

2-1897

The Classic, February 1897

Northwestern Classical Academy

Follow this and additional works at: <https://nwcommons.nwciowa.edu/northwesternclassics>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Northwestern Classical Academy at NWCommons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Classic by an authorized administrator of NWCommons. For more information, please contact ggrond@nwciowa.edu.

L. Hooper

FEBRUARY, 1897.

Summit
Express

The Classic.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGE CITY, IOWA.

H. C. W.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page.	Page.
Sleigh Bells..... <i>B. B.</i> 1	Corolary..... 8
Riches..... <i>a. v. w.</i> 2	Editorials..... 8
The State and Railway System..... <i>B. B.</i> 4	Locals..... 9
The Country Boy's Chances..... <i>B. B.</i> 5	De Alumnis..... 10
The Girl of the Period..... <i>m. v. w.</i> 6	Exchange..... 11
"The Ring Can Do No Wrong"..... 7	

HERALD PRINT, ORANGE CITY.

The Northwestern Classical Academy.

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

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

The present corps of teachers numbers five :

JAMES F. ZWEMER, A. M.
ANTHONY TE 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 RAPELYE LIBRARY AND READING ROOM.

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

EXPENSES.

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

For the sake of meeting incidental expenses a fee of 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.

Cupid or
Harmful
Deer!

whom I surmised to be a mundane man, unlike many others of the same profession. He is dressed neatly, and well, and judging from his appearance and cutter must be quite opulent. Wrapt in deep meditation—of course concerning his daily work—he rides along, speaking to but few, his horse receiving many a cruel cut from his whip.

Seeing so many pass, I envy them and long for a ride also. But the crowd is either complete without me, or one in which I would not care to be. I feel despondent, and give up hope that anyone will condescend to ask me to join them. I almost retreat from the window, but a cheerful jingle now approaching, rouses me from this dejected mood. This is just the kind of bell I like. I long to be seated in a cozy cutter, which I suppose this to be, with cheerful, tuneful bells. I dare not conjecture who the occupant is. Passing I see a young man, the owner of these bells, he is one of my acquaintances whom I know to be as cheerful as the bells about his horse. Are my hopes frustrated? No, indeed, the jingle has ceased, I hear the click of the gate and footsteps on the walk. A knock, next a scarcely audible speaking, a call. Well, farewell to reverie, I shall now give others an opportunity to watch me pass their window. I am—another call.

E. H., '97.

Riches.

MAN IS a covetous being. He is born with the desire to gain and possess something in this world. This spirit of covetousness naturally leads on to selfishness. We find it exemplified in the young babe as it plays with its playmate on the floor, we see it demonstrated in the youth; and we still find it retained in old age. Thus we see that man's tendencies lie along the line of covetousness. If they did not, why should we find in the law that terse command, "Thou shalt not covet?" It would never have been placed

there if man's nature did not tend toward that end. If, then, man by nature longs for something, he will naturally seek that which is the most difficult to obtain. When he has obtained these articles to a certain degree, he is termed rich. Yet we hardly know what we say, when we call a person rich, for to be rich is only a relative term. We cannot call a person rich, unless we compare him to another person, and even then it is very difficult to tell when he is rich. For example: your neighbor counts his possessions by the thousands, while you count yours only by the hundreds, then from your standpoint your neighbor is rich; but now, compare your neighbor with another who counts his possessions by the millions, then you find that your neighbor is poor. So we see it is very difficult to draw a dividing line through this struggling mass of humanity, and say, these on this side are poor, and those on that rich.

Though this may be thus, yet we can, nevertheless, deduct a rule which is quiet safe to follow, and that is, to be rich is not to have much gold and silver; but to have more *in proportion* than our neighbors, or, in other words, possessing a larger portion than is common to other men, or to men of like rank. Thus a farmer could be rich with property that would not necessarily make a nobleman rich.

Yet we know that men do reach a limit in aggregating wealth, beyond which we cannot call them anything else but rich, and, since the adjective rich has three degrees of comparison, we may have three steps in riches.

