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The Classic, December 1925

Northwestern Classical Academy

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THE CLASSIC

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Orange City, Iowa, Dec. 1925.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS IN FOREIGN LANDS

It is interesting to note how Christmas is observed in other lands. Most every country has some individual custom connected with Christmas, although they have at the foundation the real reason for celebrating—the birth of Christ. But in many countries Santa Claus is brought to the foreground and Christ is pushed aside without mention. Too many children look forward to hearing about Santa and the giving of presents while the real cause for Christmas is not even known. No thought is given to the wise men who journeyed from afar to offer their gifts to the Christ Child, humbly born, yet the Saviour of all mankind. This does not mean that the idea of giving and receiving presents is wrong but let us not forget the Christ-Child and the great gift presented to all nations on that memorial Christmas morning.

Let us first glance at the date of our Christmas day. This particular day, the 25th cannot be exactly determined since several dates have been used. January 6 was accepted as the time in eastern countries since, the month of December was the rainy season upon the plains of India, and the shepherds would not stay out at night herding their sheep. January 6 is still held as the date for Christmas Day in the Armenian church.

Now suppose we take an imaginary trip around the world and stop off at the different countries and see just how Christmas is celebrated.

Our first stop will be at England at midnight the bells are rung and Christmas is announced. On early morn the children sing the Christmas Carols, both the rich and the poor and on that morning every one is greeted with "A Merry Christmas." This done all gather in the Yule tide log, which is cut the year before and place this in the fire place. Around this the children sing and dance. In the afternoon the people gather and select some person, who acts as sup-

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'Neath the Mistletoe

With more than half of December gone into the past forever. We were beginning to prepare for Christmas and Oh! The excitement. Sis was going to have her college bow home for the holidays. But if she had such a nice college bow why didn't she bring it along with her when she came home instead of sending for it later?

You see she had come home two weeks before vacation began because of sickness. Brother said it was love-sickness but I had never had it so I could not sympathize with her very much. She said she was sick but she didn't look sick when she got home.

So hence she was ordering everybody in the house around getting things ready for her college bow, but why all the fuss? It wouldn't know the difference.

Two days before Christmas she told me that her bow was coming the next day and she wanted me to go into the woods and get the nicest bunch of mistletoe I could find. That was the first good idea she'd had so far because mistletoe is so pretty that if she had some to tie her bow to, it would make it look prettier than ever. So I went out and hunted until I had three or four kinds in my neck, but at last I was rewarded by finding a nice bunch, way up in a big oak. I couldn't get it out alone so I got brother to help me. Sis was delighted with it and then the question was where to put it. Each one had a different place to put it but Sis wanted it above the door, so above the door it had to be. Brother said she wanted it there because she believed in the old saying that if a bunch of mistletoe was placed above the door that the first couple to go through that door were sure to be married. But what difference did that make to her? And besides why didn't she wait with putting it up until after she had tied her bow to it?

The next morning she was all excited

(Continued on page Three)

THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS

The wheels of time, governed by the Omnipotent Creator and Maintainer of the Universe, incessantly moving, have again approached the season called "Christmas," Christmas the time of softly glowing lights, glittering globes of gold and silver, music of voices gay and laughing, joyous shouts of children, the symbol in these days of Christmas. Christmas Day, a day longed for and eagerly looked forward to by all. Christmas Day, a day consecrated and dedicated by the Christians, a day celebrated and observed by those who are not Christians. In short a day of peace, happiness, and good will, for all, both for young and old, great and small. But why? What makes this day so important that the whole world stops to observe it, and for what reason is this day universally celebrated?

One who has any acquaintance with the Bible at all will immediately respond, "Christmas is the commemoration of the birth of Jesus." Then one may ask "who is this Jesus that today, already nineteen hundred and twenty-five years after his birth is still remembered? What did he do and was it of so great importance to humanity that it is so commonly observed? Who is this Christ, that ancient prophets foretold of, who was welcomed with heavenly music rendered by the hosts of celestial beings? Who is this one that the announcement of His birth caused shepherds to leave their flocks at night and to worship Him? Who is he that the Wise Men came from the Far East in order to bring him their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh? Who is he that arouses the suspicion of Herod and therefor has all the infants of that land killed? Who is he whom the whole world was expecting?

A brief review of history will make all this clear.

Adam and Eve were in the garden of Eden, the garden in which they had been placed by God Himself, watered by the rivers Pison, Gebron, Hiddekel and Euphrates. They were holy, sin-

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CHRISTMAS IN FOREIGN LANDS

Continued from Page One

erintendent for the games that take place. In this way a social time is had by all. Norway is similar to England and in Sweden a sheaf of wheat is fastened to a pole near the house for the birds, giving even the fowls of the air a special food.

In Germany most everyone manages to get a Christmas tree and decorate it. And on Christmas morning some person dressed as Santa Claus stops at every home, and asks if the children have been good or bad. If good then a big bag of nuts is given to them but if they have been bad, switches are given to them and they are supposed to make them behave. The Germans hold their great Yule tide feast in commemoration of the return of the fiery sun wheel. This belief has survived till almost up to the present time. The Christians, desiring to banish this idea, substituted songs and short dramatic plays. These festivities were continued for a number of days.

From Germany we shall travel to Holland, the fatherland of many. Christmas is celebrated here on December the 6th. And it is often said that if the Dutch children had not started the idea of Santa Claus, the American children would not be hanging out their stockings on Christmas eve. For Christmas day special things are made and the children try to be specially good, so on Christmas eve, they are seen trudging to bed early in the evening. But before they retire each takes a wooden shoe and places it in a certain room with all the rest. They fill it with straw because Santa rides on a horse and his horse will need something to eat. After the shoes are ready that room is locked for the night and in the morning is opened. If the children have been good they find cookies, candy and presents in the shoe, but if bad, a switch is all that is found. Much more could be said but we tra-

veled still farther, stopping next at Belgium.

Their celebration is similar to that of Holland but here the children put carrots instead of straw inside the wooden shoe for Santa Claus.

Switzerland begins their celebration early, the children placing their shoes outside the house two weeks beforehand, and on Christmas eve they go to bed very early so as not to disturb Santa.

New dresses and suits are an important part in the lives of the Swedish children. A special kind of fish is also obtained from Norway for the Christmas eve supper. Here too Christmas preparation is started two weeks beforehand. Sweden has no Santa Claus but sometimes, in order to amuse the children, the presents are thrown through the window. And on early Christmas morn everybody lights a candle and sets in a window. This is done to light the street for the people going to church, since service is held at 5 o'clock in the morning. The church is profusely decorated and is lit by means of large and small candles. On this day no Swedish person works and reunions are held on the day after.

Close to Sweden is Denmark and here the people have the belief that a good brownie whose name is Nisson, who looks like an old gray bearded man and who lives underground is the one who brings gifts and presents.

Now going farther South we stop at France and find out how Christmas is celebrated here. Santa is here called Pere Noel (Father Christmas) and with him comes a boy who carries the surtches and presents. Only the children are the receivers of the presents. France also erects an immense tree for the poor children and in this way also brightens the Christmas day for them. Extra food is also given to animals and grain is thrown to the birds.

