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# The Classic, June 1897

Northwestern Classical Academy

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*Herbert De Long*  
*Shelburne*  
*Iowa*  
JUNE, 1897.

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

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*W. S.*  
*W. S. O.*  
**The Classic.**

PUBLISHED AT ORANGE CITY, IOWA.  
*W. S. O.*

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HERALD PRINT, ORANGE CITY.



# 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 five :

JAMES F. ZWEMER, A. M.  
ANTHONY TE PASKE, A. B.  
PHILIP SOULEN, A. M.  
CORNELIA A. VAN DER LINDEN, A. B.  
HENRIETTA ZWEMER,

## 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 two 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 twelve 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.

REV. JAMES F. ZWEMER, Orange City, Iowa.

# The Classic.

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## Editorial.

**W**ITH THIS issue of THE CLASSIC we take up the quill for the last time during this school year to write a few lines in remembrance of what is past.

"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis." Who truly realizes the truth of this old proverb? And yet to whom does it speak more seriously than to a student, when again another year bids him adieu. Seemingly the past school year counted only as so many hours as there were days, all of it has been carried along with the broad ocean stream of time never to return. We have met friends whom we never knew before; we have made experiences which will not soon be forgotten; and, best of all, blessed is that student who can add to this we have learned things about which we did not dream before, and we have stored up knowledge that will never leave us. For such a one especially, the year has not dropped away as into oblivion, but simply moved on upon its path leaving here and there impressions which time shall never be able to efface. And if we may be allowed to speak about the dear class of '97, no fear of disappointment can restrain us to say that, as long as their members will strive for their motto: "Esse quam videri," "To

be rather than to seem," our Academy may feel proud to have ushered forth another "squadron" across its threshold.

To you dear friends, a hearty "Fare ye well." If it is proper to weave a Forget-me-not in the garland which you have gained here, allow us also to add one: Remember that Institution which you are leaving, and which led you on in the search of education; bear in mind the friends you met there, and furthermore consider that THE CLASSIC still claims your allegiance. Its pages will be ever open to you, allow it to be a friend in your homes, and remain a contributor.

And we also regret that this CLASSIC must bid adieu to one of our teachers. The class with which Prof. A. Te Paske entered the Institution four years ago, also witnesses his departure. But he goes accompanied by the good wishes of all the students, and we bid him too a hearty, cordial, Fare thou well. His thorough and excellent work has made him valuable for our school, and the helpfulness and cordiality with which he always treated the students, have made him a friend of all.

And finally, fellow students, who after a year of hard work are longing for rest and recreation to strengthen yourselves



for the studies of a coming year—we hope to meet you again within these walls, when the warm summer days are gone by, and the more refreshing autumn breezes will welcome us again.—You too, Fare you well!

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### Literary.

#### Salutatory.

OUR LIFE is a continuous beginning and ending. One generation comes and another goes; one leaves the stage of action when another enters it. We stand to-night at the end of our preparatory course, and it is called Commencement. We are only to form another link in the long chain of classes that have gone forth from this institution in the past. All beginnings are difficult. Inexperience and ignorance make a student's course a continuous trial—a continuous beginning to learn some new thing. Beginning is difficult because so much depends on its success. For as the few feet of the barrel of a gun determine the course of the bullet, so do the few preparatory years of life give direction and intensity to our future course and career. Education is a sort of mill through which we must go and which wears off the rough corners and smoothes and forms to fit us for the duties of life. Every individual, as he is found on the shores of the ocean of life is a rough boulder of stone, unfit for use, except to swell the massive bulk of heaps. But the sculptor comes, and in that same undesirable and ugly block of stone he finds an angel. Education is the sculptor that leads the angel out, and fits it to adorn the palaces of kings.

But not all stones contain the same image, neither can every individual be educated to become an artist. And this is very natural. For as in a large building not all stones have the same form and purpose, so does the world need the different individualities to form the grand

structure of society. We cannot all be the massive corner stone on which the whole building rests, nor need we all aspire to be the keystone in the grand arch overhead. You and I, my friends, have each a setting somewhere in a place that no other can fill for us and where we can do more good than anywhere else, whether it be as an ornament in a conspicuous place, or perhaps, as an ugly piece of rock under the ground where nobody will see or appreciate us. The calling for which we are naturally adopted is the best and most honorable we can occupy; and we must let education bring that out. True education makes a man more like himself; it is not creation; it is development. Too many often aspire to do things for which they have no adaptability; and consequently in doing so wrench themselves out of joint, and are cripples forever afterwards.

While now we have passed through the first process of an education, some perhaps directly to fill positions in life, others to receive still further the application of chisel and mallet, we take pleasure in retracing the several processes through which we have gone.

