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The Ship of Life

This world is like the ocean
Over it we all must sail;
Each of us is pilot,
His life, as weak and frail.
When quiet is the ocean,
When wind and wave are still,
The pilot steers his vessel
Wherever he may will.
So in this wide world also
We too can lead a life
Of perfect ease and happiness
If it is free from strife.
But in the hearing billows,
When high the surge rolls,
The ship off falls a victim
To treacherous rock and shoal.
So too our life may suffer
From sickness, grief, and pain;
And oft life's ship must founder,
Never to sail again.

The ships, with cargoes laden,
Sail toward a distant shore,
And enter there a haven,
Where storms can harm no more.
We too a soul must carry,
Until the end draws nigh;
Then souls, from bodies parted,
Are wafted up on high.

The lighthouse by the harbor
Send out its cheerful rays
To guide the storm totem vessel
Through heavy fog and haze.
Christ is the Light that guides us
Through every storm of life,
Till death at last overtakes us
And ends the lifelong strife.

For every faithful Christian,
Who stripes for Jesus bore,
Death is the soul's landing
On Heaven's tranquil shore.

KROODSMA '14
EN of genius may be divided into two classes; to the one belong those whose spirit is free and untrammelled, wholly creative; to the other those in whom the divine spark is further fed by the fuel of larger knowledge. By accident of birth as well as by force of circumstances, Matthew Arnold was destined for the latter class. He received his preparatory education at Rugby, over which his father, the famous Dr. Arnold, so long presided. He entered Oxford during the religious upheaval caused by the Neo-catholic teachings of Newman and Keble. Coming into contact with doctrines so diametrically opposed to his earlier beliefs could not but affect his future attitude toward matters of faith. Thus it is that we find his poetry so pervaded by the spirit of doubt and half despairing uncertainty. He never outgrew that tremendous shock to his faith and we find him voicing his dejection in all his poems.

Between the ages of twenty and thirty he devoted practically all his time to poetic composition. He adopted the Hellenic ideal of poetic form and set the rule before himself that art is not merely an aim to please, but also, and more, a law of pure and flawless workmanship. In the classics, he saw his model exemplified but their rigidity hampered him. The readiness and spontaneity which are the chief requisites of true poetry were lost in a cold and lifeless artificiality.

Despite his inability generally to successfully apply his poetic ideal, he has succeeded in producing three genuine masterpieces. The longest and best known of these is his adoption of the Oriental legend of Sohrab and Rustum. If "poetry, to be of the highest type, must have sublimity of thought and grandeur of expression," this is surely of the highest order. It is a magnificently constructed expression of the greatest of human emotions, the love of father for son. Brilliantly colored with eastern hues, it burns and throbs with restrained passion, so intense, so vital, that the picture of the struggling warriors battling fiercely on the "Oxus strand" stands out in bold relief from its background of rumbling thunder and sandy whirlwind.

"And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell, And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair,— Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,

And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand."
solution. A literature himself, he could well appreciate beauties and flaws in construction, while his logical, judicial mind carefully analyzed and weighed excellences and deficiencies in content. The verdict was then rendered, impartially, absolutely. Critics have said that he lacked the ability to comprehend the finer inner fancies and feelings of the creative mind, the ability to penetrate the depths of the writer's soul and estimate the worth of the matter there, he has been called, in fact, a mere judge of form. Aside from all other considerations, it is not possible that his censor may not be entirely unbiased in their estimations. It is almost too much to require of mere man that his mental attitudes be absolutely without bias, but when Arnold says of Emerson, he "is your man of soul and genius visible to you in the flesh, speaking to your bodily ears, a present object for your heart and imagination," he surely shows a real appreciation of the inner man, an evaluation based on more than his formal style.

A keen, clear brutality characterizes all of Arnold's prose work. He is always brilliant, sometimes almost epigrammatic. As Browning has said, "his phrases are famous." There is scarcely a reader who has not at some time happened upon that biting classification of the English people into Barbarians, Philistines, and Polite. It is indeed questionable whether a more telling shot could have been fired at the time existent social order. He confined himself, however, to the absolute truth, believing sobriety to be the prime essential of the best criticism. "Do not exaggerate," he said, "do not venture beyond the pale of strict verisimilitude," and in accordance with this rule he has been most sparing of the superlative. Few critics have succeeded in so sternly conning themselves to the comparative. But when he does use the superlative one feels that the highest praise has been offered the fortunate receiver.

