

12-1904

The Classic, December 1904

Northwestern Classical Academy

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F. Lubbers

DECEMBER, 1904.

The Classic.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGE CITY, IOWA.



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The Classic.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE N. W. C. A.

VOLUME 13

DECEMBER

NUMBER 3

Editorial.

NOW THAT the busy season is past and the days are growing shorter and the evenings are very long, most people make up their schedule of work for those long winter evenings. There is, at least in our town, abundant opportunity to spend those evenings profitably. Clubs are formed and societies being organized now a days to suit almost everybody. Besides our old Y. M. C. A.'s, which are as a rule of a strictly religious character, organizations can be found of religious, political, and literary character. At least 3 or 4 of this kind have been organized during the last month. Debate affords pleasure to the audience and is very instructive to those who participate. Reading and reciting is also good, and should not be neglected in a literary association. We know that we cannot all become such orators as Abr. Lincoln, neither can we expect the eloquence of a Cicero, or a Pompey; but we can and should be able to get up before an audience and arouse their attention to such a topic as might be best adopted to our ability as speaker. There is no excuse whatever for any young man or young woman who has had the opportunity of training himself in society, for being unable to get up before an audience and speak with ease on any topic assigned. Besides the pleasure and the benefit we ourselves and others receive of such work, it has this advantage that a youth is not induced to spend time in places that are morally dangerous to him. With as many meetings and clubs as we have now a days no one can spend his time in saloon, bowling alley or restaurant, and than say, "It is all I have to do." Our time is too valuable to be spent at such places, besides the morally dangerous impressions we receive at such places. Any young man and woman can find something to do, even during the long evenings of the colder season, with which he or she can benefit himself or his fellow men. A

student however ought to be very careful so as not to spend too much time in societies because, good tho' they may be, his lessons should have precedence.

THE CZAR of Russia is confronted not only with the present war, but also with a certain class of people who desire a radical change in government. These had given him so much trouble through their constant demands, that the Czar should fulfill some of his promises as to the granting of the right of local self government, that he had permitted them to come together in St. Petersburg. Then the presidents of the zemstvos came together and presented a petition to the Czar, in which they asked to have something like a national representative body to share in the government.

Still no perceptible changes have followed this gathering except that Prince Mirsky has given orders forbidding the arrest of editors for articles printed in the newspapers. Besides, the people do not seem to expect any changes in government when they look back to the fate of similar movements in the past. And it is believed that the Czar will yield nothing in principle although he may grant the zemstvos a voice in the council of the empire. Although there seems to be no perceptible reforms derived from this gathering of the zemstvos presidents, nevertheless it does not lessen the interest in this popular reform movement. However, it has stirred many of the Russians so that now sentiments are publicly expressed, which a few weeks ago would have condemned the victim to banishment in Siberia.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has invited all nations to a peace conference, to be held early in the following year. It is a well known fact that the first peace conference was held at the Hague, at the request of the Czar of Russia. Word has already been received from fourteen different nations, who have expressed their desire to partake in this conference. It is to be feared, however, that Russia will keep aloof this time. The man at whose request the first conference was held, finds himself now so wrapped up in war, that he considers it out of question for him to partake. Word has been received from Russia, stating that the efforts of our President to accomplish at this congress, what could not be accomplished at the former one are appreciated, but Russia did not think the time fit for her to take such measures, as long as the war in the East was still raging. The object in view at the first peace conference was to take steps to do away with war entirely, and hence-

forth settle all international questions by arbitration.

The results of this congress, however good the intention might have been, cannot yet be seen. The fact is that since the time of that conference the world has seen two great wars. England has succeeded in practically wiping out of existence a weak and helpless nation. This was a very cruel and bloody war at which the people shuddered for the time being. At present, however, a drama is enacted in the far East, which overshadows that one. The Russian and Japanese forces are driven against one another and thousands are hurled into destruction. The fleets on both sides are being destroyed and cities are being ruined. The Czar can not partake of a peace conference now, until this bloody business is settled. It is to be hoped that no such things will follow the second conference; but that better results can be obtained. There is no doubt but what peace on earth can be restored and maintained, but then all nations must join hands, for one or two are able to spoil the peace of the world, and bring about a great turmoil.