Now, as man is covetous by nature, we often here the words, "Would that I were rich" uttered from the lips of a beginner in life. But surely this beginner never thought twice before he spoke. For in reality are riches ever desirable? When we look at a rich man, and follow him through life and even beyond the grave, we find that riches are not desirable.

In the first place, how is a person to become rich? We know from observation that an ignorant man can never become rich. No, it takes a practical schemer to aggregate masses of wealth. It takes a man whose intellect is sharpened, and whose moral nature is deadened. It takes a person skilled in legalized robbery, who has the law at his finger tips, and who also knows how, after the fashion of a snake, to crawl through the net of the law, and come out with his pockets filled. In short, it requires an educated rascal. A person who wants to act and live in an honest and upright way can never become rich.

In the second place, do riches promote happiness? Is a man surrounded by all his wealth truly happy? First, then, let us see what true happiness is. It simply consists in doing our duty. This is all that is asked of us; this is all that can be expected. This, and this alone, is what can make man truly happy. Thus, then, the question arises, is man fulfilling his duty in hoarding up the treasures of this world, is he fulfilling his duty in robbing others of that which they should share? The question is self-evident, it needs no demonstration. A rich person rarely enjoys true happiness, he almost always loses the blessings of life. "Riches cannot make a man happy any more than rags can make him miserable." No, on the contrary, we may find that to be rich is often the most miserable and unhappy mode of existence.

Let us look for a moment at a miser. See him as he sits in his guarded palace! He is not at peace; he is ever fretting and worrying; he cannot feel at ease. He seems constantly apprehensive of some appalling danger, of some threatening evil, of some unseen monster. He is constantly in terror, lest robbers break in and steal. Money is his god, and he worships it faithfully. Thus we see that he cannot be happy; for happiness is not found in

gold or silver. If it were, how many unhappy people there would be! But, fortunately, happiness and contentment can be obtained in the humblest cottage often better than in the most brilliant palace.

After all, what is the true end of man's existence? Is it the hoarding up of wealth? No, it is not. Man was not fitted for time alone, but for eternity. Thus we go with the rich man beyond the grave. After death we are his equal as far as earthly possessions are concerned. Each must leave his property behind him. Then it is that we find out who is truly rich. A case of this kind we find exemplified in the Scriptures where it treats of the poor and the rich man. We are there shown how the orders of joy and misery were reversed after death. When we ponder upon the question, we draw nearer and nearer to the conclusion that riches cannot promote true happiness.

Now we come down to a third question: are rich men honored? At first thought we say, yes, they are honored; but by "birds of their own feather." This, of course, is natural. But when we ask, have they a place in the hearts of their countrymen? will they be honored by future generations? Then we would answer in the negative. They are not remembered by the poor; they are not celebrated by the learned. For who is the better for their life? Who will be worse for their death? Whose tears have they dried up, whose wants supplied? Whose miseries have they healed? Who would unbar the gates of life, to re-admit them to existence? or what face would greet them back again to our world with a smile? Oh, the wretched, unproductive mode of existence! Selfishness is its own curse, it is a starving vice!

The man who gives no honor or respect, need not expect any. Yet we find great and expensive monuments erected over the graves of the rich—yes, mute and silent monuments mark the spot under-

neath which lies the head of a sinner. But what are those monuments? to what do they testify? They are only mute tongues of praise, and cannot show forth anything but what is inscribed thereon. These inscriptions amount to but little as far as the character of the man is concerned, for they can be made to order. When we come into a graveyard, and look at the inscriptions on the monuments, we are stupified, and ask ourselves the question, "Where, where do they bury the bad people?"

It is better to build for yourself a monument of character, which shall withstand the storms of ages, which shall last when all the for-get-me-nots have crumbled to dust, than to have a mute, silent stone to mark your resting place. For if the inscription on the stone is the only proof of your character, it is not worth much. Better, then, inscribe your epitaph in the hearts of your countrymen.

Thus we may see that, though the rich may have epitaphs a yard long, this does not assure them honor or remembrance.