Arnold maintained that culture was the prime essential. So ardently did he advocate culture as the means for deliverance from the petty, the narrow, the banal, that he has been called the "apostle of culture". He felt himself endowed with a higher nature, a truer sense of the fitness of things and so he dared to set himself above other men and to enunciate to them his ideas and ideals in regard to matters of life and work. Daringly he condemned, impersonally but fatefully whatever seemed to him in need of condemnation. Whole peoples felt the sting of his rebuke. He stirred the British people more deeply than may ever be realized when he wrote his essay on "My Country-

men." We Americans, too, received our portion in that now famous lecture on "Numbers," though he said of it, "I cannot think that what I have said will finally be accounted scant praise, although praise universal and unqualified it certainly is not." Many things American, undoubtedly, did not please him and what was displeasing he unvarnished strive to rectify by carefully setting forth its deficiencies that the error might be clear. It was very difficult for him to express, publicly at least, his personal estimate of America, though privately in his letters and conversations he was quite free in the expression of his appreciation. In a letter to his friend Smalley, he said, "I don't think the 'nice' Americans ought to take to themselves what I say about shortcomings in the life of their nation, any more than he 'nice' English who I say about shortcomings in the life of ours, but I was determined to say at some time what I thought of the . . . . prevalent 'great nation on earth' strain, and I am not without hope that it may do good."

There can be no doubt that the excellence and lasting value of his essays is due in large part to their style and manner. They are a sheer pleasure to the reader who delights in clear, lucid exposition. He is not involved, never is his thought obscured by prose verbosity or confused groping after words. Always he seize upon the happy word to express the very of the idea he wishes to convey. His is the ability to adapt his style to the subject in hand with apt readiness; now the permissiveness of his appeal in "Literature and Dogma;" now the keen, biting sarcasm of "Friendship's Garland," whose very title gives point and emphasis to the seeming mildness of the composition.

Through all his prose Arnold has shown the power to make himself almost purely objective, the ability to consider a subject wholly apart from himself. This capacity is most evident when his religious attitude, as it appears in his essays, is considered. There one finds no trace of the deprecation and loneliness found in his verse, but rather a light urbanity. Some articles such as "Literature and Dogma," "God and the Bible" and passages from his notebooks are definitely given over to discussions upon his religious views. The keynote of his belief seems best expressed by a sentence found among his memoranda, "true piety is acting what one knows." The ability to hold firmly to religious dogma was not resident in him, although he clung steadfastly to his convictions and faith. There can be no question of his belief in the existence of a superior being, omnipotent, omnipresent, but not to be comprehended by the finite mind. He wrote in one of his notebooks:
THE WINNER OF THE PRIZE

The Anchor

"The Kingdom of God is as a man may cast seed on the earth and may go to bed and set up night and day, and the seed will shoot and extend he knoweth not how." The feeling caused by disaffection with theological dogma and established forms of religion. As he himself said "perfection is our goal" but for him perfection was not to be found in formal religion.

Matthew Arnold, renowned as a poet, is doubly famous as a critic. Coming at a period in the history of English literature when the creative impulse of the earlier part of the nineteenth century was on the wane, he exerted a vast influence over the outlook of energy which marked the latter half of the century. He was the first to introduce to the English the sense of form in prose literature. Taking from the French the pattern of his critics, acknowledging the great forms Saint Preux as his master, his style was still decided his own. To read and to study Arnold is to obtain an appreciation of the value of repetition and of a well turned phrase, an understanding of classic clarity, lucidity and unity. He stands before men as the prophet of balance, logic and sanity.

Charles Peet '14.

"Oh, Jack! I dread to have you compete for that prize tomorrow, for you might lose your life in the attempt. What if some part of your aeroplane should break while you are in mid-air, and you come falling to the ground and be crushed to death under the machine? What would become of me, your promised wife?"

"Never mind, my dear," Jack said soothingly. "Nothing like that will happen, so just calm your fears. Only think of the thousand dollars I shall receive for nearly a pleasure trip in the air! Think of the grand things we will be able to buy for our little home; and all that for just a little energy and nerve tension on my part!"

"But Jack," said Lucile softly, "I would rather have you in a small and scantily furnished house, than have a palace and live alone."

After comforting her as best he could, Jack said good-night to Lucile, and started on his way home. She stood at the gate and watched him until she could see him no more. Now and then she could hear his whistle, but soon that too was indistinguishable, and she was alone. Yes, alone; perhaps forever alone.

She entered the house very quietly, went up the stairs to her room, lit the lamp, and prepared to retire. But she could not sleep, for thoughts of her future, happy home were destroyed by the thoughts of the morrow. "Surely Jack could not win, why is he so determined to risk his life?"

