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Northwestern Classical Academy

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H. Hopkins

OCTOBER, 1896.

The Classic.

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HERALD PRINT, ORANGE CITY.

The Northwestern Classical Academy.

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

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

The present corps of teachers numbers 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.

The Classic.

Volume VI.

October.

Number 1.

Literary.

Not An Enemy in The World.

IT IS occasionally said of an individual: "He has no enemies in this world." I have often thought that such a man is much to be pitied, yea, more to be blamed. A case of this kind reminds us of that Scripture which saith: "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." This quotation leads us to infer that there must be something wrong, something wanting in the character of such a person. It draws us to the conclusion that such a person cannot be taken as an example of that ideal to which man should try to mould his character.

We will all agree that man has thrust upon him great responsibilities in the form of duties toward God and his fellowmen. These duties, in as far as he is able, he must faithfully discharge. How, then, can a man live in this sinful and selfish world, and faithfully discharge his duties, in carrying forward every moral and benevolent enterprise of the day, and have no enemies? Can he oppose infidelity, intemperance, immorality, and the many other evils with which our land is filled, and yet have no enemies? Ah! my friends, experience proves to us that this cannot be done; history shows us the fact, and the suffering of the martyrs, who have died for righteousness' sake, testify to it. Look but for a moment at the great reformers of the world. Were they not opposed by the worst of enemies? Were they not constantly in danger of their lives? Yet the sense of duty impelled them nobly onward, and many died the death of a martyr. They were

siezed by their enemies; some nailed to the cross; others set up to serve as torches in the emperor's garden, while their enemies stood about, and mocked, and jeered at their agony. Could any severer or greater agony be imagined?

Thus, through all the ages, man, in fulfilling his duty, has had, and must naturally have, enemies.

I pity the man with so little energy of character, who is so wanting in independence of thought and action, who so invariably floats on the current of popular sentiment, as to live in the world without an enemy. Such a man is a slave to popular sentiment. He has no opinion of his own, nor does he act from a sense of duty, but to please others. Such a person cannot be truly happy. If he is happy, his happiness does not arise from the consciousness of having done his duty, but from the simple fact that he has no enemies. His is a happiness that a man of good sense would scorn. True happiness does not arise from the fact that you please others, but from the consciousness of having fulfilled your duty.

He who has so little force of character, so little independence of thought and action, will easily be led, but he will never become a leader. Such a person would hardly dare to change the color of his house, without popular consent. When he buys or sells articles, he consults the opinions of others, and governs himself accordingly.

This man has no opinion of his own, at least none to express, hence he never gives offense. When unjustly opposed, he makes no manly or dignified resistance. If others plot the ruin of his temporal in-

terests, he makes no serious objections, but often assists them in their depredations. If, in the end, he dies without an enemy, it is because he never lived like a man. The true, noble, independent, self-relying spirit of a man was not in him. He was without point, argument, or conclusion with reference to any and every question that agitated the public mind. Often, simply because his great-grandfather followed a certain policy, he followed the same without having any arguments by which to advocate these opinions. There is nothing in such a man to oppose; is it any wonder that he has no enemies?

I think it is better to have two enemies to one friend and be a free man, and enjoy the consciousness of being free; than to live and die without an enemy, and without being a *man* in the world.

A person, even if he is poor, can, and has the right to be, a man—a man of independent thought and action. The humblest citizen in the world has the right to express his candid opinions; he has the right to choose his occupation, and follow it with all his energy, provided he does not trespass upon the rights of others. A person should at all times stand up for what is right, and not advocate policies of unprincipled men because others do so.

"Do what conscience says is right; do what reason says is best," and let no man seek to make friends, and retain the friendship of others, at the sacrifice of himself; but rather let him cultivate in his heart a determination to do right, and a disposition to obtain his rights as a man. He should do this at all times, and under all circumstances, regardless of consequences to himself. Such a man will make his mark in the world; and treat others with all the respect their conduct merits. He will secure the friendship of all whose influence will contribute to his reputation and happiness.

