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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 five:

James F. Zwemer, A. M.
Anthony T. Paske, A. B.
Philip Soulen, A. M.
Cornelia A. Van Der Linden, A. B.
Henrietta Zwemer.

STUDIES.

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

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

THE RAPELEY 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 entire expense ranges between $100 and $150 per annum. Boarding houses, and students clubbing arrangements are to be approved by the Principal.

A board of education has recently been established. Out of the funds of this board, deserving students who need it receive support during the school year.

LOCATION.

The Academy is located at Orange City, the county seat, a station on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, near the junction of said road with the St. Paul & Omaha railroad at Alton, four miles eastward, and with the Sioux City & Northern at Maurice, eight miles westward. On account of the extent of the Northwestern railway system, Orange City is easily accessible from all directions. Owing to its location in the Northwestern section of Iowa, it can readily be reached from the Dakotas, Nebraska and Minnesota.

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

Rev. James F. Zwemer, Orange City, Iowa.

The Classic.

Volume VI.

March.

Number 6.

Literary.

Not What We Seem, But Are.

It is evident that man will be respected as he appears in life, and it is therefore one of our great duties and responsibilities to look out how we appear in this world, avoiding even the least carelessness concerning the impression which we are going to make upon our fellowmen.

It is not because it has become a custom of time, and therefore respected, that the warrior wears a uniform, and every soldier as belonging to his own regiment, a different one; but it is proven in time of war how necessary such is not only for himself, but especially for his fellow soldiers, and even to his superiors, in order that it may be seen and known to which side he belongs.

This is also true of the appearance of our uniform, whether we are at peace or war. It is only the little badge in the cap, or on the hat, the number of the branch to which we belong, that distinguishes us, and makes us known.

This is also the case in the world of human beings. It is only by the little badges in the cap, or on the hat, the number of the branch to which we belong, that distinguishes us, and makes us known.

But no sooner has it experienced the wrongdoings of itself and others, and long before it goes to school, this very evil occupies a pre-eminent place in its heart. And will it disappear when the innocent child has grown up to a young man or young woman? Ah! how difficult
it is to teach them the truth of these few words. It seems as if there was opposed to this doctrine, posted on every corner of the street, the devilish signboard, to which we seem so ready to give a listening ear, with following inscription: "The End Justifies the Means." Ah! how would a Socrates have protested against this doctrine when he already, nearly 600 B.C., though without the light of Christianity, understood man's character, and far from giving it any more occasion for its woundings, taught the following doctrine: "Know Thyself."

But whether we believe this or not, whether we observe the true doctrine of a Socrates, which is so closely related to Christianity, or give a listening ear to our own heart and follow the example of so many a Jesuit, who bearing a name sounding almost like the sweetest of all names, but hidden within the mask of an understood despided creature, still the cry sounds the same and remains forever unchanged, namely, "Not what we see, but are."

It is not very difficult to mislead our companions for a time by a false show, and some people seem to understand this deception exceedingly well, but for how long a time will such be a success?

There are too many trials and temptations in this world that we should not be obliged to make a trial occasionally of our real actions and being; and who dares hope that he who hath appeared as a true, brave and faithful citizen, while he really bore the image of a low, mean and unworthy being, will be able to endure this proof, and come out uninjured and undiscovered.

But even if we should be able to conduct the way of our life along such a line that we never would be unmasked by others, even then, who would prefer such a life? How do we love that true hearted character, that by its first appearance already takes possession of our affection, and in whose features we read, "Worthy your confidence."

And again, what are in life itself the results as taught by experience. Where do we find our great men, and among what class of people did we find them in years gone by? Are they not found who are wiser and more thankful in life and true in character. A student may flatter his teachers and superiors by any kind of work whatever appears to him to be proper, but at the end of his course it will be proven to others and experienced by himself whether his means led him to his edification or distraction.

