1905

**Milestone 1905**

Hope College

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The Hope College Annual

Volume One

Hope College, Holland, Michigan.

M D C C C C C C V
This book made by
H. A. TOREN, Printer,
24 Pearl St.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Dedication

To the "Pilgrim Fathers of the West," the brave, heroic souls, who toiled that we might triumph, "sowed in tears," that we might "reap in joy;" who, in their vast, unwavering faith, saw through the distant darkling vista of the forest trail, arise the sure fulfilment of their glorious hope,—do we, their children, in loving and respectful memory, dedicate this book . . . .
President G. J. Kollen, A.M., L.L.D.
THE FACULTY
Cornelius Doesburg, A. M.,
Registrar.

Henry Boers, A. M., Secretary,
Professor of History.

John H. Kleinheksel, Vice President,
Professor of Mathematics.

James G. Sutphen, A. M.,
Rodman Professor of the Latin Language and Literature.

Mrs. C. Van Raalte Gilmore,
Lady Principal.

John B. Nykerk, A. M.,
Professor of the English Language and Literature.
Douwe B. Yntema, A. M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Physics.

Rev. John Talmadge Bergen, A. M., D. D.,
Professor of Biblical Instruction and Elocution.

Edward D. Dimnent, A. M.,
Ralph Voorhees Professor of the Greek Language and Literature.

Samuel O. Maêt, B. S.,
Professor of Biological Science.

A. Raap,
Instructor in the Dutch Language and Literature.

Rev. John M. Van Der Meulen, A. M.,
Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy.
John W. Beardslee, Jr., A. M.,
Instructor in Ethics and Evidences of Christianity.

Rev. Paul F. Schuelke, Ph. D., (Königsberg)
Instructor in Modern Languages.

Almon T. Godfrey, A. M., M. D.,
Assistant in Chemistry and Physics.
Department of Music

Mr. Clarence Edward Pease,
Voice.

Mr. Henry C. Poêt,
Piano.

Mr. Josef Bistline,
Violin.

Miss Amy M. Yates,
Piano.

Miss Dorothy Raiguel,
Accompanist.
"Gracious was her tact and tenderness."
Mary W. Kollen, (nee Van Raalte)
Wife of President Kollen.
The Annual Staff
1905

Christian A. Broek,
Editor.

Raymond Visscher,
Assistant Editor.

John Theodore De Vries,
Staff Artist.

John C. Hoekje,
Business Manager.

Rudolph H. Nichols,
Assistant Business Manager.
The Purpose of the Annual

EREWITH we present to the students, patrons and alumni of "Hope" our first College Annual. In the past, new ventures have been successfully launched and have been of benefit to the college. It required courage to engage in the publication of a monthly college paper, the "Anchor," and yet under the careful management of the student body, it has become a permanent representative of Hope College. So in the publication of the Annual, while we have met with some discouragement, yet we have persevered because we believed that an Annual might be of particular service to this institution. And if the Annual should prove a benefit, we hope thereby in some measure to repay the debt which we as students owe our college.

Hope College was founded a little over fifty years ago. During that time many have gone forth from her walls. To their Alma Mater these are all bound by a blessed memory of their younger days, when they too were students. The college may have been smaller at that time—and we know it has grown—yet we know, too, it has not outgrown their love. To you, then, worthy alumnus, may this book be a pleasant reminder, and may it serve to endear our college to you.

In the busy succession of recitation hours, in the earnest concentration of study, and in the time of recreation, perhaps, we as students seldom stop to think what our college is. We fail to note the advantages we enjoy,—our buildings, laboratories and library, the beauty of our campus, our good name. In this volume we have attempted to show the college in its actual entirety.

Furthermore, we believe Hope College worthy to be better known. No institution of learning can succeed academically or financially, unless its patrons know of, and sympathize with, the aims and accomplishments of that institution. To those generous patrons, then, this Annual is an expression of gratitude and a record of achievement.

Our object, then, in publishing this Annual is three-fold: To bring the alumni and friends in closer touch with the college; to foster and increase a feeling of unity among the students, and to advertise our beloved Hope.
Our College

Our college is one of the several denominational institutions in the state. It is situated in Holland, on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, a beautiful city with an approximate population of ten thousand. In about the center of the city is the spacious college campus.

The principal buildings are Graves Library and Winants Chapel, Van Raalte Memorial Hall, Van Vleck Hall, the president's home, and the observatory. By the time this volume is published, Carnegie Gymnasium will also be in the course of erection. All the buildings are of excellent construction and are furnished with the latest equipment.

Our corps of instructors is the best obtainable. No college in the state has a faculty superior to that of “Hope.” The high esteem in which the ability of these men is held, is shown by the amount of credit our graduates receive at the University of Michigan and other institutions throughout the country.

The college proper offers various courses, for all of which the amount of work required for graduation is practically the same. The degree of Bachelor of Arts is conferred upon all graduates alike. In connection with the college is a Preparatory Department, the course of which corresponds to that of the best high schools in the country. The aim of this department is primarily to prepare for college. For those, however, who either cannot or do not wish to go farther, our preparatory department offers in itself peculiar inducements. It is especially advantageous to those intending to go directly to a university or to enter the profession of teaching.

One of Hope’s foremost aims, is the development of personality among her students. As far as possible, each student is encouraged to develop himself along those lines for which he is best fitted, and in which his own individual preference runs. To this we may in a great measure ascribe the success and prominence of our graduates.

Finally, we may say, that Hope is an ideal small college. Any young man or woman, desiring a liberal education can do no better than to enter this institution. Here he will find every facility for development, but better still, a spirit of true fraternity and college fellowship.
Oratory

Hope College has always been famous for her orators. In the pulpit, on the rostrum, and even in the legislative assemblies, her graduates have reflected credit upon her. Her students, too, have accomplished much in public contests and debates. Of these men we are justly proud. It may be true that to some extent an orator, like a poet, is born, not made; still it is also true that the efficiency of his training will be the guaranty of his success. Such efficiency Hope offers, and to this we owe largely the ability of our orators.

But a greater advance can be made. A deeper interest among students and faculty, more hours of drill and training, and above all more frequent opportunities to speak in public will help to bring about this result. In attaining this, we may say in conclusion, both faculty and students have their part to do.

Athletics

Men, manly men, vigorous men, men of brain and brawn, men who are able to meet the demands of this most strenuous American life of ours! This is the call that is sounding all over this country. And not only does this apply to men but to women and girls as well. Now how shall we answer this call, do you ask? Well, the brain, of course, develops by study; but how many there are nowadays in our colleges and schools who develop it at the expense of the body. The thing necessary is athletics. We must have athletics in our colleges in order that we may proportionally develop the faculties of both mind and body.

Hope College offers every advantage in this respect. Athletics has grown in our college in the past few years. Its new gymnasium, which is a gift of Andrew Carnegie, is sufficient to boast of. Besides we have the football field, the base ball diamond, the track and the tennis courts open to whoever wishes to use them. We invite the sturdy country lads as well as the boys from the smoky city, and also the girls, to partake in those sports in which they are particularly interested. Our strong desire is to send from this institution, men and women developed in spirit, mind and body.

D. V.
College Spirit

COLLEGE Spirit, generically considered, includes all forms of spontaneous expression of a student’s loyalty to his institution. It has a passive and an active aspect. Passively, college spirit expresses itself in a delight in whatever honor the institution wins or has conferred upon it. Actively, the expression consists of an earnest effort to accomplish that which will bring honor to the college. Specifically, genuine college spirit at Hope is loyalty to the ideal and purpose for which our college was established, so far as we represent it. May we not define that ideal and purpose as follows: in daily work, faithfulness; in athletics, honorable victory; in literary society work, sympathy with noble thought, and sociability among ourselves; in inter-collegiate oratory, enthusiasm and genial rivalry; in Young Women’s and Young Men’s Christian Association work, sincerity and unity; in our relation to Hope’s alumni, respect and emulation; in our relation to the Reformed Church, devotion without bigotry.

Acknowledgments

THE "Annual" Staff wishes to express its gratitude to Dr. Kollen for his aid and ready sympathy; to Prof. Nykerk for his guidance and kindly criticism in the details of the work; to the H. A. Toren Printing establishment for the mechanical perfection of the book; to the Bayne Engraving Company, and to our Advertisers and all others who have made this book possible.
The Senior Class
1905

Gerrit Bosch
Lottie M. Hoyt
Margie Keppel
Elmer F. McCarty
Abraham J. Muste
Dirk Muyskins
Jacob Pelgrim
Gerrit J. Pennings
Zwier Roetman
William Rottschaeffer
Martin C. Ruisaard
Don C. Taylor
Willard P. Van der Laan
Cornelius Van Der Schoor
Literary Societies
The Fraternal Society

Officers

Fall Term
- President, Abraham J. Muste
- Vice-President, Jacob Pelgrim
- Secretary and Treasurer, Raymond Visscher
- Keeper of Archives, Andrew Stegenga
- Marshal, Henry Dutton

Winter Term
- President, Jacob Pelgrim
- Vice-President, Martin C. Ruisaard
- Secretary and Treasurer, John Clarence Hoekje
- Keeper of Archives, Andrew Stegenga
- Janitor, Andrew Judson Kolyn

Spring Term
- President, Christian A. Broek
- Vice-President, Elmer F. McCarty
- Secretary and Treasurer, Paul E. Kleinheksel
- Keeper of Archives, Paul E. Hinkamp
- Janitor, Abraham John Muste

Fratres

Andrew Bonthuis
Christian Albertus Broek
Benjamin Jay Bush
James J. De Kraker
Henry Dutton
Anno C. Dykema
Fred M. Gunn
Paul E. Hinkamp
John Clarence Hoekje
George Huizenga
Paul E. Kleinheksel
Andrew Judson Kolyn

Sears F. McLean
Arthur Misner
Abraham John Muste
Rudolph H. Nichols
Jacob Pelgrim
Henry Plasman
Martin C. Ruisaard
Mannes Stegeman
Andrew Stegenga
John Van Dyke
James Veneklasen
Raymond Visscher

Elmer F. McCarty
The Fraternal Society has proved its metal by the test of time. Older than "Old Hope," older than the town it now thrives in, its archives cover a period of over seventy years. Founded in the East at Union College, in the year 1834, it became an ever-increasing source of pleasure and profit to its members. Twenty-five years later, with the consent of the then existing fraternity, it was temporarily disbanded, only to be reorganized the following year under the leadership of the Rev. Dr. Phelps, at Hope College, where it continued to thrive with new life and greater influence, until at the present day its alumni are found in many centers of activity, the world over. This is the proud history of the society and the boast of every member.

The only reason for its existence is the feeling of the necessity for the cultivation of Literature, Friendship and Morality. Because the raison d'être of societies having this for their aim has been generally recognized by all modern institutions of learning, and because of the belief that such associations, composed of members selected with particular reference to character, scholarship and high moral worth, are greatly serviceable to the intellectual and moral advancement of those who unite themselves into such an association, the Fraternal Society was first organized.

Only a year ago the society was fortunate to secure, by the enthusiasm of its members and the kind contributions of its alumni, a hall of its own. This has proven another boon to the society. It has given a greater zeal to its members; it has created a stronger fraternal spirit; and has produced by the greater attractiveness of the surroundings, the tastefully decorated walls and well carpeted floors, an added stimulus to faithful work. This hall has been the meeting place not only of social gatherings, but has been the center of the Fraternal literary life.
The Fraternal Society is very aptly likened to a gymnasium, not for physical culture, but for aesthetic and intellectual development. The apparatus deemed important are oratory, debate, extemporaneous speaking and criticism. Oratory develops self-possession. When a full self-possession has been acquired, the first requisite to all art has been attained, namely, repose. Then, as another important acquirement, it develops abandonment—not bombast, not magniloquence, but untrammelled spontaneity. The man who is to deliver an oration learns to face his audience with a mind perfectly plastic, ready to adapt himself entirely to the various parts of his production. This exercise frees the individual of mannerism, affectation and pretense. It renders the body obedient to the mind.

Debate and discussion develops self-mastery, helps one in foreseeing and forestalling the attacks of the opponent, aids one in selecting the right thought at the right time, and originates in one the ability to form a conclusion quickly and correctly. Here diamond cuts diamond and by clash and friction polishes it.

Extemporaneous speaking also develops self-mastery, so that a man while on his feet can collect his thoughts and express them with simplicity, earnestness and sincerity. Let the individual work with this apparatus, and soon he will acquire fluency of speech, clearness of thought, and a command of language.

Criticism affords a comparison of all productions and all modes of expression with some criterion—not with some absolute criterion, for such there is none. In art there is no absolute standard. There is, however, some method of comparison. This power is acquired by means of this exercise of criticising. Criticism enables one quickly to detect error and to refute it, to recognize beauty and fitly to adore it. It is not fault-finding, nor perfection-finding. It is merit-finding.

The immediate results of the efforts put forth in the Fraternal Society have not altogether been lacking. Since the oratorical league was formed eight years ago, each time but one it has been a member of this society who captured the first prize. The hope of every Fraternalite is that the society may continue to prosper and each year to increase its usefulness.

JACOB PELGRIM.
The Cosmopolitan Society
1904-1905

Officers

Fall Term
President, Dirk Muyskens
Vice-President, Richard D. Zeeuw
Secretary-Treasurer, Arnold Mulder
Marshal, Gerrit Pennings

Winter Term
President, Zwier Roetman
Vice-President, Philip Jonker
Secretary-Treasurer, William Robinson
Marshal, Dirk Muyskens

Spring Term
President, William Rottshaefer
Vice-President, Don Taylor
Secretary-Treasurer, Arthur Rosenraad
Marshal, Zwier Roetman

Members
 Richard D. Zeeuw
 Arthur Rosenraad
 John Slagh
 John Roggen
 Herman Renskers
 Anthony Haverkamp
 John Van Zanten
 John Van der Schaaf
 Henry B. Mollema
 Philip Jonker
 Benjamin De Young
 Dirk H. Muyskens
 Zwier Roetman
 Gerrit John Pennings
 William Walvoord
 Martin Albers

Gerrit Van Peursim
Dirk Dykstra
Bernard Flikkema
Arnold Mulder
William Rottshaefer
William Robinson
Joseph Sizoo
Benjamin Rottshaefer
Cornelius Muller
Don Taylor
John Douma
Frank K. Wyma
William Duven
Gerrit Bosch
Abel Renkes
George Hankamp
This society was born some fifteen years ago out of a class feud. Like some nations born in the white heat of passion, it has since proven its right to existence. Many storms have passed over it—sometimes thunder-storms—but it still lives, with a membership of thirty—with the spirit of ten thousand.

Its alumni have entered every sphere of activity and they have ever proven true to their society, to the Cosmopolitan spirit it engenders. In many cities its alumni follow their professions, in the cities of the East and West of our vast country. But true to their old fraternity name some have left the land of their boyhood and the days of early manhood, to seek other lands of other hopes, and there are still applying those principles which the “Cosmos” taught them to cherish—equality, brotherhood and love. To meet one of these alumni is ever the hope of a Cosmopolitan. It is refreshing to hear them speak of their experiences. It is encouraging to have them urge us to remain true to those principles from which the “Cosmos” received its genesis.

The aim of the society, like that of its sister, “The Fraternal Society,” is to fit its members especially for public speaking. It pays much attention to debates and “off-hand” criticisms. The debates prove very beneficial to the participants. They develop the faculty of readiness in speech. It would be hard to find anything as interesting and helpful as these debates. They are never dry. Wit, sarcasm and enthusiasm, those great weapons of the debater, are encouraged as much as possible. The improvement noticeable in members along this line is remarkable. Since we believe that nothing can surpass the debate in bringing out the latent possibilities of the student, a debate on some vital question is placed on every program.
The criticisms are another prolific source of benefit and wit. No critic is appointed for the evening. After every number the floor is open to all who wish to criticise. Cosmopolitans are noted for saying what they think, and never is this more evident than in the criticisms. If a member thinks the number rendered is unworthy, he says so. The benefits reaped from such a proceeding are self-evident. Seldom, if ever, does a member, although severely criticised, lose his balance. If he does, he is re-criticised to reduce the "macrocephalism." The process never fails.

Second in importance is the literary character of the program. This is placed second because the members are supposed to receive more or less practice along literary lines in the general course of the curriculum. From this, however, it is not to be supposed that the society is satisfied with a low standard of literary effort. The productions are just as severely criticised as the other parts of the program. Stories, orations, essays, reviews and poems are conscientiously written and given to the society. The society aims at a high standard also in this, although those who are not as successful as others are in nowise turned down or discouraged.