The Ingratitude of a Child.

"Oh! how I wish I had the money!" moaned a young man. He was pacing the floor and seemed to be in the most desperate straits. And well had he reason to be. He had just received an order from the College president to pay fifteen dollars within two days for a certain trick which had been played and in which he had been a participant. And now, how was he to get the money? He knew only too well how his loved ones at home scrimped and spared in order to give him a College education. His thoughts wandered back and he was once more at home playing games with his brothers and sisters, while his father and mother were happily looking on. But like a flash he recollected his thoughts and the money question was again before him. He grew angry at himself for having such childish fancies and muttered a curse. The only thing to do was to demand the money, so he wrote thus:

Dear parents, — Please send by return mail fifteen dollars, for I am in most pressing circumstances. Will explain later.

With love to you all, John H. —

The return mail brought a letter and check, but the letter was not even looked at by the young man.

The years rolled on. John was now a middle aged man. He was wandering about on the streets of New York, poor and penniless, not knowing where his next meal had to come from. There he was standing on the doorstep of an old building, when suddenly he

heard sweet strains of music pealing forth out of a building on the opposite side of the street. He thought he would go and see what was going on there. So, entering the building, he sat down on the back seat. The hall was crowded especially with men. On the pulpit was a man telling his life story. John looked around him and his eye fell on an aged man who was sitting a few seats before him. The man seemed familiar, but he could not place him. Time and again his eye fell on him during the meeting until he was determined to find out who he was. So when the meeting was over he remained in the aisle when whom should here cognize but his father. The father also immediately recognized him. What a joyful meeting that was! The past was forgotten and a new future was begun. John turned over a new leaf and since then led a new and happy life.

A. M. '06.

The Remorse of a Guilty Conscience.

The awful anguish of a guilty conscience may be found in lady Macbeth. She has a guilty conscience. She and her husband have committed many crimes in order to hold the crown they had attained by the murder of Duncan. Slowly and gradually she becomes more hardened and plans the death of many more with her husband. The thoughts of her crimes finally lay such a strong hold on her that they were always present with her even in her dreams. Thus we also find her one night coming from her chamber with open eyes, but their since closed. She reveals the awful tragedies of her crimes. Her strong and self-commanding will is gone. While rubbing her hands vigorously she says, "Yet here's a spot. Out damned spot, out I say." At the murder of Duncan she had spoken lightly about the spots on her hands and said that a little water would clean them of their deed. Her retribution has begun. With thoughts of her deeds and of her subsequent remorse and the fear of future punishment she cries out, "Hell is murky." She confuses one thing with another, one murder with another. She reviews the murder of Duncan, of Banquo and of Macduff's wife. No perfumes of Arabia can now sweeten her little hands or take the smell of blood from her. She concludes with a long sigh. Her heart is sorely changed. A few more of her crimes reviewed, and she again goes to her bed chamber. When conscious, lady Macbeth seemed to be courageous, but we see that nature has ways of punishment even when the victim is unconscious. The retribution is indeed so awful that it seems a partial atonement for her misdeeds. Lady Macbeth indeed is a good example that the anguish of a guilty conscience is nothing less than the first pangs of eternal woe. H.S. '05.

A Pleasant Surprise.

"Mamma," asked a little girl of about ten or eleven years, "can we not have any Christmas tree or presents tomorrow?" "No Mary," replied the mother sadly, "we cannot have that any more." Mary did not reply, but looked out of the window watching the people hurrying along with bundles under their arms. Now and then she would talk to her little brother Johnnie who was standing at her side.

The mother, a woman not yet of middle age, sat in an old chair sewing. All the furniture, or rather the lack of furniture, in the room showed great poverty. She had lived in New York for a little over two years, during which time she has had a severe struggle to support her children. Before she had come to New York she had lived in a small village, a short distance from New York. Her husband had gone to South America to make his fortune and had supported her for two years, but on his return home his ship had been wrecked and he had been reported as killed. She had then left the village and had come to New York, thinking she could make more money there. At first she had succeeded, but then one of her children had died and she herself had been sick for a long while, and as she could not work fast while regaining health she had been compelled to pawn her furniture to get bread for the remaining two children.