Next to France, Spain and Portugal are located and these two countries celebrate by elaborate religious ceremonies and also by family reunions. Three kings, who are called the wise men, personify Santa Claus.

Austria celebrates by lighting candles so the Christ-Child will not stumble. They have three special candles, one for Christmas eve, one for Christmas morn and one for New Year's Day.

Now taking a long trip to a Southern Island, the Island of Hawaii. Here Christmas is celebrated with much joy. All the people appear with wreaths of flowers around their necks and the women decorate everyone passing by and also give to each one a friendly salutation. All the shops depict the Christmas spirit. One of the main things that constitute Hawaii's Christmas are firecrackers. This also plays an important part in the southern part of the United States. If the children do not receive firecrackers they are very much disappointed. Hawaii also

celebrates with great feasts, the preparation beginning early. After the feast the time is spent in reciting poetry and singing for which the Hawaiians have a great love. There is hardly a more joyous Christmas than at Hawaii.

But if we were to proceed to every country in turn we could fill many pages so let us, after a glimpse of Christmas celebrations at our neighboring countries return to the good old U. S. A. It is needless to explain how Christmas is celebrated since we are all familiar with it. Edgar A. Guest said that he enjoyed giving gifts because he knew that love was given with the gifts and a gift expressed your love. Love also brings happiness and if we can make someone happy is that not a great thing? God gave his love to every one and one thought that we should bear in mind is that God is in his heavens, let there be peace upon the earth and good will toward all mankind.

To all "A Merry Christmas is extended."
Alice Mansen

Junior '27.

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* **FUNNY BONE TICKLERS** : *
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Last summer in Central Ill., an Irishman was helping to build a new concrete road. He hung his coat on a fence post. Some of the rest of the gang painted the head of a mule on it. When it came time to quit, the Irishman looked at the coat a minute and said, "which one of your guys wiped your face on my coat?"

Gerry—"Oh papa, what is your birthstone?"

Father—"My dear, I'm not sure, but I think it's a grindstone."

When a duck lays an egg she waddles off as if nothing had happened.

When a hen lays an egg, there is an awful noise—the hen advertises hence—the demand for hen's eggs instead of the duck's.

Ultima, penult and semi-penult. Arthur Van Meeveren reciting his Greek.

The morning after the night before the party of C. E.:

Prof. D.—"Elmer, give me the cases in Greek."

Dusty (sleepily).—"Present, imperfect, future, etc."

While discussing a date in B. History class Duvey shouts "Naw, it was December 35."

Miss V. E.—"John, when do we use the future perfect tense?"

John Frericks—"We use the future perfect tense when speaking of something which has happened in the future."

A TOAST TO THE NEW YEAR

"Ring out the old,
Ring in the New."

The passing of the old and the coming of the New Year is always welcomed with joy, mirth and great gladness—with the shooting of firecrackers in Tokio, with great revelry and feasting in some of our great cities and in other lands in various other ways, according to the mood and temperament of the people. Among the more serious minded of our Christian people in America, the old custom, of watching the passing of the old year and the coming of the new with prayer and praise is still kept up. Whatever our habit of celebrating, it is well for us to mix a degree of earnestness with our merriment for it is a time to "take stock" not only in the business world but also in our personal lives. Have we gained or lost in the past year? Have we gone backward or forward in our personal lives? Have our characters become stronger and nobler or has here and there a tendency or trait begun to show itself which in after years will tend to destroy the whole fabric of character which we are trying to build and which our parents and teachers are so anxious to have us build?

"For the structure that we raise,
Time is with material filled,

Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build."

After all, we are not here merely to gain a diploma, or to carry away a report card full of good marks; we are here to acquire the best possible manhood and womanhood. How have we used you, Old Year, as you are passing from us with your hoary locks and wrinkled brow? It would be wonderful if we could live you all over again, knowing each one of your days as we know them now. What a year of unselfishness and service for others, of growth for our minds and hearts it would be!

But alas! Time is pictured with a forelock but with a very bald head, so if we do not seize time by the forelock our chance is gone forever.

Then let us learn the lesson of the past year and use the New Year, day by day, each day as a rough unhewn stone which we are to shape and fashion into strength and beauty for the character we are striving to build. Let no stone be marred by ugliness or selfishness or the building will lose its beauty; let no stone be marred by carelessness or inexactness of workmanship or the building will lose its strength.

The foundation has been laid and it is ours for the taking and it is the only safe and sure one on which to build. "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

What has the Old Year given us

as Academy students and what has the New Year in store for us? We have had many good times together as students and faculty; many friendships have been formed which will continue to influence our lives; many a game has been played and the chance given us to be both good winners and good losers; many a hard Greek or Mathematics lesson has been ours to dig out and gain sureness of mental power; many an hour of comradeship has been given us at our society meetings; and many an hour of Christian fellowship and spiritual gain have come to us at our Y. M. and Y. W. meetings. All of these things you have given us Old Year. Forgive us if we have at times rejected your gifts and taken in their place those things which will but leave us the poorer for having possessed them.

The New Year comes with similar gifts. He brings them one at a time but some are so lasting and enduring that if taken and used, they will abide with us for all time.

So here's to You Old Year! You have been kind and good to us all. Forgive us if we have not used you aright; if we have slighted your gifts; if we have taken the good when we might have had the best; if we have even trampled underfoot some of your choicest blessings. We cannot atone to you, for you are leaving us soon, but in the New Year which is so close at hand, we will try to do much better remembering our experiences of the Old Year and profiting by them, so that we may make the best possible use of our opportunities this coming year.

Josephine Dykstra
Class of '27

'Neath the Mistletoe (Continued from Page One)

her bow was coming on the ten o'clock train, and she had to be at the station. If she had to go to the station then that meant it wasn't coming by mail as I had supposed, so it must be coming by express. I was rather anxious to see her bow because it must be pretty nice if she made such a fuss about it especially since she had seen it before. So I asked her if I might go along to the station but she would not hear of it.

About an hour later she came back and there was a man with her but I didn't see a bow and besides a suitcase there wasn't a package, so where was it? She introduced the man to each of us and then they went into the house, I wondered why she tried to get through the door at the same time he did. The rest of us went in at the kitchen door and then I started for the parlor. I wanted to see that bow and how it would look when she tied it to the mistletoe, but Brother stopped me and said not to go in there, because Sis wanted to be alone with her bow. Now what do you know about that? I didn't see what difference it would make whether she was

alone with it or not and if she wanted to be alone with it why didn't she send that man out. I asked Brother about it and at first he looked at me as if he was puzzled about something and then he began to laugh as if he saw something funny. I was beginning to get angry when he stopped laughing and began to explain. That man was her bow and it wasn't "bow" at all but "beau," that was what they call the man they like best.

Can you beat that? All at once I saw it all. Instead of wanting the mistletoe to tie her "bow" to, she wanted it in hopes of using it to tie her "beau" to her.

And from what I saw in the next few days I didn't wonder that she had come home because she was love sick. But there was one thing I could not understand and that was, if he had made her love sick before, why had she been so anxious to see him again. The time I had eaten green cucumbers I wasn't so anxious to eat them again.