The third phase of society effort is found in its entertainment. Recitations, impersonations and songs are given to this end. It is not all of life to work, at least the Cosmopolitans do not think so. Sometimes the boys forget their Calvinism and if the angels do not weep— they laugh. There is nothing else half as funny as a student when he feels funny. It seems that his "funny-bone" can be shifted. Sometimes you can't miss it at all. Then the homesick forget June roses and the "other" sick June Rosas—but we must not give these dignified Cosmopolitans away entirely. If it gave us nothing else than its entertainment, the society would still be worth joining.

But above all this, and through it all, is the feeling of brotherhood between the members. The consciousness of a like aim, like trials, cements the society into one organic whole, whose every member is necessary to the full exhibition of its power, to the realization of its purpose. There is even more of worth in the strong clasp of hand in hand than in all the debates, however brilliant, and all the orations, however Demosthenic, which ever have greeted the ears of an enthui-
siastic audience. The best result of the efforts of the Cosmopolitan Society is the awakening of the consciousness of the brotherhood of man which invariably some time or other dawns on the minds of its members. It is this spirit which characterizes the society, which proves its naming the truest of prophecies, and which assures its success in the future. May the Cosmopolitan Society ever remain cosmopolitan.

DICK H. MUYSKENS.
The Hope College Annual

The Minerva Society

1904-1905

Officers

Fall Term
President, Hannah T. Hoekje
Vice-President, Lilla L. Thurber
Secretary, Mae L. Brusse
Treasurer, Hilda C. Stegeman

Winter Term
President, Lilla L. Thurber
Vice-President, Margie Keppel
Secretary, Olive L. Barnaby
Treasurer, Hilda C. Stegeman

Spring Term
President, Lilla L. Thurber
Vice-President, Mae L. Brusse
Secretary, Ida Larkins
Treasurer, Jennie E. Pikaart

Members

Lottie M. Hoyt (honorary)
Avis G. Yates (honorary)
Margie Keppel
Hannah G. Hoekje
Lilla L. Thurber
Mae L. Brusse
Estelle M. Kollen
Theo Thurber
Hilda C. Stegeman
Olive L. Barnaby
Anna Takken
Katharyn M. Pessink
Lillian E. V. Winter
Frances Weurding
Vera A. Kleinheksel
Lucile Steketee
Jennie Veneklasen
Maude Turnbull
Alayda De Pree
Ada F. Lahuis
Anna Scheulke
Mina B. Coggeshall
Ida Larkins
Anna Huizenga
Iva Stanton
Jennie E. Pikaart
Elizabeth Grotemat
Florence Taylor
M. Dora Albers
Margaret Walsh
Mary Lokker
Anna Veldhuis
Edith Hodge
Josie Plagamans
Eva Fortune
Myrtle Beach
Justine McCallom
Gladys Williams

PAGE FORTY
THE accompanying photograph is a picture of the present Minerva Society of "Hope." The society was organized in 1894, its meetings being held every Friday afternoon in Graves Hall. In 1896 the name of the society was changed to the Ladies Literary League. In 1902 a reorganization was effected, and the league again assumed its original name, The Minerva Society. Meetings are held in Van Raalte Hall every Friday evening. Membership is limited to girls attending Hope College in any of its departments. The rapid growth of the society during the last two years indicates a bright future, and the interest in the work shown by the members cannot fail to be of great benefit.

The object of the society is the literary, musical, and social development of its members.

The usual program embraces an oration or a debate, piano and vocal solos, extemporaneous speeches, a chapter from an original serial story and a journal. Much interest is added to the meetings by the remarks of a competent and alert critic. The social side of college life is not neglected. Realizing the influence of social intercourse, the members of the society, at certain intervals, act as hostesses to fellow societies, and on such occasions the usual exercises are supplemented by refreshments. Certain rooms in the Van Raalte Hall having been set apart for the use of the society, the girls have undertaken to furnish and decorate these, and to that end public entertainments are occasionally given, to which a small admission fee is charged.

The delightful event of the year is the annual *fête*, when faculty, college students, alumni and friends that have gathered from far and near to attend commencement exercises, are given a royal welcome by the society.

Mae L. Brusse.
College Grove

President's House

Part of Campus
### The Meliphone Society

**1904-1905**

#### Officers

**1st Term**  
September to December  
- President, Andrew Vos  
- Vice-President, A. T. Laman  
- Secretary, Wynand Wichers  
- Treasurer, I. Van Westenburg  
- Sergeant-at-Arms, P. Pleune  
- Marshal, C. R. Seelye  

**2nd Term**  
January to March  
- President, Andrew Vos  
- Vice-President, A. T. Laman  
- Secretary, Wynand Wichers  
- Treasurer, Dick Boter  
- Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry Vruwink  
- Marshal, John Dykstra  

**3rd Term**  
April to June  
- President, A. Van Houten  
- Vice-President, Henry Vruwink  
- Secretary, Wynand Wichers  
- Treasurer, D. Boter  
- Sergeant-at-Arms, H. F. Veenker  
- Marshal, James Weurding

#### Members

- H. Balgooyen  
- D. Boter  
- G. De Jong  
- F. De Koeyer  
- G. De Kruif  
- H. De Kruif  
- P. De Kruif  
- J. Dykstra  
- S. T. Fortuine  
- J. Heines  
- M. Hoffman  
- E. Hunderman  
- E. Kloosterman  
- J. Kregel  
- A. T. Laman  
- A. Lampen  

- A. Luidens  
- J. Mulder  
- A. Nichols  
- E. Nyland  
- H. Oltmans  
- H. Pasma  
- P. H. Pleune  
- B. Hartgerink  
- G. Scholten  
- W. Scholten  
- N. Sichterman  
- H. V. E. Stegeman  
- H. Stobelaar  
- P. Struijk  
- F. Thurber  
- B. Veneklasen  
- R. De Wert  

- J. Verburg  
- A. Veenker  
- H. F. Veenker  
- C. Ver Liere  
- W. Vis  
- A. Visscher  
- A. Van Houten  
- P. Vermeulen  
- A. C. Van Raalte  
- H. Vruwink  
- W. Westrate  
- J. Weersing  
- J. Wichers  
- W. Wichers  
- A. Ver Hulst  
- A. Vos
EARLY a half century ago, a small body of students gathered together under the leadership of the Rev. John Van Vleck and laid the foundation of the Meliphone Literary Society. Little did these men think, that when they organized they were laying the foundations of a society that would prove to be a power for good in the lives of many of its members who afterwards would engage in the various pursuits of life. Meliphone graduates, who are now filling many high and important positions in the intellectual and business world, owe their success in a great measure to the training received in this society. The help received in declamation, in preparing papers on biography and general subjects, has been a source of great good to present teachers. Voluntary speaking, discussions and debates on various topics, have enabled the lawyer and politician to more successfully compete with their opponents. Ministers, missionaries and public speakers have been more directly aided by the oration and essay.

The object of the Meliphone Society is to help its members to acquire a correct use of grammar. We often have those among us who are sadly deficient in this respect, but by the friendly criticism of their fellow members they soon improve. Again, readiness of speech on the platform are striven for by calling upon a member to speak upon a topic without any preparation whatever. Even among his fellow members one is often ill at ease and has great difficulty in expressing his thoughts. But the attention and kind sympathy shown soon bring out the ability there is in a member and help him to do his best.

Another object of the society is to instruct its members in parliamentary law. By so doing each member learns how to govern an organized body. This enables him to fill any office he may be called to at any time. All officers are chosen from among its own members, and at the beginning of each school term a complete change is made, if practicable, to allow as many as possible to become acquainted with the duties connected with the offices.
The work of the society is entirely of a literary nature. Weekly programmes are carried out, consisting of debates, original stories, poems, essays, orations, declamations and other literary numbers. Duties of a lighter nature are given to members of the "D" and "C" classes, while orations, original stories, poems, and other productions are assigned to the members of the two higher classes. A critic is chosen from the members of the "A" class, whose duty it is to criticize in regard to thought, enunciation, delivery and position on the platform. After each production has been delivered, two or more members are called upon to point out its merits and faults. Each week essays are written and then handed over to others for correction and criticism, after which they are read before the society. It is needless to say that all criticisms are made solely to help and correct a member, and so are kindly received. Abundant opportunity is given for voluntary speaking of which many take advantage. By the assignment of these various duties, in a very short time, ability in any special line can be recognized, which the society is not slow to encourage.

Great effort is made to make the program given to the public in June each year a success. The appreciation shown by a critical public proves that the effort has not been in vain. Those who do the best work during the year are generally rewarded with a place on this programme, thus causing a pleasant rivalry among the members.

The members of the Meliphone Society are all students in the Preparatory Department. Some come to us directly from the rural school or farm. They are naturally shy and unused to society. Others come to us from the larger cities where constant contact with society and business helped them to become polished in manners and speech. The meeting of these two classes can produce nothing but good to both.

The college has set aside a spacious hall for the sole use of the Meliphonians. Though at present the furnishings are not what might be desired, still a strong sentiment is rising among the boys to add to the funds already on hand until they have an amount sufficient to beautify their home so that it will satisfy the most fastidious.

Looking forward, we can predict a higher future and greater fields of usefulness for the Meliphone Society. Though forty-eight years have rolled by since its first meeting, its work is not yet ended. Many have gone forth from its walls to lives of usefulness, and many more will follow.

ANDREW VOS.
Dutch Societies
Meat End of Campus
The Ulphilas Society

1904-1905

Officers

President, Dirk Muyskens
Vice-President, Cornelius Muller
Secretary-Treasurer, Mannes A. Stegeman
Marshal, William Rottschaefer

Members

Andrew Stegenga
Bernard Rottschaefer
Zwier Roetman
Gerrit Bosch
Henry Mollema
Mannes A. Stegeman
Dirk Muyskens
Richard A. Zeeuw
Benjamin De Jong
William Rottschaefer
Gerrit J. Pennings
Cornelius Muller
George Hankamp
S the history of “brave little Holland” should make every Hollander feel proud of his ancestry, so too can the language lay claim to an equal share of this justly merited praise. The Holland tongue, with its easy, beautiful metrical flow, with its wide range of distinction in meaning, a language possessed of an accuracy of expression excelled not even by that of the Greeks, has proved itself inferior to none of the modern languages. To keep alive in our Holland communities this language and its literature, is, or should be, the aim of every Hollander whose heart beats with a love for his native land. With this aim in view, the Ulfilas Club has been organized in the college, and it tries fully to comply with the responsibility resting upon it.

The Ulfilas Society was organized by a body of students together with Prof. Doesburg—men who were greatly enthused with an ardent love for the Dutch language and literature. During its existence the club has prospered and has also witnessed its period of decline, but today it is again in a very flourishing condition. Not a little credit is due to those who during these last few years have so earnestly striven for the maintenance of the organization. Reverses were met with, but a persistent and steadfast determination of the few loyal members, together with the encouragement received from Pres. Kollen and Prof. Raap, has again restored the Ulfilas Club to its former prosperity. And today we see great signs indicating a still brighter future for this often despised organization.

At the meetings of the Ulfilas, held every Monday evening, programmes are rendered which are a credit to the participants. Recitations, declamations, essays, readings, translations, debates, interspersed with an occasional oration, are the chief features of the programmes. The
debates always receive great attention, for all the members feel that through these their ability to use the Dutch correctly and fluently is most readily advanced. Criticism is always given, and at times it is not a little humorous how quaintly and characteristically the members express their opinions. No member ever criticises except in a most friendly way, and this alone would be enough to make the club one in feeling and one in purpose. The meetings are regularly attended by our instructor in Dutch, Prof. Raap. His criticism is always well-meant and beneficial, and his kind words of commendation always furnish a great incentive to the members to do their work better and more faithfully.

It has been customary in the history of the club to furnish on Monday evening of commencement week, a programme which is to familiarize the public with our noble purpose and to arouse their sympathies for the Dutch history, language and literature, and this year will be no exception. The large and appreciative audiences and the thronged chapel are conclusive proof that the sympathies for the Dutch still hold a warm place in the hearts of those of the community and of the alumni of Hope. It is the aim of all the members to make these “Jaarfeest” programmes of even greater excellence than in previous years, and the unity prevailing in the society bids fair that our endeavors will not be futile. And thus the Ulfilas Club tries to do its duty toward the college and, to rekindle and keep alive the flickering flame of enthusiasm for the Dutch with their glorious history and excellent language and literature.
The Van Raalte Society
1904-1905

Officers
President, Dirk S. Boter
Vice-President, William Vis
Secretary, William K. Scholten
Treasurer, B. Lampen

Members
Dirk S. Boter
William Vis
John H. Kregel
P. Struik
James Verburg
Joe Dykstra
A. Maatman
A. Lampen
William K. Scholten
A. T. Laman
W. Vis
Andrew Vos
Henry Pasma
William Lampen
Rallie De Weerd
George Scholten
The Van Raalte Society

The youngest, but not the least, of our college societies, is the "Van Raalte Society." As its purpose is to study and become more proficient in the use of the Dutch language, it has chosen for its name, the name of the founder of the Dutch settlements in Western Michigan.

Although immigration has to a large extent ceased, the Dutch language is still spoken everywhere throughout this section, and there are many who converse only in the Dutch, not yet being familiar with the American tongue. Such being the conditions, with no opportunity existing of studying the language in the preparatory course of the college, the college society being closed to them, but one course remained open to the preparatory students, and of that they availed themselves by organizing a society of their own. This was done in the fall of 1903. Its membership was small at first, but the enthusiasm, vigor and earnestness of its members exerted such an influence and so aroused the interest of the other preparatory students, that at the end of its second year's existence the small number of ten had increased to twenty-three.

Besides the fact that Dutch is so extensively spoken in this country, there were many other reasons for the founding of the Van Raalte Society. Its members, except a few, are all of Dutch descent. As such they desired to obtain a knowledge of the language, history and literature of their forefathers. They realized that no nation in the world's history has proven herself more worthy of being remembered than the Netherlands. With her was born the first free land. Should not we as freedom-loving Americans be ever grateful to her for planting the ideas of liberty in the minds of the Pilgrims?

Again, in looking about us, we see the Englishman priding himself in being a Briton, the Scotchman glorying in his ancestry, the Swede ever loyal to his fellow countrymen, and the German ever mindful of his beloved Rhine. Why, then, should not the Hollander as well feel proud of his nation and his people? Its history is one of the grandest of all the nations. Its people have been true and upright in all their dealings. Their bravery is such as all nations envy. Their great men are ranked among the greatest of the world. Their scientists, painters,
writers, warriors, scholars and statesmen can not be surpassed. Their accomplishments in war and in peace have astonished the world. Their love of freedom and hatred toward tyranny has been recognized and acknowledged by friend and foe. These and many more are the reasons for studying the language, the literature and history of the Dutch people.

Since these were the feelings of the founders of the society, they chose as their motto, "Eendracht maakt macht" (In unity is strength.) This is the thought that held together the Dutch throughout their history, and this motto is the secret of the success of the Van Raalte Society. Each member has felt in duty bound to be present at every meeting, and in no way to allow a duty to go unfinished. Each one has felt that the success of the meetings depended largely upon his fulfilling his duty, and thus, all working together, the best of meetings are held every week.

The work of the society has been varied. Weekly programs containing readings, essays, addresses, debates, orations, journals and budgets have been carried out. A great deal of attention has been paid to extemporaneous speaking. Portions of several evenings have been given over to the study of Dutch history, and also the lives and works of some of the foremost of Dutch authors. In this way the members are able not only to become more efficient in the use of their language, but also to become acquainted with the history of "the land of dikes."

The members of the society are hard-working, energetic students, determined to master the Dutch language. Several have joined who were hampered exceedingly by some dialect or other, but through kindly criticism and hard work these have been able in a large degree to overcome the dialect, and are now able to speak the Dutch language more fluently. Many have joined who knew very little Dutch history. Yet today but few of the members are unacquainted with the leading facts of their forefathers' history. The work of the society has not only given its members a greater knowledge of the Dutch, but it has enthused them with a greater love for that language, and with more zeal for the complete mastery of it.