The best men of the world—men who have stood up for truth, and were not

afraid to express it—had enemies in life and death. A person who always speaks in a straight-forward manner must have enemies; for, "Flattery brings friends; but truth brings foes."

Truth is a two-edged sword which sometimes cuts very deep, but the speaker should not be blamed for this.

Therefor I believe that we cannot live in the selfish world and faithfully discharge our duties without having an enemy.

A. V. W., '97.

Daisy,

THERE ARE sometimes undercurrents in our lives, sad and solemn, on which the merriest sunshine of mirth and jollity would find no ray reflected. Again, there are moments of pure delight, when our nerves are attuned to the sweetest chords in nature and in man. In such a time it was that I was living. The glory of a summer morning had dawned upon the land. All the gloomy hours of my life (and they have not been few) were now, for the time at least, forgotten. Even the unknown morrow seemed to smile. The child's merry laugh was readily reflected from my face. The carol of nature's songsters found a jubilant echo in my soul. With scarcely knowing why perhaps, I was happy. And whether one may depend on premonitions or not—surely this day will not crush me with its tragedies.

Near the margin of a sweetly murmuring brook, unburdened by any wheels of factories, uncontaminated by the refuse of city or town,—there stood a quiet, spacious, country home. In fact, there were two homes; the humbler, weather beaten dwelling, which had withstood the storms of many winters; and the more commodious structure, which told of labor blest and toil rewarded. There too, one generation lived with the other; in the humble dwelling lived the aged mother, and the silvery locks bore witness to pioneer hardships and early privations; in the more

pretentious building lived her son—a worthy son of worthy parents—who had entered into the fruit of their labors. Then, too, there was the third generation—happy lads and merry lasses.

But it is the old mother whom I want to see. It is to see her that I have chosen this road. Her name was familiar in our family farther back than my memory carries me. Her introduction to me then I shall forbear to give in detail. Suffice it to say, we met. And the grotesque interest I have in her, led me to her door this summer morning. This August morning, '96, she met me at her door; and when I told my name, the good old woman pressed my hand and hailed me welcome with a "God bless you." "I am so glad to see you. I am so glad you have called." "You will stay for dinner, won't you?" I assured her I could not well do more than make a call.

The history of our family was the topic for a few moments. "You are married?" When I honestly confessed the negative, her face lit up with what at first I thought was surprise. Then she turned her remarks to her own family; and here, indeed, were

"Men who know no law but duty,

Women who are ever true."

Of the one who seemed to be her favorite, she remarked that "she's the dearest girl God let live." I still suspected nothing—only a maternal partiality, fondness and pride. Soon, however, she added, "I thought if you were perhaps looking around for the ladies, I wish you would take a notion to Daisy!"

Now I knew why her face had lit up. For a moment—could Jove's thunder bolt have surprised me half as much? But the putting of her words was such as (fortunately) to require no answer. I tried to put on a complacent smile, and, I think, succeeded fairly. I fear she misinterpreted it, and in it read encouragement. At least she kept on undaunted.

Wondrous, too, was this young lady

Daisy. Verily, here was one laid in the cradle expressly for me—one who had kept all the sweetness of sacred maidenhood only, only for me. For did not the wellmeaning woman assure me that Daisy never went out with a gentleman—that by actual count it had happened but once; and then they were so very well acquainted (I do not know but they were cousins); so anybody would forgive her this one time,—the circumstances were so palliating, you know. of course, it could not mean that she had had no chances!—ah, no; "the coast was clear" for me. Really no tricky bees had sipped honey from this daisy of the woods. All unknown to me, this delicate little flower was waiting to be picked by no other hand than mine. How romantic, yet how self-accusing, the thought—I had not been so faithful to my dearest, truest destiny. I had brushed against the wild flowers of the meadow, had stolen fragrance from the laughing, blooming gardens. And here was this one—daisy—blooming neglected, in meek and patient silence—all for me.

It was time to go. The kind old woman pressed my hand and my—! She came to the buggy for my card. Was it for Daisy?

