NOVEMBER, 1896.

The Classic.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGE CITY, IOWA.

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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, and, 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 Encyclopedias 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. November. Number 2.

Literary.

"Before Taking" and "After Taking."

TO THE thoughtless the way-side is often a dull blank, where to the observing there are "sermons in stones and good in everything." But be we the one or the other, there are some lessons that are forced upon us. So thought I, as I was observing the ludicrous side of some of the contrasts that one sees in comparing the different stages of human life. I have before me mostly two or three individuals, with an occasional digression to the type, as I collect some stray thoughts about Before Taking and After Taking, or, A Study in Contrasts.

We knew her in days gone by, when she used to move about, and pass us proudly by, in a circle of perfume, which cost her father (or her fellow) seventy-five cents an ounce. Now—after she has had her surname changed for some such—she is seen only in a circle of perfume, which we came to her door, we were met by some stale fragrance of which she might deliver a whole load free of charge. Where?

On the wall INDICE her sheep-skin from some far famed musical conservatory (noise factory). But see its ignominous decline in her estimation: it serves as a rack for toy drum and tumbler small garnements; instead of the symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven, one now hears the voice of the incarnate mouth organ whose face is all month; and the accompaniment is played, not on a Shangrui, but on a washing machine, by her once gallant beau (now already titled "old man").

I saw her beside her humble cottage, with the untutored flaxen haired native tugging at her apron strings. As, then, she was at work in the sultry summer air, applying soap and gold dust to soiled clothes—what a slight shade in her complexion, distinguished her from colored Mrs. Geo. Jefferson Washington, who used to soak and iron my clothes.

She used to be his music teacher, and bang away on a thousand dollar piano. At that time his basso profundo voice (or some such awfulness from the nether regions) completely captivated her, and she fairly capsized into the arms—not of Morpheus. Now she practices fingering on the cymbals of the "old man's" pants, and the whole arm movement on the rear guard of aforesaid mouth organ.

They used to quote poetry profusely, and even had poetical aspirations; now they still quote—not from Byron and Milton—but from Mother Goose. In fact, they have learned by heart all the hulla-ba-loo-way back from the time when along the galley banks of the Indus and the Amazon our primitive parents—the Chimpanzees—rocked the next generation to sleep, by swinging them by their tail. And all this merely to quell the evil spirit in the tow-headed descendant, the unicorns in the rafters of whose mouth are still few and far between.

On the pleasant starry evenings of the happy long ago they used to rejuvenate each other's spirits by telling tales from Poe and Shakespeare. Now they rehearse second hand and impromptu nursery tales, to keep peace with the irresponsible juvenile spirit in their midst, who insists on making music with a tin pan—poor
The Classic.

As we pause to study the character of man, we find that the keynote is progress, again as we pause to study the character of progress, we find that the keynote is education, and as we pause to study the character of education, we find that its motive is a thrist for, or a love of knowledge.

"And but for which the past would be, A desert bare, a pathless sea." As the limbs have a dislike for confinement, as the eye has a dislike for darkness, so the mind has a dislike for ignorance. The mind loves to look on the light of truth and to roam in the possession of facts.

Thus when a soul comes into this world, it is a seed whose germ is that love of knowledge clad in the mantle of greatness. This germ is planted in the intellect. So we see the mind is something to be developed, and this development or growth is education. Thus like the food for the body, when digested becomes flesh and blood, so knowledge when digested in the intellect becomes understanding-thinking power. What, then, strength is to the body is reasoning power to the mind. Or, to illustrate it in another way, we might suppose the mind, as I have said, to be a seed. Now what the dew, the rain, the sunlight, the moisture are, for example, to an apple seed, the various philosophies, arts and sciences are to the mind. We all know that an apple seed placed under proper heat and moisture develops to an apple tree, or to express it in other words, a full grown apple seed may be said to be an apple tree. But we are at once at a loss when we inquire if any man wants strength, he must at the same time that he obtains his flesh and blood exercise the powers that he has, otherwise his muscles develop in size but not in strength. His purpose is not to get large muscles, but to get great strength in them.

