12-1-1904

The Anchor, Volume 18.10: December 1, 1904

Hope College

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.hope.edu/anchor_1904

Part of the Library and Information Science Commons

Recommended Citation

http://digitalcommons.hope.edu/anchor_1904/10
Volume 18, Issue 10, December 1, 1904. Copyright © 1904 Hope College, Holland, Michigan.
YOU DON'T

Need Glasses or a Telescope
to see what we are doing

Just read our Ads and
Watch our Windows.

You can depend upon our
goods and trust confidently
to our business methods.
You know our line.

Clothing,
Men's Furnishings and
Shoes

The LOKKER-RUTGER CO.
BY NAME YOU KNOW OUR FAME

THE HOLLAND CITY NEWS PRINTERY
IN CANDIES, FRUITS... and NUTS.
ICE CREAM
J. C. BROWN East Eight St.
HOLLAND

J. TE-ROLLER
COLLEGE REPAIRER
of ATHLETIC ARTICLES.
Corner Eighth and College Avenue

J. & H. DE JONOH,
LEAD IN...
GROCERIES AND DRY GOODS
Special Accommodations to Boarding Clubs.
21 East Tenth St., Holland.

A. G. Spalding and Brothers
Largest Manufacturers in the World of Official
Athletic Supplies

Come In
and let us explain the reason why we
have the best candies and nuts.
There is a reason for it and we will
tell you why. Many different quanti-
ties of each and we have the best.
Years for a Merry Xmas "Dixie"
Darmon & Calkin's

We've Got the
SHOES
In all the best styles for men
women and children. Our stock
is so large and varied that there
is no trouble about getting a
good fit. S. Spietsma

J. Y. Huizenga & Co.
28 River St.

RINCK & Co. the place to
buy
Your Holiday Goods etc.

It is our pleasure to show you
our goods.

The Anchor
"Opera in Hex"

Vol. XVIII December 1904 No. 10

A Fudge Party

For convenience sake we will use assumed names. The name
of one of the youth's is not Mr. Fat. The name of the other
is not Mr. Tull. Likewise the cognomen of the one damsel
is by no means Daisy and the appellation of the other isn't Clara
for a minute. Clara, however is a very pretty word if the stress be put
upon the penult.

Daisy and Clara are chums. Nay—they are bosom friends.
They love each other as all damsels do. Their very souls are knit
mit

Tonight they sit together in the little green room conversing in
low sweet tones. The electric light from a thousand bulbs floods the
room. It lingers softly upon the green satin finished walls and is
reflected away from the smoothly polished surface of a marble bust
of Bacchus. It hovers about these maidens deftly touching their
tangled tresses of gold and brown. All is peace. Naught is heard
save the twittering of the maidens.

"Mr. Fat is coming tonight."
"I think that will be lovely."
"And Mr. Tull."

"O, don't ask him, I think he's an awful bore."
"Why Clara, I thought you liked him real well."
"Yes—one. But I've forgotten it."
Well now, that's too bad, but he's coming, Clara."
"What shall I do? O, Daisy, save me."
"Tell you what! We'll make fudge!"
"And keep him busy? Do Daisy, I implore you."
"Yes dearie. We'll fix it up."

The silvery tinkle of the door bell is heard. Clara goes to the Weber baby grand piano and Daisy patters to the door. A moment later Fat and Tuff enter to the strains "You're as Welcome as the Flowers in May."

They exchange greetings, likewise sundry glances. Fat is radiant with joy and beams with smiles. Tuff however looks dejected and taken in.

"Play some more, will you Clara?" chortles Fat. "That music's great."

Clara complies. Tuff with undue haste dives into a music chest and continues to supply Clara with more music than was really necessary.

Fat all attention slyly interrogates Daisy.

"What's ailing Tuff?"

"I don't know" (with a wink) "I suppose that they've had a row. It's a wonder she wouldn't let a person know of it in time to prevent serious complications."

"I think he's a clam."

"How about Clara? Say, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll make fudge and then side-track them both as soon as possible. Send 'em home, in other words and let them fight it out."

"Rosey, all right. It's a good one on Tuff."

