“Jeruel!”
The sound of the last trumpet could have had no more
terrible effect upon Jernel Brown than this dying woman's
voice. Stretched prone upon the ground, he lifted his head
to see the lovely woman reaching out her constricted arms.
He felt the earth sink from under him. The crime of ten
year ago came upon him with a terrible vengeance. His
scared conscience spoke once more. His terror knew no
bounds. He sprang to his feet, and, bounding away toward
the mountain he kept looking over his shoulder until the
thickets concealed him from the reproachful eyes of the woman
he had wronged.

Wiping the perspiration from his face, Brown looked
around. The storm, that had been threatening all afternoon,
now seemed ready to burst forth. The sky worked wildly,
but below not the least zephyr stirred the heavy atmosphere.
Looking upward, the sight of the mountain brought back to
the land agent's mind the purpose of his coming. A vision of
old Bendon's imagined riches crowded out all terrors of
conscience. With a curse he silenced the troublesome voice
within. Hastily he commenced to scramble upward.
Gradually, however, the ascent grew more difficult. Ledge
plied upon ledge almost perpendicularly. The short shrubs
that had aided him in the first part of his upward journey
now disappeared entirely. Sometimes he would gain a few
feet, to slip back a greater distance. Finally he sat down and
wring his hands in despair. Then, rising again he yelled
savagely:

"I must get to the summit, it must be done!" With a
will, born from sheer desperation, he flung his body against
the hard granite wall. His blood-shot eyes almost bulged
from their sockets, while with his fingers he scratched the
naked rock as with the claws of a wild cat. The sharp dint
cut his bare feet, but he only gnashed his teeth. Every
muscle of his body was tense, every fibre thrilled. At least he gained
the summit. Just then, low down at the horizon, Jernel
Brown saw a vivid flash of lightning, which was followed
immediately by a loud peal of thunder. Though still an hour
from sunset, a deep gloom already settled over mountain and
valley. The land agent could hardly distinguish the huge
boulder in the middle of the road. With Titan strength he
dragged the stone toward the edge. But just, as he purpose
to roll it into the yawning abyss, the regular puffings of an
auto fell upon his ear. Quickly he looked round for a hiding
place, but the solitary summit afforded none; the abyss
remained the only retreat. Crouching on hands and feet, he
tried to descend, but neither his hand nor foot found a sup-
port. So, clasping his arms around the stone, he carefully
lowered his body until only head and shoulders remained
visible, then, through the increasing gloom, the land agent
dimplly caught sight of the auto, slowly coming down the slope
in it, next to the driver, a figure in white leaned far forward,
 anxiously scanning the road before her. A fierce flash of
lightning lit up all around, and encircled the white figure in a
bluish gleam. To Jernel Brown it seemed as if a guardian
angel occupied the seat with Fortimer Gray. Now the auto
began to move downward faster and faster. Young Gray
applied the brake, but Brown's trick worked well, for the
mechanism checked but feebly the speed of the car. To
reverse was too extremely dangerous to try on this narrow,
slipping track. Hanging on the boulder, Brown beheld the
fruitless efforts of his rival. Then, for the first time the
danger of his own situation dawned upon him. Was the road
wide enough to let the auto pass by the stone? If not—a
cold shiver ran up the land agent's back. The boulder was
so dangerously near the edge of the rock. But there was no
time for further thought. Down swooped the machine, Gray,
for all its speed, handling it in a masterful way. Now it
rounded the curve, the front wheels shot past the stone, but
the rear-axle just grazed the rough boulder. And now a
hoarse cry, like that of a wild beast in peril of death re
the ominous stillness. Fortimer Gray's eyes never swerved
from the dangerous road before him, his grip on the steering-
gear never relaxed. Only, by the flash of lightning, for one
indivisible moment, Lucy Bendon saw Jernel Brown's white
face, distorted by the fury of hell and the anguish of death,
rise above the edge of the rock, and then disappear together
with the huge boulder in the deep abyss.

