

10-1903

The Classic, October 1903

Northwestern Classical Academy

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F. Lubbers

OCTOBER, 1903.

The Classic.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGE CITY, IOWA.



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The Classic.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE N. W. C. A.

VOLUME 12

OCTOBER

NUMBER 1

Editorial.

SCHOOL has again opened. With exception of a very few, all the old students have returned, and in addition a large number of new ones have joined our ranks. They all seemed to be equally happy. It is true what we sing in one of our beautiful hymns, "When we asunder part, it gives us inward pain". But it gives us an equal amount of joy when we again see all the familiar faces. Three months vacation and outdoor work have enabled us to return with sparkling eye and rosy cheek, full of health and vigor, ready for another year of earnest work. Most of us, perhaps, have come with a determination to do better than we have done in the past; for we always feel that there is still room for improvement. May we also carry out our resolution. If we have done well last year, let us try to do better this year.

Everything changes with time. So in our school. A great change has taken place among the students not only, but also in the faculty. Three new instructors have taken the places of those that left last year. Mr. Strich has taken Prof. Kuizinga's place as Prof. in English; Miss Walvoord took Prof. Wesselink's place in Mathematics; and Miss Kremer took Miss Huizenga's place as instructor in History. Although these changes make things seem strange, we trust that the relations between faculty and students will be pleasant, and that by mutual helpfulness our work will be made profitable.

PROBABLY the greatest question that is taxing the minds of the thinkers of this nation at the present time is the question of capital and labor. One needs not necessarily be a prophet to predict that this fluctuating contention must ultimately come to a decisive clash. The question is becoming more serious every day. The culmination of the strife will be an event of the near future. Although all sorts of means are resorted to to remedy this sad state of affairs, every experiment proves a flat failure. Instead of lessening

the hard feeling existing between laborers and capitalists, they seem to aggravate the bitterness prevailing between the contending parties. The main reason why all efforts to secure peace between the hostile parties invariably meets with failure, is because they never issue from the right motive. Both laborers and capitalists are actuated by motives of selfishness. It is to be regretted that a christian people, like ours has a reputation to be, does not understand that all strife and bitterness can not be conquered by force and violence, but that it can be completely vanquished by the power of love. It is sincerely to be hoped that strikes and labor unions may soon belong to the past, and that both parties may resort to the wonderful power of love. By these means this nation can be relieved of this enervating element, and avert a great crisis.

MIDNIGHT, Tuesday, Sept. 20, the Hay-Henan treaty ended. The Columbian government has failed to accept the terms offered by the United States government. The objections of Columbia were due, first, to its reluctance to give up its absolute authority to the territory through which the canal was to run, and, secondly, to the conviction that ten million dollars was not enough for such a strip of land. The failure of this treaty is causing quite an uneasiness at Washington. The Panama route was by far better than the Nicaragua route. Not only is the latter the more difficult of the two, but there are some physical features, which may render a permanent canal impossible. Just what President Roosevelt will do is not known. However, it is hoped and earnestly expected that he will prosecute the matter with vigor. It is conjectured that he will either turn his attention to the Nicaragua route, or renew negotiations with Columbia. Dr. Henan has informed the officials at Washington that the Columbia government desires to renew negotiations.

After Many Years.

"Yes, Gladys, it will be a long time before we meet again."
"Oh Raymond, how I dread it that we must part", replied Gladys Todge. "Gladys, will you promise me one thing? Promise me that you will remain true to me and be my own little wife when I return", said Raymond Hampton. "Yes, Raymond, I will make that promise. But how long it will be before you return, and how lonesome I shall be without you", answered Gladys. "Oh cheer up my love, I will soon return to you as a doctor, and make you my little wife, and we shall be happy". Saying this, Raymond Hampton

took farewell of his betrothed.

Raymond Hampton was the son of an experienced and skillful physician. Gladys Todge, the motherless daughter of a busy lawyer. These two children grew together and were generally found in each others company. The friendship of childhood ripened into love. And it was on the evening that Raymond was to leave for college that we overheard their conversation.

* *

Two long years have slowly passed. Raymond is finishing the last year of his college course. It is on a cold November evening that he goes for his mail, and receives to his delight a letter stamped "Berne"; and looking at the hand writing recognizes it to be the hand writing of Mr. Todge, Gladys' father. He hastily breaks the seal, for he thinks this letter must certainly bring him good news from Gladys, and reads:—

"Dear Sir:—You must give up all hope of ever getting married to my daughter, for though I blush to say it, she was married to Louis Murray, last night. She has known the man but a very short time, and I was very much opposed to the match. I hope you and I will be able to bear the disappointment, for believe me I am also grief-stricken. Yours sincerely,

JOHN TODGE.