I have a morbid curiosity to see this little woodland blossom, but thus far Destiny has not thrown us together. Is she still faithful to one who she hopes has loved her ere he knew her? Is the good woman's title still clear, so she can deliver to me when I come to claim "my own?"

ICHABOD CRANE.

The Darts of Cupid.

AFTER having thought of almost every conceivable subject upon which to write, I began thinking of love, what cupid had done in my heart and in the hearts of those about me.

Cupid has shot his darts into the hearts of every person; at least I would like to see a person, or rather meet one whose

heart he has not touched with his arrow. Love has a different effect upon different persons. I, of course, cannot describe the effects for I have never been in the place of others. If I had had experience myself, I might give the effect it has upon me. But I have not had much experience in this line.

I heard a good definition of love the other day. "Love is an itching of the heart, one cannot get at to scratch."

Some one has said, "It is worth the labor to consider well of love, whether it be a God, or a devil, or passion of the mind, or partly God, or partly devil, or partly passion." I do not think it wrong to love as some people suppose, provided it is in the right way.

Some love and are not loved in return. "To love and not be loved is time lost," says Ik. Marvel. Again others say:

"Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

There is a belief that love is mutual, that is, if a person loves another, he (or she) will be loved in return. I do not think this is always true, altho it may be nine times out of ten.

"Can a heart once hit, be lighted again?" I think not, if it once was in full blaze.

Suppose there is a handsome young man, and Cupid has been working in the hearts of both. He pays some attention to other young ladies, and you are jealous. How you noticed every smile, every encouragement he gave you! And he is in your thoughts all day, he even follows you in your dreams. Confess it! You often cast innocent glances at him, and often are caught writing his initials unconsciously. The first time he escorted you, how delighted you were, the effects could plainly be seen the next day, often you are found repeating his words. There never lived such a man, and never will be another. You can never love another like him. So run your thoughts. But—alas! Death comes, and takes away this

dear one—yes, he has grown very dear. What a gap this has made in the world! It seems as if the world is no longer whole, but only a half remains. You think you never can love another again. Some people's hearts might be hit again, but others not.

On the other hand, if you are not loved in return by this gallant young man. Ah me! that is much worse than if he is borne away by the Angel of Death. I should think it would be almost intolerable if Cupid had shot one of his darts through your heart, and not through the heart of the one you admire.

It is said—and I suppose often it is the case—that a man will do every thing for his lady, before they are married, or during the honey-moon, but after that, it is entirely changed.

People must think well of love, for their actions speak louder than words.

When love dies out of a life the whole pleasure of living is lost.

"The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one.
Yet the light of the whole world dies,
When the sun is gone.

"The mind has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."
"TOUGHNESS."

* *

Civilization.

WHAT is the reason that the world is today not that which it was fifteen hundred years ago? Is it because the man who is born today is born with a more developed mind, and a less evil spirit than the people of the middle ages? I hardly think so. It is true the peculiar qualities of the parents seem to have a great influence upon the mind of a child, and their mode of living has an effect upon the mental faculties of their descendants, but this is always true only to a certain extent.

Man at the beginning was created in a

state of innocence and purity, and no civilization was needed, or even could be used to develop him in any way. But when on account of disobedience, he fell into a sinful state, he sank more and more throughout the ages; and yet today, the aboriginal inhabitants of New Holland and New Zealand, yes, the Indians of our own country, teach us that scarcely anything can be imagined more degraded than society in its lowest state.

The wants of those savages are few and easily satisfied, and differ little from those of the brutes. If he finds food and shelter, with a scanty covering for his body, this constitutes the whole vocabulary of his necessities. He knows neither the name nor the idea of comfort. All the things so dear to civilized people are unknown to him.

And what is the power strong enough to conquer this darkness? It is the light of the Gospel, which has spread round our globe the blessings of civilization. For civilization goes hand in hand with religion; and the poor grovelling savage stands erect in all the dignity of a renewed nature, and now we shall see what becomes of him.