Well do we remember the time when we assembled as "D's," full of hope and ambition for the future. As with all things in this world, too much was expected at the start; too easy did we count the difficulties; too long did we think the time; too great expectations of ourselves; too grand its final victory. Man is always inclined to have too great expectations of the future; the future, he thinks, will bring him prosperity—wealth, honor, distinction—all his hopes are for the future. His aircastles are easily adapted to his own wishes and desires, and thus he sallies out. But he does not figure on the many crooks and curves in the way of life. Neither did we count all there was between us and graduation, neither did we reckon on the many disappointments that

awaited us in these four years. We stand to-night as a weary traveler on the top of a steep hill, looking down on the long, winding ascent through which he has just toiled his upward way. We smile at the queer notions we often entertained; we wonder that we really yet, in our greenness and inexperience, have reached the top. Yes, many a time, we acknowledge, were our teachers obliged to point us toward the real goal, when we were about to wander into paths whereby we should have missed the real end of an education. We wish to express our heartfelt thankfulness to our teachers to-night for the patience and faithfulness with which they have corrected our faults and guided us onward to this end of our course. We feel we do not half appreciate all they have done for us. To-night we bring our humble tribute to their honored work; and, should we in the future ever succeed in gaining positions of honor or trust in the world, we will gladly acknowledge that it was in part through their instrumentality that we became what we are.

And now fellowstudents, and undergraduates, if our experience is worth any thing to you, if we may speak to you of things with which you, as yet, have not made acquaintance, we would, by all means, entreat you: Do not take your student's course too easy. Youth is a serious time of life and especially those few years that decide our way and occupation for all our after life. Opportunities neglected, never return, as a certain writer puts it: "Fortune knocks only once at a man's door." It seems to me that it is knocking at every one's door while he has the opportunity of obtaining an education. For though riches are sought more eagerly than anything else in our age, yet it cannot compare in worth to mankind with what an education gives. "For wisdom is more precious than rubies, and all things that can be desired are not to be compared with it."

So now, dear classmates, while we are gathered, perhaps for the last time as a class, the thought of parting tunes our hearts to serious reflections. However, let us not take away the joy of having reached the goal. We may well congratulate ourselves that to-night we may leave these halls as victors. The start have we made; and with "Truth, Not Appearance," written in our banner, we march to our field of labor. Whatever we may do, wherever our lot may be cast, let truth and virtue be our guides, and the glory of our Maker and man's wellbeing our only aim and purpose. Let not desire of power or honor, let not riches or any selfish ambition be allowed to carry us away from the true end of life. The way may be rugged, the disappointments many, but for all these, let us here determine to be true to ourselves and our calling.

Thus, ladies and gentlemen, the class of '97 welcomes you to their Commencement exercises. After the feverish struggle of these four years, after the good and ill that befell us in your midst, it is good for us to be here and meet you all. Wherever duty may lead, however toilsome and lonely the way may be, our ambition is not for earthly fame or glory, but for a humble part in the maintenance of liberty and right and the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God on earth. Thus dropping all superficialities that would tend to obstruct us in the faithful performance of our duty, and casting a hopeful glance toward the future, we wish you all a hearty welcome.

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### The History of the Class of '97.

BY HENRIETTA HOSPERS, '97.

AS I glance over the pages of the history of our illustrious class, it brings back pleasant recollections, and I sigh as I think, "Ah, could I but live that part of my life over!" But no—that is past, its sweet pleasures are no more to be enjoyed, still I can sit down at close of



day, that quiet hour for revery, and dream of those Academy days.

Let us retrace our steps until we reach that memorable morning in September, four years ago. These walls which have been quiet so long, again re-echo the shouts and laughter of the students.

After enjoying a long vacation, the students of the Northwestern Classical Academy again assemble in their accustomed rooms. A number have left these walls of learning, never more to return; but others have stepped in to take their places—among these are some that now have reached the goal.

Were I to narrate the history of each individual, who has once been entered upon our class roll, your eyelids would become heavy, your heads would drop, and you would fall into the arms of Morpheus, ere I had ended my tale. Of the large number we once had as classmates, sixteen have completed the course, ten of whom have been with us from the beginning, and to-night you have the privilege—if I may call it so—of looking upon our countenances.

Many were the trials we encountered; much ridicule of our fellow students have we endured; difficult lessons have been mastered. Yes, indeed, we have sailed through deep and perilous seas, but we have persevered through every storm and tempest, and now have reached the haven.

Of those that were at different times our travelling companions, the largest number you see before you; some are scattered here and there, and one was taken away in life's springtime—for him we drop a reverent tear.

