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The Classic, November 1900

Northwestern Classical Academy

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NOVEMBER, 1900.

The Classic.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGE CITY, IOWA.

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HERALD PRINT, ORANGE CITY.

The Northwestern Classical Academy.

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

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

The present corps of teachers numbers four :

REV. MATTHEW KOLYN, M. A.
PHILIP SOULEN, A. M.
MARGARET HUIZENGA.
WM. H. GLEYSTEN, A. B.

STUDIES.

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

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

THE RAPELYE LIBRARY AND READING ROOM.

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

EXPENSES.

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

For the sake of meeting incidental expenses a fee of fifteen 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. MATTHEW KOLYN, Orange City, Iowa.

The Classic.

Volume IX.

November.

Number 2.

THE CLASSIC.

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

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Editorial.

SINCE OUR last issue Prof. Frederick K. Maximilian Mueller, one of the world's greatest educators and one of the most famous students of this century, has passed away. Prof. Mueller was born at Dessau, Germany in 1823, and received an excellent education in the noted schools of Berlin, London and Paris. In 1848 he became a member of the faculty of Oxford University where he taught modern languages, and in 1868 he was appointed professor of modern philology at this institution. While serving as teacher, he was also a most enthusiastic student of Sanskrit and other oriental languages. Prof. Mueller translated the "Hilopadsea,"

the "Rig Veda," and other oriental works, and he is the author of a "History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature" and a "Handbook for the Study of Sanskrit." His philological works, which are exhaustive and philosophical, are characteristic of a learned German. Prof Mueller did not devote his time exclusively to the study of philology, but he also wrote of Asiatic peoples, of their customs, languages, and religions. His scholarly work "Origin and Growth of Religion as Illustrated by the Religions of India," and his lectures on the science of religion have been favorably commented upon by the learned men of Europe. His most popular book is "Chips from a German Workshop;" but the most remarkable proof of his ability is that he studied thirty-five languages. He lived a most useful life, and died October 28. When we read the story of his life, when we recall that he was instructor of modern languages at the age of twenty-five in the world-renowned Oxford University, when we remember that for sixty-two years he was instrumental in moulding English thought and European philosophy, the conclusion that he was a genius becomes irresistible, and we bow in humble reverence before such a master mind.

* * *

THE UNIVERSITY of New York has recently attracted considerable attention on account of its Temple of Fame. This temple is a room in the institution which is to be decorated with marble slabs, inscribed with the names of great Americans. One hundred judges have

been appointed, who have already selected about thirty names, and who are to select, in the future, ten names every five years. Washington, "the first in war, the first in peace, the first in the hearts of his country-men," is also first in this Temple of Fame, while Abraham Lincoln and Daniel Webster follow in the order named. It is a remarkable fact, however, that the names of Patrick Henry, James Madison, and James Monroe have not yet been admitted. They were certainly great men, but even if they are not admitted, it is consoling to know that true greatness is not measured by the standard of publicity but by character and genuine worth.

* *

ORANGE CITY may well feel proud that Prof. P. H. Soulen of the N. W. C. A. and Attorney J. Van der Meide are endeavoring to supply an intellectual want, which has long been felt in our community, by offering a strong lecture course. We are pleased to learn that they have engaged the services of such a noted and eloquent orator as Col. Bain of Kentucky, who will speak at the opera house on Thursday evening, Nov. 15, and that another lecture will be delivered at some future time by Dr. Hopkins of Chicago. Two concerts will be given by the Arion Ladies' Quartette and the Standard Concert Co., while Mr. Alton Packard will, one evening, amuse the people with his cartoons. Although the course is a strong one, the price, \$1.50 for a course ticket, is within the reach of all. In the larger cities such a lecture course ordinarily costs \$2.50. We would urge all to avail themselves of this exceptional opportunity, both for the knowledge and enjoyment that each one will gain for himself, and for the aid and encouragement that his attendance will give to the generous promoters. This is especially important to students, for there is no better recreation than a hearty laugh, caused by a cartoon-

ist's ludicrous productions, the rapture produced by sweet strains of music, or the enthusiasm which is aroused by an eloquent speech; and no better mental tonic than to drink deep of the distilled thought of a master mind.

