

10-1904

# The Classic, October 1904

Northwestern Classical Academy

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*F. Lubbers*

OCTOBER, 1904.

# The Classic.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGE CITY, IOWA.



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# The Classic.

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

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VOLUME 13

OCTOBER

NUMBER 1

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## Editorial.

VACATION is over and we have entered upon another school year. On the 21st day of Sept. the doors of the Academy were thrown open wide and old and new students were heartily welcomed in our halls. New students as well as old ones arrived from different states with every train that came in, and besides those from town, a goodly number came from the adjoining towns and country. How thankful we all felt when we could again shake hands with classmates, fellow-students and teachers. It is always one of the first thoughts to see if all the classmates are back, and whether or not the faculty consists of the same members.

When we think that we, as a class, are all back and even more in number than last year and when we find every member of the faculty present, we have reason to be grateful to Him Who has guided us while we were scattered over many States, those long and weary summer months. Classmates and friends have a good many stories about their vacation. The younger members tell each other how they enjoyed the several trips they have made, and what they have seen at the county or state fair. The older ones, and especially those who are more or less thrown upon their own resources, tell how they have fared during the summer months, and how hard they have worked to earn an honest penny. The pros-



pects are very bright for some, while for others there is a dark cloud here or there. However, all harp on the same string: I am glad vacation is past, and I am anxious to get to work again. Our teachers also seemed anxious to go to work, so that after having been addressed and welcomed by the principal and several members of the board, our lessons were assigned and we could go to work with new strength, new energy, and new vigor.

THE rush for government lands in the west has given intense excitement this summer. Now that the battle is over and the smoke has cleared away, a close observer can take time to calmly sit down and meditate upon it. We can not help but ask ourselves these two questions: Who has the most benefit of the whole affair? What benefit does the state in which the lands are situated derive from it? From all parts of the United States the people flocked to the Rosebud Reservation this summer. Towns sprang up in one night, to die again in a day, after the excitement is over. Those towns consisted of nothing but hotels, saloons and gambling halls. The respectable citizen who went there to register returned again as soon as this was done, although he had to have board and lodging while there. But a great number of the most undesirable class of people went there, and stayed in those newly built towns as long as their money lasted or rather as long as they could get something to drink. Gambling and drinking was their chief occupation while there. When all their money was gone, many were compelled to steal a ride on the train in order to get to a place where they could earn something. This, of course, throws on the state an army of men of the most undesirable class of citizens, to say the least.

There were riots galore on board of trains and in towns in the surrounding counties last summer. It was not at all surprising to see from 20 to 30 tramps or "bums" as they were termed, club together and come into a small town. Once in such a town they took complete possession of it for several hours sometimes, unless the mayor of such a town was energetic enough to order out in all haste, a half dozen or more men as special police until the danger was past.

It can readily be seen that such a class of people are a curse to the state in which they dwell, instead of a blessing. It is true, the government lands are sold that way and many an honest citizen finds a home upon them, but there are plenty of land companies who sell lands just as cheap, and just as good as the Government

does. They have their excursions and any man desiring it can go to see the land before he buys it, which can not be done with government lands. Methinks it would be a far better plan for Uncle Sam to do away with those abominable schemes to settle a large tract of land in a couple of days, and give it in the hands of land agents, to work with it until disposed of, like any land or immigration company does.

WE are at present in the midst of a political campaign in which, as it seems, there is very little to stir the people. There are several reasons for this. First: the "stump speakers" and those who have hold of the "political lines" are losing some of their influence among the people. The people no longer listen to their wild and empty speeches but begin to think for themselves which party has the best principles and the best men to stand up for them.

The second reason for this seeming lack of interest is that the parties are unable to find anything to quarrel about. First the Democrats advocate one platform, but seeing that the Republican party had contended with that question very successfully in the past, they drop it. Then, again, the Republican party come forward with a certain platform, but seeing that the Democrats differ very little, they drop it. Thus up to this time there have been very few questions which stirred the feelings of the voters.

The last but not least important reason is that the nation has a man at its head who stands up for right and justice. He is not led by his party to do a certain thing, but he does what seems to him is best for the Republic. And thus have not only the men of the Republican party learned to trust him but also some of the strongest Democrats have seen in him the right man in the right place.