The first thing we observe is, we see him laboring and manufacturing. The soil which was encumbered with trees, is now levelled and changed to fields, teeming with vegetable wealth. The trees, which before stood useless on the ground, are now converted into a thousand ingenious instruments, and means of comfort and transposition; yes, they are even used to give a useful and humanizing intercourse between the remotest corners of the earth.

And what has become of the wigwam or shanty, and that which it contained, and hardly could deserve the name either of furniture or of domestic implements? A house is erected, but differing from the former dwelling place, and it is now, as we may truly call it, inhabited.

And what on the inside? Let us enter

one of the rooms. The chairs and tables, formed of wood, show the work of skillful men. The carpets, mirrors, pictures, the paper which adorns the walls, yes, all things we see seems to tell us that there is yet no end to the combinations of human art and industry.

Man has learned the value of social intercourse and the interchange of commodities, by the provisional arrangements which have adapted him to the world in which he lives, and the world to him. His wants have grown and been supplied, while the very supply has increased the demand; the demand again has occasioned the separation of men into distinct trades and professions in which each has taken his own separate department.

How ingenious and courageous is civilized man, and what a great difference is there again brought about between man and man, when civilization has brought him again to the summit of the mountain.

B. B., 98.

* *

Government.

TAKING, as it were, a bird's eye view of the continuous strife and contention about politics there is going on all over the world among the different nations, we receive the impression that something in the administration of government is not as it should be—that perfection, as in everything in this world, has not been reached. When we see the patience with which an audience will listen to a political speech for two or three hours, and we see the enthusiasm and zeal displayed at such occasions, we certainly feel that the human race is in the lack of something which their inclinations say they must have. It shows that man is a social being who is made to have communications with his fellow creatures and cannot live without them; but that no form of government has been contrived as yet that perfectly satisfies this inborn sociability.

It is not a new movement to speak and

converse on such subjects. The ancient Greeks and Romans were as much of politicians as we are today; and yet it seems that we are not much advanced beyond them. We have to struggle with as many difficulties as they.

Imperfection prevails everywhere. But, what is the nearest we can come to perfection, and by what means, is the question.

All motive power needs government, shall it be of any use to that for which it was designed; and each motive must have its own government, suited to its own peculiar work. Now man is naturally gifted with governing power suited to his own individual character. Thus it stands to reason that the perfection would be to have each individual govern himself; and the inclination toward mutual communications, which is common to all as well, to guide in the forming of society. But since the fall of Adam has banished all perfection from this world, we find man's natural gifts corrupt, and mixed with the deadly poison of selfishness. Instead, now, of finding society like a self-working and self-regulating machine, doing as it was designed, we find it necessary to intrench justice within the iron walls of law. This, as may be readily seen, is but a poor substitute for the natural self-acting system with which man was created. Firstly, it makes right and justice appear stiff and unpleasant; secondly, not all people can be reached by the law; and thirdly, owing to the imperfect and incompetent application of the law, many escape while others undeservedly undergo its wrath. All three of these imperfections cause trouble and strife. The question is not what the law is, but how it should be executed. Sin has taken away the self governing system, but has not entirely taken away law or a sense of right yet. This we call conscience, which every one still possesses. Conscience is one of the attributes by which we distinguish man from the lower animals. It is

a light spot remaining from the perfect and holy creature, as he came from the hand of his maker, which shines out like a gem in the dirt, from the dark and nightly mountains of ignorance and degradation. Thus we see that the great question, about which so many brains have worried already, is how to apply or execute the law in the best manner.

During all times it was proven that good government depends on the intelligence of the people. The nation that was most educated and civilized had the greatest success in the execution of the law, and came nearest to perfection. Thus, to improve on our judicial career, we must have better education. After we have secured this we should adjust our form of government to it. For it is a fact that not all forms of government suit all stages of civilization. Changes in civilization should go hand in hand with changes in government. They can not be separated than by great loss. Take a glance of the affairs of Rome in the last days of the republic; and it will fully prove this fact. Had the people of Rome capitulated to the power of despotism as the scale of civilization was lowering, the Roman empire would perhaps still have existed. But giving way to mutual jealousies, and wanting to rule themselves, while they were unfit for it, they became the prey of that greedy nation from the north.

