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Wish to express their sincere thanks to the Students of Hope for their liberal patronage during the past year, and hope to receive a continuance of the same in the future.

Rainbow Gleams

All Nature in despondent silence grieves,
Sad, gloomy shadows hover o'er the ground,
No merry song nor shout of laughter gives
The melody of children's play, glad sound.
Which through the bare fields lately echoed round.
The lone wayfarer, hungry, hurries fast
To gain his domicile warm and full repast.

In burnished brightness now the fields,
In mountain stillness, hushed is the cloud
Which bow`d to close above, and murky, shielded
The earth against sunlight, like a pall or shroud.
The saddened heart of Nature now seems bowed
To wait the pacing of the April sun,
Which faithfully on desolate hill and plain,
On every side is dullness and desolation.

The sultry reign of Winter's power has left
The world in garb of mourning. Everywhere
Are meadows desolate, and fields bereft
Of verdant growth. In many a sheltered cleft
And crevice, still is found the lingering snow,
The shadows of grim Winter's clutch to show.

But lo! What risings in the far-off sky?
It spans across the clouds and murky mists.
An arch, a radiant beacon, shining bright
Above the little earth, has kissed
Away the gloom, and now, in glory dressed,
It brings its glowing promise to the air.

That jest are mirthful showers and rain-clouds drear,

Oenumerate arch! It bends upon the sight
With hues that earthly skill could never display.
An amethystine radiance of light
Bleeds with celestial blue. A far-off day
Scenes drawing in each frame, dazzling far
Then gleaming from out the clouds, a board of gold
From treasures of Heaven's abundance rolled.

Glad hope shines out in its radiant beam
Despite earth's dreariness; a pledge we see
That soon each barren tree and pasture scene
Will burst in bloom. The butterflies and bees
Will fly from flower to flower, ever green and true
Little care in their joy. For now we feel
The power which soon will Nature's strength reveal.

We soon shall see, in Summer's merry hours
The rainbow's colors shine out everywhere.
From poppy-fields the red in genial flowers
Will greet us. Cloudless August skies and fair
Will show the blue, in soft and fairy air
The yellow daisy blooms will gently blow
The rose stolen from the golden bow.

A. from the dreary, early April sky
This brow of bright hope shines; so sometimes grief.
And sorrow may express, affliction try
Our very soul's delusion, like a thief.
May steal away our hope, our fond belief.
In all that once seemed true and noble, still
The dreary world will not bring naught but ill.

For shining Memory still for us will rise,
The glowing bow of promise, arching high
Over vexing griefs and troubles, thoughts of days
That brought so much of joy, now long gone by.
(We could not now recall them, should we try)
'Twill bear, even four short fleeting years,
So full of pure delight, so free from cares.

A host of happy memories cluster near,
This many-colored rainbow of the mind.
The green boughs lack the pleasant campus. Here
We daily trod our steps. Yet we might find
Instruction deep from books of many a kind.
To us no better for the larger life.
When we should leave these hills to join the strife.

Our learning there came not from books alone
But intercourse with good and kind friends gave
A broader knowledge, which, when older grown
We find ourselves most fortunate to have.
A knowledge which so many others crave.
It teaches us to Hunt our fellow-man
And so the fullest happiness to gain.

For mingleth there with many of our friends,
We learned the joys and sorrows of each other,
His hopes and aspirations, with those
He struggled to attain, the work begun.
Which then he wandered to so completely done.
Such sympathy and kindly interest brought
The wider outlook, may it be the health.
We see the red, the well-remembered bow
Of spacious buildings streaning round about
The campus; recreation halls where we
'Er dated to come and take their seats without
Tune preparation, but they should be emulated.
In ignorance, and so receive the grade.
So easily earned, which all had learned to dread.

Yet some we knew, so earnest and ardent.
That study was for them a neck unknown
When called upon in close, they would rise
What first came into mind, and to their tune
Give seeming evidence of study done.
Their lessons often sounded better far
Than ours, which studied them for many an hour.