In this condition we find her on the day before Christmas. The children both gaze mournfully. At last the mother gets up and starts to prepare a meager supper of some dry bread and tea.

The next day dawned bright and cheerful, but there was no happiness in the heart of Mrs. Smith. She had to work all day and there was little prospect of gaining happiness that day. As she was sitting sewing and occasionally looking out of the window, she noticed a man coming down the street. She took special interest in him as there seemed to be something strangely familiar about him. She watched him come nearer and the closer he came the more familiar he looked; yet she could not imagine where she had seen him before. He turned toward her house and rapped. She stepped to the door, opened it, but she did not get a glance at his face. She invited him to enter. As he did so he turned the collar of his overcoat down and asked, "Don't you know me, Kate?" She stepped back as though she had seen a ghost. Then she rushed into his outstretched arms and sobbed, "Oh! my husband, where have you been so long?" He replied, "I will tell you the whole story in a little while." But the two children had crowded around, and

as he looked he seemed to look for the third and asked, "Where is the babe, Kate?" She then told him her whole sad story about her removal to New York and about the death of her child. When she had finished he exclaimed, "Poor Kate! and you had to suffer all this alone!"

When she was over her first outburst of tears she asked, "How were you saved from the wreck?" He replied, "When the last boats had gone from the wrecked ship, those who remained on the ship in their despair seized anything that would float and jumped into the sea. I happened to seize a heavy timber to which I clung. I do not know how long I floated there but finally I was picked up by an English merchant vessel and taken to London. There I was in a hospital for a little over four months and as soon as I was able I went around looking for work. I soon received a good paying job in a store and then I sent you money to our old home, which accounts for you not receiving it. But receiving no answer I determined to come home as quick as possible. When I reached our old home I was both surprised and frightened upon seeing other people living there. I inquired among the neighbors and found out about your removal to New York and your whereabouts here, and yesterday I came and searched among the people here and this morning I found out where you lived and I came to you at once. Now that we are united again we will try to give, altho' late in the day, a merry Christmas to the children."

E. H. '06.

My stay at the Seashore.

One time when I was visiting for a few days at a fisherman's cottage near Cape Mendocino, on the coast of California. I happened to go to the seashore to see the majestic Pacific Ocean. After I had watched the waves come in for a while, I thought it would be fun to spend a short time digging in the sand. So I picked up my shovel and began. In the course of my digging I struck a piece of board; after considerable trouble I succeeded in uncovering it. After I had gazed at it awhile I thought I saw some writing on it. I went to work and scraped off the sand which still clung to the board, and found the following words and parts of words on it, "Dec.—189, N. J."

I took this piece of board with me to the cottage where I was staying and set it on the mantle in the little sitting room. The fisherman's family saw it and wondered much at the meaning of the strange characters carved on it, but could not make out the mute

message it bore. The only thing that we could surmise about this strange piece of wood was, that it was the remnant of some shipwreck. Thus the words remained a mystery. But one day an old sailor came to our door and asked to stay for dinner. He obtained permission to stay. After dinner we went into the sitting room as this was our custom. Now this old sailor saw the piece of board I had found at the seashore, and told me the following story.

It was in the spring of the year, and we were bound from Nagasaki, Japan, for San Francisco in the steamer Good Hope. We carried a mixed cargo, consisting of tea, coffee, rice, silks, and various other articles. We had a favorable voyage until we came to the neighborhood of the Hawaiian Islands. While not yet out of sight of the Islands we noticed that the atmosphere was very oppressive. The sky was hazy. These signs indicated the approach of a storm. This continued for two days and on the third day the storm burst upon us. It continued for five days. During all this time we were constantly obliged to do our work. There was no relay for us day or night. On the fifth day of the storm a tremendous billow struck the ship and hurled it on a large rock. The force with which the ship was hurled on this rock was so great that the ship was lifted out of the worst beating of the surf. It could only beat against a small portion of the ship's bottom and consequently do little damage.