Having noticed these few points, we are brought to the conclusion that, to be rich is not to be honored; to be rich is not to be happy, nor should riches be desired.

If a person has health, comfort and contentment, what more should he desire? Although he may be poor, yet in another sense of the word he is rich, for he has more than the millionaire who lacks these three blessings. A. V. W., '97.

The State and the Railway System.

LOOKING at the present condition of society we observe many characteristics of this age. Both the living organisms and man's views of them have something distinct in them from those of other ages. Various similes have been made upon this subject. They style it the age of revival. That, like that age revived into the fair and sound mind of the present time, the present social intricacies

shall develop into a more or less perfect state. They style this age also John the Baptist, which is to blossom into the ideals of all institutions. So the present institutions have given rise to various systems of amelioration. Socialism, Nihilism, Populism, Democracy, Republicanism—all are on the lists for dominion. Some propose relief by modifications of existing institutions; others by the destruction of all institutions; as by Nihilism. All, however, agree that somewhere the institutions under which men live are at fault, and should somehow be changed.

Among the various platforms of the different political parties of the recent election we find among them provisions that the "railroads, telegraphs and other natural monopolies should be owned and operated by the government, giving to the people the benefit of the service at actual cost." However successful our government may have been and be in preserving national welfare and independence, still it has failed in part to observe, "privileges to none." The special privileges, if we may call them so, have given rise to the oppression of the so useful organizations as the railroads, telegraphs, and banks. However much our country has done in the line of promoting prosperity, surely when this shall have been added labor and living will be much liberated and enriched. The private control of transportation and lands is certainly a great impediment in the way to the prosperity of the social and industrial systems of the masses.

Now the railroad system; if we look at it in its simplest form, we must call it a means of transportation for the state. For how could a commonwealth exist in the west were it not for the railroads? We speak of public roads, of the United States' postal service, of stage coaches, of public schools—why would it be out of place, in what respect would it not be natural to say, the "United States' rail-

way system," the "United States' telegraph service," or the "United States' bank?" There is no reason to say that the railway system is not national work, and that the public roads are. Are they not both equally necessary and equally useful? Are they not both means of conveyance? Likewise is not the telegraph a news agent as well as the postal service? Could not the various banks be kindred banks of the great national finance, as the different postoffices are of the great national postal service? Yes, so effective and so satisfactory is the postal service, that he would be declared a nihilist who should advocate a change.

Now of all these institutions, the railroad system is perhaps the most useful and the most oppressive. These railway magnates, with their land monopolies, their control of the markets are effecting an incalculable drainage from the masses. They are from their nature a monopoly. Their complexity, their necessity, their absence of competition, and their being so little subject to restrictions of the state government, place society at the mercy of these robbers. The deplorable condition of the public can thus easily be accounted for, when we consider that a small band of capitalists, or a single passenger or traffic association dictates terms to half the continent, effecting the price of every commodity of life and the living of every citizen! *King* was the scorn of every true Roman in the days of that republic. *Monarchy* is the scorn of every true American, and now (alas) America has already a hundred monarchies within her, only in the name of monopolies. Alas, the Americans have guarded but one gate.

A GENTLEMAN FROM THE WEST.

The Country Boy's Chances.

YOU AND I have undoubtedly thought of the discontent of many a country boy. Our class of late has proven such. But I will try to prove to you that they

have many excellent advantages in the country, of which the city boys are deprived.

It is true, a country boy must work, but that is no objection to country life. A city boy, if he wants to make something of himself, must also study or work with unceasing diligence and patience.

We, as students, are denied many advantages which the farmer's boy enjoys. In the country there is so much opportunity for a boy to increase his store of knowledge by studying different objects. He comes directly in contact with nature, so that while being at work he can study from this book.

Would it not be of great value to a farmer's boy, if he would take a certain branch of study and pursue that while he is working. He could buy a book to guide him, and be able to study nature, and not from books alone, as some students must do.

There are many other advantages. He has the opportunities to hear and see so many birds, charming songsters. He can catch the earliest spring song of the meadow lark, the wood-thrush and many other birds.

