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The Campus in Vacation

As stands a lordly house forlorn, when all its life has passed to other places,

Lies old Hope’s campus, lonesome, dreary, now.

Where skipped the chat’ring Co-ed hop the chat’ring blackbirds,

Where strolled the black-gowned Seniors stalks the College Cow.

Beneath the classic elms, where co-eds strewed upon the grass their gaudy pillows,

Is strewed the junior’s first crop of hay.

Beneath the Chapel caves, where swelled the sacred anthems,

Profanely quarrelling sparrows gossip all the day.

But in the silent evening, when the summer dusk is falling,

The breeze sighs lonely thru the oak and pine.

And to the voices of the wood-dove’s calling

My heart goes out to this dear place no longer mine.
A LESSON FROM MYTHOLOGY.

WISH to draw a lesson from one of the myths of Plato. In his "Phaedrus" he pictures a procession of the gods and of the souls of men on their way to a banquet. The gods in their chariots rise easily upon the vault of Heaven, are borne along in its revolution, and pass in review before the scenes of absolute Truth and Knowledge. Of this panorama no poet has ever worthily sung. Upon the completion of the revolution the steeds are fed upon the ambrosia and nectar of the immortals. Such is the life of the gods. The souls of men fare otherwise. Their chariots are drawn by steeds, the one good and the other bad; and they are constantly drawn down toward earth. Hence the soul is exposed to the extremity of toil and effort. It never attains a full vision of the truth, and upon its return must feed upon the food of fancy. But it endures the incessant pain because by careful guidance of the steeds it is able to reach the region of the True. There will it feed upon the meadow. In this last thought lies my theme. The soul of man runs into the realm of the Truth and feeds upon its verdant plains.

The myth is only a beautiful story. But we fling away the imagery, and retain its message. The figure is of value to us only in that it suggests a thought and aids us in wrestling with a fact. The soul lives in the truth and by growth seeks to attain its grandeur.

In this search for the truth man first learns the inferiority of knowledge to love and feeling. By the method of science and reason he studies the facts of world realities. But man never really knows; at best he can only trust and believe. In the laboratory of the scientist men accept the hypothesis that God, or, as they say, an energizing principle, exists, to give validity to the things which they handle. Next, observation and classification are employed. But facts and bits of evidence reveal a purpose. They speak of a destiny. But we cannot understand those under-currents of divine wisdom. We have not seen the truth except in glimpses. This partial knowledge of perception "brings sorrow."

When the world of realities does not satisfy, we love to run into the world of ideals, and there spend with our imagination, as it were, a vacation holiday. The star in the East and the Unknown Planet draw us away into imagination's Paradise. Man does not grovel; no mere critic of the creature and the created is he. He aspires to the stars; he lives in the realm of mind and becomes a creator. Though we find it impossible to understand the old, we have no difficulty in creating the new. There in imagination's realm we live our best moments. There man's intellect climbs highest. There we build our stately cathedrals in the lines of an architecture that is not of material things. There every man is a poet. There every man copes successfully with the world's artists. There every man founds a kingdom, and feels that he individually is humanity's best. But can all truth be found through imagination? There is a barrier between man and God where our feet may not cross. Man reasons of things beyond the veil. He looks upon the curtain and sees only the shadows of the realities beyond. What he has seen is only a type of the truth.

But what the unaided imagination cannot penetrate becomes an open book to the soul through revelation. The inspired soul knows no boundaries. It leaps the confines of the imagination, forgets the curtained shadows, disowns the type, and sees the truth. A man after all is measured by his soul. Personality is the truest of realities. The soul and it establish an identity. The soul is the original without copy, whose master-designer is very God. To it alone is the truth revealed. Guided by a native principle, it tends to understand the mysteries among which it was born. To do so is to seek and attain the truth.

This is merely a rhetorical statement of the soul's devel-
opment by means of perfection, imagination, and revelation. The process seems simple. But the constant discipline of the soul makes it complex. The learning of love, the acquaintance of the power of self-sacrifice, involves a long and painful discipline.

The fact of discipline is the fact of soul-growth. But growth necessarily involves struggle and disappointment. By virtue of an inherent discontent we are not satisfied with knowing the facts of the present, but try to understand the probability of the future. But the secret of tomorrow requires the revelation of an additional day. For human mind to know the mystery of either past or future would be the fact of God giving away his secret of life. Man would be the fainter to know God's secret, while he holds the thread of life, for he would be a patient witness of the overwhelming reality of the divine, standing transfigured in rapture, absolutely losing the will to sway his fellows. Why is there affliction? Why is there no succor from sorrow? This is the answer: "When pain ends, gain ends, too."

