The Anchor.

NOVEMBER.

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haps it was the fear—that you might still know me. How strange that a short two years should make such a difference to me that I am not even recognized by one with whom I was so intimately acquainted but that brief time ago! And yet, when I look at myself in the cracked glass which is the nearest approach to a mirror that I have in my dreary surroundings, I wonder no longer.

I followed you to your destination, meaning to find out your address, so as to let you know what had become of him whom you had once honored by calling him friend. After diligent inquiry, reluctant information was given me by the hospital guards; and I repaired in haste to my squalid room, filled with vivid memories of the past. For the first time, in I know not how many months, I made preparation to write. The art was almost forgotten. Paper I had none; I begged for a stamp—to such a depth am I fallen!

Perhaps this kind of paper—the inside wrappings of tobacco packages—is offensive to you; perhaps the rank odor of cheap tobacco, and the sight of stains from my unwashed hands may cause you nausea; tho I fear this, still I will write. I owe it to you to let you know what has become of the one time self-sufficient and proud man who aspired to your hand.

The why and the wherefore I will not resurrect. "Let the dead past bury its dead." Thoughts of the last bitter hour often as a bane come over me, and always are mingled therewith thoughts of that other last bitter hour, when, thro your unwitting and unwilling agency, my bright anchor of hope was lost deep in the dark sea of despair, and I was cast adrift.

Nobody speaks my name, nobody cares for me; I’m doomed despised, alone, forsaken—this world to roam to the bitter end which by my actions is being made fast to approach. Who is to blame? let that be left unanswered. I might plead extenuating circumstances, but I will not. I said my end was fast approaching—I am an opium fiend, a devotee of Bacchus, a slave of cigarettes—you see the grounds on which that conviction rests.

I can see myself lying in a morgue—a corpse with no one to claim me. I, in my imagination, an imagination vivid perhaps by the inordinate amount of dope that whirs thro my blood can hear the condemnation of idle onlookers. But the epithets hurled at me cause me no tremor. I scorn them; and smile. Such will be my end; I know it. Little would one have imagined that the youth, so full of promise, with such a bright future possible before him, would come to such a sad end. I would end it all sooner, but a dread, a terrible fear, restrains my hand. What if there is something hereafter? I shudder. Terrible things could I say of myself, but I will not lay bare to you the secrets of a moral leper, tho once my every thought was shared with you. Women hardened by years of vice, have swooned at the recital. What then would be the effect on your delicate sensibilities?

Since last we met my career has been one of retrogression. At first I managed to live by my wits a sort of semi-respectable life. Dark and dreary thoughts, sad and melancholy musings, were my almost constant companions. They drove me to drink; to dope. And yet your image was ever present with me; it was the link that still bound me to respectability. Companions I had none, for I cared to associate with no one. I left my home. My parents know not now where I am; nor do I know where they are. If you chance to meet them, for their sake let them not know what has become of the son on whom they doted.

Soon the last trace of what I once had been was resigned. I sold my books to buy the poison that my system craved. From that time on my fall was fast; and faster. First I tramped around the country: but I did not do this long, for sometimes I could not beg the money—or steal it—to get the drug that appeased my gnawing stomach; sometimes even I happened upon towns where I could not get it. Worse sufferings than I experienced in those times never fell to mortal’s share. I defy the demons in Hades to make me suffer more.

Hence, compelled by my appetite, I took a room in one of the cheap lodging houses of the city; I was near to a Chinese joint, and managed to earn my dope, first, by suping at a low down theatre, and later by tending bar in a brothel. Here I grew familiar with rights that I—depraved as I am—pray you may never be called upon to witness. The very beasts would shudder to behold. Frequent attacks of cema, to which I was subject from my habit, lost me even this poor job; and from that time, I sank to the lowest grade of leece habits. I did crime for hire; I became a procurer and panderer. Chitamen were my only associates. Thoughts of the past I had none; it was buried, sealed up forever. Of no one did I make a confidant; I could not: those to whom I tried to speak could not restrain the expression of disgust which my appearance excited. I was spurned and repulsed by my very employers in crime. Not longer ago than yesterday, I robbed a corpse for clothes to wear.