The Van Raalte Society has come to stay. It is established on a firm basis. It is bound to grow. The society hall is not yet what
its members would like to have it, but in a few years the society will also be on a firm financial basis, and the hall can then be improved. At present all are satisfied with the society and feel thankful that the Van Raalte Society has been and is a success.

JOHN H. KREGEL.
The Young Men's Christian Association

Cabinet 1904-1905

Gerrit John Pennings, President
Cornelius Vander Schoor, Vice-President
Dirk Dykstra, Secretary
John Clarence Hoekje, Treasurer
Abraham John Muste
Joseph Sizoo
Paul E. Hinkamp
Cornelius Muller
Jacob Pelgrim
N harmony with her deeply religious sympathies and the principles upon which she was founded, the students of Hope College began to hold devotional meetings soon after the school came into existence. It was not, however, until about twenty-five years ago, in 1879, that the Young Men's Christian Association was formally organized, with Mr. J. P. De Jong as its first president. Since that time the Association has always been, and is becoming more and more, a powerful factor in the spiritual life of the institution.

The object of the Association is mainly three-fold,—to win souls for Christ; to deepen the spiritual life of the students; and to train men for effective Christian service. These ends the Y. M. C. A. strives to attain through its regular services, and more specifically through its various departments. Every Tuesday evening the students meet for an hour of united prayer. In November of each year comes the annual week of prayer, which is designed to deepen the spiritual life of the students and to bring them to a decision for Christ. These seasons of prayer have been marked by special blessings in past years.

That the spiritual life may rest upon a strong foundation, the Association has its Bible Study Department which, by specially designed courses, strives to develop in the students regular and systematic habits of Bible study. To prepare men for active and intelligent Christian service, the Mission Study classes and the Sunday School work are of great value. The former offers an opportunity for the men to become acquainted with the extent and needs of the foreign fields, while the latter gives practical work to the twenty-five students who teach in the different Sunday Schools each Sunday.

The efforts of the Association have been attended with marked suc-
cess in the past. Its influence has left a deep impression upon the lives of many of its former members, some of whom have had their attention directed to active Christian work in this country; others have been induced to go to the foreign field; all have been stimulated to a deeper spiritual life.

With its lofty purpose and the record of the past to prove the possibility of attaining this purpose, the Association is such as to recommend itself to the hearty co-operation of every earnest college man.
Young Men's Christian Association

Sunday Schools
1904 - 1905

Superintendents
Gerrit J. Pennings
Cornelius Vander Schoor
Dirk Dykstra
Andrew Bonthuis
Young Women’s Christian Association

Cabinet
President, Hannah G. Hoekje
Vice-President, Lilla L. Thurber
Secretary, Hilda C. Stegeman
Treasurer, Olive L. Barnaby

Members
Alyda M. De Pree
Mae L. Brusse
M. Dora Albers
Frances Weurding
Theo Thurber
Estelle M. Kollen
Ida M. Larkins
Margie Keppel
HE Young Women's Christian Association has completed four years of life. It was organized February 14, 1901, with fourteen charter members. For five years previous to this time, weekly prayer meetings had been held by the young women of the college, but no definite organization was affected. The object of the association is "the development of Christian character in its members, and the prosecution of active Christian work." Our force of workers now numbers thirty-five, which is about eighty per cent of the girls attending college. The work has grown and has branched out in many directions. All activities helping to round out Christian character in young women are utilized by some department of the association work.

The influence of this organization during the four years since its work began has been very healthful. The prayer meetings are held every Thursday afternoon at half-past four in the Girl's Society Hall. Once a month a missionary programme is carried out, and very often inspiration, cheer, and uplift is brought by Christian workers in the city, or by visiting friends who are invited to lead the prayer meeting. Such meetings we have had under the leadership of Miss H. Lawrence, of the W. B. F. M., Rev. F. H. Wright, the evangelist, Dr. Bergen, our college pastor, and others.

The first Thursday afternoon of the college year is devoted to an informal reception for all the college girls, so that the Y. W. C. A. workers may come in close touch with every college girl on the threshold of the year's work. Reports from the delegates who have attended the Lake Geneva Conference during the summer, form a pleasing feature of this social time. The Social Committee tries to disseminate the spirit of oneness and helpful co-operation in the little social gatherings held often during the year.
The Membership Committee busies itself with gathering in the new girls who have entered college, and especially in winning associates to become Christians. During the Week of Prayer in November, the Personal Worker's Band, by prayer and conversation, reinforces the motive of the daily prayer meetings.

A Bible-Study Class, with a membership of fifteen, is doing very efficient work with Prof. J. W. Beardslee, Jr., as leader. Missionary interest is kept alive by the Missionary Reading Circle, which meets every week to read and discuss some missionary book. About one-third of the Y. W. C. A. members have joined this circle and testify to a growing interest in Missions. We are proud to point to one foreign missionary in Japan, and one home missionary in Oklahoma, who, two years ago, were valued workers in our association. Under God and with his blessing, the Cabinet of our Y. W. C. A., meeting once a month, has been enabled to plan and perform this Christian work.
The Prohibition League
1904-1905

Officers

President, Philip Jonker
Vice-President, James Dykema
Secretary, Milton J. Hoffman
Treasurer, Albert Lampen
Reporting Secretary, Stanley T. Fortuine

Members

Philip Jonker
Stanley T. Fortuine
John H. Kregel
Dirk S. Boter
William K. Scholten
Gerrit J. Pennings
William Vis
George Scholten
Andrew Vos
James Dykema
Milton Hoffman
A. Lampen
HE present Prohibition League of Hope College is a branch of the State Prohibition Association, and as such it studies the same topics and discusses the same questions. The league was organized in March, 1904, by D. Leigh Colvin, National President of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association. Meetings are held on each alternate Thursday evening, and are in session about an hour. Each meeting is opened with prayer and the singing of temperance songs, then follow papers and recitations dealing directly or indirectly with prohibition. The leading questions of the day on the different phases of the liquor traffic are discussed, and ways and means are suggested to make prohibition something more than just a word.

The league is not a political organization, and although it is in sympathy with the Third Party Prohibition, it is in no way connected with it, except in spirit. The object of the league is not to hire speakers to create a momentary abhorrence for the practices of intemperance, not to arouse a temporary enthusiasm, but to give to the world pure-minded young men, to give the student a prohibition education. Every collegian will exert an influence for good or for evil before and after assuming the responsibilities of active life. To this end the programmes are prepared that they may be as interesting and instructive as possible, and may thus give to each one the principal facts of temperance and prohibition, and direct the members toward the prohibition movement.

The officers of the league are practically the same as those of any other society, namely—president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer. The league, however, has one more officer—the sub-secretary. It is his duty to report to the local papers selections from any of the addresses,
and to report to the secretary of the Intercollegiate Association bits of information which may serve to encourage other leagues.

There are two reasons why we think the Prohibition Association should exist and why we should aid in the abolition of the liquor traffic. First, we believe it is our duty to wage war against the greatest evil of the time and the darkest curse of our beloved country. We believe it is the patriot's duty to employ all the powers with which he has been endowed in the mighty struggle against this menacing danger to happiness, civil rights, prosperity, advancing civilization, moral and spiritual development and the welfare of the nation. Secondly, it is a duty which we owe to our God. We believe that we are placed in this world for a purpose, and while we are here we are under obligations to further the cause of Christ and to advance his kingdom. The Prohibition Movement tends to take away the causes of decay and to still the battering ram of the liquor traffic which is weakening the foundations and destroying the supporters of the Church.

PHILIP JONKER.
New Gymnasium
Board of Directors
1904-1905

Director of Athletics, Abraham J. Muste
Secretary, A. J. Van Houten
Treasurer, John C. Hoekje
Manager of Basket Ball, R. H. Nichols
Manager of Foot Ball, H. F. Veenker
Manager of Base Ball, Christian A. Broek
Gymnasium and Track Work, A. J. Kolyn
Manager of Tennis, John T. De Vries
The training of the physical man has become an important factor in American college life. Experience has taught that the "sound mind in a sound body" has ever been the foremost in the arena of human affairs. Wherever our goal may be, whether in pulpit, business, or professional life, the man who possesses that dogged persistency, endurance and tenacity acquired in gymnasium or on athletic field, is the man in demand. Then, too, as the eye is pleased, and the mind is amazed as it beholds the stately architecture of some master hand, so the perfect physical temple of the human soul is only a mark of honor to the Maker of us all.

In former years Hope College presented no building dedicated to the development of the physical side of its students. No running track felt the rapid footsteps of the runner; no field trembled from the machine-like motion of a football squad. No—their "gym" was the woods, and their "track" the road. Yet with these limited opportunities, men, yea, men strong in body and keen in mind, were developed, who still arouse our admiration, in spite of their years, as the sturdy pioneer alumni of Hope College.

But years have brought progress and changed our environments. Instead of the woods, we have a gymnasium, instead of the road an athletic field. Baseball, football, basket-ball, tennis, track work, offer recreation and physical training to all who desire to be enrolled in our athletic association.

Until recently the above named departments were all independent of each other. But this did not prove entirely satisfactory. Both enthusiasm and finance were so divided that no beneficial results could be obtained. Thereupon an athletic association was organized, combining all the associations which had formerly existed separately, under the Hope College Athletic Association. Its constitution provides for a board of nine directors including a representative from the faculty, who has the veto power over the action of the board. The working of the association has brought out the fact that under this organization the
athletic affairs have been placed on a firmer financial basis, and that one branch is enabled to aid another,—a matter impossible under separate organizations.

It is well known to all that athletic associations outside of the larger universities are not always in a prosperous condition. This is also the case in Hope College. In smaller colleges it is essential to place the athletic fee as low as possible. A great majority of the student body in institutions of our caliber are boys whose main object is the acquirement of education at the least possible price. They are the worthy class whose motto is "striving, ever striving." It is for these students that the association established a minimum athletic fee.

Hope College students have never, as yet, been under the professional training of a paid physical director. Yet notwithstanding the lack of this most essential factor in college life the students do not altogether suffer for want of physical development. Gymnasium classes are held daily under the direction of Prof. S. O. Mast and Mr. Geo. De Kruif. These men have had previous experience in this work and are therefore capable of teaching the most beneficial method of physical training. Yet in spite of the fact that no physical director graces our athletic board, men have arisen from our ranks, whose prowess in athletics have made a champion basket-ball team; base-ball, tennis and foot-ball stars of which any small college might well be proud.

Such is the brief record of our athletic association. And as the time approaches when a new edifice shall supply our physical needs, we are reminded of the men whose willing hands erected the present gymnasium. It is well known, how with nothing but that determination which sprang from devoted hearts, our fathers trudged into the woods to fell the trees which made our first chapel. And then, when fortune seemed to smile and a new building filled our wants the old chapel became our harbinger of brawn and muscle. And such it is today. But hopeful reports reach our ears, and pleasant images fill our minds of the new gymnasium which shall crown the knoll, where now the "old gym" stands, which shall be a monument to the untiring efforts of Dr. Kollen—a building dedicated to the perfection of the
physical body making it a fit temple for the mind and soul—implanting in it a persistency and endurance which will enable the body to combat and conquer the seasons of a strenuous life.

A. J. VAN HOUTEN.
The Base Ball Team

1904

Edwin Nies, Pitcher
Willard P. Vander Laan, Captain and Center Field
Jacob G. Kelder, Right Field
Benjamin Jay Bush, Left Field
Marcus C. T. Andreae, First Base
Matthias J. Duven, Second Base
Henry Vruwink, Short Stop
William Vanden Berg, Third Base
John Schouten, Catcher
August Veenker, Substitute
The baseball season of 1904 promised to be the fairest Hope had yet seen, and in many ways it did not belie the prediction. It seemed that stagnation had at last broken through its crusted shell of conservatism and what promised to be a revival of athletics was at hand. Several of the old players had returned and the new material was more promising than usual. Yet more than this, the hearts of students and friends were gladdened by the advent of a coach in our midst. From the time when our forefathers felled the giants of the forest (for exercise, as they say) until Van Zomeren robbed the hill slope of Van Vleck of its last landmark, athletes were but abominations to faculty and council alike, and exercise but a necessary evil. Slow indeed has been the progress of our athletics yet it is sure and irresistible. The year 1904 marks the first radical advance in athletics at Hope, and as has been said we had a coach.

Capt. Vander Laan procured the services of Mr. H. Karsten for four weeks. Karsten played with Albion and U. of M. in 1901 and 1902 respectively, and made no mean reputation for himself by his effectual work in the box. Four weeks of hard work under an efficient coach promised to mould the base ball team into better form than any team that had ever represented Hope on the diamond. Still the enthusiasm of former years was not equal to the opportunity, and as some of the players could not practice and others were in the hospital, the base ball team was not what it might have been. On the whole, however, the games were of a high class, and Hope was defeated but twice in the season.

The first game was played with Kalamazoo, the intercollegiate champions, and Hope was defeated by a score of 13-0. Of the thirteen runs, however, only four were earned and a timely hit would have meant runs for Hope at many a stage of the game. After the Kazoo game the weak places were strengthened and before the next game the
team showed considerable improvement. We were defeated but once during the remainder of the season, and that defeat was administered by Grand Rapids High School.

Although last year's base ball season was not as successful as it might have been, due perhaps to lack of support, still this year's team can clearly read from the former's history that a good player needs practice as well as his weaker brother, and that one practice a week is by no means sufficient for a good base ball team.

At last we are beginning to learn that athletics and scholarship are not alternatives between which student and college must choose, but often are and always should be, united to make stronger men. We trust that Hope will lay more stress on athletics than she formerly has done, and encourage her sons on the diamond, as well as on the rostrum, to bear aloft the banner of their Alma Mater.

BENJ. J. BUSH.
Basket Ball
1904-1905

Captain, Abraham J. Muste
Peter H. Pleune
Henry Vruwink
Andrew Judson Kolyn
George E. De Kruif
John C. Hoekje
August Veenker

Manager, R. H. Nichols
None department of athletics, at least, Hope College need yield the palm to none. Her success in base ball and foot ball may ebb and flow, but when she turns out a basket ball team, definite results can be expected. Last year, the team for the first time gained a reputation something more than local. This year, Hope has had a basket ball team that can easily lay claim to State Intercollegiate honors. The team has met and defeated the M. A. C. quintet, for years the leaders in basket ball, and in that game showed playing ability superior in form and speed to that of the former champions. That the Intercollegiate Championship banner cannot be landed at Hope this year is due only to the fact that intercollegiate sports are here under the ban.

This season’s record in games played and points scored is one of which we may well be proud. Through the efficient administration of Manager Nichols, the teams that were met as opponents were the strongest that could possibly be secured to come here. Such teams as the Crescent Five of Evanston and the M. A. C. team are known in basket ball circles everywhere. Of the eight games played up to the time of this writing, but one has been lost, and that was as much the result of unfortunate circumstances as of inferior playing. Nor is the record in points a mean one. Speed, as resulting in rapidity of scoring, is what determines the quality of a team after all. In these same eight games, Hope scored 387 points against her opponents 189. These figures speak for themselves. An average of 48 points a game is as much as can be expected of any basket ball team.

Basket ball is essentially a gentleman’s game. Owing to the many opportunities for mean, underhanded work, it is safe to say that in no branch of athletics is there so much call for self-control and clean play as in this game. It is their refraining from all unsportsmanlike
and underhanded play that won for our five the good will of all the opponents they met. In all the contests, the ideal of pure athletic rivalry was always followed. Kicking on decisions was absent as was also internal friction between the members of the team itself. This unity and harmony probably contributed as much as anything else to the success of the team.

But the success of college athletics is always twofold, purely athletic and financial. From the latter standpoint also, the basket ball season may be said to have been a success. By this we do not mean to say that we have made money, but that, considering the large expense incurred in getting teams here, we are satisfied in that the deficit is no greater than it is. This success is due to the loyal support received from the students and townspeople. For this we desire at this time to express our thanks. The evidence that effort is appreciated is in itself incentive to greater effort. Poor support will soon take the heart out of the best of teams.

The success of the past basket ball season shows a number of things. It shows that Hope’s athletic material is as good as is to be found in any of the small colleges; it shows what constant and united effort will do in athletics. It shows that, were they but given a chance, Hope’s boys would stand well at the top in athletics as they do in all other things. It shows that the students and townspeople will support good college athletics. And it shows what a team can accomplish with united purpose, good management, and no “knocking on the sidelines.”