The dormitories, too, came back to mind.
Where many made their homes in those glad days:
And pleasant homes they were, where harm but kind
Restrictions on captious youthful will
Were placed. Now looking back through Memory's lane
We know twice wise and good, however stern
And cruel then sometimes our lot did seem.

The blue and yellow? We need only close
Our eyes to see, shall the memories come.
The summer sun bright, the soft breeze blows
Across the shady lawn. All things seem
Glistens all the water of the lake serene
Tall trees are whispering their deep secrets old
Which, to our mortal ear, they never unfold.

What wonder, then, that soon there we were found
Beneath the happy waters, when our pleasure
Was mingled, our faithful? When every summer sound
Was calling us to come and view the scene
Of Nature, in her simple, broad grace?
Was it a son to listen to that call
And answer it, for taking duties all?

As on we muse of that odd, happy time.
The best, perhaps, that ever we shall spend.
In one superlative, happy clime.
The joys and triumphs of those glad days blend.
We also memories shall all our ways attend.
As we passed through them, little did we know
What recollections sweet they would bestow.

If only we might live them over again!
Would Time but take us back to those glad years!
Alas! 'Tis not for us.

For new, in broader life, the hopes and fears.
The failures and the griefs, regrets and tears,
Success and disappointment, dire defeat
And victory, such one of us will meet.

For some the path of life may smoothest lie;
For many, 'twill be hard and rough and steep.
With trials which our bravery defy.
Yet though the night of trouble may seem deep.
We should not at its absolute darkest weep.
But cease in dull despair to blindly grope.
For, over us rests the rainbow of our Hope!

ADRIANA KOLYN. Prep. '12.

VALEDICTORY.

From out the gates of many institutions of learning, scattered over the land, there is coming at this time a company of young men and women, supposed to be clad in the garments of culture and gentility, armed for the fierce struggle of life, ready to serve mankind. It was but a few years ago that they were selected from their fellows, and brought face to face with the inheritance of the ages. They were provided with the necessities of daily life; above them were placed men of culture and experience, wise to guide, to reveal, to restrain, to inspire; they were surrounded with all the influences that make for a strong, pure, and noble manhood. And now society, and state, and church, are saying to their schools, "We gave you the best we had: is the best coming back to us?"

As we stand at the threshold of active life among men, we cannot help but feel that the world offers us a glad hand. We know that somewhere in the ranks of the vast armies of humanity, marching on to future destiny, there is a vacant place which we must fill. Throughout all the ages, the trumpet-call to battle has resounded in the ears of men, but never call more clear, never challenge more defiant, than that which comes to the young man of today.

Not until the problem of origin, not until the problem of
destiny, not until the problem of life itself is solved, will the

cry cease to arise from the battle-field of life: “Young man,
give us your mind.” Men of vision, imaginative insight, and
intellectual power, these are the men who must continue to
guide the destinies of nations, give light to the world about
them, and publish the truth that shall make men free.

Whether it be in the pulpit, before the bar, behind the desk,
or visiting the sick, the educated man of today must bear aloft
the torch of light and truth, that men seeing the sight, may
know, and knowing, may the better do.

The world needs men who shall not only build up the true,
but also tear down the false. As a critic of life the educated
man must examine and test all propositions which are offered
for acceptance, in order to find whether they correspond to
reality or not. Criticism is a product of his education and
training, and in the face of philosophy, citizenship, finance, and
industry, it is a prime condition of human welfare that he use
this faculty. How else can he be safe against delusion, decep-
tion, superstition, and a misapprehension of himself and his
earthly circumstances? What else will keep him from being
stamped by stump orators and deceived by dithyrambic
oratory? But the supreme criticism is criticism of one’s self.
To tear yourself from yourself, to double yourself up and
thrust yourself under your heels, and to make a general smash-
up of yourself, and be all the more truly yourself for this
mauling and self-annihilation,—that is the work of the en-
litened, the duty of self-criticism.