Among those who agree that the root of good government is good education, there is a great difference of opinion yet how to obtain education. This leads us to the question what true education is; but since it would bring us too far from our subject, we will leave it this time. The ancient Greeks had made great progress in civilization and, in a certain sense, in government too; but their refinement rested on the dark, degraded system of slavery. It was through despising and using up their fellow beings that they obtained time for the study of arts. It is not in this way that our pro-

gress should be made; and, in fact, it is no progress. It is only the taking away from one and the giving to another.

But, considering all alike in worth, and having the same rights for an education, we should strive to climb the steep ladder of learning, and make all motives subordinate to the national, through individual development.

FILOS ANTHROPON.

The Happiest Heart.

Who drives the horses of the son
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame;
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet
And left to heaven the rest.

ANON.

Rural Whispers.

Well do I that hour remember
On a blessed summer morn,
When God's smiles shone from all nature,
And the dew was on the corn.

Valley sang, and hill-tops answered;
Creaking limbs and laughing boughs,
Insect music, songster's chanting,
Intermingled with the vows

Of the country congregation
Gathered in the house of prayer;
And sweet peace shown on the faces,
For God's smile was also there.

AMANUENSIS.

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Editorial.

To our readers and friends, a hearty greeting! After a three months' furlong we again meet you on the old camping ground. We have again pitched our tents within the limits of learning's compliance, and have armed ourselves to undertake another campaign against ignorance and superstition. The sword of understanding glitters in our hands; the mantle of logic clothes our loins; the shoes of willingness are on our feet; and, above all, the helmet of advancement adorns our heads. The signal of march has been given, and we are slowly advancing, battling daily with difficult problems, and complex Greek or Latin constructions. By firm resolve and earnest work, the victory shall be ours.

We welcome to our ranks the recruits who are with us for the first time. Above

all others we would exhort them to determine to work hard. How strangely does everything differ from what you had expected! How uneasy you feel, as it were, in the midst of a wilderness of new and unfamiliar things! Whatever good intentions you have had, however you had determined to do what you thought was right, you must do what the moment demands; and this is perhaps far different from anything you thought before. Yes, we know, when a student for the first time comes to school, many are his good resolutions and well meant intentions; but he will soon discover that he must give them up. In fact, there is as much to unlearn as to learn, also for the more advanced. So many mistaken ideas, so many wrong habits, so many, many things which we must change and amend, that it sometimes seems that we are worse than ignorant.

SEPTEMBER 22nd ushered the Academy into the thirteenth year of its history. With this issue, THE CLASSIC gladly avails itself of the opportunity to present to its readers a cut of one who has contributed so largely toward making our institution what it is today. This year Rev. J. F. Zwemer enters upon the seventh year of his work as Principal of the Academy. A retrospective view readily shows that his efforts with and for us have not been without their reward. Seven years ago an ugly debt was sadly hindering the progress, if not threatening the life of the Academy. Today that debt is reduced by more than four thousand dollars. The running expenses of the institution have, during his administration, been promptly paid. Our new building, secured so largely through his efforts, is a lasting monument of his zeal for Christian education. A suitable endowment, the lack of which we sorely feel, is becoming under his persistent efforts a brighter probability.

Financial work, however, important



REV. JAMES F. ZWEMER.

though it has been, is not the only element for which the Academy feels grateful to its standard bearer.

His purpose has ever been to make the Academy a school which prepared its students for college. To do this during the formative period of its history, without yielding to the temptation of securing quantity at the expense of quality in the student material is a task requiring tact as well as careful judgment. How well Rev. Zwemer has succeeded in this effort a casual glance at our catalogue will show. More than sixty per cent of our graduates have graduated from, or are now studying at, some of the leading colleges of our land.