* *

WE ARE pleased to note the interest taken by some of our students in athletics. A regular football team has been organized, and every afternoon finds an enthusiastic crowd of players on the school campus, enjoying a game. Whatever may be said for or against foot ball, it certainly affords an excellent opportunity to develop physical strength. On the other hand, it is regarded by many, and justly so, as a somewhat dangerous game which often results in bruised limbs or broken ribs. Yet there is no other game that gives so much enjoyment as foot ball. An hour spent every day in playing is not time lost; but rather time gained, since it refreshes the mind and enables the student to perform his work more thoroughly and successfully.

Dyspepsia, nervousness, sleeplessness and headaches, as a rule, are unknown to the football player. But in order to derive the most possible benefit, the student must indulge in it regularly, not giving more than a certain time—say an hour every day—to it. Under these conditions there are many advantages in football.



Literary.

"Cooning"

IN THE fall of — I was working with a threshing gang in Northwestern Iowa. The crops were fairly good that year and the work went on smoothly. The gang consisted of seven men; the engineer, the waterboy, the machine-tender, and four pitchers. As all but one were young men, and all jolly good fellows, you can imagine that we had a good time wherever we went. There was not a place where we threshed but what it was the scene of some pranks or capers more or less amusing. If we ran across a farmer who happened to have a goodly supply of blushing young daughters, some of us would be sure to try to win their good graces, or, if he was well supplied with strapping sons, a wrestling, jumping, pulling or boxing match was sure to come off. But the greatest enjoyment—with the exception, perhaps, of courting a farmer's daughter,—was to take a walk through his apple orchard or melon patch. Not that we were thieves, not at all; but a wonderful sense of satisfaction seemed to possess us when we handled—it was generally too dark to see—the big round apples or luscious melons. The only trouble that might befall us on such a walk was that the farmer and his dog might have taken the idea to take a walk also, and if our roads happened to meet we generally got the worst of it.

Just such a night's experience I wish to relate. We were lying in the shade one day during the dinner hour when Pete, the water boy, overheard the following words, which passed between two of the pitchers, Dick and Jim. "Say, Dick," "Well?" was the questioning reply. "I've found out something good today." Thereupon they crawled close together and conversed in a tone so low that the water boy's somewhat sleepy ears could not catch all the words. All he heard was

something about an "apple orchard" and something about "old man Wicks." He had heard enough, however, to warrant him that there was mischief brewing. This in itself was nothing extraordinary, but one thing pained him; it was not that he cared so much whether "they stepped over the law a few yards," or whether they made old man Wicks say a few words that would not raise his standard as a church member, when he should find some apples gone; but rather that they were going to leave the rest out of the fun. This, however, was not to be.

In the afternoon Pete held a consultation with Harry, the engineer, behind the engine. What passed between them I do not know; I only caught the last words just as I was passing. "Just wait, we'll get even with them!" In due time the work for the day was finished, supper was over, and the men sat smoking the "pipe of peace and contentment." The farmer's buxom daughters had nearly finished milking, and the gray dusk of deep twilight was falling over the landscape, when Dick and Jim were suddenly seized by the chivalrous spirit of a mediaeval knight. Both seized a bucket and started for the yard with the avowed intention of "helping the girls with the milking." A mysterious sign passed between Pete and Harry, and both started off in an opposite direction.

Dick and Jim, however, were very careful to avoid the yard in which the girls were milking. They kept on straight down the road bent on other than chivalrous deeds. The apple orchard towards which they were making their way was about half a mile away. At first their walk was brisk, but when they neared the orchard they walked stealthily and watched every bush and tree which they passed. You may suppose that this was a cowardly fear; but they had good reason to be on the watch. Old man Wicks had the reputation of being a man not to be

fooled with, while his son Lib was a strapping young fellow with whose fists our worthy apple thieves did not care to become acquainted.