Half an hour later the machine stopped in front of
Hannah Limney's cottage. Fortimer Gray jumped out, fol-
lowed by Lucy Bendon, both running to the rear of the
house to search for the unlucky Brown. Presently they re-
turned, the youth hearing in his arms the apparently lifeless
form of a man battered and mangled almost beyond recognition. He bled the not rotante man near the dying woman. But as he stooped down, Jeruel Brown's hand firmly clutched the charm on Fortimer Gray's watch-chain. Under the strong pressure of the dying man's fingers the lock, which the young merchant had never been able to open, now opened with a twang. It disclosed a beautiful, girlish face, and on the inside the inscription, "Hannah to J. R."

At the same time the eyes of the poor woman fell upon the charm. She looked then gasped feebly:

"Where did you find it?"

"Back of old Deacon Sharp's safe in his private office," answered the young man, astonished.

Slowly Hannah Linney's eyes turned upon the dying land agent. Fortimer Gray says, he will never forget that look of mingled terror and reproach with which the woman regarded Jeruel Brown. The wretched sinner made a mighty effort to speak but only the rattle of death was in his throat.

Then a singular thing happened. The woman grasped Brown's hand, and, as the cold stare of reproach melted into a look of infinite tenderness, she whispered:

"Jeruel, you greatly wronged me, but I forgive you, for you once said, you loved me."

The storm had passed over and the setting sun broke through the rifted clouds, transforming the forest path into a beautiful, stately arched isle, leading far away into ineffable glory. Hannah Linney's pale face shone as if alive with the beauty and lustre of the girl face in the locket. And thus poor Hannah and Jeruel Brown together passed on to the highest tribunal; she, to receive justice for the wrong done to her by the land agent; he, to be condemned to follow in the footsteps of that other Iscariot.

Silently Fortimer Gray led Lucy Bendon to the auto. But the girl had not yet recovered from the effects of that terrible experience in the car. Turning away from it, she said quietly:

"Let us rather walk home, Fortimer."

Overhead twinkled millions of stars; only, far away on the horizon, occasionally shone an angry flash of lightning, as if to heighten the effect of the mighty peace and quiet of Nature, the still small voice, that speaks to human heart more eloquently than the strong wind or earth-quake.

Thus it seemed with the two young people as they walked silently side by side. Only, at parting, young Fortimer spoke:

"Lucy, today Jeruel Brown lost his wager. Have I won?"

And the maiden simply answered:

"Yes, Fortimer, you have."

MYSTERY AN INCENTIVE TO PROGRESS.

William Warmood, '08.

My subject is not as obscure as it sounds. Indeed, we are all aware that in human life mystery is very common. In these days, however, owing to the steady progress of science, we are apt to regard mystery as rapidly vanishing. We are inclined to flatter ourselves that soon the development of the universe will be reduced to a system of "infinitesimal increments," and that then we shall understand it all. But, though our field of knowledge is constantly being extended, yet our power to comprehend is strangely limited. On every hand problems suggest themselves which baﬄe the keenest thinker. Ask the biologist. Whence did life arise? and he can only refer you to an infinite, incomprehensible Being, or to an inscrutable force. Ask him, What is life? and he will tell you it is indefinable. Or consider the mystery of the future. What have the coming years in store for us? We do not know. Even tomorrow is a sealed book. And what of eternity? The pastor, standing by the open grave, repeats the formula, "Dust thou art, to dust shalt thou return." But this dictum refers only to the body. Whither goes the spirit that has left that stark, lifeless frame? Revelation speaks of the soul's future state only in figurative terms. Science and philosophy can offer only vague theories on immortality. And we are forced to say, "We do not know the soul's future abode." It departs into the great Unknown. We turn to the Past and ask, Whence did I come? and the Past, like a solemn Sphinx, only stares and is dumb. We turn to the Future, and ask, Whither am I going? but that mystic guardian of our destiny is silent as the tomb.

There is perhaps not one of us who has not been troubled because of mystery. It is one of the dark things of life. Its
uses are not always apparent. Man does not even like to admit that there is so much that he cannot comprehend. "Most men," says Bishop Sherlock, "take least notice of what is plain, as if that was of no use, but puzzle their thoughts with those vast depths and abysses which no human understanding can fathom." Man's curiosity is unbounded. How anxious he is to pry into his destiny! The soothsayer and the oracle have always had their devotees. To the fact of mystery we also attribute part of our misery. "I could be much happier," says the troubled soul, "if there were not so much uncertainty, so much mystery in life." Man desires free access to the tree of knowledge, feeling confident that it would be well for him even to be equal in knowledge to his omniscient Creator.