**Charles Martel.**

Throughout all ages this world has had its strifes, its conflicts, its rebellions. At times, however, it may have seemed as if the scepter of peace swayed over the world's nations. But alas! it was but a lull before the storm which must follow. But He who holds the reins of destiny, though storms have raged, has never



failed to send one to quiet the tempest. When the powers of Europe were scattered like sand, when the thrones of nations were besprinkled with blood, when the destinies of Europe were held in great suspense; Providence sent forth its Wellington to crush the raging element. When English despotism and tyranny were treading upon the sacred principles of American liberty and justice, the destined Washington with the sword of justice crushed forever English despotism and tyranny in America. When the foundation of our nation was shaken, when the atmosphere was cloyed with the groans and prayers of an oppressed and enslaved humanity, destiny produced its immortal Lincoln. When European civilization and Christianity were threatened, when the East was arrayed against the West, when the Gospel was imperiled by the Koran, when the Cross was menaced by the Crescent; out of Gallic chaos Charles Martel was summoned as the world's deliverer. We have, therefore, chosen this Charles Martel, this world's deliverer, as our character, and shall endeavor to present him as the world knows him.

Mohammedanism had by this time grown from its small beginnings into a mighty force. It was no longer a mere bond of union between half barbaric tribes. It was that dangerous element, saturated with the indomitable desire to conquer, to ravage, and to slaughter, encouraged to every privation and endurance, with the battle cry "before you is paradise and behind you is death and hell." Destiny had at this time allotted Asia and Africa to the followers of the Prophet; Arabia, the home of the Prophet, had raised the Crescent to its lofty height; Syria, the country first to be reduced, had opened her doors; Persia, weakened by her long wars, had accepted the religious and fanatical movement; Egypt, once the center of knowledge, had sunken under its blight and curse; Northern Africa, once an extension of Christian Europe, had fallen back into the fatalism, the despotism, and the stagnation of the East; Palestine, yea Jerusalem, the sacred spots where God himself had dwelt, had exchanged the Cross for the Crescent; Spain, the gateway into Europe, had lost its Cross and was daily being penetrated by the fanatical warriors, preparing to give European civilization its death blow, and thus change forever the destiny of the human race.

Let us for a moment leave the Saracens and turn our attention to the affairs in Europe and particularly in Gaul, which spot must soon witness the most decisive conflicts of the age. The conditions of Europe at this time inspired the Saracens to attack her

at this opportune moment. Europe was at this time a chaos of dissension, when the old classic world was lying at the door of destruction, when the clouds of peril and disaster were rising higher and higher and threatened to enshroud Europe in impenetrable darkness. Upon the ruins of the old Roman Empire roved a thriftless class, seeking the treasures which lay concealed in the bosom of prostrated power. On the North were the Pagan German tribes, around whom on every hand lay the lifeless form of the fallen Roman Empire; on the South were the religious warriors ravaging and burning the citadels of Christianity, attacking the strongholds of progress and civilization, preparing to display their fanatical enthusiasm that urged them on in their conquest; preparing to plunge into European civilization, to break down its progress, to uproot its principles, and to cast it forever under the sway of Mohammedanism.

Gaul, the country which lay at the door of the Saracens, was in the most deplorable condition to meet the crisis. For years war had raged in Gaul. Its conquered provincials were in a constant rebellion. Unity could not be found. No settled system of institutions or government, no amalgamation of various races into a people, no uniformity of language or habits had been established at the time when the menacing tide of Saracenic invasion was about to flood the ruins of Roman power. The Merovingian kings had sunk into absolute insignificance, and had become mere puppets of royalty. The emperors had lost their authority and were pursuing their course of dissension and indifference. Such was the condition of Gaul, where once Roman power had swayed its scepter, where once the Merovingian kingdom had flourished, but now involved in strife and rebellion, a mass of uncombined and shiftless elements, deprived of unity and power, imperiled by strife within and threatened by the invincible Saracens without. Gaul! Europe! awake from your slumbers, arise from your stage of dissension and turmoil, search your hero for the approaching crisis. Must European principles of government perish, must Christianity be forever abolished, shall Mohammedanism triumph, and Europe forever be thrust under the dreadful and despicable bondage of Moslemism? The kings of nations tremble on their thrones; Europe lay in helpless despair. But should Christian Europe, though in a period of turmoil, appeal in vain to the God of Justice to send a deliverer? Ah! No. At an hour so dark and hopeless, Providence has never yet failed to send His man. The hour, the need, have found their man in Charles Martel.



Who then is this Charles Martel? this fair and gifted youth, where do we find this man of destiny? Not upon the throne of a king, not surrounded with the environments and privileges of a William of Orange, a Cromwel or Napoleon, not in the enlightened age of a Wellington, a Washington or an immortal Lincoln; but a youthful prince of the Austrian Franks, a humble servant of the king, a mayor of the place, reared in the midst of a shiftless class, summoned by God and humanity out of the eternal darkness, as the world's deliverer.