During our first year the gentlemen had only three ladies under their charge. Of the three, two are in your presence at this hour, the other now wields the rod in a country school. May she be reminded of her own experience in the Academy, when she complains of long and difficult lessons, and be merciful to her pupils!

We have a rather interesting romance in our history, I shall not enlarge upon the details. A young man from Hull passed many a day in our midst and shared our joys and our sorrows. But one morning we were astonished to hear that he had abandoned his single life and had taken upon himself the cares and burdens of a husband. Still greater surprise awaited us—he left his youthful wife, and, to forget his former career, he enlisted in the army. As the sequel showed, the battles of Uncle Sam's soldiers were not active enough for our classmate—he has come back to domestic engagements.

The valedictorian of the class of '96 first cast his lot in with us, but for these three reasons; that he was very diligent in study, that he had the advantage of being in such a bright class as ours, and possibly that he had some attraction in the class above us, he distanced us, and reached the end before we did.

A chain is no stronger than its weakest link; but a class may move faster than its slowest plodder. So the class of '97 has left a legacy to the class of '98. As we now launch forth, we wave a fond adieu to our inscrutable friend "Clip!"

In the second year our ladies numbered seven. Indeed we received many merited scoldings. One of those ladies, both a poet and an artist, gave us a sample of her poetry during the English hour:

"Then he thinks it is right,  
To give the ladies their due,  
When he says with all his might,  
'That includes the ladies too.'"

Tho we were not all poets, yet we were polite, and one morning presented our English professor with a beautiful bouquet of mustard flowers. "*A sample of 'C' class politeness.*"

We had at this time already acquired the reputation of "the roaring 'C's.'" More than one professor encouraged us by saying, "There is enough material in this class; if you would only behave, you

would be the best class in the institution." However, they told us that, merely to keep order, and we did not heed.

During the second year of our course, the scene of our activity was changed. Doubtless we had done our share in anathemizing the "Castle of Despair." Much was expected of the move as a means of moral reform. Altho we did not feel at home immediately in the new building yet we soon found the "Corner of Wick-edness," where some of the class would frequently be found, devising some sly prank, when they were interrupted by the sonorous voice of the Principal, "Report for Duty."

This class especially took a liking to astronomy, at least star-gazing. One evening while engaged in this pursuit, that great phenomenon, "The Constellation of the Toughs," was discovered. But the historian who is true to time, must relate that a few stars who were of the first magnitude, shone like the moons of Jupiter, with borrowed light.

Time has wafted us onward to September, 1896. One more year and we shall have attained our end. Three years have flown by; it seems but yesterday we first met as "D's". Some of these by-gone days we may wish to live over; others—ah no! let them pass; never more do we desire to see them again.

Our class numbered sixteen in its last year, all of these you may see before you this evening. Perhaps to make you acquainted with them, it is necessary to give a few traits of their character, as seen in the classroom.

The class is divided into two divisions the Greeks, of whom there are eleven, and the Germans of whom there are five.

There is the young man from Dakota who is so considerate of the ladies, that he always carries a cough drop with him to give to them in case of an emergency.

Let me briefly tell of the others: There is Dr. Tough, that sedate, dignified Senior,

with a fortune in his face, who is as full of fun as the others; then "Compound Curve," very studious, keeps the class laughing with his sayings; next our chorister from Maurice, who is, I am sure, not so fond of Geometry as of music; again, that gentleman from Alton, who delights in singing, "The Pretty Little Fishermayden," and also that young man who sits with his cousin in the English room.

Last year an operation was performed, or rather was attempted by Dr. Tough, to cure our "Giggler" from his troublesome giggling, often betraying his classmates by that well known laugh. That operation was not successful, even now, if you listen carefully, you may hear it.

The city of Nineveh was indeed, a very great city. Our noted orator, "Nineveh," a namesake of that ancient city, truly resembles it in its greatness. He also delights in teasing the ladies.

That black-eyed, black-haired Senior, tho but of small stature, is by no means the most quiet. Look into those expressive eyes—how they sparkle and dance with mischief!

The Valedictorian and Salutatorian, always studious, and faithful in work, yet taking their share in mischief, deserve honorable mention, both in study and mischief.

Two gentlemen, always so gallant and chivalrous, together with the three ladies, compose the German class. That modest young lady Newkirk; that mischievous lady from the rocky vale; and last the one whom people think so quiet, but when you learn to know her better, you are in error.

So I have introduced the class of '97 to the audience. Now we hope you are better acquainted with us, and that you have formed a good opinion of us. Imagination has not been "playing pranks with memory," the facts, as I have stated them are truth, perhaps in all cases not the whole truth, but certainly nothing more than the truth.



And now we part. Happy days we spent together, never more to return!

"Parting at best is underlaid with tears,  
With tears and pain."