What will be the end of my days? I am soberer and saner at present than I have been for many months; but my stomach is warning me to give it its stimulants. When the end shall come I know not: sooner or later I will not come out of the comatose state into which I so frequently fall, and then a blight will be removed from this earth. After that? What then? I know not, nor care.

You, as it seems, have been successful. The position you now hold has long been your cherished ambition, I know. May
you do all the good that lies in your power. Let not this confession of mine disturb you. You are not to blame. Perhaps you have forgotten me entirely; perhaps you yet sometimes think of that rash man who would have had you sacrifice yourself to his ambition; perhaps you rejoice that you did not; perhaps even you are sorry—I care not, whatever you think of me. May he be this letter may resurrect memories best kept buried. I expect no answer; and yet I cherish the hope that a sympathetic tear may be shed for him who once spent so many happy moments in your company.

All my tobacco packages are written full. I go now to get success from all my crazing thoughts in Morphine's embrace of oblivious stupor—Morphine who has made my days to be numbered. Would you be sure never again to meet me; would you desire not to be contaminated by touching my garment, would you keep your mind unpolluted by thought of me, and your eye by sight of me—then go not near the levee of Chicago.

Such was the letter. Enclosed with it, in the soiled and torn envelope, which bore the traces of having traveled far, and the unmistakable proof of having held an unclaimed letter, was a slip of paper, signed by the postmaster. It read:

Name on address not found. Married a missionary to India. Please write return address, so that undeliverable matter may be promptly returned.

The date on this slip was nearly a year later than that in the superscription of the letter. The receipt of this information seems clearly to have caused the wretch to take his own life, and to end the existence of which he was so weary.

H. H. H.

XXX

Thoughts on "Vanity Fair."

William Makepeace Thackeray, tho not compelled to work for his living, when first placed upon his own resources, soon became so straightened that he was compelled to resort to some means of earning money. After various attempts at other pursuits, he at last hit upon the idea of writing for magazines. If it had not been for this, we would never have had "Vanity Fair," and the literature of England would have been deprived of one of its greatest works. We scarcely hesitate to rank it with that peer of French fiction, "Les Miserables."

Vanity Fair is a history, or rather, a play in story form, which is acted out before the reader's mind's eye. The scene is laid in London. The characters are taken from the outer circles of genteel society of that little world. The time of the story begins before, and ends many years after the battle of Waterloo.

The reader is also carried thither and enjoys many pleasant scenes. The curtain rises and the great battle is before him; but not as Victor Hugo gives it in "Les Miserables." He takes one amid the death-groans, agonies, and roars of carnage; but our author shows the moral side, the part that women play: how they must suffer, and sacrifice, and bear without being considered. We are also brought into contact with French and German society. In short, it is the Vanity Fair of the world.

We find one genuine love story in the book, and it is this which lends sweetness to the whole tale. The subject of the work is often given as a "A story without a hero," but upon diligent search and thought we hail as the hero, the man who serves that he may succeed. As in all true history of life, we must have love-stories without love; so too, in "Vanity Fair" do we find a few. The world, as it seems, is full of these.

The characters begin in early age, and end in death, misery, or happiness. The former two are of no account. When one dies, or is in misery, he is forgotten. A good heart or soul counts for nothing, unless the actions of that person be full of grace, or his pockets full of gold. Grace, culture, and a winning manner are sure to gain a foothold, but always at the risk of failing any moment. This is brought out in more cases than one. There are at least ten characters that especially attract our attention. Of these the above sentiments are a marked characteristic. The characters are nearly all drawn in pairs, not alike but directly opposite. They may be grouped as follows: Becky Sharp and Amelia Sedley; George Osborne and William Dobbin; Joseph Sedley and Rowden Crawley; Sedley Sr. and Osborne Sr.; and the sons of Osborne Jr., and Rowden Crawley. It would be very interesting and helpful to draw the parallels of these but space does not permit.