Really, when written upon the banner of every youth and constantly carried before him, and kept in view under all circumstances of life, may often cast out many a flattering friend, and make men feel as if he stood alone upon this great scene; but surely, by a little patience it gaines friends as true and reliable as a Jonathan, and it will make him such to others.

But still another fact remains us. As men occasionally will cast a glance at the days gone by, and while reviewing his life he must blush and shame on account of all those vices, how much more must it than be mean and despicable, yes even highly offensive in the eyes of a Divine Being who knows not but right and righteousness?

B. B. 98

A Christian Training Essential to Good Citizenship.

THE CHIEF end of man is to glorify God, and prepare himself for usefulness in both church and state. It is believed by many that politics has no place in religion, and that by all means the church must be held aloof from politics. It may be advisable to keep the church and the state independent of one another; but wherein lies the hope of pure government in the future if the youth is not taught to lead a moral life; and how shall he learn to lead such a life if not instructed in youth? Is it not true that in our schools the all important element of education, which is the moral and spiritual element, is often sadly neglected, and the youth trained only mentally and physically? Our Creator has endowed us with a body and soul; among these is the mind and soul. All three need development, but not the least does the spiritual life need this training. It is the great duty of man to learn self-control, and to realize his duty toward himself and toward others. These virtues should be impressed upon the mind of every youth. He shall then learn to obey law, respect authority, and cherish a love for right; he shall learn to be loyal to his God and to his country. He shall learn to practice good citizenship and to love his country.

The pioneers of America, such as the Pilgrim Fathers, the Puritans, and the Quakers, were men of deep religious feeling. They came to this country chiefly for the purpose of finding a home where they might worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. As a nation we may feel grateful for having such founders and that we may justly call ours a Christian nation. But when we compare, religiously, the condition of the present day with that of our forefathers, we regret to say it is not what it was then, and much less what it ought to be. Theories are afloat which tend to undermine government, and which refuse to recognize the authority established by the Most High. Selfishness and avarice are becoming the ruling motives; and men overlook everything in order to satisfy their ambition, and to gain their ends. From the nature of these motives it may be inferred, that if continued, a serious reaction will be inevitable.

The question arises how may this be remedied? How may the spirit which so characterized our forefathers, be reestablished? It may be remedied by the education of the youth in the real duties and in the chief end of life, by instilling in his mind a love for his country, obedience to its laws, and an active interest in the things which effect him as an individual, and which concern and promote the welfare of his nation. Let him be taught that such advancement is founded on pure religion; and he will see that no nation, which, though apparently it may stand in the front ranks of civilization and externally may seem to flourish, enjoys the happiness and peace she could enjoy if she does not recognize God as the Creator and ruler of all, and establishes His will as the basis of her laws.

L. BOVE, '99.

Good Citizenship.

A CITIZEN, in the general sense, is an inhabitant of a country or state, having all the rights or privileges to vote and help make the laws of his country. Formerly, a citizen was usually an inhabitant of a city or town.

A person born in this country is a citizen by birth. These are usually the best kind of citizens. They do not know manners and customs of any other country but their own, and so they do not love any other as well.

It is quite easy for a foreigner to become a citizen of this country, etc., the chief thing he has to do is to take an oath, and secure his naturalization papers. This is done to encourage immigration, but, since this is no longer necessary, the naturalization laws have been changed, so that the citizens are now the state; and if they are good citizens, they usually form a good nation. Therefore, it is of great importance what kind of people we make citizens of our country. Seldom are the naturalized citizens as good as others.

Such citizens living in the country do not influence the state very much; but it is often quite different in our large cities. There many of the working class are.
They seem to think that their religion in- at

dicates that they must live for their
church and not for their country, that all
their interest should be in the welfare
and the progress of their church. I do
not agree with them on this point. Every
Christian ought to be well versed in all
state affairs. The state is composed
of the people. We, individually, are a part
of the state and, therefore, I consider it a
part of the christian's religion to do what-
ever he can for the welfare of the country.

