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# The Classic, February 1904

Northwestern Classical Academy

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*F. Lubbers*

FEBRUARY, 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 12

FEBRUARY

NUMBER 5

## Editorial.

NEVER, perhaps, has a doctrine met with a greater opposition by the people in general than that put forth by Gov. James Vardaman a short time ago in his inaugural address to the Mississippi legislature. He claims that education is a curse to the Negro. He says: "Time has demonstrated that the Negro is increasing in criminality with frightful rapidity, being one-third more criminal in 1890 than he was in 1880. The startling facts revealed by the census show that those who can read and write are more criminal than the illiterates, which is true of no other element of our population." This seems to us a strange doctrine. He seems to be the first one to prescribe illiteracy as a preventive of crime. With the exception of the few in the South that stand with him, he stands practically alone. He says that statistics show that the Negroes in New England, who are better educated than those of any other part of the country, are four and one-half times more criminal than those in the South. But this accounts for nothing unless he can prove that the same offenses are considered as crimes in the different sections and that the criminal laws are enforced with equal severity and promptness. But, since society differs so much in countries so far apart, a fair comparison of the two is impossible. Furthermore, he does not propose to explain, even if we accept his statistics as correct, why this should be the case with the Negro only. If education would make the black race more criminal, why does it not do the same with every other race, white, yellow, and red? Education has always been considered as one of the main factors in lifting a people to a higher moral plane, and in making them useful. Not only is it considered so but the truth of it has been proved time and again. Has human nature changed so that the reverse is true now? And then again, Vardaman proposes to "improve the Negro by educating his hand and heart." But how is he going to educate their hands and hearts without educating their heads, is a question



we cannot answer. To us, the whole matter of his doctrine seems illogical.

WITH phenomenal rapidity are the plains in the western part of the United States converted into tillable soil. The vast prairies, where formerly the herds of buffaloes were wont to roam at large, and recently the ranchero fed his cattle for market, are now being converted into fields of wheat and corn. The cowboy's shanty is being displaced by neat farm houses. Railroads are forming a complete network on the plains, and everywhere small towns are springing up. The keen-eyed Yankee has discovered that the soil is rich and well adapted to agriculture, and with his usual alacrity he utalizes it for this purpose. The herdsman, seeing the encroachments, which are being made upon his territory, feels constrained to resort to other places. Their attention is directed towards South America. Many have purchased large tracts of land in South American countries.

This transportation of live stock will necessarily be followed by an increase in the price of meat in the United States. However, the gain for the United States will more than counterbalance the loss. The population of the West will be materially enlarged. The country will yield more abundantly by agriculture than by grazing, and consequently the United States will gain in wealth and population.

RECENTLY the Hepburn Pure Food Bill was passed by the House of Representatives. This bill fixes the standards of certain foods and drugs, and forbids foreign commerce in adulterated articles. As usual, certain criticisms were made on the bill. The chief among them were, that it might put the honest manufacturer in danger of being prosecuted for offenses against some of his provisions of which he was entirely ignorant; and that it might hamper trade with other countries by obliging the wholesaler to be responsible for the purity of the article sold. As to the first, the House first made the amendment that the wholesalers and manufacturers should be punished for willful violations of this law only. But as the government would then be obliged to prove in every case that the violation was intentional, which would be next to impossible, the amendment was struck out, and finally they came to the conclusion that the manufacturers could reasonably be expected to inform them as to the ingredients in their articles. To the second criticism the response was made that as a rule the wholesalers now buy the foreign goods, and that it is desirable to relieve the retail dealers from the responsibility of knowing about the composition of their wares. Of course, it is not an easy matter to pass a measure of this kind so that it shall be suitable to all in every detail. But the fact that the question was debated for some length of time, shows that it was passed with due care. And since there are all sorts of adulterations in foods, wines, drugs, etc., we cannot doubt but what the House has taken a wise step in this behalf. It shows that our government wishes to protect consumers against fraud, and the honest manufacturer against the dishonest competitor.