The author's purpose in writing this book was undoubtedly to show the world the failings of its existing social system; to point out some of the most prominent causes of roteness; and, perhaps, to suggest a remedy. "Vanity Fair," the world, stands for so much that, to understand it at all, it requires a life long study, only to leave the task half done at the end. Thackery had done this, but he found no satisfaction. Hence another purpose of the book: one must go where he can find satisfaction, but not to "Vanity Fair," the world.

A beautiful contrast offers itself between "Vanity Fair" and "Les Miserables." The latter treats of individuals, of society in detail, to show that it makes men bad individually, and hence is itself the cause of its criminals. "Vanity Fair," however, treats of society more as a whole, and shows that it is itself wholly a wrong doer. The former shows the part a single man may play, the latter shows the part man collectively may play. But
both tend to show that the inevitable end is misery and death. The good may prosper; but, when once stamped as scoundrels, the unjustly, they scarcely rise again.

In "Vanity Fair," true worth counts for little; but, as has been said, money rules all. It buys success. It places its possessor upon the highest pedestal without his efforts. It allure, it attracts, it deceives. And happy is the man in Vanity Fair who possesses it. Money is consequently the cause of faction, strife, jealousy, and favoritism. Surely, then, is it not also the cause of classes and masses? Thackeray proves that it was so a century ago, and we say: much more is it so today. But the true worth counted little then, now it must count, for it has forced itself to the front.

The style of the book is pure and simple. The not smooth and poetic as Hawthorne's, still it flows on gently and never hitches. At times quaint humor ripples out upon the surface, and again deep, biting sarcasm, for which the author is noted, shows itself in livid flashes of unmerciful taunts. But he is often very gentle in this. Sometimes he soars up in lofty streams of beauty and truth, and then suddenly comes down with such abruptness to the colloquial that the reader feels almost bewildered in his attempts to follow him.

Shall we call the book a valuable production? Has anyone hesitated in his opinion? It has been called a masterpiece. In its line it has never been excelled. Of the five or six great novels that rank first in English literature, we would scarcely hesitate to place this first. To one willing to read, study and learn, "Vanity Fair" offers a field that is not easily exhausted. We have found it so, and are confident that others may. It is a burning history of society, commenting, criticizing, and lamenting its condition in every way; so that, forsooth, one is inclined to say with the author: "Vanitas vanitatum."

E. R. KRUIZENGA.

EDITORIALS.

Athletics

This year Hope College can again boast a football team. Tho the efforts of the manager of the Association, the college received a challenge from Muskegon High School. The spirit of the old timers was aroused hereby, and consequently a goodly squad lines up enthusiastically every evening under the able supervision of a coach, who seems providentially to have come to town—and to the notice of the Association—at the opportune moment.

Dr. Everett has in his day coached University teams to victory, and he is at present a practitioner in Holland. The H. C. F. B. A. deems itself most fortunate in obtaining his gratuitous service, and hereby takes opportunity to thank him publicly therefore.

Altho the members of the team do not look forward to certain victory in Muskegon, yet they feel confident of putting up a good game against the clever High School boys. A few days in the skillful hands of our coach have completely transformed the players. Quite a considerable of the awkwardness of those who are new for the first time assaying to play, is disappearing, and the old players are rapidly getting into their best form. The greatest reliance can be placed on the veterans, Hess and Patsy; nor must Poppen and Dahl en be forgotten.

The boys in general have great confidence in their representatives, and all concur in predicting a close game, if not a victory for Hope. The game will be played in Muskegon, Saturday, Nov. 8. It looks as tho quite a few roosters will accompany the team to make things lively.

The line up for the College will be as follows:

Poppen—center.
Stegenga—guards—Van Westenburg.
Kelder—tackles—Dahlenburg.
Nienhuis—Ends—Van Houte.
Zandstra—O. B.
Niesink—H. B.—Doven.
Heemanus—F. B.—Captain.
Subs.—Nauta and Strick.

