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# The Classic, June 1903

Northwestern Classical Academy

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JUNE, 1903.

# 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 11

JUNE

NUMBER 9

## Editorial.

TIME AND tide wait for no man. Again another school year has drawn to its close. Again the hoary sire, Opportunity, has made his circuit. Have you taken advantage of this venerable visitor? or have you let him pass by unnoticed? if so make a resolution and keep it, never, never to let him pass again unobserved. He has made his round for this year and you shall no more behold his face. He is exceedingly conservative and will do the same thing next year unless you are on the alert. Another school year belongs to the past. We have once more been called to witness the Commencement exercises, and to part with a class dear to us. Although parting is hard, we can not but rejoice with them that they have reached the goal for which they have labored for four long years. Before our eyes we see our awe-inspiring Seniors transformed into reverend Alumni, enshrined in the laurels, which now justly belong to them.

We beg of you, however, although you leave us in person, your heart may ever be united with your Alma Mater.

With sparkling eyes all look forward to vacation. Nine months of hard labor ended, we all long for a renovating rest. Then, after we have for three months inhaled the invigorating air, we again return to take up our work with renewed energy. In view of the fact that the N. W. C. A. has made so great an improvement during the past year we may justly expect that we shall be more than doubly recompensed for our present loss in the Senior class. Wishing all our readers a most pleasant vacation, we drop our quill, not to take it up again untill next fall.

WITH REGRET we feel constrained to inform our readers of the great loss we shall sustain in the parting of three members of the faculty. Professors Huizenga, Kuizinga and Wesselink have decided not to return to take up the responsibilities as in-

structors at the N. W. C. A. for next fall. To be sure this is a sad parting. We as students cannot understand how they can find courage to leave us. All three have won the love and respect of every student. However, we should rejoice at the choice Professors Kuizenga and Wesselink have made. After two more years of study at the Chicago University Professor Wesselink will make a minister who will reflect honor upon this institution and community, and Professor Kuizenga, after one more year's enrollment at the Western Theological Seminary will also make a most able, sincere, and devoted servant of the Cross. To be sure if they are actuated by such high motives nobody has a moral right to object. In the meantime we take pleasure in being justified in stating that all have worked faithfully to the end. They were equally energetic and enthusiastic at the close of the year as they were at the beginning. This shows the Christian spirit, which has been the chief characteristic of their work during the whole period they were here. In view of the fact that so many applicants have applied for the positions, and that we have an experienced and highly efficient board of education that knows how to make a wise choice, we have no reasons whatever to worry, but we may confidently trust that everything will come out advantageously.

WHEN WE read that one class of people kills and maims another not only, but goes as far as to drive iron nails through their nostrils, to tear their tongues out of their mouths, open their bodies and stuff them with feathers, and cut the breasts off the bodies of women, it makes the cold waves run down our back; and we feel like relegating the nation that commits such atrocities back to the time of Caesar. And yet, this is exactly what Russia has done lately. The most horrible massacres have been committed there. The Jews who have always been noted as shrewd business men have gained control of too much business in Russia to suit the Russian people and they have done a great deal to check them. The Russian government has discriminated against the Jews ever since the acquisition of the territory in which most of them live. The Jews are put under many laws with which the others have nothing to do. They have to pay taxes from which all others are exempt. If a Jew wishes to become a farmer he is stopped by a law forbidding him to buy or rent land. If he desires to get an education which will fit him for a professional career, he is checked by a law forbidding the admission of Jews to the University. If he gets an education in spite of the obstacles, he is stopped by a law limiting the number of Jews admitted to the bar or that shall be allowed to practice medicine.