* *

Two years of married life have passed, and we find Gladys Murray in an unhappy home, attempting to soothe her restless babe, when a loud rap is heard at the door. She goes to the door with an anxious heart, for it is already far towards midnight and her husband has not yet returned from the club. Gladys has become used to Murray's coming home late, for he drinks much and spends most of his time with his carousing friends. But to-night she is more anxious than ever, although she can not imagine what makes her so. On opening the door she meets the sheriff, who tells her that her husband has been arrested for making counterfeit money, and that she therefore need not expect him home that night.

Poor Gladys is grievously shocked, for although she had already discovered that she had married a harsh man, who did not love her, she never suspected that she had married a scoundrel.

Louis Murray was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to two years imprisonment. Gladys was obliged to take in sewing in order to support herself and her little girl. After the two years of imprisonment Louis Murray returned to his family, being more harsh and cruel than ever. He was unable to find work, for no one would employ him since his reputation was lost. So he moved to

the city and found work in a factory. But Murray did not give up his bad habit, drinking, and so it happened that a serious accident befell him. For on his way from the saloon one evening, being in a drunken state, he was run over by a street car, and was killed.

* * *

It is already late, but Dr. Raymond Hampton is so occupied with his thoughts that he forgets about the time. He is seated in his office with the picture of his loved, Gladys Lodge, in his hand. He is again thinking of her. She is the only girl he has ever loved, and although she has been untrue to him, he cannot help but love her still. While in this reverie he receives the message,—“Come at once. Brandon str., Room 6. Child dying.”

He presses the picture to his lips and looking at it once more carefully, returns it to its place. He is faithful to his calling, and closing his office door, he is on his way to the bedside of the dying child.

After walking a great distance he reaches his destination. As he opened the door he saw a young woman dressed in black, stooping over a delirious child. She looked up as he entered the room, and Raymond immediately recognized this woman to be Mrs. Murray, formerly Gladys Lodge. He was almost unable to control his emotions, but mastered himself for her sake. A neighbor's boy had summoned the doctor, and Gladys not knowing the doctors in that city and full of anxiety for her only child, Ruth, did not recognize her lover. As the doctor neared the bedside, she said, “Doctor, is there any hope of Ruth's recovery?” The doctor sadly replied, “There is no hope”, for he saw that the child was already in the shadow of death. The next instant Ruth raised herself up and muttered a few words, which the anxious mother was unable to understand, and turning her head to one side, died in her mother's arms, with a sweet smile upon her face.

Raymond saw to it that the child received a good burial, without Gladys knowing who provided for the same.

After a few weeks had passed, Raymond again went his way to Room 6. He raps at the door and Gladys opens it for him. As he sees her he says, “Gladys”. Upon hearing that voice speak her name, as she was once used to hear it, Gladys exclaimed, “Oh Raymond, is that you?” Having uttered this exclamation she turns from him, as if ashamed, and says no more.

Raymond goes up to her and says, “Gladys, will you forget the past as I have done, and fulfill the promise you once made?” “Oh, Raymond; how can you forget the wrong I have done you?”

No, that is impossible, you cannot love me any more”, replies Gladys. “Oh Gladys! how can you be so cruel, I love you as much as I have ever done”, replied Raymond. “Oh Raymond, if you can only love me, I will fulfill my promise, for I love you and have loved you all the time, even if I was led astray by another, who did not love me”, said Gladys.

That night there was a quiet wedding, and after many years of sorrow, Raymond Hampton and Gladys Lodge are once more happy.
L. S. '95.

The Advisability of Canvassing Books.

Why is it that there is, in general, such a grudge against the canvassing of books? We hear time and again, “I would sooner do this and that, than to canvass books; it nearly kills me.” I do not understand why. Is it because there is something so disrespectful about it? Or is it due to the lack of judgement in such individuals? I dare say it is the latter. Dr. Spurgeon says, “There is no other business so honorable or so beneficial to manhood as the selling of good books.”

What better selling is there for any young man, than that of selling good books? He visits an average of twelve families a day, seventy two a week, or nearly four thousand a year. Furthermore in doing so, he will insure a good income for himself. His daily theme is the necessity of good literature in the home. At the same time his own character will be strengthened and enabled by his intercourse with so many different kinds of people. For a man with good motives, and a good book, to go to the people and constantly to advocate the advisability of more and better reading matter is one of the most praiseworthy callings in which any man can engage. The honest book canvasser is a missionary for good wherever he goes.