The music stops. Daisy darts to the fudge laboratory and Fat exclaims, clapping his hands the meanwhile:

"Good work, Clara, I like to hear that song. "Always in the Way," says lets go to the kitchen and boil some dope—I mean fudge. Oh, I love fudge until I can't see straight. How about it, Tuff? Pa ts him on the back.)

"Y-a-a-a, i-t-s a g-o-o-d p-l-a-n, F-a-t."

"Why, where is Daisy?" Clara chirps. "Excuse me, I must really go and help her."

Exit Clara to the kitchen. Fat and Tuff slowly follow.

"Say, F-a-t. Th-a-t h-o-o-n-d if I see her h-o-o-n-d stock and all that. Wish I'd a known she was comin'."

"Ha! ha! ha! Running proposition all right: you dread the girl, but I dread the fudge. The last mess I got into made me sick. But take a brace, Tuff."

"H-m-m-m. (Aside) Ah I have an inspiration."

They enter the kitchen. Daisy and Clara are busy with the fudge and laughing at frequent intervals.

"H-e-y, Fat! Wots this?" (pointing to a jar of roses.) "Yours, Fat?"

"Naw. Them's Maud's. Must have cost him at least 30 cents. I wonder where he got the soon. Tough place for 'em—in the kitchen. Maud's been canned I guess."

"H-m-m-m."

Daisy now waives:

"Come on boys. The fudge is cooling nicely. Won't you have some?" She passes it around.

Tuff—"Y-e-s, its kind a c-o-o-l here anyway." (Eyeing Clara askance.)

Fat doubles up and snickers. Clara bites her lip.

Fat— "Well I like to come here, just the same. Daisy always gives us a good feed."

"Y-a-a-s. It's always well done, you know."

Daisy— "Oh, Mr. Tuff! What a pun."

"Y-a-a-s, but I don't like people that talk about you in your a-b-s-c-e-s."

Clara stifles and retorts.

"Nobody said anything about you, so there."

Daisy—"Why, what is the matter with you people. You look dreadful and act worse." (Fat is snickering enjoying it hugely.)

"Come have some more fudge."

"Y-a-a-s, its pretty good stuff. But I really have had enough"
"You'll have some more Clara dear, do. Take some home with you when you go.

"Yes and I must be going immediately. You know Mamma wants me home again at nine o'clock and—

Daisy—"Why what is the trouble, Mr. Tuff?"

Tuff, rolling his eyes, grasps the table and chairs in turn for support and staggers slowly from the room.

"Oh, I've got the worst is pain."

He sinks into a chair, buries his head in his hands and groans terribly. The three, aghast stand around him.

Fat—"What's the trouble, Tuff?"

"Oh, I'm sick!"

Daisy—"Where does it seem to trouble you, Mr. Tuff?"

"Oh, you can imagine!"

Tuff suddenly makes for a cozy corner, and doubles up among the pillars sobbing.

"Oh my, its the fudge! Its the fudge!"

These three vainly try to suppress their giggles and Fat ventured—

"Can I do anything for you Tuff?"

"Oh, no—yes—see, this is awful. Fat, help me into my coat will you. I'll have to go home."

"Stay, old man, you'll feel better soon."

"No, no."

He gets up, panting heavily. "I'll have to take a good dose of J-a-m-a-i-c-a ginger."

"Too bad, Tuff."

Fat helps him into his coat.

"You'll excuse me, Miss Daisy. I'm sorry, but I hope you understand my case."

He moves to the door.

"Oh yes perfectly, Mr. Tuff. Good night—I'm so sorry for you."

Mr. Tuff, goodnight."

"Goodnight; and I know you'll excuse me," nodding to Clara and passing through the door.

Clara—"Oh yes, with pleasure."

Exit Tuff, bidding Fat a faint good-bye.

An hour later.

"How' j come out, Fat?"

"Oh, Daisy and I took her home. You're a fine actor you are."

"Sorry, old man, but that last mess of fudge I got into made me sick."

Wahl.
ook in deze jonge vrouw? Hij gevoelt het contrast wanneer hij zegt:

Nu denk u dat de levenslust
gevangen in haar kluis!