The storm abated during the following night, and the next morning the weather was as calm and beautiful as any May morning. During the course of the storm we did not have a full meal. Now the first thing we did in the morning was to eat a hearty breakfast. After breakfast we carved an inscription on a board and cast it into the sea. The inscription was this, "Hard fast on a rock. Dec. 18, 1898. Nathan Jenson." After this was done the entire crew turned into their bunks and slept, being worn out by the hardships encountered during the storm. This board, I think, must have drifted toward the American shore and carried to this place by the North Equatorial current.

On the second day we saw a ship in the distance and signaled for help. We received a reply from the ship saying that our message had been received and that she would help us as soon as possible. When she came nearer we saw she was a warship of the class called monitors. She stopped about three hundred yards from the rock and sent a launch to take us off from the rock. Soon we were on board of the big war vessel. While talking with the captain we found out that peace had been declared and this vessel was going homeward bound from her Asiatic station. We asked if there had

been war and were informed that Spain had been defeated by the United States and had sued for peace; and as this vessel was no longer needed in the far East, so she had been ordered back to San Francisco. After several days we reached our destination and were soon among our friends, rejoicing over our deliverance.

M. G. V. O. '05.

A Short Description.

She was a beautiful girl of eighteen summers, but her sensitive and sad face showed her to be experienced in the world's troubles. She was a tall well formed girl, queenliness and pride showing themselves in every gesture. She had a small head surmounted with a wealth of reddish gold hair, which rippled back from her forehead and very much resembled the gold seen in a grand autumnal sunset. Her brow showed intellectuality and refinement, while her firm mouth and chin gave an expression of pride and passion. Her cheeks were destitute of color and when in repose she resembled a beautiful statue, and only when her eyes, which were shaded by long curved lashes, were seen, could one tell if she were a person to love or to fear. Then there could be no doubt for all the deeper feelings of love, pity and affection, seemed to find an outlet from her beautiful dark eyes. C.V.D.S. '06

Exchange.

JUST FOR FUN.

When you're foolin' in the library,
A-havin' lots of fun,
A-laughin' an' a gibberin',
As if your time had come;
You'd better watch your corners
And keep kinder lookin' out,
Er the librarian 'll get you—
Ef you don't watch out.

Vanity is the name uf der machinery dat makes for us der schwellled head.

Money talks, but a poor man can not keep it long enough to know what it says.

Say, Pop, how do parrots talk?
In polly syllables, I suppose.

Teacher (to dull pupil): "My son, do you know that at your age George Washington could read, write and cipher?"

Pupil: "Yes, and at your age he was President of the United States."

German teacher (to usually late scholar): "I see you are early of late, you used to be behind before and now you are first at last."

1st Tramp: "Do you remember that dog's teeth?"

2nd Tramp: "I do, they made quite a deep impression on me."

THE CLASSIC.

Published Monthly during the School Year
by the Students of the N. W. C. A.

J. C. De Bruyn, '05, - Editor in Chief

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A. Te Paske, '05, - - - Ass't Editor
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Christina Rouwenhorst, '06, - Ass't Local
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Locals.

Where is the Record Herald?

Mr. Arie Te Paske visited Sioux Center Dec. 7th and at the same time purchased an overcoat for himself in order that he might be able to withstand the sudden change of weather.

Prof. in Latin Mr. J.C. give me an illustration of the Future Less Vivid condition."

Mr. J. C. "If he had been a Dutchman he would have been saved.

A number of students went skating to the Floyd river Saturday Dec. 10th. All report an enjoyable time. This induced many others to place for a moonlight skating party.

Rev. W. in Catechetics. "Miss J. B. you may find Ephesians."

Miss J. B. "I have only the New Testament."

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Eight of the male students were busy Saturday Dec. 10th making a stage for 'he public program which will be held Dec. 19th. A good program has been arranged and a large attendance is expected. Admission 15 c.

Prof. in Latin: "Mr. A. T. P. you may translate."

Mr. A. T. P.: "If they have a beard they are not without one."

Prof.: "That is very true but it does not express the thought that Cicero wants to bring out."

Professor in Greek: "You may translate the next sentence."

Student: "But many tracks of men and horses were seen re-treating from the fields."

Many of the students attended the Alton Y. M. C. A. feast. One went all alone. Another went with his male friend, while still others went some other way. For example: Mr. A. T. P. and Miss A. S.