Charles feels his responsibility; the cries of Europe rise before him; the approaching of the Saracens stimulates his courage. Forward steps the hero, forward the world calls him, destined to stand for his country's rights, destined to drive back the idolatrous Germanic tribes on the North, to banish the Saracenic horde on the South, destined to preserve the world from the approaching blight and curse, and stamp forever the future of Gaul, of Europe, and of the whole world.

A critical moment in the world's history is near at hand. Europe shudders, before her rising the appalling dangers and fearful days of Attila and of the Huns. The panting beast of the East, craving for spoils, thirsting for blood, is about to plunge into Europe. They are now advancing further into Gaul, the renewal of burning and ravaging is begun, citadel after citadel is attacked, civilization and Christianity are trampled upon by Mohammedanism; the Koran, the Crescent, yea! the usurper of Christ is come. How long then, O Europe, wilt thou now remain silent? How long, O Charles, destined one of God, wilt thou let the Christian world tremble? The battle is on. Here—behold its hero. All eyes of his heroic and daring sons are fixed upon him. Before his startled vision swell the myriads of invincible fanatics. Here the false Prophet and the Son of God meet each other. "If God is for you, who will be against you?" Then forward, Charles. Abdenrahman orders an attack. The Moslem horsemen dash fiercely and frequently forward. The battle cry of the desert, "Before you is paradise and behind you is death and hell", again vibrates on the air. Fiercer still rush the horsemen, Numidian cavalry plunge forward into the midst of European squadrons; the wildest fanatics hurl forth on Christian flanks. Above the clamor and clashing of swords, rise the words of Charles, "Onward for the world and its future; Onward for truth and freedom, Onward for God and humanity." Fiercer now than ever strike the heroes of Charles, forward they rush into the chaos of contending humanity, the swords and lances

flash in the sunlight, with them goes a mighty shout, around them flows the blood of heroes; again rises the battle cry, "Onward, Onward." They both stand like solid walls, the Saracens now advance, the Christians fall back, silence broods over the nations; a few more minutes, and one of the most decisive scenes in the world's history is ended; Charles commands another charge they meet in shock terrific, retreat, advance and charge again in deadly struggle. Sabars clashing, swords flashing, shouts and groans, prayers and curses mingle in the dust, the earth beneath trembles with agony. The tide changes, death and destruction reign in Abdenrahman's army, great terror falls on the Moslem host, their leader is surrounded, cries of terror, above the noise of battle arises in all directions. They are scattered, they are lost, their leader falls, and the drama is over.

The sword of Mohammedanism has been wrested from its iron grasp, by the hand of Charles Martel. The Mohammedan religion was established by the sword, it was constantly checked by the sword and was finally crushed by the sword. The Semetic East with its tremendous energy, and its miraculous enthusiasm has sunken into inaction and weakness. Its splendor has been dimmed forever; its foundation has been shaken. The sword of Charles Martel has rent the chain of despotism, fatalism and stagnation. It has preserved the principles of progress, of advance and of freedom. It has rescued Teutonic principles from the curse of persecution and destruction, has changed the face of Gaul and of Europe; revolutionized the courses of empires rent asunder the thick veil of superstition and degradation, directed the destiny of the world, snatched it from the fatalism and despotism of the Moslem, has preserved the principles and eternal mission of early martyrs of Christianity, has saved the principles that have inflamed a Wycliff, a Savonarola, a Luther, a Zwingli, a Calvin and a Beecher, has dethroned Mohamed and crowned forever the Lowly One of Galilee. Well for the world that over eleven hundred years ago a Charles Martel has lived and fought, well for the world that his name is recorded and immortalized, well for the world that he, the instrument of the Almighty, fulfilled his mission.

D. E., '05.



### Jessie Warren's Resolve.

One evening at the home of Mr. Henry Brown, Jessie Warren and Mabel Brown were earnestly talking. "Jessie", said Mabel, "How am I going to live without you?" "I am afraid," here she stopped, then again took up the sentence in trembling tones, "that this will be the end of our friendship." "Why Mabel what do you mean?" replied Jessie. "Oh", said Mabel "I am afraid when you are gone you will forget me and when you live in that beautiful home with plenty of money and many new friends you will not even think of me." "Mabel," said Jessie, "it is my most earnest resolution that I may ever remain true to you, my bosom friend, no matter under what circumstances I may come."

The above conversation took place in Mabel Brown's room. She was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brown. Jessie too, was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Warren. Both men were quite well to do but a change in business had brought Warren much wealth and required him to move to the town of A—.