The bright sun had already risen high in the heavens when Lucile awoke the next morning. She dressed hurriedly, and went downstairs to find her mother busy with morning tasks. Lucile began to help her as usual, but often found herself doing just the opposite from what she would have done had her mind been so filled with thoughts of Jack. "What is the trouble, Lucile?" her mother finally asked. "You act so strangely; are you ill?" And with that Lucile burst out in tears. Then and there she told her mother about Jack's intended flight that afternoon. "I can't allow it," she said passionately; "I shall ask him to give it up." Then she went to the phone; but alas! he had already gone to the place where his machine lay, to put it in readiness.

The clock struck one when Lucile Klippenger left the house. She was a young girl of medium height, very slender, and wore a blue suit. A pretty little hat somewhat hid from view the black curly hair. This little figure walked swiftly to the corner where she boarded a
car, and was soon on her way to the park, where the aviators were to give their exhibition. Countless numbers of people boarded the same car, and when she reached the grounds there was pushing and crowding from all directions. People came from all parts of the country to see the aeroplanes. The park was already filled with spectators, and still more were coming. Men were shouting; ladies laughing and calling to their friends, boys shouting and cheering, and even babies crying as if their hearts would break. All this made up the crowd assembled there with one common purpose in their minds—to see the flight of the aeroplanes.

It was just fifteen minutes before starting time, and the people were growing more and more excited, all looking eagerly toward one spot, and straining every muscle in order to see all that was to be seen. The time came, and, amid the cheers of thousands upon thousands of people, the buzzing noise of a machine could be heard. Slowly, yet firmly, that huge monster rose higher and higher into the air. A second one rose, a third, and a fourth until all seven were fluttering around. How they swayed, came down a few feet, turned and soared still higher in the air until they became mere specks, scarcely visible to the naked eye.

But among all the crowd of cheering and anxious people, there was one who was constantly watching “Number Three.” It could be seen from her actions that she was somewhat interested in the person managing that machine. She will be recognized at once as Lucile, the betrothed of Mr. Jack Alleson, one of the competitors. Her eyes never ceased to follow him as he soared higher and higher. He seemed to drop a short distance, and her heart began to beat faster and faster. Oh! was it “Number Three” that was losing? Had he lost control of his machine? But soon the suspense was over again, for again the machine went up like a shot.

The buzzing noise grew fainter and fainter, audible cries for help could be heard from above. The people began to grow excited and terrified. Lucile became very restless, tried to recognize the voice, but was unable to do so on account of the noise around her. She looked up again to find that the machines were now distinguishable. Just then a buzzing noise passed right above her head, and, one by one, the machines came down amid great shouts of the people. Numbers Three and Four were now the only two in the air. Lucile saw them feeling and turning about as if desperate; she heard the crowd shouting as if mad; and now she noticed that one machine was falling fast to the ground. Although the number could not be seen, she tried to make her way as quickly as possible to the place where the ruined machine lay, but the enormous crowd prevented her from getting there. This made her almost desperate and she cried out “cannot someone tell me the number of that machine?” “Does nobody know?” But almost as soon as she had spoken these words, she saw “Number Three” making its descent slowly.

Lucile almost leaped for joy. How beautiful was that huge monster, and how majestically it rode through the air! “Oh Jack, you are safe and still alive!”

A great silence reigned over the crowd when they saw four men carrying the lifeless form of aviator “Number Four” from the grounds, but the cheering was immediately resumed when “Number Three” came down, for that meant that Jack Alleson was the winner of the prize.

Wilma Oxner '15.

MY NEIGHBOR AND I

certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and he fell among thieves, who both stripped him and beat him, and departed leaving him half dead.” Presently a Priest and then a Levite came that way, and, fearing defilement, wrapped about them their garments of whiteness and passed by on the other side. But a Samaritan had compassion on the man, took him to the nearest inn, and ministered unto him.

Nineteen hundred years ago this story was told in answer to the lawyer’s question, “who, then, is my neighbor?” Since that time the same question has been asked repeatedly and in various forms. How often we have tried to justify ourselves when we have asked, why should I help others? Why not attend to my own business and let others attend to theirs? In that matchless code of ethics, taught to the Galilean fishermen, the answer is found clearly, “Love thy neighbor as thyself.” Neither is to be superior, but the happiness of each is to be attained through the success of both. True individual happiness can only be attained about us. It is one of the most compensations of this life that no one truly helps another without helping himself.

Most of us have not experienced this truest happiness, because
our lives have been so self centered. We have thought too much of
our own pleasure, our own prosperity, our own advancement. Too
often in our dealings do we forget the golden rule. If this were not so,
general poverty would no longer exist among working people; the un-
sanitary conditions of the tenement districts would long have ceased to
be, if these are but the results of the selfish indifference of property
owners. In this progressive era these conditions must be changed. We
need only be reminded of the wonderful chivalry in the Titanic dis-
aster, and the whole-hearted response to the call for help in the recent
floods, to realize that the spirit of brotherhood was never more prevail-
ent. But the object misery which surrounds the homes of thousands of
our working people is a challenge to even the twentieth century. It
is indeed hard for us to remember "that human nature is every where
made of the same stuff, that life's joys and sorrows are felt as keenly
under home spin and calico as under silk and broad cloth."