But let us ask ourselves, "Are we justified in claiming that mystery is of use?" Careful thought may change our opinion. I shall present a few facts to show that mystery is one of man's chief incentives to effort and progress. In the first place it is an incentive to scientific investigation. We are told that it will take half a dozen years to dig the Panama canal, and we say, "It is a stupendous undertaking." But, in the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates, bands of archaeologists have been digging century after century to uncover the ruins of ancient cities. Why all this effort? All to discover the secrets, the mysteries of past ages. Again suppose men from the beginning had known all the mysteries of the stars. Suppose the Creator had supplied us with a timetable of the heavenly bodies and a diagram of their courses. We should then have no place for observatories, and men like Copernicus and Kepler would have missed their opportunity. Or, if the Architect of the Universe had submitted to us a copy of his plan of construction, there would now be no interest in theories of creation, and names like Darwin and Spencer could never have acquired their fame. To what purpose is the wonderful present activity of scientists? Some of them, to be sure, labor for knowledge directly practical, as, for instance, to find the cure of a disease. But the majority of them work merely to discover truth. Mystery serves as a constant challenge to their efforts. Gradually it yields fact after fact to the eager investigator, but straightway offers him new questions and new problems as a bait to further research.

And, is not the search for truth one of the noblest activities of men? Sir William Hamilton declared that, were he offered the choice between truth and the pursuit of truth, he would without hesitation choose the pursuit of truth. Truth freely revealed is valuable; but that same truth, acquired through painstaking investigation, is more valuable. The knowledge of truth merely enlightens and gives us a creed; the pursuit of truth, besides enlightening us, stimulates to worthy activity. Free communication of truth satisfies curiosity; the pursuit of truth builds character.

Not only to scientific investigation does mystery serve as an incentive, but also to effort directly practical. An ill-matched ball-game, we know, draws little attention. It arouses neither interest nor hard play. The outcome is too evident. Contrast with this the hotly-contested game. Note the rapt attention of the "fans" and the fearful energy of the players. Why is it? Because of the uncertainty of the result. Take away that, and the game loses half its zest. So the games of life, in order to call forth all our energy, must have an element of uncertainty.

Furthermore, mystery encourages effort by concealing future evil or calamity. Tomorrow may bring unexpected misfortune; but coming misfortune cannot disturb or dishearten us, because it is hidden. But, you answer, mystery also conceals future success. True enough, but man naturally fills the unknown future with bright visions of hope. Imagine, for example, a father and mother gathered around the cradle of an infant child. Their faces beam with pride and joy. That little one is the object of all their ambition, and they are enthusiastic about the bright prospects of their child. But, were its future career revealed to them, their happiness might be turned to sorrow and despondency. Perhaps that babe, when grown to maturity, will be a rascal, bringing disgrace upon his parents. Or it may be that after a few months that fair blossom will be nipped by the cruel frost of death. Were the parents aware that such a future was in store for their little one, how bitter would be the thought of that dreadful day to come. How vain would seem all their work and care! But the kind veil of mystery hides
the awaiting evil. We paint the blank canvass of the future years with scenes of peace and success and joy, and we plan and strive as if the fulfillment of our visions were assured.

In still another way is mystery an incentive. It gives opportunity for faith. Mystery is a stumbling-block to reason; to faith, however, it is daily bread. And which is greater, knowledge or faith? Who leads the great movements of the world, or who makes the hero—the man who reasons, or the man who trusts? Which is the greater stimulus to action—an encyclopedia, or the epistles of Paul? Knowledge is a guide rather than an impelling force. Knowledge is indifferent and cold. Faith inspires. "Faith is the victory." Faith transcends the bounds of sense and intellect, lays hold upon "things hoped for, though unseen," and girds on the doubt- ing, wavering mortal with the conviction and the steadfastness of the martyr.