The team of ’04-’05 was a good one; there is no reason why the team of ’05-’06 should not be even better. We will lose but one man, and with the abundance of material at hand his place should soon be filled. Moreover, we have always been hampered by the limitations of our gymnasium, but with the long-promised new gymnasium almost in sight, we soon will have accommodations as good as the best. Then, with a little more leeway on the part of the Council and Faculty, Hope College will take her proper place in Michigan college athletics.

A. JUDSON KOLYN.
Basket Ball

The Team

A. J. Muste (Capt.) L. G. H. Vruwink, R. G.
A. J. Kolyn, L. F. G. E. DeKruif, R. F.
A. Veenker, Sub.-F. J. C. Hoekje, Sub.-G.
P. H. Pleune, C.

The Record

December 2, 1904, Hope, 65; Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A., (second team) 14
December 9, 1904, Hope, 44; South Haven Rifles, 22
December 21, 1904, Hope, 101; Grand Rapids Medical College, 8
January 10, 1905, Hope, 34; Evanston Crescent Five, 29
January 11, 1905, Hope, 18; Kalamazoo Y. M. C. A., 33
January 19, 1905, Hope, 44; Battle Creek Y. M. C. A., 17
January 28, 1905, Hope, 44; Michigan Agricultural College, 30
March 1, 1905, Hope, 37; Kalamazoo Y. M. C. A., 36

Summary

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<th>Games Won</th>
<th>Field Goals</th>
<th>Goals from Foul</th>
<th>Fouls</th>
<th>Points Awarded</th>
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<th>Avg. Points per Game</th>
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<td>Hope</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>163</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>109</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>67</td>
<td>42</td>
<td>129</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>189</td>
<td>23.5%</td>
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Ada Lahuis
Theo Thurber
Mina Coggeshall
Lilla Thurber
Hannah Hoekje
Jennie Veneklasen
Maud Turnbull
Edith Hodge
Alyda DePree
FIT name indeed! For whosoever desires to know Hope College must know its history and the meaning of its name. Its seal—an anchor, with the inscription, "Spera tu in Deo"—is the epitome of the tale of its development.

Perhaps nowhere in all the history of American settlements is so close a parallel observable as between the story of the "Pilgrim fathers" of 1630 and the "Pilgrim fathers" of 1847.

The Dutch pioneers of New Amsterdam, in the early years of the seventeenth century, came for barter and gain, came as the tools of a mighty corporation, the "West India Company."

The "Pilgrims" of Plymouth rock, on the other hand, came for more than material gain and a brighter outlook for their posterity, in this lower sense: they came for liberty.

And thus with the "Pilgrim-fathers" of 1847 and subsequent years, led as they were by the heroic pioneers, Van Raalte, Scholte, Van der Meulen and other minor leaders.

Let us never forget, when we see the cities and villages, the schools and churches, the homes and factories, established by the children of these pioneers, that back of them lies a past of suffering and persecution, for Christ's sake. The migration, which gave to the Western States of the American continent some of its best citizens, is anchored in the Free-Church movement of the Netherlands; the attempted suppression of which, by force, forms one of the darkest blots on the historic page of Holland.

Had the Dutch government, as late as 1846, been willing to vouchsafe to these self-exiling believers absolute religious liberty, somewhere in the Dutch East Indies, the leaders of the movement had pledged themselves to remain under the Dutch flag; and the Dutch emigration to America might never have gained the formidable proportions which it subsequently assumed.

The blunt refusal to give this guaranty drove hundreds and thousands of Hollanders to expatriation. We would not lose sight of the fact that the temporal conditions prevailing in Holland at the time,
materially accelerated the movement, but the great underlying and impelling cause of the migration was—*a desire for liberty to serve God according to the dictates of their conscience.*

The foundation of the two pilgrim movements being alike, we would naturally expect to find somewhat of a similarity of historic development.

The school followed closely in the wake of the church, in the forests of New-England, in 1630; but not a whit more closely than in the forests of Michigan, in 1847.

Once settled in the virgin wilderness, escape became impossible to the great majority of the colonists. But, oh, the sufferings, the toil, the heart-rending disappointment, the killing homesickness of those early days! What the pastors had been in New England, they also proved to be in Michigan. And among them stands the heroic figure of Van Raalte, the pioneer of the pioneers, the leader of the leaders, without whose dauntless courage and iron determination the unequal struggle must have ended in inglorious defeat.

Great Puritan-spirited leader that he was, he saw, from the very beginning, in education the hope of his "colonies." It was his loadstar, it was the compass by which he steered, the "anchor of hope" of his storm-tossed vessel.

Meanwhile God, in His providence, more than halfway met the aspiration of the Pilgrims, for on the banks of the Hudson and of the Mohawk, a scion had been planted of the old Church of the fathers, which since 1619 had slowly but surely developed into a sturdy, zealous body of believers, thoroughly loyal to the great truths of the Reformation. Its foreign associations, its slow acclimatization in its new environment, the language of the Fatherland to which it clung zealously, the encroachments of the English government and its open antagonism since 1664, when the province came under the English flag, the overshadowing influence of larger and more active Churches,—all these things combined kept the Reformed (Dutch) Church in America from ever attaining to national greatness or influence.

But, in its own way and in its own sphere, it nobly fulfilled its divine mission.
Some years before the migratory movement from Holland began, it had tardily been aroused to a sense of its greater duties and larger privileges. Small “colonies” of its own communion had penetrated into the then far West of Illinois and Michigan, and as early as 1836 the question was tentatively considered of planting an institution of learning, somewhere in the valley of the Mississippi. But the Church lacked courage and the power of initiative, and allowed its golden opportunities for extending its boundaries to pass by.

Yet far-seeing men, such as Dr. James Romeyn, sounded the key-note of an inspiring optimism, with the motto—"Train Western men for Western work on Western soil."

But, alas, it was a vox clamantis in deserto! But we hear this voice again and again. It resounds in 1847, the year of the landing of the "Pilgrims" in the wilds of Michigan, and again in the following year. Then the attention was openly directed to the new Dutch settlement in the West, the spirit of a common blood and a common historic inheritance began to assert itself, and the idealism of Romeyn assumed a more tangible shape.

Once started, events moved with considerable celerity. In 1849 the "Pilgrims" joined the Reformed Church, and still a year later John Garretson, the newly appointed secretary of the Board of Domestic Missions, was on the shores of Black Lake to investigate the educational outlook. Under the inspiring urgency of Van Raalte, he entered heartily into the spirit of the project, and the idealism of Romeyn was finally realized in the resolve to plant a school for higher education, in the new colony.

Think of the absurdity of it! It was to be an English school—and the English language was Greek to the settlers. A school for higher education among a people, struggling in a death-grapple with an apparently unsolvable material problem! A school for higher education, when every child old enough to wield an ax or to handle a hoe was needed and expected to do yeoman's service for the common good! Was it not like frescoing a building before the lath and plaster are on?

Would you know the secret of this apparently Quixotic attempt? It is all in a name—Van Raalte. Remove him from the ground and the thing could not, would not have been accomplished. In that same
summer of 1850 he had been in attendance on the Particular Synod of Albany, to which the settlement-churches had been attached. There he had brokenly pleaded for his school and his people. He was patiently heard, but when he was through speaking, they said to him:—“Your zeal is commendable, but you anticipate on your development. First reach a reasonable degree of material prosperity, then think of a college.”

His answer? This:—“How could we answer to God and to posterity, if we had cared for our material prosperity and not, nay principally, for the intellectual and spiritual interests of our future?”

Do you recognize the spirit of the “Pilgrims” of 1630?

The real foundation of the school was laid in the meeting of the Classis of Holland, in the fall of 1850. As has been said, Garretson had reported favorably to the Board, and Van Raalte knew it. In that meeting he set the brethren on fire with enthusiasm for higher education, and they pledged their support to the full extent of their ability; nor did they forget their vows.

Almost universally throughout the “colonies” the nascent school soon became, as Van Raalte put it—“the anchor of hope.” He himself donated five acres of land, in the heart of the platted city of Holland, for a campus, later extended by subsequent grants to sixteen acres. Thus a beginning was made.

In 1851 Walter T. Taylor, an elder of the Reformed church of Geneva, N. Y., arrived with his family, and educational work was tentatively begun in a “building belonging to the church of Holland.”

Of course, systematic and well classified work was utterly out of the question, but teacher and pupil wrought together to the best of their ability. Three years later, ruined in health by care and by the malarial effluvia of the newly broken and imperfectly drained soil, he was forced to resign the task, and the institution came under the direct care of the General Synod.

After a brief Beidler-interregnum, in 1855, John Van Vleck, a recent graduate of the seminary at New Brunswick, appeared on the scene. He was expected both to teach and to preach.

Van Raalte meanwhile had made repeated trips to the East and had collected the greater part of the funds necessary for the erection of the first permanent building on the campus, the square, old, historic Van Vleck Hall, now used as a dormitory.
Dear old relic! What tender memories cluster about thee for many of the "old boys!" May no ruthless hand ever be laid on thee to destroy or to replace thee! Let tender care watch over thee, so that our children's children may see the hoary beginnings of the educational work of Hope!

In the early fifties, names like those of Thompson and Van der Wal flit across the campus, but they have no abiding meaning for the history of Hope College. From 1856-61, the Rev. Dr. J. A. H. Cornell was secretary of the Board of Education of the Reformed Church; he was always a warm friend and a strong supporter of this western educational enterprise. When Van Vleck broke down under the burden in 1859, the true intellectual founder of the institution appeared on the scene, the Rev. Dr. Philip Phelps, Jr.

We hail thee, man of God and man of men! For many of us thou hast been an inestimable blessing. Thy scholarly taste, thy quiet dignity, thy firm gentleness, thy unimpeachable correctness of speech, thy tact with the "boys," have unspeakingly endeared thee to us. Thou wert ever strong in the patience of unanswered prayer.

In 1862, under his direction, the heroic work was undertaken of building the "chapel," now the gymnasium. Laugh not, ye later "boys!" It was a herculean task, performed by green hands, under the supervision of a competent carpenter. And when it was done, what pride was felt in, what love for the building! The stateliest pile that ever may adorn the campus can never awaken half the enthusiasm that this strongly joined frame structure did, for it was the handiwork of the "boys," it was their own building.

Shall we ever forget the old chapel? How crammed it is with tenderest memories!

There our great meetings were held, there some of the most noted lecturers on the American platform addressed us, there our small student-corps met for important decisions, there the great revival of 1877 had its origin, thither we fled when a mighty North-Wester rocked the old dormitory hall, there our "best girls" attended our virgin efforts in oratory.

All hail, old chapel, the "old boys" of Hope salute thee!

Now came a more rapid growth. The "Preparatory School" was tentatively expanded into a College in 1862, but this change demanded
an increase in the teaching force. Thus Rev. P. J. Oggel and Rev. T. Bomeyn Beck came on the scene in 1864, soon to be joined by Rev. Chas. Scott and Rev. C. E. Crispell, and a little later by Profs. Doesburg, Kollen and Shields.

The first college class graduated in 1866, and on that memorable occasion the man who had planted the little oak, which now had grown into a tree with spreading branches, was absent. Van Raalte was in the Netherlands. But yonder he rejoiced in spirit and praised God for His goodness to the children of men.

I will not speak here of the development of the College into a Seminary, of the complications which arose from this step, of the financial burden, which became too heavy to be borne, of the ever-impending collapse during the next decade.

Those were years of struggle and of pain, years of illusions, perhaps, and of bitter disappointment, of which the culmination came in 1878. In that year the collapse, long foreshadowed, occurred, and the institution was almost crushed under its financial burden.

The Seminary was suspended and the long debate about "in" or "at" as regards theological instruction, received its final and permanent quietus. The resignation of all the professors was demanded and the leaders in the struggle were eliminated from the problem. It was a drastic measure, but the General Synod saw no other way to save the institution. The period of reconstruction now began.

Dr. Phelps was succeeded by Rev. Dr. G. H. Mandeville, as provisional president, but the real head of the institution was Prof. Dr. Chas. Scott, one of the few teachers who had survived the shock. After two years this plan was found to be abortive, and on the resignation of Dr. Mandeville, Dr. Scott succeeded him in 1880 as provisional president, and five years later, as actual president of the College. He bore the heavy burden till 1893, when failing health compelled him to relinquish the task.

In that year Dr. G. J. Kollen, the present head of the institution, was elected by the Council, and to him belongs the honor of having placed the College on a sound financial basis.

A brighter day now dawned for the institution, the courses of study were expanded and fully regulated, an able corps of well trained profes-
sors increased the efficiency of the College, of whom Profs. Kleinheksel (vice-president), Boers, Sutphen and Nykerk have served, for many years with distinction. Others came and went, as the exigencies of the case demanded, but since 1893 the tendency of the entire institution has been undeniably and uninterruptedly upward. Hope College might well select, as its historic motto, "Per aspera ad astra."

New buildings began to adorn the campus. Graves Library building and Winants Chapel, and recently the grand pile of Van Raalte Memorial Hall, are silent but eloquent monuments to the unswerving loyalty, to the singleness of purpose, to the serene optimism, to the tireless industry and to the admirable resourcefulness of the present head of the college.

He will go into history as our "Great Financial President."

But our seal has not yet lost its meaning, and still we say, as we look at it—"Spera tu in Deo." For our ideals are not yet fully attained. Our horizon expands as we proceed on our way, and is never reached. All true education is an endless process and looks ever forward. Meanwhile Hope's sons and daughters have honored her fair name, as they girdle the globe in the most diversified spheres in life. About seven hundred have graduated from the Preparatory Department and three hundred and thirty-five from the College proper. They are children of whom the Alma Mater may well be proud, men and women of unquestioned strength of purpose, of unflinching devotion to duty, of commendable Christian character. Yes, of Christian character, for, above all things else, this is the greatest honor of Hope College—that it is a moulder of character. May it ever be so!

Different in intensity, different in degree, but always plainly recognizable, with a few unfortunate exceptions, her children reflect (and we trust will continue to reflect) the character of the "Pilgrims," who laid its foundation in prayer and faith.

Hope's day of small beginnings is over; before her now lie the days of serious intellectual endeavor and of quiet extensive and intensive growth.

Her sons and daughters lovingly surround her and join with one accord in the acclaim: "Vivat, floreat, crescat Collegium."

HENRY E. DOSKER, '76.
The fateful day had arrived. It was the seventh of February, 1905. An ominous hush hung over the college. Students were seen gathered in groups here and there on the campus; low whisperings were heard and seditious words were spoken. Evidently an intense interest in some approaching event pervaded the minds of all. But don't be frightened; it was only the day of the oratorical contest.

Yes, oratory holds a sure place of esteem at Hope College. Eight times has an annual contest been held at Hope, between the three upper classes, and each time she has sent the winner to the Michigan State Contest, where she has always made a good showing, and where, in 1903, her representative took the first honors. In fact, Hope glories in the list of her champions which has been printed in every local periodical and must not be omitted from this publication.

J. W. Beardslee, Jr., 1898
A. T. Brook, 1899
C. Vander Meulen, 1900
C. Vander Mel, 1901
P. Grooters, 1902
A. J. Muste, 1903
J. Pelgrim, 1904
B. J. Bush, 1905

But we were telling about the contest for 1905. Who would win? That was the question. There were to be four contestants, but in which one of the four directions the judges' decision would go was a matter of doubt.

The Sophomore class, no longer Fresh, but not yet stale, furnished two of the four men,—great resources, but undeveloped, eh? Do you ask for their names? Yes, indeed. Mannes Stegeman was one of them. And Arnold Mulder was the other. It had been noticed that of late Mr. Stegeman had been very serious.

And then there was Mr. Bush, the Junior representative. He was an unknown quantity. There were several reasons why he might win. In the first place he was a Junior, and a Junior won the year before. And again, he was said to have been the poorest reader in his class at one time,—and, the last shall be first.

But the Seniors had Mr. Muyskens, and he perhaps had something up his sleeve; no fear as to his hat. Well, he came from that part of the country whence Bryan has echoed, and anyhow you couldn't depend on the wild and woolly west to flunk every time. There was also a rumor abroad that Van Vleck Hall had been a noisy place of late, especially on the first floor. In addition it was known that Rev. E. Kuizinga, Prof. C. Dregman and Mrs. J. G. Sutphen, the judges on thought and style, had awarded him first place.