But the fact of disappointment alone would mean stagnation and death; while the very essence of the soul is life. Man has also been given a creative power through which the things that are not leap into being. The essential characteristic of man is the power of moral development.

"Man knows partly but conceives beside, Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact, And in this striving, his converting air Into a solid he may grasp and use. Finds progress, man's distinctive mark alone, Not God's, and not the beasts': God is, they are, Man partly is and wholly hopes to be."

But why is soul-growth such an incessant conflict? Does man remain in the battle forever for mere love of the strife? I believe not. He would rather hear the din of the conflict from the distance. We fight because we must and because we do not know how to make the most of the situation. We try to draw an analogy from world battles and political revolutions, while there is little in common between them and soul conflict. The battle of war is the battle of united action. The battle of the soul is the battle of the individual. But the peculiarity of our natures is that we never remain upon the home ground where we ought to be. We know more about the stars than we do about our natures. We probe into the character of the divine and forget the interesting problem of the essence of our own being. The five senses are the windows through which we look beyond ourselves into the world about us. Prospection is more fascinating than introspection. Apparently our souls are desert and we pick our flowers elsewhere.

Soul-growth would be a more rapid process if man would only fight out his battles with himself and his soul alone. The moments in which a soul is alone with itself are rare, but even when they do come these moments are avoided. This is why the conflict of the soul knows no end. We dare not expose the action of a single moment to the piercing scrutiny that meets it in that inner sanctuary of ourselves whose threshold not even a friend can cross. We can easily find a vulgar analogy in common experience. Men behold themselves in a glass, but rarely catch themselves looking into their own eye. If they do, there is something peculiar and uncomfortable about the experience. We cannot endure to stand in the presence of ourselves. Man does not dare to be alone.

Being fearful in solitude, nothing remains for the soul but the eternal conflict. Therefore, because of the nature of the case, let toil and strife be the business of every soul. Says Browning:

"The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost, Is the unlit lamp and the unmantled loin."

The soul that is brave feels a power riding at its side into the battle. Conscious of a potency, of a promise unfulfilled, it grows upon its past self, always finding new worlds
to conquer. The soul finds in success not rest, but a starting-
point, and refuses to see in the first fruits of a partial victory
the fulness of its rightful vision. The victory of today gives
enjoyment. The encounter of tomorrow engenders strength.
He that feeds upon knowledge starves. That which begers
life is "admiration, hope, and love."

JOHN W. WICHERS, Valedictorian of Class of '10.

THE JUICE OF THE LEMON.

SAY, Pete, would you mind turning in
some time tonight?"

"Well, no, Phil, not when I'm ready.
But I've got to settle this business tonight.
Can't afford to worry about it any longer."

"Oh, marry her and let me get some
sleep; might as well do a good job of it
while you're making a fool of yourself."

"It isn't that that's bothering me. I've got to get out of
it, and do it quick. Bess is coming home next week and then
I'll—anyway, I'm getting into this thing too deep, and it's
time to quit."

"Serves you right. Don't come around me for sympathy
now. You wouldn't take my advice two weeks ago, and you
won't get it now. A fellow with the "stand in" you've got
with so nice a girl as Bess, that can't restrain his kindergarten
impulses any better than you, doesn't deserve the sympathy
of a sober-minded, self-respecting individual like myself. If I
did my duty, I ought to thrash you. Anyway, you aren't
worth the sleep you're making me lose, and I wish you'd
get to bed."

"Well, really, now, you're a credit to me. I didn't think
you capable of such virtuous sentiments. But, the worst
of it is, Phil, that Senior-Junior affair is only three weeks
off, too."

"Oh, don't worry about that. I'll be glad to go there
with Bess. I'll show her some one who can appreciate a

good thing when he sees it."

"Say, now, Phil!"—and the chair came down on its four
legs with a thump, and the sleepy Phil found himself vigor-
osly torn from the downy comfort of his pillows—"Say, old
man, now you're talking. Look here, and wake up for a
minute. You can have my girl, and take her to the Senior-
Junior party, but not the one you mean. Do you get the
idea?"

"Say, kid, have you been drinking? Have you got a
nightmare, or are you just naturally crazy? What do you
want me to do? Go around making seventeen kinds of a fool
of myself running after Florence Appleby, the way you have
been doing the last two weeks. Go to bed; you're not
responsible for what you think tonight."