See what an advantage a farmer boy has, if he would only study, about things that surround him. There are the flowers, grass, sun, moon and stars, rain, snow and ice, all these things are right at his elbow. Those of us who live in the city miss all this; only now and then, we can steal out into the country, and not always early enough to hear the morning songs.

There are perhaps some, however, that will tell me there is so much work to do. That is true, for farmers are busy people; but how often does a farmer's boy spend some time uselessly? If that time were used in careful study about surrounding things, he would derive great benefit from it. I think that a country boy has as good an opportunity to become a useful citizen as a town boy. G. W. S., '99.

The Girl of the Period.

THE GIRL of the period is not exactly what she ought to be, and in some cases far from being so; yet there are some who are very much like what they ought to be.

The girl of some years ago was in some cases much better than our present girl. We sometimes read about the girls of the past, and almost see them sitting by their spinning wheels, spinning away as if it were a great pleasure. Most girls of the present think themselves above doing that kind of work. In fact, they would not work at all, unless compelled to do so.

The city girl is often very proud. She does not like kitchen work, will not learn to cook, wants to have a new dress every time a new fashion comes out, or a party occurs; spends her allowances in sweetmeats, laces, gloves and other trifles.

Instead of helping her mother to take care of the children in the evening, she goes to plays, or walks the streets with her companions, or with a young man, and she tries to show how much she knows, even if her knowledge is not great.

When at home she spends her time in trying on her dresses, and standing before the mirror, as though she has no other care in the world. In a word, she acts as if she were the lady of the house. She does not even think of the tired mother, who is left to amuse the children, nor does she bother herself in getting them to bed.

She pays no attention to her education, as she thinks it is hard work to spend so much time with useful books; and it takes too much time from her walks and her dressing. Anyway, she thinks her father is wealthy enough to support her, and she will never have to make a living for herself.

Although she is not fond of books, she takes music lessons in order to play well, and hence win the admiration of others.

This girl of the period thinks that pale people are prettier than the rosy cheeked, so she powders her face; and in order to make her eyes look bright, she puts belle-donna in them, and thus often spoils her eyesight.

Her sole aim in life is to become the wife of a wealthy gentleman, and she does not seem to care if he drinks, chews, or smokes, just so he has money. In this way, many girls are ruined. "With money there is strength," she will answer her friends, if they entreat her to stop her association with so reckless a man. But later in her life she finds out that the wealthy are not, by any means, those who withstand temptation best.

The country girl has not the temptations that ruin the city girl. Certainly there are some country girls, who are as bad as the city girls. But work is not generally as degrading in her eyes, as in the eyes of the city girl.

She, too, often has companions with whom she should not associate, but there may be some excuse for her, at least, if she lives far from better companions. Girls do not like to be alone all the time, so generally the country girls take the company which they can find.

Taking a view of the girl of the period from another standpoint, whether living in city, town, or country, she is just in her place—the place that only she can fill. In the home, she is kind to her sisters and brothers, who cling to her as their safeguard.

Her mother never has to complain of feeling tired, or dull, as her daughter tells her to lie down and rest, and she will take care of the children and do the other work.

She is not ashamed of doing housework, and she learns to sew, cook, sweep and dust, and to do all the other work of the house.

She loves her parents (more than any one else) and is always obedient to them, and strives to please those who protected

and cared for her in her childhood days.

She never complains of weariness, but finishes her work before she rests, for she says, "If I lie down to rest, mother will do my work, and then I shall always reprove myself for sleeping at my post."

She pays due attention to her education, and studies hard to become acquainted with her lessons; yes, she even picks up her Latin book, and studies the declensions, conjugations and vocabularies, as if it were the most pleasant study in school work.

Wherever she goes, she seems to take sunshine with her; and the home of many a poor person is brightened by her presence, for she visits the poor as well as the wealthy. She always leaves a kind word, and a happy memory to those whom she visits; and she strives to teach them to lead better lives, and to keep away from bad company. She is careful in choosing her society, and stays away from places where she ought not to be.