About six months had now passed by and Jessie was already used to her new routine of living. She had many beautiful things, she attended a good school where she had already received honors, and she had many new friends. But with all this wealth and honor she still retained her true and noble character. And had she forgotten Mabel? No, indeed not. She had often thought of her and now after talking the matter over with her mother had invited Mabel to spend a few weeks with her. Mabel had accepted the invitation and was expected to arrive that day. So Jessie herself went to the depot to meet her. When the train arrived they embraced each other fondly and then set out for home, chatting all the while. When they reached home Mabel was left alone till supper time so that she might rest a little. But after supper they went to Jessie's room for a heart to heart talk. As soon as they entered the room Mabel said: "Jessie, I want to remind you of what you said before you left me." "And what was that," asked Jessie. About the resolution you made," replied Mabel. "Did I not try to live up to it?" asked Jessie, a little ashamed. "Yes, yes, hush," said Mabel, "it is my turn to be ashamed." "When you went away I felt very sad, yes, even bitterly, as I thought of the many pleasures you would have here, that then you would not care to have me as your friend any more. And now Jessie, forgive me for those bitter thoughts for I see you are as true as ever." For answer Jessie flung her arms around Mabel and softly said, "forgiven and forgotten."

A. M., '06.

## THE CLASSIC.

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

J. C. De Bruyn, '05, - Editor in Chief

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Iowa, as second-class mail matter.

### Locals.

School opened Sept. 21st and many new faces were seen among the student body.

The attendance of this year is the largest the school ever had and the Academy now is represented by students from a strip of country extending over twenty nine hundred miles.

Many visitors attended the opening exercises Sept. 21st and the students were addressed by Rev. Winter and Dr. De Bruyn.

Three of the large number of new students entered the "A" class. These are Minnie Van Gorp, Abbie Van Wechel and John Riemersma.

# Jno. Van de Steeg

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Hats, Caps, Gents' Fur-  
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## SIoux ABSTRACT CO.,

RELIABLE ABSTRACTERS

F. J. LOHR, MGR.

## THE FAIR

INVITES THE STUDENTS  
TO GIVE IT A TRIAL.



The smaller pueri and puellae take advantage of the beautiful moonlight evenings.

Professor in Geometry: "John Muyskens, turn over and take the next one."

Prof. in German, dropping her watch: Oh there now! I cracked the crystal! Just what I have been expecting for a long time.

Miss T. D. J.: So have I. I thought you would either drop or swallow it.

It is to our regret that Lucy Stuurup can not complete her studies on account of ill health. Lucy was always ready to extend a kind word and a helping hand and will be sorely missed.

Mike is sick again.

The athletic committee has not been able to arrange for the different teams but expects to do so in a short time.

The social held some week ago,  
Was noticed in the hall below.  
The marks that show upon the wall,  
Is to discredit of them all.  
But all these things just go to show,  
That none can use the chapel so.

Miss Cornelia Walvoord and Mr. John Riemersma visited Sioux Center Saturday and Sunday Sept. 24th and 25th. A good time was reported.

The bicycle of Mr. Schwitters had mysteriously disappeared one day but after a long search was found in the attic of the Halcyon club. Wonder how it got there?

## C. Nospers and Bro.,

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J. W. Schultz, Orange City.

## H. K. BEKMAN, MERCHANT TAILOR.

Orange City, Iowa.

Cleaning and Repairing neatly done.

Mr. J. R. seems to be much admired by the smaller girls of town and John takes advantage of it.

Mr. Henry Niemantsverdriet has left school and expects to take a teacher's examination next year.

Mr. Henry Heusinkveld visited friends and relatives at Maurice Saturday Sept. 24th.

Many of the students aided Mr. Van de Steeg move into his new store.

Mr. Vermeer attended the Evenhuis—De Pree wedding at Sioux Center Sept. 29th.

Most of the students were overtaken by the Red Handkerchief complaint on account of the Great Loom End sale at Van de Steeg's new store.

Mr. V. O. has formed the habit of frequently visiting the new store. Wonder what motive Mike has in going there?

The members of the Halcyon Club extend their thanks and gratitude to Mr. and Miss De Jong who have again shown their interest in that club by supplying its kitchen with the best of their orchard. We like to see the members of the board come and pay us a visit at our student home, but especially when they have a sack of appels in their buggy.

The Academy building was painted and repaired this sum-

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G. W. PITTS, President.  
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Vegetables and all kinds of  
Temperance Drinks.  
Oysters in Season. Call on  
us when in need of anything.

Eerkes, Van der Maaten  
• • • & Co. • • •



mer and looks considerably better now. At the club house a new well has been dug which is a great help to the cook and to the boys also.