But now I hear you say, "Indeed, we do feel sorry for these
unfortunate people. We do sympathize with them, but we cannot
help them. We are so powerless among so many." "It is good to
think well; it is divine to act well," says Horace Mann. Just as "faith
without works is dead," so too, sympathy without action is of no avail.
As muscles which dare never exercised weaken and whether away, so
emotions, continuously repressed, grow weak and finally perish. If
we wish to keep our hearts sympathetic, we must give expression to the
impulses of kindness that so frequently arise.

Still you ask, "What can we do to alter these conditions? We
are so busy with our own work." True, we are busy; in our pros-
thor shall not our poorer brethren share? Tell me, are we loving our
neighbors as ourselves?

Some years ago there was graduated from the school of Medi-
cine at Oxford a brilliant doctor. Financial resources, mental ability
and professional training were his; friends predicted for him a success-
ful career. Now, that very man is practising medicine on the bleak
coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador. The isolated and wretched
fishermen along that two thousand miles of shore hail him as a God
sent prophet. Personal comfort is no consideration to the kindly doctor,
the call may come early or late, from far or near, but never does he fail
to relieve their suffering. Dr. Grenfell, one of the grandest men of the
twentieth century, is helping these people live a fuller, truer life. In
Chicago, Jane Addams and Dr. Taylor are demonstrating the meaning
of the spirit of brotherhood. By surrounding the poor people whom
they can reach with religious, aesthetic and educational influences, they
are showing them the brighter and happier side of life. Men and wo-
men such as these have been the first to realize the new spirit of the
age.

Some times, when we read the yellow journals with their ex-
posures of social immorality, industrial dishonesty and political corrup-
tion, we are inclined to believe that the tendency at present is not up
ward. However, a look into the typical American home, the normal
American community, reveals the fact that the black spots are only
on the surface, but that the heart is sound and true. Indeed our nation
is prosperous and progressive. Our people are becoming more widely
educated. But the question is still unanswered. Are we truly pro-
gressive? Are we emphasizing the greatest things in life? If we
were, would we pass by our brethren so frequently with the Priest and
the Levite or would we follow the example of the Good Samaritan
more frequently.

We cannot be truly progressive, while in our own land there
are warning factions, while the poor begrudge the rich their wealth, and
the rich ignore the poor man's cries, while little children wear away
their young lives to add a few more luxuries to some lordly palace; while
misery and vice go on unmolested.

But can these conditions be remedied? Yes, for even now a
change is apparent. The 16th century emphasized man's responsibility
to God; the 20th century, emphasizes man's responsibility to man. The
belief in the brotherhood of man is become as integral a part of
the doctrine of Christianity as the belief in the fatherhood of God, and
to neglect the one is no less heresy than to neglect the other. Our
religion has truly been one-sided. It is our Christian duty to improve
the conditions under which our poorer people live. Only thus can we raise
their ethical standard and remove the vice and crime which are so pre-
valent. If only these people could know that we are truly interested
in them, that we are really their neighbors, what a change would be
wrought! How much happier the world would be if each of us daily
would do some kind deed for those less fortunate than we. Thus would
not only the poorer people be encouraged, but we too through their
comfort would enjoy happiness to a greater degree, and our nation
would be united in spirit as well as in name.
THE MYSTERY OF THE VILLA.

Josephine Handy, one warm October day, was gazing thoughtfully out of the window of a down-town apartment house, when suddenly she exclaimed, "The very thing!"

Josephine Handy was an orphan, her parents had died when she was still a child, and from that time until a few weeks ago, she had lived with her grandfather. But he also had died recently, and left her a large fortune.

She was a girl of about twenty years of age, tall and slender, with a fair complexion, blue eyes, and light curly hair. She did not busy herself with society, but music and art which she loved.

The next day she started early in the morning to carry out her new idea. She went from one real estate dealer to the other, but could not find what she wanted. She was about to give up in despair when she noticed a real estate office across the street and with a last hope entered the office. The man told her he had a suburban villa which came nearest the description of the home which she desired. She decided to look at it and was told that the man living in the cottage near the villa would be willing to take her through the house.

After much changing, and waiting for cars she finally arrived at her destination. The beauty of the villa immediately attracted her attention. A long row of stately maples could be seen along both sides of the gravel path and a beautiful old home covered with vines which had now turned red from the autumn sun. Even the old fashioned gate pleased her. She hastened her pace to the little cottage which stood near the villa and asked the man who answered her knock, "Are you the man who takes people through this beautiful old villa?"