In forming her character, she tries to make it blameless, and as free from stains as possible. She works hard to become a true, noble woman, and does every duty that is assigned her.

I have tried to describe two different girls of the period instead of one, and hope I have given you an idea of what each is. The first we naturally scorn, but the second is the one we should strive to be like. And one happy thought is, that we can reach the standard of the latter if we try.

CLEONE:

"The King Can Do No Wrong."

They tell me that the above is a maxim of the English common law. But whatever philosophy or sophistry may be used to bolster it up, so far as our minds are not befogged by superstitious reverence, so far as we are not in the clutch of the dead hand of the past, we laugh at the maxim. However, it is not our intention

to take issue with this landmark of ancient thought and legal precedent. Too often are texts explained by retained attorneys, who seem to be employed to deliver vindictive philippics against some ancient sinner—against some ghost hovering on the horizon of history. We don't like to get hurt; so we pay a man for shriving the souls of the dead or absent. The words may be obsolete, the phrase may be antique, the thought may be musty—all this is well enough, so long as he does not put his finger on the sore. We have our pet practices, which may not be right in the abstract, but we find them so pleasant and convenient, so easy and profitable; so do not molest us. If you needs must rebuke somebody, why not some moldy Pharaoh? It won't inconvenience him at all. Do not concern yourself with our district or ward. Our king can do no wrong.

Say we are staunch Democrats, or suppose we voted the straight Republican ticket from Jno. C. Fremont down. What are the things we go to hear in politics? A stump speaker, of course. Another retained attorney—for so much a night, paid by Mark Hanna or by the Judas of some other party—or for the "contingent fee" of some office, when our votes are counted. The man of our party we believe, no matter how hard he exaggerates and misrepresents; for do we not belong to that party? The stump speaker of the other side likewise receives a predestined treatment. Him we do not grant even a candid hearing. Him we do not credit with a single good intention or a truthful proposition; for does he not belong to another party?

What is the result? We become so unfamiliar with facts that we hardly recognize their reality. So long have we seen nothing but distortion that we forget the true outline of an object. We want no criticism on the present order—at least if "my party" has charge of affairs. "I

hate this straining after the impossible." That is the tune. If you would raise your voice in protest, they tell you in substance: If you needs must dogmatise, talk about the fall of Rome. You are a pessimist and a calamity shrieker! Do not raise a disturbance. 'Leave well enough alone.' Our king can do no wrong."

Popularity seems to become the goal; "bread and butter," the rule of action. When a new order of society is proclaimed, when a higher rule of action is prescribed, the "leaders(?) of thought" prompt the outcry, "Crucify him." The world has always crucified its saviors; and, by a strange anomaly, the next generation worships them. Tho' the sword of Damocles hung above us and the black hand of fate were writing the "Mene, Mene" before our eyes, yet we would be expected to sing "Peace, peace" while dancing consciously above the trap-door of our doom.

Laissez faire. Our king can do no wrong.

NEW ERA.

Corrolary.

If you think the world's in error,
Do not think by spreading terror,
You can make men's dealings fairer.
Live a lie.

Would you avoid the hisses, brother,
Your impulses you must smother;
Be not self, but be another;
Live a lie.

If you think you have a token
That the Lord to you has spoken;
Let the silence not be broken—
Live a lie.

Would you share the worldly glory,
Just repeat the same old story;
Play the ape till you are hoary;
Live a lie.

IBID.

THE CLASSIC.

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

TERMS.

One dollar per year STRICTLY in advance.

Single copies fifteen cents.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Address all business communications to
the Business Manager,

WM. BEKKERING, '97.

Orange City, Iowa.

ALLEN VAN WECHER, '97,

Assistant Bus. Mg'r.

Editorial Staff.

JOHN WESSELINK '97, Editor in Chief.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

E. Hofmeister, '97, Assistant Editor.

Etta Hospers, '97, Literary.

Gertie Hulzenga, '97, Local.

Lyda Schultz, '98, Alumni.

H. Lubbers, '98, Exchange.

Entered at the postoffice, at Orange City, Iowa, as second
class mail matter.