Edwin Te Selle '26.

BIBLE STUDY BARRED

Public school houses may not be used for religious purposes on schooldays, Miss May E. Francis, state Superintendent of public instruction was advised today by an opinion of Attorney General Gibson.

The opinion was requested by Miss Francis to answer more than a score of inquiries received by her office and to settle a controversy between Lutheran factions over the use of a schoolhouse near Sioux City. There Miss Francis was informed children were being detained after school hours for special Bible Study. Sioux City Journal, Dec. 7, 1925.

This sounds disquieting when we have everywhere laid so much emphasis in the need of religious instruction as a safeguard for the future. Every public speaker no matter what group he represents insists that the remedy for our present grave condition as to lawlessness is the Bible—the Bible for the public school, for all schools. One wonders what the ruling just quoted may mean.

TAKE CARE OF THE MINUTES

Take care of the minutes, they are priceless, you know,

Will you value them less that so quickly they go.

It is but a minute, the trifler will say;

But the minutes make hours, and

The hours make day.

Take care of the minutes they come and are gone,

Yet in each there is time for some good to be done.

Our time is a talent we hold from above

May each hour leave us richer in wisdom and love.

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SOCIETY NEWS

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Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the weeks occupation
Which is known as Alethian's hour.

I hear in the hall adjoining
The entering of many feet
Hastening to the open door of Alethia,
Where they are welcomed by voices
sweet.

From the doorway the boys are watch-
ing
The girls descend the broad hall
stairs
Fat Amy, and the laughing Miss Sik-
kink
And Edith with her snow-white hair.

The young men whisper, then follows
a silence
Yet I see by their searching eyes
That they are plotting and planning
together
Which one they will take home as
a prize.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall
And through Alethia's doorway,
They enter the society hall.

They climb up into the turret,
And sit on the backs of seats,
All trying to find a place to sit in,
So they can listen to Alethia's fine
treats.

The room is in great commotion,
The seats with their arms they en-
twine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his mouse-tower on the Rhine.

Do not think a vast crowd of visitors
Because many fill this hall,
That a good society such as this is
Can not satisfy the tastes of you
all.

The president calls them to order
Then follows a stirring song
And then the Aletheans answer the
roll call.
By a name of a friend in the throng.

Again the sweet strains of music
Thru female voices are heard
After which you can test your know-
ledge
By answering a riddle absurd.

And now the latest inventions
Of the present day you are told
Then follows the good old budget
In which no lies are told.

And the program changes its character
Thru the knowledge of one small
head
And the beginning of the serial story
To the eager crowd is read.

Now some criticisms of the program
By the society critic are said
After this one they are made severer

Since they flow from the faculty's
wise head.

The program has held you spell bound
And you are unwilling to depart.
Until your name too on the roll call
is found

Then gladly you can go with your
sweetheart.

And there your name will be forever
Yes forever and a day
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin
And moulder in dust away.

William Reinsma Alethia '25

Christo Gazette

If your society is on the bum,
Blame the President.

If your members will not come,
Blame the President.

Don't take hold and do your part,
Don't help give the things a start,

Show 'em all that you are smart
Blame the President.

If the programs are a frost,
Blame the President.

Don't help put the thing across
Blame the President.

If your part is not what you like
Threaten to go on a strike,

Don't help for the love of Mike
Blame the President.

When you get a bill for dues
Blame the President.

When you're asked to help, refuse,
Blame the President.

Let her do it, it's her trade,
Why should she be seeking aid?

That is why her job is made,
Blame the President.

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LOCALS

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It's hard to define Christmas spir-
it, but we know how it feels. It's a
singing in our hearts and a tingling
in our toes, and we're on the top of
the world. Seeing things straight. For-
getting to scrap over trifles; forgiv-
ing our enemies, and making it pos-
sible for them to forgive us; taking
time to show our family and friends
how much they mean to us. Giving
our best in all we do and believing
the best of all we meet. Liking the
world and the people in it. That's
Christmas spirit—the essence of good
fellowship—growing out of good
sportsmanship—one of the finest things
in the world the year round.

No school on Wednesday afternoon,
Nov. 11. Everybody for that afternoon
could enjoy themselves as they pleas-
ed.

Miss Scholten has been of rather
poor health lately, but we are glad
to say she is improving.

Ted Rowerdink has been a visitor
at the Academy while visiting with
friends in O. C., Iowa.

It's good to have money and the
things money can buy, but it's good,
too, to check up once in a while and

make sure you haven't lost the things
that money can't buy.

Rev. Vander Schoor of Springfield,
S. D., visited the Academy and lead
the chapel exercises on Wednesday,
Nov. 25, he also gave a short but in-
spiring address to the Faculty and
Student body. Laying stress on the
fact that we are to be the blooming
church of the future and we should
try to live up to this fact.

Mr. Vander Schoor came to get his
two children, Freda and Cornelius
and Edith Heemstra to spend Thanks-
giving vacation at their respective
homes.

Marie Muilenburg, a former miss-
ionary to Kentucky, gave a very in-
teresting talk in the Y. W. C. A. We
hope she and her friends will meet
with us again in the future.

Albert Hilkema has again resumed
his studies from which he has been
absent for some time on account of
serious illness.

Elmer Van Roekel visited the Aca-
demy Dec. 12th.

Rumors have been spread, school
starting at 8:45. We certainly hope
this will not be put through.

1. Resolve to make worth while friends
include your teachers among those
with whom you are going to be friend-
ly.

2. Don't pretend to be more than you
are; but don't conceal your real worth.

3. Be a gentleman. A "rough neck"
never holds a job long.

4. Remember that school is a mind-
gymnasium. Make your mind work.

5. Impress your instructors with the
fact that you are in the classroom
for business. Opening impressions
count.

6. Spend at least an hour each night
putting your mind through the work
pointed out by your teachers.

7. When you go to school, leave gum,
newspapers, and magazines at home.

8. Give strict attention in the class-
room, or elsewhere, to whatever sub-
ject is being considered.

9. Be ready to smile; and smile
pleasantly.

Arthur Van Meeveren Sr. questions
of Dorothy Vande Berg: "May I watch
you home?"

D. V. D. B.: "Surely, go ahead, but
you'll have to be farsighted."

On Friday morning Eunice Straks
came to school wearing a new dress
and as usual a large group of girls
gathered around her, admiring the
dress. "Where did you get it" asked
Anne Van Beek. "Oh" replied Eunice
"I got this one and two just like it
all out of one yard." "All out of one
yard" she exclaimed "Yes" said Eu-
nice "all out of Wiersma's yard."

Miss Sikkink—"What did they call
the Protestants in France?"

