

1-1906

# The Classic, January 1906

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*F. Lubbers*

JANUARY, 1906.

# 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 14

JANUARY

NUMBER 4

## Editorial.

THERE has recently arisen in the House of Representatives a rather strong opposition between the Republicans and Democrats. The Republicans are holding up the Philippine tariff bill and are strongly in favor of having it passed. The Democrats are eager to have another bill passed, called the "Administration Statehood bill." This the Republicans are strongly opposing and are even going so far as to attempt to "smash" it. Between the two bills there is no close relationship and each should be brought forward on its own merits. The speaker is not against either one of them but he is trying to render the House of Representatives answerable to the will of the majority on each proposition. Tho the Republicans are insurgent in their actions yet we believe that their bill ought to pass without any opposition and likewise that not more than two states should be made out of the four territories. If, however, the Statehood bill cannot be passed then no bill should be passed at all. As to Arizona and New Mexico unless it is in the nature of law applicable to good government in the territories. The overwhelming desire of the United States is that the government do justice to the commerce of the Philippines. On the other hand it is safe to say that there is nowhere a popular outcry for any more states. It is not believed that Senators from Mexico and Arizona would add strength to the Senate from the popular point of view. It is already dangerous to admit them as one state, for it may cause subsequent regret. Strenuous efforts should be put forth to check the insurgent Republicans and to bring them back to a sound sense.

LESSONS have once more been taken up and vacation again belongs to the past. A new term of study has been entered upon



and also a new year. What 1906 has in store for us we do not know nor can we surmise, nor will we attempt to do so as there is an abundance of work on hand at present to do and think about. Therefore we will go at what there is to accomplish at present and attempt to do it well. This is the resolution with which we hope all the students returned to the N. W. C. A. to begin the new year and new term. Altho studies seem rather hard to stay at for a short while after school opens nevertheless the disagreeable weather outside will soon overcome this tendency and there will be nothing to attract the attention of the student from his lessons such as there is when spring comes. Therefore we should do our level best now, for soon the time will be when we will not be able to do as well.

### William McKinley.

No great man has ever lived who has not rendered some beneficial service to his country. He may have died before he had completed what he had purposed to do. He may have died before he had even accomplished any service whatever. But the principles for which he stood will never die. Sooner or later they will become known. Then will they shine forth like meteors illuminating the true character of the man.

Europe may boast of her Caesars, her Savanarolas, her Wellingtons and her Bismarks. But is it necessary to look to Europe for such a character in whom are bleaded the three great virtues of the patriot, the statesman and the martyr? No, for America can point to her own sons. She can point to a man who has risen from the common people to the highest position of honor. A man who was loved by his people and whose fame extended to every civilized country. His name is William McKinley, the patriot, statesman and martyr. What was the secret of his success? Let his own record answer.

William McKinley was a descendant of the sturdy Scotch stock thus inheriting that love of freedom and indomitable will power so characteristic of that class. Niles, Ohio, was his birthplace but Canton was his chosen city. Here began the active part of his life.

His early education was received at Poland, Ohio, and Meadville, Pennsylvania. He was a very bright pupil and devoted his time almost exclusively to his studies. But this devotion expanded his mind at the expense of his body, and he was compelled to leave school.

While engaged in a store as a clerk, the civil war broke out. Then was that patriot spirit aroused in his bosom and leaving home and friends he hastened to the defence of his country.

He enlisted as a private, but was soon promoted. His superiors noted his executive ability and promoted him to commissary sergeant. Again at the battle of South Mountain, was his valor on the field rewarded, by promotion to sergeant. See him on the fiercely contested field of Antietam as he serves coffee to his famished comrades. See him again when a section of the Union army is entrapped in a valley and he rides into the very jaws of death to save a regiment. Bravery of this kind did not pass by unrewarded. With rapid strides he rose from one position to another until, at the close of the war, he reached the rank of major.

War was over. What was he next to do? At first he was undecided, but his old appetite for study returned and he began to study law. In two years he was admitted to the bar. He soon became prominent and was recognized as a shrewd lawyer.

In the following year McKinley entered the campaign for county attorney and to the chagrin of the Democrats who were largely in the majority, was elected. By his industry and success at law, he won the political support of some of the most influential men in Ohio. Through their influence he decided to become candidate for Congress. We now enter upon the most active part of his life.