Editorial.

IT AFFORDS us great pleasure to present to the readers of THE CLASSIC in this issue a half tone cut of the class of '97. It has cost us not a little time and money; but this makes it not the less pleasant, as things that cost much are generally also prized much. The class of '97 hereby tenders her best regards to all the readers of THE CLASSIC; and should she have failed to make an impression worthy of commemoration in any other way, she begs to be remembered by this reproduction of the class photograph. Up to this time we have been working behind a curtain, as it were—only the work, and not the worker, has been seen; but with this we have taken the opportunity to peep from behind it, to catch one glimpse of each other's faces.

The print appears somewhat sooner than

we had at first intended. We may, in some respects, be compared to the early hen which sets herself in some remote corner of the barnyard and hatches before the cold weather is over. The frosty rustle of the leaves is constantly reminding us that we have appeared somewhat too early. Our number may yet at any time be reduced by the cold hand of "unsatisfied conditions." However, be this as it may, whether we all survive or not, we rejoice in once having appeared as a whole.

This is the first instance of the kind in the history of THE CLASSIC, but we feel quite confident in saying it will not be the last. We have the promises of a friend to provide us with plates of the Faculty, the library, the chapel and some of the recitation rooms for the two following numbers. Those who desire extra copies will please inform the business manager beforehand. We also print a few extras of this number; whoever wishes may call for them.

IF OUR age excels in anything it certainly does in giving titles. There is scarcely an article in a newspaper or we find Prof., Dr. or another of such high-sounding titles prefixed to the names of men with no more than common abilities, Public school teachers, traveling quacks, yea, even athletes and horsejockeys, may be seen flourishing the pretentious "Prof." before their names. They debase the meaning and destroy the hallowed dignity such titles used to convey. No wonder that men of real merit have refused anything of the kind, preferring the simple, "Mr." to any ostentatious attribute to which every vain publican has access.

But this shameful debauchery of these honorable distinctions does not come alone from the ignorant mob who scarcely know what the word means; even some of the higher institutions of learning participate in robbing them of their meaning. "Titles are made honorary," as if

show in any way can make up for what reality lacks. In the mad race for honors and distinctions, worth is banished from her rightful possessions, and appearance succeeds her to the throne. Is there unmerited honor? Can a man be honored for anything he is not or has not acquired? The absurdity—"honorary titles!" It betrays the intensely selfish, haughty mind that seeks after vain glory, and forgets his duty in pursuit of some bit of honor before men. But more than that—such titles are standing falsehoods not alone of the person that bears them but even more of the institution that awarded them. For what else is it than pretending what is not true? Does the man who gets his title by the "honorary" system, possess what his title says? Who, then, is the greater liar? But time will soon come, at this rate, that a man will take pride in the fact of not having his name disfigured by some meaningless prefix or suffix, as it will also indicate his graduation from a sensible institution.

Locals.

"I will lay low; I am a widower now-a-days!"

Mr. H—in Nat. Phil.:—"It is nice looking isn't it?"

One of the Seniors is said to use blue goggles when he reads Marble Fawn for fear it will hurt his eyes and his—morals.

One of the 'A' ladies was somewhat *imm* disposed a few days. Oh, that abominable coasting!

Prof. in Math. room: "What is this register in the floor for?"

Student: "To throw chalk in."

"Mr. H—, if you must have something in your arm, we'll get you a straw man or woman."

Prof. in Eng.: "I am more interested in what you have inside than out."

Math. Prof. to gent. who hesitated in

explaining his proposition:—"Go right on, don't look at me."

Discovered by a lady of the "B" class: A new star—a large, bright one.

In Ger. class some one read the page instead of "acht und ziebentig," "acth und ziebetje."

Many of the students are enjoying the trips and tips on the hill during their hours for exercise.

The passages which some of the Seniors mark in Eng. show in what channel their thoughts are running.

"Mr. V. W.—I don't think it necessary any more to invent perpetual motion."

Did you hear the sad, melancholy song of one of our "A" gents? His heart is in it when he sings:

"My heart is grieving,
For she is leaving.
I'm filled with sorrow;
She won't come back tomorrow."