He is not even allowed to choose his own place of residence. This is what the Russian government has been doing for many years and it has by so doing increased the feeling of enmity and hatred against the Jews until it finally culminated in those terrible massacres. The matter has not yet been settled. A few days ago M. de Plehve, Minister of the interior, received a deputation of Jews who journeyed from Kishenev in order to put their case before the central authority and urge the Minister to stop in some way or other those massacres. It is thought that the deputation's visit was not without effect, as the sale of "Znamya," the most violent of the anti-Semitic papers, has been prohibited, except to its regular subscribers. It is to be hoped that something will be done soon to restore peace. How it is possible that such terrible cruelties as these can take place in a Christian country, we do not understand. It certainly is something which ought to cause a feeling of much shame on the part of Russia.

THE PENNSYLVANIA Legislature adjourned recently, leaving its principal child-labor bill unpassed. Two years must now elapse before the deplorable tax laws can be touched. There were in 1900 about one million seven hundred and fifty thousand children between the ages of ten and fifteen working in the so-called "gainful occupations" in the United States. Many of these are girls working the night-shift in the silk and knitting factories. The air is bad and often damp, the light poor and looking at the threads is often injurious to the eyes. In the morning they pass out into the cool winter air and this places them at the mercy of consumption and bronchial affections. The same is true of the boys who work at the breakers in the coal mines. Some of them who were away from the breakers for ten years have been known to cough up particles of black dust which they inhaled when they sat as slate-pickers in a cloud of coal dust. Many of these children are below the age that permits children to work in our factories. The time is ripe when our state legislatures and national legislature should take the matter in hand and protect the growing generation.

### Salutatory.

JOHN ROGGEN.

### ILLITERACY A CURSE TO A NATION.

On looking at the prosperity that marks the different nations of both the Old and New World one will notice that most of the progress, I dare say all, is due to the intelligence of their citizens.

Spain for example, although one of the most ancient countries, is today a mere memory. On the other hand the United States, though but two centuries ago it consisted of a few colonies, today is the grandest Republic of the world. Why is it that this country has taken its ranks among the powerful nations of the world, while Spain has sunk to oblivion? Is it not because the citizens of the one are intelligent while those of the other are stupid in ignorance? Illiteracy we maintain is the most demoralizing and degrading misfortune of a nation.

In the first place illiteracy checks the material progress of a nation. Many things necessary for the march of progress owe their existence to education. Inventions have helped to make this land the powerful Republic it is today. A century ago it required almost a month to send a message from one end of the colonies to the other. Today the same feat is accomplished in a few seconds through the wonderful invention of telegraphy. Then the lumbering stage took weeks to traverse the route which palace cars now cover in as many hours. Were not these transformations brought about by education? Without these inventions this country would still be a vast worthless tract of land. Why, we ask, were there no inventions in Spain? In this country by an advanced system of education minds of her citizens were filled with new ideas; there the minds were left undeveloped. The Spanish people have been satisfied to follow in the footsteps of their ancestors while the Americans have hewn a new and more convenient pathway to the realms of progress.

With education we learn to help ourselves, without it every-day essentials must be obtained from others. What is more harmful than when one nation depends upon another for its manufactures? There is an incredible number of articles which every intelligent country can make for herself, and which if not manufactured in a country, must be imported. In Jackson's administration these imports became so extensive that, in order to save this country, the people deemed it necessary to put a duty on imported goods, so that our own people would be encouraged to manufacture for themselves. The impetus given to local industries by this policy has placed this nation at the head of the commercial world.

Not only will illiteracy be a check to commercial progress, it will also be accompanied with the curse of bad government. Illiterate citizens have little knowledge of their duties as citizens. They do not realize that a government of the people must be managed by the people. Their ignorance of governmental affairs proves a great hindrance to intelligent voting. As has often been shown illiterates

do not know which candidate is able to rule, and which is not, so they very often vote for the wrong man. Not infrequently does a man who has spent his early life working on the farm, without any schooling, and ignorant of his civil duties, vote for a man whom he utterly dispises. But not only are the illiterate ignorant in voting, they very often sell their right of suffrage for a paltry sum of money. A shrewd, eloquent politician can easily lead them in any path he desires. They do not know that they are selling their own birthright. Nor do they realize that bribery is a stain upon national as well as individual honor. If ever given powers, such rulers become despotic. Review the history of the ancient countries and you notice that almost all of the rulers were either despots or tyrants.