Het zwaar, dat vroeger of later vallen moest, slipte haar boven de hoofd. Soms onmerkbaar, dan weer zeer duidelijk, werden haar krachten van dag tot dag minder. Haar vader beloofde dat ze zwakker, haar levenslust en hoop daarentegen rees met de dag. Ja, een bevrijde strijd, voorwaar, werd door de krankte gestreden. Een strijd tussen vrees en bloed, levenslust en stervensmoed. Maar de kwaad verergerde meer en meer. Zij was nu slechts de schim van haarzelf. En toch, 'ts waar, somtijds begon zij te vrezen, maar de hoop, welke in haar hart verborgen lag, hield haar nog staande. In de diepte van haar hart zal zij somtijds wel een sterke neerslaggen weemoed en snert geveld hebben, maar met al haar krachten, deed zij wat zij kon, om niet door de knagende, en zeker den dood verhaastende, smarten overwonden te worden. Ogenblicken waren aanwezig, waar haar bijna dodelijk bezwijken onder haar zwart kwaad, maar ook deze kwam zij voor een tijdje te boven.

'Als, als het maar eens weer mooi weder werd, en als zij maar eens haar buiten kon gaan, om de frische lente lucht met al hare ontschijflijke geuren in te ademen, dan zou zij spoedig genezen. Zoal dacht zij, zo hoopte zij, zo verstand, zij begreep, dat geen kunst, geen medicijn haar, hare krachten wederom terug kon geven. De frische lucht, de wonderbare krachten verlangen in het natuurlijk het instollen, de herlijke, verfrissende geur, welke de bloem des velds verspreidt, deze alleen, zonder haar redding brouwen.

'En Meemaand kwam! en met haar, zie,
   een vleugjes van herstel;
Valseh zommetje in een droeve lucht;
doch zij: 'Ik wis het wel,
Gods lente brengt me al redding aan;
zo nu de zoo maar scheen,
Ik Gebed—ik liep mijn kkerk uit
zo lochtig als voorheen'

De inhoud van dit vers geeft ons een helder blik in de stemming van haar ziel. Zoodra zij zich een weinig beter gevoelde, en vermaan dat als het ware hare krachten eentagspam toenamen, haar geheele hart sprong dan op van blijdschap en vreugde. Maar helans, het was maar een "Valseh zomnetje." Hoe zaacht, en hoe deelnemend en troefheid is dit gebeur, door den Dichter gebruikt.

Haar hoop was op de meemaand, de zuiden wind en de warme zommeschijn. Gevestigd, maar toen deze weg bloeien en inpats van zommeschijn, een ongestadige natte regen, inplats van de zachte zuiden wind, de gure koude en onaangename Noorden wind. Dagen in plaats van week. Zij voelde, dat er deel, of iets wat oogst werd, heel op het Huantje de Kerk. Steeds kon men haar vinden, tuurde maar den Huun, welke de richting van de verschillende winden aan wees. Maar de win kwijzer wees steeds naar het noorden. Hoe trof ik, hoe het overig is de beschrijving, die de dichter hier geeft. Het doet ons denken aan den zondaar, die het oog des geloofs- steeds op het kruis van Golgotha gevestigd heeft.


Hoe hartrijzend, hoe aandoenlijk, hoe zielbreidend, is de toon, zijn de woorden, wanneer zij uit de volheid van haar terneergeslagen hart uit roepen:

"Zag, hoofdig Huantjen, weerkt ge u thans
op't onvoorzichtig kind?
En houdt ge u dan maar doof,
esteeds doof,
voor al mijn geestige leen.
Als"—volgde er bitter, na een poos—
"als—God voor mijn geheem."

Kon het ook zijn, dat zij nu gestraft wordt voor hare vroegere nalatigheid? Hoorde God hare gebeden niet? Het is hart ver-
Zijn wil is wijs en heilig.

Maar deze treurige toestand was maar een donkere wolk, die over haar ziel zeggan was, en werd spoedig door betere gedachten verdreven. Wat een verschil, eenige ogenblikken geleden en nu. Hoe kalm en bedaard is nu haar aanzicht, hoe flink dat op nieuw aangestoken vonkje hoop in haar oog, wanneer zij haar lange, bleke vinger dreigend naar het Haantje wijst en zegt: "Pas morgen beter op!"