We mention but one more feature which has characterized the successful work of our Principal. He believes that in the entire realm of education, the acquirement of a *Christian* training stands paramount. No students can afford to spend time and money for an education without, at the same time, discovering some pure, legitimate channel through which the streams of his newly acquired powers may be directed. "Educate men

without religion," said Wellington, "and you make them but clever devils." Instruction in the classics and sciences is a *sine qua non* essential 'tis true, but accompanied with, and permeated by, the vital truths of the Word of God, this instruction becomes what our great Teacher intended it should be, a power not to curse but to bless. Of such an education Rev. Zwemer is and ever has been an enthusiastic exponent. To this end he labors. To such as seek such training his heart and hand ever extend a cordial welcome.

* * *

We cannot fail to make a comment on our "Rapelye Library." Again this important department of our school has been enriched by a number of the best books. We can not but express our sincere thanks to Mrs. Rapelye for such a generous donation; for if we know the importance of good literature in obtaining an education, we can not too highly appreciate such a collection of books. It is from books that a student must have his information—they are the companions that guide him in many a dark and, as yet, unexplored region. What, then, can be more helpful to a student than a good, trustworthy book; but also, what can be more detrimental than a bad one? Is it a small matter that we may read good books? Ah, how many are today ruined both mentally and spiritually by reading the cheap novel that is thrown upon the market! Indeed, ours are great privileges!

* * *

Again the season has arrived when the sons of Uncle Sam will be called upon to perform their noble duty of electing their own lawmakers and rulers. It is the glorious birthright of every American citizen—the power which raises him from slave to master, from a mere instrument to that active, thinking, resolute being. It is the national ballot box that raises

our nation from the common level of semi-civilized aristocracy, to the plain of a self governing people. Intelligence is the result of self-government; but also self-government of intelligence. It acts reciprocally. The one begets the other and always accompanies it.

What, then, is the outlook for our nation as seen in this light? Can we stand the assaults of a financial storm, and yet maintain the integrity of the government? Does our intelligence outweigh the dissenting influences from the outside? May we hope that reason and sound judgment will triumph over the passion of the hour? Indeed, it requires a full measure of common sense to ignore all the nonsensical, groundless assumptions of the rabid, demagogical stump speaker, and to keep the golden mean. But it requires self denial and love of humanity to consider all selfish interests as of minor importance, and to place the common welfare as the first and highest aim. Alas! the love of money has so completely captivated the heart of man that no reason or justice, no love or duty, nay, not even morals or religion, comes into consideration when a few dollars and cents are at stake! We believe it is the greatest danger that threatens the welfare and prosperity of our nation today, even more than a wrong consequent on the gold and silver question.

* * *

It gives us great pleasure to announce that Dr. A. De Bey has again consented to open a course of lectures during the year on the most important subjects of physiology. Every Monday evening the students will have the privilege of listening to one of his interesting and instructive discourses. We trust that the students will appreciate the Doctor's kindness, and show this by regular attendance and close attention. It is of great importance that, also physically, we should know what we are. A healthy mind

greatly depends on a healthy body. If, then, we do not know how to protect our body, we shall become not only a physical but also a mental wreck. Above all other, the student is in danger of neglecting his physical being. He lives in the time when his bodily strength must develop; and if this is neglected, he must suffer all his life. A healthy mind and a languishing body can not long go together, both will soon become affected, weakened and useless. Therefore we would advise all students to make it a point to attend these lectures, and to apply their instruction.

**

Locals.

Pop-popo-popoc-rats!

Can you you vote?

Political speeches, sore throats, and poor lessons.

Did you see that novel free silver badge of one of our Dakota braves?

Philomatheia must have a pulpit. Who can deny her the neccessities of life?

In Greek translation: Why did one of our jolly Seniors insist on using the word "*garrison*" instead of "*fortifications*?" "It sounds better."

Our lost son has returned! Nieveen has again emerged sound and safe out of the wilds of Dakota, the land of forlorn exiles and allured hearts. The mourning badges, which last year so sadly told his story, are now flung to the four winds; and our banner flies high. "16 and 1" is the class of '97!

Ayer's Hair Dye will also dye mustaches.

"A" Eng. Prof.—"You just make a 'dash' after 'that woman,' Mr. H—."

Where is Mr. A's silver badge?

Buxom "C" lassie: "We can't do anything without the boys."