Indirectly we are responsible for having
such citizens and therefore our naturaliza-
tion laws should not allow ignorant for-
egers to become citizens. The good
citizens must usually bear a part of the
dishonor of the bad ones. Just so it is in
our literary society: the large majority of
good members must suffer on account of
the behavior of a few disorderly mem-
bers.

A good citizen is always loyal to his
country, no matter in what condition his
country may be. There may be many
things he does not like; he may not like a
high protective tariff, a gold standard, or
free silver; he may not like monopolies or
millionaires, still the country is his own;
he belongs to it. He loves his country,
because it is his home and because its
laws protect him. He will do whatever
the country may demand of him and he
will, at all times, do what he think is best
for his country.

Looking over modern history we find
that nothing promotes the civilization of
a state more than religion. Although the
Christian religion has by far the greatest
influence upon the character of the peo-
ple, still history proves that any religion
has some similar effect. There are many
instances of this especially among the
early Romans. Those kings that had a
deep religious nature were usually more
successful in their reign than others.

Every citizen is usually a good citi-
zen, but not every good citizen is a good
Christian. There are some people who
think that a christian ought not to join
in politics and in other state affairs.
They seem to think that their religion in-
cludes that they must live for their
church and not for their country, that all
their interest should be in the welfare
and the progress of their church. I do
not agree with them on this point. Every
Christian ought to be well versed in all
state affairs. The state is composed
of the people. We, individually, are a part
of the state and, therefore, I consider it a
part of the christian’s religion to do what-
ever he can for the welfare of the country.

There was a time at Rome and also in
Greece when the occupation of a man was
taken in consideration whether he could
be a citizen. Even such men as Cicero
and Aristotle claimed that all artisans or
mechanics, or anyone engaged in manual
labor, could not be a good citizen. The
condition of these states was very corrupt
and continually growing worse, and it
had a good reason why.

It was not the orations of such men as
Cicero nor the doctrines of such men as
Aristotle that made them good citizens.
And so it is not the occupation or position
of a man that makes him a good citizen,
but what is in him. Whatever line of
business we pursue, we are all equally
able to be able to retain the character a
so it is in religion. There is no partic-
ular profession that makes us more reli-
gious than others. It is not that which is
on the surface, however bright it may
be, that determines our nature, but what
is under it.

Every good citizen ought to speak the
language of his country. I cannot under-
stand why some people try to retain the
language and manners of some foreign
country, and still claim this country and
its people as their own. The people of
the same habits, customs, and manners
belong together. The unity of these mat-
eries is that which binds them together
with love for each other. Nobody can
love his country if he does not love its
language and its customs, and nobody
really belongs to a country, nor can feel
at home in such until he becomes used to
its customs and the use of its language.

In this respect, I admire the Northmen,
for “in Russia, they became Russians; in
France, Frenchmen; in England, English-
men.”

J. V., '98.

Fools.

FOLLY AND subtlety divide the great-
est part of mankind; and there is no
other difference but this, that some are
crafty enough to deceive, and others are
foolish enough to be deceived. Yet the
winds also turn; for they that are the
most crafty to deceive others are the
greatest fools, and frequently deceive
themselves.

A man may rob his neighbor of his
money, but he robs himself of earthly
all, viz., freedom; he may disturb his
neighbor’s rest, and vex his own con-
science; he may make poverty to be his
neighbor’s portion, and damnation to be
his own.

Man entered the world alone, but as
soon as he met with his companion, his
wife, he met with two to deceive him—
the serpent and Eve, joined first to make
him a fool and then to make him misera-
ble. But he first deceived himself in be-
lieving a lie and was anxious to believe
the whispers of a tempting spirit, and so
he made a fool of himself before he fell,
that is, he had within him a false under-
standing and a depraved will before he
consented.

And so it is with the greater part of
the human race, apt to be deceived, and
so loving it, that if nobody else will fool
them they will make fools of themselves.
The nature of many seems to be inclined
to know more than they can, and wish
to be more than they really are; so they
take a jump longer than the stick can reach.