Ook wordt dit feit door haar besef. Zij gevoelde, dat er voor haar geene genezing te bekomen was. Met een zucht zegt zij dan ook "het wordt geen zomer meer voor mij." Ja indien "God het Haantje eens keeren zou" dan zou zij Hem danken, maar indien Zijne wegen anders waren, dan had zij geleerd te bidden, "Uw Wille Geschiede." Lang had zij geworsteld. Veel had zij gelieden. Levens lust en stervens moed hadden een geweldigen strijd gestreden, maar niet tegenstaande de vele moeilijkheden welke zij moest doorstaan, de overwinning was behaald. Nu kon zij beseffen, verstaan, en had tevens ondervonden, om in waarheid en oprechtheid des harten, met een zekeren dichter uit te roepen:

"Wat God doet, dat is welgedaan,
Zijn wil is wijs en heilig."
waar zij zoo steek naar verlengde gedurende haar leven kwam en bracht haar "naar buiten in de rust."

Verloost van aardsche pijn en ellende, rust zij op den akker der doden. Gelijk de dichter den schok, veroorzaakt door haar sterven, op zachte wijze aan ons voorstelde, zoo tracht hij ons nu ons voor tranen te bewaren, door niet veel te zeggen van de droefheid, smart en rouw, welke de vrienden en betrekkingen overstelpen. Hij spreidde hierover blijdschap dan droefheid, zonnenschijn dan duisternis om zich heen. En mogen wij ook niet veronderstellen dat zijn hart te vol was om in woorden uiting te vinden?

Hoe verheidend en schoon, vol van medoe de laatste regels van zijn gedicht:

"Naart' Haantjen van den toren keek,
met droeven glinlach een "

Naart' Zoodie Zouden heen."

De kranke is niet meer. De jeugdige vrouw sluimerd op de stille rustplaats van God's dodenen. Haar strijd is gestreden, haar tocht is verdeeld; thans sluimert zij rustig en zacht, totdat, in den jongsten dag hare ziele, weke thans juicht in de Hemelsche Gewesten bij Gods Engelen; met het heilzaam vereenigd zal worden. Ook wij, geliefde deelen, roepen u toe, "Rust zacht." Lief en beminmerijk, zit ge ons gevorderd, door de studie van dit scheve, heerlijke, herzame gedicht; en uw beeld, zoo treflend, zou hetgeen mede dalen in het graf, wanneer ook wij het tijdelijke met het eeuwige moeten verwisselen.

Zoo dan eindigt deze treurige geschiedenis, en wij moeten zeggen, het is wel. Hoewel een treurig en aandoenlijk gedicht, jmerklachten en declamatie worden erniet ingevoerd. En alhoewel wij de liederen persoonlijk niet gekend hebben, heeft de dichter door zijn kunst ons haar leeren liefhebben. Haar hoop, haar geluid, gepast in het zware lijden, haar onbaatzuchtigheid, haar levenslust en stervensmoed, zoo ongehuurd in een woord haar geheele leven doen ons haar beminnen. De Gemeent heeft ons waarlijk een meesterlijke beschrijving gegeven van een levensblijvende gedichten.
"Tempus fugit." O amazing
Fast, untiring, Time doth fly:
Yet when on this picture gazing
Ask we, "Can that here apply?"

Standing here in days of yore
On the grassy Campus slope,
Twenty years ago and more
On some festival day of Hope;

Lost seem all the days between;
Faces keep the well known looks,
Eager, hopeful as when seen
Living in the World of books.

Classmate does not hear the call
Comes to him from Egypt’s sands;
Others do not mind at all
Beckonings from foreign lands.

Some of these no doubt now carry
Formal handles to the name;
They are Tom and Dick and Harry,
In this picture, just the same

In the summer sunshine caught
While the years do onward roll,
Does the Janitor give thought
Unto kindlings or to coal?

One and all here seem possessors
Of the charm against Time’s hand
Council, Students and Professors,
Living here in Picture land.

Only place where all unbroken
Still the threads of life hold on,
And of none of these ‘tis spoken
Whispering softly: "They are gone."

