OCTOBER, 1902.

The Classic.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGE CITY, IOWA.

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ON THE morning of September 17, we again found the doors of the N. W. C. A. open to the students who desired another year of study. We all noticed that one class of last year, with a few others, had not returned, but we also saw many new faces—students who will try to fill the places of those who did not return. The morning exercises were opened with a few remarks by our principal. After this the Rev. Mr. Lepeltak read a portion of the Scriptures and also led in prayer. Domine Stapelkamp and Domine Winter welcomed the new and also the old students and invited them to attend the meetings held in their churches. Domine Lepeltak then closed with the Benediction.

ONLY ABOUT two years have passed since the last Boxer uprising in China, and now again the letters received at Washington from the American minister at Pekin, Mr. Conger, show that there is much danger of another uprising. It has been noticed for a few weeks that many insurgents in the province of Szechuan are included in the uprising. The main causes are thought to be the very heavy taxes which are levied in order to pay for the damage done during the year 1900, and the grudge against the missionaries. The two English missionaries, Messrs. Lewis and Bruce, have been killed in the province of Hunan. It has also been reported that thousands of converts have been killed by the Boxers. The insurgents have already warned the government that their intention is to kill all foreigners and exterminate all Christian churches. Although the missionaries are in great danger, and have been offered a place of safety, they still wish to remain at their mission.
INCE LIEUTENANT PEARY has returned from the far north and said that he will no more go out to explore the Arctic region, this is a fitting time to remind the people of the great scientific work which he has done. Although there may not be anything to be discovered, since these regions have never been inhabited, yet brave men will endeavor to reach them until one has succeeded. Lieutenant Peary has really increased our geographical knowledge. In his last expedition he discovered land which is further north than any yet discovered, although Nansen and others have succeeded in reaching points further north by pushing their sledges over the broken ice. Lieutenant Peary has invented methods of work which will be of great service in exploring the Polar regions. He left New York for the Arctic region in 1898. During these four years he has made several journeys towards the north pole, and has established many stations. But finally he had to give up his attempt on account of the condition of his men and dogs. It has been noticed that in every polar expedition there has been illness. The most bitter enemy of ancient explorers was scurvy but this has been overcome by modern science.

IN THE beginning of the fifth month of the coal miners’ strike, there were rumors of an approaching settlement. But during the following week these rumors were proved to be untrue. The greatest and most earnest effort to end it was that of Governor Stone and Mr. Widener, of Philadelphia. There were rumors that Mr. Widener eagerly wished for a settlement. But in the latter part of September the companies opened many of the mines, and claimed an output of 25,000 tons a day. The miners claim this to be an exaggeration, and that they do not mine any coal except what the owners use themselves, and that none of the strikers have gone back to their work. Now since the strike has lasted so long, the people begin to ask, “How do the miners earn their living?” As it is such a busy time of the year, they can earn it by doing something else. And so some think that the strike will soon cease as the winter will cut off these sources of supplies. Dr. Walter E. Weyl gives a still better answer. He says that the miners reduced their expenses to almost nothing. They do not buy any clothing for they think that worn out clothes will do for miners. Their children can pick up enough coal out of the dump banks. And then they do not pay rent. The landlords would rather hire them and have them promise to pay for it in the future than to have the houses vacated. So all they have to buy is their food. By so doing they are able to hold out a long while.

Frank Le Breck's Adventure.

It was during the French Revolution that the singular family dismemberment, which I shall now aim to present before you, took place.

The farm with which we are concerned was a small estate in Quebec. It contained about twelve acres, nearly half was sown down with several varieties of grass, making a splendid pasture; the other half was divided into an agreeable yard and tillable soil producing wheat one year and barley the next. The house was a small but handsome building after the French style. As a whole the farm presented a place where contentment and pleasure might be expected.

The inmates of this French habitation were a husband, wife and one son. The father of the family was a strong, robust, cheery farmer. His wife was a comely spouse and the neatness with which the house was kept proved her to be an ideal housekeeper. Their son, a man of nearly nineteen, was the pet and pride of the family. He was the only one left of four children; three had recently died from diphtheria. That the parents could not easily part with their only child can readily be imagined, and that is the reason why Frank, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Le Breck was still at home; for the boy was of a romantic turn of mind. He had again and again urged his parents to permit him to go on a journey of adventure, but as often had they refused to give their consent.

The family, formerly Catholic, had now espoused the Christian faith. So naturally they had compassion for the oppressed. The ill treatment of the people of France had especially drawn the attention of Frank, and when the Revolution broke out he had an almost insane desire to aid the insurgents. The parents were at last convinced that it might be the will of God, so they agreed that he should go.