The world needs knowledge, yet, knowledge cannot save.
From the tenement and the sweat-shop, from the poor and
destitute at home and the heathen across the seas, there comes
the plea, “Give us your heart.” Knowledge breeds pride, but
love breeds humility; humility that stoops to lift up from the
gutter a fallen brother or sister; humility that lifts man up to
beauty and to God. In this world where not all men are happy
and secure in their physical rights, where many are deprived
of freedom of thought and affection, and justice from char-
itable hands,—unfeeling men and cold philosophy can never
meet the needs of life. Sympathy must keep pace with knowl-
dge, and faith in Him of Galilee be the power to set love free.

To think the true, to feel the beautiful,—is this complete
living? Yes, if man has only an aspiring intellect and a passionate heart. But there is borne from the hum of the great world's industry the stern and urgent command, "Act! Now or never! Do or die." "The great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed, then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no titles, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it." Our strength and our intelligence, our wealth and even our good fortune, are things which warm our heart and make us feel ourselves a match for life. The huge world that girdles us about puts all sorts of questions to us, and tests us constantly. It demands heroic men, men in whom it finds its worthy match and mate; and the effort which we are able to put forth to hold ourselves erect is the direct measure of our function and our worth in the game of human life. Hereby we make ourselves the masters and lords of life; we must be counted with henceforth; we form a part of human destiny. What wonder if the responses of our will should seem our deepest organs of communication with the nature of things? What wonder if the effort demanded by them be the measure of our worth as men? What wonder if the amount we accord of it were the strictly unshared and original contribution which we make to the world.

Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings, those who cheer today will curse tomorrow, only one thing endures—character. Yet the law of life demands that there be progress in character. To break our own record, to outstrip our yesterdays by todays, to bear our trials more beautifully than we ever dreamed we could, to whip the tempter inside and out as we have never whipped him before, to give as we never have given, to do our work with more force and finish than ever—that is development of character. The truly heroic man must serve God and man, conquer himself, and be "One who never turns his back, but marches breast forward; Never doubts; clouds will break.

Never dreams, though right be worsted, wrong will triumph. Holds, we fall to rise—are baffled to fight better—Sleep to wake."

—Arthur H. Heusinkveld, '12
friends, tell ambitious young men and women who seek a college education, of the distinct advantages our college offers. Here, there is a helpful religious and moral environment unsurpassed by any college in the land. Our faculty is able, scholarly—we have some of the best teachers in the state. Our student-body consists of young people of high ideals and laudable ambitions, hard workers, appreciative of earnestness and ready for play. Hope College maintains a high standard of scholarship; there is no room here for the lazy student.

Is this mere talk? No, these statements are undisputed facts; the record of the year proves them. In the women’s state oratorical contest our representative took first place; in the men’s, second place was awarded to our orator. In the triangular debates our teams won all around, defeating Alma’s negative team and Olivet’s affirmative team, and thus placed Hope at the head of the league. Our alumni continued to win prizes in other schools. Four members of this year’s senior class have secured scholarships or fellowships—two in Michigan University, one in Columbia University, and one in Illinois University.

We have every reason to rejoice over the work of the past year. Tell your friends—our friends—of the work of Hope College, of her wonderful progress, of her ideals and efforts—mention God’s numerous blessings and they will rejoice with us. Remember, that you are Hope’s representative wherever you are; your conduct, fellow-student, makes or mars the record and reputation of Hope College. Be true to her.

During the summer vacation it would be highly desirable on the part of us all to take a retrospective view of the year’s work. An examination regarding the progress or retrogression made will perhaps help us to do next year’s work more efficiently. Fellow-student, take inventory this vacation. Ask yourself whether you were faithful. Was your time wasted? Probably you associated with the wrong kind of company, or perhaps some evil habit fastened itself upon you. Did you become addicted to the vicious cigarette habit during the school year? You know some consider the cigarette essential to the student’s life. What deduced, unfortunate beings!
During a few spare moments read the pamphlets, "The Cigarette: Some Thoughtful Opinions," and "Cigarettes: A Perilous Intemperance," issued by the Sunday School Times Co., or "The Scientific Temperance Journal," issue of April, 1912, and the real facts in the case will dawn upon you. Why not stop right now ruining your body and polluting God's free and wholesome air? Some slighted their duties, others were downright lazy. One of the most despicable human beings in all the world is the lazy student. Would that they were all banished from our schools! Were you selfish, or egoistical or unsociable? Let us all begin the next school year with an unshakable determination to be faithful, conscientious students, pleasant and helpful and worthy examples to all who may come.