—RALPH SCHIPEERS, PROF. F. B.
the above statements, namely, the shocking carelessness of one class of Y. M. C. A. members, and the fact that the other— the "pious" class, let us call them for convenience—will have nothing to do practically with the non professing christians—those who put a literal interpretation on their duty, are irregular at chapel and prayer meeting, say en-sowerds when they don't feel well, and play foot ball and basket ball—in the face of these facts, we say, it is no wonder that our list of christians does not grow, and that we have few conversions among the boys. It is time that the "careless" christians become less conformed to this world and gave their religion a little chance to show itself in their daily lives. And it is time that the "pious" christians learned that aloofness is not the spirit of Christ and that the outward and less essential elements of religion become hindrances when they are obtrusive. A little infusion of Calvinism into the one class, a slight injection of heredity and fellowship into the other and a rich outpouring of the Master's spirit upon both, would create such a change in religious conditions at Hope College as would gladden the hearts of all good men. It is "on tous" to follow up the victory gained during the Week of Prayer and bring about this result, or to let things fall back to a dead level of monotony and lifelessness again, to the disgrace of the Master's cause.

TWO LECTURES

Two eminently successful numbers of the College Lecture Course have occurred since the last issue of the Anchor. The first was The Ovise Musing Co. M. Musin himself is a Belgian violinist. His name went before him, and it is praise enough to say that he lived up to it. Musical critics are enthusiastic in praise of his marvellous technique, and his whole audience, musicians and non-musicians, were charmed by the melody he drew from his violin.

M. Koenig was the pianist of the company. He is a hollow-complexioned, sickly-looking youth, but by no means an infant or an invalid at the piano. Miss Grace Whistler Misick sang several solos in a rich contralto voice and was encored because of the strength and beauty of her voice, even though her appearance and manner, very suggestive of a southern darkie, failed to win a Holland audience. Marion Green, however, by his stunning presence, easy manner, witching smile and deep, sweet voice captured our ladies—and ourselves. He sang songs and songs and we never tired of laughing and laughing. The concert was the most successful musical entertainment Holland has seen in years.

Wallat Bruce The quaint old Scotchman was no stranger here, when he came to lecture last month on the Philosophy of Wit and Humor. He made an excellent impression. Much simple philosophy and homely wisdom was mingled with humor and wit that was not all "chestnuts." Mr. Bruce's delivery was simple and captivating. What impresses one is the ease and unaffectedness with which his speech flows forth. Here was a good object-lesson for the student, who is so much addicted to the uneasy, labored, declamatory, school-boy type of delivery.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The setting to music of the hymn by Mrs. Sangster printed in our last issue will be left to open competition. Communications and inquiries may be addressed to Prof. J. B. Nykerk.

Alumni Notes

During the past month, the college has received visits from Rev. H. Vander Ploeg, '92, who was on his way to his new field of labor in Lactor, Kans; from Rev. G. Watermulder, '97 of Grand Rapids, who led one of the meetings during the week of prayer; and from W. DeKlein '02, now a student in the North Western Medical school in Chicago.

The class of '72 has returned from the European trip taken during the fall.

The marriage of Rev. W. Denekas '01, with Miss Matilda Osterholt of German Valley, Ill., has been announced. Rev. Denekas is now working in Melvin, la.

Rev. E. Kelder, '06, now pastor of Knox & Berne, N. Y. Reformed churches, was married on Nov. 15, to Miss Monica Hagenbuch of Constantine, Mich.
Dr. B. J. DeVries, ’80 of Holland has brought home as a bride Miss Josie Augustyn of Milwaukee. Congratulations to these newly wedded pairs.

Rev. Jas. Ossewaarde, ’96, who as chaplain in the U. S. standing army, has been stationed at Ft. Snelling, Minn., for the last few years, is now in San Francisco, Cal., awaiting transportation to the Philippine islands, which will probably take place about February 1, 1905.

Rev. Dr. Otte, ’82, has left for his station in Amoy, China, and expects to work there for six years. Mrs. Otte ’82, will spend the winter in Europe and return to her home in Grand Rapids in the spring.

Rev. J. Huizenga, ’76, of Rock Valley, Ia., is now engaged in the work of classical missionary for the Classis of Iowa.

John G. Winter ’01 was recently awarded half of a $500 scholarship at the University of Michigan.

The newly organized 2nd Reformed church of Zeeland, having been disappointed in not obtaining Rev. E. J. Blekkink, ’83, of Kalamazoo as their pastor, have extended a call to Rev. Wm. Moerdyke, ’66, pastor of the largest Dutch Reformed church in the West, that of Roseland, Ill.

