

5-1904

# The Classic, May 1904

Northwestern Classical Academy

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*F. Lubbers*

MAY, 1904.

# The Classic.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGE CITY, IOWA.



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# The Classic.

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

VOLUME 12

MAY

NUMBER 8

## Editorial.

THIS issue extends to all the readers of The Classic the hearty greeting of the new management. To the number of years, marking like milestones the progress of our school, and in connection with it the progress of this our journal, another is about to be added bringing with it the customary changes. It is however with a trembling hand that we allow some of our thoughts to flow from our pen. We feel our inability to do justice to our readers. The high plane to which our predecessors have brought our journal makes us feel our inefficiency more painfully. Therefore we hope that we shall never be disappointed in an active participation of our fellow students and friends. The management is handed down to us from our brethren of the graduating class who are about to leave us. They have handled our journal with judgment and great ability; consequently, success has been theirs. As a result no financial embarrassment confronts us, as it did them a year ago. We are thankful to them that they have removed it. It is therefore with pleasure, and gratitude to them, that we take up the work, feeling that if the present standard can be maintained throughout this year, we shall consider the attempt successful.

THE Spring time is the time of the year for planting trees. We are reminded of this fact especially on Arbor day. For such an important work, however, we should not confine ourselves to one day in the year only. Throughout the north-west the planting



of trees is as necessary to-day as it was when the colonies were first settled by our fathers and grandfathers. The frequent storms that have swept over the north-west during the last few years, and also the late and destructive frosts that we have had, have added their share to the ruin of many a beautiful grove and many a lovely shaded lane. Prosperity, abundant crops and growing population, which have unavoidably increased the prices of land, have also added their share in diminishing the culture of groves.

In pioneer days a farmer owning 160 acres or more did not think seriously about setting apart a five or even a ten acre lot to the planting of trees. It did not materially interfere with his income because the crops raised in those days were not heavy, and the price of a few acres of land was only a trifle. The law of the state was an incentive also, for not less than one fourth of the taxes could be paid, simply by planting so many acres of trees. Beautiful groves grew up in a short time in these days, giving shelter and pleasure. But conditions are different to-day then they were twenty-five years ago. The ax of the farmer has been added to the destruction of nature, and many a beautiful lane has disappeared to give the farmer an opportunity to raise a few extra rows of corn or an extra swath of oats, and many a grove is fenced in and added to yard or pasture, in which the trees, as a matter of course, die out in a few years. This matter should be considered by both farmers and towns-people alike. It should be regarded as too narrow and materialistic to ruin a beautiful lane or diminish a fine grove for a few bushels of corn. When a farmer says, "I have no time to plant trees" or "trees don't pay" it should also not be considered as an excuse for not renewing a grove which has been damaged heavily by a storm. We do not live merely for our own welfare and benefit, but also for the welfare of our fellow citizens and for the benefit of the state in general. It is not only pleasing to the eye to see a well-kept grove, nor does it only add to the value of a farm to have a well trimmed lane, but it can also be explained from a scientific point of view, that an abundant growth of trees and shrubbery has considerable effect upon the climate. It is therefore of great necessity, especially this season, that we look about us and go to work at once, wherever there is room for improvement along this line.

WHEN President Roosevelt, sitting at his desk in the White House, at noon, on April 30, pushed the button which started the machinery of the great world's fair of 1904, he practically set in motion a small world. This it may be properly called, for not only will every state in the union be represented but also all of the

greater powers of the world are represented with their greatest achievements and splendor.

The greatness of the St. Louis exposition is nearly incomparable to any of its predecessors. Japan, although she is at the present time engaged in war with one of the greatest nations of the globe, has alone spent \$1,000,000. to have herself represented. And even China has given her first official representation to the greatest of all world's fairs. That it is the greatest of all world's fairs is true for it covers nearly twice as much space as the great World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago and nearly four times as much as the Paris exposition of 1900.

However, you put its greatness in the back ground when you begin to think of the fine opportunity it will give to compare the progress of the nations and of what it symbolizes. It will not only show which nation has advanced most in civilization, but it will also symbolize the great activities and wonderful accomplishments of the twentieth century.