And we find separation from our Academy days, as hard as leaving a beloved friend. In after years, when we are old, we will probably think of these days—that door our class and the one above us broke; those easy(?) Geometry propositions; when some said we did not know the difference between "hypothesis" and "hypothemis," and the other class jokes. We sigh deeply as we think of the days of "auld lang syne." But for this night, let us banish all sad thoughts and think only of the happy present.

"Fare thee well for I must leave thee,  
Do not let this parting grieve thee,  
For the best of friends must part, must part,  
Adieu, adieu kind friends adieu, adieu,  
I cannot always stay with you,  
I'll hang my harp on the weeping willow tree,  
And may the world go well with thee."

\* \* \*

#### The Class Prophecy.

BY MISS GERTRUDE HUIZENGA.

IT IS the year 1927. I am thinking again of ye olden days. Time has rolled on in its ceaseless course, and many years have passed since the class of '97 left the Academy to cope with the stern realities of life. As "I idly turn the leaves of memory's sketch book," I dream again of the days of Auld Lang Syne. I see each member of that class as clearly as though it were but yesterday since we parted. As I turn leaf after leaf, memory carries me back to a certain afternoon when the three girls of the class made an agreement to meet after a stated number of years and to relate to each other all that had occurred since they left the Academy. Our hopes then were that

"Time eftsoon will tumble

All of us together like leaves in a gust."

This was why I was dreaming; some days ago I started on my journey to join

my friends a year hence in the fulfillment of the engagement. My companions are a friend, a little poodle, and my pet chameleon.

June 22.—The first place at which we arrived and are to stay a short time is Des Moines. Today we attended a meeting in the House, and as we entered the Senate-Chamber, a sea of faces met our wondering gaze.

Many speakers addressed the assembly. A loud cheer greeted the arrival of a newcomer, and with astonishment we perceive in the honored old gentleman, Mr. Jno. Wesselink, the statesman, formerly a diplomat of our class. Deep lines were furrowed on his brow, which brought to mind how earnestly and steadily he always kept at his work.

Glad to see again this old friend, we talked of days long past, and from him I learned where others of our class were casting their lot.

July 19.—Chicago.

Wishing to go through the hospitals and training schools for nurses, we were directed to a very large building. Many women were busily engaged in various occupations. Upon approaching us one of these called me by the old familiar name of our school-days. She proved to be none other than Miss Mabel Ter Beest, who, though she had not taken all our studies, was yet reckoned with us. Her careful ways reminded us that "Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge." As she led us from ward to ward, and showed us her patients, we noticed, with a smile, that they were mostly young and middle-aged men. She told us this was her choice field, and though her hair was streaked with silver threads, she still was a friend of the boys. Following directions, an omnicycle soon brought us to a beautiful sky-scraper; and entering a pneumatic elevator we were shot up into the fifteenth story in about as many seconds. We rang a bell and a servant in

livery ushered us into a luxuriantly furnished apartment where Dr. D. Gleysteen; the dentist, soon entered. After chatting a short time we took our departure.

August 24.—We arrived here at Grand Haven, Mich., a few days ago and are now at a summer resort some miles from there; we have made many pleasant acquaintances. Having accepted an invitation to a soiree this evening, we were among the first guest who arrived. In the midst of a group of newcomers was a genial old doctor whose kindly face, so full of expression, brought to mind the morning when our professor in Elocution told Mr. Bekkering that he had a fortune in his face; for it was Dr. Wm. Bekkering now, the old doctor also of our school-days. How he did doctor the boys; among others, the giggler, Mr. Van Wyk.

Some weeks have passed and we are again on our way.

October 5.—My anonymous friend wished to visit Kentucky, and here we are. The people are wild with the excitement of the coming election. While riding in the country this afternoon we saw a large crowd and, upon drawing nearer, a man wildly gesticulating, proved to be arguing against Intemperance. He used *words*; bulky words, words at wholesale, sesquipedalian words that stalked the stage, and made him a victim of words. The crowd being so intensely interested did not heed that. In a moment to our astonishment, we saw that it was Mr. H. Haarsma who was thus haranguing the people.

As it is so near winter time we shall take the next train for Florida.

November 25.—It is delightfully warm, and we tarry a few days beneath the sun. We heard of a great orator who was to speak at Kissimee. On entering the Hall we caught the deep, full tones of Hon. S. M. Nieveen, for whom we had always prophesied a brilliant future as orator.

March 18.—It is but a short time since

the inauguration of the President, and we are in Washington.