A certain "B" lady can see only one face in the moon. Can anyone else see more?

Four of the petit jurors visited chapel exercises in the morning and society in the evening of Feb. 12.

Miss Agnes Dykstra, an ex-'97, surprised her former class-mates by a visit Friday Feb. 19. "Shall old acquaintance be forgot?"

Ah, for that lonely, melancholy look in our Eng. chair!

Some of the students have had a touch of lagrippe, and so have been absent from school.

Miss Mable Ter Beest is on the sick list with lagrippe.

Student after he had come late in Greek recitation and translating without looking on the book: "They stood down in a great hurry."

Did you hear of that wonderous hycockemalorum pin?

Colds are strictly in style among the students now-a-days.

Prof. Zwemer left Tues. Feb. 16. for Wis., accompanied by his daughters who go thither for a visit to friends and relatives. The Professor returned Feb. 23, and immediately took charge of the history and Dutch departments of the institution. He proposes to make *The Historians* toe the mark this time.

The meeting of the Philomathean society was held on Thursday evening instead of Friday, since there was a public meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on that evening. On the same evening there was a lecture in the opera house on the subject: "The Gods of Greece and Rome." Some of the students attended this and report it very good.

Prof. speaking of being above the clouds, a student inquired: "Can you wash your hands in the clouds then?"

Student: "Is 'quiver' a little stream?"

Prof. in "B" English: "No room to make a dash after the first 'her.'" Student: "He could make one after the fourth or fifth, but not after the first any more."

Say, Billy, do you know it is Miss C—'s birthday today?"

* *

De Alumnis.

Effie Hospers, '88, and Arta and Eva Hospers, '92, are on a visit to Des Moines and Pella.

P. Meyer, '92, is not able to teach at present, his health not allowing it.

Jno. G. Raak, '91, was recently in Orange City on business.

Katie and Mary Zwemer are out on a visit to Wisconsin and Michigan.

Annie Mouw, '96, takes her examination for school ma'am this week. She will teach five miles east of town.

* *

Exchange.

The Student publishes two very good orations in its Feb. issue. As always it is a neatly edited sheet and deserves credit.

The Calendar devotes some space to a few very appropriate remarks on the character of students, "As Others see us". It is among our most regular exchanges.

The Academy Weekly is rather a newspaper. It devotes itself chiefly to the news of its institution.

The article in the Jan. issue of *The College Thought* on "Foot ball" hits the nail on the head. We heartily endorse it as being a very thoughtful and careful consideration of the subject. Editor Lovelace does credit to himself.

"Silent Bob" in *The Iowa Wesleyans'* Jan. issue was very good.

The Oracle presents a very neat appearance. The rough paper cover is especially attractive.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, "I'm busted again."—Ex.

ASTOUNDING ADVERBS.

One evening a gentleman came home with a budget of news. An acquaintance had failed in business. He spoke of the incident as "deliciously sad." He had ridden up town in a car with a noted wit, whom he described as "horribly entertaining," and, to cap the climax, he spoke of the butter that had been set before him at a country hotel as "divinely rancid."

The young people stared, and the oldest daughter said: "Why, papa, I should think that you were out of your head."


"Not in the least, my dear," he said pleasantly. "I'm merely trying to follow the fashion. I worked out 'divinely rancid' with a good deal of labor. It seems to me rather more effective than 'awfully sweet.' I mean to keep up with the rest

of you hereafter. And now," he continued, "let me help you to a piece of this exquisitely tough beef."

Adverbs, he says, are not so fashionable as they were in his family.

**Webster's
International
Dictionary**

The One Great Standard Authority,
So writes Hon. J. J. Brewer,
Justice U. S. Supreme Court.



*Successor of the
'Unabridged.'*

The Standard
of the U. S. Gov't Printing
Office, the U. S. Supreme
Court, all the State Supreme
Courts, and of nearly all the
Schoolbooks.