As we look upon life, we see things that seem altogether evil. Soon we conclude that the conditions of our environment could easily be improved upon. Yet conditions which we regard as evil are often sources of great good. So with mystery. It is something we are constantly striving to clear away; nevertheless it is a blessing. If there were nothing hid from our understanding, would not life lose all its originality? Would it not lack the charm of the unknown and the profound? "I would fain know," says Bishop Hall, "all that I need, and all that I may.—God's secrets I leave to himself.—It is happy for me that God makes me of his court and not of his council." And in the Book of Proverbs we read, "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing; but the honor of kings is to search out a matter." The Creator through his silence, as well as through his revelation, through what he has concealed no less than through what he has communicated, both glorified himself and gave to man one of his chief incitements to progress.

"I know not what awaits me,
God kindly veils my eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes to rise;
And every joy he sends me, comes
A sweet and glad surprise.

"So on I go not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight."

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**THE CHORAL UNION RECITAL.**

The Choral Union gave its annual concert in Carnegie Hall on Monday, June 1. The concert was of a very high order and was considered a great treat by all who heard it. The first part of the program consisted of two cantatas sung by the Choral Union. The patriotic ballad, "Barbara Frietchie," was sung first and was highly appreciated. Its solo parts were carried by Mrs. Fenton from Grand Rapids. The "Hymn to Dionysus" was next sung. This is a very classical piece and made an excellent contrast to the more popular "Barbara Frietchie." The second part of the program consisted of solos and duets by Mr. and Mrs. Fenton. The entertainment they gave was surpassed by none of the musical numbers; the Lecture Course furnished us during the year. All are very willing to concede that the concert was a grand success. Only one thing we regret, and that is that it was not better supported by the people. This is perhaps very largely due to the fact that last year when another director was in charge, the people were disappointed with the program. We feel certain, however, that, since the Choral Union
is again in the hands of Professor Nykerk, the annual concerts will maintain the high standard which this one reached under his leadership.

PROFESSOR ZUEBLIN LECTURE.

Those who heard Professor Zueblin of Chicago lecture in Carnegie Hall on "Representative Government vs. Democracy" were well repaid. By courtesy of the Lecture Course management we were given this lecture as an extra number. Mr. Zueblin is a speaker, who, by his forceful manner of "putting things" makes one listen intently. He criticises freely and severely, but it is not all destructive criticism. He does not stand in awe of the constitution as a thing almost divine, and says that, "Complete constitutional revision is a future fact." He told us that the electoral college was not representative; that senators were not properly elected. He says our government is not true to Lincoln's definition of "government by the people" if we confess that the negro and the working classes are "people." Professor Zueblin is an advocate of "adult suffrage," and he adds that the women to whom we entrust the religious, moral, and intellectual training of the youth of the land are also fit persons with whom to entrust the power of the ballot. He would have voting machines so made as to necessitate the use of brains in their operation, which would solve the problem of the illiterate vote. Professor Zueblin pointed out strongly that it was a false doctrine that the best government is the government which governs least. Poverty, disease, civic ugliness, immorality, etc., are the fault of the state, and it is the duty of the state to cure the evils. He told us it was the duty of all to be interested in the problems of our neighbor, for "the death of our brothers and sisters in the sweat shops may affect us fatally." Democracy he defined as "co-operation for the common weal." We who are apt to be encrusted in our ultra-conservatism may with profit listen to the note sounded by such a man as Professor Zueblin.

DR. MAC LAREN SUCCEEDS DR. MAST.

At the June meeting of the Hope College council Dr.

Dr. MacLaren's researches and publications have won him memberships in the Sigma XI Brotherhood of Science, the Physicians Club, the American Medical Association and the Academy of Science.

COMMENCEMENT

MELIPHONE ENTERTAINMENT.

The week of commencement festivities was very properly inaugurated by the Meliphone Society in their public exercises on the evening of June 12. Carnegie Hall was filled to its capacity, and the monster audience was amply rewarded for their presence. The Meliphone Society is composed of preparatory students, yet the program which was presented might be a credit to higher classmen.

The president of the society opened the exercises in a few select words, and assured the audience, that the best the society could give, would be presented to them. A clever recitation was rendered by Weersing in a pleasing way, and which proved to be an introduction to the oration which
who impared himself as his master, which resulted in many comical situations. Martin Verburg as the baron, and John Vruwink as the servant, aided by Jacob Althuis, the Mayor, formed the social elect circle, while Alex Van Bronkhorst and George Dame, who contended for the hand of an invisible maiden, furnished the amusement. Each acquitted himself creditably.