### Macbeth.

Formerly Scotland was an independent kingdom. Duncan was one of her earlier kings. Preëminently among the nobility of the kingdom stood Banquo and Macbeth, the two generals of the king. It was due to their valor that the king still maintained the throne, and the generous and beneficent sovereign rewarded them most bountifully. He was especially liberal in conferring titles and honors upon Macbeth, who, although perhaps no more deserving than Banquo, was a relative of the king. The life of Macbeth furnishes such a pat illustration of a genuine great man working out his own destruction in body, character, and soul that it is well worthy of our consideration. Let us then for a little while withdraw our attention from the world around us and follow the, in many ways unique and yet too universal, course of life of this man. To mention every fluctuation and minute bend would prove almost hopeless, but let us imitate the traveler who wishes to take the course of a river as his guide to its mouth does not follow every bend in the stream, but is content with knowing the great curves or general progress as he observes it now by a glimpse through the dense brushwood, then again by a bird's eye view from some high elevation until finally he rejoices to find its outlet.

In his early life Macbeth was a deserving representative of noble manhood. His honesty was unquestionable. To his great power physically, mentally, and morally was added a humble



spirit. In the wars, which he waged for his sovereign, his courage and bravery had been tested and proven to be of the first type. All those that were in any way closely connected with the general became recipients of his wonderful store of love; the relations between himself and L. Macbeth were the most intimate ever recorded. Bearing the standard of justice and equity he opposed the agents of evil most rigorously. Selfishness, a vice almost inseparable from every individual, of the human race, was an unknown quantity to him. To serve as an incitant to emulate the prestige of his predecessors who had been the embodiments of all that is noble, was his ambition. It was absolutely impossible to regard this man without pronouncing him an ideal character of the highest type of manhood.

Macbeth's domestic life and natural surroundings were such as work for the edification of man. Because of his great deeds for his country and his congenial character all his acquaintances respected the general. His yearly income was sufficient to supply himself and his family with all the comforts of life. His palace surpassed all the others in that district as far as beauty of structure and general usefulness was concerned. The whole presented a spot where nature and art were inspiring man with the noblest ideas.

However, the elements of evil were also on the alert to get this great man in their clutches. The vaulting ambition of the man, which had thus far worked as a stimulant to exertion in noble actions only, was now slowly and almost imperceptibly leading the man to works of iniquity. Macbeth's elevated station, something which had hitherto been a factor in making him more humble in spirit, now became the fuel for a haughty temper. His beloved spouse, who up to this time had been his help-meet in well doing, became an agent in the service of the Devil to allure him on to destruction. Why was all this change? Why did not this man so noble and energetic increase in nobleness, and become more powerful in reclaiming a sinful world from the power of the spoiler? The simple answer is this: Macbeth had not accustomed himself to close his heart to the unlawful suggestions of the imagination. Evil thoughts were not repulsed, but first they were merely tolerated and then tenaciously embraced.

It is remarkable how slowly the deterioration of the soul of Macbeth proceeded. Before perpetrating any crime of importance he hesitates; he is reluctant. This reluctance sprang forth, first, because of the influence of the warning of Banquo. This intimate friend of his, cognizant of the dangerous course which Macbeth was taking, could not refrain from warning him of his mistake. Furthermore, his conscience must have been a severe tormentor at

the earlier stages of his downfall. With words ineffable the general good feeling of the people towards him seemed to recall him from his dream. The ennobling surroundings daily presented the question before him, what more his soul could lust after.

The opposing forces, however, were equally vigilant. L. Macbeth began to upbraid him for being a coward in hesitating to undertake what he had determined to do. This gnaws at the vital parts of the great warrior. Rather than drop his evil intentions, and endure the scoffs and buffets of his spouse, shame makes him desperate. The sense of shame overawes the admonitions of friends and conscience. Finally, the pitiable slave reaches a stage still lower; the monster despair fixes his clutches upon him.

The first heinous crime perpetrated by Macbeth, was the murder of the kind and lovable king, Duncan. A severe struggle preceded this act. For a time the destiny of the man hung in the balance, and was equally poised. It took him hours of anguish and mental struggle to decide what to do, but he left the heinous thought to brood in his heart until it burnt its way out as was manifested by the awful deed. Goaded on by L. Macbeth he performs the bloody deed. The murder of the innocent chamberlains immediately follows. The crimes are capped by the blaming of the two sons of the king. From now on his downfall advances with rapid strides; he has crossed the Rubicon and thinks that hard fighting is his only safeguard.

If the murder of Duncan was exceedingly culpable, that of Banquo, which soon followed, was still more so, if such were possible. By killing the king Macbeth had secured for himself the throne, while by killing Banquo he could expect to derive no special benefit from the act, for Banquo had proved himself a most loyal subject of the usurper. Then again Macbeth had killed Duncan with his own hands, while in a dastardly manner he engaged special agents to kill his most intimate friend.