Certainly the accumulation of all this evidence cast a shroud of anxious expectation over the whole contest.
But there was no use in speculating as to the result. Nothing definite could be known till the contest was over. But all things come to those who wait. So the students waited,—they had to. On Tuesday morning the fellows were all in chapel, as usual, and there it was announced, although it was already known, as usual, that the contest would take place on the evening of that very day. And it was also announced that two prizes, one of fifteen dollars for the winner, and one of ten dollars for the second in rank, would be given, through the kindness of Mr. John Snitsler of Grand Rapids, and President Kollen.

At last the evening came. Winants Chapel seemed all aglow with light which was flashed back and forth by the jewels and sparkling eyes in the audience. The chapel was crowded; and well it might be, for wasn’t it worth fifteen cents to hear the noise alone? [Even some of the Seminoles came, and an unconfirmed report says that one even bought two tickets.]

Then the tall and commanding figure of Mr. Pelgrim, the presiding officer, took the platform. After a few remarks, he announced that the program would begin. A piano duet by the Misses Grace Browning and Hazel Wing, and a prayer by Prof. J. M. Vander Meulen, served to quiet the noisy constituents and arouse the gloomy orators.

And then came Mr. Muyskens. His oration was on “The Jews,” and his almost too enthusiastic delivery held the attention of the audience from start to finish. The line of thought presented was original and logical and well calculated to create a kindly feeling toward the “nation without a country.” It was clearly shown that the Jewish nation, though scattered, forlorn and forsaken, yet deserves the gratitude of the world for the invaluable heritage of model types of government, literature and religion which she has left to its people. And then the orator brought his hearers face to face with the inevitable question, “Why, then, are these people so universally scorned and hated?” And the certain answer was told with feeling and pathos, “Him ye despised and rejected; therefore does Rachel still weep for her children.” The oration was brought to a fitting close by presenting the remedy for the sickness of the Jewish people in the sentence of the Lord’s Prayer, “Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.”

The second speaker was Mr. Bush. In choosing Bolivar for his subject, Mr. Bush chose well, because this character, so deserving of universal renown, is but little known in North America. In the myriad activities of their busy lives, the people of this continent have taken little thought and interest in the affairs and leaders of their southern brethren. The orator pictured the romantic life and colossal achievements of his hero in glowing colors and showed him to be the idol of his people and the founder of many of the South American republics. Remaining true to history, Mr. Bush did not attempt to raise his hero from the realm of faulty human nature to that of faultless divinity. The oration closed with a vivid exposition of how the subtle influence of ambition entered into Bolivar’s life and wrecked the nobleness of his aspirations. The delivery which Mr. Bush gave was
particularly finished and was telling in its effect. The composure of the speaker, his clear enunciation and evident desire to make his every word easily understood, won for him the favor of all.

Mr. Mulder soon transported the thoughts of his hearers to England, the scene of the career of perhaps the world's greatest poet-statesman, John Milton. The long-suffering patience of the "Blind Statesman" was made real with poetic words and melodious phrases. The real purpose, success and true patriotism of this grand songster's life clouded in the darkness of blindness yet bright in the light of his sunny reflections, were depicted with the harmony and confidence of masterly dictation. Mr. Mulder's voice was pleasing, but rather weak; his delivery easy and graceful, but not very effective.

The subject of the last oration was "The Sailor of Genoa." It was indeed a hard subject to handle, owing to its familiarity. But Mr. Stegeman had come to tell of things not generally known concerning this bold navigator. He showed how it is one thing to theorize, but another thing to have sufficient faith in one's theory to stake everything on it, and how Columbus was so sure of the sphericity of the earth that he was willing to traverse the unknown deep in spite of all disheartening reports and events. The long voyage across the ocean was described in detail and the oration ended with an appeal for sympathy for this almost forgotten and unappreciated sailor. Mr. Stegeman's delivery, while, on the whole, forceful, was marred by certain mannerisms.

After a short consultation the judges brought in the result of their deliberation. Dr. Beardslee with judicial aspect, like unto that of Minos or Rhadamanthus, announced the decision. Soon afterwards some one was carried out of the chapel on the shoulders of his class-mates. It was Mr. Bush. Hurt? No, Mr. Bush had won and Mr. Muyskens was second. The rest wasn't announced,—there was no money in it anyway.

The contest was over and it had been satisfactory. All was tranquil again. But there was more to come. The local contest at Hope was held for the purpose of selecting the best man to represent the college at the Michigan State Oratorical Contest to be held at Albion, March the 3rd. Nine colleges competed at Albion, including Olivet, Albion, Ypsilanti, Alma, Hillsdale, Adrian, Kalamazoo, Michigan Agricultural College and Hope. Those who accompanied Mr. Bush to Albion, reported that the contest was a good one, and that Hope was very ably represented. Hope did not rank high in the final decision, but the concensus of opinion is that she deserved better than she received.

Olivet took the first honors and her representative will therefore represent Michigan in the Inter-state contest this year.

At this contest the middle states are represented and the winner is then pitted against the champions of the eastern and western states to decide to whom the championship of the Union in oratory belongs. Once has Hope College furnished the Michigan contestant at the Inter-state contest. This was in 1903, when at the contest which took place in Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. Muste was the orator for Michigan. Then eleven states were represented and the two sister states, Michigan and Wisconsin, captured the second and first places respectively.

And now let us close with these few remarks. Hope has not accomplished all that is possible in the line of oratory. Those who have championed her cause deserve her gratitude. Having put our hands to the plow, let us not turn back. Let us have more contestants in the local contest. We must furnish our teachers with quantity if we expect them to develop quality. Let us have a high college spirit, and this combined with conscientious endeavor, must lead to great things in the future.

PAUL E. HINKAMP.
Hope's Orators

Abraham J. Muste
1903

Banjamin Jay Bush
1905

Jacob Pelgrin
1904
The Christ of the Andes” challenges the admiration of the world. Our boasted northern civilization has yet much to learn from our southern brothers. Still, generally but little is known of South America and her people.

The fundamental reason for the lack of intercourse and sympathy between the peoples of North and South America in an historical one. The streams of exploration, colonization, and commerce which resulted in the settling of South America issued from Southern Europe. The forces that builded our own great republic found their origin in Northern Europe. Between the men whose cradles are softly rocked by the zephyrs of the Mediterranean and the men whose infancy is with difficulty sheltered from the furies of the northern Atlantic, wide and essential differences exist. The races of the North are industrious, serious, conservative and prudent; those of the South are lazy, sunny-tempered, radical and passionate. Nowhere is this difference more strikingly illustrated than in the heroes whom these peoples worship as the authors of their liberties. Contrast the stern, legal-minded Simon de Montfort, wresting Magna Charta from an unwilling king, with Rienzi, last and fiercest of the tribunes! What a difference between Cromwell, slowly and silently leading his grim Ironsides to the battles of the Lord, and with the inevitableness of fate crushing forever the fabric of royal despotism; and Garibaldi, flashing like a meteor from one end of Italy to the other, enthusiastically proclaiming liberty and union to an enslaved and disunited race. The Southern patriot is more emotional than his Northern brother. His devotion is more intense and disinterested, yet withal less stable and more liable to be misled in the maze of ambition and political intrigue. A striking example of this type of patriotism we behold in Simon Bolivar, who alone of South American heroes has fulfilled the world’s measure of greatness.
The story of his life is replete with the romance of the South. At fifteen he leaves Venezuela to complete his education by European travel. At eighteen he is back. He has seen Rome, and deeply moved by the contemplation of her fallen splendor, has taken the perilous vow to liberate South America, perhaps that he might establish there an empire more splendid than Rome in all her glory. He has visited Paris, and beheld the seething, hellish ferment of a revolution and the inspiring triumph of popular rights. Finally, he has sojourned in Spain to woo a black-eyed maiden in the gardens of Alhambra, and forget his restless dreams of Roman greatness and Parisian liberty. But Liberty's goddess brooks no rival. Sternly she sacrifices Bolivar's wife upon her altar, and sends her champion into the lists alone. Henceforth the strange vicissitudes of heroism are his. Now he lurks serpent-like among the forests of the Orinoco, treacherously to strike his Spanish prey. Again, he scales the rugged ascent of the Andes, like liberty's eagle proclaiming the year of jubilee to the enslaved of earth. Yet, again, and he is borne by victorious legions to the conquest of a continent, and his eyes are bright with the lurid gleam of ambition and intrigue. Last of all, he is thrust forth an exile, and dies by the shore of the restless sea, sobbing like him with yearning unfulfilled.

Such is the romance that thinly veils the tragedy of this man's life—the tragedy of a hero who saved others, yet could not save himself. True to his southern blood, Bolivar was passionate and restless; the career in which these qualities found expression was one of intense and feverish activity. Sometimes this activity served the ends of patriotism; at others those of ambition. No stern, unbending will controlled the fierce restlessness of his nature and so, not to be denied expression, it made of him at once the liberator of South America and the tyrant of Peru. Enlisted in the service of his fatherland, Bolivar is a type of pure unmixed devotion. Bent on gratifying his own thirst for power, he is a very Caesar in his inordinate and insatiate ambition. Ambition and unselfishness, these two waged bitter warfare over this man's life, and at its close, unselfishness had made him the liberator and founder of five republics: ambition had robbed him of the fruits of his toil and branded him a traitor to the peoples he had begotten.

When on the death of his wife Bolivar returned to Venezuela, a crisis had arrived in his country's history. For three hundred years
the leaden gloom of Spanish tyranny had hung over South America. No ray of light had penetrated the long night of oppression, save the fitful flicker of some will-o’-the-wisp of the marshes that betrayed the hopes of the deluded peoples that followed after it. At the opening of the nineteenth century, the Creole population of northern South America was in a state of complete and degraded servitude. The government was in the hands of Spanish viceroys of the tribe of Alva and the Pizarros. What little commerce was carried on served only to fill Spanish coffers. Aspiration and labor were unknown terms to the Creoles, for increase of wealth had come to mean simply increase of taxation. As a result, the luxuriant valleys of the Orinoco and the fertile hill slopes of the Andes were as barren of useful products as the unreached, snow-capped peaks on which the condor of the mountains built his cheerless home. Dense ignorance, too, prevailed among these people, for Spanish tyranny was ever averse to popular education. Worst of all, the Roman priesthood, from of old the staunch ally of Spanish tyranny, had for three centuries taught the children of the Creoles the fatal falsehood that it was sin, unpardoned by the mercy of God as by the indulgences of the Church, to pray for deliverance from the hand of the oppressor. Two hundred years of Russian despotism has crushed the Polish nation and the Polish people alike, and Russian despotism cannot compare for abjectness and cruelty with the tyranny which Spain has ever blindly exercised over her colonies. Be it said, therefore, to the everlasting honor of the Creole, that three centuries of servitude had not crushed his spirit. Tyranny goaded him at last to revolution.

Simon Bolivar headed the revolt of Venezuela. Enthusiasm and able leadership ensured its immediate success; the Spanish were driven from the country and a liberal government was established in Caracas. Within eight months the city was destroyed by an earthquake, and a priest-ridden populace read in the unrest of the elements the vengeful judgment of God upon their revolt from Spain. Royal government was restored without question. Like a volcano, the wrath of the Creole had broken forth with fury, and was silenced. Not so the spirit of Simon Bolivar. Three times the intrepid warrior hurled himself with a handful of men against the bulwark of Spanish despotism. Three times his army was exterminated, and he himself wandered an exile over the islands of the Caribbean. Undaunted, he returned secretly and estab-
lished a rendezvous in the dark recesses of the forests of the Orinoco. Sallying forth, he destroyed one Spanish army, only to be repulsed by another. Venezuela could not be freed. But the spirit of liberty was strong upon Bolivar, and he must needs fight her battles. He plans to cross the Andes in the heart of winter, surprise the Spanish in New Grenada, crush them, and with a greater force turn back to the liberation of his own country. Two-thirds of his men fell on that terrible march. Theirs, however, was the blood that sealed liberty's triumph. Thenceforth nothing could withstand the prowess of Bolivar and the enthusiasm of his soldiery. In a trice, New Grenada was rid of its oppressors, and, turning about, Bolivar hastened back to Venezuela. Mad with the intoxication of success, he stayed for naught. His enthusiasm was irresistible, his courage dauntless, his energy tireless. The Spanish fled before him like the leaves of autumn before the breath of winter. Venezuela rose as a man to greet its deliverer. Eight years after the fatal earthquake, the Creoles again held the feast of liberty in the streets of Caracas. Songs of triumph were upon their lips, and the nobility of the free man sat upon their brows, as they hailed their matchless hero, the warrior-captain of the army of the liberation,—this Creole,—this half-breed—Simon Bolivar!

Bolivar had accomplished his mission and the task had not been light. He had liberated a people who had no intelligent desire for liberty or clear conception of its meaning. He had organized armies out of unpatriotic criminals and slaves. He had in twelve years demolished a despotism, which it took the United Netherlands eight decades to overthrow. His example had encouraged patriots throughout South America, and lighted the beacon-fires of liberty on the frontiers of Chili, Bolivia and Peru. In all this he had displayed the purest unselfishness. His devotion had been complete. His reward was ample,—he was the recognized hero of his race.

Standing upon this summit of attainment, he encountered a fiery trial. His restless spirit thirsted for activity, and found none in the dull task of the political reconstruction of Venezuela. But across the Andes lay vast nations still under Spanish rule, and praying for deliverance. They clamored for a leader. Should liberty's call go unheeded now? All the resources of Venezuela were at his command. Should he not use them in the liberation of suffering peoples? Should
not all America be free? Should not Simon Bolivar be the founder of empires yet unborn? Standing once more upon the summit of the Andes, the countries of South America stretched out before him; all these Ambition promised to give unto him, and, having knelt before her, he went forth to fight her battles. Think not that thus to yield to the wiles of Ambition is the mark of inferiority. She is the subtle mistress who has seduced genius throughout the ages. History records no loftier character than Mohammed, the Arabian, yet at Ambition's bidding he put the sword into the hand of the Saracen, and sent forth a curse upon the earth. Cardinal Wolsey might have been the founder of the English Church had not Ambition made him the grovelling slave of royalty. Daniel Webster took upon himself the blood of the black man and drank the bitter dregs of politics, that he might wield the paper scepter of a nominal power.

Bolivar's career of conquest was brilliant. He drove the Spanish from New Grenada, Bolivia and Peru, and was made Perpetual Dictator in each of these countries under constitutions of his own manufacture. It was not long, however, before he became overbearing and intolerant. People realized that the tyranny of Bolivar was no improvement upon the tyranny of Spain, and the Liberator turned enthusiastically to the task of subjecting the people he once had freed. In the midst of this work he was called to Venezuela. Grown tired of his military despotism, the Creoles had established a republican form of government. The aged Captain, still entranced in his vision of power, attempted to regain his authority. Caracas, the city of his birth and of his triumph, exiled him—a traitor to the fatherland which owed him its existence and its liberty.

By the hearth stone of every loyal Creole's home is an image of Simon Bolivar. Posternity recognizes greatness. Forgetting the weakness which branded him a traitor, it enshrines in the memory of a grateful people the devotion that made him their hero. When the Creole shall have come forth from the long night of his debasement, and shall have achieved the redemption made possible by Simon Bolivar, mankind will write this man among its heroes, and throughout the undreamed-of ages of the future, Liberty's angel shall watch in tenderness over his memory, even as a mother broods sadly over the son that has betrayed her love.

B. J. BUSH.
THE Anchor, issued monthly during the school year, is the official organ of the students of Hope College. The management of the paper is in the hands of the Anchor Association, of which all student subscribers are members, and, more directly of the board of editors and managers elected by the association. This board consisted for the year 1904-5 of the following:

Editor-in-chief, A. J. Muste.
Associate Editors, D. H. Muyskens.
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A few facts about the history of the Anchor may be of interest to our readers. It was first issued in June, 1887, under the direction of:

Editor, J. Van Westenburg.

H. G. Keppel.

G. H. Albers.

H. Kremers.

John Vander Meulen.

Associate Editors,

Business Manager, A. J. Pieters.