The evening’s entertainment proved to be a success because the Melphonians entered heartily in their work, and struck the popular strain of entertainment. We welcome their annual program because we feel assured of their ability to render it acceptably.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

On Sunday evening, June 14, Dr. Isaac Gown of Weehawken, N. J., preached the Baccalaureate sermon to the Seniors. Dr. Gown’s thought was clear and earnest. He has a pure style and powerful voice. His delivery is straightforward and convincing. His text was Numbers 13:30, “And Caleb stilled the people before Moses, and said, Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it.”

Preliminary to the sermon, the Scripture lesson was read by Dr. Kolpen, and Elder A. A. Raven offered prayer. The choir then sang, “Holy Art Thou” by Handel.

Dr. Gown began by showing that our day is a day of combination, and that in this combination individual character is dwarfed. He pointed out clearly that America’s greatest need is for men of initiative, men who dare to stand alone, men who have qualifications fitting them for leadership. The power of the minority is often disregarded, while it is often the power which God honors. We are living in the grandest age the world has ever known. Every college graduate has marvelous opportunities. All can be conquerors. There are still giants in the land who struggle for the mastery. Giant problems are lying before the rising leaders of today, awaiting solution. There are industrial and social problems which are perplexing men’s minds. These can only be solved in the school of brotherhood where Christ is the teacher. Then there are the tremendous questions of intemperance, and the mighty religious conflicts. All these must be solved.

Only men of faith, of vision, of ideals can ever hope to master them. To have an ideal, said Dr. Gown, is to have a reason for living. And the only power that can make us realize our ideals is faith; faith that realizes the purposes of God, that rests upon the promises of God, that is assured of God’s presence, and feels God’s power.

In closing Dr. Gown addressed the class directly, reminding them of their debt to humanity, and of their peculiar responsibility as college graduates, urging them to be conquerors, and, like Caleb of old, to enter courageously into the conflicts of life.

“A” CLASS EXERCISES.

The “A” class exercises are each year awaited with a great deal of anticipation. This year was no exception, and we were not disappointed, but highly pleased with the program given. The make-up of the program was excellent in that it was more entertaining than usual. The class marched to their seats accompanied on the piano by Anna Ross and Mrs. De Pree. Miss Lokker gave a very pleasing rendering of the reading, “The Cow and the Bishop.” Fred Weersing
chose a very interesting character for the subject of his class oration. "Toursaint L' Ouverture was his theme. The audience was delighted with the quaint philosophy of "Mrs. Wiggins," told in an entertaining manner by Miss Irene Staple-kamp. "The Legend of Mee-hin" was the subject of the class poem by Anthony Lundens. The poem showed careful work, and a high degree of literary merit. The class prophecy, which never fails to please, was given by Hessel Yntema. Miss Remis admirably played a violin solo, "Serenade Badeine," and Arthur Freunseveldt pleased the audience with a piano solo, "Polka de la Reine." The "A" class male quartet sang two selections which were well received. The pantomimed reading of "Hiawatha" was indeed worth all the labor it cost to produce it. Skillfully arranged evergreen trees and an Indian wigwam gave a realistic representation of an Indian home in the forest. The "squaws" and "braves" were dressed as becomes true Indians, and each played their part well. Grace Van Zoeren, Margaret Walsh, Vera Kleinheksel, Bata Remis and Irene Staple-kamp each did excellent work in their part of the reading of the poem. The pantomimed reading made it possible for the entire class to have some share in the success of their class day exercises.

ULFILAS.

On Monday evening every Hollander in Holland, so it seemed, came out to hear the exercises of the Ulilas Club. Through the untiring efforts of Professor Raap this organization is in a very flourishing condition. The quality of the entertainment given is indicative of the kind of work done during the year.