With that same enthusiasm which had characterized his former campaign he entered upon this one, and was elected. McKinley did not take an active part at first in the wordy battles which occurred in Congress; but when he did speak he made himself felt. The tariff question really had its beginning in this Congress. When a bill was introduced for the reduction of duties, McKinley threw himself with all his might in opposition to the bill. By this speech his listeners were surprised at his thorough knowledge of the principles of tariff. He pointed out to them every detail of the general principles; then they saw how carefully he had studied them and how thoroughly versed he was in them.

Meanwhile the Democrats of Ohio had not been idle. They saw that they must adopt a different plan in order to defeat the popular protectionist. Therefore they arranged a gerrymander of the state so that he was compelled to run from a district largely new to him. It was with these obstacles in his way that he began his campaign for re-nomination. The Democrats were confident that McKinley would be defeated. But when the votes were counted, it was learned that he had been re-elected by a large majority.



One of the principal reasons for his re-nomination was his ability as an orator. As we have said McKinley did not rise to speak unless he had something worth saying. When he made his last speech on tariff, every person in the house paid the closest attention. When he rose he was greeted as the favorite of the audience. They admired and wondered at the remarkable intellectual power that he possessed. It was one of the greatest speeches ever made in the historic Capitol.

But this increasing popularity was not felt at Washington only. It was also felt over the entire country. The following year he was defeated for a third term in Congress. But it was really a victory for everywhere he was asked to deliver speeches.

As soon as McKinley's defeat became known, the Republicans of Ohio sought him as their candidate for governor for the following year. He accepted the nomination at Columbus, in one of those strong political speeches which made him so popular. As usual the Democrats were predicting McKinley's defeat, but when the returns were received it was learned that he was elected by a plurality of twenty thousand votes.

Having related some of the most important events leading up to his election as governor, let us now make a brief review of his administration. The first thing of importance was the coal strike in Ohio. The disturbance grew to be so great that it was necessary to call out the National guard. In this serious business Governor McKinley acted as commander-in-chief, managing the troops with a vigor which indicated that he meant to uphold the law by force if necessary but by milder means if possible. Here again he showed his remarkable executive ability.

But while McKinley's treatment of violations was strict and severe, there was also a merciful side to his conduct of affairs. As a natural result of these strikes there was a lack of employment and much suffering among the miners. He appointed committees to visit these mining districts, ascertain their real condition and report plans for an intelligent and judicious distribution of supplies. Governor McKinley's promptness and thoroughness in dealing with these matters elicited the warmest praise not only from Ohio but also from all sections of the country.

Even as his first term was troublesome, so too was the second; but trouble of a different kind. The Democrats had succeeded in re-electing Mr. Cleveland as president and the effects were soon felt. Financial fear and distrust sprang up on every side. Banks and business houses were failing. All eyes were now turned to Mc

Kinley, the great protectionist. They saw in him a man whose predictions had come true, and whose counsel they had rejected.

Great as had been the demand for McKinley as a campaign speaker, it was still greater now. Everywhere he was greeted as "our next president". When McKinley's name was mentioned, in the St. Louis convention, as a candidate for president, the fifteen thousand people present rose as with one accord, shouting the nation's choice. The result was one of the most decisive defeats the Democrats had ever received. We now turn to his presidential administration.

One of McKinley's first acts was the modification of the tariff, but the most important factor of his administration was the Spanish-American war. While the war fever is raging, McKinley stands coolly at the head of the nation with his hand on the helm of state, and pilots her safely through.

But we have now reached the last act of this drama. The hero has won the unbiased admiration of his mighty audience. But is it necessary to triumph over death in order to be a hero? Let us see. Slowly the huge curtain rises and we behold the last scene of the tragedy,— the assassination of President McKinley.

After an interesting but not exciting campaign McKinley was re-elected in 1896. During a summer tour of the country he made several speeches and an especial one at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. A reception was being held in the temple of Music at the Exposition. After the President had been introduced, all came forward for a personal greeting. Among those in line was a Pole whose right hand was covered with a handkerchief. It apparently covered a wounded hand but in reality concealed a revolver. Before their hands met, two shots rang out and the President, shot through the abdomen, fell into the arms of a detective. He was immediately taken to the hospital and operated on. Then followed anxious days. The operation had been successful and the President was improving. But on the sixth day after the shooting, he suffered a relapse. The physicians detected a weakening of the heart and saw the end was near. Peacefully and gently, like the flickering of a burned-out candle, the life of the President began to wane; suddenly growing a little brighter, and then like the last flicker, the great soul departed to appear before its Creator.