"Not responsible, hey? Why, man, the idea is a stroke
of genius. The only way I can get out of this quick is to
have someone cut me out, and you're the candidate for the
job. Come on, old man; you don't need to be afraid of
the girl."

Now, truth to tell, Phil Colgrove was just a little bit in
awe of the dark-eyed Florence Appleby, and the astute Peter
Swift, perceiving it, had played upon it to good advantage.
For his companion sat up with an angry jerk. "For Heaven's
sake, Pete, shut up and go to bed. Go on, if you've made up
your mind that I'm to fall in love with Florence Appleby.
I suppose I'll have to do it, if I'm to have any peace of mind.
Anyway, anything to get you to bed. Go on, go out; I'll
marry her, or do anything, if you only go to bed and let
me sleep."

Peter was tactful, and discreetly retired. Next morning
found Mr. Colgrove in a far more amiable frame of mind. In
fact, though he wouldn't have admitted it, scarcely even to
himself, it must be said he was even looking forward to the
coming campaign with eagerness.

"Now, then, Pete," was his first remark, "how are we
going to work it. I've never formally met the girl, you know,
and we've got to manage that quick, this very day. Just
get that wonderful imagination of yours at work. This is your affair, not mine; at least I don't see it that way.

But the problem proved difficult of solution. It was necessary to begin operations at once, and more than an introduction was required. After heated deliberation, it was arranged that Peter should accompany Miss Appleby to the play that night. Just by chance, they would meet Mr. Colgrove in the vestibule. Of course, they would get seats together. Then the crowning stroke, an urgent call for Mr. Swift. Mr. Colgrove to the rescue. "Entrust the fair maiden to me, etc."—profuse apologies—exit Mr. Swift, while Mr. Colgrove proceeds to make the most of his opportunities and cuts out his friend according to the approved style.

It worked beautifully. For a week his room-mate saw little of Philip Colgrove, while his own invitations were turned down with a polite, "Sorry, but I have an engagement for that night." It must be admitted that Phil's amazing success piqued Swift not a little, even though he was mightily relieved. But, the timely arrival of Bess Richmond put an end to all thought of anything else, and if he thought of Florence Appleby it was to congratulate himself on the way he had escaped from his dilemma. An atrocious business, this trafficking in young people's affections, but then, they were both absurdly happy, and no one was the worse for it.

Nevertheless, Miss Appleby was an attractive girl and extremely interesting company. She had been visiting college friends during the winter and had created quite an uproar among the free-lances from the first. But, the determined and imaginative wooing of Swift had discouraged his competitors. Those who knew of his relations with Bessie Richmond derived considerable amusement from speculating how he would solve the problem when she returned. But, of all this, Miss Appleby was fortunately ignorant, or at least chose to appear so. Of her own connections, no one troubled himself. It was sufficient that she was interesting and willing to be interested in turn. Had the astute Peter taken the trouble to inform himself in this respect more thoroughly, he would have been spared the surprise which was his later, as well as a great deal of unnecessary anxiety, and the good-natured Phil would not have had to suffer the humiliation he did. For it was on a Monday night, some two weeks later that Swift was in his room reading his newspaper. Phil had gone home the Saturday before, and was holding over a day. Suddenly his eye was caught by an article which made him sit up, and as its purport became more real, filled him with the insane passion of running around the building and shouting it at the top of his voice. It was some time before he could regain sufficient control of himself to await Colgrove's return, while he proceeded to do with considerable impatience. After waiting an age, as people in such circumstances usually do, he was at length rejoiced to hear the step of Phil approaching.

He continued himself beautifully, and lounging in a comfortable chair proceeded to turn the subject of conversation to Miss Appleby, to which Phil was not slow in responding. After they had compared notes on generalities for some time, Peter casually inquired whether he had ever learned much about Miss Appleby's former life.

"No," he replied. "Not a thing."

"Isn't it a little peculiar that you haven't?"

"Oh, I don't know. Why should it be?"

"Well, it strikes me so. When people are in the process of getting acquainted, they delight to exchange past experiences. But you and I have known her for two weeks without her once mentioning anything about the time, the house, the away or when the barn caught fire, etc., etc.

"Oh, you're an old pessimist Pete. What are you driving at, anyway?"

"All the same, old man, we're pretty smart, ain't we?" replied Pete, ignoring the question.

"You bet we are, old scout."

"And you aren't the least bit resentful of the way I forced you into this business, are you?"