"A" gentleman, translating German: "It was a terrible *clasp*." "Ja, Heh!"

The Senior class has two new members this year—Miss Mabel Terbeest and Mr. D. Gleysteen, both from the Alton high school.

A few of the students were intending to hear Bryan at Hawarden, but were disappointed on account of the rain. One gentleman had even gone twelve miles, when compelled to return.

Instead of class colors the Seniors have class caps this year, with "N. W. C. A. '97" printed on them.

The students again have the privilege of hearing Dr. De Bey lecture, which, we are sure, will be instructive and interesting.

Why is it that the students and even a professor asked a certain young lady whether she did not rest well the previous night?

Prof. "Mr. H—, what is the difference between 'a couple and two?'" "A" Gentleman—"A couple is really one, or—or—two tied together." Prof.—"You'd find out different when you'd pay your board bill. But, *what* one is it?"

"Mr. A—, we will get you a rattle if you want one."

The title of the latest song of one of the students is. "*The Pretty Fisher Maiden*."

At one of our recent lectures one of the gentlemen had overcome his bashfulness to such an extent that he determined to take his "best girl" home. When the lecture was over he saw her go out with a lady, and exclaimed, "Oh! She is going home with her mother."

The Philomathean Society has now two kinds of new song books, so that those who are in charge of music will have a sufficient supply from which to choose.

An "A" gentleman does not believe that he is the least bit superstitious.

Our Principal is again in Michigan in pursuit of the financial interests of the Academy. We expect him back within

two weeks. He wants to be back to cast his vote for William McKinley.

We take pride in announcing that Martin Sipma, one of our "C" class gallants, succeeded in carrying off two first prizes in the bicycle races for amateurs.

Mr. Gerrit W. Sterken has changed boarding places. He now stays at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bosch.

Prof. Te Paske informed us that, in all probability, Mr. McCowan, one of his former classmates at Iowa College, will lecture here some time soon after the election. It gives us great pleasure to learn this, for if there is anything from which a student may derive practical benefit, it is from a good lecture. Mr. McCowan is reported to be an eloquent speaker and an original thinker. If he should come we bespeak a large audience for him.

If you want to know something about law, or if your neighbor has insulted you at the last political speech we refer you to our lawyer advertisers who will be prepared to give you any information you want. We feel confident in saying this, for one of them belongs to our alumni.

Why did the "A's" have to change their seats in the English recitation? Because some were unable to withstand the temptation not to stare across the room continually on those of the opposite sex.

A sentence in English read: "He died in the consciousness of never having failed in his duty to the Pope." A lady student: "Would it not be correct to say, 'She died in the consciousness of never having failed in her duty to the Pope?'"

Who compose the "soft" seat?

Two "B's", Messrs. Mouw and Van der Beek, influenced by faithful allegiance to their former classmates, started on their bicycles today for Sibley, Iowa, in the hope of finding their lost friend, Miss Jansen. However, we are sorry to say that, although they were brave, they had not the grit to pursue their journey to

the end on account of the bad roads—they returned, having gone twelve miles. Try again, boys! Do not be dismayed!!

Mr. Gerrit Der Herder won the bicycle race at Sioux Center the 4th of July. Indeed, our boys are leading the rest.

An urgent request of the business manager: Please let every one who owes us his subscription settle up as soon as possible. We *must* have money and have it *soon*!

Erratum: In the poem "The Happiest Heart," first line, last word, instead of "son" read "sun."

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Exchange.

We are glad to welcome *The Portfolio* as one of our exchanges. It is a neatly written paper and contains some very good articles.

The Echo is one of our most regular coming exchanges. We congratulate the editors on their production.

On the whole our exchanges are very good. We find it impossible to mention them all separately.

According to Dr. Darwin and others, it takes a monkey thousands of years to make a man of himself, but a man can make a monkey of himself in a minute. We lead the world.—Ex.

DR. J. A. OGG,

Resident - Dentist,

Office at home, opposite Opera House.

Wm. Hutchinson.

P. D. Van Oosterhout.

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

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