The first issue contained twelve pages of literature, editorials, campus notes, and information about the Alumni and colleges. As will be seen, the paper was constituted of practically the same departments as it is today. "College Jottings" forms an exception to this statement. A department similar to this was not established until September, 1891. Next to the first "joke" reads: "Papa and mama Boers." In his remarks on the newly established "joke department," the editor says: "A good joke on a student printed in the paper serves to keep him under proper restraint." Ten years ago, evidently, the students thought that a gentle reminder in the Anchor might do a little good. Apropos of the same subject, Prof. Dimnent in his first editorial in January, 1894, gives the very kind advice: "Laugh if you see the jokes, if you don't—laugh anyway." Other facts that interest one as he browses through the file of old Anchors are the following: In 1889 the subscription was raised from fifty cents to the present rate of a dollar per year. In 1894, Prof. Dimnent, '96, issued an extra large, twenty-four page Commencement number, an example which future editors have followed. In March, 1898, we find the first record of an oratorical contest, since become so large a factor in our college life.

On the whole, the progress of the Anchor has been slow, yet constant and uniform. The issues of the last few years certainly seem more artistic and interesting than those of a decade ago. However, the work has always been attended with difficulty. At the end of the first volume, we read complaint of lack of interest and support on the part of the students, and, strange to say, nearly every editor since, at one time or another, registers a similar complaint. Probably, such remarks were in every case wrung from the soul of an anguished editor with little copy on hand and no money and heaps of "kindly criticism;" hence his
personal condition gave a false, or at least, a heightened color to his writing. Besides, a college paper cannot expect more support than it is worth, and Hope's students have never been unloyal to the Anchor. Nor should they be.

If a college paper is to be anything, it must represent and interpret the work and opinions of the student body. To do this, it must, in the first place, have specimens of literary work from the class room, and especially from all the societies. It is every society's business to see that good productions brought before it are published for the general good. In the second place, a college paper should express what we might call "public opinion," fairly but fearlessly. The Anchor has seldom failed to do this. Those who are inclined to criticise should remember that "public opinion" is no more likely to coincide with their private notions than with the editor's. What we all need to remember is that the Anchor is ours, to use as we will. If you have something to say that is worth knowing, say it through the medium of the Anchor. If a question of general interest ought to be agitated, the Anchor is at your service. If one of your friends writes something interesting or valuable, see that the rest of the students and alumni, who are more interested in you than you may imagine, get the benefit of it.

In the past, the Anchor has played an important part in the life of the college. Its history has been one of steady, though slow improvement. It has come to stay. Aggressive and impartial management and loyal support will increase its importance and efficiency. Let all rally to the assistance and encouragement of the Staff of 1905-6.

Below we give a complete list of the editors and the time of their entrance into office:

June 1887, J. Van Westenburg.

'89, I. Van Kampen.

'90, J. Winter.

'91, O. S. Flanagan.

Sept. '91, O. C. Flanagan.


'93, W. J. Van Kersen.

'94, E. D. Dimment.

'95, G. Watermuelder.

'96 to Mar. '97, J. G. Vanden Bosch and Jas. E. Moerdyk.

April '97, J. E. Kuizenga.

Nov. '97, A. B. Van Zante.

April '98, J. Van Ess.

'99, M. Stormzand.

Nov. '99, J. Steunenberg.

April '00, M. Stormzand.

Dec. '00, J. Steunenberg.

April '01, J. A. De Hollander.

'02, N. E. Hessenius.

'03, J. J. Steffens.

PA G E O N E  H U N D R E D  T W E N T Y
DESIRE for information concerning an old friend of ours led us to the following, which we furnish verbatim:

"A culicid, dipterous insect, having (in the female) a long proboscis, consisting of six distinct slender pieces united at the base and protected by the sheath like labium, capable of puncturing the skin of man and sucking blood."

Following this is a quotation from Longfellow:

"And around him the Suggema,
The mosquito sang his war song."

Now as we are somewhat of a poetical cast, and a lover of Longfellow, it is but consistent with our true self, that the poetry of our favorite should be a source of inspiration to us. Thus it is that we have been prompted to write, "The War Song of Suggema."

We follow the example of the excerpt, and employ the masculine pronoun in designating Suggema.

It was night. This was inevitable, for day had passed and darkness had fallen. In the heavens quietly shone the stars, which according to our poet, are the "forget-me-nots of the angels." It was very quiet. Not a forget-me-not shot, not a forget-me-not lit. The milky way was dry. Not a cloud burst. Fair Cynthia had not yet entered in her first quarter. Her efforts at starring had been eclipsed a short time previous by Ge, Terra, who had completely thrown her into the shade. Since then Cynthia had kept dark about the matter and had not made a single appearance. Regardless of this fact, it was commonly acknowledged by the other stars that Cynthia was simply "out of sight."

It was also very quiet on earth. The day had died in the west and the dead of night had fallen. Not a sound could be heard, not a dew drop, not a dead light, nor a night watch. The night owls had long since found the night latch and now quietly reposed by the great hall-trees. The night-mare had ceased from troubling, neither did the night-bolt, nor the night-fire. The silence is oppressive. It is like the calm before the storm. The tension is terrible; something must break. At last the silence is riven and a weird, uncanny sound falls upon the night-air. Sometimes it is like the sleepy drone of the bag-pipe, now like the pierc-
The war song of Suggema is "Oft in the Stilly Night," Suggema the valiant, has invaded the enemy's country and has planned a midnight attack. Already he is in sight of the foe, and from his post calmly surveys the scene before him. The enemy lies under cover of Featherbed Mound, a high elevation rising above the plain where intrenchments have been thrown up. It is clear to Suggema that owing to this system of fortification the position is impregnable except from the headland. It is impossible for him to gain a position for a flank attack under Featherbed Mound, or to make an attack on the right and left wings, as all are likewise protected. He therefore resolves to make a full face attack and establish himself upon the bridge on the headland. Time is precious, the alarm may sound at any moment and the night be lost. Extending both wings in order to facilitate rapid movement and advance, the doughty warrior moves to the conflict. The field is reached and with one fell sweep the bridge is gained. The work of destruction begins. Suggema is victorious.

But alas! Joy is short-lived. The foe, hitherto inactive, gets busy. The left wing slowly advances from under cover, and with a quick movement dislodges the invader. The latter retreats in disorder to a position on the Wall, a high elevation to the north of the field. The result of the battle has indeed been disastrous to Suggema inasmuch as he has suffered the loss of one section of his proboscis, while the determined resistance offered, proves that the enemy is awake to the situation. Suggema realizes that he cannot receive reenforcements, for the country is well screened from attack on the south, where lies the only pass into the land. It is likewise obvious that the loss of one section of his proboscis has weakened his forces, and that the next attempt must be decisive or he will lose the night. In the face of such odds, many another warrior would fail in his duty, but our dipterous Suggema is not to be daunted. "Nothing attempted, nothing gained," thinks he, and with that in mind, he forms a new plan. This time he decides on a wing attack. The left is exposed, and against this all his power is to be directed. "Can I but reach the left, victory is mine. The right is too far removed for immediate relief and the center is stationed at the bridge.
Thus the enemy cannot make a very determined counter attack. I may yet gain the victory."

For the second time our hero sets out for battle, and advances chanting another stirring song, "I've got a feelin' in ma heart foh you." With wonderful speed he again reaches the scene of strife. The fates are propitious, for the foe, over-confident with the result of the first onslaught, has underestimated the character of the invader, and again lies off duty. A charge is made by our hero, and with wonderful speed the left is gained. Again Suggema sees success perched on his banner. Oh, hapless moment! Victory is soon turned into defeat. The foe had been aroused by the song of Suggema (a sympathetic awakening perhaps) and with a rapid side swing succeeds fairly in crushing the invader. Bruised and dazed, our hero emerges from the turmoil of battle, a sad specimen of defeat. Once more he is compelled to retreat, and this time finds refuge at the North Post, just above the enemy's camp.

Our culicid warrior now reviews his forces and makes some startling discoveries. His left wing has been partly destroyed, another section of his proboscis is missing; the remaining five are badly damaged; the sheathlike labium has proved inefficient and his capability of puncturing is seriously impaired. Further, with the aid of glasses, found on the spot, Suggema examines the plain below and sees that the enemy is stirring and displaying signs of unusual activity. Featherbed Mound moves as by an earthquake and this to all appearances seems but the throwing up of higher fortifications, so thinks Suggema. Again he cogitates.

"I must change my tactics. Necessity demands it. I cannot hope to dislodge the enemy by striking a direct blow. Nor can I, like Bruce, venture seven attempts, for two sections of my proboscis are gone, leaving me only four. The enemy has changed position, the fortifications have been altered. I shall employ the methods of Washington and La-Fayette; harrass the enemy without offering an open battle. As it is, the foe is protected by armor, for of all the hard propositions I've tried to get through, he is the limit. It's all I can do to puncture him. He must be a bicycle manufacturer or a tire maker. It's up to me to get my bearings and wheel around him. Then I'll meet him on common ground."

So said, our hero sets out for the third time. He is confident in the success of his new plan, and his heart is light. The damaged wing
hinders his advance but he is in nowise dismayed. Again he chants a war song:

"I feel like one who treads alone."

Coming events cast their shadows before. It will never be made known to man to what extent the dire calamity that befell Suggema was shadowed forth in his mournful (to us) song.

"I feel like one who treads alone."

Oft times men walk alone (women less frequently, if attractive) or lonely walk, or alone walk lonely and even alone walk lonely alone, but these moments of seclusion are not "in it" when the feelings of our sanguiniverous warrior are considered. To whom else has it been thus? To whom else has such an sympathetic soul tympanum been given that could respond to the air waves of this intense feeling of solitude, of feeling like one who walks alone? Oh, Ear of Sympathy! Oh, Soul thus favored! True, it is one thing to feel, and another to feel like. Could it have been that on the eve of his last sally that same sympathetic soul's ear vibrated with the message of doom? We must admit that, or why that song?

Thus we refrain from taleing the tale of woe that told on Suggema after that mournful chant and that fatal sally. Time would fail us were we to recount in detail the scenes following that gallant advance. It would be painful to relate how Suggema worried the foe, sweeping across the headland, making or feigning flank and wing attacks, countermarching, double quick, ladies to the right, gents to the left, swing your partners, now a reel, now a galop. How he met the fearful lunges of the foe, and retreated before every onset. How the latter came from under cover and rose as a python to strike the intruder, all the while goaded on to desperation by the gallant and stirring chants of Suggema. Now it was "Always in the way," now "You're as Welcome as the Flowers in May," then, "Oh, that we two were Maying," and again "Meet me in St. Louis, Louis."

We must forbear. All things have an end, and here Suggema met his finish. The battle had assumed fearful proportions, and the night wore away and day was breaking in the east (so it appeared to Suggema, for the spot had suddenly grown lighter, and he could see a ball of fire just above Featherbed Mound) before Suggema thought of withdrawing.
This he should have done long before, as darkness was a potent factor in the success of his system of military tactics. Like many other valiant fighters, he ventured the one last attempt and met his death. Just as he soared above the foe, the latter made a fearful pillow plunge and forced Suggema to the Wall, and there our valiant hero breathed his last. Bedelia was responsible.

The battle is over, Suggema is dead. The victory has been won, but scarce deserves the name. Such defeat were glorious indeed, and the vanquished merits the praise of the victor. Suggema's followers number thousands. We hear their songs, we see their works, and these verily do follow him.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
I hear the sighing, buzzing flight
Of Suggema around me.
Now far, now near,
Now there, now here.
That siren's song ne'er ceases.
The tick, the tock
Of yon hall clock,
But sleep my eye ne'er pleases.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
I gladly would forget the song
Of Suggema around me.

JAMES DYKEMA.
The Orator

In the burial-place of her heroes, humanity has laid the orator and the warrior side by side, the men of speech and the men of action, the eloquent and the brave. The story of the Exodus puts Aaron, of whom it was said by Jehovah, "I know that he can speak well," second only to Moses, who had seen the vision of the Almighty and was the man after God's own heart. In Homer's tale of Troy, Ajax and Diomed shatter the ranks of the well-greaved Trojans, but the voice of Nestor, "sweet-voiced orator of the Pylæans," is supreme in the councils of the Hellenes. In more recent times men have been no less ready to recognize the services of the orator. The eloquence with which Demosthenes attempted in vain to keep the bonds of servitude from his countrymen, stands today as one of those sublime monuments of the race which time doth not corrupt. Americans recognize no more illustrious patriot than Daniel Webster, who implanted upon the Northern conscience those principles that achieved their ultimate triumph in the stress and agony of civil war. And of all the tributes the ages have paid to the matchless Son of man, few appeal more strongly to the common mind than that of the servants of the Pharisees, "Never man spake like this man."

The renown of the orator is but the fitting meed of his service. In common with all great men—be they princes in the domain of thought, of speech, or of action—the great orator is first of all a man of insight. From conditions in which the ordinary mind reads only the confused complexity of human life, he evolves the causes which will govern the future of society, church, or state. Not concerned, as little men must always be, with the petty and immediate interests of the moment, he sees far into the future the ultimate issue of national policies, the deeper significance of national development. He sees clearly the need of the hour, the remedy for the crisis in human affairs. His is that gift of vision which enables genius to transcend mere earthly bounds, and suggests the underlying divinity of the human mind. Driven forth under the compelling power of his vision, the orator delivers his message to men—now with soothing tones and studied perfection, and again with plain and rugged force. Sometimes he calms their feverish
passions and stays them in the course of violence and destruction. Sometimes he teaches them the essential conditions of national existence and outlines the broad, progressive policies of a nation's future. Sometimes, in the agony and peril of a mighty crisis, he reveals suddenly to men the solution of the problem that has been vexing them and sends them forth with the enthusiasm and conviction of the revelation to the achievement of a higher freedom and a truer development. At all times, if he be truly great, he speaks earnestly and unselfishly, being but a Voice, the instrument of an inspired message.

Such, then, is the nature of the service which the great orators have rendered mankind. But wherein lay the force of their message, that secret power which applied it so instantly and effectively to the convictions of men? Did it consist merely in the timeliness of their advice? Or was it the fundamental and eternal truth of their message that appealed so strongly to men's minds? Men have offered timely advice and preached eternal verities, and been ruthlessly thrust aside: truth and emotion have countless times been spent in vain—not crystallized in action. Are men swayed, then, by the grace of the orator's presence, by the attractiveness of his address, by the pleasurable feelings he plays upon, lightly and with such skill? In the serious moments of human need, men care nought for the superficialities of grace; hence untrained, rugged heroes, in whom there was no beauty but that of strength, have swayed multitudes by their speech. The power by which the orator appeals to men inheres in his own character; it is his honesty and sincerity. Honest conviction of the truth of his message creates within him that enthusiasm which is a necessary element in all successful human effort. This it is which produces such strength within him, that opposition and discouragement and defeat cannot silence him—strength which enables him to bear the martyrdom to principle, which is the noble birthright of great men. This it is which makes men understand his message. Sincerity is the mysterious current that binds heart to heart. Honesty convinces men.

That is sincere which is without adulteration, pure, single-hearted, devoted to one purpose. The power of one who is convinced of a single truth and preaches it with devoted sincerity, is terrible. Picture, if you can, that mighty incarnation of sincerity, Peter the Hermit, preaching
the Crusade to the Gallic peasantry. His voice is harsh, his mien repulsive, and he raves furiously and confusedly of Moslems, and the Sepulchre, and Christ. Yet the people hear him gladly—Popes, too, have been compelled to recognize this upstart—and when he has done, they follow him across the Alps, to Italy, to Constantinople, to Asia Minor. War, pestilence, famine, weariness—decimates their ranks. And still they follow that frantic monk! In one sad tragedy of destruction, men, women and children immolate themselves without a murmur on the bloody altar of a mad fanaticism. Why? The devotedness, the sincerity of that crusader monk compels them.

Infinitely wiser and more eloquent than Peter the Hermit, was the Greek Demosthenes. Yet when he appealed to his countrymen to do battle against the foreign foe, they answered not. In vain his invective, his appeal. The deep sleep of security was over them, the torpor of enervation and degeneracy. While he yet spoke, tyranny laid its yoke upon them. Defeat silenced him. Notwithstanding, the ages since have recognized no greater orator than this matchless Greek. His speeches no longer answer a present need; the crisis which called them forth has long since passed. The fundamental principles which he announced, other men too have spoken. Why, then, this homage to his memory? Is it not humanity's tribute to his sincere devotion? For men honor not only those whose victorious achievements have woven themselves forever into the fabric of history, but also those other heroes, who in sadness and defeat have taught them the lessons of honesty and devotion and self-sacrifice. Thus Demosthenes being dead yet speaks "by majesty of memory and strength of example."