H. Sneller—"Catholics."

THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS

Continued from page one

less and pure, enjoying perfect peace and happiness, and were allowed to partake of the fruit of the trees which God had given them, save of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of the good and evil. But Satan, ever desirous to rebel against God, through the form of the serpent came to them and said "Hath God said Ye shall not eat of every tree?" Eve replied "We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden, but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden God hath said, 'Ye shall not eat of it neither shall ye touch it lest ye die.'" But the serpent said "Ye shall not die." Then Eve seeing that the fruit of the tree was good and took of it and ate it, also gave some to her husband and he ate. Then it was that their eyes were opened, and that they beheld their sin and feared to meet at walk with God in the cool of the day. Through this sin was brought into the world the result of which was death, physically, spiritually and eternally. Of this death Milton writes when he says:

Of Man's first disobedience, and the Fruit of that forbidden tree, whose Mortal taste brought death into the World, and all our woe with the loss Of Eden.

Then the human race was cast into the deep pit of Hell and destruction and utmost suffering, yea into Death itself so deeply that it was unable ever to liberate itself from these bonds.

It was about four thousand years later, when shepherds were watering their flocks in the fields of Bethlehem at night. Suddenly in the midst of the dark night they were encompassed by a glorious heavenly light. Then followed the message "Fear not, for, Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people."

Immediately after learning this they hastened to Bethlehem in order that they might worship him, who would bear for them the sufferings and pangs of hell, yea even die for them—This friends is what Christmas meant to them, namely the fulfilment of God's promise, the birth of the Saviour whom they had waited for, ever since man was driven out of the garden of Eden. And this is the message the bells bring to us on Christmas morning. Then Christmas will not merely be a time for giving and receiving gifts, or for playing, or the like, but will be a time for rejoicing for what God has done for us as Milton says.

This is the month, and this is the Morn
Wherein the Son of Heavens eternal King
Of wedded maid and virgin mother Born
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should Release

And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

William Riensma '26

Melvin was sleeping in Cicero class. Why so sleepy Melvin?

When the Sophomores did not know their Caesar Prof. Hilmert remarked: "You folks won't be saved by good works, but by Grace."

Henry Palsma: "Hello! Why are you standing here in front of the office you got fired from last week? Waitin' to get taken back?"

Rich. Foreman: "Not much! I just wanted to see if they were still in business."

I passed my exams with ease.

E's! what low marks!

GESELSCHAP - DRUGGIST

Drugs and Medicines

School Supplies, Toilet Articles
Wall Paper, Paints, Varnishes
Dutch Bulbs

ORANGE CITY

IOWA

Duven's Music Store

Complete line of small Musical Instruments, also

Phonographs, Radios, Pianos

Musical
Instruments

W. M. DUVEN

Undertaking
Phone 409

Christmas Gifts

As Christmas approaches nearer and nearer, problems arise as to what to buy. You can purchase gifts for every one of your friends and relatives from our carefully selected assortment.

H. Lubbers Pharmacy

RAH RAH RAH-A-RAH Academy Basket Ball

Good Teams---Good Games

We need your support. An exciting time guaranteed. Your money's worth and more.

A TOAST TO SANTA CLAUS

We can hear them now, the merry jingle of bells. We feel the thumping of our hearts as we once more lie wide awake, listening, hardly daring to breathe for the swish, swish of big shoes on the snow, the thump of a loaded bag as it falls on the floor, the silent bustle of some one moving around and then once more the retreating steps and the fainter growing tingling of the bells and we jump out of our little beds, now all too small to hold us and with a wild exultant cry, yell "Santa Claus has been here."

The day of old days has come. Christmas is here. Even as little children, each of us has come to look forward with a sort of anxious wild delight at the thought of that next morning with its stockings filled with good things, with the Christmas tree and its beautiful candles. Those memories can never be erased. As years roll on, our personification of Santa Claus may change; we may no longer listen to the swish of the shoes and hear the thump of the loaded bag as it thuds upon the floor but each Christmas morning finds us with that big hearty smile and cheer that the Santa Claus of our youth has instilled in us. We have changed. Once we waited eagerly for Santa Claus. Now we like to play the part of Santa Claus. Santa Claus indeed, has instilled in each and everyone of us the spirit of a lifetime. What could better portray the spirit of giving. From beneath the frozen and cold world of snow or indifference, he has made a journey to each and every fireside spreading cheer and good will. Yes our Santa Claus is no more, but he lives and dwells within us and as each Christmas Eve draws nigh, he finds new firesides and hearts that warm his spirit and we hear the happy cry of other children as they see in the older brothers and sisters the likenesses of Santa Claus and we know that the spirit of Christmas has never died out and never shall. Santa Claus what more can we say; you have captivated us you have made us your servants. What fireside will not glow brighter again this year for your coming? May your spirit ever continue, Santa Claus, so that children all over the world may always experience that feeling of good will and cheer which the world today needs so much of. Miss De Jonge
Junior Class Advisor.

We've all got to go to school, I expect, and we don't all get the same lesson to learn, but the one we do get is our'n. Tain't nobody else's and if its real hard, why it shows the teacher thinks we're capable.

A VIEW AS TO EARLY RISING

"Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise," is an old proverb that we all know well.

This world may be divided into four classes (1) those who like to go to bed late and arise early (2) those who like to go to bed early and arise early (3) those who like to go to bed late and arise late and (4) those who like to go to bed early and arise late. According to statistics the greater majority belong to the latter class although some of us are in the first class through accident. I for one am one of these. It happened like this:

I had studied the night before into the wee small hours of the morning. But being very restless that night I awoke in the morning before my faithful old alarm had summoned me to my duties. Thinking this was a good chance to surprise my "Little Ben" I arose and shut off the alarm and prepared to get ready for school.

My first duty was to arouse my room-mate from his peaceful slumber which was by no means a very easy task especially on that morning. Nevertheless I next journeyed to the bathroom with my shaving implements. Being very sleepy I had the misfortune to cut myself in about fifty different places.

On returning to the room again I found my room-mate still in bed, so I gave him a very gentle shaking. Then commenced to put on the remainder of my clothes. But because of my sleepiness I put my shirt on inside out. So I took it off again and put it on and to my astonishment I found I had it on inside out again. The third time never fails they say so with much caution I got it on right. Still my room-mate was in the land of dreams so I gave him another shaking not so gentle as the former one.

When I was ready to go for my breakfast, seeing and hearing that my room-mate was still sleeping I thought he preferred the sleep to breakfast so I left. Just as I reached the bottom of the stairs I noticed that I had forgotten my watch, so I went up after it. As I picked it up I noticed it had stopped at four o'clock so I looked at the watch of my room-mate and saw that it had also stopped so I went to my faithful "Little Ben." To my surprise that had four o'clock also. Then it first dawned upon me that I had made a mistake when I awoke. That I had looked at the minute hand only instead of the hour hand also. Seeing that the minute hand was on twelve I thought it was seven o'clock. It was then that I knew the reason for my sleepiness as well as my room-mates.

To make a long story short, I took

off my clothes and enjoyed a few hours of sleep.

Early rising is also conducive to rosy cheeks. Therefore young ladies and all those who would have rosy cheeks, remember this little saying "If you would have a rosy cheek, Then you the rising sun must seek."

But still there are many who would join with me in saying, go to bed when you feel like it and get up when you feel like it.

John Vander Leest,
Senior '26.