"I'll remember your unparallel kindness to my dying
day,” said Phil, affectionately ruffling Peter’s shaggy locks.

“But, I’m afraid, Phil, we’ve got a whole lot to learn yet.

Yes, sir, you are a mighty clever sort of a fellow, and I’m a whole lot cleverer. But, there is one that has our game beat, and gone us one better. If your heart is strong, read that.”

Phil took up the paper and read:

“Friends and acquaintances of Miss Florence. Appley, who has been visiting with friends here the past winter, will be very much surprised to learn of her unexpected marriage to Lieut. Geo. Axton of Philadelphia, on last Saturday afternoon. Though engaged for some time, and waiting only for Lieut. Axton’s term of service to expire, the fact was scarcely known, and the announcement of their marriage upon Lieut. Axton’s return last Saturday came as a complete surprise to local society. Following the quiet ceremony at the residence of the bride, the happy couple left for the home of the bride’s parents at Knoxville, Pa., where they will remain for a few weeks.”

“Well, what—?” Poor Phil was gasping for words to express the many different emotions that struggled for supremacy. Peter preserved a sympathetic silence.

“Think she is more clever than we, do you? I don’t. Can’t you see she was in the same pickle you were in, Pete, but she lacked your versatile imagination to get out of it?”

“Huh! Not she, kid. Your wits are disturbed. Why, man, she has been laughing at us in her letters to the Lieut. for weeks, and would have made a date with you for Saturday night if you had been here.”

“Guess you’re right. Come on. I’ll match you for the cigars.”

—JOHN H. WARNSHUTS, ’10.

THE ANCHOR.

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THE RAVEN CONTEST.

The small size of the crowd attending the Raven Contest held in Winants Chapel on the evening of June 3, ’10, did not do justice to the importance of the event, which is now the contest deciding who is to represent Hope in the Inter-Collegiate Contest held annually. In the number of orators, too, the contest this year compared poorly with those long-remembered contests of bygone days. Three orators, Gerrit De Motts, of the Freshman; H. V. E. Stegeman, of the Sophomore; and Oliver Droppers, of the Junior class, were the contestants. The judges, C. Van der Meulen, Mortimer A. Sooy, and Rev. Whitman, awarded first place to Mr. Stegeman and second to Mr. Droppers. Mr. Stegeman’s oration is entitled, “America in the Van of the Nations.” Though deplorably few in number, the orators were of credit to the classes they represented, all the productions being of a high degree of excellence.

THE MELIPHONE PROGRAM.

Seldom does Carnegie Hall contain greater audiences.
then come on the so-called "Melophone nights," for on that evening the literary society of the "Prep." department is prepared to render publicly its choicest productions. This year, we doubt not, every auditor went home inspired, instructed, entertained. The clarinet and cornet duet by Clarence Lokker and Gerard Rutgers imparted an unique air to the occasion. Mr. Sapp next, in his naturally youthful way recited a selection from Holland's "Seventeens," so that in spite of the heat held the audience rapt. Mr. Cyrus Dopper, by his magic speech, entitled "Louis Kossuth," revealed to us a promising orator. Next Mr. C. Muste appeared with an selection from Henry Van Dyke. Gestures, presence and voice gave him grace, charm and power. In G. Warmshins' budget our hopes were not disappointed, for his paper afforded a veritable poetronic display of high-class wit and humor. In the play, which formed a fitting close, budding talent appeared in strong relief. The height of the ridiculous appeared in many of the closing scenes. Now, as always, the Anchor bids the Melophone Society God-speed on its mission of usefulness.

-W. W. V.

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The baccalaureate sermon to the Senior class was preached on Sunday night, June 12, by Rev. Dr. Joseph R. Duryee of New York City. The preliminary services were conducted by Dr. G. J. Cohen and Rev. H. J. Veldman of Holland. An anthem, "Behold, God the Lord," was very effectively rendered by the choir, and Miss Estelle M. Kollen sang, "Fear Not Ye, O Israel," by Dudley Buck. The sermon was filled with beneficial, practical advice, and was delivered in an earnest and heart-felt manner. Dr. Duryee chose for his text, Luke 21:19: "In your patience, ye shall win your souls." In taking patience for the central idea of his discourse, he said that this quality is needed for the "trial and stress of life," that there is "no victory without wounds," that patience is essential to progress. He defined patience as

continuance in enduring. By it we are to attain to fuller, larger lives. And in fulfilling the promise for ourselves, we are not to forget the Promiser, Jesus Christ. Through Him we shall be able to attain lofty, strong characters. Dr. Duryee emphasized three lessons—self-discipline, submission to the guidance and will of God, and moral courage. In conclusion, he exhorted the graduates to be superior men and women, to be leaders in service, to cultivate the art of friendship, and to read good books, especially the Bible.