As we call on the President and his family, we see with them a gentleman, tall of stature, who appears quiet and thoughtful. It is Ex-Senator Van Wechel, Secretary of State. Many recollections of his earnest zeal and endeavors now came back to us. How nobly he had striven at school, his efforts being crowned when he became valedictorian of the class. Much of his renown he attributed to his Academy days, for there, he said, was where the foundation was laid of all his later successes.

Twice had the sun risen and set, and on the morning of the third day we find ourselves at Boston.

Our time has been pleasantly spent at the home of Mr. J. H. Hospers, who is an inventor and resides there.

Upon learning our intentions to go abroad the next day, he astonished us by suddenly exclaiming "I will take you across the ocean." His eyes danced with joy and he was as enthusiastic as ever, as he told us that he had invented a real air-ship, suggested, as he said, by rumors which we used to hear at school of an air ship near Ireton. The dime which fell to his lot in a piece of Fortune cake at a class sociable seemed to have brought him riches, not only, but fame.

April 15.—At the end of four days we have landed here at the Azores Islands, and, no doubt, have frightened the natives. We were surprised to see these heathens so completely civilized. The cause soon appeared (followed by many people) in the person of Ds. Henry Arends, Jr., who has been pastor and missionary here for many years.

May 5.—From there our ship took us to Germany. Yesterday we visited many conservatories of Music, Art Galleries and Colleges. In one college we entered the department of languages and whom should we see but Mr. E. C. Hofmeister, the Professor of German. As he



was about to take a vacation, he suggested that we all go to Russia, for his friend, Mr. P. De Lange was at Moscow, and he wished to stay a brief time with him. Thither we went. Above all the roar and din of the city, gentle strains of music carried to us on the wind gradually grew louder. Looking up we saw a vast number of people marching along, and the leader, with locks as black as the raven's wing, flourishing his cane and beginning a new song. It was the Salvation Army, and as it came still nearer, we thought our sight must be failing as we recognized Mr. De Lange. His whole soul seemed to enter into the spirit of the song.

After making such a delightful tour abroad we must now return to Philadelphia, to the home of our "Zoete Etje" (as we were wont to call her.)

It is the first day of June. We are now resting comfortably in Miss Etta Hospers' beautiful cozy home, for she is amiable and entertaining as ever. Being an authoress, she is a busy little woman, but lives in single blessedness as yet.

"The sweetest woman ever Fate,  
Perverse denied a household mate."

Yesterday it was almost tea-time when we heard a quick sharp pull at the door-bell. In another moment a gentleman, handsome but small, was ushered in. He is small *only one* way, for we should judge his waist measure to be about fifty inches. It is our friend Cupid, or Mr. S. J. Harmeling. He often visits here for the sake of old (?) friendships. This forenoon we accompanied him to his Electric Laboratory, and mischief that he still is, he quietly gave me a shock, which reminded us of our former experiments in Natural Philosophy.

June 8:—Five days more and the reunion of the three girls of the class of '97 is to occur. Our rendezvous is at the home of Nettie Sipma (as we used to call her.) Mr. Harmeling will accompany us, and all will, no doubt, be heartily wel-

comed by our friend Nettie. Her husband (whose name you may have guessed) is Mr. L. Van Wyk, a wealthy merchant.

June 20.—Last Sunday we attended the services at the Grace Reformed church. It is a magnificent structure.

The choir consists of a large chorus among whom are the prominent singers of New York. As the grand organ pealed forth a prelude the chorister rose before his chorus. His hair is long and sprinkled with gray, but we recognized his voice, it is Mr. J. Van Peurse, whose musical career began during our Academy days.

This evening, after the gentlemen had retreated to the cool and shady grove, we sat down and recalled the past, also of the time when we were happy, careless school girls. Our hearts became sad as we thought how much more profitably we might have spent those youthful days forever flown.

Then memory brought back to our minds the lines of our familiar poet:

"God pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.  
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: 'It might have been!'"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes;  
And in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away.

\* \*

#### Valedictory.

BY ALLEN VAN WECHEL.

CASTING our eyes on the different objects that meet our gaze, we observe that they all are subject to changes. Day changes into night; fair weather into foul; plants and animals die and decay, and even the solid rocks gradually wear away into sand and soil. Thus from the cradle to the grave, man, also, undergoes certain changes. Born in a state of helplessness and ignorance, his mind longs for emancipation, it longs for broader views, for more extensive fields. Like as the eye

hateth darkness, so does the human mind abhor ignorance. All the lawful objects of human efforts put forth to overcome this ignorance are but means to higher results and nobler ends. The fact that erring humanity will never attain perfection ought not to prevent them from attempting to conform themselves to it; but, led forward by the advantages of a Christian education, and knowing that every action or deed of man's life shall touch upon a chord that will vibrate in eternity, may they ever go onward and upward striving to attain an end worthy of our high nature.