Others listen to the flattery of those
about them, and through their ignorance
they finally believe that they are great
men, and are able to accomplish great
deeds because others say so.

There is still another division who want
to be great, and with their finite mind
fancy up the subjects of which they can
form no idea, and because they are too
ignorant to understand, they sit down
confounded in their own conceptions, and
conclude that it cannot exist, because
they cannot understand it. Those be-
tween are undoubtedly the greatest fools of all. Who in
the world can be a greater fool, a more ignor-
ant person than the infidel, than he who
does not believe, who does not under-
stand, or rather will not, that there is a
Higher Power unless he sees or feels it?

A man may better believe that there is
not such a man on earth as he himself,
rather think that he has the power to reg-
ulate the celestial bodies and that they
will obey his commands, than that there
is no God. And what fool would come to
such an idea?

Then can their be anything more fool-
ish in this world than to think all the
works of heaven and earth to have come
by chance, when all the skill and the art
of men is not able to give life to the small-
est insect?

To see all these wonderful effects with-
out a cause; a splendid government with-
out a king; a time without eternity, a
second without a first, a thing that can
impossibly begin from itself, and then
when it is, to say it is without a source,
these things are so against natural reason
that such a man must be a beast in his
understandings. This is the infidel. In
deed a fool he must be who says, “There
is no God!” That is his character: the
thing framed says that nothing framed it;
the tongue never made itself speak, and
yet talks against him that did, saying
that which is made is, and that which
made it is not.

But still we find another class of fools
in our catalog which must not be over-
looked, not fools in deed but fools in
name, to whom this attribute was ap-
THE CLASSIC.

A Dutchman's Diary.

FROM DUTCH INTO ENGLISH.

O N BOARD a ship was a certain Wim Pot, a "rinder vreug," a bachelor, who having lived all the forty-five years of his life in the Netherlands, decided to go to "Amerika," or rather the United States. He had a liberal share of worldly possessions, and having worked hard for them, wanted some enjoyment after his long years of labor.

Wim, as he was commonly called, had studied but very little of the English language, and that without anyone's assistance. Desiring to become acquainted with it, and speak it freely, he decided to write, with the help of a Dutch-English dictionary, a description of his voyage.

It would certainly be too lengthy and too tiresome if I should rewrite the whole diary, but for your benefit I shall take some of the most idiomatic parts. Perhaps you will wonder how I obtained this diary. Years after it was written the author showed it to me, and gave me the permission to read it. As he is now no more in the land of the living, I think I can, with propriety, render parts to others besides myself.

"May 15th.—At last I am on the ship. The weather is too nice and soft, no little wind and blowing, everything too awfully still. In my own little wood, I thought I would haul up my heart and go to America. I am now sitting with an open arm, but it pulls here so I take out my night-cap, a nice one. I got it for even present up my birthday. It is a blue one mit bright green stripes, and a long plume at the end of it. The people near me, stick me de fool on."

"May 20th—I have no pull for eating, it goes to my heart, but I can't eat. My head is too funny. I fall down incessantly. I wish I had not left my vader land. It is something to say, I long for house."

"May 21st—Dis evening I sat looking the sun go down. I tot of mijn geliefde vader land and I cried. Some one asked me what ailed me, but I am not crazy. I shall not on their nose let hang, want they will tink it does not fit me to cry."

"May 18th—A little girl came and gave me a peper mint. I said "tank you very." She luffed, I known not why, but den such funny tings do happen."