Another and perhaps the most important reason why illiteracy brings bad government is that many illiterates despise government. This is frequently exemplified in the conditions of our own nation. Years ago nothing was heard of Anarchism. Within the past two years the number of illiterate immigrants has increased three fold. Its poisonous effect is seen when as last year they dared to choose a man to fire the fatal shot that plunged a nation into sorrow. This man was an Italian and was ignorant of even the elementary principles of government. Not only was this man from an illiterate country but so also are the other Anarchists who form similar plans. Wherever we find that education is not fostered, there do men dare do such deeds. There they keep the government in constant dread. There there is constant danger that the power of the nation will be usurped.

The last and most degrading result is that illiteracy and ignorance go hand in hand with moral degradation and sin. Spiritual and moral progress after all may depend largely upon the material progress of a nation. The people of a country, which is retrograding very often become reckless in their duties, not only as citizens but also in their duties to the Great Ruler of the Universe. On the other hand the citizens of a progressive country are filled with zeal and enthusiasm. Everything around them seems to thrill with life and joy, and they are stirred with a desire to give thanks to the Giver of all these things.

Among many illiterates the worship of the One Great Omnipotent God is a mere superstition while others in their blatant ignorance think that Christians are fools. The worship of the great majority is base idolatry.

The lives of ignorant persons are largely impelled by the same motives that impel brutes. They care little for the welfare of

others. Passion rather than reason is the governing element in their lives, which leaves in their wake a dreadful record of debauchery and sin.

Let us as citizens of the grandest Republic of the world endeavor to keep this incurable curse from our doors. Your presence here tonight is an evidence that you are interested in this far reaching question, the education of the young people. To you who have supported this institution, citizens of Orange City, Board of Education and instructors, we owe our warmest gratitude, for you have made our education possible. As a return for your favors we shall try to do our part, be it great or small, to keep this curse of illiteracy from this nation. Though the program of tonight is but very small evidence yet it is a beginning. We welcome you all with a cordial greeting.

### Class History and Prophecy.

JENNIE VAN DER MEIDE.

While thinking the other day that I was soon going to be separated from my class forever, I decided to have them over to my home to spend an evening, and in that way enjoy a last farewell.

Upon further reflexion, however, I knew that they could not all be present. There was Mr. Schaapman; I did not know where to find him. He left us in the "C" year. Miss Kooiman also left us then. She will be too busy to come, but I would like to have her, she was always pleasant and cordial to everyone. Then there is Ada Betten, don't you tell, she's really engaged, and has all her plans for next year made. Mr. Pietenpol and Van Peurseem can be there, and also the Braskamp boys. Dora will come and also Jacob Hospers and Roggen. Marion Kolyn, the little fellow, I was almost going to forget him, but he lives too far off. I'll write and tell him all about the party. Jennie Roetman and Kate Meyer could also come, so after all the present class would be there.

So the invitations were written and mailed. — Now, however, came the serious problem. What new plan could I discover to entertain them? A peculiarly disagreeable task suddenly brought a happy solution. We were almost thro' house-cleaning and to brother and me had been entrusted the supervision of cleaning the cellar. 'T was here I came across a package brown with age and with an odor reminding me of catnip tea. I took it to the light where I could faintly trace the following, "Beerenburger Beroemde Kruiden Quis haec gustat non diu praesent vivit". Jan Beerenburg! Ah! how fortunate for once, that I had studied Dutch and Latin. "Renowned

roots — who tastes of these lives in the future." Why not experiment upon my class mates with this mysterious relic left by my father's ancestors. 'T would kill two birds with one stone. (I was assured it would not kill my class mates), we would have a jolly evening and the class prophecy would be enacted before my eyes. The tho't became father to the deed. We mixed it according to instructions. At last the eventful evening came.