The assassination of this friend is soon avenged by the terrible visitation of the ghost of Banquo. The once powerful and brave man now shrinks back. He trembles and in his insane fear shrieks out. The coward is irresolute and unbalanced in his mind. Had it not been for the resolute character of L. Macbeth he would have revealed all the awful secrets of his murders.

In this hour of gravest despair and anguish he again turns to the agents of darkness for advice and information as to the future. While in their presence he is the embodiment of nonpareil selfishness. He even has the courage to declare that sooner should heaven and earth pass away than that either should thwart him in securing



his desired information. While the witches predict prosperity, he is apparently content; but when the agents of darkness turn the tables by showing him the line of kings of Banquo's descendants he loses temper. In a burst of indignation he curses the beings to whom, for all he knows, he has every reason to be thankful. He distrusts the last beings upon whom he had relied entirely for the last several years. He is restrained by neither natural nor spiritual restraints, he is like a ship without a rudder; his supernatural downfall has been accomplished.

Had Macbeth thus far killed only those who were in the way on his road to the goal to which his ambition led him, or those whom he suspected might oppose him in the future, he now turned to the innocent wives and children. Simply to gratify his lust after blood, he orders a wholesale butchery of the helpless inmates of the land. Every hour adds sixty additional deeds of horror to his countless number. The messenger who reports of an atrocity which happened an hour ago is hissed at. One concordant wail seems to rise up to heaven from all Scotland. In despair the monster alleges that he has stepped into blood so far that it would be equally difficult for him to return as it is to proceed. His benefactors and attendants are arraigned by the most fretting invectives. L. Macbeth, who has been the most beloved of all things on earth, has no longer a place in his heart. When he hears of her death, he indifferently declares that she would have died soon anyhow. He is now a creature completely destitute of love. His mental and spiritual agony drives him to cursing the superhuman beings.

We cannot but regret that a man who might have been the very personification of all that is noble is now the very embodiment of wretchedness. He now stands as a pat representation of a wasted life. In his old age he laments that love, honor, obedience and troops of friends, which accompany old age, are not his portion. In meditation he is horrified as the golden opportunities now present themselves before him as a fantasy to mock at his deplorable condition. We all know that his earthly suffering cannot last much longer. A reaction came as come it must under such tyranny. The nobles are allied against him. The wreck of humanity is attacked, and his head is severed from his body.

JONAH.

### The Carrier-Pigeon.

One cold winter's morning Jack Walton, a North Dakota farmer boy, found a pigeon lying near the door almost frozen. How it

came there, he did not know. He was a tender-hearted boy and could not bear to see anything suffer, so he carefully took it into the house and cared for it. It was a homely bird and after it was well the other members of the family made fun of it. But this only made Jack care the more for it, and the pigeon seemed to understand and return his love. Soon they became such great friends that one was seldom seen without the other, the pigeon usually perched on Jack's shoulder, or somewhere near him, and watching him as if he understood everything.

One cold day Jack was sent to a town some eight or nine miles distant for some provisions, which were needed. He had gone about a mile when he noticed that his pigeon was there in the wagon with him. How he had ever come there Jack could not imagine, because he was sure he had locked him up before he left. But there he was, so all Jack could do was to make the best of it and take the pigeon with him. When Jack had made his purchases and was ready to start for home, he noticed that it was beginning to look very cloudy and threatening, and the people told him he had better not start out, because it looked as though there might be a blizzard, and a bad one at that. But he knew that they needed the provisions at home, so he told them it was impossible to stay, and he started out. He had not gone many miles when the storm was upon him, and he was soon in one of the worst blizzards ever seen. He put his pigeon in a box and then drove on as best he could. Soon the ground was covered with snow and he could not see the road. He kept on driving however, without knowing where he went. When he had gone on for a long time, at least so it seemed to him, all at once he felt the horses stumble and then horses, driver and all fell down some deep embankment.

He lay on the ground awhile, stunned by the fall, and when he tried to get up he fell back with a cry of pain, finding out that his leg was broken. His position now was almost desperate. It was bitterly cold and he thought there was no chance for him to escape being frozen to death. There would have been no chance for him if he had been in a more exposed place but the embankment or cliff afforded him much shelter, and also in moving around he had touched the wagon, which was turned on its side, and into this he painfully crept.

Night had already set in; so all he could do was to lie as still as possible and keep warm. His leg pained him very much, and the next morning found him very weak and almost frozen. How the night passed he never knew. It seemed to him, however, that it would never pass, and he therefor hailed daybreak with delight.