So with the mind. It may absorb everything and may learn everything, but we unto it if it does not practice what it acquires. Learning and practice must keep an even step, because the student does not look to the quantity but to the quality. So we may find the student of today going forth with his learning and diploma, for which things he has worked so hard for many years, and now all at once the world asks of him, what have they done for you? Is there a power behind it, or is your knowledge all memorizing? It is useless to tell the sad story. To relate the course of time we have an apple tree that bears fruit, we might also conclude that as soon as the elementary branches of the educational world have assimilated themselves to the mind, have been mastered, have made of it an original thinker that transmits philosophical products of its own kind to the world, it is an educated or a full grown mind, in distinction from a full grown understanding. And from this point of view we may find many men, however learned, still not educated. How many students do we not find who know so much, who have mastered almost perfectly every branch they had, still they cannot give anything to the world, they cannot write any philosophical treatise; they cannot deliver a practical speech; in short, they cannot use their learning.

Therefore we call them learned but not educated, for education means something more, that means to use one's learning. How can this be? How is it that a man may have obtained much flesh and blood through eating much wholesome food and still have very little muscular power? No experience, no exercise. If any man wants strength, he must at the same time that he obtains his flesh and blood exercise the powers that he has, otherwise his muscles develop in size but not in strength. His purpose is not to get large muscles, but to get great strength in them.

So with the mind. It may absorb everything and may learn everything, but we unto it if it does not practice what it acquires. Learning and practice must keep an even step, because the student does not look to the quantity but to the quality. So we may find the student of today going forth with his learning and diploma, for which things he has worked so hard for many years, and now all at once the world asks of him, what have they done for you? Is there a power behind it, or is your knowledge all memorizing? It is useless to tell the sad story, to relate how bitterly disappointed he is that he now must begin his education anew if he wants to be good for something. Why is it that such a man fails, though so learned? Because he has had no education. He has simply been committing things to memory. All his knowledge is originless. It has not been digested into thinking power. He cannot use it because he has been laying both hands upon learning instead of one hand upon learning and the other upon practice. Happy is the student who gets an education (and he will have success), but unfortunate, most unfortunate, is he who does not roam in the philosophical world, who makes the school his pantry, or saloon, and says, "Eat, drink," and when we graduate, "Be merry." One thing must be respected of such a student, namely, that he believes his success to depend upon hard work; but he does not know the road to success, he does not realize that he has been memorizing and not educating, not preparing for usefulness, not making a thinking power of his mind. We all know too well that it was the author of "Paradise Lost" that was successful and not the one who committed it to memory. Mental development is not what a man knows, but what he is, or what he can do. Say, therefore, such men as Socrates who were original thinkers had greater mental development than many of our great men. They err, we know, but that is not saying anything against their superiority in mental development. In short, a mind supplied alone with great stores of learning is like dry paint with water, while an educated mind is like dry paint with oil.

"The gods have placed sweet in the pathway to excellence," say Hasiod. What are now the common schools that our youth attend. It is no longer the public school of old. The old ways have been introduced. Instead that the children now get a good practical knowledge
of the common school branches—such as reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic and geography—the common course in some schools is to take all at once almost as many studies as branches in the intellectual world, and to neglect either in part or entirely those that are of the greatest importance to the practical man.

More and more are branches taken in a public school that really do not belong there but belong in higher institutions; and while schools are thus reforming in reality they also change their name. That is, they become in course of time to be known as "High Schools," teachers as "professors." While the pupils, yea more infants, become to be known as "students of the High School."

Now when the young man comes from one of these schools to a higher institution, the first few years must be devoted to a review of those branches which the public school gave him about half. When this student thus comes to the institution it often happens that he finds very little delight in his work; to pass in his studies is his only ambition, and he will daily cheat what he can. and for what remains he will take a bad record. And this is all he does. He looks to the diploma, his teachers often expect in the beginning too much of him. Some are thus sent to higher institutions either by their own will or upon the request of their parents to become lawyers, ministers, etc.

For education’s ways they are too idle. Then, the first duty that comes to the teacher of such a young man is not to urge him, not to force him with fear, but to excite in him a desire for the happy, pleasant and noble ways of education. Thus may be obtained of that young man a student, and a true student, one that seeks education, sooner than by any other means. For it is to his ambition, to his love of greatness that we must appeal and this is also the true way of getting out the young man’s originality. Thus too we often find the idea prevalent that the young man is a block of marble sent to the teacher; the sculptor, which must be brought in shape according to directions, or model in hand. This is a way of obtaining artificialities, but not thinking powers. Therefore we find so many artificialities, so many manufactured minds, and not grown. So many minds upon which are left the marks and scratches of the teacher’s chisel and not a trace of the natural and holy genius that God gives to every individual soul.

This is the great sin of educational reformers. They do not respect one’s natural talents which vary so in different persons. One may have talents to become the greatest statesman, one may have talents to become one of the best and noblest of ministers and be worth nothing in the line of statesmanship.