There are two kinds of agents. One who succeeds, and the one who fails. The only reason I can give for his failure, from my own experience, is, because he is not in earnest. He was born by accident, and goes through life with no definite purpose in view. He thinks the world owes him a living, and that he will get it whether he works or not. A person can not expect to have influence upon his fellow men, if he lacks conviction as to his calling. You must feel that in selling a good book, you are not only making money for yourself, but exercising an influence that will live after you. This is the proper view to take of book canvassing. No young man will ever fully develop his faculties unless he takes a plunge into the

world, and learns to depend upon himself. Those who have never tried it have no idea what a developing influence this business has. It teaches human nature; it develops your talents in every way; it makes the mind alert and vigorous; it teaches you selfreliance; it gives polish and good address, and takes away the fear of meeting strangers. In fact, it determines your ability, and enables you to find your proper place in the world.

D. D. E. '05.

Punishment Follows Sin.

MR. Jones was a wealthy banker in one of our western towns. He lived in one of the finest houses of the town. In business he was a wide awake, accurate, and honest man. Every man in the town, and in the vicinity of the town, liked to do business with him. His family consisted of himself, his wife and one son, a bright lad of about eight years at this time, who promised to become as good a business man as his father was. There was one more in the family, and this one was a burden to Mr. Jones. It was his wife's father.

The old man was good natured and obedient. He loved his children and was especially fond of little Johnny, his grandson. The old man who was almost blind could of course not always help himself, and then his daughter, Mrs. Jones, helped him. But when Mr. Jones came home, or when he had invited some friends for dinner, then the old man was in his way, and was ordered to betake himself to his own room. His own room was upstairs in the most unpleasant part of the house, which was, as Mr. Jones said, "good enough for him." Here the old man spent many a lonely day and usually waited there for his meals, which were brought to him by his daughter, and consisted of what was left after the others had had their repast.

Little Johnny often wondered why grandfather was not allowed at the table when there was company. Once he had asked his father, and the answer he got was, — "I have no use for him." Johnny also asked his mother, but she burst into tears without giving an answer at all. So he was left in perplexity. As time went on Johnny grew larger and Mr. Jones grew more and more stern toward his father-in-law. Finally the old man spent all his time in his own cold and uncomfortable room upstairs. One cold winter morning Johnny went upstairs to see his grandfather and found him dead in bed. He had died without anyone being near him to listen to his last words, or to fulfill his last wish. Johnny and his mother were sorely grieved. Mr. Jones at first acted in the presence of his wife and

of his townsmen as if he was grieved too, but in his heart he was glad that the old man was gone. It was a relief to him.

His business was good, he was honored by all, and soon forgot all about his father, whom he had treated so badly.

But when he grew older, and his son became a man, there came a great change for the worse. A new railroad, with a station only two miles from his town, took most of the trade. The town grew dull. The bank of Mr. Jones was not what it had been. His own influence among the citizens was also declining. At last, when his business failed, all his former friends turned away from him. All he had left now was his wife and his son Johnny, who at this time was attending college in some distant town.

Mrs. Jones was taken sick and died of grief. Johnny, who knew nothing of his father's failure, was called home to the death-bed of his dear mother. During her last hours she talked to her son about his grandfather, and told him that his father had been the cause of the old man's troubles; but that the troublesome circumstances in which he now was, and her death, would very likely be his reward. After the funeral of Mrs. Jones, Johnny wanted to go back to college, but now his father was compelled to tell him that instead of being rich, as Johnny considered him to be, he was even too poor to give him the required money, so that he could not go back to college. This made him angry, and blaming his father for it, Johnny reproached him for having abused the old man some years ago. This led to a quarrel, and the end of it was that Johnny told his father, that, unless he could support himself, he had no use for him. Thereupon Johnny left home, never to return. Mr. Jones, the esteemed and honored banker of former days, died broken hearted in a small room at a delapidated wayside inn. He died all, all alone, without anyone to cast a pitiful eye upon him, or to shed a tear for him; no one was near to hear his last words or fulfill his last wish.

J. C. D. B. '05.

Pride Ushers Destruction.

In the busy streets of Canton, Ohio, among others, a woman, accompanied by her small son of about seven, was forcing her way. It was in the time that comparatively few inventions had been made. Sewing-machines were unknown so that both patching and making of clothes were by hand. The woman had been to her employer and exchanged bundles of clothing; for she was a widow and made her living by sewing and washing. Her clothing and that of the little boy who was with her showed signs of poverty or stingi-

ness. It was in Autumn; the wind howled through the aisles between the buildings and kept the weather-cocks on spire and steeple incessantly busy; the populace were out in their winter clothes, but still the widow wore common warm-season clothing with a red handkerchief tied about her head, and the urchin was still on his bare feet.