### The Faculty.

PROF. PHILIP SOULEN is a native of Wisconsin. His early education was received in the public schools of Milwaukee. He completed his preparatory and college courses at Hope College, from which institution he graduated with the class of '92. Immediately upon graduation he began the work of his chosen profession, teach-



PROF. PHILIP SOULEN.

ing. For two years he taught in an Oregon high school. In the summer of 1894 he was elected to the chair of Latin in the N. W. C. A. Since then he has continuously served the Academy as instructor, and since 1901 as principal. Meanwhile he also taught





MISS CORNELIA WALVOORD.

was sent as delegate to the General Synod. Mr. Soulen has carried the same vigor and energy into his church work which characterize him as a teacher.

MISS CORNELIA WALVOORD our present professor in Mathematics comes to us not only with the best of intellectual attainments, but equipped with experience which fits her so eminently for the position she occupies.

Born at Cedar Grove, Wis., she just attended the public school of that place and later the high school of Sheboygan Falls. Afterwards she attended the Oshkosh Normal school from which she graduated in 1898.

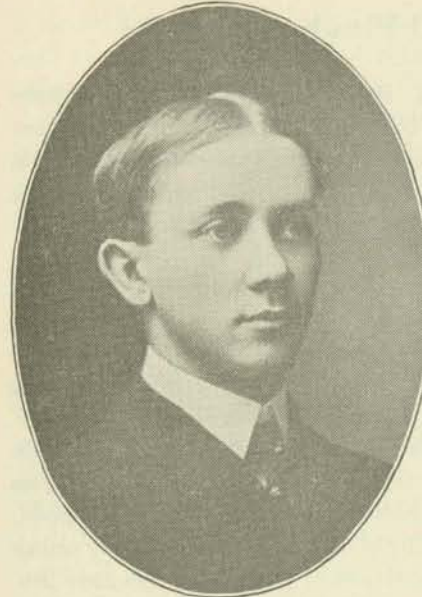
She then taught in the public schools of Wormser City and McLeod Montana, and also in

music for a time in the Orange City public schools. Frequently during the summer vacations his services were sought at various summer normal schools. This is ample indication of the esteem with which Mr. Soulen is regarded in educational circles. As instructor and principal he has always been able to win the goodwill and respect of students and fellow-teachers alike.

Not alone in educational work has Mr. Soulen won distinction for himself, but in church work as well. For a number of years he has served his church as Sunday-school superintendent and as elder. One year he



MISS ANNA KREMER.



MR. EDWARD J. STRICK.

the Wisconsin Memorial Academy at Cedar Grove. She came to us in the fall of this year.

MISS ANNA KREMER is our professor of History and German, and (altho' the position she now holds is her first as a teacher) she is demonstrating what pluck and perseverance can accomplish. She has in the remarkably short time shown her ability both as a teacher and scholar by gaining not only the affections of her pupils but also the confidence of those who have knowledge of her work.

She was born in Zeeland, Mich., from pious and cultured parents who did much to train her for her life work. She attended the high schools of Zeeland and Detroit, Mich., graduating from the high school in 1899. She then attended the University of Michigan where she attained the degree of A. B. in the spring of 1903.

MR. EDWARD J. STRICK was born in the state of Michigan. The little hamlet of Forest Grove is the place of his birth and early education. After having completed the work of the district school he entered the preparatory department of Hope College. He remained at the same institution for his college course and graduated in 1903. Upon the very day of graduation he was elected by the Board of the N. W. C. A. to the position which he now fills. In further preparation for his work he pursued a course at the University of Michigan during the summer. While in college, Mr. Strick took a wholesome interest in those activities which round out the life of a college man. Literary societies, athletics and Y. M. C. A. work met with his hearty co-operation.

The Professor went out on a visit one day  
And he hung up a sign near the left stairway,  
Which each student read as he looked through his glasses,  
"The Professor's unable to attend to his classes."

The boys scratched the C and the Prof. raised his eyes,  
When he read he'd be unable to attend to his lasses.  
But he scratched the L and then the surprise  
Of the boys when they saw they were reckoned as asses.