**Warmly
Commended**
by College Presidents, State
Superintendents of Schools,
and other Educators almost
without number.

THE BEST FOR PRACTICAL USE.

It is easy to find the word wanted.
It is easy to ascertain the pronunciation.
It is easy to trace the growth of a word.
It is easy to learn what a word means.

William R. Harper, Ph.D., D.D., President
University of Chicago, says:—A copy of Web-
ster's International Dictionary always lies on my table
and I find myself constantly referring to it. My satisfac-
tion in using it constantly increases. It is thoroughly
reliable and full of just the information one wishes to
secure.—April 7, 1896.

Specimen pages sent on application to
**G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers,
Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.**

DR J. A. OGG, Resident - Dentist,

Office at home, opposite Opera House.

Wm. Hutchinson.

P. D. Van Oosterhout.

N. W. C. A., '88.

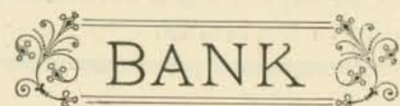
HUTCHINSON & VAN OOSTERHOUT,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law.

Office North Hotel Betten.

ORANGE, CITY, IOWA.

ORANGE - CITY



THE OLDEST BANK IN SIOUX COUNTY.

Does a General Banking Business.

RECEIVES DEPOSITS AND ISSUES
DRAFTS ON ALL PRINCIPAL
CITIES IN EUROPE.

Passage Tickets on the N. A. M. Steamers.

CAPITAL, \$50,000.

H. HOSPERS, Banker.

J. M. OGGEI, Cashier. A. J. KUYPER, Ass't Cash.

The Leading Hardware Store.

A FULL LINE OF

HEAVY AND SHELF HARDWARE, STOVES AND TINWARE,
CUTLERY, HARRISON TOWN AND COUNTRY PAINTS,
GUNS, AMMUNITION, WOODEN AND IRON PUMPS

Pocket Knives and Razors a Specialty. Students'
Patronage Solicited. Agents for

FAVORITE HEATERS AND FURNACES.

H. S. MARVIN, "THE" Hardware Man.

FOR FINE
PHOTOGRAPHS
AND CRAYONS
GO TO
J. JELGERHUIS,
ORANGE CITY, IOWA.
M. RHYNSBURGER

DEALER IN

CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS,

BOOTS & SHOES.

C. L. WILCOX.

Orange City Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Students Trade Especially Solicited.

H. MUYSKENS,

Everything to be found in a

First Class Harness Shop.

Cheapest in the City.

BOYS, Look Here!

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.

Your friends,

C. HOSPERS & BRO.,
ORANGE CITY, IOWA.

Van's Cash Store!

G. L. VAN DE STEEG, Prop.

- ☆ Clothing, Shoes,
- ☆ ☆ Gents' Furnishings,
- ☆ Ladies' Wraps.

Prices Lower than Ever.

ORR, HOBSON & FINCH,
Law, Collections & Real Estate

Do a General Law Business.

ORANGE CITY, - - IOWA.

VIENNA - BAKERY,

M. E. Van Nimwegen, Prop.

DEALER -IN- Bread, Pies, Homemade Candies.

LUNCH ROOM IN CONNECTION.

A. F. GESELSCHAP,

LEADER IN DRUGS,

STATIONERY Paints,
and Oils.

Perfumes, Etc.

All kinds of text books at lowest prices. Call
on us when in need of anything
in that line.

ORANGE CITY, IOWA.

ADS. KUYPER,
-Dealer In-

Holland and English Books,
BIBLES, STATIONERY, ETC.

Cheapest place in town. Come and convince
yourselves.

DE GOOYER & SYNHORST,
PROPRIETORS OF

THE CITY MEAT MARKET.

All kinds of Fresh and Dried Meats
kept constantly on hand.

John Van de Steeg
& Co.,

General - Merchandise.

Largest Stock in the City.
Special Prices to Students.

GO TO

K. Van der Aarde's

For your Watch, Clock and Jewelry repair-
ing; also if you are troubled with fre-
quent headaches, teary or painful
eyes, have your eyes tested.

Consultation and Testing Free.