"A" CLASS EXERCISES.

A very pleasing feature of the Commencement week exercises was the program rendered by the members of the "A" class. Many of Hope's alumni and scores of friends of the graduating class gathered at Carnegie Hall at 2 o'clock on Monday. Not one was doomed to disappointment, as the program prepared was indeed one of merit and interest.

After the processional by the Misses Hattie Riksen and Evelyn Olthmans, the invocation was offered by Dr. A. Olthmans. The class poem, entitled "Vestra Juventute Fruinimi," was given by Mr. Robert Kroodsma. The class prophecy, prepared by the Misses Fortunie and Jeannette Olthmans, was read by Miss Fortunie. This prophecy was very cleverly worked up in the form of Sibylline answers. The class oration, entitled "William of Orange," was very capably delivered by Mr. Cornelius Muste. The musical numbers were a cornet solo by Clarence Lokker and a vocal solo by Willie A. Dickema.

The class play was Longfellow's "Evangeline." The role of Evangeline was very ably carried out by Miss Fanny Plasman, and that of Gabriel by Mr. John Tilmann. The play was given in five acts—The Betrothal, The Mandate, The Embarking, The Search, and The Search Ended. The stage settings were very finely arranged. An especially interesting and impressive scene was that at the church after the announcement of "the mandate." The part of the "priest" was
played by Mr. Edward Sapp. As he stood in silence, with bowed head and with his hands raised in benediction over his people, "Ave Maria" was sung by Miss Jennie Veneklassen. Another very pretty scene was that at the sea-shore as the sunlight rose before the embarking.

The members of the class of '30 are to be congratulated on having given to their friends so charming an entertainment.

ULFILAS.

On the evening of June 13 a very entertaining program was rendered by the Ulilas Club. The fact that all the exercises were in the Holland tongue makes Ulilas night one the less popular, and Carnegie Hall was filled.

After a few remarks by President Jas. A. Verberg, Clarence Dunne read an essay entitled, "Waaroom Toch Geen Hollandisch?" In a clear and forceful manner he argued the demands of the mother-tongue upon all those of Dutch descent. "He who owns but one language cannot appreciate the rich fountains this language affords us." The humorous recitation, "Een Vriendendienst," was singularly appropriate for the program, and Mr. Van der Laan rendered it well. The dialogue by M. Verburg and A. Van Bronkhorst, although somewhat lengthy, was well received. Edw. Huijregeste next delivered the oration of the evening. It presented the effects of the 80 years' war between Hollander and Spaniard in a masterful way. "Na den Strijd" was well written and well rendered. The budget by G. B. Scholten, as usual, was the hit of the evening. A rather pretentious but well-written play, "Een Slimme Zet," formed the close and climax of the program.

—E. O. S.

THE ALUMNI RECEPTION.

An entire new plan was attempted for the Alumni Day at Hope College this year. The plan proved to be a very successful one. Many of the college and Preparatory alumni met at Van Raalte Hall Tuesday afternoon at a reception given by the local alumni of Holland from 2:30 to 5 o'clock. More than two hundred guests were present. A varied program, consisting of numerous speeches and a number of solos, was rendered during the afternoon. Refreshments were also served. On account of the warm weather the punch bowl was a very attractive feature of the afternoon. Many friendships were rekindled and many a face beamed with the memories of student days at Hope.

The committee in charge was Henry Pelgrim, Jr., and Henry Geerlings.

CHORAL UNION CONCERT.

The rendition of Handel's "Messiah" on Tuesday evening, June 14, proved a welcome innovation in the Commencement week festivities. The Choral Union was assisted by a quartet of artists composed of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fenton, Mrs. Elizabeth Bruce-Wickstrom, and Mr. Francis Campbell. An audience of music-lovers showed by their good attention that an unusual treat was being given them. Under the direction of Mr. Campbell the union had been perfectly trained and was successful in rendering the difficult choruses in the oratorio. The Union is to be congratulated on its faithful work during the year, as shown in their public performance.

COMMENCEMENT.