THE SYNOD'S VISIT.

Saturday, June the 8th, dawned clear and bright. Michi-
gan weather did its best for the synod, as did the professors and students. Everything that had been planned worked out pleasantly and smoothly, giving proof of excellent management, and a spirit of good-will on the part of the student-body. The Synod members were a little late in arriving, and were taken directly to the Chapel under escort of the Seniors. Here a few short addresses were delivered by Dr. Vennema, Dr. Beardslee and Dr. Bruce. Dr. Kollen told of the magnificent addition to the college endowment fund, the result of his labor for the college, and received well deserved applause. After the Chapel exercises the entire body adjourned to the seminary grounds, where the sod was turned for the new Beardslee Library. Then came, what to many was the event of the day, the dinner, which had been prepared in the gymnasium. College students served very efficiently under Mr. Van Drezer's able direction, and Prof. Dimment superintended with most satisfactory results. A more delicious banquet could not have been served.

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man Diekema made, as usual, an excellent toastmaster. Autos were waiting to take the guests to the boat docks for a little

trip on the Steamer Puritan, which had been offered for the occasion. The ride into Lake Michigan was delightfully refreshing. A great many of the students accompanied the guests, and the boat resounded with the college yells and songs, while occasionally a musical contribution from a knot of the "old boys" was enthusiastically received by the younger lads, who decided with energy and promptness that the Synod was "all right" and "had style all the while." A very happy lot of students parted from the Synod members at the cars. We feel that if the Synod has enjoyed their visit as much as the college, it was a decided success. Nine rails for the Synod! Come again!

THE SENIOR PLAY.

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On Monday evening, May 27, the Seniors presented the play, "The Melting Pot." The manner in which all the parts were acted out reflected great credit upon those who per-

formed and upon Miss Moore, who proved to be an excellent coach. Success has been very favorable to this class in all its efforts—this was a dramatic as well as a financial success. The proceeds will be used to erect a worthy memorial of the class on the campus.

FOUR SENIORS WIN HONORS.

Honors come uneasingly to the class of 1912. Gerrit Van Zoeren has been granted a fellowship in the University of Illinois. He will receive an annual sum of $300 and tuition fees; these are granted for one year but will be continued during the three years' course if his work is satisfactory, of which we are most certain. Stanley Fortune has won the Devendorf Scholarship at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University. It carries an annual stipend of $265 and is granted with the assurance of renewal for each of the four years of the medical course, provided the work is approved. The incumbent of the scholarship is student instructor in Embryology. It is needless to say that Mr. Fortune will make good, it is a self-evident fact. Two graduates, Hessel Yntema and Gertrude Hoeckje, received fellowships from the University of Michigan. They were chosen by our faculty as representatives of our college.
THE RAVEN CONTEST.

The Raven oratorical contest is again a thing of the past, and it came off with finish and skill that reflected great credit upon our college. It seems strange, however, that there should be so little interest on the part of students and townspeople in these contests. Although there were considerably more out this time than were present at the debates, it would seem that such an important event as this contest should have an audience big enough to crowd the Chapel to the doors. Surely the fault is not with the orators, but with the spirit of the school, for a better contest could not have been given. The orations were all up to the mark, and were delivered with a polish that showed careful work, and much of talent. There was much ability shown by the lower classmen, so much that Hope need have no fear of lacking a creditable orator for years to come. Mr. Muste was chosen to be our representative for next year. Mr. Dame and Mr. Tillema did excellent work. Both orations showed a clear knowledge of city problems, and although differing in method of treatment, they were alike in the depth of feeling, and sincerity of purpose.