ATHLETICS

On Friday the 13th our boys, who are not superstitious, defeated the De Molay team of Sheldon by a score of 21-14. The visitors started the scoring with a double counter in the first minute of play. Then Bergie dropped in two field goals at close range and in quick succession. Church seemed to be unable to break through the defense in the first quarter although he managed to come through with four baskets before the half ended. The score at the end of the first half was 16-5 for our team.

The second half was considerably slower than the first and the visitors outpointed the boys in this period of the game. However, the supremacy of the Academy boys was never threatened and the end of the game saw them leading by seven points.

The game was featured by the good guarding of both teams and each found it difficult to break through the others defense for counters.

Line-up and summary:

N. W. C. A.—Elmer Den Herder, R. F. Chas. Wissink, L. F.; Bert Vande Berg, C.; Wilbur De Jong, R. G.; Raymond Kraai, L. G.
Sheldon—Jinkson, R. F.; Hurban, L. F.; Vandyke, C.; Snyder, R. G.; Coones, L. G.
Field goals Den Herder 1, Wissink 6, Vande Berg 3, Jinkson 2, Hurban 1, Van Dyke 3. Foul shots Wissink 1 out of 8, Jinkson 1 out of 2, Van Dyke 1 out of 2. Referee: M. De Booy, Orange City.

Friday Dec. 4th the girls and boys teams went to Hudson, S. D., to play a return basket ball game, with the Hudson high team. The result was 21-12, Hudson was defeated. The Academy girls won 24-19.

The boys team played the Hospers Independents at a very interesting game of B. B. Friday evening. Although they were defeated in a final score 21-29, defeat was almost as good as a victory.

The girls team played the town team again. The final score being 15-25 for the Academy.

You look all in Alice. Didn't you sleep well?"

"No! Amy and I suffer from alternate insomnia. What's that? Why whichever of us gets to sleep first keeps the other awake.

The Garage by the Side of the Road

There are luckless men who toil for years
 And never save a cent;
 There are rivals of Ford,
 who make more cars
 Than the stars in the firmament;
 There are men who preach;
 there are men who teach;
 There are men who plead at the bar,
 Let me run a garage by the side of
 the road
 And tinker a passing car.
 Let me run a garage by the side of
 the road
 Where the cars stream in line—
 The cars that are good and the cars
 that are bad,
 As good and as bad as mine.
 I would not sit in a driver's seat,
 And drive an old tin can—
 Let me run a garage by the side of
 the road
 And retail gas to the man.
 I see as I work by the side of the road,
 By the side of the highway grit,
 Sedans that pass in eight-cylinder
 pride,
 And flivvers that chug and spit;
 But I turn not away from their cams
 nor their gears,
 Both needful, they certainly are,
 As I run my garage by the side of
 the road
 And tinker the passing car.
 I know there are rock-bestrewn high-
 ways ahead,
 And detours that beckon afar;
 That the road passes on through mud
 and through dust
 Into liquid stretches of tar.
 And so I rejoice when the travelers
 drive in,
 And weep when I have them all done
 Nor run my garage by the side of
 the road
 As one who works for fun.
 Let me run a garage by the side of
 the road,
 Where the cars stream by in line—
 They are good, they are bad, they are
 fast, they are slow,
 Punk, bulky—so is mine.
 Then why should I sit in a driver's
 seat
 And steer my old tin can?
 Let me run my garage by the side of
 the road
 And retail gas to the man.
 —E. J. Bonnar, in Rochester Demo-
 crat and Chronicle.

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS

Myron Brink—vel stom! Art V. Mee-
 veren—Brum van appel drum, Maria
 Speelman—Pot ver dickle, Prof. Hil-
 mert—No communication whatsoever
 after second bell. Lawrence De Cook—
 For cat's sake J. Vander Leest—Hot
 Dogs! Spencer De Jong—Von, alle
 Kroomen piekies dit is het kroomste!
 Arie Boomgaars—Shake met me! go-
 ing to take exames, wish me luck!!
 Dusty—Watch Bom.! Greta De Jong
 —Don't get soupee! Joey—well ain't
 I never was.

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DE ALUMNUS

Mrs. B. H. Masselink, '04 Mrs. Wm. Van Steenberg '07 and Mr. Hart Beyer have been in Orange City at the bedside of their father, Mr. Beyer. They have now returned to their homes. Mrs. Masselink and Mrs. Van Steenberg to Grand Rapids and Mr. Beyer to Wisconsin.

Rev. Z. Roetman 1900 has accepted a call to Newkirk.

Mrs. J. De Jong has returned to her home after a very serious illness in the De Bey hospital.

Miss Henrietta Beyers has been elected.

Miss Marie Peters is a new clerk at the Vande Steeg store.

Dr. Hart Beyer '92, Pittsville, Wis., and Gertie Beyer '10 Masselink Grand Rapids, Mich., were called home to the bedside of their father, Mr. Gerit Beyer who died at Orange City Nov. 29 at the age of 85. Mr. Beyer was one of the Sioux county pioneers.

Rev. and Mrs. A. Rozendal (Effie Hoppers '88) of Volga, S. D., have just celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary. They report that their congregation made a sumptuous affair of the event.

Rev. Zwier Roetman '01 of Holland Nebraska has accepted a call to Newkirk, Iowa.

Missionary Rev. G. J. Pennings '01 enroute to Arabia is a regular contributor to the Volksvriend and his remarkable articles are eliciting much favorable comment.

Miss Jennie Roetman, has been elected secretary of the Women's Missionary Conference of the Classics East Sioux and West Sioux. Miss Roetman has previously served in that capacity and has made herself quite indispensable in the missionary activities of the church.

Beg pardon this item should have appeared in the former number of the Classic:

Fanny T. Schut became Mrs. Clev-eringa. She now presides over a fine farm home on the K. T. Road three miles north of Sioux Center. Good for Fanny, good for Fred, good for the farm. What President Pugsley of South Dakota State College recently said apropos of rural conditions can aptly be quoted here.

We do so in appreciation of the bride in question and also as a recognition of the numerous sensible alumnae who have already set a fine example years ago. For instance there are Martha Noordhof '93, Mrs. Peter G. De Jong, Mrs. Stephen (Anna Mouw) De Jong, Effie Veenschoten (Mrs. T. Stientjes) Hattie Van Rooyen '01 (Mrs. J. G. De Jong), Hattie Mulenburg Mrs. Jake Mouw, all on farms in Sioux Co. not buried there if you please, but real live wire folks. It would take a whole Classic to report all the activities of these ladies. The Women's Farm Bureau would go out of business without them. And here is what the Dakota Professor says.

Prof. Richard and Mrs. De Zeeuw

of Lansing, Michigan visited Sioux county during the summer. Richard is the father of two sons almost grown and a wee un of a year or two.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John De Jong last July a daughter.

Miss Sadie Cambier who is studying at the university of Nebraska, recently appeared as a soloist in a radio concert broadcasted from Lincoln.

"Her husband is known in the gates" this applies to Sadie Cambier.

In a recent bank failure in Sioux County Mr. Henry Giebink was named as receiver.

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MEMBERS OF SYNOD SPEAK

Great was our pleasure on having with us on Wednesday, October 28, two of the foremost men in the Reformed denomination. Dr. William Bancroft Hill, President of the General Synod of the Reformed church and Dr. Willard Dayton Brown, Secretary of the Board of Education.