On Wednesday evening, June 15, the forty-fifth annual Commencement of Hope College was held in Carnegie Gymnasium. Duly at 7:30 o'clock, the graduating class, together with members of the Council, the faculty, and the "A" class, marched into the hall to the strains of the college song. After the invocation by Dr. Vennema, orations by the graduates were delivered. The first, "Guido Fridoline Verbeck," by Henry Vruwink, told the life story of the pioneer missionary to Japan. In a masterly oration, "The Cenotaph of Democritus," Henry Pasma depicted the dangers of materialism. Miss Pikaart showed the need of ideals in her oration, "Fol-
fowling the Gleam.”

After these three orations, a vocal solo, “O Wondrous Youth,” was very acceptably rendered by Miss Mina Cogge-

shall. Jacob Heemstra, in an oration entitled “That Onus

of Prevention,” plead the importance of the youth to society.

After him, Anthony Verhulst delivered a straightforward

eulogy of the ordinary man on the subject, “The Two-talented

Man.” Miss Schmell then played a pleasing piano solo from

Rachmaninoff.

Then followed the award of diplomas and degrees

thirty-nine graduates of the Preparatory Department crossed

the platform to receive their diplomas. The degree of A. B.

was conferred upon twenty graduates from the College, and

seventeen of these were awarded teacher’s certificates in addi-
tion. The title of L. L. D. was conferred upon Mr. E. Bok of

Philadelphia; the degree of A. M. was granted to the class of

1907, to Mr. D. Dyksjra, missionary to Arabia, and to Prof.

C. Raap.

Prizes were awarded as follows:

The G. Birkhoff, Jr. English Prize, “Joseph Addison,”
to E. Van Der Laan.

The G. Birkhoff, Jr., Dutch Prize, “Jan Jacob Loslewük
Ten Kate,” to Jean A. Vis.

The Mrs. Samuel Sloan Foreign Missionary Prize, “Wil-

liam Carey,” to Jean A. Vis.

The Henry Bosch English Prizes—First, Theodore

Zwemer; second, Christine Van Raalte.

The A. A. Raven Prize in Oratory—First, H. V. E.

Stegeman; second, O. Droppers.

The Dr. Ackerman Coles Debating Prize was divided
among the members of the two teams that debated with
Alma and Olivet.

An appropriate vocal solo, “Thine Only,” was rendered
by James Veneklasen, and after this the valedictory was
spoken by John Wichers. In his oration, “A Lesson from

Mythology,” he pictured the development of character and
the place of struggle in that development. After addressing

the citizens of Holland, and the faculty, in heartfelt words,
he bade his class-mates farewell.

After the singing of the doxology, Rev. Moedyk of Zee-

land pronounced the benediction.

Fraternal Society Banquet.

Thursday evening, June 9, was the night of nights for
the Fraternal Society, for it was then that the Fraternals,
alumni, and lady friends sat down to their annual banquet at
Hotel Holland. All are agreed that the affair was a magnifi-
cent success. A company of fully eighty enjoyed the delicious
meal, and then were entertained with a pleasing program of

topics and music. Mr. A. L. Ver Hulst, president of the
society, filled the difficult position of toastmaster very pro-
icently. The members who responded to toasts were H.
E. Ytunen, G. B. Scholten and James Dykema, while Cor-
nelius Van der Meulen, ’00; P. H. Pienie, ’97; and Prof.
J. E. Kuizenga, ’99, spoke for the alumni. John H. Warn-
shijs and James T. Veneklasen, ’97, rendered delightful solos.
As a conclusion to the events of the evening all joined in the
song, “F. S. Went Marching On,” and truly, after the enthu-

siasm and inspiration of this last banquet, we may say that
F. S. is marching on, and will continue to march on in the
path of joy and service.

Knickerbockers Prove Royal Entertainers.

Saturday, May 28, the Knickerbocker Society entertained
with a fish supper and boat ride. They left Holland in the
early afternoon and after a most delightful ride on Black lake
and Lake Michigan, they stopped at “The Pines,” Jenison
Park, and enjoyed a fish supper. After interesting toasts, the guests adjourned to the parlors and listened to music. While on the water, the Knickerbocker quartet rendered several selections. The party returned at about 10:30 and as they neared home the flames from the then burning Basket Factory presented a very spectacular appearance. All had a very pleasant time, and though this is the first year of the society’s existence, the Knickerbockers have proved themselves to be not only fine entertainers, but also men of literary ability.

Meliphone Picnic.

Leaving here early in the morning on the steamer “Mary,” the Meliphone Society enjoyed its annual picnic Saturday, June 4, at Grand Haven and Highland Park. The morning was spent in games on the beach. Clarence Hulme won first honors, and as a prize received the remission of all his fines during the year. The Melophones returned home late in the evening and college songs enlivened the homeward trip.