The program was as follows:

Invocation.................................................. Dr. G. J. Kollen
A Study in Justice........................................ F. Wichers, '13
America's Plea for a Better Citizenship............ C. De Young, '13
A Newer Ideal of Peace................................ C. Muste, '14
Democracy and the Trusts................................ G. Warnshuis, '15
Vocal Solo.................................................. Frank Kleinheksel, '13
The Curse of God.......................................... L. De Maagd, '15
The Problem of City Government....................... J. Tillema, '14
The Redemption of the City.............................. C. Dame, '14
Vocal Duet.................................................. Misses DePree and Brock

The Judges were Supt. Fell, Atty. T. X. Robinson, Atty.
C. Vander Meulen, the Rev. J. Van Peursem, and Prof. J.
Hoekje.

Mr. Muste, who took first place, received a prize of $30,
and Mr. Dame, to whom second place was awarded, the sum
of $20. J. Tillema took third place.

THE MELIPHONE PROGRAM.

On the evening of the 14th of June the Meliphone Society
proved what its president in his address of welcome claimed
for it, namely, that it was "superior to any other boys' society
in the Preparatory Department." The Meliphonians had a
splendid audience at the annual program. The gymnasium look-
ing very festive with its draperies of orange and blue, was
crowded. A piano duet, pleasing and well-rendered, a short,
clever address of welcome by the president, several delightful
readings, humorous and otherwise, a beautiful flute solo, an
oration showing much of clear thought and strong feeling, and
a budget containing several bright hits, were received by the
audience with enthusiastic applause that showed keen appre-
ciation and a desire for more. No encores were given, how-
ever.

The little play was undoubtedly the success of the even-
ing. The selection of this particular one showed wise choice,
for its setting and atmosphere, that of a college, made it na-
natural and somewhat simpler to give. The players all ap-
peared to good advantage. Mr. Z. Luidens carried his part with
case and ability; his voice, however, seemed affected, which
made it difficult to understand him at times. Mr. Houlouse
makes an inimitable clown, and raised many a hearty laugh
from the house. Mr. Hoppers and Ver Hoek also starred.
The Meliphone Society may well pride itself upon another
year of successful work.

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The Senior class made a wise request when they suggested
Dr. Dusker of Louisville, Ky., to preach the baccalaureate ser-
mon. On the evening of Sunday, June 16, the Third Reformed
Church was crowded with an audience eager to hear the mes-
gage. Dr. Dusker chose as his theme, "Paul's Attitude to the
World of Thought," suggested by the words of the apostle in
his second epistle to the Corinthians, the fifth verse of the
tenth chapter: "Casting down imaginations, and every high
thing that is exalted against the knowledge of God, and bring-
ing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ."
The address was scholarly and very appropriate for our day.
The speaker stated that Paul viewed the world of thought in
two ways: first, as mere human intellectuality; secondly, as
intellectuality having a divine cast. He traced the wonderful
history of human intellectuality from ancient days until the present time. He pointed out how science is continually groping in the dark, one scientific hypothesis being replaced by another. But intellectuality illuminated by the divine comes to an absolute conclusion. That it is possible to be a scientist and likewise a devout believer he proved by naming some of the world's greatest scientists who were firm believers in the Christian faith.

With a few words spoken directly to the graduating class the speaker closed the memorable address. May his words be long remembered!

“A” CLASS EXERCISES.

To the student-body and the residents of Holland the “A” class program is one of the most attractive and enjoyable features of the commencement week. As usual during the exercises, Carnegie Hall was filled, was just packed to overflowing. After the procession by the Misses Pelgrim and Cappon, Dr. Kolyn of the Seminary pronounced the invocation. The class prophecy by Miss Sophi Van Vesseon foreboded a good program. In a distinct voice, with ease and grace she unfolded the future of her classmates. A double trio, by the Misses Brown, Koning, Straight, Kolyn and Messrs. Ver Hock and Steininger, added variety to the program. The oration, “The Battle of Tours,” by George Pelgrim, gave evidence of thought and training. The piano solo by Harris Meyer revealed the musical talent of the class. The class poem of Miss Adriana Kolyn was a wonderful production. It is printed in this issue of the Anchor. The play was rendered well, all the parts were acted out in a creditable manner, all agree that there never was such a Tony Lumpkin as Hospers, that Steininger and Christine Van Raalte did exceptionally well, that Martha Ossewaarde and Clara Yntema were “too dear for anything,” and that Clotingh’s acting was very fine. The class may well look back upon that program with a smile of satisfaction.