Like different plants vary in the kind of moisture they need for life and growth, so different minds need different kinds of knowledge to be useful. This is why we find so many great talents of mankind in the wrong place. What ought to be a corner stone we find in the middle, and what ought to be a simple stone we find a corner stone.

The duty of the teacher is to excite a sense of honor, a sense of love for education, a sense of judgment in the students, that they may judge and look for themselves for the place that nature has designed them.

What was the success of Greek education? Simply because they were educated as they were inclined. For our time to study this particularly would I think result in great good. Yes, then undoubtedly the expression of the poet would be less frequent.

"Perhaps in this neglected spot are laid Some hearts once pregnant with celestial fire; Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed, Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

Simply memorizing, simply studying for knowledge’s sake, simply studying for the advantages they suppose their learning and their diplomas capable of bestowing is something very useless and has no promise. If it does not grow out of their love for education, their interest in it, the end of their career is almost assuredly a failure. It is without doubt, that one who takes equal delight in all the branches that the school gives, is like the man who has been so long in prison, and who now stays there rather than in any other place. Custom has captured him in this, but no doubt some of the genial currents of the soul have been depressed. Nature has been murdered and custom has succeeded her to the throne.

A GENTLEMAN FROM THE WEST, 1879.

Boys at Study.

BOYS HAVE always so much to say when girls study together. They think that we girls do not do anything but talk about our daily or our latest fashions and latest styles. But I think that boys are not much better in that respect. I can imagine what boys do when they study together. It goes about as follows: "What shall I study first, Latin, Greek, Mathematics or English? I guess I will begin with Latin." He sits down and begins to translate. "Puella, rosam; puella, that’s girl. Oh, say, are you going to the base ball game tomorrow?" I guess I will. The visiting team will get left anyway, don’t you think so?" "Of course, they will; they’re no players." "Well, let me see, in what case is rosam? Rosa, rosae, rosal, rosan. Oh! accusative. I wish I could drop Latin. I can’t keep all these rules and cases in my head. I guess I will study these declensions first. His, his, his, hisus. Say, do I look good with my hair parted in the middle?" "Yes, you look very good, I think I’ll part mine in the middle too. Can I use some of your perfume bottle?"

I forgot to bring some along this morning."

"Be still. I want to study now."

"Fifteen sentences to diagram and they’re as hard as they can be. What’s the use of diagraming?" "Say, did you hear that Mr. H., won the bicycle race? He got a gold watch. I wish I was so good a rider, don’t you?" "You bet, I do! but he is a smart fellow, all right enough."

"Almost four o’clock! I wish it was five, so I could go up town. I’ll try to study a little yet."

It is still for about ten minutes, then they make up their minds to plague the neighbors a little. They take a catapult and shoot with gravel against the house.

At first the old lady knocks at the window; but finally she comes out begins to scold and threatens them that she will go to Prof. Zwemer, if they do not quit. Then they are satisfied, and one of them gets a little scared; so they quit, but with the idea to let the old lady hear of them again sometime. So they go on and the next morning they have to get up at five o’clock, to study the rest of their lessons, if they no not want to make a total failure that morning."

I hope the gentlemen will excuse me if I have been exaggerating a little; but I hardly think I have.

GRACE GERTRUDE, 1695.

Disappointments and its Effects.

In ALL human nature lies a peculiar ambitions current, through the agency of which man is forming his hopes and expectations of the future. He is often, you almost constantly, forming plans which he expects to effect in some future time. So complete and thorough does he make these plans, so bright and promising are his prospects, that he already seems to be living in that future time, although they are as yet but the mere illusions of hope.

Especially is this true of the ambitious youth of the present time. Yet, this is no wonder. If we but look at it in a reasonable way, we may readily understand the cause.

In the first place, he looks round about
him; he sees the great works man has already accomplished; he hears the shrill whistle of the locomotive; he sees the bright lights made by the harnessing, as it were, of electricity; he hears the speeches of the greatest politicians repeated by the phonograph before his very eyes—yes, whenever he comes he beholds the great works wrought by human genius. But he does not stop here: he goes farther.

Next, we behold him looking out into the future. There upon that broad and fertile expanse, he builds his hopes. The future, with all its hidden mysteries, lies before him. Its promises are many; its prospects, bright. Many are the future joys and pleasures that arise before his creative imagination. Is it any wonder, then, that those future anticipations already have an influence upon him?