"May 20th—I saw a young missheer with a clean young juffer up his arm. Haar clean vader—be sat a little behind dem, looking to her. I dot I'll go and talk to de man for it isn't a little bite to have a clean vader sit you after the trowsers, as I know of mijn own experiment in frying. I go to him and had it on de stick wid him. 'It doesn't stick so narrow as your dander sits wid that man. He comes there bold off, when you be there, dat man is by his little finger, he has the hit of it to fry. It is time for you old man to pull up.' While I talked by him he laughed and I thought he hold me for the crazy. Around the lid, don't stick me de fool on. You are smooth wrong, it may not stand you to your hood, but you can make me nothing wise. I am on de height of it dat you faders don't like to have your sons marry. I was not hooded well, and I tell ye it went me there along. I scolded him, and he was wholly of his piece. I would have hit him wid my turn-stick, but I said to myself, 'Keep yourself tough.' A man just turned de corner round and sticked de lamps on so he dayed up. The meid almost felled from herself. When I talked to the held, his son than had me sere for scolding the old man."

"May 22nd—Dis morning it was cold and the sky was pulled, but de weather shooted up and un it is such clean weather."

"May 24th—It is something to say; there was a big hole in my sok, so I had to stop it, mit mijn finger hat I probered it, but it went me there along. It comes there up on to have a vrou to does dis for you. In Holland I voreed them till all vas holes, den when I had some money I got some others but here I couldn't get any and my coffee was gone. An old woman sat near me having it on de stick wid me. She told me to day up, then she wouldn't stick me de fool on. She was me there one and tolled me her darning sticked off wid mijn. I said, 'Dan moet je het maar voor mijn dwan, yar.' She said it was not a little bit, but she did it, and I tell je, she had the hit of it."

"May 25th—A sore heavy wind blue today. The weather was sharp, we were all bang, the woman's looked there pale out, and sat there over in."

"May 30th—Does not fall me there along to write in English, and I'm glad I'm tru. I thought in a few weeks I could speak from the far away. I asked a man yesterday to tell me how to write someding, he helped me and is friendly bethanked for telling me. I must up hold now with writing."  

C. A. P.

Children's Readings.

ONE CANNOT be too critical regarding the reading that teachers and sometimes parents place in the child's hands. The majority of children are very imaginative, and if their imagination is properly trained all will be well; but it they are fed with trash, what will be the result?

The question is superfluous. We all know that many criminals took their first lesson from some injurious book or paper, where vice was made attractive and which caused them to read other pernicious books, and so led them to commit crime.

A nervous child especially should be guarded against exciting and improbable fairy tales or romances, for they make persons excited, and some even dream about it all night.

I read in last week's paper that physicians say that when a child is brought to them with St. Vitus dance, one of their first inquiries is what matter the parents allow their child to read. From my own observation I can give instances of the harm done by trashy literature. Only one year ago the newspapers reported that the civilized world was startled by the most dreadful death of a little girl, being tied to a stake and burned by her two brothers. They were "playing cannibals" imitating the scenes as pictured in a book on Indian life. As it happened while the mother was absent the child was fatally burned before help came from the neighbors.

I am not positive, but I believe the oldest child was only seven or eight years old. Imagine the remorse of those boys as they grew up to manhood and realized the grievous wrong of their deed. The thought will never leave them, but will always form some horrible vision before their minds. But now, who is to blame? I think the parents, because what is the use to give small children such frightful
pictures. I even now seem to hear the cry of a boy which I heard about two years ago: "O mother, mother! The Indians!" and then he jumped out of bed and stood before the window with eyes twice as large as usual, and then he rushed into bed again and buried his head in the pillow to shut out the thought of terrible things that he had read.

There are so many books that one need not waste time in reading. First, do not neglect to have a child's Bible in the house. But let it be one that uses simple language. Avoid those that have horrible pictures in them as Jezebel eaten by dogs, David beheading Goliath, etc., for they are unfit to be placed before very young children. Well do I remember the picture which seems to have been burned on my mind in my boyhood. I think the following books are safe to read, Louisa M. Alcott, Margaret Songster, the lives of Washington and Lincoln and many others of such precious books. For a pure instructive and entertaining child's paper, none can equal The Youth's Companion, which is the oldest weekly paper for boys and girls.