With football revived and resurrected, so to speak, other athletics should not be neglected on its account. We should also have a basket-ball team, as we had in former years; and efforts should be made to get games with other teams, as was done last year. We notice that now, while foot-ball is being played, there is no one (girls excepted) that plays basket-ball. The conclusion is either that all the students play foot-ball, or that the same ones who now play foot ball formerly played basket-ball, tennis, etc. The latter is true, and the conclusion is, that there are very few who are taking care of themselves physically as they should. There are at the largest possible figure not more than twenty-five in the foot-ball squad. The rest are indifferent, or go for a walk as exercise, and yet they howl for a new gymnasium. Why get a new one, if the old one is not used? We hear that it is not fit to use; and yet money is being expended on it from time to time. Our appeals for a new gym will meet, and should meet, with no success, if we show no appreciation of the old. Get into the gym, play basket-ball, run on the track, use the clubs and dumbbells, bars and rings! Then next spring you can show the council what you have accom-
plished; and it will say, "those boys need something more substantial and modern than that antiquated wind-pierced shanty."

Then in place of the old pretense that now stands on the terrace, there will appear a modern structure, able to compete with Van Raalte Hall in substantialness of appearance, and with the gyms of our sister institutions in equipment. That is what we WANT, but we will never get it in the way we are now going about it.

\* \* \*

The Lecture Course.

The lecture course has become an established custom at Hope College, and it is well that it has. By means of it we are able to come in contact with the best talent of the platform world. It provides entertainment for a season which otherwise would be very dull. And besides, it affords an excellent opportunity for a fellow to spend some money in behalf of his best girl.

We have always had high class entertainments and lectures, but this year's course seems superior to any course we have had. We have already enjoyed the first musical, which we may regard as an index to the entire course. Those who heard Roney's Boys had none but words of commendation. We do not know with which the audience was delighted more, with the manly little fellows, or with the exquisite music they furnished, but we know that every one who heard them was captivated.

The other numbers of the course which are in store for us are equally excellent. On Nov. 19 we have Prof. Clark of the University of Chicago, a well-known public reader, who will read Ulysses, Stephen Phillips' latest play. The Gifford Concert Company with Leon Marx, the famous violinist, will appear Feb. 23. And then comes the inimitable impersonator, Leland T. Powers, with whose work many of us are acquainted. He will appear in David Copperfield on March 27. Col. Bain, the well-known orator, will lecture to us on April 9. The last number on the course is Senator J. P. Dolliver, who on April 15 will lecture on the subject, "The Workingman of Nazareth." His fame as an orator has spread abroad throughout the land, and therefore he needs no recommendation.

We certainly should feel grateful to the management for providing us with such a course. The citizens and students have shown their appreciation in their hearty support. This is an indication that our course is growing in popularity. We hope that there may be nothing to mar the success of the course. It is true that a slight unpleasantness occurred at the reserving of seats, but by this time it is, no doubt, forgotten. If we may caution the management in one particular it is this: Do not get too many extra numbers. They are the death to the course.

AMONG THE SOCIETIES.

THE ULLIFAS.

Among the literary societies of Hope College the Ulilias occupies a prominent place. Altho comparatively young in its history, and small in membership, it exerts a well felt effect upon its members. The Dutch language is spoken throughout. Debates, recitations, criticisms, orations, extemporaneous addresses and eulogies are among the items found in the program, and delivered at its meetings. Only the very best thoughts, put in the most euphonious Dutch, are called for in the items of the program. The Ulilias aims to enable its members to convey their thoughts in a style correct and pleasing. Our meetings are held on Monday evening in the Ulilias Hall, at 6:15 o'clock. They are opened with prayer by one of its members, and continued in a way which affords individual benefit in the command of the Dutch language. Its officers are: President, B. Poppen; Vice President, G. Pennings; Secretary and Treasurer, Z. Roetman; Pedel. Rotschafer.

We invite the students of the College to visit us and join our hand. Let the good work go on!

COSMOPOLITAN.

A month has passed and our members, old and new alike, have settled easily into the traces. The assignments have required work and plenty of it, but they have met with a hearty response. We certainly intend to keep up our pace in this respect, for a society, as well as an individual, must prosper through the sweat of its brow, if it prosper at all; and yet the program will be varied with plenty of spice in the way of declamations and music. We believe that the college society should be a half-way house between the semi-cloistered life of the campus and the stirring activities of the outside world, and to meet this end, the value of debates upon live questions is especially emphasized.

