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COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

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 affects the heart and character as well as the mind. To combine moral with mental training is, therefore, considered its reason for existence and its mission. To that end the study of the English Bible is included in the course.

The present corps of teachers numbers five:

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

STUDIES.

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

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

THE RAPELYE LIBRARY AND READING ROOM.

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

EXPENSES.

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

For the sake of meeting incidental expenses a fee of twelve dollars will be required from each student for the school year. Half of this is payable in September and the other half at the beginning of the second term.

The rates for board range 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 Atlon, four miles eastward, and with the Sioox City & Northern at Maurice, eight miles westward. On account of the extent of the Northwestern railway system, Orange City is easily accessible from all directions. Owing to its location in the Northwestern section of Iowa, it can readily be reached from the Dakotas, Nebraska and Minnesota.

For Catalogue and particulars as to courses of study and text books, address the Principal.

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

**

Literary.

Salutatory.

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

But not all stones contain the same image, neither can every individual be educated to become an artist. And this is very natural. For as in a large building not all stones have the same form and purpose, so does the world need the different individualities to form the grand structure of society. We cannot all be the massive corner stone on which the whole building rests, nor need we all aspire to be the keystone in the grand arch overhead. You and I, my friends, have each a setting somewhere in a place that no other can fill for us and where we can do more good than anywhere else, whether it be an ornament in a conspicuous place, or perhaps, as an ugly piece of rock under the ground where nobody will see or appreciate us. The calling for which we are naturally adopted is the best and most honorable we can occupy; and we must let education bring that out. True education makes a man more like himself; it is not creation; it is development. Too many often aspire to do things for which they have no adaptability; and consequently in doing so wrench themselves out of joint, and are cripples forever afterwards.

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

Well do we remember the time when we assembled as "D's," full of hope and ambition for the future. As with all things in this world, too much was expected at the start; too easy did we count the difficulties; too long did we think the time; too great expectations of ourselves; too grand its final victory. Man is always inclined to have too great expectations of the future; the future, he thinks, will bring him prosperity—wealth, honor, distinction—all his hopes are for the future. His aircastles are easily adapted to his own wishes and desires, and thus he builds out. But he does not figure on the many crooks and curves in the way of life. Neither did we count all there was between us and graduation, neither did we reckon on the many disappointments that awaited us in these four years. We stand to-night as weary travelers on the top of a steep hill, looking down on the long, winding ascent through which he has just toiled his upward way. We smile at the queer notions we often entertained; we wonder that we really yet, in our greenness and inexperience, have reached the top. Yes, many a time, we acknowledged, were our teachers obliged to point us toward the real goal, when we were about to wander into paths whereby we should have missed the real end of an education. We wish to express our heart felt thankfulness to our teachers tonight for the patience and faithfulness with which they have corrected our faults and guided us onward to this end of our course. We feel we do not half appreciate all they have done for us. Tonight we bring our humble tribute to their honored work; and, should we in the future ever succeed in gaining positions of honor or trust in the world, we will gladly acknowledge that it was in part through their instrumentality that we became what we are.

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

So now, dear classmates, while we are gathered, perhaps for the last time as a class, the thought of parting tunes our hearts to serious reflections. However, let us not take away the joy of having reached the goal. We may well congratulate ourselves that to-night we may leave these halls as victors. The start have we made; and with "Truth, Not Appearance," written in our banner, we march to our field of labor. Whatever we may do, wherever our lot may be cast, let truth and virtue be our guides, and the glory of our Maker and man's wellbeing our only aim and purpose. Let not desire of power or honor, nor not riches or any selfish ambition be allowed to carry us away from the true end of life. The way may be rugged, the disappointments many, but for all these, let us here determine to be true to ourselves and our calling. Thus, ladies and gentlemen, the class of '97 welcomes you to their Commencement exercises. After the feverish struggle of these four years, after the good and ill that befell us in your midst, it is good for us to be here and meet you all. Wherever duty may lead, however toilsome and lonely the way may be, our ambition is not for earthly fame or glory, but for a humble part in the maintenance of liberty and rights and the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God on earth. Thus dropping all superficialities that would tend to obstruct us in the faithful performance of our duty, and casting a hopeful glance toward the future, we wish you all a hearty welcome.

**

The History of the Class of '97.

BY HENRIETTA OSPER.

As I looked over the pages of the history of our illustrious class, it brings back pleasant recollections, and I sigh as I think, "Ah, could I but live that part of my life over!" But no—that is past, its sweet pleasures are no more to be enjoyed, still I can sit down at close of
day, that quiet hour for reverie, and
dream of those Academy days.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The valedictorian of the class of ’96 first
cast his lot in with us, but for these three
reasons: that he was very diligent in
study, that he had the advantage of be-
ing in such a bright class as ours, and pos-
table had some attraction in the
class above us, he distanced us, and reached
the end before we did.