Dr. Brown showed us what Education is, citing how in ancient times priests guarded secrets on powers of nature and life and later, after many years, passed them on to the world at large. Mankind today still benefits by these secrets.

Man cannot live alone; all life is made up of relations with others, scientifically as well as practically. We must form acquaintance with others, and especially with older people. Thus we gain a new view of life, finding out what is most worth-while. Friends are needed to make our character well rounded and well balanced. The only way we become friends with anyone is by association and conversation. Among our friends we should rank God superior to all others. We must learn to know Him by talking often to him. But God has assured us that he will answer us in his time. The men who are greatest in the world today are men of prayer. Luther said when he was rushed with work "I have so much to do today that I need an extra hour in prayer." The result of this education is certain to bring unbounded treasures as a reward.

Dr. Hill pointed out the purpose of an education may be defined as the process of introducing the element of control into human experience. In primitive days the Indian crossed the river on a raft. Gradually man learned to control forces until today steamships are our means of crossing the same river. We have learned to control the forces of air to our own advantage.

In order to gain an end one must put forth effort. Jesus said that one must lose his life in order to save it. Indeed this is the objective in Education, to live a life of Service. We are learning to control ourselves for the benefit of lives devoted to greater service in the world.

Dr. Brown chose as his subject "The Objective of Education," which subject follows closely on Dr. Hill's talk on Getting Acquainted the Essential of Education.

He stated that after all there is a great object in our education and consequently our greatest task is to discover this object. In modern times we think of Education in terms of purpose, but it used to be thought of in terms of discipline. Mr. Dooley has once said, "It doesn't make much difference what you teach a pupil as long as he doesn't enjoy it. But just what is the purpose of it all, today?"

Education is the process of intro-

ducing the element of control into human experience. For an illustration he used the following: The early Indian wishes to cross a river. The only way for him is to swim across. Then later on he finds he can build a raft of logs and in that way take himself and family over without getting wet. From the raft he is next able to make a rude boat and following the boat comes the canoe. Next the white man comes and builds his boats and after experimenting invents the modern steamboat. In this way man has won complete control over the rivers and oceans.

It has been said the objective of Education is to learn to control the things of nature round about us for our benefit. But is this all though? Is it right to control our fellow beings just for our own benefit? No, we should have the idea of control according to Jesus Christ.

Then the great objective is to serve our fellow men for Christ's sake if necessary, giving ourselves. We should become acquainted with things so that we can control them, making our character like Christ's; for the benefit of everyone. This great objective should be combined with self realization.

He ended his talk by saying that, "The N. W. C. A. has always lived up to this great objective. Our missionaries prospered because of their objective and self-realization which they have given to the world. May they have worthy followers and may this institution prosper."

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

Barriers that bless many nations and people have overcome barriers. The children of Israel before entering the Canaan necessarily had to conquer the tribes inhabiting the land. But the lord gave them a courageous leader and thus they conquered the country likewise in our lives we must struggle to gain the goal we wish to attain. The greatest obstacle is our wicked nature, which of course hinders our coming in contact with Christ. But with the help of God we shall be able to subdue our evil nature. Frequently our associates and the community in which we live are barriers in respect to our relationship with God. But by pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus, then only will the obstacles which we have overcome be a blessing.

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OBEYING THE RULES

In the first place sportsmanship requires that one obey the rules. If there are certain laws regulating a game or a race, the good sportsman will abide by these rules strictly. A great many times there are chances for a smart fellow to evade a rule and so gain an advantage. A sportsman will not do this. He realizes that rules are made for a purpose, that they are intended to be fair to everybody and to fix things so that everybody will have an equal chance with everybody else. Rules are for the good of the game to make it orderly, to give it form and to get the best out of it. So the sportsman not only learns the rules of any game he plays, but obeys their letter and their spirit.

It is now twelve years since I was attending the Northwestern Classical Academy; but when I try to recall those days, it seems that centuries have passed. All the popular terms that we heard so much of then have such different meaning from what experience has defined them for me. I remember visitors would come, now and then, and talk very solemnly about such grave matters as ideals, education, "life," "truth," and religion. If, perchance, one would try to be popular he would give a rousing talk on so-called "school spirit." That the true meaning of these terms does not change, we may all readily admit, but that people's notions of their meaning do change is all too unfortunately evident from the facts of history and experience.

Those of you who have taken courses in English history or English literature will have heard of the word "utopia," a sort of ideal spot where everything is as it should be. Many books describing such ideal worlds have been written, but there is invariably the defect that the world that is described is only ideal according to the notions of the writer. For instance, the greatest of them all, if we confine ourselves to secular literature, was Plato's, yet that worthy philosopher would exile the poet from his community. It is easy to shake our heads wisely and say, "Ah, Plato, you are wrong," but one must first read and understand his Republic before he can fairly say that. And we may continue with other solutions that have been given to all our sad world's misery and distress. Just as with the definitions of education and school spirit we were talking about the first paragraph, so with any solution of utopia, we find that experience has a far different story to tell.

By this time I will dare to talk with you myself for a very short time about these very commonplaces that others used to talk to me about, and I trust that they will not weary you so much as some folks used to weary me. First, then, let's begin with the one that is talked of so much,—Education. Latin is an extremely valuable subject, to be sure, but it will not

solve our problem of education. To say that education means a sort of "leading from" or "drawing out" means absolutely nothing so far as our problem is concerned. We are here in a world, and if we live at all normally and fully, there will be a thousand and one situations constantly arising where we are feeling at our wit's end. Under such and such circumstances, shall I act or shall I remain inactive? What will be the consequences in either case? For instance, the professional politician likes to tell us some times what an utter mess the government is in. As an individual, shall I say, "I, for one, will keep my hands out of it. From this day, I shall refuse to cast my vote, to read the papers intelligently, to think social-mindedly?"

There are similar questions of morals, of religious activities, of manners. The experiences of every day living touch such matters at every point. Now if education is to be of real service, should it not be such as to help us to give an answer when we are "up against it?" In other words, education should always take into serious consideration just how much it is fitting one to live excellently and effectively.

The same thing applies to such other words as "life" and "truth" and kindred terms. To have any meaning for ourselves, they must be defined in terms that make a difference. I can go to the dictionary on every single troubling word, but I never expect to get any help there. I may read books on art, but I doubt whether that will make me artistic. I may read books on ethics and etiquette, but I doubt whether they will make me good or polite and courteous. What I must do is somehow or other to learn to transform all these terms into solid living. My living does make a difference, and no one will want to discount his own inner experiences. They are facts that matter, and they make up the warp and the woof of our existence.