Sincerity, the essential element of oratory, finds its highest expression in the truer eloquence, not of speech, but of character and action—that eloquence with which all men may speak. Thus are there heroes who have never swayed men by their speech, who yet by the sincerity of their purpose and the silent compulsion of their life have influenced their fellows. They are the forces that speak for love and purity in the home, for truth and unselfishness in the church, for uprightness and honor in the state. This eloquence is not the birthright of some chance favorite of Fate, but in countless lives speaks endlessly to men, in tones of beauty and of power. This is the truer eloquence of honest action and sincere life.

A. J. MUSTE.
“Hope”

By Margaret E. Sanguster

For Alma Mater fair and true
The steadfast and the strong
With ardor ever flaming new
We lift a loyal song

Refrain:
Of stainless name, of spotless fame,
Before her vistas ope
Her sons and daughters loud proclaim
The radiant name of Hope.

Her children bear her lessons forth
To many lands and far,
And East and West and South and North.
Her pride those children are.

Refrain

Here burns her torch to light the way
Up learning’s hoary steep;
Here win her students day by day
New store of wisdom deep.

Refrain

For God and native land and man
In every clime and zone
We pledge our strength for what we can
Before Jehovah’s throne.

Refrain

Oh, cherished mother, here we stand
Thy band of students true,
And heart to heart, and hand in hand,
Our ardor flames anew.

Refrain
The Fate of Smithers

You ask why Smithers smiles no more,
    Why he is ever lone and sad
And walks about the class-room floor
    A miserable lad.
List to the story, for right well
It is a gruesome tale to tell.

One morning when we went to class,
    As usual, across the way
There sat a pretty co-ed lass
    With features cold and gray;
That she was mad, 'twas plain to see,
As mad as co-ed girls can be.

"Mad girl!" To move no classmate dared,
    We dared not run, we dared not cry;
Brave men were we and yet we feared
    The glitter of her eye!
Except one verdant freshman green
Who ne'er such things out west had seen.

Poor Smithers! She had sweetly smiled
    So very often in the hall
He thought her ever gentle, meek,
    And mild and that was all,
He conquered his temerity.
He would extend his sympathy.

"Why dear Miss B," the freshman said,
    —Poor fellow, what he had to learn—
"I think you're pouting, why, instead
    Not cares to happy laughter turn?
She turned, she looked, she spoke, alas;
He paled, he withered from the class.

'Tis thus that Smithers smiles no more
    That he is ever lone and sad,
And walks about the class-room floor
    A most unhappy lad.
For he has learned this lesson drear
That, "flunked girls act uncommon queer."

WILLIAM ROBINSON.
In his younger days Jerusalem Short used to be in a deliberate hurry. There was something about him suggestive of haste; not anything obvious or definite, rather like the deformity of Stevenson's "Mr. Hyde." It was more physical than otherwise; for he had a deliberative mind. This was indeed a curious combination, a slow mind in a quick body; and this gave him the peculiar appearance of being in a deliberative hurry. His actions were usually ahead of his thoughts. He was not absent-minded, no, it was something different. There was a missing link somewhere in his nature, and it seemed to be the connecting link between mind and body. This characteristic often led him into strange and sometimes unpleasant adventures.

At the age of thirty, Jerusalem was still a bachelor. This shows the slowness of his mind. He had been unable to decide whether to change his present state or not. However, at last he came to a conclusion. He resolved to find himself a wife, or, speaking more accurately, to take one; for the finding he had already settled to his own satisfaction. He loved opposites, and it is to be sure not strange, that he should look approvingly on Maria Long, his opposite both in name and character. It was not the passion of the moment; such a thing was impossible with Jerusalem. He prided himself on not having fallen in love, although he afterwards found that he had fallen into something else. Maria was not a bad choice, at least so thought Jerusalem, and his opinion, if anybody's, should be respected.

He was walking home—not from Maria's. No, he came from a meeting of the Rural Humane Society, of which he was an active supporter. His thoughts were uncommonly humane, but not toward dumb animals. Under the soothing influence of the stars, his thoughts turned instinctively to Maria. Their beams did not remind him of her eyes, for they were black. But as I said before, he liked opposites, and that is perhaps the reason why they made him think of her. He did not think of her faults this evening, as he did when in a less amiable state of mind. He summed up all her graces and good qualities and
found that she was altogether worthy. In his estimation she was literally like Lemuel's virtuous woman, "working willingly with her hands," for she was a farmer's daughter. He passed her father's gate, but did not look up to her window for the reason that he was not sentimental, and, in fact, he did not know which window was her's.

"No," he mused, "I will wait no longer. The time has come when I must make a choice, and why should it not be Maria? To be sure, she has some faults, but faults are common to us all. Besides, consider her virtues. And then she has good looks. I didn't use to think them of any account; but still there is something in it. Just look at her eyes. People call the eyes the windows of the soul, but I don't agree. Maria's eyes are rather the head lights of her soul. Who says that ain't a better way of saying it? And above all, it makes it clearer to the dull." And he brushed the hair away from his temples, an involuntary indication that his mind was clear. He mused a while longer about trivial details, which are of no concern to us. On reaching home he said determinately, "Well, tomorrow," and then his thoughts were ended by the sleep of the just.

Next morning he arose early. He did not go to Maria, but strange to say, turned his steps to the village. Arrived there, he promptly entered the office of the village editor.

"Good morning, Mr. Common," said Jerusalem.

"Good morning, Mr. Short," was the reply. "What brings you here so early?"

"Well!" said Jerusalem, "I'm a little puzzled about that myself. You see I want some printing done."

"Printing done!" wondered the editor. "Oh! I see, for the Society?"

"No, not exactly. But I might as well tell you right out plain. I'm going to change my condition."

"Oh, I see, going to sell your farm; and want me to print the ad. for the auction?"

"No, you don't catch my meaning," replied Jerusalem, thinking to himself, "how slow of understanding," then aloud, "I'm going to get married."

"Oh!" was all the editor said this time.
"And I want you to print the announcement cards."

"I see. Then I'll have to take down the names, and so," said the editor, wondering who the other party might be.

"Well, my name, of course you know, Jerusalem Short; but come to think of it, you might put a Daniel in between, just to make it look a little smarter. It ain't really my name, but my father used to be called that."

"And your wife that is to be?" said the editor a little impatiently.

"Maria Long."

The editor turned a shade whiter, then red, then white again, and said mechanically:

"Oh! I see."

The fact was that the editor had himself given rather a little attention to Maria, and not without success. Only a week before everything had been settled; but it was as yet a secret. And now to hear Jerusalem's calm statement, was a terrible experience. Jerusalem, who did not notice the editor's agitation, went on talking. But the editor with a thousand curses in his heart, could not bring out a word. However, when the first surprise was over he began to think better of it.

"No," he assured himself, "there must be a mistake somehow. At least I'll keep up appearances."

Jerusalem was just explaining that he wanted the cards a "little different from the common sort. You see, so many got the plain sort that I want something else. How would it be to have a heart in one corner?"

"That's a bright idea," said the editor, smiling, "but you might make it still better. Make it a heart with an arrow glancing off."

"Good," said Jerusalem, "that would show that that silly thing they call love had no effect on me."

"So you don't believe in love?" inquired the editor.

"Well, I don't know, but I don't believe in being silly about it. For instance, falling in love is all nonsense. It should take at least a couple years before a person should make up his mind in such matters; and if you call that falling, a fellow must be putty deep down by that time."

The editor was reassured. Beyond doubt there was something wrong in Jerusalem's case. Surely Jerusalem's courtship could not have
lasted for a couple of years; for the only advances he had ever known him to make was to speak to Maria's father about hard times, and the Humane Society. Once indeed, he had had the courage to nod to Maria, which however she had not noticed. The editor began to see the humor of the occasion, and crowded the cards with hearts and cupids. He made a rapid sketch of how it would look. It pleased Jerusalem immensely, and he left the office with a good opinion of the editor's skill. As soon as Jerusalem left, the editor took his hat and hurried down the street.

It may seem strange that Jerusalem ordered the announcement cards, as he had not yet "made his bargain" with Maria. But, in fact, he had not thought of that! He had really been courting for years, but only in his own imagination. He meant to ask her, but merely for the sake of form. He never had the faintest idea that there could be a thought of refusal. He had settled it for himself that he would be content with Maria; but that Maria could have any objections to him was out of the question. Therefore he set about preparing everything for the event, without any thought of its impropriety.

When the editor came back, he was smiling; and as soon as he entered the office, he burst out into a roar.

"Well, be hanged," he chuckled, "if that don't beat the best one in the funny-column."

He went to work with all his might, and before noon had all Jerusalem's cards printed. Then he immediately sent his office boy to take them to Jerusalem's farm. Jerusalem was delighted. Certainly nobody had ever sent out such smart looking cards as he. Moreover he marveled at the quick work of the editor. He did not hitch the horses to the plow that day, but set right down to address the cards, taking the trouble to first write the names on wrapping paper, partly for accuracy in spelling, partly to practice making even curves to the letters.

He decided to go to Maria that very evening to arrange the details of the wedding; for he "wanted to make it a little better than the common sort." He dressed up in his Sunday best; for, altho' he did not believe that clothes make the man, of late he began to think they had something to do with it. At length he sallied forth, flourishing a hand-made, hickory wood cane, which he thought looked picturesque. He did not ransack his brain for suitable words as young lovers are supposed to
do, as he did not consider the occasion at all momentous. What else was it but arranging a few details. Indeed, the proposal seemed of secondary importance to him.

He dropped in at the post-office to buy stamps for his cards. The post-master, with a curious smile, handed him a letter.

"Well, did you ever!" said Jerusalem. "If that ain't the first one since Joe Shark died." But to the disappointment of the post-master, he deliberately put it into his inside pocket. Outside he carefully opened it with his jack knife, and what of all things was it but an announcement card.

He could not believe his own eyes, and read it out loud, so that his ears might come to his aid. But it said plain and simple: "Maria Long and Thomas Common." He read and re-read it, and, as a result, swore for the first time in five years. He returned home and went to bed to sleep the sleep of a martyr. Yet in his dreams he murmured again and again, "And all the expense for nothing."

A few days later he again entered the editor's office.

"Good morning Mr. Common, how're you to-day?"

"All right; how's yourself?"

"Well, I won't say nothing about what's past. Let bygones be bygones."

"Yes," said Mr. Common, dryly, "you wanted something better than the common sort; but you didn't beat the Common sort after all."

"Well, I don't know," said Jerusalem, not noticing the editor's pun; "them cards cost me quite a penny as you know; and it would be a sin if I didn't use them. So, if you would do me a little favor, you'd oblige me a great deal."

"'Course I will. And, of all persons, you," said the editor, at a loss what the favor might be.

Producing the cards, Jerusalem said:

"Could you blot out 'Maria Long' so they can't tell what it has been, and put in its place 'Sally Perkins'? You might put a kind 'o heart over it, so nobody will notice it."

"Are you sure of your name this time?" said the editor smiling?

"Yes," said Jerusalem, "I'm in for it now, for better or worse."

And so it happened that Jerusalem sent out cards that were really different from the "common sort." ARNOLD MULDER, '07.
Inconstancy

The starry skies retain their silver glow
Through all the ages of eternity,
And graceful rivers ever onward flow
To join the surges of the boundless sea;
But love falls fainting ere its flowery way
It enters,—falls and dies, a fleeting ray
Of sunlight, and the world is cold and gray.

The fading crimson lingers on yon crest,
In golden splendor warmed, caressed, consumed,
Where yon majestic mountain guards the west;
Lingers and dies to leave again entombed
Hopes that were harvested like summer sheaves,
Fair memories, withered, sere like fallen leaves
In Autumn, when deserted nature grieves.

Why should love die? Are fond hopes all in vain,
But glimpses of an idle Phantasy?
Do kindred souls roam earth's prosaic lane
To dream that happiness will ever be?
Sad dreaming! For with love's enchantment dead,
Joy flees forever, and with stealthy tread,
Creeps time with gloom and gray, unbidden, dread.

Sweet Spring with garlands scattered everywhere;
Proud Summer rich in colors, wonders, lights;
Autumn and Winter, radiant, with fair,
Night fancies winging wild, unending flights;
Devotion; gratitude; all human fears;
Truth—all eternal, all unbound by years;
But love; love dies too soon in smiles or tears.

WILLIAM ROBINSON.
HAKESPEARE did not write merely for the sake of writing. Nor did he “warble his native woodnotes wild” only for the pleasure of his audience. His was a nobler aim and a loftier purpose, and this aim was to present to his listeners characters, by whose vices and virtues they could be warned and instructed. In the tragedy of Macbeth, the character that plays the title role is the most conspicuous. It is the greatest in its possibilities and the most pitiable in its failures. It is interesting to notice, in the life of Macbeth, how he dealt with sin, and how sin dealt with him.

Who is Macbeth? Before the murder of Duncan we find him a man of honor and respect. The messengers vie with one another in telling king Duncan of the successes achieved by his noble captain. The king trusts him. The people praise him. This, however, awakens in Macbeth a desire for greater things, and he sets his heart on nothing less than the crown. But the king, how must he be set aside? Evidently he is pondering thoughts like these when the weird sisters meet him, and tell him that fate’s decree would have him king. He starts, not at their strange appearance, but at the kinship of their thoughts with his, and, still chasing the airy phantom of a king to be, he lets his thoughts wander till they plan the murder of Duncan. This dallying with evil thoughts is the first downward tendency that we notice in the life of Macbeth. Nor does he keep them down like the noble Banquo, but nurses them in his bosom till they begin to gnaw at the very vitals of his moral life.

His “thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,” soon acquires material form. His feigning loyalty becomes bold hypocrisy. Under the beautiful flower of hospitality he conceals the thorn of fiendish hate. He has Duncan under his roof, and Duncan must be murdered. Reason argues with him in vain. The forces of heaven and the earth are brought to bear upon him, but Macbeth is still unmoved. Patiently he awaits the appointed hour to plunge the dagger into Duncan’s heart. Is conscience dead? Not so. Once more she warns him and presents to him the horrid spectre of a dagger daubed with blood. It is more than
Macbeth can endure. He cowers before the terrible onset of this officer of justice. His courage fails, his purpose yields. But Lady Macbeth comes to the rescue, and, with a daring born of blind interest, she commands her husband to “screw his courage to the sticking point.” Macbeth obeys, and Duncan is no more.

So far the first stage in his career of sin. The second stage is more criminal because he uses weaker motives and baser means. Morally it was no less a crime to murder the grooms, Banquo and Fleance, than to murder the king. But while in the murder of Duncan he could conjure up a flimsy excuse, and act in the belief that fate would thus have it, in the other case he had no motive but his own safety, no reason but his own fear. And it is evident that in his attempt to kill Fleance, he was working against the very oracle in whose utterance he had found a reason for his first murder; for had not the same fate pronounced him king and Banquo father of a royal line? Mark also the means used to murder Banquo. Vain flattery and foul calumny are employed to make Banquo unsuspecting, and to put his spotless life in jeopardy. Since Macbeth does not himself dare to do the deed, three sons of Belial become his hellish tools. Four men now are murderers; and not only is Banquo killed, but Banquo's fair name is fearfully disgraced.

Now surely, all his enemies are dead. Fate's decree can no longer threaten the safety of his throne, so it would seem, but it does not to Macbeth. While in his former murders he had some reason, however faint, now he slaughters without reason and without cause. A doubtful look, a questionable word, a suspicious act—any one of these is sufficient cause for proscription. A man's life is no safer than in the days of Sulla. Had his ravages been confined to those who might have deserved it, then history had furnished him with precedents. But he attacks those who can in no wise be guilty. The murder of Lady Macduff and her children marks the climax of his sinful career during this period. Macduff, to escape unmerited punishment, fled to England, leaving his tender brood at the mercy of the tyrant. But does Macbeth still know of mercy? The messenger of death is immediately dispatched. A tragedy indeed! Behold the little urchins playing innocently on the floor. Listen to the artless prattle of the little soldier lad, and witness the love with which the mother guards her God-given trust. In one
moment all are gone. Macbeth had laid unhallowed hands upon the sanctity of a quiet peaceful home, and that without a cause.