The residence of our principal also has been somewhat remodelled. A new furnace has been put in it, and new floors are laid all through the house. A couple of the students, who have handled hammers and saws before, are aiding Prof. in the latter part of this work. Our principal knows how to hit the nail on the head also both in reality and in a figurative sense.

The new janitor finds it rather lonesome, to be all—alone in the basement and therefore he seeks the hospitality of the Halcyon club, where he is received with good will, for Al is a jolly fellow.

Mr. J. Eernisse of Leota, Minn. arrived last week and has enrolled to take up work with the "D" class.

### De Alumnis.

Married on Wednesday, September 4th, 1904 Miss Louise Winger to Mr. Edwin C. Hofmeister "97". The ceremony took place at the home of the bride Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Winger at Lenox, S. D.

"92" Rev. W. C. Spaan spent a few weeks in Orange City visiting with his parents.

**Call on the home Lumber and Coal dealers.**

**Van Pelt &  
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When you are looking for strictly up-to-date merchandise at rock bottom prices and courteous treatment try

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"85" Rev. D L Betten of Brighton New York has declined the call to the Reformed church of Sheldon, Ia.

"95" Rev. C. Spaan left Sept. 29 for Oklahoma where he will do missionary work among the Indians.

"04" The class "04" is pretty well scattered. Henry De Vries and Arthur Van Kley are attending school in Grand Rapids. Burnie Flikkema, Abel Renkes and John Van der Schaaf are attending Hope College. Hattie Muilenburg is teaching school a few miles beyond Ireton. Helen Slob, Gerrit Van de Steeg, Peter Balkema, Hugo Kuyper, Lizzie Schalekamp and Gertrude Beyer are staying at home doing what their hands find to do. Saturday, Oct. 8, Helen Slob, Lizzie Schalekamp and Gertrude Beyer were clerks in our new Department store. Hugo Kuyper was seen perched upon a ladder painting his father's barn.

"92" Rev. Heemstra of New Kirk preached in Litchville, N. D. Oct. 9.

"95" Isaac Hospers has again renewed his work as principal of the Watertown public school.

"94" John Hospers is on the Republican ticket for county Attorney.

"98" Jennie Noordhoff spent Sunday, Oct. 9 in Orange City.

"94 98" Rev. and Mrs. Hyink

### "LAUGH AND GROW FAT."

Life is such a serious business with the average mortal, that an opportunity for a hearty laugh is more than welcome to most people. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," and so do the humorous features of that great metropolitan daily, The Chicago Record-Herald. The first thing that greets you on the first page of every issue is the humorous cartoon by Ralldi Wilder, the well-known artist, that frequently tells more at a glance than could be conveyed in a column of reading matter. Every issue contains also a humorous small story on the editorial page and the "Altering Currents" column, written by S. E. Kiser, one of the most popular humorous writers in the country. In addition to all these, the Sunday issue always includes a comic section, guaranteed to produce laughter.

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from North Loup, Neb. are visiting their parents at Newkirk.

"02" May Hospers is attending the Worlds fair.

"02" Neal De Bey returned from his visit to Chicago and St. Louis.

Mrs. Van den  
Berg

invites the

Lady Students

to inspect her fine line of

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ORANGE CITY, IA.



# *The Northwestern Classical Academy.*

## *Three Important Questions*

*for those who are considering the selection  
of a school next year.*

- 1st. What is the character of the school?*  
*2nd. What is its equipment?*  
*3rd. What expense is involved?*

The Northwestern Classical Academy is no longer an experiment. Its present station, backed by a record of 18 years, enables it to offer inducements well worthy your consideration. Tho no religious test is required for entrance, its students are surrounded by such conditions as will tend to lofty, christian ideals. Its Faculty consists of instructors equipped with a college training and able to give their students the benefit of years of experience in special lines of work.

Its buildings, library, laboratories, lecture rooms, and athletic equipment are among the best and represent a value of over \$35,000.

Of its two hundred graduates, one hundred seventy-one have entered upon successful business or professional life, or are now pursuing college courses in leading institutions of the land. Our graduates are in demand. Expenses are reduced to a minimum. Tuition costs nothing. Board and room can be had at the newly equipped Halcyon club at actual cost. All expense including board and room need not exceed \$125.00 per year, many have reduced them to \$100.00.

Worthy boys and girls are cheerfully given aid from special funds, when circumstances warrant such action.

The Academy courses include Latin, Greek, German, Book-keeping, Pedagogy, and Science.

Consider the advantages which this school offers. If interested, write to the Principal for detailed information or catalog. All questions promptly answered. Address—

PHILIP SOULEN, A. M.,

ORANGE CITY, IOWA.

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