The storm had stopped during the night and in the morning the sun looked down on one mass of white. Jack had been looking at the sun and the snow for some minutes when he heard a slight noise, and looking around he saw the box in which he had put the pigeon. Then an idea came to him and taking a piece of paper and a pencil which he happened to have in his pocket, he wrote a note, as best he could with his numb fingers, telling where he was. This he tied to the pigeon's feet and then sent him off. He did not really think that the note would reach anyone, but he thought there was no harm in sending it, and then too the pigeon would have his freedom. In the afternoon, morning having past by without help coming, he was somewhat aroused from the torpor into which he had fallen by hearing shouts and then the voice of his father, saying, "Here they are", and then he knew no more until he woke up and found himself in his bed at home. When he was better, he was told the story of how the pigeon had flown right home, that they had seen the paper and had taken it off to find that it was a note from him, how they had hurriedly started out to aid him, and had reached him just in time. One of the rescue party had been a young man who had been overtaken by the storm and had stopped for the night at the Walton home.

A few days after he had left, Jack received a letter from him, offering him a large sum of money for the pigeon, which he said was a carrier pigeon and very much valued. But with the approval of the whole family Jack answered that they did not wish to sell the pigeon at any price.

Jack was about again in a few weeks, and the pigeon is now the pet of the whole family. It still, however, clings to Jack as his best and truest friend.

C. V. D. S. '06.

### Exchange.

A Kansas school ma'am was attempting to instruct her classes in the mysteries of subtraction the other day, and was explaining that the thing subtracted must be of the same denomination as the thing subtracted from. In illustrating the proposition, she said that one could not take five apples from six peaches, or five lemons from six oranges, when up went the hand of a boy in the rear of the class.

"What is it Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"Please, can't you take five quarts of milk from six cows?"

Then she collapsed.

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

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

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Iowa, as second-class mail matter.

### Locals.

The students all enjoy the  
beautiful weather.

April 19th we were surprised  
to see the snow fall and cover the  
surface with a coat of white. The  
result was that many of the stud-  
ents were planning for a sleigh-  
ride.

Rev. Kolyn who spent a few  
days in Athens on his way to Je-  
rusalem presented the Academy  
"Greeks" with a Greek news-  
paper.

Prof.:—"Miss E. H., what is  
the best way of killing a chicken?"

Miss E. H.:—"I do not know."

Prof.:—"Well, if anyone of you  
girls wishes to be a candidate  
for a certain office, you must  
know how to kill a chicken."



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—ORANGE CITY, IOWA

Mr. Bauman, while playing  
 ball, failed to catch the ball and  
 got it on the lower lip. The wound  
 was quite serious but Two-lip  
 salve soon healed it.

Rev. Van Westenberg from  
 Pella, Ia., conducted the chapel  
 exercises, April 18th.

The base ball suits have arriv-  
 ed and Saturday the boys were  
 seen out on the base ball grounds  
 practicing with unusual enthus-  
 iasm.

Mr. De Vries tried to watch  
 both the base ball and basket  
 ball game. The result was that  
 he lost two of his teeth.

The Prof. in Physiology proved  
 to the students that it was not  
 harmful to indulge in candy and  
 the next day all the students  
 came to school with a bag of  
 candy in their pocket.

Some of the classes by accid-  
 ent did not study their lesson  
 and decided to lock the Prof. out  
 of the room. But he opened the  
 transom and made them open  
 the door for him.

Prof. in English:—"Mr. T. P.,  
 could Lincoln help falling in love  
 with Miss Tood?"

Mr. T. P.:—"No, I do not think  
 a person can help himself in such  
 a case."

Prof.:—"You must have ex-  
 perience it."

April 23 Prin. Soulen returned  
 home from Chicago and Mich.,  
 points where he has attended the  
 Council of Hope College.

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Prof. in Physiology:—"Miss  
 C. R., where does the food of a  
 chicken go after it leaves the  
 stomach?"

Miss C. R.:—"I did not know  
 that a chicken had a stomach."

Miss Coba Hartog, a former  
 student of the Academy, visited  
 the different classes, and this  
 made Mr. D. B. throw many a  
 glance across the room.

The "A class" certainly has  
 great orators, but they are a  
 great disturbance to the "B  
 class" while they display their  
 most excellent oratorical qual-  
 ities in elocution.

The Academy team crossed  
 bats with the High School team  
 of the town and defeated them  
 with a score of 8 to 7.

Mr. D. B. had a hair cut.

Prof. in Physiology:—"Mr. V.  
 O., if I did not eat more than 13  
 ounces a day, would I be as fat  
 as I am?"

Mr. V. O.:—"You do not have  
 much to show for it."