After they had all arrived we had a chat about the old school days and other topics of interest. The evening wore away and after the refreshments had been served I brought out some of the Beerenburgsche Beroemde Kruiden. I didn't tell them what it was, and proposed that we now drink a toast to the class of 1903. They were all taken in with this proposal and drained their glasses. Soon I began to notice the effect it had. I was very much alarmed when I saw the actions of some of them. 'T was as if they seemed very quiet, but soon they uttered fiendish yells, reeling and slaggering, clutching at tables and chairs, staring at me, gasping with open mouths. O! I feared I had committed an awful crime! But as I looked behold there came, I thought, a change, they seemed to grow taller, their features seemed to recede like a picture on a kaleidoscope, and in their places came those looking much older, there was a twitching of the muscles as if in great pain, their hair turned slightly gray. But soon they became quiet once more and their actions then seemed very strange to me. Mr. Pietenpol rises in his usually quiet way. He is now taller, his hair streaked with gray and has a full grown beard. He takes a book from the table, turns the pages, then looks up; and in a solemn tone says: "Dear Brethren, I will now read to you from Romans, the 10th chapter, the 23rd verse." The class of 1903 was to have at least one who would honor it in the sacred ministry. But what is that noise that attracts my attention to the other corner of the room! Of all things, this is Mr. Van Peurseem, now a full grown man, muscular and broad chested and still young looking. He stands on a chair, addressing an imaginary audience in that important tone of his "Gentlemen of the Jury, the important case now before you demands your utmost consideration."

While in the midst of all this, Dora is walking around the room arranging the furniture and not knowing that at least one overhears her. She gives way to her happy tho'ts as follows: "How happy am I to have a home of my own. They'll call me Dora no more. Miss Hospers it was in days of yore. I well remember the day my name changed. Let me see! about tens years ago. In the quiet little town of Orange City. Here I am now with the din and

whirl of Chicago around me." But see! is that Bennie over there in the corner with the Rev. Pietenpol? What strange capers! He must be explaining the structure of that flying machine he talked about so much at school. See! it can travel from north to south, from east to west at the turn of a crank. He'll soon be the most prominent inventor in the United States. His name will be on every lip. I think I'll now ask him to take the class of 1903 on that trip around the world, which he promised us.

Here Jake Hospers, what are you trying to do with that flower vase? Well of all things! Is that our quiet Jake? How excited he is! He jumps on the table and tries to force the contents of the flower vase down Otto Braskamp's throat. Ah! I see, Jake is still in the horse business, and poor Otto is being compelled to take a mammoth dose of colic medicine.

There is a sudden lull amidst this confusion. I hear a gentle murmur coming from the other room. Looking over Dora's shoulder I see Jennie Roetman. She is dressed in — I really don't know what it is; but can it be a missionary garb? She is mumbling something that sounds like this: oktaw-clock-t-nock. It must be the language she teaches her heathen pupils. It always seemed to me that Jennie would turn her quiet, patient nature to some such use as this.

The lull is only temporary, the noise begins and mingled with the tumult of the others, I now hear the shrill voice of Miss Meyer. "Now Sammy, what is the population of Orange City? What! you don't know, and you the son of the postmaster Slob?" There she sits supreme mistress in her imaginary schoolroom teaching her pupils that the Floyd river is the most important river in the world because of its wonderful biological specimens discovered there by the Academy naturalists of 1903.

Over yonder John Roggen is counting and handing over to an imaginary class mate slips of paper. He must be running a bank. You can see he is older but time has dealt kindly with him. See him as he talks of drafts, debits and credits. Let's listen: "So, Jake De Jong, you are going to run an other railroad through Orange City? Well, this town has grown immensely the last fifteen years. Ah! and you want me to furnish you the money? \$150,000 did you say? O! don't you worry, I have plenty on hand."

In the other corner with a smile that would win the custom of a sphinx Otto Braskamp is praising the beauty of grenadines at \$4.00 a yard, silks at \$3.00 per yard. It is now all the rage to have men dress makers; and Otto has gone in the business. He is kneeling at the feet of Miss Roetman. Why! It looks as if he is

proposing! Can that be? Listen! O! now he is asking her what quality of silk she wishes and what length of a train. Otto was always quiet. I never expected him to get into any strenuous business.