It was suggested that I write to you on something like "school-spirit." It is one of those words that change their meaning. When we come to studying its meaning in college and university, we are accustomed to call it "morale," not a very good word. Some prefer "atmosphere." I have been in schools where the most boisterous fellow on the campus was considered to have the most school spirit and where the real student was dubbed a "grind." There was always a group who had so little intelligence that their roars could be heard everywhere, even to the extent of disturbing those who had more self-respect. Such conditions are deplorable, but this is not supposed to be a lament. If our test of conformity to experience and the very stuff of living is at all correct, then school spirit would mean a certain fine enthusiasm for just those things that a school is supposed to foster,—not "rah-rah" rowdiness, but something different. If must be admitted that

we may not discount the value of thorough scholarship and painstaking effort. That is the student's first duty. But he must also be a wholehearted supporter of the school's activities,—football, basketball, debating, dramatics, literary society, music, oratorical contests, Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., and the rest. One who develops any one of these worthy activities to the exclusion of the others becomes not only lop-sided, but stupid, uninteresting, dull. So we may think of school spirit as something that contributes directly to living. It should make living interesting. It should make us friendly and earnest. It should make us very active but also very studious. It should make us concerned over school problems. It should make us eager to look beyond the range of our own selfish interests. It should make us eager to progress beyond our present status, to excel in all things.

Now this is nothing, but living—if it is lived to the full, with an interest in others—is all but easy. I should hate to live with the man who found it easy. As soon as we become conscious of others' trouble and others' need, we begin to grow into our heritage as sons and daughters of God. And if I am not mistaken, we will then have the real utopia.

BUDGET

Stephen V. De Laan: "Yes she rejected me but she did it in a most encouraging way."

John V. De Leest: "How was that?" Stephen: "As I went away she pointed to my foot prints on the carpet and said, 'The next time you come to propose to me, wipe your shoes off clean.'"

The way of the transgressions is well written up.

A lot of the talk that goes around isn't anymore help than the squeak in the axle.

A wise old owl sat in an oak,
The more he heard the less he spoke,
The less he spoke the more he heard
Why aren't you like that old bird?

Many a good story teller at the club cannot make his wife believe him when he gets home.

Life is an aquatic meet—Some swim—some dive—some back water—some float and the rest—sink.

The Van Beek family and especially John Vander Leest were greatly worried the other night when Stephen didn't come home until nearly ten o'clock.

Here's Champagne to our real friends and real pain to our sham friends.

By Peter W. De Jong, '27.

GIFTS AND GIVERS

We are again approaching the season of the year distinguished, because of its happy influences. Throughout the world the countries which are characterized as Christian nations welcome this period with joy. Everywhere in Christian lands whether believer or unbeliever this time is longed for. Those who do not profess themselves to be Christians rejoice not on account of the birth of Christ but because of Christian influence. Christmas is a word which is heralded with gladness by poor or rich, believer or unbeliever.

The first thought which enters our mind, next to the true meaning of Christmas, is the expectation to receive gifts and in a similar manner to gladden the hearts of others. Referring to Holy Writ we find that God revealed his love in the gift of his only begotten Son. In giving our gifts love should be the strongest motive. Love is irresistible. It brushes aside all obstacles, silences all selfish interests. "Love makes men like God," says John. "for God is Love." Since God gave his son for us should it not be our aim to gladden the hearts of those walking in the humble ways of life? This is the true spirit of Christmas.

Of course we cannot compare our gifts to the gift God gave for the welfare of mankind. Our gifts are temporary and do not benefit anyone as far as their soul's welfare is concerned.

A giver should not bestow gifts for the purpose of being praised, but express his gratitude to God for the blessings he has received from time to time.

Let us also remember that there are millions without the blessings that make us so rich. The gift that is greater than rubies is still a hidden treasure to them. Shall we not with the full realization of the blessings which are ours, do our share, yes give our lives as a means to place before them the gift of God through whom we have become heirs unto salvation?

This giving of gifts concerns the individual not only, but nations as well. James Monroe, one time president of the United States said, "The crime of selfishness has not yet stained and I trust never will stain our national character." Selfishness is a stain which is not easily blotted out. May America be a true giver to those nations in distress and who need gifts concerning both the material and spiritual realm. May the motto of our beloved land be, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," and help establish the bonds of friendship between the nations of the world.

Miss De Jong (while out riding with Prof. Hilmert after he had been boasting about his car) "I say Prof., you said this was a good car and it won't even climb a hill."

Prof. Hilmert: "I said, on the level it's a good car."

JOKES

Peter De Jong: "Where are you going my Dear?"

Edith Roetman: "Where I please."

P. D. J.: "But when will you return?"

E. R.: "When I choose."

P. D. J.: "Oh yes! of course! But not a moment later; I forbid!"

Arthur Van Meeveren in American History: "Miss Sikkink, why do they have: All men are created equal in the Declaration of Independence; aren't women equal?"

"You bonehead!" shouted the construction superintendent to his Swede foreman, "I told you to fire that man and you hit him with an ax."

"Well Boss, dose ax, she have signs, for fire only."

Andrew Zylstra—"Miss Sikkink, what was the Syrups Act?"

Talking about legal born citizens in American History. Larry De Cook—"Gee I wish I could be born on a ship once."

Margery be sure you are awake next time you wear your plaited skirt, it looks much better right side out.

Mrs. R. De Cook: "Melvin, why are you always behind in your studies?"

Melvin B: "So that I may pursue them."

Why don't men kiss each other in the U. S.?

Because they have something better to kiss.

Freshman: "I'm doing my best to get ahead."

Sophomore: "You surely need one."

"Willie," pause, "Willie," another pause. "Oh, Willie," voice from bed, "Um?"

"Willie get up, you know school begins today"

"I know it does."

"Well, then get up."

"Uh, Huh, Is my new suit pressed?"

"Yes Willie."

"Shoes shined?"

"Yes Willie, It's waiting for you out in front."

"Know where my fountain pen is?"

"I filled it and have it here."

"All right, call me in an hour. There's no need being on time the first day."

Anna V. B.: "I want a loaf of bread."

Grocer: "You are a penny short. The price has gone up since yesterday."

Anne: Then give me one of yesterday's loaves."

Pete D. J.: "Say Mrs. Wiersma, will you please close that window?"

Mrs. Wiersma: "Is there a draft, sir?"

Pete: "Well, not exactly, but its the fourth time my steak has blown off the plate."

Angry Mr. D. Duistermars striding into dimly lighted room: "Young man, I'll teach you to make love to my daughter Katherine."

Daring N. Palsma: "Wish you would

old boy; I'm not making much headway."

Rich Foreman: "Ho, Caesar, there is a man with a noble heart."

Caesar: "Ay, a wonderful gaul."

He: "Did you enjoy your trip to Europe?"

She: "No, I went into a restaurant and ordered a glass of milk but the waiter could not speak English, so I drew a cow's portrait, and two minutes later the poor fool came back with a ticket for a bull fight."

"What makes the new baby at your house cry so much?"

Warren: "It don't cry so much, and anyway if all your teeth were out and your hair off, and legs too weak you couldn't stand on them, I guess you'd cry too."

An Irishman sank into his most comfortable chair and remarked to his wife: "Well Kate me dear, life to me seems to have been one long run of prosperity. First I was plain Healey! When I got married I was made Mr. Healey. Then I was made Councilor Healey, and later Alderman Healey. To cap the lot, as I went into church yesterday, all the congregation with one accord, rose and sang Hoooley, Hoooley, Hoooley."