A chain is no stronger than its weakest
link; but a class may move faster than its
slowest peddler. So the class of ’97 has
left a legacy to the class of ’98. As we
now launch forth, we may have attained
our end. Three years have flown by; it seems but yesterday we first
met as “D’s.” Some of these by-gone days
we may wish to live over; others—ah no!
let them pass; never more do we desire to
see them again.

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

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

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

Let me briefly tell of the others: There
is Dr. Tough, that sedate, dignified Senior,
with a fortune in his face, who is as full
of fun as the others; then “Compound
Curve,” very studious, keeps the class
laughing with his sayings; next our
chorister from Maurice, who is, I am sure, not
so fond of Geometry as of music; again,
that gentleman from Alton, who delights
in singing, “The Pretty Little Fish-
erman,” and also that young man who
sits with his cousin in the English room.

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

The city of Nineveh was indeed, a very
great city. Our noted orator, “Nineveh,”
a namesake of that ancient city, truly
resembled it in its greatness. He also del-
ights in teasing the ladies.

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

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

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

So I have introduced the class of ’97 to
the audience. Now we hope you are bet-
ter acquainted with us, and that you have
formed a good opinion of us. Imagi-
nation has not been “playing pranks with
memory,” the facts, as I have stated them
are truth, perhaps in all cases not the
whole truth, but certainly nothing more
than the truth.
And now we part. Happy days we spent together, never more to return.

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

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

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

**THE CLASS Prophecy.**

BY MISS GERTRUDE HULBERG.

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

"Our own dear Alma mater
All of us together will tumble.

This was why I was dreaming; some days ago I started on my journey to join my friends a year hence in the fulfillment of the engagement. My companions are a friend, a little pencil, and my pet chameleon.

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

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

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

July 19.—Chicago.

Wishing to go through the hospitals and training schools for nurses, we were directed to a very large building. Many women were busily engaged in various occupations. Upon approaching us one of these called me by the old familiar name of our school-days. She proved to be none other than Miss Mabel Ter Beest, who though she had not taken all our studies, was yet reckoned with us. Her careful ways reminded us that "Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge." As she led us from ward to ward, and showed us her patients, we noticed, with a smile, that they were mostly young and middle-aged men, soon entered a room, the walls of which were strewed with silver threads, she still was a friend of the boys. Following directions, an omnicycle soon brought us to a beautiful skyscraper; and entering a pneumatic elevator we were shot up into the fiftieth story in about as many seconds. We rang a bell and a servant in livery ushered us into a luxuriantly furnished apartment where Mr. D. Geysteen, the dentist, had a residence. After chatting for a short time we took our departure.

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

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

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

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

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

March 18—It is but a short time since the inauguration of the President, and President is in Washington.

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

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

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

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

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

May 5—From there our ship took us to Germany. Yesterday we visited many conservatories of Music, Art Galleries and Colleges. In the evening we entered the Department of languages and from whom we see but Mr. E. C. Hofmeister, the Professor of German. As he
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was about to take a vacation, he suggested that we all go to Russia, for his friend, Mr. P. De Lange was at Moscow, and he wished to stay a brief time with him. Thither we went. Above all the roar and din of the city, the strains of music carried to us on the wind gradually grew louder. Looking up we saw a vast number of people marching along, and the leader, with looks as black as the raven's wing, flourishing his cane and beginning a new song. It was the Salvation Army, and as it came still nearer, we thought our sight must be failing as we recognized Mr. De Lange. His whole soul seemed to enter into the spirit of the song.

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

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

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

June 8—Five days more and the reunion of the three girls of the class of '37 is to occur. Our rendezvous is at the home of Nettie Sippa (as we used to call her.) Mr. Harmeling will accompany us, and all will, no doubt, be heartily wel-

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comin by our friend Nettle. Her husband (whose name you may have guessed) is Mr. L. Van Wyck, a wealthy merchant.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"* * *"

Valentine,

By Allen Van Wechel.

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

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

With these thoughts and motives within us, we, the class of '37, have arrived at another stage in our life's career. A few short years have we labored in this part of life's battlefield; tonight we stand upon the threshold looking toward the future; a moment more and we pass on. The gratification of one set of wishes has but prepared the unsatisfied soul for the conception of another.

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

Citizens of Orange City, friends of the institution: But a few short years ago we, as a zealous band of students, took up our abode in your midst. Many of us then came here as strangers. But, as the years passed by, ties of associations have been formed, which, as we leave to-night, must be cut asunder. Though distance may divide us, yet the memory of price-less associations shall be a gem ever bright and sparkling in the casket of our memory; and as the class of '37 leaves you to-night, it wishes likewise to be remembered by you. Trusting that your interest in the Institution may ever increase and thanking you for the many benefits received, we bid you farewell.