The widow had no sooner reached the outskirts of the town when her little son began to vex her greatly; he tried to jerk the bundle from under her arm, pulled her by the hand, remained stationary at times with threats of turning back, and tokens of grief blended with mischief were apparent on his face. Just then a gentleman met them, and inquired of the widow what the trouble was. She blushing looked up at the dignified personage, and with a faltering voice told him how through the window of one of the buildings in the city the boy had spied some splendid pictures, placed there by the Principal of The College of Pen Art; that the boy was trying to force her to buy him a drawing-pen and send him to the school. She told him that her earnings scarcely sufficed for their scanty clothing and food, and thus she was unable to grant the boy's desire, although she fain would do so. The gentleman had listened attentively to the sad and pathetic story, and when the old lady ceased to speak, he scanned the two very carefully, looked downward with a perplexed countenance, then, as if a new light dawned in his bosom, he turned his head to the widow and said: "I see your calamity and can not but pity you; for the chap will trouble you until his request is granted. I have noticed that it is not merely a childish freak but earnestness. He seems to have a taste for art, therefore I would advise you to try your utmost to save enough money so as to enable the boy to enter upon a course of that nature. As for the pen I will give you money for that," so saying he slipped three dollars into her hand. "Furthermore, I shall go to the Principal and try to persuade him to accept the boy and exempt him from tuition fees. Then all you will have to supply him with will be the material required to perform his work, clothing and board, which will be trifling in comparison with the reward you may expect." The widow, Mrs. Henderson, assured the generous gentleman that she would try her very best, and was willing to endure all kinds of privations providing that would make her only child happy. When they parted the man gave her ten dollars more with which to buy him clothes.

(To be continued.)

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

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THE CLASSIC.

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

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cents if not paid by January 1, 1903. Single
copies 10 cents. Stamps not accepted.

Advertising rates furnished on application.
Address all communication to Bus. Manager.

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

Locals.

School again.

Did you meet the new Profs?

Some students are still looking
for rooms to rent.

That "D" class is so large it
makes some of the rooms look
like a bee-hive when they come in
to take their seats.

Prof.—"What do you under-
stand by the 'sinking fund'?"

Bright student.—"Well dig-
ging."

New students are requested to
subscribe for The Classic, and
old ones to settle up with the
business manager.

The boys of the Halcyon Club
rejoice in the fact that two ladies
are temporarily boarding with
them.

For some reason or other Jerry
Schutt seemed glad school com-
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JOHN BRINK,

The Shoe Man,

Carries a full line of Boots and Shoes; ladies
fine footwear, tennis and sporting shoes, and
a full line of rubber goods.

Give me a call boys.

Messrs. Buysma and Henry
Schutt have not yet come back,
but we expect them soon.

The hotel and the depot are
still frequented by certain "A"
class members.

The book shelves which form-
erly occupied the south end of
the hall are now above the radi-
ator. We suppose this was done
to prevent the boys from pulling
each other over this apparatus.

The "B" class planned to read
Cæsar in a dark room thinking
they needed no light on the sub-
ject, but they were disappointed
in their plans.

On Friday, Sept. 25, the boys
tried their hands at base ball in a
game against the High School
team. The score was 9 to 10 in
favor of the Academy.

Agnes claims that if you study
very hard on your Latin, your
teeth will sometimes take a no-
tion to come out. She says she
has experienced this.

The "A's" are studying Physics
and claim they have already
learned how to clean carpets.
That's worth while if they don't
learn anything else.

The Faculty has appointed
Miss Lucy Sturrop and Mr. A.
Renkes as reading-room commit-
tee, and Miss Gertie Beyer and
Mr. Jerry Schutt as assistant
Librarians.

A large number of the students
took in the sights at the Sioux
County Fair.

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THE FAIR

INVITES THE STUDENTS
TO GIVE IT A TRIAL.

N. W. C. A. '88 '94.

VAN OOSTERHOUT
& HOSPERS.

Attorneys at Law.

ORANGE CITY, IA.

Office north of Hotel Betten.

There are several new students
from South Dakota, and, strange
to say, they are all six feet or
over.

On Friday, Oct. 2, a meeting
was held for the purpose of or-
ganizing an athletic association
among the students. A commit-
tee was appointed to draw up a
constitution, and consult with
the Faculty; so we may look for
some change in that line.

The Philomathean society held
its first meeting of the year on
the evening of Sept. 25. A good
program was rendered and con-
siderable business was done.
Among this was the decision to
draft a new constitution, and to
purchase a society library. It is
hoped that this will bring new
life into the society, which it so
badly needs.