The man answered in the affirmative, and after taking his hat from the hook on the door, they started on their investigating tour. "Don't you think this is a beautiful home?" asked Josephine.

"Yes, but no one ever lives there very long," was the reply. "Why not?" asked the now curious girl.

"Because the house is haunted, I've heard the ghost myself. I wouldn't live there if I were you."

"I'm not afraid of ghosts and besides I don't believe in them," answered the bold Josephine.
heard the hall door open, and some one enter the house; but when she got there no one was to be seen or heard. That evening while sitting before the hearth in her room she felt this presence again and also heard a slight noise in the clothes-press, but when she looked anxiously into the clothes-press, nothing was to be seen or heard.

Josephine determined she would find out who and what this was. So she placed a large mirror on the opposite wall that she might see the reflection of the clothes-press in it. After waiting about an hour, she heard a slight noise and anxiously looked into the mirror. She saw a narrow panel door open and beautiful girl step out into the clothes-press, tip-toe toward the door, peer around the corner and fix her beautiful eyes upon her.

Josephine was delighted and called to the beautiful girl to come into the room and talk with her. At first the girl was going to rush away, but then she saw the mirror and timidly stepped into the room. Josephine soon put her at her ease and begged her to explain why and how she got there.

The girl, who introduced herself as Frances Smith, said her lover had begged her to stay there with his parents until he returned. He had been sent on a business trip to India by the firm which employed him. Two years had passed since then and both of his parents had died leaving her alone. This home had formerly belonged to his parents, but the distant relatives had immediately rented the house because they knew nothing of her. She, knowing of these secret passage ways, had concealed herself while people lived in the house and had kept it clean when one lived in it. "I had a little money with which I bought the provisions to keep myself alive," she told Josephine. She also told Josephine that her lover must have perished during a storm on the sea as she had not heard from him since he left New York.

The girls' became firm friends, and Frances readily accepted Josephine's invitation to come and live with her. The winter passed into the spring and the spring into the summer and still the girls lived happily together.

One evening while the girls were sitting on the porch, they saw a man enter the gate and come up the long gravel path. "Who can that be?" asked Josephine, curiously. "I don't know," was Frances' reply, but before the stranger had reached the house, she uttered a cry of joy and rushed to meet her long-lost lover.

Marguerite Van Der Brink, '15.
COMMENCEMENT

The Hope College commencement exercises came to a close on Wednesday evening. Many relatives and friends of the graduates came from East and West to witness this beautiful and impressive close of the school year. The Preparatory graduating class led by Professor Nykøk, and followed by the Seniors and the council and faculty of the college, entered the building, singing the Hope College Processional, written by Rev. John De Spelder, 70. The invocation was pronounced by the Rev. Van den Berg of Grand Rapids, president of the council, after which Miss Evelyn De Jee played a piano solo, "Prelude by Oldburg.

The first address of the evening was delivered by Henry Colenbrander, who spoke on "The New Martyrdom." He said that truth had been discovered through Martyrdom. Although the days of physical martyrdom have passed, there is today a call for men who are willing to endure social ostracism for the sake of truth. He declared that the tendency at the present time was to cut loose from the past and rely wholly upon new experiments. The new martyrdom calls for men and women who are willing to suffer in order to preserve the old land marks and to strike boldly out for new truth.

Lambertus Hoekman spoke on "Present-day Knighthood." He described the knighthood of the past whose ideal was military and physical prowess. The knighthood of the present he said upheld a higher ideal, the ideal of service. This ideal of Christian chivalry he said was permeating society in a very large sense at the present time. But there are many wrongs to be righted at the present time, the speaker went on to say. These afford a challenge to the present-day knight who must be willing to suffer for a cause. Mae La Huis and Frank Kleinheksel sang "Watchman, What of the Night," by Sugeent. Helen De Marel delivered an address on "The Vision Splendid." She stated that the greatest gift of God to man is vision. Without this gift the power of intellect narrows and finally breaks down under its own strain. The power of vision was very strong in the philosophers, poets and statesmen who have left the greatest impress upon history. This marks the difference between Ryton and Tennyson. Between David and Soul, and Raphael and many modern artists. Even the humblest man or woman may have the power of vision increased by "following the dream" persistently. The vision that is most worth while is that of the Christ.

Clarence Dame delivered an address on "The Pioneer, Past and Present." He declared that the work of the pioneer of the past had been the exploration of continents and the extension of the boundaries of civilization. The work of the pioneer of the present is of a mental and moral nature than physical. The leaders in the pioneer work of today, he said, were Pinchot in the conservation of natural resources, and Graham Taylor and Jane Adams in social service. He further declared that there was a call for pioneers in the new sequence of eugenics and in the problems of social justice and industrial democracy. He closed with an appeal for strong men and women to do pioneer work in these new fields.