N. K. '98.

IN THIS issue we give our readers a few glimpses into the interior of our home. We have selected the four rooms which seem to us would be most interesting to our readers. Although the pictures are but imperfect representations of the rooms themselves, and such would give an unfair impression of them, yet we suppose, if we may ask the kind indulgence of our readers to stretch their imagination a little, they can get a general idea of our fair habitation. The pictures are mere glimpses of the rooms as such photography necessarily must be, and the unadjusted light makes them appear somewhat blurred and indistinct.

The furniture of the Chapel—the organ, chairs and pulpit—and also of the Recitation room is a donation from friends in the East. They have supplied

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Editorial.

IN THIS issue we give our readers a few glimpses into the interior of our home. We have selected the four rooms which seem to us would be most interesting to our readers. Although the pictures are but imperfect representations of the rooms themselves, and such would give an unfair impression of them, yet we suppose, if we may ask the kind indulgence of our readers to stretch their imagination a little, they can get a general idea of our fair habitation. The pictures are mere glimpses of the rooms as such photography necessarily must be, and the unadjusted light makes them appear somewhat blurred and indistinct.

The furniture of the Chapel—the organ, chairs and pulpit—and also of the Recitation room is a donation from friends in the East. They have supplied
all the recitation rooms and the reading room with desks and the necessary chairs and benches. Our Library is a donation of Mrs. Rapleye of New York, whence its name, "Rapleye Library." It contains books on almost any subject of both ancient and modern authors. All the rooms are lighted by electricity and heated by steam—well ventilated and in every respect comfortable and healthy.

We take especial pride in presenting this to the readers of The Classic, knowing the many privileges we now enjoy over against those of but two years hence. While then we were closed up within the dim walls of small and poorly ventilated rooms, we now enjoy the healthy atmosphere of those spacious recitation rooms. In every respect our position has been very much improved, so that we feel that we but half appreciate the privileges we now enjoy.

There are times in life when our rights, without respect of person or circumstance, must be boldly and fearlessly maintained, when any encroachment must be punished by the severest penalty; but then again there are times when we must be lenient and submissive, when all the fierceness of the lion must be changed to the mildness of the lamb. We can not afford to be clad continually in the armor of war, at times we must exercise patience—be merciful. Constant severity eliminates our influence for good in the world; it sets us apart from our fellow beings by unapproachable walls of defiance. Imperfect man must be willing to forbear the imperfections of others. There is no better word in our English language than the word mercy. It rises above the general level of the human—it partakes of the Divine. Mercy, from its nature, is unselfish—it is the forbearing and sustaining power of humanity, it breathes forgiveness to the penitent child of sin.

The hardest lesson for man to learn is that he does not live for himself alone, that his highest good lies in self-sacrifice. Human nature is estranged from it, and has become the inheritance of violence and revenge. It is needless to say how much trouble and remorse this often causes. Even in our own literary society of late we have reaped the sad fruits of that inconsiderate, selfish clamor for "our rights." We must often forbear to do or say certain things which might offend our neighbor for his sake. "The truth may always be said" is an old and oft repeated saying, but it is not true. Although truth is always better than falsehood, it is not always better than silence. The phrase is often used to cover up the guilt of tattling, or tale-bearing, and as such it is wrong. We must forbear even to tell the truth in some case. A man who truely loves his neighbor will not injure him by telling abroad his faults and defects but, if necessary, will inform him privately in the spirit of brotherhood.

Look here!
If you find a blue pencil mark through this article, remember that your subscription to THE CLASSIC is due. Please settle up as soon as possible!!

Locals.

Our locals are some what limited this time, owing to the small number of willing workers, and the large number of unfriendly critics.

Mr. Janema '96 visited the Academy last Thursday morning.

Prof in Latin: "What is the distinction between a homo and a vir?"

Miss D—J—: "Homo is a lower animal, and vir is a man." Our lady student must have been reading Darwin.