Not for a moment does he stop to consider how the cruel hand of disappointment may be thrust between him and these future expectations, and they be forever snatched away from him. No, and why should he, a vigorous youth in the blossom of manhood? He has had no experience with disappointments, he knows not what they are. The coast seems to be clear, and he steers his little boat boldly out upon the sea of life, not knowing, or at least not realizing, the treacherous rocks which may at any moment dash against the rocks of sickness. His youthful vigor fails him, and he becomes disappointed. The course of his life is completely changed. No more is he able to participate in the joys and pleasures which others about him are enjoying. He is living, as it were, a life in exile. The one word, disappointment, is plainly to be seen upon his haggard countenance, and the effects become more and more apparent till at last he passes from this vale of tears, a disappointed, broken-hearted being.

Again, let us take another illustration from a more common phase of human life. Behold! a gallant youth of twenty summers, more or less, falls into the tenderest affection with a beautiful lassie of his choice. See him as he goes about his work! Watch him in his daily actions! Listen to him in his nocturnal dreams! and you will soon learn that he, too, has great expectations of the future. How pleasantly does he spend the weekly earnings with her at her home! How many are the looks and smiles of encouragement which she gives him! How grand the future prospects appear unto him! Surely these hopes will not be marred by the cruel hand of disappointment. No, the very thought is abhorrent to all his expectations; for surely all his entertainments can not turn out fruitless. But, alas! that gallant youth forgets the inconsistency of human nature, and at the very moment when he would least expect it, he is smitten by the stinging words of disappointment.

Oh cruel fate! Oh the blindness of love's passions! He rises; he bids her goodby; he departs.

For a few moments all is quiet. Naught but the low murmuring wind breaks the stillness of the midnight air. The moon is casting her silver rays over the verdant landscape, and all nature seems at rest. Suddenly upon that keen midnight air is borne the sharp report of a pistol; an agonizing groan, and all is again quiet. The moon is still shining as brightly as ever; its rays are just as pure as on that night when love, yet unspoken, leaped up to his lips; its beams are reflected just as brightly upon his countenance. Nature has not changed in the least.

But look! over that once happy and smiling countenance has come a deathly aspect. Now, upon that cold and pallid brow, is impressed, in signs that speak more plainly than words, that one heart-breaking expression—disappointment, and, before you lies its effect.

O disappointment, then slayer of human joys, how many crimes have been committed through thy cause, how many lives have been cast into utter darkness and gloom through thy effects!

Thus through all the different ages of his life, man is subject to disappointments. In the hours of trouble and need, the trust of worldly friends fail him. Those in whom he places his firmest confidence, turn upon him and become his worst enemies.

The inconsistency of human nature is revealed to us in all states of life, and we are constantly reminded of this by the experiences which we undergo. Therefore let us, then, not build too extensively on the illusions of hope. Let us not be too certain as to the fulfillment of future plans; but, rather, let us live by the day, and do with our might what our hands find to do, lest at some time or other we be sorely disappointed.

Topsy, '97.

THE CLASSIC.

As I was traveling hither from our "Sunflower State," at the rapid rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour, I thought, what a beneficial invention has Mr. Watt made, when, by the rising of the lid of a boiler, he discovered the steam power. Let us consider, then, for a moment, what the invention has done for mankind.

The steam engine has been the means of extending commerce, facilitating emigration, and has been the means of a general advancement in material welfare. Wherever it is introduced there is prosperity, there is advancement, there is industry. When we look upon the different countries of the world, and compare those who have adopted its use with those who have not, we see a great contrast. The old stage coaches, the old machines for draining mines, and the old sailing vessels, have, all been superseded by the power of steam steam power. In fact, there is no departmen of production, manufacture, or personal comfort that it has not extended and improved.

Take, for example, the service it has done to our country. Formerly transportation could be carried on in the country only by means of animals, and a great expense. Today we can transport our grain and produce to eastern markets at a very low rate. Before our railroads were built, traveling could hardly be considered. Today we can travel and travel a distance of a few hundred miles in a few hours, and are comfortably seated as though we were occupying a parlor chair in our homes. Friends and relatives may be visited at only a small expense and with no discomfort.

As a promoter of material advancement, it has proved the greatest in the United States. Without it our extensive prairie fields could not be cultivated advantageously. The many happy families in our far
Western states could not have made their abode upon these homesteads, had not the steam engine been their companion. At the present rate of emigration most of the tillable soil will be occupied before another century elapses.