You can always tell a Senior. For he's so sedately gowned.

You can always tell a Junior, he's the Academy campus hound.

You can always tell a Freshman, By his green and frightened mien.

But just try to tell a Soph, Anything! ! ! !

Conductor: "Your fare Miss."

Maria Speelman: "Do you really think so?"

The other morning Spencer De Jong called Maria Speelman on the telephone for a date, nothing unusual but this is the conversation that took place. "Hello is this Maria?" said Spencer "No" was the reply. Spencer evidently had the wrong number because two girls were discussing what dresses they were to wear to society. So Spencer tried his luck again and again he got the same party. Then one of the girls said, "What do you want anyway, and what line do you suppose you are on?" "Well replied Spencer judging from what I heard I must be on a clothes line."

Melvin Beyers came home from school and said to his dad. "Can you write your name with your eyes closed?" "Sure" replied his father. "Well" said Melvin, "Then please sign your name to my report card."

Officer: "Hey, don't you know this is a one-way street?"

Pawee: "Well ain't I only going one way?"

It sure was a dull thud and the windows rattled when Amy Te Paske fell out of bed.

HONOR BRIGHT

"Honor Bright!" How frequently one hears this expression when he is with a group of children. An argument arises between the youngsters. Wishing to clear himself of all accusations, one little fellow pipes up with "Honor Bright! I didn't do it." Those words are to signify to the group that he is innocent and has had nothing to do with the affair. This lad does not stop to think about the real significance of the words, but has, through experience, learned to realize that they will free him from unjust accusation and criticism.

Just what do these words mean? They bring to my mind a picture of a mirror from which all spots and marks have been washed and scoured, and which has then been carefully polished so that it is now bright and shining, capable of reflecting the light and beauty around it. When the expression is used in regard to personal character, we mean to say that the character is not clouded, sullied, spotted and soiled with grime, soot and smoke of untruthfulness and unfairness, but that it is bright and shining, reflecting only the good things in life.

Thinking of the phrase in connection with school life people sometimes are tempted to ask, "does a school have a special code of honor, or does it believe in and hold the same standard of fairness and honesty by which men in business must govern themselves?" A merchant must carry on his dealings on a basis of truth, honesty and fairness. As soon as it is discovered that he makes a practice of cheating his customers, he is no longer trusted and he finds that his business is declining rapidly. A person who steals a gold watch or some money loses the respect of others. A student who steals books and pencils from one of his school mates loses the respect of the others. But at the same time a student may cheat in the class room by bringing with him notes for illegal use, by looking at his neighbors paper during an examination and helping himself to thoughts and ideas on that paper, and nothing is said or done about it, unless he is "caught" by the teacher. He may ask one of his fellow students for problems or translations which he knows the other fellow has spent hours on and succeeded in mastering; he may try to "ride" through Latin or Greek on a "pony" when he knows it is forbidden; or he may "bluff" in recitations, and still retain the honor and respect of all his comrades. Does that not appear as though standards of honor and truth among students are different from that used by men in business?

Remarks such as these are sometimes heard, "I have a right to crib when the teacher is in the room. It's his business to catch me," "Do you think I'd be mean enough to refuse to give

a fellow help?" or "Of course, I would not cheat in business, but you don't call this cheating?" but what right, on the basis of a business man's standard of truth and honesty, has a student to say them? It would seem that stealing is no longer stealing among students and that they have lost the belief that thoughts and ideas are the private possessions of another in the same sense that money is a possession.

Why does a student degrade himself to that degree of stealing thoughts from another? He, perhaps, has wasted his own time when he should have been delving into the mysteries of his studies, and now at the eleventh hour begins to think that his grade will come down unless he can hand in his work at class time so he tries to save himself from disgrace by asking a class mate for problems. Maybe he has not attended to his daily work as diligently as he should have, so that now just before examination time he knows that he cannot get a passing grade unless he resorts to cribbing. Perhaps he can't think of the answer to a question so he just peeps over to his neighbors paper to get an inkling of an idea on the question. It is usually the student who does not apply himself, who makes himself guilty of this way of getting grades. He thinks he is "putting it over" the teacher and that he can get a passing grade on his report card. Perhaps he does succeed in blinding the teacher (that is not common, however) but he is not fooling anyone but himself. He is harming himself by breaking the Eighth Commandment in the first place—taking that which does not belong to him—next, he is forming a habit of indifference toward work, he is forming the habit of being lazy, and he is allowing others to think he is a person who will try to "get by" in other things beside school work. In other words his character is being covered with spots and stains which cannot be erased easily. Of course it does not always follow that because a person has been a cheat in school that he will practice dishonesty in business. Nevertheless, by doing that now he is weakening his character just that much, and perhaps in case of pressing necessity he will yield and fall into the path of least resistance and steal.

So far, we have been speaking only of the one who receives help, but we include with him, the one who gives aid. To give is just as wrong as to receive aid. He is giving his permission to allow stealing and is fostering an opinion that its legitimate to commit foul deeds. There are a lot of students who would not ask help for themselves who dare not refuse to give aid when asked because they are afraid they will be making enemies. If right is right and stealing is stealing no one ought to be afraid of doing what he knows is right. Naturally, the person who has been refused help will feel cross and peeved about it at

the time and will call his friend a "goody-goody" but later on in life he will respect him for having had the courage to refuse and to stand up for what was right. He will feel that that person can be trusted in other things too.

The only way by which we can get rid of the common system of honor among the students is to arouse student sentiment against it. The opinion and ideals of a student group can do more in eradicating cheating, cribbing giving and receiving help than all the laws and rules that faculties and school boards may make. In most cases a student is not afraid to resort to dishonesty in the presence of his fellow students, but is very careful of how and when he does it when his instructor is around. So it becomes logically the students duty to help get rid of such practices. To know that dishonesty is taking place among the students and to do nothing about it, makes the other students just as guilty as the offending ones. If students would demand honesty and fair play from all their school mates, the evils so prevalent in schools today would soon be a thing of the past. What the students of N. W. C. A. should do is to take a firm stand against those things so they can say honestly, "Honor Bright."

Those who have heard our school orchestra last year, will agree with us, that some of the students certainly have a musical talent. The orchestra has again organized with several of its old members Nov. 19th under the direction of Prof. W. J. Hilmert. President, Maria Speelman; Vice-Pres. Melvin Beyers; Secretary, Elmer Den Herder.

Don't be what you ain't
Jes be what you is.
If you is not what you am,
Then you am not what you is.
If you is just a little tadpole
Don't try to be a frog.
If you's jes a common tail
Don't try to wag the dog.
If you's jes a little pebble
Don't try to be a beach
You can always pass the plate
If you can't exhort and preach.
Don't be what you ain't
Jes be what you is
For the man who plays it square
Sure's a-goin' to get "his."

What's the shape of the earth? Asked Miss Sikkink suddenly, calling upon Andrew Zylstra.

"Round."

"How do you know it's round?"

"All right," said Andrew, "It's square then, I don't want to start any argument about it."

Wanted: James Huighens to take me home at all times.—Suzanne Schoep. P. S. To get me too.