The noble patriot, statesman and martyr, now rests in his grave. But the service he has done for his country will never be forgotten. Though his tongue is silent, his words still resound in the halls of Congress. Was there ever a greater man in whom was



blended the virtues of the patriot, the statesman and the martyr? Has any orator explained the advantages of a protective tariff better than he? Has any American statesman pleaded more earnestly in behalf of his fellow man? Where is the man who has better followed the principles of a Democratic government? Long may America, yes even the wor'd, mourn over William McKinley whose patriotism helped to save his country, whose statesmanship was used in the service of his country and whose martyrdom has gained for him a name of immortal glory.

F. V. B. '06

### Only a Phonograph.

It was a beautiful summer evening. The moon shone bright and clear from the clear blue sky. The moon beams made their way through the heavy vines that covered the veranda, and smiled on the old man as he sat in his rocker. The air was sweet with the fragrance of the flowers, that were blooming around the porch. The stern old man sat rocking in his chair. Presently a tall young girl young girl came out of the house dressed in a pretty dainty dress.

As she was about to leave, she said, "Are you going to church with me father?" The old man answered coldly: "No, what do I want to go to church for? All those sermons are good for, are to make people go to sleep. Besides I do not feel well, I have such a pain in my heart. You better go though Katherine so the people won't think we are heathen." Katherine's face grew hot, the tears came to her eyes. She was a devoted Christian but her father was not. She was quite afraid of him when they talked of such matters, so she replied in a low voice; "I am sorry father, shall I stay home with you, seeing you are sick?" "No go ahead I'll be better in a little while." She left him. He saw her walk down the path among the pines and then she was gone.

The old man was troubled for he was thinking of some business affair. It was his main object to earn money and he was afraid he wasn't going to make as much in a deal as he had expected. He sat rocking and thinking. Presently he was aroused from his reverie by the sound of the music of a phonograph. It was away in the distance but he heard every word. He stopped rocking and listened. He heard voices sing the song, "Nearer my God, to Thee". It was sweet and low. He listened with intense eagerness. Never before had the song seemed so beautiful to him. He had heard it again and again in church but it had never made an impression upon him. Now he listened with mouth slightly opened. His lips grew parched,

his eyes burned, and his face was flushed. He tried to understand the meaning of the words. There was a short period of silence, then, as if the ice of his heart was broken, another song rang out on the clear air. It was "Lead, Kindly Light." This seemed more beautiful to him than the first. When the last strain had died away in the distance he was surprised to find tears rolling down on his sunken cheeks. The cold, stern man's heart had been touched, touched more than any one could tell. There was one more song. It seemed to speak his thoughts when he listened to it. It was, "Just as I am." The proud old man listened until it was finished and as if he had shaken a heavy veil from him, he rose from his chair and knelt beside the railing of the veranda, his head buried in his arms. He stayed in this position for a long time. He did not hear the approach of Katherine as she quietly came to his side. She was very much surprised to see her father praying, for she knew he was, for never before had she seen him pray. She stood by him, hot tears of joy ran down her cheeks. She heard him mutter a few words but did not know what they were, but was satisfied to know they were words of prayer.

He tried to get up but fell backwards. He had fainted. Katherine caught him in her arms and brought him in the parlor and laid him on the sofa. She sat beside him for an hour trying to bring him back to life. He at length opened his eyes and with a feeble voice said: "Katherine." "Yes father, I'm here." "Come close I want to tell you something." She took his hands in hers and he drew her face to his and kissed it. Then he said: "Good-bye, Katherine—I am happy—I am going to your mother—goodbye." The old man closed his eyes never to open them again. The seal of death was stamped upon them. But he lay as if he were sleeping a peaceful sleep.

M. W. '07.

### My Deer Hunt.

The hunter's life is always more or less fraught with mishaps and accidents. I remember, how, many years ago, when I was hunting in the Highlands of Scotland, I spent the first day. It was about nine o'clock in the morning when I set out on a deer hunt, with a gallant steed and a goodly number of blood hounds. I had not gone far out into the forest before I saw a large antlered stag rush out from his couch into the path and direct his speedy footsteps toward the wild heaths on the opposite hillside. The blood-hounds with great impetuosity followed their chase; but the noble



stag had swept the vale too fast for the dogs and had hid himself on the mountain's southern slope. After spending some time in the valley beneath, I made my way up the mountain. And what did I see but the great monarch, first facing me, then turning himself, and dashing down a darksome glen. Again the dogs bounded after their prize, and in order to cheer them on in their hot pursuit, I followed with my horse. But the horse stumbled and fell in a rugged place and was killed. Sounding my old hunting horn, I recalled the hounds from their vain and indignant chase. With these adventures my first day's hunting had ended and the sun's declining rays directed the shadows to the evening hour of a long remembered day.