Carefully they climbed the wire fence, set down their buckets, and started upon a tour of inspection. "Say, Dick," whispered Jim, "I'll go and watch the road while you see what you can find." "All right," was the reply in the same tone. Jim started back, strained his eyes to pierce the darkness, but saw nothing. He was on the point of going back into the orchard, when suddenly, from behind a row of melons, loomed up the form of a man, and a gruff voice demanded, "Here you, what are you doing here?" So unexpected was this question that Jim did not feel at all ready to answer it. Besides he may have felt a natural disinclination to tell other people about his own private affairs; at any rate he stood still and said nothing, but his heart beat fast. It had good reason to beat for the man,—whether or not it was farmer Wicks, Jim could not see,—came toward him with his fists ready for action. "Here you rascal, you get out of this or I'll knock you as flat as your mother's pancakes. Here Lib, I've got 'em," and he made a grab for Jim's collar and at the same time a tall form came on a run through the trees.

That settled affairs. Things were getting too warm there even for Jim. Of course he was not afraid of *one* man, but when another arrived upon the scene and both seemed to have only one intention, to take a piece out of his hide, Jim decided that discretion is the better part of valor and took to his heels. He did not stop to see what had become of his companion, nor did he stop to consider that such an abrupt departure was very impolite and would hardly pass in refined society; he simply kept right on as fast as his long legs could carry him, and it must be said to the credit of those members that they carried him pretty fast; and had he not

encountered the door of the house in his path I might not be able to tell you how far he ran.

Meanwhile what had become of Dick? He had performed his part of the program; had found the apples and was already busily at work upon a big one when he heard the little one-sided chat some distance from him. He kept quiet, laughing in his sleeve at his chum's ill luck. Of course the old man could only chase one of them, he reasoned. He, therefore, would have the whole orchard to his own sweet self. But just then he heard that cry of "Here Lib I've got 'em." That set him in motion; he ran plump into a wire fence, went head over heels into a mud hole and had a few other little experiences. But, except a few scratches and a pair of torn pantaloons, he came out of the scrape none the worse for wear.

But what were the old man "Wicks" and "Lib" doing? They were rolling in the grass, their feet up in the air, their hands clasping their stomachs, fairly shrieking with laughter. Our worthy farmer and his son were no other than Pete and Harry. They had made a bee-line for the orchard, and succeeded in their plan of scaring the boys out of their wits. You may be sure that during the remainder of the fall those boys never heard the last of "Here Lib I've got 'em."

AN IOWA THRESHING HAND.

Edgar Allen Poe.

EDGAR Allen Poe was born in Boston on January 19, 1809. His parents were actors, and at the time of his birth were members of a theatrical company stationed there. His father, David Poe, was handsome and attractive. He first studied law, but abandoned it, later on, for the stage. He made no success in this profession and soon was dependent upon his wife for his very existence. Poe's

mother was a very frail and delicate woman, who spent her life on the stage. She was an attractive woman with great talent and unblemished character. Though her industry was incessant, the support of husband and children was more than she was able to bear, and before her gifted son had reached his third year, she was carried to her last resting place.

At the death of his mother Edgar was adopted by wealthy people of Richmond, by whom he was brought up and educated as if he were their own child. For a number of years he attended an excellent school in England, and later on he was sent to the University of Virginia. Although Poe had everything money could buy, and was petted and humored much on account of his great gifts, still he did not have what one so much needs—a mother's love. His foster mother was kind to him, but still the real love, the true sympathy and heartfelt interest of a mother, was denied him. At the University, though he stood first in his classes, he was led into evil ways, especially into gambling, so Mr. Allen, his foster father, removed him.

After his father dismissed him, he went to Boston, and there published his first poems. Immediately he enlisted in a battery of artillery; and for two years lived the life of a common artilleryman, but did so with honor. Through the intercession of Mr. Allen he was granted a discharge, and at the age of 21 he entered the military academy at West Point. But his experience was unhappy, for he was too old and experienced to fill this place. He became discontented and broke the rules with the deliberate purpose of gaining his freedom. Finally he succeeded,—was tried by court martial and dismissed.