Could his crimes still increase? Not in degree, but only in number. His wickedness is the topic of daily conversation; it is reported in England. And what is reported? Scotland is racked with pain. The country is bleeding. Every day new gashes are added to her wounds. Every morning new widows howl, new orphans cry. Deaths are so frequent that no one asks for whom the bell is tolling. And the last time that we see Macbeth, he finds it his greatest pleasure to scatter death and destruction on every hand. For him to kill is to live, and when he can no longer kill, he shouts with a bravery born of desperation, "Lay on, Macduff," and wilfully commits his unshrieved and unforgiven soul to death.

Such a course of sin, however, could not go unpunished. "Blood will have blood." The retribution came with awfulness and exactness. Macbeth played false to his friends, and no more true friends were his. He once knew what love and friendship were, but knew it now no more.

Even the wife of his bosom became to him a burden and a curse. His servants obeyed him from fear of punishment, and his nobles honored him from a sense of policy. The words of love that he received were curses, the expressions of esteem were only breath. His sole companions were his fears, and these were numberless. Macbeth had destroyed a peaceful life, his own became a life of peril; he had marred a peaceful home, his own became a hell on earth; he had disturbed a peaceful kingdom, his own became a kingdom of deceit and treachery. His meals he ate in fear, and his sleep was harassed by the most terrible of dreams. "Macbeth hath murdered sleep," and he shall "sleep no more."

But a severer penalty was paid by his condition within. He had used his will to "screw his courage to the sticking-point," but by that very act he had lost control over this faculty, and it had failed him at the most critical moment. After the murder of Duncan he could not summon sufficient power of will to provide against his being detected, and after the murder of Banquo he was unable to restrain his emotions and to check his imagination. He could not down the ghost. After he had once made the highest of his faculties his abject slave in crime, it
became his master and turned upon him with relentless fury. With regard to conscience his punishment was equally severe. This faithful companion at first warned him gently of the evil of his ways, then increased its admonitions as he drew nearer to the fatal step. But he would not be warned, hence he must be rebuked. Duncan's murder was barely committed when this Nathan pointed at him its bony finger and said, "Thou art the man." Every noise appalled him. He could no longer say, "Amen." He could not mention Banquo's name in mock adoration but the spectral ghost would shake at him its gory locks. Even in the midst of his drunken revelry the voice of conscience was heard above it all. This avenger of blood followed him to the very last, and finally forced him to choose death rather than the shame of life.

To go further into details would be useless. Macbeth ran his course, but ran in vain. His life was indeed "but a walking shadow," "a tale told by an idiot." Seek your own, and you will seek forever.

D. DYKSTRA, '05.
The Poet’s Lost Lenore

'Tis midnight and a dusky sky
Is lightened by no friendly star;
Alone among the hills I sigh,
The barren hills of De Lamar.

Robed in the gladsome summer days
Gleamed hillsides ne’er so bright before;
Adown the grass grown leafy ways,
I moved, enraptured, with Lenore.

Oh, none so sweet, so kind as she,
My queen, my love supremely fair;
With eyes deep as the shining sea,
With tender smile and golden hair.

I wooed and won that laughing maid,
The gentle maid of De Lamar,
We strolled through gladsome wood and glade—
Gone, gone, those days forever are.

Alas! her eyes now hold but scorn,
My heart throbs and the world is drear;
In gloomy solitude I mourn,
In hope and dread I linger here.

WILLIAM ROBINSON
O iss of nod to iss nod der iss vich diss iss iss. In short my tear Chon I woul say py you, py all means und vidout means, joost kom to Hope.

Hope iss locaded upon der principles of our four faders und stands ad der head of Macatawahoo Bay. Dot vor in der early rising puckwheat flapchack times off der fifties. Today—vell, Hope has simply overgrown mid idself. In der same vay py vich idd iss unpossible to see der top floor of der mountain from der pasement yet, so idd is impossible to see der abex of Hope vidout going to—say, grant haven or grant rabits. A Dootch companie (vich iss der pest companie) entitled, "der van ralty klob" has been up sed to remember der principles of der fifties.

Der question of expense iss alvays obvious, Chon, vich means alvays op against it. Dis, howeffer can be raised unt lowert by der operator. Boart, lite und vashing are thrown in free for dose who cross der Missis-sippi valley und hidder und farder Detroit. Change cars py Jackson. If you vant work Chon, you can get it in der department of Greek, mit or mitout abblication. Abblication is der best policeman. Der dormi-tory iss open all nide und for you Chon, mit narrow means und wide extremes, der dormitory iss der hotbed for poor students, py Chiminy. Beds are kept hot until 10 a. m. ad der small expense of 2 recitations und von chabel meeting per day. Der iss a repellious spirid py der poys vich iss favorable for poor students. Songs, vich are entitled, "arty plays der big bazoo," photografing und udder lout sounds go hand in hand mit der study of meddophysics in vun room. But all iss lofely Chon ven der sun shines yet. In case of fire in der dormitory, Chon, eggs vill alvays make goot eggsits possible. (Don't get mat Chon!)

Der curriculum, Chon, iss ein stunner, like ein sanpag. Und un-like der sanpag, id may knock your prains out und knock some in. Id works bote vays. Der best ting to do iss to have nodding to do mit id. Leaf id in der hants of der efficient corpse of teachers und dey vill see dat de more you get, vy de more you get.
The following hints are importune: Latin: Look at der lesson in der hall. Laff while going into der room. You won't ven you are koming out.


In Philosophy, you say,—“I don’t goincide mit der book.” Dis iss der signal for debate. You vill get stuck mit der horns of der lemma but der bell vill ring, maype.

In madematics, english und parley vous, you needn’t parley, simply sit in der back seat und shleep und shleep und den shleep som more yet. Maype der teacher vants to shleep too.

Id iss der providence of Biology to cut up mit der frog und look for der ameeba—vich iss a sell.

Use der telescope freely in search for der bean. If dat fails—research iss der best ding. Der bean iss covered mit celluloid reservement, vich iss hard to break ad der poarding klob.

You vill try to jiu jitsome und you vill get shtuck on der jimmnasium—vich goes on foreffer—mit repares. Ven you coff oop zwei gulden to der adledic boart you are entitled to walk mit yourself py der town arount und bet on der pasquette pall team. Ven you vake oop you vill see dat you haff been shtuck.

Apoud der M. S. Chon, I vill say nodding. M. S. iss ein society of coeds. Coed, means coedification, alias amalgated brass und lots of frenzied fun for der stockholders. Der M. S. lacks von letter, Chon, in short a r. Now Chon, der whole kewestation vich dis society of Judiths vill ask ven you shtep before der foodlights of fame iss dis, “Are you a r?” If you are, den off course you are, und der goose iss suspended oop high. But iff nod you are a r, beleef me, der fates vill cut der string of your vun end kite. Und look out for der chaperone vich iss der lady matron in short. Stop, look, listen, Chon, und you vill not find der chaperone. We lofe her mit abiding affectationment, yet.

Der subject of girls may be summed up for you Chon in vun word. No student should be vidout. Bisect dis rule met ein dycotomy und it reats: To haf und nod to haf. Der first iss to haf—de girl on der

Der second means, nod to haf—der girl on der prain. In dis fix you led der fraulein do der business. You make id none of your neffer mind. Let der car loop der loop und call for you. You vill build your city und—foreffer be a pachelfeller.

Chon, I vill close my ledder mit der following written on Sunday nide (9 p. x.) sint ve had no fraulein to chase mit us home:

Der education vas hart to ged, Chon. Id takes lods of time. You will find it—maype—und in der place vair you vas lookin—nit. You must ged id like der womans in der boat—all alone. You look to der teacher und he vas mit his back lookin at you. You look to der students und you see dair backs und far away. You look at der books—ach louie—dey vas speakin py you und you verstay—nod yet.

You vill ged lost in der malestrum of books, in der apundance of strife und you vill go to pieces mit your heart ven you shhips on stones mit sharp blaces. Maype it don't get dark?

But like der liddle flower in der Alps, education is rare und grows high apove der strife und sorrow. Lods of poor defills get lost ven day woud find der Edelweiss. Und den dey find id—maype.

Und ven you ged lost, Chon, und loose yourself und dere iss no more Chon you vill see somding—maype. You vill see anudder feller vich vas you but like der flower has taken der sweetness of all vat vas below in der strife und troubles; it has taken der sweetness of all der people vich you met und gives id pack again in fragrance—love.

You haf der Edelweiss cinched now—maype. (Don't conflict der Edelweiss mit lager beer, Chon.) Dis iss der vonderful Edelweiss vich blooms mit der eternal snows among.

Goot pye Chon.

Forget me to your sister, ricky.

Your loafing,

A. C. D.
The Van Wickle Dormitory

Reading Room
HE Choral Union offers no apology for appearing among the leading attractions of Hope College. It has been in existence for only five years, but during that period has become one of the most prominent features of college life. In the year nineteen hundred, the College Glee Club, which had done excellent work under the leadership of Prof. J. B. Nykerk, merged into the Choral Union, a singing class for mixed voices. This organization consists primarily of students in the Department of Vocal Music. Besides these it has among its members such of the other students as have the ability to read music and show a fair amount of musical talent. The class meets with Professor Nykerk once a week, for an hour and a half, for practice and drill, and to study classic choruses, cantatas, and standard oratorios. Thus a fine opportunity is offered to the students of the college for musical development and for practice in public singing. The class has always been popular and well attended, but this year its membership of about sixty surpasses all previous records. Its success is due largely to the efficient leadership of Prof. J. B. Nykerk, who freely and gladly devotes to it so much of his valuable time. The accompanists that have successively served the Choral Union, and have added much to the success of its entertainments, are Mr. Thomas Welmers, Miss Jean Steffens, and Miss Amy Yates.

At least once during the academic year a public entertainment is given by the Choral Union. These entertainments are the great musical treats of the season. Their patronage extends not only to Holland and the surrounding territory, but also to Grand Haven and Grand Rapids. At these public recitals the large and well trained chorus is assisted by leading soloists of the state, and the increasing interest shown by the public in these entertainments proves that they are a success in every way. During the past season the class presented "Elijah," the renowned oratorio of Mendelssohn. Among the cantatas and oratorios rendered on former occasions are the following: The Wreck of the Hesperus, by Anderton; Young Lochinvar, by Arnott; David, the Shepherd Boy, by Root; and The Prodigal Son, by Sullivan.  

DIRK DYKSTRA.
Dramatis Personae

Antigone - - Jacob Brouwer
Ismere - - A. Judson Kolyn
Kreon - Edward R. Kruizenga
Harmon - - A. J. Muste
Teiresias - J. A. Van Zommeren
Eurydice - - Willis J. Hoekje
Guard - - Jacob Kelder
Messenger - - A. Walvoord
Maids - - Jacob Kelder
Chorus Leader - J. J. DePree
Body Guards - - Philip Jonker, W. Duven
Attendant of Teiresias - Dean Bergen
The Greek Play is now but a memory. Two years ago when it was first suggested to the class of '04 as a substitute for the play assigned for collateral reading, it seemed well-nigh impossible. The preliminary presentation before the Faculty in May, '03, when it begged for the kind indulgence of that body of refined critics, gave a hope that perhaps it might still be. But a greater obstacle was still to be met that had not been dreamed of,—could a Dutch audience endure the decollete dress ancient Greece found all-sufficient? The Greek Play began to regret that Antigone and her sisters were not more modest. However, Odysseus of many wiles must have bequeathed some of his prowess to the class of '04, for if women's arms are too artistic, what could be simpler than to substitute men's arms? The Greek Play scored here and while the histrionic art lost a most capable amateur in Miss Kollen and her creation of the title role, ancient Greek life had the advantage of being presented more truly in that not a female actor was upon the stage. And if nature had only vouchsafed to Mr. Brouwer and Mr. Kolyn the privilege of prefixing Miss instead of Mr., nothing could have been lacking in their work. Hampered tho they were by being youths of "hero-nourishing Argos" rather than maids of "Achaia with her beautiful women," Sophocles, arbiter of dramatic art, could not have wished for better studies for his Antigone and Ismene. Theirs is the laurel wreath and, if Holland could but boast of a Street of Tripods, the three-legged trophy should also be theirs. Antigone's wealth of love, her passionate devotion to
Heaven's decrees and her queenly pride of race, all were living upon the stage. "The noblest woman and yet the most womanly woman" literature has ever produced, greeted Winants Chapel as Mr. Brouwer said his lines.

To be great can never be much, just to be sweet, this is the greater task. Ismene is sweet, sweet as fair Greek child must ever be;—like the honey on Hymettus and the violet in the glade, laughter-loving Aphrodite done in miniature, this is Ismene. And Kolyn caught the fervor. Gowned in the white of innocence with a drape of Heaven's most delicate blue, Mr. Kolyn's Ismene might well be imagined saying:—

"Oh darling mine! thou must take heed, thou must—
Our father, how he died! to gods above
A hateful thing; a shame to mortal man,
When he for self-detected sins did smite
With sinning hands the eyes that saw his sin!
Heed thou the wife—and mother—one yet both
To him, who, twisting noose, held light her life!"

or pleading further:—

"I do not things dishonored but to do
Despite unto the state I am too weak!"

Imagine a king proclaiming the "divine right" or despotism's imperial and unquestioned sway in the mighty words of Sophocles' best diction but on a stage four feet by ten! Such was Kruizenga's limited domain and he shared it with the Chorus at that. Royal purple and regal cloth of gold decked his majesty as he informed the Chorus in his inaugural,

"I all the power and might control
Who am the nearest kin to those who died."

Not to be outdone for tyrannic strength was he when he concluded that

"This
Some citizens of evil mind have planned
Against my throne, in secret laying plot;
Nor led by right held they their heads beneath
The yoke to honor me."
Tho some men play their lives as pawns, there's a king in every man and Kruizenga certainly felt a glow of the patriotism of the palace as he rehearsed the oracular lines:

"For men there springs no baser coin than gold!
It wasteth states! It wresteth men from home!
It schooleth mortal souls of noble aim
And bringeth them to deeds deep-dyed with shame,
To furthest bounds of every basest crime!"

Creon's absolutism in dealing with Antigone, at times strong in its legality and again petty in its humanity; his father love for Haemon, first pleading and at last overcome for the time by scorn, irony, wrath, by sheer self-willed tyranny run riot; at last the pitiful collapse in face of Heaven's evident opposition;—to master all these and not to rant or cringe is a task for a king. Mr. Kruizenga still holds the sceptre in our mind's eye.

And Haemon? Why, all the world loves a lover, especially so ardent and youthful a lover as Muste. Dutch love is proverbially the simon-pure kind and Muste has it in him; at least he brought it out in his Haemon. Sophocles knew one of two persons well, either his father or his son, and he appreciated how close was his relation to that person. He has made Creon and Haemon father and son in all; their only difference is their years—for which who can blame them? Well, Muste as Haemon was a capital son of his father Creon—in all except love; for Creon loves Creon while Haemon loves Antigone.

Van Zommeren's priest was inimitable. He, Van Zommeren of course, was born to the cloth. Certainly the shade of the blind old seer, him who had shaped the creeds of three generations, hesitant in his horror of the impending catastrophe, but stern in his maledictions upon the haughty King Creon, possessed the soul of the player and made possible the fine play of scorn, the subdued awe in the face of doom self-wrought, the subtle interchange of thought, the scathing rebuke and fiery indignation for a righteous cause.

Time would fail us to tell of De Pree as choreutes, and Dean Bergen as the priest's guide, and Kelder as guard and maid in attendance, and Hoekje as Eurydice, and Walvoord as messenger, and the Chorus. Some of these speak for themselves in the accompanying photographs; the rest are there in spirit.
Are we sorry that we spoke our little pieces? Greek tragedy with all its sombreness; its doomful religion unrelieved by aught that makes religion blessed, unless indeed it be the strong humanity and the noble womanhood the Greek tragedians created from their religion; the severe task set the man who would act the parts the characters portrayed; the difference between ancient and modern tragic ideals; that matchless art which made Sophocles as supreme as Pheidias,—all this is no child's play. The class of '04, through untiring application and a persistence that knew no defeat, has set up a standard where tragedy was unknown and histrionics forbidden; they have carried to success an undertaking which in the circumstances met at Hope might with good reason have given them pause. But never once has the spirit of regret swept over us as we have thought of the time and effort that brought out the Antigone and gave us a deeper love for men in the best of manhood and women in the sweetness and strength that may be theirs, that gave us a conception of what it meant to be a Greek in religion, art and life. Shall we do it again? These things lie in the lap of the Gods.
Bernard Bloemendal
Janitor

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