Mr. W. H. Hiller, the subscrip-
tion manager of the "Christian
Intelligencer," conducted the
chapel services Tuesday morn-
ing, Sept. 23, and after that he
gave us an interesting little talk.

A few days ago a committee
was appointed to draw up a con-
stitution for an athletic associa-
tion. The committee met and
drew up the constitution and
subjected it to and received the
approval of the Faculty. A meet-
ing was called: the constitution
was adopted and Mr. Vermeer
was appointed by the chair as
the one to whom the students
have to apply for membership
and pay their entrance fee.

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* * *

JOHN KUYPER.

The Prof. in English says that the amorous temper increases in the spring. Ahem!!!

While eating their supper the other day, an "A" class gentleman ate the frostings of a "C" class lady's cake. The next day the lady came to the gentleman and said, "I do not think it was fair that you ate the frostings of my cake."

The gentleman, after thinking a second or two, said, "Why girl! I chastise you because I love you."

One of the "A"s in Geometry being asked to define "the projection of a line upon a second line," said, "The projection of a line upon a second line is the segment of the line included by lines drawn from the extremities of the first line perpendicularly to the second line."

De Alumnis.

DE PREE—BOER.

'95. Sioux Center Star: "At Otley, Ia., last week Wednesday (Sept.?) occurred the marriage of John De Pree of this place to Miss Mary Boer of Chicago. Mr. De Pree has grown to manhood at Sioux Center, and has made his home here for a large part of the time. Miss Boer is a much accomplished young lady, and is to be congratulated on choosing this young man as her partner through life. Their many friends wish them congratulations and

Dirk H. Schalekamp, NOTARY PUBLIC,

In and for Sioux Co., Ia.

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REAL ESTATE.

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—ORANGE CITY, IOWA

the best of wedded life. They will make their future home at Alta, Ia., where Mr. De Pree has been chosen pastor of the Presbyterian church of that place."

The groom is well known in Orange City and the very best wishes will go out to him and Mrs. De Pree.

'01, '03. John Heeren and John Muyskens, together with J. Van der Meide, J. Roggen, B. Braskamp, G. Van Peurseem and O. Braskamp of last year's class, are attending Grinnell College.

'01, '03. John De Bey and Jacob Hospers have been enrolled as students of the State University at Lincoln, Neb.

'00. Frank Van Gorkum is engaged in photography at Platte, So. Dak.

'92. To be sure it affords us much pleasure to hear that the Academy at Harrison, S. D., is so successful under the control of Prof. B. Dykstra. Last year's enrollment was twenty three. This is a larger number than that with which the N. W. C. A. started out. Besides being principal of this school, Prof. Dykstra has charge of a Dutch congregation at Platte. Also here success is attending his labors. The congregation is growing splendidly. Prof. Dykstra has always been noted for his diligence and perseverance; we are therefore not at all surprised at these favorable reports.

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Sioux Center, Iowa.

'99. J. Meyer and G. Van De Steeg have again returned to Iowa City.

'00. R. Ham is swaying the sceptre of authority in a country school near Sioux Center.

'99. Three members of the class of '99 have entered upon the study of theology. Mr. H. Van der Naald attends Princeton Theological Seminary; Mr. L. Boeve is pursuing his course at New Brunswick Theological Seminary; and Mr. P. Grooters is studying at the Western Theological Seminary at Holland.

Mr. G. J. Stuart of the same class, is taking a medical course at the Hahneman School of Medicine, Chicago.

'97. Mr. J. Wesselink, until recently our professor in Mathematics, has entered the Theological department of the University of Chicago.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN.

It is doubtful if any other newspaper in the United States caters so successfully to the varied interests of the home as does The Chicago Record-Herald. There is a fashion article in every issue; a department devoted to interesting items of unending variety concerning matters in which women have special interest; Mme. Qui Vive's "Woman Beautiful" column, in which questions concerning the toilet, etc., are answered and useful hints are given; "Meals for a Day," including menus and recipes for the three meals every day; an installment of a high grade serial story, and in addition the "Stories of the Day" column on the editorial page, S. E. Kiser's humorous "Alternating Currents," the boys and girls' page and Dr. Withrow's article on the Sunday school lesson in the Friday issues; also entertaining and valuable book reviews, and in the Sunday issues numerous special fashion, household and other articles, all very interesting to the sex, including the best full page of fashions appearing in any newspaper; "How to Be Healthy and Beautiful," by Mrs. Henry Symes, "A Page for the Home Dressmaker," and two full pages, beautifully colored, reproducing the latest fashions.

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For the sake of meeting incidental expenses a fee of eighteen 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.

PROF. PHILIP SOULEN, Orange City, Iowa.