The opening number of the program was a piano solo by Miss Anna Scholte. Rev. H. Veldman then led in prayer. In his address of welcome Mr. Haverkamp, the president of the Ulilas, spoke of the object of the evening's entertainment, and the further ambitions and hopes of the society. He was followed by Abel Renkes, who recited a pathetic piece entitled "Het Jurbije." A pleasing vocal solo was then given by Miss Estelle Kollen. A dialogue entitled, "Op de Pijnbank," followed, The dramatic personae, Walvoord, Renskers and Haverkamp, played their parts well. The oration of the evening was delivered by Henry K. Pasma. His theme was, "In de voet-staplen van den Leider." He paid a glowing tribute to Dr. A. C. Van Raalte and the sturdy band of pioneers of 47. The oration, written in a pleasing and scholarly style, was well delivered. The ever dreaded mengelwerk was read by Jean A. Vis. The climax of the program was reached in the last number, a dialogue, entitled, "Geldgieterheid Gestraft." Those who took part in the dialogue were Jacob Heemstra, B. M. Flikkema, Raymond Moens, Arie Te Poste and Henry Schut. The part of the miser, played by Mr. Heemstra, occasioned much laughter. Although the play lasted some thirty-five minutes, the interest on the part of the audience never lagged.

The varied nature of the program showed that the Dutch language is not limited in the uses to which it can be put. It is a pity that its beauty and value is so little recognized in our American colleges.

THE RAVEN CONTEST IN ORATORY.

Hope College is yearly giving its students more opportunity to engage in prize oratorical contests. This year Mr. A. A. Raven of Brooklyn, N. Y., made one more contest possible by offering the sum of fifty dollars to be used as prizes. The only condition entailed was that the general theme of the orations should be "Respect for old age and authority." Five strong orations were delivered to an appreciative audience in Winant's Chapel on the afternoon of June 16.

Mr. John H. Warnshuis, '10, won the first prize of $30 with his oration on the subject, "The Principle of National Endurance." Mr. Warnshuis spoke convincingly in an indictment of the spirit of our age. The judges were unanimous in their choice of him as winner, and the Anchor extends its hearty congratulations.

Mr. John Wichers, '10, whose oration was entitled, "Life's Sunset Clouded," tied with Mr. George Roost for second place with its prize of $20. The subject of Mr. Roost's oration was, "In the Spirit of Our Fathers." When the prizes were given the men on commencement evening, Mr. Raven awarded each $20, instead of dividing the prize between them.

The other contestants were Nelson Dalsenburg, '10, and
John Wolterink, '09, Mr. Dalenburg's theme was "Disrespect for Old Age," and that of Mr. Wolterink was "Patriotic Service."

The success of this year's contest, which was somewhat of an experiment since it was the first of its kind, promises great things in future contests. Mr. Raven has announced that the theme for next year is to be, "The Ideal Citizen."

The Anchor expresses the sincere gratitude of the students to Mr. Raven, who has made it possible for this contest to be held each year.

ALUMNI BANQUET.

Tuesday evening, at six o'clock, the banquet board was spread for the sons and daughters of Hope, who no longer daily walk the campus, but who when possible return once a year for a grand old family reunion. The graduates of the preparatory department were invited this year, and there was a company of 300 who enjoyed the good things provided.

The banquet was held in our spacious gymnasium which has proved useful on so many different occasions.

Most every section of the United States, as well as China and Japan, were represented by the graduates who responded to toasts. The number attending the Alumni banquet is increasing each year, and the association hopes to make Alumni day such a feature that every graduate will do his utmost to come back to Old Hope, at least for that one day in commencement week.

COMMENCEMENT EVENING.

Last of all came the Commencement exercises on Wednesday evening. The exercises of the staid, sturdy and studious Seniors are always impressive, and this year, with ideal weather, the capacity of Carnegie Hall was taxed to its utmost. The Seniors in cap and gown, with the faculty and council were seated on the stage.

After the invocation, and a piano solo by Miss Ebba Clark, "Rondo Capricioso" of Mendelssohn, the oratory began. The speakers, and their subjects were, Adolf D. Schaefer, "In the Spirit of the Game"; Anthony Haverkamp, "Science and Heroism"; Arthur J. Misner, "Education and Morals"; Wil-
Commencement time was the occasion of a happy reunion for scores of alumni. The banquet held in Carnegie Hall was largely attended and proved a grand success.

With the graduation of the class of 1908, the Alumni added 14 to their number. Several of these new Alumni will teach in the fall and a few will take up theology.

Rev. Sidney Zandstra, '03, was married in June to Miss Minnie Nies of Paterson, N. J. Mr. Zandstra and his bride spent their honeymoon in Holland and vicinity.