Mr. Van Kley, Miss Lucy  
 Stuuroop and Miss Agnes Stapel-  
 kamp visited at Sioux Center  
 Sunday. Arthur and Agnes rep-  
 ort an extraordinary good time.

Ask Mr. B. F. if carpet bating  
 does not give fully as much pleas-  
 ure as playing ball. He says, it  
 is not only good physical exer-  
 cise, but it brings a person on  
 good terms with the ladies, on  
 both sides of the street.



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INVITES THE STUDENTS  
TO GIVE IT A TRIAL.

N. W. C. A. '88 '94.

**VAN OOSTERHOUT  
& HOSPERS.**  
Attorneys at Law.  
ORANGE CITY, IA.

Office north of Hotel Betten.

Next Saturday the Academy team will play a game of baseball at LeMars. The boys expect to do good work since they have new suits.

Prof. in Physiology:—"Mr. S. T., how is wine made?"

Mr. S. T.:—"By squeezing."

Prin. Soulen succeeded very well in taking his first lesson in riding horse-back.

Miss C. N. thinks going in the country on a visit and forgetting her arithmetic is a good excuse for not having her lesson, but Prof. V. d. S. thinks differently.

Mr. Sam. DeBruyn from Lynn Township paid a visit to his brother and was a welcome guest at the club April 30 and May 1st.

We all regret to see Miss Stuur-  
op, who has been with us again for a month, leave on account of ill health. We hope to see her able to take up the work again next year.

Mr. Terpstra has been absent for a week on account of the sickness and death of his father.

Mr. V. D. B. of the "C class" regards Mr. J. J. of the "A class" as being inferior to him in some respects, but he found out not long ago that there are other classes to compete with. It was a woeful sight to see Frank sit on the fence, all, all alone, while the other boys were enjoying their moonlight stroll.

### "LAUGH AND GROW FAT."

Life is such a serious business with the average mortal, that an opportunity for a hearty laugh is more than welcome to most people. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," and so do the humorous features of that great metropolitan daily, The Chicago Record-Herald. The first thing that greets you on the first page of every issue is the humorous cartoon by Ralsh Wilder, the well-known artist, that frequently tells more at a glance than could be conveyed in a column of reading matter. Every issue contains also a humorous small story on the editorial page and the "Alternating Currents" column, written by S. E. Kiser, one of the most popular humorous writers in the country. In addition to all these, the Sunday issue always includes a comic section, guaranteed to produce laughter.

A. F.  
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The Academy team has again crossed bats with the High School team. The object was not so much to show their skill in playing ball as to show their new suits. The result was that they looked too much to their suits and lost the game. The score was 10 to 7. This makes the High School boys heroes in their own eyes, but our boys are not in the least discouraged. Try again boys!!!

### Resolutions.

We, the members of the "D class" of the N. W. C. A. desire to express our tenderest sympathy to our classmate, Sip Terpstra, who is mourning the death of his father, and to each member of the bereaved family would we extend our condolence and commend each to the care of Him who in His great wisdom and loving kindness has seen fit to so afflict them.

The wish of our class is that these resolutions be published in The Classic and a copy sent to our bereaved classmate and the mourning family.

ANNA MEYER,  
WILLIAM KREMERS, } Com.  
EDNA OGG.

### De Alumnis.

'92. Rev. Jno. Heemstra preached his farewell sermon in Sioux Center and will take charge of the Newkirk church.



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Sioux Center, Iowa.

'88. Mrs. A. Rozendal is visiting Orange City.

'97. The class letter of the ninety sevens is still making its rounds.

The alumni who attended the meeting of the North-Western Teachers Association at Sioux City were Hattie Hoppers, '96, Kate Rouwenhorst, '02, Hendrina Hoppers, '97, and Hattie Van Rooyen. '01.

'97. Gertrude Huizenga has been elected assistant principal of the Rock Valley schools.

Among those delegated to the Particular Synod at Orange City are the following alumni: Henry Hoppers, '81, T. W. Muilenburg, '85, C. Kuyper, '94, G. L. Watermulder, '97.

'93. Martha Noordhoff is recovering from a severe attack of appendicitis.

'97, '98. A. Van Wechel and Kate Schalekamp have been re-elected as teachers in the Maurice school.

'97. Hendrina Hoppers attended teachers' meeting in Maurice.

'98. Miss Jennie Noordhoff was in Orange City, April 24.

'95. Mrs. G. TeKolste is teaching in the Academy at Cedar Grove.

'95. Mr. W. C. Spaan is one of the graduates at Princeton this year.

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