Cosmopolitans Entertain.

On Saturday, June 11, the Cosmopolitans very pleasantly entertained with a trip to Saugatuck. A launch ride on the beautiful Kalamazoo river and Lake Michigan was one of the most delightful features. An elaborate supper was served at picnic tables on the lawn. After the supper an interesting program was rendered and the numbers by the Cosmopolitan orchestra were particularly appreciated. On their return home light refreshments were served at the home of Miss Weurding. The event was one of the pleasantest of the commencement season.

Entertain “Prep.” Graduates.

On Monday evening, June 6, the “B” class entertained the “A” class at a beach party at Ottawa Beach. The “A”s were also entertained by their class-mate Miss Fannie Plasman, at her lakeside home.

Reunion of 1909 “A” Class.

The “A” class of 1909 held a reunion Wednesday, June

15. They spent the entire day at Castle Park. About thirty were present and all so enjoyed themselves that they are planning to have a reunion every year. Mr. Dame was re-elected as president.

Ulfias Supper.

On Wednesday evening, May 25, the Ulfias society entertained at “The Pines,” Jenison Park. After a dainty supper extemporaneous responses to Dutch toasts were given.

The Seniors.

Thursday evening, May 26, Dr. Kollen gave a dinner to the Seniors. All were present and thoroughly enjoyed themselves, for Dr. Kollen, as usual, proved himself an ideal host. The following Seniors responded to toasts:

James Dykema—“The Ideal College Girl.”
Gerrit De Jong—“Reminiscences of a Prep. Student.”
Arie Te Paske—“The Impressions of a Freshman.”
August Veenker—“The Retrospect of a Senior.”
Anthony Ver Hulst—“Prophecy.”

On Friday morning, May 27, after working hard on the new tennis court, the Seniors enjoyed a hearty lunch ‘neath the elm trees on Rev. Schueltke’s lawn.

Tuesday morning, June 14, Mrs. Durfee, the dean of Voorhees Hall, gave a breakfast to the Seniors. Mrs. Durfee made fitting farewell remarks, to which Mr. John Wichers responded.

The Anchor feels very much encouraged over the interest shown by Hope’s Alumni during Commencement week. Many returned to visit their Alma Mater and to renew old
friendships at the Alumni reception.

Mr. James Veneklasen, '05, delivered the baccalaureate sermon for the Zeeland high school.

Mr. Van der Vlies, '06, and his bride, were the guests of Mr. Friselle Keller during Commencement week.

Rev. J. Van Zante, '07, was installed as the pastor of the Reformed church at Metuchen, N. J., on Wednesday, June 15. The Metuchen congregation is erecting a fine parsonage for their new pastor.

A public service in memory of the beloved missionary, Dr. J. A. Otte, '83, was held in the First Reformed church in Grand Rapids, June 16.

Mr. George Roost, '09, has returned to Holland after a very successful year as teacher in the Provo High school.

Rev. H. Veldman, '02, has received a call from the church at Sioux Center, Iowa.

Mr. J. P. de Jong, '80, pastor of the First Reformed church at Zeeland, was chosen as the Vice President of the Particular Synod of the Reformed church, held at Ashbury Park.

Mr. A. Visscher, '73, our well-known attorney, is building a handsome residence on State street.

Two of Hope's Alumni have received degrees of Master of Arts. John Slagel, '07, from the University of Michigan, and Arnold Mulder, '07, from the University of Chicago.

Miss Anna Schuelke, '10, entertained about thirty of her friends on June 10. During the evening a game was played consisting of a maze in which each one followed a string running from room to room, upstairs and downstairs, at the end of which each guest found a small sealed envelope. When these were opened they revealed a card announcing the engagement of Miss Schuelke and James Veneklasen.

Miss Mae Brusse, '07, and A. Renkens, '08, have accepted positions as instructors in the Orange City Academy in Iowa.

Mr. Jacob Heemstra, '10, is to succeed John Hockje as principal of the Sioux Center High school.

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Hope has again made a fine showing in track work. In all the track events to which Hope sent her track team, which only consisted of one or two men, she has always won or placed. This time at the Y. M. C. A. conference at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, Hope's only entry in the track meet scored seven points. In the track meet were entered the star men from the colleges in Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, North Dakota, Missouri and Michigan.