**Luck and Pluck.**

A few miles from a small town, there nestles among the hills and forests, a little cottage. The cottage is low and humble, but the green meadows, decked with flowers of various colors, the little stream rippling down the hillside, and the green vines reaching from the ground to the roof of the cottage, made this spot exquisitely beautiful.

In this cottage, with its beautiful surroundings, there lived a widow, Mrs. Watson, with her three children. Jack, aged sixteen, because he was the oldest of the three, took the care of his mother and his two sisters upon his young shoulders. His father, at his death, had left very little for the support of his wife and children.

Thus it came about that a few weeks after the death of his father, Jack went to the nearest town to seek employment. The first few days Jack came home without having gained any success. Everybody seemed to have enough help or otherwise did not think that Jack was old enough to fill a position. Poor Jack became discouraged. What was he to do? At home the cupboard had nearly been exhausted of its provisions. In a few weeks all their supplies would have been consumed and they would be left to hope for better times.

But Jack had not yet given up all hope. The next morning he set out to try once more his luck in the town. First he went to the largest dry goods store to apply for a position as clerk. He had been here before; then, however, he was rejected. Jack went up to the shopkeeper and asked him whether he needed any help. The merchant eyed him keenly. He made a few inquiries as to his education. The man seemed well satisfied with Jack. He told him that his bookkeeper had left the day before on account of illness. He was sorely in need of a man to take his place, but Jack seemed rather young for such a responsible position. Nevertheless, he would let Jack try it. He would pay him twenty dollars a month, and if his first day's work proved satisfactory, he would pay him ten dollars in advance. Jack could scarcely believe that so good a thing could be true. It seemed a pleasant dream to him. But when evening came he received his ten dollars. Words cannot express the joy of this poor boy. He had never in all his life owned so much money. He now hurried from town, in order to get home as soon as possible and lay his first earned money in his mother's hands.

It had been a busy day for Jack, and now, as he left the town it was already growing dusk. Part of his way home led through

a dense grove. But Jack knew the path well which led to his home and so he was not intimidated in the least. By the time he reached the grove it had become quite dark. As he entered the grove he could barely distinguish the path. Jack, however, did not worry about this; his mind was with his day's work. His good fortune had lifted the burden from his heart. His light-heartedness at last made itself manifest in a cheery whistle. Whistling as he went along he at length came to a part in the grove a little more dense than the rest. Vines and small bushes had entwined making a sort of a net work.

As Jack neared this place he heard the crackling of leaves and the next moment he was confronted by a dusky form of a man. Jack noticed that he was heavily built, but was dressed very raggedly. From his eyes flashed the fire of danger. The dark intruder planted himself in the path directly in front of Jack. He then gave the command, "Hands Up!"

Jack, at first, was at a loss as to what he should do. He was entirely taken by surprise. To obey this command would mean the loss of his first earned money. This thought was too terrible for him to bear; he therefore took a step forward and gave his enemy a violent blow in the face. The man thus assailed unawares, staggered back. A hand-to-hand fight now followed, in which the highwayman soon got the better of Jack, since Jack was greatly his inferior in size and strength. As soon as he got Jack to the ground he searched all his pockets; having secured Jack's pocket book he left him lying insensible upon the ground.

After a few moments Jack revived from his swoon. He wondered where he was. Just then an owl sent up its mournful hooting right above his head. Everything came back to him in a flash. He remembered where he was and what had happened. With difficulty he arose, since the bruises which he had received caused him much pain. When he arrived at his home, he told his mother of his sad experience.

Detectives were sent out to catch the robber, but it was all in vain. Not the slightest trace could be found of him. Jack could not give up his good position on account of his first misfortune. Although he had been greatly discouraged, the next morning he was found at his post as early as ever.