All his ambitions were at this time for literature. Two years after his dismissal he reappeared as the successful competitor for a prize offered by a Baltimore

newspaper for a prose story. At this time he wrote his most powerful tales,—Hans Pfaal, Arthur Gordon Pyn, Leigeia, Marie Roget and The Descent into the Maelstrom. He was connected with several newspapers and magazines in Richmond, New York and Philadelphia, but in almost every case he soon grew discontented with his work, and gave evidences of peculiarities of character or of conduct that justly estranged the affections and good will of his friends. At first there were only small faults that had to be born with; later on, with more and more frequency, and with greater and greater flagrancy, there were faults of conduct also. Fits of stupidity or of delirium caused by opium eating, occasional intoxication were manifestations of his weakness, very evident to all observers; but unfortunately these were only the outward signs of wreckage. The real wreckage was the deterioration of his character that resulted in petty untruthfulness, jealousy, partiality and biased judgment in his literary work.

There was one characteristic of Poe's, however, that throughout his whole life suffered not even the slightest diminution in strength and reality. This was his love for his wife, his child wife, whom he cherished and loved and adored, till she was taken from him by death. Had she lived and been blessed with strength and health, Poe's life might have changed, for he loved her passionately. But, alas! she was ever almost at death's door, and gave him constant anxiety. When at last she did die, it was only through the charity of friendly strangers that his distress found alleviation from abject wretchedness. After her death Poe still had two years of a strangely varied life, of wild hopes, disappointments and daring ambitions; and during this time he wrote his three greatest poems—"Raven," "Bells" and "Annabel Lee." He produced these with the least effort and with great perfection.

A certain mystery hangs over the cause of Poe's death. The common story is that he died from the results of a drunken spree. But all we know is, that he was found unconscious in the streets of that city, thinly clad, and exposed to the cold October air. He was carried to a hospital where he was placed in the hands of a physician. He died soon after this, and his last words were, "Lord help my poor soul."

Poe's life was indeed a sad one. All he had was the true love and devotion of his angel wife, and her mother. Friends and sympathizers he had none. It would make one weep to read of his battles with life, his failings, and the many other trials and troubles with which he was burdened. People who met him were attracted to him by his earnestness in his duties, his power in conversation, and his great ability. But alas! those who became better acquainted with him, soon learned that his life was a shame.

Few of those who knew Poe were insensible to the fascination of his personal appearance. He was somewhat over the usual height and had the unmistakable stamp of West Point bearing. His dress was fastidious, but simple; his curly hair was brushed back from his high forehead; his face was pale and intellectual, and a short black mustache hid the nervous movements of his mouth. But his great charm lay in his steel gray eyes, in which were shown intelligence and feeling. He was proud and somewhat reserved, and yet he made friends easily. He mingled readily in the pleasures of his fellows, which afterwards laid the foundation of his ruin.

Poe's genius and character are unmatched in the history of American literature. By many critics he has been pronounced the most original poet and story-teller the continent ever produced. But such estimates are baseless and overdone. He was original to a certain ex-

tent; he devised new objects of poetic consideration, and added new territory to the scope of poetic achievements. The character, though striking, was unimportant. Its field was narrow and its thoughts were exceedingly unvaried. His writings are interesting and to the point. He was always criticising, writing and re-writing and altering his works, but he never obtained what he sought for,—perfection. But though he was not master of this, still he had a lofty style in writing, which places him among the greatest poets. His imaginative power was unquestionable, although he dwelt too much on the dark side of life. Instead of picturing the world as bright, pleasant and sunshiny, he imagined it to be filled with darkness, gloom and terror.

Poe had many bitter enemies, mostly on account of the severity of his criticism. His ideals in literature were high and peculiar, and he never feared to lash an impostor or assail an opponent. He was a path-breaker for men in France, Italy, England and America. His field was narrow and his personality was not a noble one, but after all he wrought the miracle that brings beauty into the world. Much of his material was superstitious, mere shadows and the tremblings of shattered nerves; and such subtle craftsmanship went to the making of his works, that fabric is a permanent contribution to the imaginative literature of the race.

J. H. M., '91.

* *

Learning to Ride a Bicycle.