It has been the means of opening up the mines containing their vast treasures or two. Excepting the printing press we regard it as the greatest invention which formerly required twenty dollars per year to open up and willfully desist from them, derive and connect their fellow beings in a most insulting manner! Yes, we are tempted to say, the more ignorant, the severer their remarks. It is as if we were about to come to what is already beginning to be the case, that our best men do not want, and consequently do not get offices, not caring to undergo that abominable process of "muddling," and to be trampled under foot by the vulgar mob. We can no longer depend on what newspapers say about a candidate, for, no matter how good he may be, he is sure to be ridiculed and batered by the adverse newspaper. It seems to us it is high time that we should open our eyes to the danger that is threatening this nation.

**Editorial.**

Man is fallible; and all his actions are branded with the mark of imperfection. This statement would not need any demonstration to be conceded immediately by every sensible man; yet it is surprising to note how stubbornly some men—and even those of whom we would have all reasonable grounds to expect different—presist, consciously or unconsciously, to maintain the contrary. What else must we say of the man, who can not tolerate the opinions of others, than that he believes himself infallible on certain points? What other appellation does the man, who scoffs and jeers at his superior's, or even at his equal's opinion, than inconsiderate, rash, and willfully stupid? It betrays the lack of self-control, and the surrender to the selfish impulses of the human heart. Perhaps at no time of the year is this egotistical spirit more manifest than before and during elections. It seems to have become a custom in politics that people of the opposing parties should make scurrilous remarks about each other. How often do we hear comparatively ignorant men abuse their superiors with bad names and vulgar language? How often do we hear men, although they themselves do not know in what their opinion (if they may be said to have an opinion) differs from their opponents, deride and taunt their fellow beings in a most insulting manner! Yes, we are tempted to say, the more ignorant, the severer their remarks. It is as if we were about to come to what is already beginning to be the case, that our best men do not want, and consequently do not get offices, not caring to undergo that abominable process of "muddling," and to be trampled under foot by the vulgar mob. We can no longer depend on what newspapers say about a candidate, for, no matter how good he may be, he is sure to be ridiculed and batered by the adverse newspaper. It seems to us it is high time that we should open our eyes to the danger that is threatening this nation.

NOT LONG ago the following question was debated in the Philomathean society: "Resolved, that from the nature of things it can be inferred that the Competitive system of society must consume itself." This is a comparatively new idea, it is only here and there beginning to dawn upon the thinking minds of our country. Notwithstanding its novelty as a theory, the principles involved are as old as humanity and have in many and different forms occupied the minds of men during all the ages. It is only the present application of these principles that may be called new. Solomon says, "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." And, as every age has some characteristic of its own, so do we believe the coming age will have its distinguishing drift and purpose—not of war and revolution, not of strife and commotion, but of a complete change of the social organization where tranquility and peace shall reign supreme. This may seem to some presumptions and arrogant; but this is to be expected with every new movement. All the important changes of society through all the ages of humanity have at first met with distrust, and even with opposition. Public opinion will not accept any new theory, although this is based on self-evident inference, before they are compelled by open results.

The heartless reply of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" sounded the first declaration of the existence of that thread of system which has through all the history of the age, made life a burden. Whatever strife or struggle there may have been, whatever war or commotion may have disturbed the peace and content of the world, all may be traced back to the primal idea, "Am I my brother's keeper?" What is it that made Napoleon deluge all Europe in a sea of blood? What is it that made England so severe on the American colonists? What is it that made the South resist to the point of the sword in our Civil war? It was the law of the heartless world—"Am I my brother's keeper?" Where we stand to-day that solemn phrase find its origin—"Competition is the life of trade!" Competition is a strife—a gratifying of one upon the other—a continual wear of conflicting energies. Can strife ever mean increased? Can waste ever be the
method for obtaining plenty? Competition is the death of trade; it is the result of the curse of sin, “the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.”

But, now, shall this system draw to a close, and be superseded by another and better organization of society? As to this Dr. Strong quotes in his New Era: “There are a thousand evidences that the present state of things is drawing to a close and that some new development of social organization is at hand.” As seen from a religious standpoint we know that this earth is to be purified and that at one time all the kingdoms of this world are to become the “kingdoms of our Lord.” But it may also be inferred from the nature of things that some such changes are near at hand. What does the great labor movement, which is gaining more and more foothold in our country, preach us? Into what direction do all the great inventions and labor-saving contrivances of the age point? What must be the inevitable result of the popular demand for education? What may we hope of the increasing missionary efforts of the Christian church? All these things unite in proclaiming that the fullness of time is drawing nigh—that the world is unite in proclaiming that the fullness of all the great inventions of the Christian church? All these things must be the inevitable result of the hope of the increasing missionary efforts can tri vances of the age point? What

thereafter thou shalt turn, . . .