Rev. D. Scholten, '03, has under consideration a call to be classical missionary for the classis of Pella, Iowa.

Mr. J. C. Hockie, '06, has been re-appointed superintendent of schools in Sioux Center, Iowa, with a raise of $75 in salary.

Rev. Martin C. Ruisaard was recently married to Miss Ellen Winter of this city. Mr. Ruisaard has taken up his work at Grandville, Mich.

Rev. F. M. Wiersma, '09, has under consideration a call to the Reformed church at Pella, Neb.

The council of Hope College at the last Commencement conferred the degree of D. D. upon Rev. Matthew Kolyn, '07, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dr. A. Ottmans, '83, was elected Vice President of the General Synod of the Reformed Church in America.

Mr. James J. De Kraker, '08, has left for the Netherlands to study sociological conditions in that country. Mr. De Kraker was a member of the Sociology class which was so successfully conducted by Professor Dimment.

To the forests and fields of Wisconsin, to the beautiful banks of the Hudson, to the boundless wastes of the Dakotas, to the sun-kissed prairies of Illinois, they have gone. That’s about the way Diekema would put it. Yes, they are gone. They are no longer here. They have departed. Some are now working. Others are engaged in some occupation. Some labor. Others are employed. Still others till, and the rest keep busy.

It seems as though some of the boys are getting poetic. We had a letter from Van Strien in which he quoted those immortal words of James Russell Lowell:

"I 'spose you wonder where I be.
I can't tell for the soul o' me
Exactly ware I be myself—
Meanin' by that the hall of me."

"Sickie" was last seen climbing onto a P. M. train. He shouted as he climbed (to the crowd standing about), "Goodbye, proud world; I’m going home."

Hoppers tells us of "An Incident in a Railroad Car." He and Heemstra were on a very slow train which went so slow that while it was crossing the Illinois river they threw out their books and lines, and caught twenty-nine fish before the train had crossed the bridge.


Bessy (to Joe)—"Whither midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths dost thou pursue;
This solitary way?"

Joe—"To Drenthe, to work in the pickle factory."

John Plasman has departed to a place where the roses never fade.

Milton J. Hoffman, the husky lad from Overisel, is helping on the farm sowing that which he will never reap, and reaping that which he has never sown.
Jim Dykema, our literary genius, premeditates writing a book on nature entitled, "Why the Autumn Winds Blow in the Fall."

Jean Vis will remain in America this summer.

Verne Ogger is canvasing Northern Michigan with stereoscopes. We wish him all success.

The "A" class quartette contemplates leaving next week for the Fiji Islands to take music lessons from the heathen of that region.

"Jim" De Kraeker and "Tony" Ver Huist will go to the Netherlands with a magic lantern to enlighten the Dutch concerning "Holland, Michigan, en omstreken." All their pictures and views are very interesting except one—the picture of the Hope College faculty.

The Anchor staff, before school closed, enjoyed a trip from Holland out into the big lake and return. They were the honored guests of the local Board of Trade. The boat on which the excursion was made was the "Mary." We certainly had a merry time.

Heines is in a quandary. Certain of his classmates vouch for the following, and he don't know what to make of it:

Prof. Dimment when calling the roll said, when he came to Heines' name, and no response was forthcoming, "Is Heines in Graafschap or merely dead?"

It was surely a sight to see the general and promptaneous bequeathing of caps and other stray articles, which occurred when the dormitory was vacated.

We have heard all sorts of reasons for not staying to Commencement, but Vander Laan's is perhaps the most unique. He said, "I must go home or the dead will all dry up." You see it is Vander Laan's pleasant duty to keep the grass green in the cemetery at Muskegon.

Grace Van Zoeren and Dave Van Strien maintain, that a certain picnic at Saugatuck was positively the swell-est affair of the season—afterwards. The decorations of poison sumach are said to have been especially becoming.

Q. Can you give me a few pointers on raising beef cattle?
A. You are in the wrong pew, our friend. This is not the publication known as "The Michigan Farmer." The best we can do is to reason from effect to cause, and deduce something for you by way of advice, from the beef of our own acquaintances. We should advise you to feed calves upon lactated fluid until such time as it seems best to give them some solid food, then allow them to eat grass for a season. The animals must not be kept on this diet too long, however, especially if the grass is tender and succulent. Feed them corn and pulverized cuminum which makes the flesh firm and solid. Do not make the rather common mistake of killing them too young. Beef improves with age. Fourteen or fifteen years we think would be a good age. This method is the best known to us.