Consequently in the year 1792, Frank departed for France, after having bid his parents good-bye. On leaving, his mother gave him a bible, with her name written on the first page, which she asked him to read every day. The separation from this, their only child was of course a severe trial for this venerable couple, and, especially the first few days were very lonesome for them, but they sought consolation in the fact that Frank had set out to accomplish a good work. Their anxiety was greatly augmented when three months had passed and they had not yet received word from him, and heard that a ship bound for Europe had been lost at sea on account of a terrific tempest. Week after week and month
after month passed by but they never received word from their son. They sent letters to the various marine officers with the purpose of gaining some knowledge concerning the fate of the ship with which he sailed, but the stern officials disregarded their requests and they remained entirely uncertain. After two years of waiting they gave up all hope of ever seeing their son back again. Their remorse for having given consent can never be described. They simply wasted away until resembling mere spectres.

The priest of the village took advantage of their calamity. He declared that all this had befallen them because they had forsaken the true faith. He also assured them that the boy had met his death on the battlefield in an unconverted state and that if they wished him in heaven all their property had to be confiscated to the Catholic church. In order to be somewhat comforted in their tribulation they agreed to sell their possessions and give the money to the priest who in return would pray until the boy had entered the realm of eternal bliss. This reduced Mr. Le Breck to utter poverty; he was obliged to work for his daily bread in his old age.

Nearly thirty years since Frank Le Breck left Canada some French prisoners were taken to a desolate island for confinement with the intent of exploring the island to see whether there was no opportunity to escape. The captain had left the boat to examine the desolate place. He had gone only a little ways when his curiosity was drawn to a piece of nearly decayed wood upon which the following characters were scarcely traceable: A G L * I 192.

The captain, inquisitive to know more about the mystery, which had partly revealed itself, called for five of his men to accompany him in his expedition. As they advanced through the brushwood, which encumbered the islet, they were occasionally startled by deer, antelope, goats, and other wild animals. They were so exceedingly wild that the suspicious captain affirmed that they had often been pursued by people. With renewed interest they pursued their quest. At length the captain's sharp eye spied footprints in the sand. Following up the track they came to the entrance of a cave. Here they all hesitated for some time as no one of the party dared go in. The captain commanded the rest of the crew, save the prisoners to come, and upon their arrival he led them into the cavern, where in the dark he saw three human beings almost entirely naked. Upon seeing the intruders they ran away as fast as they could. The captain ordered a light to be brought him and then he went farther and farther into the dark den. Three days were spent before the naked persons were found. They could not speak to the captain but one of them could understand what he said. When he asked what their religion was he ran to an old goat skin and took from it a time-worn, weather-beaten book which the captain opened and on the first page read: In remembrance of Mrs. Le Breck. The captain asked the man whether that was the name of his wife at which he shook his head, then he asked whether it was his mother's name, and after having received an affirmative answer he commanded the men to be clad and asked them to go with them into the boat. The offer was readily accepted, the prisoners put on shore, and the boat was loosened and soon on its way back to France.

On the way, the captain held several interviews with the three rescued men. From Frank he learned that his object had been to aid the French revolutionists but that on their way they had suffered shipwreck, and, save six men, three of whom had died since from privation and hardship, their whole crew had met death in the boisterous billows. The captain had himself espoused the cause of the insurgents, so consequently he had a strong friendship towards the noble young man. Frank enjoyed the greatest esteem and respect of all on board, but notwithstanding all those favors the journey seemed very long to him; for in his bosom was burning an intense desire to know whether his parents were still living. Whether he would have a chance to impart to them his misfortune and to ask of them forgiveness for having caused so much grief.

Four days successful sailing brought them to Le Havre, France, where Frank was set ashore. Penniless and friendless, he roamed through the streets of the seaport, wishing that he could fly across the Atlantic to the blessed spot of his youth. By this time he had learned the French, his native tongue again, which he had partly forgotten through thirty years of neglect. He pleaded with several lords of the city to lend him money so as to enable him to return to his home, but all his efforts were of no avail. Seeing no other way Frank agreed with a farmer to work for him a year for eight hundred francs.

The time Frank stayed with the peasant was one of the most melancholy periods in his life. He had no sooner settled down than he caused a letter to be addressed to his parents but received no answer. This had a most disheartening effect upon him. He sent several letters more but all with the same result. At last, after many nights spent in lamenting and days in sad recollections the year drew to a close. His pay was five hundred francs, three
My First Days of School.

When I look back to the days of my childhood, I am always reminded of the day that I first went to school. Although I was only six years of age at the time, I nevertheless, well remember how I felt and how things went.