A new American poet has been discov-
ered by the Junior class. His latest runs thus:

"I can skate," was what she hinted.
"I can skate," I heard her say.
"But alone I sure should stumble
If to skate I should essay."*  

Rev. W. J. Skillman of Philadelphia, formerly a teacher of the Academy, sent a valuable collection of books; also a copy of The Church and State, a lively weekly, of which he is an associate editor. The paper is independent in politics and is full of clean, unprejudiced intelligence on the important subjects of the time.

Our Principal is again called away in the financial interests of the Academy. During his absence Rev. J. L. De Young takes charge of his classes in History and Dutch.

Senior Van Wyk has again abandoned his lodgings in town, and is now boarding at his home in the country.

Prof.: "Compare the adjective ill."  
Student: "Ill, worse, dead.
"When will you come again?" she questioned with a sigh. "I'll never more return" was his reply.

Now a "C" student loves his studies is shown by the following lines from his note book:

"I hope the time will now soon be
When Algebra will be off to sea;
When Latin, Greek will be so more;
But Dutch still clinging to our shore."

Prof. (day after the show). "Mr. H.
you've been paying too much attention to the law of domestic relations."

The "C" has passed their first mile post in Latin. Examination on "Beginners Book" occurred last Friday.

Van Bruggen of the "D" class may be detained from school because his father needs his assistance.

Boeve and Van Peurse were among the "jolly farmers" in the "Merry Milkmaid" cantatas, while Miss Hulsenga made a very pretty "Dairy maid."

Some students have forgotten to their sorrow that visiting pool rooms is a violation of one of our school rules.

The Seniors have been taking a taste of the weary (Viri) men of Rome during the latter part of this term. They will, however, resume their old work at Cicero soon.

De Alumnus.

'85. Rev. Henry Hopers, of Clymer, N. Y., has a call to Gibsiville, Wis.

'90. In addition to his theological studies at Princeton, Jno. Vande Erve is taking work for the degree of A. M. Congratulations. A degree from Princeton is full of clean, unprejudiced intelligence and of which he is an associate editor.

'93. Sarah Hopers recently visited Rock Valley friends.

'95. Gertrude Harmeling teaches school at Marion S. D.

'96. Hattie Hopers recently taught school pro temp. We are confident that she makes a genial school ma'am.

Arie DeBoer moved with his parents to a farm in the northwestern part of the county. His postoffice address is Elm Springs, Iowa.

Kefting is No More.

For the first time are our alumni called upon to mourn the loss of one of their number. For the first time does The Classic have the sorrowful duty to record the death of one who once was a prominent contributor.

John Henry Kefting, of the class of 1805, having spent last year and part of this at Hope College, was recently in the employ of Siegel Cooper & Co., Chicago. As he had been planning for some time, about the eleventh of March he started for Florida, to seek his fortune in the sunny South. At some place in Indiana the train fell through a bridge into the river, and Kefting was among the victims of the wreck. Up to the latest reports his body was not yet found.

Full of hope and ambition, he left us less than two years ago. He was a student of more than average ability; and promised to become a ready writer and effective speaker. His command of language was exceptional. Beneath the somewhat restless exterior there was a kind heart. No unholy thought need cross over minds as we mourn the loss of the bright boy of '85.

[We are not familiar enough with the facts to give a sketch of his life as yet.]

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with heavy hearts that we, in our feeble way attempt to express our deepest grief that the ranks of our class have been broken. We feel that in the death of John Henry Kefting, we have lost a friend, whose place can never be filled. His peculiarities were those resulting from an impulsive nature, and the more intimately one learned to know him, the more of his faults became virtues. He was a friend true as steel, his services ever at one's bidding. It was his highest ambition to be a champion for the oppressed and to uphold truth and justice —thus to serve his Maker. Though his sphere of usefulness might have been great and though we deeply mourn his loss, yet we confide only in the rulings of our all-wise Providence.

We, therefore, express our heart-felt sympathy with the bereaved family.

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