LEARNING to ride a bicycle is certainly a very difficult task. At least I found it so. The first day after receiving my wheel I resolved to learn the art of riding it. In pursuance of my plan I betook myself to the top of a gently sloping hill. Arriving at my practice ground, I tried to mount but found to my great chagrin that the wheel would not stand

still long enough for me to take my seat. After several fruitless attempts, during which I more than once lost my temper, my happy feelings and my hat, I succeeded in mounting. I had, however, not ridden more than three and a half feet when the wheel tipped, and not being nimble enough with my foot, I was humiliated in the dust. Perseverance conquers. This was so true in my case that after a few hours' diligent practice I imagined that I could ride quite well. The following day, proud of my new accomplishment and my new wheel, I resolved to go to town under pretext of getting the mail. When I had ridden about a mile I came up with a crusty old neighbor, leisurely walking along. I knew he was a mortal enemy of bicycles. At once I resolved to ride past him at a speed that would almost take his breath away. When I was about five feet from him I lost control of my wheel. True to its perverse nature it went straight at the man. In a second the front wheel struck his lower extremities with tremendous force. Uttering a yell that would have put the wildest Indian to shame, he went into the surveyor's business, for the time being. I followed his example, only a little more energetically. The temper of my friend in humiliation was so badly shattered that he called several terrible imprecations upon the wheel. After this he proceeded to give it several unceremonious kicks, everyone of which struck my heart. After collecting and composing my shattered nerves, I mounted again and rode about half a mile when I had to encounter a new trial. The front wheel struck a stone and, without delay, went down the grading into the ditch. By this occurrence my pride was thoroughly humbled, and I returned home a wiser and a sadder man.

* *

ONE CAN imagine something easier than learning to ride a bicycle. The first day that I had a bicycle I was naturally very fond of it. But alas for me, it was raining, and I could do nothing else than now and then go to the place where I had it standing and stroke it gently with the palm of my hand. A few days after the roads were good and I got the wheel out of the shed and opened the campaign. The bicycle was one of these cushion tire ones, and its broad handlebars made it resemble very much a Persian scythe-bearing chariot. So after getting to a place where I thought no one could see me, I placed the old thing beside a telephone pole and got astraddle of it. But I hardly dared to start. My heart beat fifty times to the second and perspiration stood on my brow. All at once I summoned all my courage and pushed myself off. But I did not go far before I lost my balance and struck the earth rather hard with my head. I sat still for about five minutes, dreaming of something which I do not recollect. I then tried it again and became so interested in my undertaking that I never once looked up but kept my eyes on the bicycle. Suddenly there was a crash; and lo! to my utter consternation, I had run into an old-fashioned orthodox Hollander. He tried to keep his footing for a moment but soon toppled over. Then he got up and gave me a lecture, and called me some names, which I hardly think he had extricated from the Bible, as he had done the names of all his sons. After that I got along a little better. I was riding on a highly graded road and before I knew it the wheel took the direction of the ditch. I lost all presence of mind and closed my eyes. All sorts of passages rushed through my head, among these was also, "And great shall be the fall thereof." Suddenly I landed head first in a mud puddle, which announced the end of my journey down the grading. A friend who was near helped me out and

asked me what I was doing down there when he came to the rescue. Upon my reply that I was not there of my own accord, he told me he had never fallen from a bicycle. "For," said the old farmer-dryly in his Friesch dialect, "I never tried to ride one of those things." After that I learned to keep my balance and matters have gone smoothly all the ages through, even up to the present day. Now I can ride with perfect ease from one town to another, provided they are not more than two miles apart, and I can not remember a single time that I had a tumble.

D. M.

Locals.

Hello! We are very much interested in you, new subscribers, since you show that you are interested in the work of N. W. C. A. students.

Jno. Oelrich has returned after a protracted absence.

Do not study two hours on one line of Latin.

The other day the peculiar medieval odors in one of the rooms, aroused the barbarian instincts in the hearts of the "B's."

The football game on Oct. 3d, between the "Mixed Team" and LeMars, was a close shave. Seventeen to nothing. Several blue noses were carried away as momentos, but none received any fatal injury. As a whole the game was played in a careful and orderly manner. All the spectators went away well satisfied. The next game is to be played at LeMars on the seventeenth of this month.

The students decided on "Woman's Suffrage" at the earliest possible date.