With these thoughts and motives within us, we, the class of '97, have arrived at another stage in our life's career. A few short years have we labored in this part of life's battlefield; to-night we stand upon the threshold looking toward the future; a moment more and we pass on. The gratification of one set of wishes has but prepared the unsatisfied soul for the conception of another.

One end has been reached, only to begin the journey to another; and as we take each successive step we feel confident that the end will always crown our labor.

Citizens of Orange City, friends of the institution: But, a few short years ago we, as a zealous band of students, took up our abode in your midst. Many of us then came here as strangers. But, as the years passed by, ties of associations have been formed, which, as we leave you to-night, must be cut asunder. Some may remain here, others will leave probably never to meet you again. Though distance may divide us, yet the memory of priceless associations shall be a gem ever bright and sparkling in the casket of our memory; and as the class of '97 leaves you to-night, it wishes likewise to be remembered by you. Trusting that your interest in the Institution may ever increase and thanking you for the many benefits received, we bid you farewell.

Respected Principal and Instructors: This evening it is again the sad duty of another class to bring you its parting words. To you the class of '97 feels greatly indebted for the advantages received under your kind guidance and instructions. In our race for knowledge, you have been patient with us, and shown an interest in our welfare. When perplexities and difficulties obstructed our pathway, you were ever ready and willing to assist us. We realize that under your instructions we have been the better prepared to cope with life's difficulties. The foundation of our castle of hope has, we trust, been laid upon the solid rock of a Christian training; so that, though the dark and stormy waves of the future may break upon us, we need not fear. For all this receive our humble thanks, trusting that, as we follow the footsteps of our predecessors, we shall be remembered by you, and hoping that, as we go forth into life's school of experience, we may reflect honor upon you and the Institution, we bid you a fond farewell.

Honorable Members of the Board: Often have you been addressed by classes gone before. Tonight another class has reached this point and now wishes to do the same. Yet we can but repeat the same which has so often been presented to you. We feel grateful to you for the pleasant surroundings we have enjoyed, for selecting so able a faculty, and thereby causing the Institution to attain so prominent a position in the educational world. And as years roll along, and class after class leaves its halls may it but cheer you onward in the noble work you have begun; for already you are beginning to realize the fruits of your labors. And among those who have gone, may you remember the class of '97, which now bids you farewell.

Fellow Students: The ceaseless flow of time has at last also brought us to the hour of parting. For a few years have we



labored as students of the same Institution, as members of the same army struggling for higher education. But that time has drawn to a close. Slowly as time passed away, have we advanced, overcoming difficulties, surmounting obstacles until the topmost step of this ladder has been reached. To-night we linger with you for a few moments to encourage you in your labors. We can sympathize with you, for experience has taught us that a student's life is a life of seclusion, a life of battling with self. But let not this discourage you, for remember that patience and perseverance overcome the greatest difficulties, and in due time victory shall also be yours. With great hopes of the future, and fond recollections of the past we bid you adieu.

Dear Classmates: The long expected hour has arrived. Our course in yonder halls has been completed, and now we too must bid each other farewell. For three short years have I been with you—years that shall ever be retained in my memory as the most pleasant of boyhood's days. Often did our way seem dark and gloomy. Beginning at the very foot of the hill and working slowly to the top, seemed to us indeed a very discouraging process. The mind was too eager to reach out for success through broader channels, by quicker means. Yet we soon learned the patient conquest of those difficulties which so often barred the way, was essential not only for securing the success which we sought, but also to that preparation of the mind necessary for the enjoyment of our success, as unearned success is always a curse. So day by day, week by week we have worked on sharing each others joys and bearing each others burdens. Now it is past, and soon we are to be scattered in diverse directions, each to carry out life's work. Start not forward, then, with the idea of becoming mere seekers of pleasure, but labor to accomplish a work, which shall remain unchanged and beau-

tiful, when time shall have withered the garland of youth, when thrones of power and monuments of art shall have crumbled to dust. The call of the future is great, the field of labor is extensive. There is yet much to do, and much to learn. Oh! let our aims be high, and ever lead in such ways as will bring a clear conscience and a noble career.

\* \* \*

**Class Song.**

With the trend of ages onward,  
Quickly these four years have flown,  
Leaving us in life's great vineyard,  
Now to reap what we have sown.

These four years have bro't us nearer,  
To our destined goal of life,  
Friendship's ties bind us the dearer  
For their share of toil and strife.

Let our own ambition never  
In the path of duty stand,  
But let truth and virtue ever,  
Hand and heart—our all—command.

CHORUS:—  
Farewell to these scenes we tender,  
Farewell teachers, classmates true,  
One last parting song we render,  
Fare ye well, Adieu, Adieu!