Ah! how innocently the Class of 1903 were acting the part they would fifteen years from now. The mysterious liquid had done its work well. The time for the magic spell is passing. They become more quiet, gray hair vanishes and they slowly change from their older self to their youth. A little blinking and yawning and all is over. When I tell them of their strange antics they do not understand. The bottle and glasses soon enable them to see this all, however, and now all are bound that I take some. Of course I refuse but courtesy to my guests finally conquers timidity, and I drain the glass. I feel a twitching, my heart beats rapidly, and at times it seems to stop. My head is in a whirl! light turns to darkness. I remember no more. Should any of you kind hearers desire to know my future, kindly apply to the Class of 1903.

### Valedictory.

HENRY W. PIETENPOL.

#### PERSEVERANCE A NECESSITY FOR SUCCESS.

As we review the lives of different individuals in history, we see that one has met with success while another has met with a failure. Some, like Abraham Lincoln, have risen from humble beginnings to the highest positions that a grateful nation could give them. Others, though their pathway was strewn with opportunities, have never been placed on the scroll of fame. As we notice this the question naturally arises, Why in one case should there be a failure while in the other there is success? Why should the reputation of one be known to all while the other has never been heard of? Among the many influences which lead to success, without a doubt, the chief one is perseverance.

Many, otherwise able men, begin an undertaking, but because success does not crown their effort at once, they give it up. If they had learned that the road to victory lies through trials and disappointments, they would persevere, and in the end gain the goal for which they had so great a desire.

Every great success is the result of long years of effort. Let us look in the realm of nature and take a lesson from the brute creation. What a great amount of perseverance is shown by the lower animals! Here we see a rat gnawing a hole in a heavy board. With what pluck he begins the stupendous task. How patiently he nib-

bles, stopping only when frightened by some base intruder. He is not discouraged by the slow process but toils on until a ray of glad sunlight crowns his labor with success. Have you ever watched the small sparrows as they build their nests on the track of a barn door? Every time the big door is opened the nest is destroyed. But this does not drive them away to seek another place for a home, Ah no! The next time the door is opened they will again be there. The spider, though its patient efforts have been swept down again and again, will keep on spinning its silken web.

The history of great enterprises also demonstrates that every great success is the result of long years of effort. What untiring energy it cost Marconi to attain the success which finally enabled him to give us wireless telegraphy! What a sublime faith and wonderful patience were exercised ere he could send the faintest impression from one continent to another, across the mighty expanse of water, without the aid of a wire. What years of hard labor were spent before he mastered the almost insurmountable difficulties placed before him and reached his desired end. The countless obstacles did not discourage him, however. He worked faithfully and at last three faint waves were caught by his instrument and he saw that his work had not been in vain. Now, if he had not been a man of perseverance, we could certainly not receive benefit of this new and great invention which now promises to revolutionize the methods of the business world.

The poetic gems of Tennyson, one of the greatest poets, are not the products of his first trial. While spending his boyhood days at his father's country rectory he began to write verses. He did not permit small difficulties to discourage him, but persevered. This gave him such a mastery of poetic art that at the early age of nineteen he received a medal for an English poem of two hundred and fifty lines.

Almost every person can gain success no matter what his work may be. Cyrus Field and Dr. Livingstone are two notable examples. Field was positive that, with a copper wire and an electric current, man could transfer his thoughts across the ocean, that ideas could be exchanged from one continent to another. He laid his first cable at a cost of millions of dollars, and after all this work had been done, the cable parted. The company became discouraged at the first great failure; not so Cyrus Field, he knew that his plans were feasible and that perseverance would win in the end. He organized another company. The second cable was laid and his patience was rewarded by seeing this message flashed beneath the mighty deep, "Europe and America are now united by telegraph.

Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and goodwill towards men." What a great loss it would have been for science had he become disheartened at his first failure.

Livingstone was another man who would not allow a small obstacle to thwart his plans. This spirit was shown in his early life when, a mere lad of ten years, he worked in a cotton factory. He studied faithfully by night and took every opportunity to acquire knowledge even while at his work. He afterwards studied medicine and started on his journey to China as a medical missionary. Here he met with a great disappointment. A war broke out between England and China and thus his plans were overthrown. He was not a man, however, to be defeated by this disappointment and soon he turned his attention to South Africa. As soon as he arrived he began the exceedingly difficult task of learning the native language. When he had accomplished this he pursued his tedious journey far into the wilds of Africa's interior where no European had ever yet set foot. His trials, also during the next year, were numerous. Many lives of the natives were taken by a fever and thus he was hindered very much. Before he undertook his third journey he sent his wife and children to England and decided to face the wilds of this country alone. The completion of his journey showed that he had traversed over nine hundred miles of a country where roads were unheard of, where bush and swamp formed a trackless waste through which he had to work his way as best he could. No streams were crossed by bridges as they are now, no friendly resting place extended its warm welcome. The country was inhabited by cruel tribes of savages. How many of us, unless we had the perseverance of a Livingstone, would have given up the attempt in despair and left this country to its heathen darkness?

Perseverance is especially necessary in beginning a new work. What farmer, settling down in the forest, expects a clean farm in two or three years? It will be many years of hard and persevering labor before he has cleared away all the trees and stumps. Nevertheless he must not become discouraged! If expectations are not realized he must keep everlastingly at it until at last the smiling fields enable him to enjoy his remaining days reaping the fruits of that for which he has spent such strenuous effort. To the physician and the lawyer perseverance is the price paid for a lucrative practice! Without it the success, that many of the other men in their line of business have attained, is but an idle dream.

Although some who four years ago began the journey with us have fallen by the way, we as a class have now persevered for four long years. By perseverance we have climbed as it were a flight of

stairs, but still as we stand upon this higher plane it only begins to appear how much there is still before us. As when one climbs some lofty mountain the horizon begins to expand more and more, so also we who have climbed the rugged path but a short time now only begin to catch a glimpse of what there is beyond. We realize, now as never before, that, if other and loftier heights are to be gained, it will require the same perseverance that has marked our journey thus far. In this pilgrimage the class of 1903 on the eve of its departure asks your continued and kindly interest.

And now to the citizens of Orange City with whom we have spent four enjoyable years; to the Honorable Members of the Board who have done so much for us by upholding this school; to our faithful Instructors who have smoothed the road and lessened many difficulties for our benefit; to our Fellow Students whose cordial sympathy and loyal good will have surrounded our Academy days with so many pleasant memories, we bid a last affectionate farewell. And now, Dear Classmates, the Academy Class of 1903 has finished its work. The many happy hours as well as the trying ones are now pleasant memories of the past. We stand at the parting of the ways, but let us have perseverance in whatever we shall next attempt to do. I can leave you with no stronger expression of affection than the hope that our class motto may serve as a beacon light upon your future pathway. One God,—May you never give allegiance to another. One life,—Therefore live that life well. One Eternity,—May no clouds ever hide its splendor from our eyes. With this we bid you all a last farewell.

## THE CLASSIC.

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

J. J. Van der Schaaf, '04, Editor in Chief

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## Locals.

Rain! Rain!! Rain!!!

Is it right to disappoint somebody?

Bauman still keeps the lawn in good trim.

Mr. Flikkema spent a pleasant Sunday at the home of G. Van Peurse, near Maurice, May 24.

Through the kindness of the W. E. C. the ladies waiting room has been provided with furniture that renders it one of the cosiest in the Academy building.

Visitors during the month were: Rev. T. Muilenburg, Mr. A. Te Paske, Rev. S. Nettenga and Miss Kooiman. The day has come when cement sidewalks will be laid on the Academy campus. The old side walks are already taken up and when we return all the walks will be cement.