"The Eternal Good" was the subject of Edward Wicher's oration. He declared that the characteristic of all great leaders was personality. And that society must be uplifted through the cultivation and strengthening of personality.

Gebhard Stegeman played a piano solo "Impromptu" by Chopin and Frank Kleinheksel sang "Elsb" by Charles Gilbert Spross. The concluding number on the program was the valedictory by Agnes Vischer which we have published in the number of the Anchor. The audience was dismissed after singing the doxology.

After the exercises the members of the graduating class enjoyed a moonlight launch ride on the bay. After a couple of hours of boating the group proceeded to "Van's Cafe", where refreshments were enjoyed. The weather was very pleasant and a delightful time is reported.

PRIZES

The prizes awarded on commencement evening were as follows:

The George Binkoff, Jr., English prize, $25, for the best essay on the subject "Mathew Arnold" was awarded to Charles Peet.

The George Binkoff, Jr., Dutch prize $25, was awarded to Henry Colenbrander. The subject was "Max Havelaar."

The Mrs. Samuel Sloan Foreign Missions Prize, for the best essay on the subject "Dr. John Otte," was awarded to Bernard Van Der Woude. The prize is $25.

The Raven prizes in oratory were awarded as follows: first $30, Henry Hoof, second prize $20, Henry Bilkert.
The J. Ackerman Coles Prizes in debating divided among the six members of the two debating teams, Clarence Dame, G. De Mott, John Tillema, Henry Ter Keurst, Leon Bosch and John De Boer. The Van Zwedenburg Domestic Missions Prize, $25, for the best essay on the subject "Evangelizing the Jews in the United States," was awarded to Clarence Dame.

The William Olive Prize, $25, for the best essay on the subject, "The Advantages of Life Insurance," was awarded to Lambertus Hekman.

The Southland Prize—the Gold Medal to be awarded to the young lady of the senior class who in the opinion of a committee of the faculty made the best record in general activities during four years in college, was awarded to Jennie Linnell.

The Mary Clay Albers Silver Medal to be awarded to the young lady of the "A" class who made a similar record during her preparatory course, was presented to Emma Cornelia Hoekje.

The two prizes offered for the best examinations of the "C" class, were awarded as follows: first prize $15, to Ethel Luidens; second prize, $10, to Peter Cooper. Honorable mention was made of Harold Veldman.

VALEDICTORY
(Patrons Of Hope College)

This evening we have tried to give you a few of the thoughts and aspirations of the class of 1913. You have helped us form these ideals, for your influence has been a potent factor in our education. We appreciate your kindness for having received us so hospitably into your homes and into your churches. By the many favors you have shown us, we know that you appreciate the college we hold so dear; and we hope that always this spirit of friendliness and co-operation may exist.

Students of Hope College—

We regret that next year we cannot join in your studies and in your sports. You will not realize how we feel until your time comes to leave your Alma Mater. But in spirit we shall be here with you, watching your progress and rejoicing over your success. We are glad to have shared in the college victories in the past years and we are confident that you will in the future win for our college even greater triumphs in athletics, oratory and in scholarship. We wish you the greatest success.

Council of Hope College—

To you we are grateful for having given us the benefit of enjoying a higher Christian education. We wish to thank you for the inspiration of noble lives with which you have surrounded us, and we hope that by your discreet guidance our college may be of greater usefulness in the future than it has been in the past.

President and Faculty of Hope College—

As we look back over our college course, we find that often we have failed to grasp the opportunities which were ours. We never realized how much our college course meant to us until it was nearly past. But this too is only one of the lessons of life which we have learned within college walls. During the years we spent with you, you, we have learned to regard you as our guides, our examples, our counselors, as well as our instructors. We cannot fully realize what influence you have exerted over our lives, but as we go from among you, the inspiration of your loyalty and noble Christian character will ever remain with us. We know that you are deeply interested in us, and the assurance that you are watching us and expecting us to be leaders will give us more self-confidence and will spur us on to success. May God be with you to bless Hope College.

Class of 1913—

For four years we have studied together, and what a happy time we have had! Now our Alma Mater has called us together to give us her blessing and to send us out into the world of work to scatter sunshine and happiness wherever we go. And we should not be sorry to go, we should be glad to do our part in making the world brighter and sweeter. Our class, it is true, will be disbanded, yet we shall be held together by unbroken ties. We shall ever be one, for the character of each of us is not the result of his own labor entirely, but has been moulded by the inspiration, and the influence of the class of 1913. Whatever successes come to us individually will be enjoyed collectively, for we are ever one. The bonds of friendship which unite us can never be severed, but rather they will be strengthened by the test to which they are put. Then we shall not say farewell, but let us go with the belief that we may meet again. Class of 1913, we each bid you all, auf wiedersehen!