ULFILAS CLUB.

That there are still many people in this city and in the college who delight in the Holland language, was very clearly demonstrated by the crowd that thronged to hear the Ulilas Club give their annual entertainment. The gymnasium was filled to its utmost capacity with a most appreciative audience, who applauded with a good spirit and vim that seemed lacking in the company that listened to the “A” class exercises, which surely were quite deserving. Can it be we get so accustomed to hearing good things that we forget to show our appreciation?

It may be the spirit that pervades the Ulilas Society which has wrought the change, but it does seem as if the members who take part in this program, do their parts with a great ease and frankness, much more so than if they spoke in the English language. The president’s address contained an interesting sketch of the Ulilas’ history, and we suspect, in his appreciation of Rev. Veldman’s labor for the society, a hint that the yearly feasts may continue. A strong, straightforward oration on the Holland in America won a round of applause at a tribute to our great American, Roosevelt. The “Mengel-werk” was cleverly given, and contained several close shots which were hugely enjoyed. In the little play which was given at the close, the boys showed their talent for acting. De Mott and Vander Wende were the star players of the evening.

COMMENCEMENT EVENING.

Friends and relatives of the graduates, and many friends of the college, from both the East and West, came to our spacious Carnegie Hall the last evening of the Commencement week, to see the class of 1912 graduate. At 7:30 the preparatory graduating class, led by Prof. Nykerk and two ushers of the Junior class, and followed by the Seniors, the faculty and the council, marched into the building singing the Hope College Processional.

After the opening prayer by Dr. Kollen, President Emeritus, Dr. Vennema, who presided, announced the title of the first oration, “Initiative an Essential to Progress,” by Oliver Dropers. In his usual and characteristic forcefulness the speaker brought his message to an attentive audience. William Stronks, in his oration, “Self-Knowledge for Service,” emphasized that the college man should utilize his education for the
benefit of his fellow-men. Mrs. Helene Pardee then sang a solo entitled, "When the Heart Is Young." Gertrude Hoekje in her oration, "The Silent Forces," pointed out that we are apt to limit our attention to the stirring movements of life and overlook the ever active and influential silent forces that mould the lives of men and the destinies of nations. The message of Donald Brush in his oration, "The Failure of Success," contained timely thoughts—our standard of success is false; mere accumulation of money must not be counted the only aim in life. With ease and a delivery of inimitable grace, H. V. E. Stegeman spoke on "The Alchemy of the Soul." After these five splendid orations, short but pithy, Miss Ruth Keppel gave a violin solo, entitled "Humoresque." The vigorous applause gave evidence how well the solo was appreciated. Diplomas were then awarded to the graduating class; the members of the class of 1909 who had finished three years of further study received the degree of Master of Arts. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon the Rev. W. Patterson Bruce of Yonkers, N. Y., the president of the Synod which had just finished its session in Grand Rapids.

The following prizes were awarded: The Geo. Birkhoff, Jr., English Prize of $25 for the best essay on "Jane Austen," to Helene De Maagd, '13.


The Mary Elizabeth V. Z. Riepma Domestic Mission prize of $25 for the best essay on "The Reformed Church in the New Southwest," was divided equally between B. Vander Woude, '13, and R. Kroodsma, '14.

The A. A. Raven prize in oratory was given to C. Muste, '14, and Clarence Dame, '13, first and second respectively.

The J. Ackerman Coles debating prize of $50 was divided equally between the six members of the debating teams.

Geo. Birkhoff, Jr., Dutch prize of $25 for the best essay on "Hendrik Tollens," was awarded to Oliver Doppers, '12.