Decoration day came on Saturday this year, much to the regret of the students. The "C" class went for a picnic to the river. Although many accidents occurred, they all report a good time. Recently Jennie Van der Meide entertained her classmates one evening. We do not doubt that palatable refreshments were served and that a delightful evening was spent. For what else can we expect when Jennie is hostess?

Prof. in Latin.—"Give me a word of the first congregation."

Student.—"Puella."

Prof.—"No try again."

Student.—"Amo."

Prof.—"Yes, but the same spirit is cropping out again."

One evening the boys at the club were startled by the sound of hoofs coming down the road. It was only Jerry of the "C" class, who was returning from a lively chase after his horse.

Two "B" class gentlemen put in one afternoon planting corn. We wonder if they will also keep hogs.

John Roggen, our base-ball captain, played third base in the town nine in a game against Alton.

The Academy team crossed bats with the Newkirk team and got whipped by a score of 5 to 10.

The society gave a farewell sociable to the "A" class on the 12th.

One of the "C" boys was so very much shocked when a window came down that he held a book over his head.

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Campbell Brothers' show came to town and many of the students saw the elephant.

Prof.—"Give me a conjunction."

Student.—"They walked down the street arm in arm."

Prof.—"Physically it is a conjunction, but gramatically it is not."

The eleventh annual commencement of the Orange City High School occurred on the 5th of June. A good program was rendered to a large and appreciative audience.

The last victims of Cupid are Messrs. Van Kley and Flikkema.

Prof. Soulen attended the Sunday-school convention held at Ireton May 13.

Messrs. Roggen and Van der Bee, in company with two ladies, drove to LeMars last Saturday. My! but they looked swell.

The Philomathean Society will be provided with a library.

Mr. Grooters, a former student of the Academy, sojourned at the club, Sunday May 3rd.

The society has elected the following officers for the coming term:

President.....	B. Flikkema.
Vice-President.....	G. Vermeer.
Treasurer.....	Jerry Schut.
Secretary.....	Tillie De Jong.
Sergeant at Arms.....	J. J. Van der Schaaf.
Librarian.....	Henry Huisenvelt.

It is with regret that we pen the following;—While the Academy team was playing with the team from Newkirk last Friday, Mr. Vermeer had a serious accident. Mr. Vermeer was playing second base and, in trying to catch the ball while one of the boys was running, he was run into, and one of the bones of his leg was broken. He was taken to the office of Dr. De Bey who dressed the wound and the following day Jerry Schut took him to his home near Sioux Center. Mr. Vermeer bore the pain without uttering a word of complaint and so far as we have heard he is doing well.

The assistant editor had the rare opportunity of seeing a rocking chair of 103 years old, and a chair of 110. Mr. McKee is the owner of these antiquities.

Dr. N. M. Steffens preached the baccalaureate sermon in the American Reformed church on Sunday night, June 14.

Mr. Voortman, a former Academy student, arrived at Orange City from Grand Rapids, Saturday, June 6.

Tuesday evening, June 9th, Dora Hospers entertained her classmates and the faculty with a farewell party.

Prof in English.—“Miss S., for the general term *house* find a specific term.”

Miss S.—“Mr. Kuizenga.”

Prof.—“I have been called many names but never before have I been called a house.”

Prof. J. E. Kuizinga preached at Middleburg, Sunday, June 7th.

Thursday afternoon, June the 11th, the “B” class had a class picnic in the grove of Mr. Kleinhesselink southwest of town. The ladies served a most elaborate supper of very toothsome victuals, and the afternoon was spent in a most enjoyable way. Singing, story telling, and playing games was the program for amusement. At a late hour all went home. While on their way homeward the air vibrated with their class yells.

### De Alumnis.

'93. Mrs. Clarence Schaap, from LeMars, visited Orange City, June 6, and she staid a few days in order to attend the High School commencement.

'89, '00. A. TePaske and Agnes Dykstra visited Orange City, May 31. Mr. TePaske's behavior leads us to believe that he will follow the example of his brother in the near future. He has bought a lot in the residence district of Sioux Center.