Y. M. C. A.

Messrs. Pennings, Strick, Van der Naald and Hoekje led the prayer meetings during the past month. The attendance has been fair, averaging about fifty-five. The enthusiasm at the meetings has been very great.

The Bible Classes under the leadership of Steunenberg, Nettinga and Van Zante are increasing in number of members, and in interest. About thirty young men are now taking up systematic work.
The mission class has just completed a thorough study of the life of David Livingston. Many papers on different phases of the great explorer's life and work were read by different members of the class. Messrs. Pennings, Booee, Van der Schoor and Miss Van der Ploeg have conducted the class in turn during the month. The Rev. Mr. Newcombe, missionary from India, gave a pleasing and helpful address to the class on the evening of October 4th.

The Sunday schools, carried on under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. have done a good month's work. All report an increase of attendance. Programs are already being prepared for the Christmas season. Two members of the Y. W. C. A. have also enlisted in this Sunday school service.

The week of prayer, which has always proved to be a season of Christian uplift to the association, will be observed the third week of November. Messrs. Steenberg and Nettinga, Revs. Bergen, Vander Werf and Dubbink, and Doctor Dukker have been asked to conduct the meetings. The association looks forward to a blessed week.

**MINERVA SOCIETY.**

Ever since the time that the memorable elict "Meet at Three" was first proclaimed from the throne, the girls have desired one of the many privileges of Hope's favored sex. This desire was the holding of their society meetings in the evening instead of "At Three." This wish has finally materialized. On October 10, 1902, the girls organized the "Minerva Society," which is to hold its meetings after supper.

The aim and object of this organization is the literary, musical, and social development of its members. They send greetings to the older literary societies on the campus, and hope soon to rival them in the development of the talents and capacities which their members possess. The first officers of this society are:

- President—Lilla Thurber.
- Vice President—Minnie Riksen.
- Secretary—Lottie Hoyt.
- Treasurer—Esther Andreae.

**Alumni.**

The Reformed church of Fulton, Ill., has called the Rev. H. Harmeling, '88, of the First Reformed church at Chicago.

F. M. Wiersma, '99, preached in the Reformed church at Vogel Centre, Mich., last Sunday; he will for the following few weeks take charge of the services in the Reformed church at Lafayette, Ind.

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**College Jottings.**

Annie Laurie! ! !
Quit it! Quit it!
Cheer up! Cheer up!
No more chewing in the class.
"Me too, Pete."

Have you noticed who has a cap like Wandyke's?
At the telephone—"This is Ruisaard, the pickelman."
A Sophomore—"Professor, what will blacken HCl. I poisoned my pants in the laboratory."

Prof. — "Bring your books and come to me tomorrow, and I will do something with you. But I will do more with you if you don’t come."

The would be poet, Hoeckje, writes poetry with fine "feet."

A problem in mathematics. How can number two be number nine? For the answer apply to the managers of the lecture course.

"Oh," says Kelly, "I wish someone would sit on my lap: I don’t give a dogon who."

Duiven—"That amounts to about as much as a woman’s because."

Prof. — "Well, Mr. Duiven, you’ll soon find out that a woman’s because amounts to a great deal."

"You can, if you want to, but you needn’t. Marcus is here: he can take me home."

Golden rod!

Matt has a good square meal about once a week.

Peace! Peace! What? Peace in these troublesome times?

A scene at the last reception. Embarrassed student (upon being introduced to two young ladies)— "Are you from distant?"

Young ladies— "Yes; we live in Holland."

Student—"Oh! I come from Orange City, Iowa. I graduated from the Classical Academy there."

Truth crushed to earth will rise again.

The apology is satisfactory. You will please resume your duties.

Miss Peskaus says she never goes out alone.

I shoved all the blame on Banty (Prof. Nykerk.)

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We will not go very deeply into the discussions of the pains of the heart. It would be rather hard for some of us to explain this.

Boeve maintains that it is quite essential to become partly acquainted with the Y. W. C. A. Does he mean part of the Y. M. C. A?

Professor to Physics class—"Why does a rotten egg float, whereas a sound one sinks?"

Vis—"The little chick swims."

How do you like to go to the pantry after apples, Pennings?

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