One bright Monday morning, two of my older brothers, who were also going to school, and I started off for school, this being my first time. We had to walk about four miles; to me the trip seemed long and tiresome. After walking for about an hour, we came to quite a large hill. From this hill we could look ahead and see the school house at a short distance, and the boys and girls running around it, playing the old game “catch around the house.”

This looked very pleasant to me and I thought we would have a good time. We walked for about another fifteen or twenty minutes before we reached our destination. The boys were soon gathered about us, all staring me in the face, and asking me what my name was. This struck me as rather peculiar, and was the first of the many things I met with that day that I did not like. After standing outside for a few moments we went into the building. As I had never been inside of a school house before, everything looked very strange to me. The teacher was a tall, fleshy man, with a big black beard and mustache, black hair, and a stern expression on his face. For a while I was afraid of him and kept away from him as far as I could.

Soon the bell rang and we all took our seats. After a few other classes had recited, he called upon the “first reader class,” in which I also was put. He talked to the class a while, made some of the other boys recite, and finally came to me with a book and showed me some characters in the front part of the book, which he called the a, b, c, although I did not know it was the alphabet until he told me. Then he asked me whether or not I knew what that was, pointing to the letter a. Of course I didn’t know, and although I understood him well enough to know what he meant, I was unable to answer him in English. So I answered him in my mother tongue and said, “Nee.” This of course made many of the other pupils laugh at me and made me feel that much worse. I had two more recitations that day, which were in no wise better than the first.

This is the way things went for a few days, and I soon got so tired of going to school that whenever I had the least ailment of some kind, I would tell my parents that I wasn’t feeling well enough to go to school. And let me say in conclusion, that in these days something pleased me quite often.

A. R., '04.
The Classic.

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

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John Roggen, '03, Asst. Editor

Jennie Van der Meide, '03, Literary

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Entered at the post office at Orange City, Iowa, as second-class mail matter.

Locals.

Miss Lizzie Schalekamp, one of the B class members, is now our organist.

A number of the students attended the Elk's Carnival, at Sioux City.

The room above the library, is now the Ladies' dressing room. Everything is fixed very cozy and convenient.

The Philomathian society met as usual last Friday evening. They have the seats with desks now instead of the chairs, and each member is requested to have one seat for his own during the entire year.

Mr. Flitkema has not yet returned on account of the illness of his brother.

School opened with an unusually large attendance. There are twenty-one members in the "D" class which makes it larger than all former classes at the beginning of the year.

Foot-ball is the sport of the day. On Saturday, October 4, a tie game was played on the Academy campus, between the home boys and the Hawarden high school team. Jacob Hospers made an excellent "touch-down" which was not counted. No one was hurt. Saturday, October 18, a game will be played here with the LeMars Normal school team. A good game is anticipated.

The new dormitory occupies the southeast corner of the campus. It is a large roomy building and most of the boys who live out of town board there.

The professor was trying to explain picture writing of the Mexican Indians, and he drew two men on the board representing war. "What is this?" he said pointing to the larger of the two. "The capitol," replied the student with a grin.

A social was given by the C. E. of the First Reformed Church on Thursday evening, October 9, as a welcome to the new students. It was a success in every way.

De Alumnees.

A PRETTY WEDDING.

Last evening, the home of Rev. and Mrs. Jas. F. Zwemer, on Central avenue was the scene of an immense gathering of friends and relatives who had gathered to witness the marriage of their daughter, Miss Henrietta A. Zwemer to Rev. Gerardus Te Kolste.

The bride, prettily gowned in white, and the groom dressed in black, entered the parlors at 7 o'clock, while Miss Mary Zwemer played a wedding march. During the ceremony they stood under an arch of evergreens surrounded by palms. The bride's father, assisted by her grandfather and the Rev. G. H. Dubbink performed the ceremony. After congratulations had been offered the grandfather, Rev. A. Zwemer, read a poem composed for the occasion, paying sweet tribute to both, and wishing them a long and happy life.

The large number of guests were ushered into the commodious parlors by Mr. R. J. Boersma, of Chicago, a very intimate friend of the family who had been chosen master of ceremonies. Everyone was made to feel at home.

After elegant refreshments had been served, during which time happy conversations were kept up between the friends from far and near, and congratulations had been abundantly bestowed upon them, the young couple left on the Chicago boat and will spend their honeymoon with relatives in Nebraska. A company of about fifty young people accompanied them to the park, showering them with rice and congratulations.

Both bride and groom are graduates from the Northwestern Classical Academy, at Orange City, Iowa, and both have completed a college course at Hope. Rev. Te Kolste is a graduate of the Western Theological Seminary and has recently been installed as pastor of the Reformed church at Ebenezer, Mich.