The church at North Holland will lose its pastor, Rev. A. H. Strabbing ’80, who has accepted the call extended him by the church of Hamilton, Mich., which he formerly served as pastor. Rev. N. Beer, ’97, of Bethany church, Grand Rapids, has been called to the pastorate of the New Holland church.

Rev. A. Oosterhof, ’92, has been installed as pastor of the New Era church. The following Alumni are deliberating on calls extended to them: Rev. G. J. Hekuis, ’85, of Bethany, Chiangto, on the call to Forest Grove, Mich.; Rev. E. J. Winter, ’98, of Monroe, So. Dakota, on the call to Britton, Michigan; Rev. J. Lamar, of Rochester, N. Y., on the call to 3d Reformed church, Holland.

\[ \text{Jottings} \]

Wishing You

A Merry Christmas

My secret Xmas finds me in better condition to meet the demand in \textit{HOLIDAY GOODS} than any other book store in town. Students will be treated liberally in anything they may wish to buy. If any Alumni reads this, remember your fellow salesman makes a bid for your trade.

\textit{H. Vander Ploeg}

Prof Yntema — “That dam problem is the hardest in the whole book.”

Brock — “We shot that they were all dam n problems, professor.

We quite agree with Hannah and Willis that dear little noble John, who never told a lie, is on the primrose path which leadeth to distraction. Of course its all due to the pernicious influence of these two bad boys, Brock and Vasco, with whom the noble boy associates too much these days. We would advise Willis to see to it that brother stops rushing the girls and otherwise mends his ways.

“I can't see how it's possible that any young man should spend ten or even fifteen dollars on a diamond, just because he happens to be engaged to a girl.” Yntema.

\textbf{A. H. MEYERS,}

\textbf{DEALER IN}

\textbf{HIGH GRADE}

\textbf{Organs and Pianos}

\textit{At Lowest Prices 17 W. Eighth St.}


\textbf{T H E A N C H E R}

\textbf{XVII}

\textbf{XVIII}

\textbf{XIX}

The Melophone society wishes to know for how much they can secure the services of the Scott’s Boarding Club “girl committee” for one afternoon. They wish to apply early to avoid the rush which Penning’s innovation will undoubtedly occasion.

Prof. Nykerk has arranged a very interesting Lecture course for next year. It will include two comic operas, which run for one week each, “The Convict’s Daughter” for two nights and a mid-week matinee and “Si Plunkard” for one night only, beside several other instructive numbers. On all open dates there will be high-class continuous vaudeville.

The Scott Club had a blowout. The following committees had charge of the affair:

\begin{itemize}
  \item Invitation: Dykstra, Pennings, Deuzee
  \item Reception: ? ? ? (unknown)
  \item Freshmen: probably the members of the club.
\end{itemize}

Scene I.—Place, every store on Eighth St. Dramatis Personae.

The invitation committee:

Enters DuMez Store, Mr. P. Good-day, nice morning, hem?

Lady clerk:—Yes, everything looks verdant.

\textbf{Jno. S. Dykst ra}

\textbf{EMBALMER AND FUNERAL DIRECTOR}

\textbf{DEALER IN}

\textbf{Crockery, Glassware, House Furnishings Lamps and Toys}

\textbf{CITIZENS PHONE 267. 26 E. 8th St., Holland}
FOUNTAIN PENS

Can there be anything more suitable for a Xmas present than a good Fountain Pen? You will find a complete assortment at our store at all prices. We have the best $1 pen on the market for the money. "Drop in and try it."
\[Special Line of the Parker Lucky Curve at prices from $1.50 to $10. Come in and have your pen filled free.
\]

HUIZINGA
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN
HOLLAND

P.—You see I'm boarding at Scott's Club, we have a boarding club, this makes the board cheaper, and we have good times sometimes. We have a nice place and two good cooks.

Clerk—Can I do anything for you?

P.—No, not exactly. You see we are going to have a party—a blowout party.

Clerk—That will be nice.

P.—Yes, well to come down to the point, I'm on the invitation committee. The duty of this committee is to get girls. I mean one girl for each timid student. I want to ask you to come.