Jack was in the habit of chopping wood for his mother before he went to town. One morning, about two weeks after his encounter with the thief, he went out to the grove as usual to chop some wood. As he was sawing a large log of a fallen tree, all at once his saw struck something hard. He examined the tree to find



out what was the matter. He found a hole on the other side of the log which had probably been made by a woodpecker. Jack examined the hole, and what do you think he found? With an exclamation of joy he drew out his stolen pocket book. To his delight he found that it still contained the ten dollars.

That day inexpressible joy reigned in the little cottage by the hillside.

A few days later the thief was caught while committing another crime in a neighboring town. He was taken to prison and while there he confessed that he had robbed a boy of ten dollars. Being afraid that he would be found out, he did not dare to carry the money about with him. Therefore he had hidden it in a fallen tree where Jack had so fortunately found it. G. B., '04.

### Mislead By a Bad Story.

Not long ago I was riding on the cars when I overheard a story which in a way shows the possible bad results of reading questionable literature. Seated behind me were two gentlemen busily engaged in conversation. The train made its regular stops at the different stations and as some passengers left the train others came to take their places. The conductor tended to his work, and the news-boy made his usual rounds with his basket of fruit, peanuts and chewing gum, and with a supply of books. These, of course, he sold cheap and kept on hand to help people spend their time in a profitable manner.

While the two gentlemen back of me were conversing about this and that, the attention of one of them seemed to be drawn by the action of the news-boy, who was trying his best to sell a book to a certain young man who seemed to be somewhat unaccustomed to agents. The agent had various kinds of books and apparently some bad literature as well as good. Some of the books bore the names of standard writers; some appeared to be of a cheap sort, cheap in a double sense of the word; while still others were wrapped in a sealed cover leaving us to suspect the contents. With a sort of a sneaky, stolen side glance over those around him the agent pulled out one of the last named books and placed it in the hands of the young man.

It was at this point that one of the gentlemen referred to before, spoke up and said to his companion:—"Bob, that fellow reminds me of a sad incident, which I cannot forget." "Well, Joe," said his companion, "let's hear it." "Do you remember," thus the other man began, "that when we used to go to school together, some

twenty-five years ago, at the little Lincoln school house, just beyond your Uncle Jim's farm, that there was a boy by the name of Dan Stokes attending at the same time?" "Yes, I recall the name, though we moved to Indiana twenty-two years ago this spring, but he was a dark-eyed handsome little chap, if my mind serves me well," was the reply. "Yes sir, and he was jolly good company too. I used to associate with him a great deal and we graduated together from the high school in the spring of 1884. The summer following our graduation we both gained employment as clerks in a dry goods store, but later both of us became traveling salesmen. Dan as runner for a large tobacco firm in St. Louis, and I represented a clothing firm in Chicago.

"It was about two months after we began our work as salesmen that we happened to be riding on a train together for a hundred miles. While discussing our work, we were interrupted by one of these book agents who, of course, had something good to sell. I saw no book for which I had any special desire, but, since Dan had a longer distance to go than myself, he bought what he considered a very interesting book, telling of the wild romantic western life on the plains.

"When I reached my destination we parted and it was two whole years before we met again. However, when we did meet again, I was dismayed at the change that had taken place in Dan. He was no longer the open-hearted innocent young man, whom I had known him to be before. His whole bearing gave evidence that he frequently came in contact with men of base character. His line of business could hardly help but contaminate him since it took him not only to respectable custom houses, but his heaviest trade was with the saloons and gambling dens of his territory. Realizing his condition I begged him to give up this trade and warned him of the risk he was taking in ruining himself in body as well as reputation. But he said, 'Joe, there is more money in it for me than anything else that I know of at present, and besides I am enjoying this; so what is the difference? You are too pessimistic on this score; don't take life so serious and you will get more out of it.' Thus we parted again. Ten years elapsed in which I heard nothing of Dan. For some reason or other he was discharged by the firm he was working for, and he cut himself loose from home and friends, so that I was unable to keep track of him."