Music: Prof. Ph. Soulen.  
Words: John Wesselink.

\* \* \*

"Mamma what is heredity?" asked Bobby, shedding a few tears, and laboriously tripping over the syllables of the long word. "Why, it is—it is something you get from your father or me," replied the mother. Silence of two minutes and more tears. "Then ma," he asked, "is spanking hereditary?"—Ex.

FOR FIRST-CLASS. . . . .

## PHOTOGRAPHS

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IT IS ALWAYS a pleasure to be able to say a few words about a friend; but especially so when that person holds the double position of friend and teacher. Such is our happy privilege on this occasion, when we may write a few words of appreciation and esteem, but also of a parting farewell below a half tone cut of our respected teacher, Prof. A. Te Paske. Four years has he occupied the English and Greek chair of this Institution. The present graduating class have received their first lessons in both these branches under his guidance; and certainly do they with all the students of the Academy unite to bring their humble tribute to his honored work. Prof. Te Paske has always been the friend of the students. He was affable and kind to every one, and showed great interest in their welfare. His method of governing was inspired by love and respect. His integrity and honesty have won for him the hearts of all his pupils. We do not speak in hyperbole when we say that as long as the present enrollment shall remember the name of the Northwestern Classical Academy his name will always be held in the most tender regard and loving remembrance.

While now he will leave us to seek his fortune in another line of work, we wish him godspeed in whatever he does, and proffer hereby the fond hope that he will

not forget us, nor those dear relations of yore.

THE STUDENTS.

\* \* \*

**Locals.**

Our annual Commencement exercises were held Thursday evening, June 17, in the Opera House. Notwithstanding the heat of the day, though in the evening quite tempered by a fresh breeze, the hall was crowded with friends, even so, that many were obliged to stay at the door. The good order during the exercises, the attentive listening of the audience, together with the many congratulations, which afterwards were received both by Faculty and Students, are proofs of the real success and satisfaction of this our Thirteenth Commencement. With cordial sympathy, we regret that we must state the absence of one of the

graduating *Seventeen*. Miss Etta Hospers was on account of illness obliged to stay at home. The following program was rendered:

MUSIC—Orange City Band.

INVOCATION—Rev. G. H. Hospers.

MUSIC—Away to the Fields—Chorus.

Salutatory—

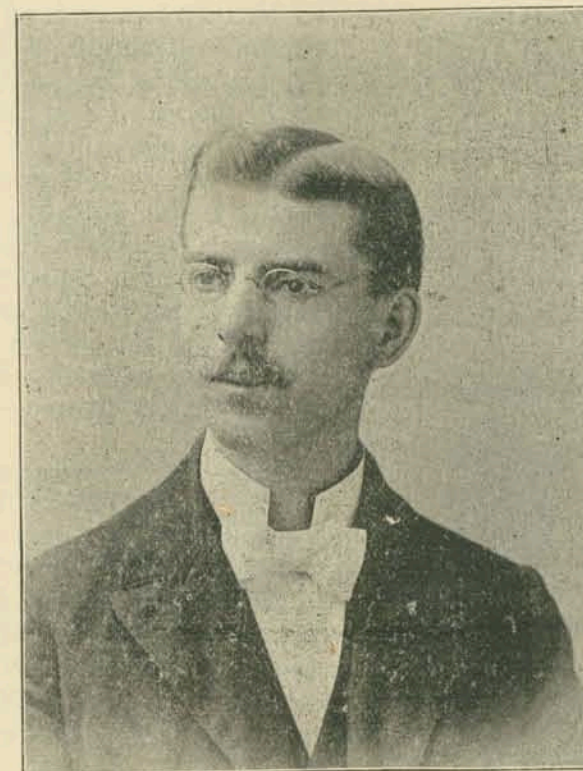
JOHN WESSELINK

Toussaint L'Overture—

D. J. GLYSTEN

Irish Philosophy—

L. W. VAN WYK





MUSIC—Male Quartette.  
 Belshazzar's Feast—  
 Miss N. SIPMA  
 Parody on Mark Anthony's Address—  
 J. VAN PEURSEM  
 Class History—  
 Miss E. HOSPERS  
 Sockery's Hen—  
 W. BEKKERINK  
 MUSIC—Hither Fairies—Female Sextette  
 Class Prophecy—  
 Miss G. A. HUIZENGA  
 The Soldier's Pardon—  
 J. H. HOSPERS  
 Valedictory—  
 \*A. VAN WECHER  
 CLASS SONG.  
 Presentation of Diplomas by Principal.  
 MUSIC—Fairyland Waltz—Chorus.

## BENEDICTION.

"Commencement!!" "Examinations!!!"  
 "Did you pass?"