Clerk—I shall be pleased to see you go there.

Exit P. in the doorway—You can find the Y. M. C. A. Hall, can't you? Just go down there Friday night if you're not afraid to go alone in the dark.

Every store thus canvassed with varying success, this committee disbanded.

Scene II—Place, College Y. M. C. A. hall converted into a banquet room. Time, 7:30.

Enter Reception Committee (see above.)

"It's funny the girls aren't here yet. Well we can play drop the
Do Not Forget

That we are the cheapest place in town

For Clothing and Furnishing Goods

A. B. Bosman
The Students Friend

STUDENTS—Patronize merchants who advertise in the Anchor, and when purchasing mention that you saw their ad.

FOR - PERFECT - FITTING GLASSES

GO TO W. R. STEVENSON,
The Optical Specialist. Eyes Examined Free.
24 E. 8th St. - - HOLLAND.

The Most Artistic and Natural

PHOTOS

are produced at H. BAUMGARTEL'S STUDIO. If you do not believe it, call and be convinced.
19 East Eight St. Citizens Phone 335. Over Keating's quarter.

Perfumes Drugs Stationery Cigars
No. 6 East 4th St. HAAN BROS., CENTRAL DRUG STORE.
HOLLAND, MICH.

Sluyter & Cooper. UP-TO-DATE Tailors, HATTERS and FURNISHERS
8 East Eighth Street. Agency American Laundry.

GIFT IDEAS

Umbrellas for men and women $2.50 to $10.00. Silver Nail Flos, Tooth Brushes, Stamp boxes, Match boxes, Paper knives and other novelties 25c to $3. Toilet sets in silver, ebony and plate $2.50 to $18. Cloth brushes, fountain pen, etc. Our stock was never so complete before and our prices never as low. Look us over before you buy:

H. W. Hardie, The Jeweler.

Buy Your ATHLETIC Goods
— of —
H. VAN TONGEREN,
13 East Eighth St.

STUDENT—Call and see our assortment of Bible, Holiday Books, Perfumes, Toilet Sets, Etc.
3. A. Martin's, drug store.
Before Buying Your New
Cloak, Tailor-made Suit
Skirt or Fur
be sure and see the extensive line shown

In Wez Bros.

CITY MEAT MARKET
All Kinds of Meat. Citizens Phone 41. Bell Phone for Delivery in the city.

W. H. VANDERVEER, PROP.

Grand Rapids, Holland
& Chicago Railway

Fast, Frequent,
Passenger Cars

BETWEEN

Grand Rapids,
Zeland, Holland,
and Saugatuck.

If Your Grocery does not Keep
Sunlight OR
Daisy Flour
Write direct to the Mill for it.
Walsh-De Roo Milling Co.
Holland, Mich.

Have you seen our Line of

Carvers

High Quality
Low Prices

E. B. Standart
Successor to K. and S.

John Mecheer,
The High Grade Tailor,
Cor 8th & Col. Ave.

JACOB KLOSTERMAN
The Students TAILOR SHOP
136 East Eighth Street

Cleaning and Repairing Neatly and quickly done. Call and see us.

We keep everything in the line of
FRESH, MEATS
SALT and
SMOKED
The best goods at the lowest prices

J. H. DEN HERDER,
South River Street Market,
"208 River Street,
Special Attention Given to Boarding House Orders.

Dr. James O. Scott,
DENTIST.
Office over Doosburg's Drug Store
Evenings by appointment
Citizens Phone 41.

H. ILIOHAN, The College Shoemaker,
Graduate in the Boot and Shoe Art.
EAST EIGHTH STREET

Ready for an
OVERCOAT
Hart, Schaffer & Marx Make

Our new overcoats are
ready the minute you are
and ready to meet all
your requirements. Re-
member we carry the celebrated
Hart, Schaffer & Marx
Make.

WM. BRUSSE & CO.

You'll not make a Mistake
By getting an
up-to-date well
made suit at

Dykena, The Tailor.
Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing neatly
40 E. 8th St.

If you want work that is right,
Prices that are right
Class Photo Groups, Views,
Amateur Developing
and Printing.
You will find it will pay you to call at 40
West Eighth Street

HOPKINS, Photographer.