"In 1896 there was quite a sensation in the country created by a bold and audacious bank robbery which occurred in southern New York. One man was shot and money, to the amount of forty thousand dollars, was taken. The robbers at first escaped but were



finally detected and captured in the northern part of the state, three in number. These bandits were tried and condemned to fifteen years imprisonment in the New York state prison at Sing Sing. When the names of that lawless band of marauders were published I was astounded to see the name of D. Stokes in large letters as ringleader of the notorious gang. For my own satisfaction I investigated this matter in order to make sure whether or not this was my old friend Dan, all the time hoping that it might be another man by that name, but it was he. However, the thought of this soon again slipped my mind until four years ago I made a pleasure trip through the eastern states. On my tour I visited many places of interest. Among these was the beautiful town of New York named Sing Sing, situated on the N. Y. Central and Hudson railroad, just thirty miles above New York city. When I reached this place the name suggested to me the state prison, and again the state prison the name of Dan Stokes. Then the thought struck me that I must see Dan once more if possible. In company of the warden I was permitted to go and see him. I did not recognize him immediately, but as soon as he looked up, one glance at his dark-brown shining eyes told me it was he. The warden spoke to the prisoner and said, 'Stokes, here is an old friend of yours who has come to see you.' And I said, 'Dan, do you remember your old school chum?' After making a few remarks he said, 'Ah! Joe, I wish I had taken your advice fifteen years ago. That book that I bought on the train the last time we rode together was the starting point of a career, which has landed me in this place.'

Just then the train stopped at the station where I had to get off, and so I left the gentleman to tell the rest of his story.

B. F., '04.

### Locals.

Locals are scarce, but parties are not.

Altho the ladies may be hard up they should not hug the Prof.

Miss Kremer, teacher in History, was absent one day on account of sickness, and a few of the students of the upper classes took charge of her classes.

Peter B. laments over the change of seats in chapel.

Mrs. Soulen is back from Michigan and the Prof. looks happy.

Academy Faculty and students

were agreeably surprised last month by the special donation to the Academy of \$400 in cash. The generous donor, Mr. Beltman of Alton, may rest assured of our keenest appreciation of such loyalty.

Two of the A class ladies found out that it takes more than changing their clothes to deceive the boys. Better find some other way to get even with them, girls.

The "B" class had a surprise party in honor of their classmate Jerry Schut who is to leave them soon. They presented him with a

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gold watch-fob as a parting gift.

Student, to Prof. who writes Exam questions on the board: "Is that Greek?"

Prof.—In Physics. "Why is there a chain inside a Lyden jar?"

Student.—"That's just what I was wondering."

Prof.—"So was I and that's why I asked."

Mr. van Oosterloo has been on the sick list.

Miss S. "Mr. Terpstra, I want to give you one more suggestion."

He: "All right I'll chop it down."

All students are hereby notified not to sit down on the tables in the chapel. You might find pins in some of them.

Prof.—"Perhaps the other man was an old bachelor."

Student—"I hope so."

No wonder Mr. Huizenga had his ear frozen. It must be cold up there.

The Pres. of the Society did not encourage the girls very much in making use of leap year.

Those pictures of the A ladies are just beautiful!

All subscribers are requested not to sleep again unless they have settled with the business manager.

Students and friends of the Academy, watch for the announcement of the public entertainment to be given by the Philomathean Literary Society. It's going to surpass all others.

Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed at the Academy. Rev. Heemstra of Sioux Center addressed the students in the morning, and church services were held in the afternoon.

It pays to study Physics. Mr. Huizenga, the Lennox Physicist,



Jno. Van de Steeg

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warms himself with ashes. These he wets and by some chemical process (which I dare not venture upon to explain) they regain their former latent energy.

Our mother institution, Hope College, has become the recipient of a bust of George Washington and a picture of Dr. Thomas De Witt. Both have been placed in the Van Raalte Hall.

Mr. H. M. and Miss I. B. are frequently found together in the reading room. Some are predicting a second transformation of Ida.

The intelligence has reached us that Mr. Kuizinga, our English professor of last year, was offered two positions. One as professor of Greek in a school at Rock Island, Ill., and the other as foreign missionary to Japan. Mr. Kuizinga, however, has declined both.

Mike is troubled with sore eyes.