The Southland Prizes were granted for the first time this year. The Gerrit H. Albers gold medal for high scholarship, character and usefulness for the four years in college, was awarded to Caroline Borgards '12. The Mary Clay Albers silver medal was given on a similar basis to Christine Van Raalte of the Preparatory Department.

The Henry Bosch prize for examinations in grammar and orthography, of $15, was given to Tena Holkeboer, and the second prize of $10 to Beradine Vinkemulder.

Arthur Heusinkveld then delivered the valedictory, a scholarly production, printed in this number. After the singing of the doxology Dr. Karsten pronounced the benediction.

The exercises of the entire week were of a high standard of excellence, and preparation marked all the work. The audiences were greater than ever before; even standing-room was appreciated, for many were turned away from our large Carnegie Hall, which accommodates from fourteen to fifteen hundred people. The Utilas entertainment drew the largest crowd, giving proof of the popularity of the Dutch program and the fact that the Dutch language is used considerably and appreciated in this community.

Alumni

The engagement of Miss Jennie Sonnema to August Veenker, '10, has been announced. The marriage will take place in July. Mr. Veenker teaches in the High School of Monmouth, Ill.

At a meeting of the Michigan class of the Reformed churches, the following four students—J. A. Dykstra, '09; P. H. Pleume, '09; A. J. Van Houten, '09, and D. Van Strien, '09, who graduated recently from the theological seminary at New Brunswick, were given their classical examinations. Mr. Van Strien will take up missionary work in Japan.

Albert Lampen, '11, who is superintendent of the Saugatuck Schools, intends to spend part of the summer in Chicago, where he will take a postgraduate course at the University of Chicago. Mr. Lampen will work for a Master's degree in Mathematics.

Miss Floy Raven, '11, has been awarded a scholarship in the University of Chicago, in the Department of English.

Dr. S. M. Zwemer, '87, who has been one of our Arabian missionaries for twenty years, is to locate at Cairo, Egypt,
where his work among the Mohammedans may be put to
to larger usefulness. Dr. Zwemer expects to reach New York
on June 20, and will make arrangements for his family, now
in America, to join him in Cairo.

Rev. John Wolterink, '09, was married June 13, to Miss
Ruth Voorhors of Overisel, Mich. They will live at Clymer
Hill, New York, where Mr. Wolterink has accepted a call to
the First Reformed Church.

The baccalaureate sermon for the graduating class of the
Holland High School, was preached by Prof. John E. Kuiz-
enga, '99, Prof. H. E. Dosker, '76, preached the baccalaureate
sermon for the graduating class of Hope College.

SOCIETY NEWS.

At 3 o'clock, on June 6, a jolly bunch of girls and Cos-
mpolitans appeared at the boat dock, and were soon speed-
ing away through Black Lake into Lake Michigan in a
"double-decked" launch. There were "white-caps" in evi-
dence, but this only added spice to the occasion. At 6 o'clock
summer was served at Macatawa Park, after which a few more
hours were spent in cruising about the lakes. The guests all
agree that the "Cosmop's" know how to give, and have, a
good time.

On June 7, the Sorosis Society gave a "Rose Party" at
the club rooms. The "Ohs" and "Ahs" of wonder, and de-
light, to which the guests gave vent, when they were ushered
into the rose and fern trimmed supper hall, lit by rose-shaded
candles and resembling a bower of roses, were tribute to the
ingenuity of the "Sorosisites."

The afternoon of June 10, the "Frats" and the "Cosmop's,
with the "Nicks" as entertainers, betook themselves to the
beach. Plunging into the cold waters of the lake, rolling down
the sand hills, shouting like "all-possessed," the college men
let go for a couple of hours, forgot "profs," "exams," and
had the "time of their lives." A "weeny" roast and supper put
the finishing touches to a day that all will remember.

On the perfect evening of June 11, the Delphi Society
gave a lawn party at the home of Miss Katherine Pelgrim.
The grounds fairly shone with lights, and laughter was there

"holding both his sides." Ask the guests if the Delphi girls
aren't good entertainers.