A large number of the most beautiful and valuable presents were received, clearly indicative of the high esteem in which the young pair is held in this city.

Among the guests were fourteen ministers, besides a number of other influential men of the city. Mrs. Te Kolste's Sunday school class attended in a body.

Among the out-of-town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Boersma, of Chicago; Rev. and Mrs. C. Kuypers, of Graafschap; Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Wolvoord, Holland, Neb.; Rev. and Mrs. A. Strabbing, New Holland; Rev. and Mrs. M. Koyen, Grand Rapids; Rev. and Mrs. A. Klerk, Greenleaf, Minn., Rev. and Mrs. J. Van der Erve, Cedar Rapids, Ia., and the Misses Nyland, Grand Haven.—Holland Daily Sentinel, August 7, 1902.

'99, G. Stuart, for several days served as assistant editor of "Ons Vansel," published at Holland, Mich.
THE CLASSIC.

'97. From private correspondence we learn that Professor Wesselink made occasional visits at Holland, Michigan, during his stay in Chicago.

'99. L. Boeve was a delegate from the Hope College Y. M. C. A. to the conference of college. 

Y. M. C. A.'s held at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. This year 100 colleges were represented.

'01. G. Bosch has been following the carpenter trade at Holland, Mich., this summer. L. Boeve spent commencement week at Holland, Michigan.

Themes on Exposition: Good Literature.

Good literature is that class of literature composed and written for the purpose of elevating the human race.

Now what is good literature? First I shall tell you what it is not. Not the reading matter which has for its only object to be interesting. Not the corrupt products of Dryden or his contemporaries although well written and delicious to the taste; nor the nefarious books and pamphlets distributed by the Anarchists. But by good literature I mean the literary production which has for its sole object first, to inform and then, if consistent, to amuse. It must be an element working for the world's welfare. It need not necessarily be Scripture, any composition that will add to our knowledge and is agreeable to the taste may be grouped under this class.

Belles-lettres literature cover the whole sphere of literature which presents higher ideals to the world. The corrupt state of society sometimes compels the writers to produce material not very congenial to the nature of the readers, but notwithstanding this, the aim of offering a model of excellence must remain the same. By this I do not mean to say that it shall be rigorous and exacting, it may be as entertaining as anybody can possibly make it, providing it has no demoralizing effect. Therefore, all reading matter possessing moral excellence and virtues can be properly admitted as good literature.

J. J. V. D. S., '04.

Good literature is that class of writings which are distinguished for beauty of style. All these writings, which most people read because of the well expressed thought they contain, are good literature. Those authors that were noted for their beautiful and easy way of expressing their thought, have been the most successful in literary work. The poetry, essays, history or any writing that contains the best thought expressed in the most beautiful language, is the best literature. An author may write in such a way, even if he is well acquainted on his subject, that it will not be very desirable literature. Thus we see, that, in order to have good literature, the thought must be expressed in a beautiful style.

A. R., '04.

Good literature is that class of literature in which worthy thoughts are correctly and artistically expressed. This excludes more than half of the books written: for most of the books are written, simply for the sake of interesting and exciting the reader and the author does not pay any attention to rhetoric. In good literature the author, like the painter paints a picture, not with a brush, but with words, and clearly conveys to the reader what is in his mind. Good literature makes men morally better; if he would read nothing but good books he would become like them. Some of the best literature may not be quite as interesting and exciting as are those cheap novels, but after one has read a few of those novels he will not have obtained any worthy thoughts to take with him through life, as he would have if he had read one of these good books. There are not nearly as many books that belong to the realm of good literature; but if men would make more use of those that we do have, the world would become much better.

G. B., '04.

Good literature is that class of literature which is worth reading and writing. A great many books are published today which are not worth the time spent in writing them. For example, a great many novels are books simply written to entertain and not worth while reading. The works of men such as Milton, Shakespeare, Longfellow and Lowell are worth the time they spent on them. They were not only read when first printed, but for years afterwards. They have a beauty and a value, and aim to please, to awaken thought or imagination; while other books such as history and biographies merely instruct and give us facts. Therefore, good literature must be worth the time which is spent in writing it and the time spent in reading it.

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PHILIP SOULEN, A.M.
MARGARET RUIZENGA, A. B.
JOHN WESSLING, A. B.

STUDIES.

Adequate provision has also been made to afford by normal instruction, 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 Encyclopaedias and other books of reference will be found especially helpful to students.

EXPENSES.

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, 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.

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

PROF. PHILIP SOULEN, Orange City, Iowa.