Mr. Van Horsen had the misfortune to fall, and as a result he hurt his head quite seriously.

Don't cut off your nose to spite your face, nor to spite your Geometry theorems either, Mr. P. B.

The student body was well represented at the Roney's Boys Concert of Sat. Jan. 22.

Miss Ada Muilenburg entertained some of the students Tues. evening Feb. 2. All report a good time.

Mr. Dekker is quite seriously ill.

The Principal has made an announcement concerning an Oratorical and a Declamatory contest to be held at the close of the year.

Mr. Bauman is canvassing stereoscopic views in town.

Lost: The feeling of my ear on Sunday morning between the

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Give me a call boys.

club and the 1st Ref. church.  
Finder please return to E.H.

We are going to have a library  
for the Philomathean Society  
some time in the future.

Athletics are slow these cold  
days. Especially the girls don't  
show up.

### FEARLESS AND INDEPENDENT.

The Chicago Record-Herald is a conspicu-  
ous example of the success with which the  
public rewards fearless nonpartisanship in  
the columns of great metropolitan daily pa-  
per. It is an independent newspaper, in  
which men and measures are invariably  
viewed wholly from the standpoint of the  
public good and not from that of the inter-  
ests of any particular political party. It is  
the very reverse of neutral—fearless and out-  
spoken on all the great questions of the day,  
but presenting its editorial opinion upon in-  
dependent judgment and entirely regardless  
of political affiliations. Partisanship is barred  
as strictly from the news columns as from  
the editorial page. All political news is given  
without partisan coloring, thus enabling the  
reader to form correct conclusions for him-  
self. In the ordinary partisan newspaper  
political news is ordinarily colored to such an  
extent as to make it difficult if not impossible  
for the reader to secure a sound basis for in-  
telligent judgment.

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# The Northwestern Classical Academy.

**T**HIS is an Institution of Learning, designed to prepare boys and girls for college, or, if it be preferred, to fit them directly for various stations in life by laying the basis of a sound, liberal education.

The Academy is a Christian Institution, and as such recognizes the important fact that true education effects the heart and the character as well as the mind. To combine moral with mental training is, therefore, considered its reason for existence and its mission. To that end the study of the English Bible is included in the course.

The present corps of teachers numbers four:

PROF. PHILIP SOULEN, A. M.  
EDWARD J. STRICK, A. B.  
MISS CORNELIA WALVOORD, A. B.  
MISS ANNA KREMER, A. B.

## STUDIES.

To the full curriculum of previous years the study of the German language and literature has been added.

Adequate provision has also been made to afford by normal instruction, a competent training for those who expect to teach in our public schools. The studies have been arranged very carefully and are designed for mental discipline and development; for preparation for college, or for occupations where scholarship is in demand.

## The Rapelye Library and Reading Room.

This Library contains some 3000 volumes; among which three sets of Encyclopædias and other books of reference will be found especially helpful to students.

## EXPENSES.

The expenses are moderate, tuition is free. The cost of board and rooms can be best regulated by the students themselves, or by their parents. This item of expense will be found a moderate one in Orange City.

For the sake of meeting incidental expenses a fee of eighteen dollars will be required from each student for the school year. Half of this is payable in September and the other half at the beginning of the second term.

The entire expense ranges between \$100 and \$150 per annum. Boarding houses and students clubbing arrangements are to be approved by the Principal.

A board of education has recently been established. Out of the funds of this board deserving students who need it receive support during the school year.

## LOCATION.

The Academy is located at Orange City, the county seat, a station on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, near the junction of said road with the St. Paul & Omaha railroad at Alton, four miles eastward, and with the Sioux City & Northern at Maurice, eight miles westward. On account of the extent of the Northwestern railway-system, Orange City is easily accessible from all directions. Owing to its location in the Northwestern section of Iowa, it can readily be reached from the Dakotas, Nebraska and Minnesota.

For Catalogue and particulars as to courses of study and text books, address the Principal.

PROF. PHILIP SOULEN, Orange City, Iowa.