This weather ought to kill the flies, but—it doesn't. By means of pocket mirrors the boys explore the gloomy corners of the rooms, much to the disgust of the re-

maining flies and the vexation of the professors.

What is revolution? A changing of seats in the recitation(?) rooms

The way it is arranged now it is as satisfactory as possible; as the Dutch proverb says: "It does our heart good."

For the special edification and instruction of N. W. C. A. students, an election was held; real sample ballots were used. A very intelligent set of voters they were, since none of the ballots needed to be cast out as useless. In all sixty-two ballots were cast; forty republican, six democratic, one social democrat and fifteen "mixed."

Prof: "What is the 'Ager Carthageniensis?'"

Student: "The potato patch of Carthage."

Miss Margaret Huizenga, one of our instructors, and her sister went home on the third; circumstances prevented their returning on time on Monday morning

The following went home to vote: Buis, Veneman and Schaapman. They looked rather downcast when they heard of Bryan's crushing defeat. But the boys must not be held responsible.

According to one of the boys, figures of speech effect only the internal man. We have noticed that figures of speech, specifically of emphasis, may also appeal to the external man. In our younger days figures of emphasis were sometimes liberally applied with a barrel-stave.

"The other day, while perambulating down the avenue, designated as the straight, one of our pedal extremities came in violent contact with a paleozoic specimen; the result was that the political dyspepsia under which our internal organism was laboring at the time was completely routed" (We repeat this verbatim, but do not offer to decipher it.—The Local Eds.)

Now boys get a ticket for the "Adelphic

Lecture Course." If you wish to make someone else very grateful and 1.... get two.

Those who visited the Academy during the month of October were Mrs. A. Pieters, Miss Kollen, Rev. D. Betten, Miss K. Van der Waa and Miss M. Dykhuizen.

The Rev. A. Pieters from Japan conducted chapel exercises October 23. He gave a short address to the students concerning his work as missionary.

Prof. in civics: For what crime may senators and representatives be arrested? Bright Senior: "For breach of promise."

Miss Helen Lubbers, a graduate of the Boyden High School, has been enrolled as a student in the Normal department of our school.

Professors Kolyn, Soulen, Kuizenga and Rev. Straks attended a ministerial meeting at Newkirk at which the last named gentleman read a paper on the "History of Sabbath Observance."

Prof. H. G. Keppel, a member of the faculty of the N. W. C. A. in '91 and '92, but now professor of mathematics in the Northwestern University, has secured a leave of absence to make a trip to Holland, and after returning, to take a post-graduate course at Clark University.

On the evening of November 8, a social gathering was held by the members and friends of the Christian Endeavor society of the First Reformed church. All of the students were invited, and those that attended report an enjoyable time.

On Sunday, Nov. 5, Prof. Kolyn preached in LeMars. The following day he delivered an address at the funeral services of Rev. John Wynia, a Presbyterian clergyman. During his absence Rev. Straks filled his chair as teacher.

Mr. Heeren of the "A" Class intended to go home to vote on election day, but his party seems to have been "too poor" to pay his expenses.

Prof. Soulen has been very successful in selling tickets for the lecture course, especially among the students. He says some of them are having special seats reserved "for their overcoats." (Sic!)

R. Ham is still talking politics.

The "A" class will take up physics with Prof. Kuizenga in a short time.

Some say they doubt that Mr. Buis really voted for Bryan, as he did not succeed in carrying his state for him.

On the evening of Nov. 10, Miss Fay Wilcox gave a party to her class ("B" class). The teachers, who had also been invited, entered fully into the spirit of the occasion and were young once more. After a short program had been rendered, games were played, and at a late hour all went home feeling grateful to Miss Wilcox for the kind entertainment.

De Alumnis.

'88. Mr. A. Te-Paske was elected to the county attorneyship by a comfortable majority. The county is to be congratulated that it has secured the services of a man whose Alma Mater teaches as her greatest lesson, social service. Upon his graduation from Iowa College Mr. Te Poske received the special honor of a scholarship in Harvard University; his year of graduate study was also completed with distinguished excellence. Neither is he a mere intellectual gymnast, but a scholar whose learning is himself. Mr. Te Paske is known by the alumni of Grinnell, by its faculty, and especially by its late president as a man of first principles. His education is not an unearned increment; he has made himself what he is.