"Clean your feet!" Do according to my words not according to my deed!

Lost, two minutes of time, while lingering in the hall. Great reward for its return.

Good natured student: “Why am I called a ‘fraid’ and a ‘conspirator’? A rebellious classmate: “Why didn’t you too vote ‘yes’?”

Miss Mabel Terbeest met with quite an accident last week. By falling she received an ugly wound in her face, so that she has not been able to attend school for several days.

The benignant smiles of the Misses Hattie Hospers and Annie Ronkenhorst, ’89 were seen in the Academy hall last Wednesday morning.

Our society, they say, is not “onerodox.”

Did you see those brave lasses of the class of ’87 canceling their names with some members of the opposite sex? Indeed a good pastime; leap year is rapidly drawing to a close, and if you are not provided for as yet, you had better hustle and cancel.

Have your washing done in town. Ye student voters, “no washee, no vote.”

“If you want to know in what gender a Latin noun is found, think what gender you are yourself.” This advice was given to the Juniors.

Our Principal has undertaken another trip, this time to Pella, Ia. What with caring for the endowment and the debt, and the income and all of us, may not we expect of him, when he shall have accomplished the great work for which he has been preaching and teaching and traveling so long.

The seatmate of one of the “C” ladies went away, Gentleman, sitting near: “Shall I get divorce papers for you?”

In the Latin recitation: a young lady of the “C” looking out of the window to watch a passer by: “Prof.—Oh, Miss—, it’s only a young domestic.”

I’ll know your name if I look at you long enough,” said he.

On page two, second paragraph, line twelve, the fourth word, read “zeophile” instead of “zebphere.”

De Alumini.

’87. H. J. Betten was home from Rush Medical to vote.

E. C. Oggel was recently re-elected to the office of Clerk of Courts. He was on the Democratic ticket and had a good majority.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of D. Gleysteen, now a practicing physician at South Holland, Ill., to Miss Fannie Steffens, at the bride’s home in Dubuque, Nov. Nov. 24. The latter was a member of the Faculty, when the present “A” had “just come to town.” The Classic extends congratulations.

Effie Hospers, ’88, and Arta and Eva Hospers of ’89, will attend the Gleysteen-Steffens wedding and see the knot tied. They will also visit with Rev. and Mrs. Duiker at Fulton, Ill.

’89. Wm. O. Van Derk has been stumping Ottawa county, Michigan, for “18 to 1.” He practices law in Holland.

’90. H. D. Oggel entered Rush Medical. H. Rhynesburger has had the rod aside, which he had wielded for six years, and now he works in his father’s store.

’91. Jno. G. Raak is back from Texas, Sioux county is hard to surpass. Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Te Paske have recently entered their new home at Maple Lake, Minn.

A. Van Aarendonk has been “raising rafters” for Bryan and Watson.

’92. Bert Dykstra’s sceptor is a rod, in a school near Sioux Center. During the campaign he has been a stumpinger, disciple of Wm. J. Bryan.

P. Meyer, jr. is in our midst. He has engaged a school in the country.

W. C. Span is with the sermon-mechanics of Princeton, N. J.

Van Diest is back to Rush Medical.

Works, the pedagogue from Hospers, Iowa, has during the summer obtained one who “sticketh closer than a brother.” She bears his surname, and will help to bear his burdens. The Classic halls them, God speed.

Mary Betten of the past is Mrs. A. W. Lohr of the present. They were married Nov. 17. Orange City will be their home.

“And may the world go well with thee.”

“Next!”

’93. Sarah A. Hospers wields a rod in West Branch township.

’94. Jno. W. Hospers serves Uncle Sam in the postoffice.

’95 is the only class having ladies at college: Miss Walvoord at Lincoln, Miss Hattie H. Zwemer at Hope.

’96 is placed as follows: Benes, Netting, Schuurman and Straks at Hope; Miss Ronkenhorst, Jansma and Jongewaard teach Sioux county schools; Miss Hospers, Meyer, Monw and De Boer are “at home”; Roodoff has a position at Springfield, S. D., and somebody wears the golden circle!

DR. J. A. OGG.

Resident - Dentist,

Office at home, opposite Opera House.


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