On June 13, the annual banquet of the Fraternal Society
was given at Hotel Holland. Why need anything be said
about it? Every one knows it is a symposium in every sense
of the word, a feast where the mind as well as the body finds
refreshment.

The annual Meliphone "stage" occurred on June 15. The
energetic "prep" boys, freed from the encumbrance of fair
maidsens, gaily hied themselves to Saugatuck for a day of cheer
and good-fellowship. Such little accidents as overturned boats
and young Meliphonians helplessly struggling in the "icy
clutches of Neptune," cannot dampen spirits where there are a
"Steinie" and an "Ovie" to "drive dull care away."

The "A" Class has been having a royal good time these
past few weeks. Parties, picnics, holidays, have been legion.
But they could not escape a few intellectual "jars" produced
by the different college societies. On successive Friday even-
ings the "A" Class girls were entertained by the women's col-
lege societies, and the "A" boys by the men's. Here pills of
wit and wisdom, seasoned with "eats," the best the societies
could concoct, were administered.

On Tuesday evening of Commencement week a reception
was given to the alumni in Voorhees Hall. According to all
reports it was one of the most enjoyable and successful recep-
tions ever given to the alumni.

On the morning of the above mentioned Tuesday, Mrs.
Durfee gave a breakfast to the Seniors.

Wednesday evening, June 12, Dr. Vennema gave a dinner
to the Seniors. This is the first class that had the privilege
of this honor received from the new president. We hope that
many more Senior classes may in the future be entertained in
his home.

ATHLETICS.

Baseball.

We were indeed intensely disappointed when the day
arrived for the Kalamazoo College game. To say that it
poured would be considered obsolete by our English depart-
Awards the Monograms.

On the thirty-first of May the lovers of athletics met in Winants chapel to attend the exercises in connection with the awarding of the official "H's" in the various departments. After a few opening remarks by Martin Verburg, Grand Consul of the Hope Monogram Circle, a short program was rendered, consisting of:

Instrumental Duet..........................G. Stegeman and C. Lokker
Remarks on Athletics........................Director Hensinkved
Vocal Duet..................................Misses Brock and De Pree
Reading......................................Miss Delia Ossewaarde
Ladies' Quartet..............................Misses Lahnus, De Pree, De Pree, Brock
Remarks by Football Manager.............A. Van Bronkhorst
Awarding of Football "H's".................By Capt. Stegeman
Awarding of Basketball "H's"..............By Capt. Stegenga
Awarding of Monograms.....................By Capt. Van Bronkhorst

The managers of the different departments made appropriate remarks. After the singing of "Old Hope" the meeting was dismissed.

Football "H's" were awarded to C. Holleman, B. Van Zyl, H. Yntema, H. Pyl, H. Straight, J. Heulooose, P. Ver Hoek, H. Dieters, and M. Vander Meer.


Track "H" to C. Holleman.


EXCHANGES.

The April number of Dictum Est has a very unique cover design. Its exchanges are well written. The paper would be improved very much, if the advertisements were not mingled with the literary material.

The Spectator, as usual, is strong in jokes.

In the Pleiad, the language of the Athletic Department is rather colloquial and bombastic for a college paper.

LOCALS.

"It's easy for me to fall in love."

Dimment—"Mr. Steininger, the reason why you can't read this is because you never had a case (?) Miss Hoffman, you translate it." And Bernice had it right.

Ida (talking about Am. Lit.)—"Arthur, how many of those yellow books have you written for Prof. Nykerk?"

Arthur—"Oh, Ida! I have ceased to think of all those mundane things."

For detailed information on any subject whatever apply to Mr. B. Vander Woud.

Wanted—A definition for the term "social member."

Dimment was lecturing the class about unexcused absences. He said that after four such absences the parents were notified, and the next time the culprit was sent home.

Furda (longingly)—"Professor, does the college pay the express charges?"

The chorus heard at the dormitory: Gerarda and Lucile—"'Tis sad to part with those we love."

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