Schroeder in his trip to "Peyland" has brought to light the following gem "The Aeneid in Modern American."

Liber Primus.

"Then Aeneas and faithful Achates are moved with a notion
To climb a small mountain and scan the expanse of the ocean—
(For easier than scanning this verse, as appearances strike us.)
If happy their eyes may behold their lost comrades—Caesus.
Or Lyces, or some other cuss, or the Phrygian galleys:
No galleys they see, but a herd of deer browsing the valleys.
Seven tall ones they chase, and soon having fatally hurt 'em.
They bear to their comrades, who institute straight a post mortem.

Some rip off the hides and dissect, some gather dry fuel,
Some place broken caldrons on shore, and mix in the gruel,
And soon with fat venison, and Sicily wine, they grow stronger;
Hope and courage return, and they vote to survive a while longer."
June is variously termed, "The Month of Roses," "The Month of Brides," etc., but to students it is primarily, "The Month of Good Times."

The worthy "A" class, who since have assumed the dignity of graduates, made merry on the evening of June 8 at the invitation of their classmate, Miss Mary C. Lokker. Several automobiles were provided for a spin to Macatawa, after which refreshments were served at the home of Miss Lokker.

Again, on the evening of June 10, the "A" class were entertained, this time at the home of Miss Mae De Prie in Zeeland. All enjoyed themselves at a marshmallow roast.

Not to be outdone by the Freshmen class to be, the class of ’11, journeyed to Tennessee Reach on June 6. A very pleasant "good-time" was the result.

On Saturday, June 6, the Meliphonians enjoyed their annual "hust." So eager were they to begin that they awoke with the chickens, and began the day at 5 a.m. They left Holland on the 5:25 train for West Olive. From West Olive they drove to Port Sheldon, and there spent the day enjoying themselves as only Meliphonians can. What ex-Meliphonian does not remember the care-free, full-hearted, unrestrained pleasure at this yearly "hust"? But this year it is reported to have been the "best ever."

On Monday evening, June 9, the class of ’09 were the hosts of the Seniors. The party was entirely informal, and on the mutual footing of friends all spent a pleasant evening together at the home of Victor Blokkink. Original "stunts" were a feature of the evening. The "stunts" varied all the way from impromptu scenes from Shakespeare and Buster Brown, to human impersonations of a talking machine which, when the handle of the washing wringer was turned, gave forth its varied renditions of popular songs in the well known voice of friend Tennis. It must be said for the Juniors that they conducted themselves well, in the presence of the august upper class men, and proved themselves worthy to assume the role of "Dignified Senior" when college opens again in the fall.

The Seniors, and their lady and gentleman friends, made Castle Park their rendezvous on the afternoon and evening of June 10. The chilly breezes could not cool their desire to have one more "blow-out" before they became honored Alumni, and from reports their wishes were fulfilled.

The Cosmopolitans with their lady friends gathered on the little steamer "Mary" on Saturday, the 13th, for a trip down the lake. They had a truly merry time.

The Sorosis girls also braved the unlucky 13th, and unwilling to be outdone by their brother societies, took advantage of the opportunity this year affords them, and became hosts of the boys at Castle Park. The boys showed their appreciation by thoroughly enjoying themselves. One of them lost his hat—he had such a good time that he forgot to look for it until he reached home. The girls showed their "brothers" a few points in entertaining, and the only wish of the latter is, that leap year would come oftener.

The Fraternal Society on Friday, June 5, in a fitting manner celebrated the 74th anniversary of the society's organization. A banquet which was a credit to the society's long record of the past, was held in Van Raalte Hall. It was indeed a "glorious" banquet, and it was long past time for little children to be in bed when the festivities ended with the singing of the rousing "Frater's Song." Space forbids a detailed description of all that happened, but the following program is sufficient to suggest the mood in which the banqueters found themselves at the end of the feast. We also print Frater Pasma's poem, "Love, Honor and Truth," which is the motto of the Fraternal Society.
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