"What was I to do?"

I was far out from home, far out in the trackless wilds, without a horse and without a road to guide me.

"Must I make my couch amidst the rustling oaks of that extensive forest? Should I remain in close dark deep woods subjected to the danger of the beasts that abound in those wilds?"

I went upon the highest point of a large cliff that over-hung the beautiful Loch Katrine. I viewed the golden waves that glistened in the setting sun. And behold to my surprise, a little skiff shot out into the bay. A damsel was its courageous pilot and steered across to the opposite shore. I sounded my horn. The maiden paused to catch the distant strain. She heard the notes as they spread far and wide over the gentle deep. I ceased. Impatient of the silence, the maiden pushed her little boat from the shore and began to come toward me. I told her of my perplexity, misfortune and benighted road. She invited me to come and be her guest for the night. Upon her coming to the shore I entered the boat with her and in a short time was on the other shore. We ascended the steep walls of the shore upon which stood a rustic dwelling. Young Ellen led me into a pleasant chamber and introduced me as her guest to her graceful mother the mistress of the mansion. The sylvan maid sang her charming rhymes and entertained me most hospitably. At length the hall was cleared, and they provided a bed for me, and soon I went to sleep for the night. And while I slept I dreamed a dream which I have not the courage to relate here. I awoke and a new morning dawned upon that stately sylvan cottage.

E. O. S. 07.

### Exchange.

Don't dress shabbily in the morning because no one will see you.  
Don't show less courtesy to your dependents than you would to your equals in position.

Don't take the world into your confidence either about your troubles or your family affairs.

Don't forget to be gentle and respectful to the aged, even when they are fussy and tiresome.

Don't criticise the food at meal times.

Don't refuse ungraciously when some one offers to do a favor.

Don't, when traveling by train or car, behave as if you were the one person who had a right to be there, and the rest were all interlopers.

When little David A — first arrived in America from China a kind-hearted physician, says the Living Church, devoted himself to his entertainment, but wounded the child's feelings by constantly calling him "Chinaman."

At last the boy could stand it no longer. "I am not a Chinaman, Dr. Willingham," he said.

"Why, of course you are," said the doctor. "Weren't you born in China?"

"I was born in China," David persisted, "but that doesn't make me a Chinaman."

"I wish you'd show me why," said his new friend.

"Dr. Willingham," inquired the little fellow, triumphantly, "if you had been born in a stable would you have been a horse?"

"Just to show you how deeply a man may feel on the negro question", recently remarked a prominent member of Georgia's Congressional delegation, "let me tell you of a conversation that took place in New York one day last week. Colonel Bill, of Atlanta, had been in Europe, and meeting Colonel Harry, of Atlanta, in Broadway, asked him the news from home.

"Nothing much happening," Colonel Harry replied. "But, look here, what do you suppose our fool legislature did at the last session? Passed a statute making it a misdemeanor to shoot a nigger."

"A misdemeanor!" cried Colonel Bill. "Oh, that's preposterous!"

"I tell you it's so," Colonel Harry insisted.

"A misdemeanor to shoot a nigger, eh?" Colonel Bill mused. "A misdemeanor, eh? Durin' what months of the year?"



## THE CLASSIC.

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

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### Locals.

School opened Monday, Jan. 8. Owing to the early hour of chapel exercise there was a rather poor attendance the first day. We are glad to note the enrollment of five new students; but regret to say that a few have also left us.

Undoubtedly most of us have made our New Year resolutions; but it is not too late to make some more. The Greek classes would be very much pleased if the professor in that study would "resolute" not to assign such long lessons any more.

The way the snow came down Jan. 15, made the students feel confident of a sleighride. But the wind soon had it lying in heaps, which spoiled it to a certain extent. It really begins to look as

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though we are going to be cheat-  
ed out of our bob-sleigh parties  
this year.

Mr. Sickenga, who is taking a  
partial course at the Academy is  
working during his spare time at  
the Northwestern State Bank  
with a view to "learn the trade."