Agnes Visscher—'13.
the president of the University of Michigan had stated that Hope was doing the best work among the small colleges of Michigan.

Mr. Gelmert Kuiper of Grand Rapids spoke of the pleasure he annually experienced in returning for the commencement activities. At this school he said his foundation for future usefulness had been laid.

Frank Kleinheksel sang two solos, "Fiery Waters" and "I know a Lovely Garden." The last address was by Dr. Venema. He told of the cablegram he had received from Dr. Kollen congratulating the Seniors. He said that the college was in a better financial condition than it had been in many years, and that these would be no letting down of the bar in those features in which the college now is strong. The banquet closed with a song, in which all the guests participated.

"A" CLASS PROGRAM

The "A" Class exercises drew a very large and appreciative audience. The "A's" kept up the standard set in former years, and displayed a variety and high quality of talents. The class Festival Processional March was played by Ruth Bleikink and Dona Smith. Dr. J. W. Beardske pronounced the invocation, after which Miss Emma Hoejke read the class history, a production constructed in rhyme, and recording the progress of the class since their arrival at Hope College. A quartet composed of John Moore, Henry Dalmann, Clarence Jakum and Zenas Zundel delighted the audience by singing a humorous selection entitled "Simple Simon.

Paul Stegeman read the class prophecy in which was predicted the future career of every member of the class. He foretold to them every conceivable situation from the management of peanut stands to pleading in our legislative halls.

Miss Keppel sang a beautiful solo, "The Return.

The class oration was delivered by Millard Van der Meer, who spoke on "The Uncrowned Queen," a tender and loyal tribute to motherhood. He closed by reciting Kipling's "Mother o' Mine.

The class selected for its play Shakespeare's "As You Like It." This is the first time the preparatory classes have undertaken to present a classical production and they deserve great credit for the success which they attained. Anna Visser played the role of Rosalind in a beautiful manner. Eva Leinhousyt was very strong in the character of Celia. Cornelius Wierenga and Zenas Zundel carried their parts
as dukes in a natural and effective manner. The part of Orlando was played by Max Reese. The other characters too were well chosen. The costumes and stage fixings were especially appropriate. The "A" class and their instructor Miss Moore are to be congratulated upon the success of each part of the program.

ULILAS PROGRAM

Monday night, June 16th, sacred to the Ulilas, again gave evidence of the fact that the people of Holland have not forgotten their mother tongue. In spite of the heavy rainfall which interfered with attendance and at times made it difficult for those who took part to make themselves understood, the entertainment was a decided success.

Gerard and Alice Roop opened the program with a few flute and piano duets. Rev. A. J. Van Lummel of New Jersey pronounced the invocation after which Clarence Dane, the president spoke a few words of welcome. Herman Massen gave a reading entitled "Honderdoorn," the story of a faithful dog who saved his master's life after the master had tried to drown him.

Berend Van Der Woode delivered the oration of the evening in which eulogized the life and work of Dr. Abraham Otte who died in China in 1910.

The budget was read by Henry Jacobs and was very much enjoyed. The last number on the program was a play entitled "Sheeven Gaaze" with the following cast: Guiproel, Harry Hofft; Joost, Alex Van Bronkhoust; Julius, Henry Colenbrander; Fentz, Fred De Jong; Max, John Mykkers; Toon, John Knutes. The number, which was very humorous and very well carried out, kept the audience in a roar most of the time.

ENTERTAIN "PREP." GRADUATES

The "B" class very pleasantly entertained the "A's" with a trip to Saugatuck. They all reported a perfectly glorious time—probably two glorious for some of them.

FRATERNAL BANQUET

Tuesday evening, June 10, was the night of nights for the Fraters and their lady friends. It would be useless to say what excitement this event has created, and never has the realization proved to be of more enjoyment than anticipation. The toasts and music was excellent. The success of the function was due in a great measure to the witty and humorous toast master, Henry J. Pyle.

Meliphone "Stage" 3 2 2


SOROSIS PICNIC

On June 6, the Sorosis girls and their friends gathered at the Harrington boat dock from where they speedily launched out upon the lake to Macatara. On account of the threatening sky and heavy rain drops several couples decided on a running team instead of a strolling one. It was humorous to see the "lost" sheep straggle in two by two. In spite of the rainy day a very enjoyable time was spent.