Dr. N. M. Steffens of Dubuque Seminary led the exercises Monday morning. Rev. J. M. Van der Meulen conducted them Thursday, June 10.

Prof. in English: "How far are you, Mr. N—?" Ans. "Oh I am at Holmes' now!" Another student at Holmes' Hotel!

Mr. and Mrs. Fluth from Peterson called to see their daughter Grace.

Prof.: "Give the classification of lakes."  
 Student: "Sweet and sour."

On Decoration Day the Academy baseball nine played a game of ball with Newkirk. The score was 48 to 23 in favor of the Academy. June 5th a return game was played with Newkirk. The game was not finished, but the score was 21 to 8, again in favor of the Academy. Try again Newkirk! You may succeed at last.

In Civil Government examination: Prof.: "What is a reprieve?"

Student: "It is the shortening of the length of a criminal."

At the last business meeting of the

Philomathean Society, the following officers were elected: President, John Vanderbeek; Vice-President, G. A. Westerhuis; Secretary, N. Kuyper; Treasurer, A. Clevenga; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. Mouw.

Prof.: "A corporation is a journey in legal union."

Student: "Should marriage be a corporation."

Prof.: "What is the difference between an oceanic and a continental island?"

Mr.: "Oceanic is an island of the ocean, and a continental island is made of the same stuff as the continent."

At the election of officers in the Philomathean Society, the following were chosen: President, Jennie Noordhoff; Vice-President, Lydia Schultz; Secretary, Annie Mouw; Treasurer, Ella Beyer; Sergeant-at-Arms, Kate Rowenhorst. The following program was carried out at the union meeting of the society:

Quartett—under direction of Van Persum.  
 Declamatory Contest—N. Kuyper and J. Meyer.

Duet—Kate Rouwenhorst and Ella Beyer.

Recitation—Henrietta Hospers.

Oration—P. De Lange.

Dialogue—under direction of Van der Beek.

The Endeavor Society of First Reformed church held a sociable on Academy campus last Monday evening. A short program was carried out and refreshments were served. All returned home well contented.

## De Alumnis.

On Tuesday evening, June 15, the annual Alumni Address was given by Rev. W. J. Suckow of Hawarden. He had a decidedly literary subject—"Hamlet," and he treated it in a very scholarly manner. It is well at times to be brought within the full effulgence of the great lights of our literary system. The speaker showed himself well read on the subject of Shakespeare's famous tragedy. The alumni did well in securing him.

On Wednesday evening about fifty alumni assembled in the parlors of the Hotel Betten for their fourth annual banquet. The menu and toasts were as follows:

MENU.  
 Saratoga Chips, Spring Beets,  
 Radishes, Chicken Salad, French Rolls,  
 English Buns, Tongue, Olives,  
 Metropolitan Ice Cream,  
 Assorted Cake, Nuts, Raisins, Coffee.

TOASTS.  
 Our Auld Lang Syne—  
 Margaret Huizenga, '93  
 The Hole in the Wall—  
 J. F. Heemstra, '92  
 In the Cold, Cold World—  
 J. W. Te Paske, '91  
 The Call of the Morrow—  
 P. D. Van Oosterhout, '88  
 The Second Hundred—  
 J. Wesselink, '97  
 The Boys—  
 Hattie Hospers, '96  
 The Ladies—  
 C. Jongewaard, '87  
 E. C. Oggel, '97, Toastmaster.

It is but due to say that the banquet was served in a very tasty manner, and was thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed. In the toasts there was a pleasant blending of the serious, the humorous and the pathetic. Occasionally there was applause and convulsive laughter; then again there was pathos in the thought of the fading days of "long time ago;" also the obligation to their *alma mater* caused them to look to the morrow for service. Love and loyalty to a common mother seemed to be the deep undertone to which all the parts were attuned. It was certainly one of the most enjoyable banquets the alumni ever held.

On Thursday forenoon was held the annual business meeting. The following officers were elected and appointed: P. D. Van Oosterhout, '88, President; J. E. Oggel, '90, Vice-President; Mary Rhynsburger, '93, Secretary; Henry J. Schale-

kamp, '95, Treasurer; Arta Hospers, '92, Historian. Other business was done; as the appointing of a committee to revise the constitution, and a committee in the matter of an alumni trustee. Harmony and enthusiasm prevailed throughout the meeting.

The following out-of-town alumni were in the city these commencement days: J. W. Te Paske, '91, J. F. Heemstra, '92, G. H. Van Diest, '92, Margaret Huizenga, '93, J. W. Kots, '93, Martha Janssen, '94, Richard Huizenga, '94, Arie De Boer, '96.

The class of '97 begins counting the alumni in "The Second hundred."

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