John Vruwink, star athlete during the past year, again showed his ability as a track man. Vruwink entered the 100-yard dash, 220-yard dash, running broad jump and the shot put. In the preliminaries for the 100-yard dash, Vruwink lost first place to Wilson of Iowa, who has a record of 9.4-5 seconds in the century. The results of the events were as follows:

220-yard dash—Wilson, Iowa, 1st, 24 1-5; Steven, Wisconsin, 2nd; Vruwink, Michigan, 3rd.

Running Broad Jump—Vruwink, Michigan, 1st, 19 ft. 5 in.; Blair, Iowa, 2nd; Erickson, Wisconsin, 3rd.

Shot Put—Siler, Illinois, 1st, 46 ft. ½ in.; Butler, Missouri, 2nd; Vruwink, Michigan, 3rd.

Don't you think it is about time for us to wake up and get out and see what we can do? Do you realize what it means to have our man win at a meet in which the colleges of eight states are represented? When the judges announced Vruwink winner in the broad jump, and third in the other events, the crowd said, "Where is he from?" When the announcer said "Michigan," don't you think that Hope's standing went up some in the estimation of the crowd? If you already have the spirit, keep it up; if you haven't, get busy.
and come back in the fall with your football permits and let's whoop it up.

June 11, our track captain, Herman Stegeman, represented Hope "Prep" school in the big inter-scholastic meet at Chicago. This meet is held every spring and is managed by Coach Alonzo Stagg of Chicago University. Stegeman only entered the two-mile run, in which there were 22 of the best two-milers in the country. He finished in second place and received a handsome silver loving cup. The same spirit prevailed in the crowd at Chicago as at Lake Geneva.

Senior Prophecy
At the risk of your hysterics, I've embalmed in stately lyrics Names of class-mates and their fortunes when another decade's gone.
In my study late I ponder as I view the faces yonder
Hanging in a dark-framed picture that to day I saved from pawn.
By the stately widow Ever, for poor Kaesie had to leave her,
When upon a bright May morning Evers No. 6 was born.
As I gaze upon these faces, lo! on some I see the traces
Of deep thought whose only origin is Zeelandosophy.
"Geg" de Jong and "John the Deacon," each is now a shining beacon
In the gentle art of teaching what no man can ever be;
For at home they're sadly harried by the women that they've married,
And their lives will be unhappy till Judge Heemstra sets them free.
Two of these, my class-mates' faces, I have set in neighboring places,
For these two believed the adage, "Tis not good to live alone."
Tho' to slight I've no intention, I forbear the names to mention

Of those two whose college spirit into fuller love has grown.
And our German lady, also, whom from kindness I shall call so,
Teaches German kindergarten in a school that's all her own.
Ah! There are the classic features of our classes' bunch of teachers;
Veenker, Vis, Ten Pas and Hsopers are as pedagogues enrolled.
"Gloomy Gus," now L.L. Doctor, is far-famed as the coooper
Of pedagogic scheme for serving Pol Eeon cut cold.
Vis, Doc. Ravink's young successor, now an Amsterdam professor.
Lectures daily on the only way the orthodox may hold.
Shades of Dalenberg and Anker! How my soul begins to banker
For another sight of these two bodies fearfully arrayed.
Anker is our greatest walker, Dolly is our champion talker,
Now they lead the street procession in the Injun show parade.
Which, with every known bedizement, is a glowing advertisement
For Huibregste's stomach bitters, "Greatest Temperance Dope That's Made."

Side by side two Jims are smiling, and their smiles would be beguiling
If as many were unacquainted with these rascals' history.
"Sunny Jim"s' grand baritone, sung by every graphophony.
Would be grander if we knew not of his former bigamy.
Let old Jim V. B. be complacent, he's a J. D. in the nascent,
He's the owner of a $1,000,000 Bird Seed factory.
Brother Warnshuis still is smiling, and no doubt is still beguiling.
Little flies within the parlors of his all-embracing love.
For his face is all a-beaming, and his clothes are still a-screaming.

The Anchor
And I fancy that he's just as slow as ever on the move. With his Chesterfieldian manners and his clothes the hue of banners, "Chesterfield" still plays the eagle in "The Eagle and the Dove."

But one face remains to ponder, and I often stop to wonder if Czar Hank K. P. will content to mock Joe Cannon's fame. Think of it I almost dare not, think of it I almost dare not. For "Hope '10" far overshadows any handle to one's name. High or low to every other, to the class we're simply "brother."

And good old Doctor Kollen is our uncle just the same.

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