Prof. in English: "If it were not so very silly I would speak about it."

Mr. A. T. P.: "It is not so very silly but it is so very cold here."

Prof.: "Oh! if it makes you warm to hold A. S.'s hand you may do so, but I would rather have you sit near the heating pipes to get warm."

If you don't succeed at first try and try again. M. V. O. & Co.

William Kremers expects to leave us in a few weeks and will attend the Hope Academy on account of his parents moving to that place.

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A few weeks ago at about one o'clock at night burglars were heard at the door of a house located in the southern part of town. The boss, after having screwed up his courage to the sticking point, went to open the door and was very much surprised to be greeted by a small donkey.

Miss L. S., a former student of the Academy, broke her promise and was seen at the lecture, Dec. 1st, accompanied by Mr. S.

Prof. in German, being cold in the room, said: "Oh my! we nearly die of asphyxiation."

Miss I. B. was so well pleased with the company of Mr. E. S., on her way home from society, that she called on him at his room the next evening.

Prof. in Latin: "Miss C. V. d. G. and Mr. J. D. you may choose up sides for a word test."

Miss C. V. d. G.: "Mr. E. S. are you taken?"

Mr. E. S.: "I am not."

Prof. in Latin: "Miss J. M. you may call on G. d. J. to discuss any construction you wish."

Miss J. M.: "Mr. G. d. J. you may discuss the dative of reference."

Mr. G. d. J.: "I would if I could but I can't."

Prof.: "That is a very good illustration of your willingness. Now go on and discuss it."

Prof. in History: "The food of the Czar must always be eaten by his servants before he takes it."

Among the reading room exchanges there is perhaps none more popular among the students than the Chicago Record Herald.

Mr. J. D. and Miss C. Ver S. illustrated the ablative of separation on their way home from teachers' meeting one Friday evening.

On Friday evening, Dec. 9th, new officers were elected for the society for next term and the result was as follows: Mr. Te Paske, President; Mr. Vanderbie, Vice-President; Miss Christina Rouwenhorst, Secretary; Mr. Ellerbroek, Sergeant-at-arms; and Mr. Bauman, Treasurer.

Mr. Gerrit Goedhart has enrolled as a student of the Academy.

Mr. McGee, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. for Iowa, was here and gave an interesting talk on the Y. M. C. A. and its work. The chapel was well filled, for a goodly number had come from out of town to hear him. In the course of his talk he mentioned Mr. Heeren, one of our alumni who is now enrolled as a student at Grinnell college. Mr. McGee made mention of Mr. Heeren as the President of the college Y. M. C. A. and said he was one of the strongest workers of the State.

George Gulker left school the 15th for Leota, Minn., to meet his father who is moving to that place from Whidby Island, Wash.

Dick Obbink is reducing his board bill at the club by working for Mr. Henry De Jong during the latter's sickness.

Jno. Van de Steeg

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THE FAIR

INVITES THE STUDENTS
TO GIVE IT A TRIAL.

De Alumnis.

'96. Rev. H. P. Schuurmans of Leota, Minn., has been called by the church of Rock Valley. He has declined the call from the church of Carmel, Iowa,

'04. A. Van Kley visited the boys at Hope College during the thanksgiving recess. He also paid the Schutt family at East Saugatuck a visit.

'93. W. H. Gleysteen attended the funeral of his father. He will soon take up work in China under the Presbyterian Board.

'04. Miss Gertrude Beyer is going to spend the winter with her sister in Bussey, Iowa.

'90. Dr. H. D. Oggel of Maurice attended a doctors meeting in Orange City.

'03. '04. J. Roggen from Hope and H. De Vries from Grand Rapids are paying each other a visit occasionally.

A NEWS SERVICE WITHOUT PARALLEL

There is ample justification for the claim made by The Record-Herald that its readers enjoy every day in the week, a new service that is without parallel in range and completeness. In addition to the independent news facilities of The Record-Herald, that the paper receives the complete news service of the New York Herald, the New York World and the Associated Press, and when it is considered that its news columns are supplemented by all the special features so popular with its thousands of readers, it will be seen that The Record-Herald holds a unique place among the great newspapers of United States.

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