Respected Principal and Instructors: This evening it is again the sad duty of another class to bring you its parting words. To you the class of '37 feels greatly indebted for the advantages received under your kind guidance and instructions. In your race for knowledge, you have been patient with us, and shown an interest in our welfare. When perplexities and difficulties obstructed our pathway, you were ever ready and willing to assist us. We realize that under your instructions we have been the better prepared to cope with life's difficulties. The foundation of our castle of hope has been, trust, been laid upon the solid rock of a Christian training: so that, though the dark and stormy waves of the future may break upon us, we need not fear. For all this receive our humble thanks, trusting that, as we follow the footsteps of our predecessors, we shall be remembered by you, and hoping that, as we go forth into life's school of experience, we may reflect honor upon you and the Institution, we bid you a fond farewell.

Honorable Members of the Board: Of ten have you been addressed by classes gone before. Tonight another class has reached this point and now wishes to do the same. Yet we can but repeat the same which has so often been presented to you. We feel grateful to you for the pleasant surroundings we have enjoyed, for selecting so able a faculty, and thereby causing the Institution to attain so prized a position in the educational world. And as years roll along, and class after class leaves its marks may it but cheer you onward in the noble work you have begun; for already you are beginning to realize the fruits of your labors. And among those who have gone, may you remember the class of '37, which now bids you farewell.

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

While now he will leave us to seek his fortune in another line of work, we wish him goodspeed in whatever he does, and profess hereby the fond hope that he will not forget us, nor those dear relations of ours.

The Students.

Localis.

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

Music—Orange City Band.
Invocation—Rev. G. H. Hoppers.
Music—Away to the Fields—Chorus.
Salutatory—John Wesseling.
Toussaint L'Overture—D. J. Gevsten.
Irish Philosophy—L. W. Van Wyk.
Music—Male Quartette.
Beisnazar's Feast—Miss N. Sima.
Parody on Mark Anthony's Address—J. Van Peukem.
Class History—Miss E. Hossers.
Society's Hymn—W. Bekkenk.
Music—Hester Faires—Female Sextette.
Class Prophecy—Miss G. A. Huizenga.
The Soldier's Pardon—J. H. Hossers.
Valedictory—A. Van Weichel.
Presentation of Diplomas by Principal.
Music—Fairland Waltz—Chorus.

COMMENCEMENT!! "Examinations!!"

"Did you pass?"

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

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

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

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

On Decoration Day the Academy base ball game nine played a game at ball with Newkirk. The score was 23 to 25 in favor of the Academy. June 5th a return game was played with Newkirk. The game was not finished, but the score was 20 to 18, again in favor of the Academy. Try again Newkirk! You may succeed at last.

In Civil Government examination:
Prof.: "What is a republic?"
Student: "It is the shortening of the length of a criminal."

At the last business meeting of the Philomathean Society, the following officers were elected: President, John Vanderbeck; Vice President, G. A. Westerhuis; Secretary, K. Kuyper; Treasurer, A. Clovena; Sergeant-At-Arms, J. Moos.

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

Student: "Should marriage be a corporation."

Prof.: "What is the difference between an ocean and a continental island?"
Mr.: "Ocean is an island of the ocean, and a continental island is made of the same stuff as the continent."

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

Quartet—under direction of Van Persum.
Declamatory Contest—N. Kuyper and J. Meyer.
Duet—Kate Rowenhorst and Ella Beyer.
Recitation—Henrietta Hossers.
Oration—P. De Lange.
Dialogue—under direction of Van der Beek.

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

ON ALUMNIS.

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

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

Menu:
Saratoga Chips, Spring Beets, Chicken Salad, French Rolls, Olives, Metropolitan Ice Cream, Assorted Cake, Coffee, Nuts, Raisins.

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

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

On Thursday forenoon was held the annual business meeting. The following officers were elected and appointed: P. D. Van Oosterhout, '93, President; J. E. Oggel, '90, Vice President; Mary Rhynsburger, '93, Secretary; Henry J. Schaub, '96, Treasurer; Arta Hossers, '92, Historian. Other business was done; as the appointing of a committee to revise the constitution and a committee in the matter of an alumni trustee. Harmony and enthusiasm prevailed throughout the meeting.

The following out of town alumni were in the city these commencement days: J. W. Te Paske, '91; J. F. Heemstra, '92; G. H. Van Diest, '92; Margaret Huizenga, '93; J. W. Koels, '93; Martha Janessen, '94; Richard Huizenga, '94; Aris DeBoer, '96.
The class of '97 begins counting the alumni in "The Second Hundred."
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If you are in need of any Clothing, Hat, Cap or Underwear, we can save you some money.

GIRLS, Look Here!
You take the lead to our store and buy some fancy goods and make the boys buy a suit and we will treat to the candy.

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