'89. Dr. H. J. Betten has been appointed "House Doctor" of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Mr. Betten expects to do some post graduate work in medicine, in order to prepare himself more fully for the duties of medical missionary which he has made his life purpose.

'91. Dr. J. J. Heeren is practicing in Marinette, Wis.

'91. Jake Van der Meide Roosevelt the hot-bed of Bryanism in central Iowa during a large part of this campaign.

'92. Dr. Harte Beyer from Sioux Center visited friends and relatives in town last week. Dr. Beyer reports a good practice.

'92. Herman Te Paske spent a great deal of his time and energy, during the campaign, in finding lost political sheep. Mr. Te Paske teaches in the Sioux Center schools.

'94. John W. Hospers, law student S. U. I., came home a week before election to campaign and vote.

Luke Noordhoff is teaching the intermediate grades in the Hospers public schools, with the rank of Assistant Principal.

'96. Mr. S. C. Nettinga officiates as correspondent of the Western Theological Seminary in "De Hope."

H. P. Schuurmans is pastor of the Ninth Reformed church of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Aalt Roelofs is clerking in Rock Valley.

S. C. Nettinga and John Straks have entered the Western Theological Seminary at Holland, Mich.

'97. Miss Hendrine Hospers studied at Oberlin College last year.

A. Cleveringa has entered the Grand Rapids school.

John Harmeling is teaching in the public school of Monroe, S. D.

Libby Van Wyk is rustivating at the farm near Middleburg.

Henry Ahrends, jr., is staying with his parents in Chancellor, S. D.

Allen Van Wechel has bought a furniture store in Maurice, and is now in business at that place.

Edwin C. Hofmeister is engaged in the grain business at Chancellor, S. D.

John Wesselink recently delivered a strong and characteristic address on "True Humanity" before the Y. M. C. A. at Holland, Mich., and during the recent campaign he stumped the state of Michigan for Bryan.

D. J. Gleysteen has been elected by the Grin-

nell College Publishing Association editor to the staff of the "Scarlet and Black." Mr. Glesyteen is a senior at that institution, and a candidate for "Bachelor of Philosophy."

'98. Henry Lubbers has registered for Pharmacy at Purdue University.

Mr. C. A. A. Kuyper spent the past summer with a surveying party in northern Wisconsin. He is now in the employ of a large wholesale implement house.

'99. Mr. P. Grooters has been able to resume his sophomore work at Hope, from which he has been long detained by the illness and death of his mother.

L. Boeve served in the ranks of Michigan democrats as a political orator during the last campaign.

'00. John Huizenga and Gerrit Labberton have entered Hope College, and J. C. Gleysteen is pursuing his studies at Iowa College.

J. H. Heinen has matriculated in the Grand Rapids school.

G. Bosch, Gertie and Johanna De Jong, Agnes Dykstra, and J. F. Van Gorkum are teaching.

Gerrit Slob and Judson Kolyn are taking lessons in domestic science and George Van der Steeg is studying law.

Bert Poppen did not enter Hope College on account of his sister's death.

Exchange.

November.

The mellow year is hastning to its close,
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows,
The patient beauty of the scentless rose.
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed.
Hangs a pale mourner for the summer past,
And makes a little summer where it grows,
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way

Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define;
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

—The Ray.

A College Course is the most effective means yet devised for aiding a young man to convert his best political self into his active self.—Pres. Chase, Bates College.

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Fame is like a river, that beareth up things light and swollen, and drowns things weighty and solid.—Bacon.

The best kind of duty is done in secret and without sight of men. There it does its work devotedly and nobly. It does not follow the routine of wordly-wise morality. It does not advertise itself.—Samuel Smiles.

Character is nature in the highest form. It is of no use to ape it, or to contend with it. Somewhat it is possible of resistance, and of persistence, and of creation to this power, which will foil emulation.—Emerson.

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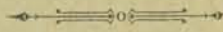
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