'85, '95. Rev. T. W. Muilenburg and Isaac Hospers visited the Academy a few weeks ago. Rev. Muilenburg and family have left for their home at Grand Haven, Michigan.

'00. Wednesday, May 27, at the home of the bride, occurred the marriage of Mr. F. Van Gorkum to Miss Josephine De Booy. None but the nearest relatives were present to witness the ceremony. The bridegroom is a promising young man. He is one of South Dakota's most prominent teachers. The bride is one of Orange City's most charming young ladies. For many years she has successfully and satisfactorily taught in the public school of this town. Because of her kind and gentle disposition, she has won for herself a large host of friends, and her loss will be felt in social circles.

The same evening of the marriage, the bride and bridegroom left for their new home at Harrison, S. D. THE CLASSIC gladly joins the host of friends in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Van Gorkum a happy and prosperous future.

'95. Supt. A. M. Meyer of the Alton schools has resigned, his position and will take up post graduate work at some school.

'93. W. H. Gleysteen, a former professor of the Academy, has recently graduated from the theological course at Union Seminary, and expects to attend Oxford University, England, next year.

'95. Mr. C. Spaan, who has been working among the frontiersmen and Indians in Arapho, Okla., for the last seven months, is expected home to attend the commencement exercises of the Academy.

'97. A. Van Wechel has been elected to the principalship of the Maurice public school. Congratulations!

'95. Prof. Isaac Hospers is going to take charge of the language department of the High School at Watertown, S. D. next year. A part of his summer vacation he expects to spend at the University of Chicago.

'99. Messrs. L. Boeve, H. Van der Naaldt and P. Grooters finished their College course at Hope. Mr. Boeve, on his return to his home, will pay Orange City a visit.

'95, '92. John De Pree has finished his studies at the Princeton University, and his brother Simon is now a graduate of the Rush Medical Institute. John is staying at his parents home at Sioux Center at present.

### Exchange.

Sup't of R. R. Co.—“So you want a job as fireman, do you?”

Applicant.—“Yes sir.”

Sup't.—“I'll have to ask you a few questions. How far is it to the North Pole?”

Applicant.—“Gee, whiz! If you're going to put me on that line, I don't want the job.”

"I used to think that it was nothing but time and money wasted to send a girl to college."

"I'm glad to hear that you've changed your mind."

"Yes. Since our daughter came back she can tell what nearly everything you see on one of those hotel menus stands for in plain English."

"Come and dine with us tomorrow," said the man who had made money and wanted to push his way into society."

"Sorry I can't," said the invited one, "but I'm going to see Hamlet tomorrow."

"That's alright," said the hospitable gent, "bring him with you."

Only after getting too much, does a man realize that he has enough.

Teacher.—"What is the meaning of 'parvenio'?"

Tommy.—"An upstart."

Teacher.—"Give a sentence in which it is used."

Tommy.—"When a man sits down on a bent pin he gives a violent 'parvenio'."

Man does but little here below

Where fools and sages dwell,  
And only, he, may stand a show  
Who does that little well.

Pupil.—"Where is Athens?"

Teacher.—"You mean Athens, Johnny. It is in Greece."

Johnny.—"No, I don't mean Athens, I mean Atoms, the place where people get blown to in boiler explosions."

Willie.—"Say, pa, what's a warship?"

Pa.—"A warship, my son, is a mechanical device used for manufacturing history."

A negro preacher has discovered the real cause of volcanic eruptions. He says: "De earf, my friends, resolves on axils, as we all know. Somefin' is needed to keep the axils greased; so when the earf was made, petrolyun was put inside for that purpose. De Standard Oil Compiny comes 'long and strax dat petrolyum by borin' holes in de earf. De earf stix on its axils and won't go round no more; den dere is a hot-box, jest as if de earf wuz a big railway train,—and den, my friends, there is trouble."

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
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## LOCATION.

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