SENIOR PLAY

On Monday evening, June 2, the Senior Class gave a dramatic presentation of Arnold Bennett's "Milestones." A large audience attested the popularity of these annual productions by the graduating class, and their expectations of something good were fully realized. Even though the play is without a climax, the interest was sustained throughout by the excellence of the acting. The presentation was a credit both to the talent in the class and to the directing.

"Milestones," a so-called problem play, is of comparatively recent production. It portrays the struggle of the radicalism of youth against the conservatism of age and the inability of an old man, however progressive he may have been when young, to accept any innovation. It also deals with the class feeling in England. "Milestones" is one of the plays that are causing men and women to think about the great social problems of the day.

THE MELIPHONE PROGRAM

The annual program of the Meliphone Society is one of the most attractive features of commencement week. On the evening of June 13th, Carnegie Hall was filled with an audience who showed a just appreciation for each of the splendid numbers which were given. After John Moore had played the Meliphone March, Professor Wicklers pronounced the invocation. Cornelius Weiringa, the president of the society, extended a hearty welcome, and then Charles De Vries gave an original stump speech which "took down the house." Moore, Prince, Winter and Beyer won enthusiastic applause by their singing of "Mammy's Lil' Boy." An excellent oration by Weiringa, a
selecton from "The Last Days of Pompeii," given in a forceful manner by Dalman, and a witty budget, read by Van der Meer, finished the first half of the program.

The little play, "Music Hath Charms," was without doubt a grand success. Dalman portrayed the college boy, hopelessly and foolishly in love, in a manner which bespoke experience. The part of a book-worm and dreamer was taken in a truly excellent manner by Hoffman. The jolly glee club and, their enthusiastic trainer, sang college songs with so much vim and spirit that their music drove all thought of the fair damsel from the mind of the love-sick youth. The entire production was teeming with fun, and the Melphomaniacs caught the spirit in a right masterful way! The society may well be proud of the impression they made upon the public.

C. B.

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Essays Literary and Critical.
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St. Paul and Protestantism.
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OBITUARY

Berend Theodore Van Der Woude, who for five years has rendered faithful service in winding the clock, locking the doors, and putting out the cat in Voorhees Hall, has finally graduated from this memorial labor to enter upon his duties in another sphere of work. Mr. Van der Woude has long been known and loved by the Voorhees inmates. May he soon be forgotten by the mice, the maids, the "dus-and-paters" and the carpet-beaters. To hope that the Voorhees boarders shall forget him is unnecessary. It is inevitable. "Van" will be succeeded by the Rev. John Tillema D. D., better known as faithful John, whose services this far have already been highly appreciated.

For further locals, please look on page three.

A large number of Alumni were seen on the campus during commencement week, both old and recent graduates. Among those who came from a distance were Dr. Henry Dosker '76, Revs. Manus Stegeman '06, Andrew Stegema '06, James Osewaarde '00, Isaac Van Westenburg '09, John Walterink '09, John Gebhard '78, and Jerry P. Winter '91.

On commencement evening honorary degrees were conferred on three of Hope’s Alumni.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was given to Rev. John W. Beardslee Jr. '98 and to Rev. H. V. S. Peake '87. Hon. G. J. Diekema '81 was given the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Dr. A. Vennema '79 preached the Baccalaureate sermon for the college graduating class.

Rev. Martin Flipse '90 has accepted a call to the Third Reformed Church, Holland.

Rev. Henry Veldman '92 has left for the Hague, Holland, where he will have charge of the English speaking church for tourists during the summer.

Revs. James Dykema '10 and Henry Vruink '10 have both
accepted positions in the domestic mission field. Mr. Dykema will
go to the Mescalera Indian mission and Mr. Vrunk to Oklahoma.

Prof. J. E. Kuzenga preached the Baccalaureate sermon for
the graduating class of the Wisconsin Memorial Academy at Cedar
Grove, Wisconsin.

Prof. Patterson,—"If there's a joke, tell us about it, Miss Mulder. I wish you'd treat me with as much consideration as you do
the other young ladies."

Martha O.—"I went to the swamp this morning in tennis
slippers for cow-slipper.

Evelyn (stirring the lemonade).—"Don't put all that sugar
in here."

Della.—"Why not?"

Evelyn.—"Because that won't be enough."

"Don't let your mother make all preparations prior to your
wedding. Doing it yourself is the nicest part of it."

Congratulations all ye Seniors.

"I'm again at my old stand at the park. Baggage to all
parts of the park." "BUTCH!"

Jack Althuis is again editing the Clara City Gazette during
the summer months.

A word that has been on the lips of every student these last
few weeks is "money."

One of our fair co-eds, translating in French),—"Une angoi-
se abominable." "(an abominable agony) read an abominable
agony."
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