Another change has occurred  
in the Halcyon club officers. Mr.  
Huisinga, secretary, and Mr. Van  
der Bie, treasurer, having resign-  
ed, have been succeeded by Mr.  
J. W. Brink, and Mr. Kuyper, re-  
spectively. Board will undoubt-  
edly now become cheaper since  
these two "grafters" have re-  
signed.

Friday evening, Jan. 12, was  
the Philomathean's first meeting  
of the new term. The meeting  
should have been adjourned  
owing to the special Prayer ser-  
vices.

Mr. Sickenga gave a very  
amusing talk on his opinion of  
the Academy girls at society.

Mr. R. D. K. translates the  
following Latin: "Celsa sede  
Aeolus arce." "King Aeolus was  
sitting on a sharp rock."

Mr. Tyrell who failed to fulfill  
his engagement sometime in  
Nov. last, spoke in the Town Hall  
Wednesday Jan. 17. We suppose  
all the "Sleepy Heads" in the  
Academy have been awakened  
after his lecture on that subject.

Dick Obbink did not return to  
school after Xmas vacation but  
remained at home owing to vari



ous reasons.

The Academy roll now reaches 73 one more than the total enrollment last year.

Owing to another change in the program, all classes are to have Bible study on Monday morning. The "A's" and "B's" are combined into one class, the "A's" missing Elocution and the "B's" Greek-German. The "C's" and "D's" are also combined into one class and missing Drawing, in which study they are also combined.

Do you know what a potential optative is? Ask the "A" Greeks.

There is simply "nuthin' doin'" here, which accounts for the brevity of the locals.

### De Alumnis.

'94. Miss Kittie Kramer has been elected to a position in the Orange City Schools.

'97. Rev. H. Haarsma, pastor of the Christian Reformed church of West Sayville, N. Y., is visiting his parents in this city. Rev. Haarsma will fill the pulpit of the local Christian Reformed church next Sabbath.

'93. Miss Margaret Huizenga spent a few days visiting friends in the city.

Otto Braskamp, '03 Arie '01 and John Muyskens, '05 from Grinnell and Jake Gleysteen, '01 from Ann Arbor spent their Christmas holidays at their homes in Alton.

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The Christmas season brought many young people home from colleges and places of business, among them being some of our Alumni G. Van de Steeg, '04 from Ames, D. Rhynsburger, '02 N. De Bey, '02 from Iowa City, John De Bey, from Oakland, Neb. Mae Hospers, '02 from Grinnell and Peter Balkema, '04 from Storm Lake.

'02. Mr. A. H. Manus from Minneapolis visited with friends in Orange City during the holidays.

Miss Fay Wilcox, '02 teacher in the Hawarden schools, spent her Christmas holidays at home.

Miss Cynthia Meyer, '96 from Indianapolis and Arnold Meyer, '95 the assistant professor in chemistry at Grinnell, spent their vacation at home in Alton.

On Jan. 10th 1906 B. Bruins was married to Miss Anna Kuyper at Boyden. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Van Houten in church.

Rev. and Mrs. Bruins are at home to their friends in Sully where he will be pastor of the Reformed church.

Mr. Will Kuyper principal of the Lafayette school went to Boyden Jan., 10 to attend his sister's wedding.

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# The Northwestern Classical Academy.

## Three Important Questions

*for those who are considering the selection  
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- 1st. *What is the character of the school?*
- 2nd. *What is its equipment?*
- 3rd. *What expense is involved?*

The Northwestern Classical Academy is no longer an experiment. Its present station, backed by a record of 20 years, enables it to offer inducements well worthy your consideration. Tho no religious test is required for entrance, its students are surrounded by such conditions as will tend to lofty, christian ideals. Its Faculty consists of instructors equipped with a college training and able to give their students the benefit of years of experience in special lines of work.

Its buildings, library, laboratories, lecture rooms, and athletic equipment are among the best and represent a value of over \$35,000.

Of its two hundred graduates, one hundred seventy-one have entered upon successful business or professional life, or are now pursuing college courses in leading institutions of the land. Our graduates are in demand. Expenses are reduced to a minimum. Tuition costs nothing. Board and room can be had at the newly equipped Halcyon club at actual cost. All expense including board and room need not exceed \$125.00 per year, many have reduced them to \$100.00.

Worthy boys and girls are cheerfully given aid from special funds, when circumstances warrant such action.

The Academy courses include Latin, Greek, German, Book-keeping, Pedagogy, and Science.

Consider the advantages which this school offers. If interested, write to the Principal for detailed information or catalog. All questions promptly answered. Address—

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