NOVEMBER, 1904.

The Classic.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGE CITY, IOWA.

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ElectiOn is over. The battles are either won or lost. The citizens of this great and wonderful country, who stood, as in battle array for a while, have again stacked their arms. After the returns of the election are known, every true citizen goes about his business attending peacefully to his own affairs. We are no longer opposing parties, but all citizens of the same country. The ship of state is again sailing smoothly, upon an untroubled sea. Strange to say, every four years this grand republic is in great danger, on the verge of collapse, has been at its highest point of glory, is about to go down, will rapidly do so unless a strong or great man is put at the head. All these phantoms of course are created in the brains of the politician. As often as a presidential election has occurred, these threadbare phrases have been repeated. Big and high-sounding though they be, they have lost their power because they are so old. Is there, in reality, so much danger as our politicians are trying to tell us? We dare not undertake to judge. But we all know that, whenever a party wins, the opposite party thinks, the republic is going to ruin, or at least to its decline. According to this statement how often has the nation been on the very edge of destruction, and still she stands? One administration has been better than the other, it is true. The nation has been on the very verge of being torn asunder, especially so during the civil war. President Lincoln surely deserves the title of "Saviour of the Nation", although we know that the destiny of all nations is in the hands of God Almighty, the King of kings. As the years roll along and our nation grows larger and larger the task of the President of course increases. When Washington became President the population hardly reached 4,000,000, including 750,000 slaves. When Lincoln became President
On the 28th of October the great underground railroad of New York was formally declared open and ready for traffic. Although the ceremonies connected with the opening were very simple nevertheless it is an event of greatest importance in the history of this city.

The opening of the road marks the first step towards the completion of a transit system which will be the greatest ever undertaken for any city in the world. Several years ago it became evident that something must be done. At that time all the common people kept on crowding the tenement houses to overflowing in that part of the city, since there were no means of quick transportation from the heart of the city to the outlying suburbs. At first the only means of transportation being the old fashioned horse car which was very soon superseded by the elevated roads which again, in turn, were followed by the trolley car.

But still these two were insufficient to meet the demands of the people. These demands became so urgent that at last the advocates of a subway went before the rapid transit commissioners and were promised that it would be undertaken. This resulted in the subway as it now is. But now it still has to be learned whether these people, who live in the tenements will move to the suburbs and enjoy freedom and the pure air or whether they do not care whether they live in dirt and misery.

Surrender of Cronje.

The British—Boer war, like all other wars, has brought forth its heroes. It is a well known fact that every nation produces its heroes. These are created by the necessity of the times. A man can learn all the tricks of modern warfare and he can become a genius in constructing and handling such instruments as are invented for the destruction of others, he can learn the art of fortifying and intrenching a camp and defending himself and his country, but a man can never learn to be a hero. To make an army, or rather a motley mass, which is gathered from all sides, obey the commands of one man, and follow that one man, as it were, into the very jaws of death, is more than can be learned from a book, is more than can be learned by human skill and perseverance. There are very few men, who possess this almost superhuman power. South Africa had at the beginning of the war a few such men. Let us trace the course of one of these men in his last struggle for freedom. A man who stands out prominent as a statesman of pure South African blood, a fighter, a leader, and a hero. Such a man we find in the person of Peter Cronje.

Peter Cronje, the man who had checked Jameson in his raid in 1896 was one of the main leaders during the first period of the war. With about eight thousand men he had besieged Kimberley. At Middelriver he had confronted General Methuen and had decimated his army with the heavy seachguns which Cronje carried with him. He was driven from Kimberley by an overwhelming majority of one of the strongest divisions of the British army, the brilliant cavalry under General French. A hasty retreat followed, and an attempt to reach Transvaal by forced marches across the plains of Orange Free State. Alas, this time the skill of Cronje was of no avail. He soon found that further retreat was made impossible on account of the strong British divisions coming up and surrounding him on all sides. Consequently Cronje entrenched himself in the sandy bottom of the river, resolved to defend himself as long as possible meanwhile hoping that reinforcement and relief would be sent to him from the other Boer leaders. The British soon found that it was by no means an easy task to attack Cronje and his men. Although some British divisions greatly outnumbered the entire force of Cronje, they soon found that it took the utmost power of all these forces combined, to attack this South African lion successfully. Fortyfive thousand men were taxed to their utmost for eight days, to force Cronje, who had creched back to the bank of the river with only about eight thousand men, to surrender.

Cronje lay entrenched on the sandy bottom of the river. The hills and kopjes, which were soon occupied by the British, were back about a half a mile. The plan of the siege was in the hands of the chief general Lord Roberts, who showed more ability in this siege than he had done hertofore. The different divisions were moved rapidly and with tactics. Gradually and surely the siege was drawn around Cronje and his band of heroes, so that when the real battle began on the morning of the 18th of February, there was neither a way of escape for the besieged, nor a possibility for a relief corps to break through. The British began battle at a place where the Boers held a splendid position. They were compelled to advance partly in the open and suffered considerably, for the Boers, of death, is more than can be learned from a book, is more than can be learned by human skill and perseverance. There are very few men, who possess this almost superhuman power. South Africa had at the beginning of the war a few such men. Let us trace the course of one of these men in his last struggle for freedom. A man who stands out prominent as a statesman of pure South African blood, a fighter, a leader, and a hero. Such a man we find in the person of Peter Cronje.
The British armies were kept at bay for eight days. Alas, the end came. In spite of their noble defense, they were at last forced to surrender by an overwhelming majority. Their supply of ammunition was exhausted, and the men were fatigued. So on the morning of the 8th day, when they found that during the night some of the British troops had advanced to within thirty yards from their firing lines, they after a brief but stubborn and desperate resistance hoisted the white flag.

Cronje's fate was sealed. The surrender was unconditional. Cronje's only request was that his wife, grandson and private secretary, who had been with him in camp during the siege, would be suffered to remain with him. This request was granted. But what did Lord Roberts do? Did he behave as our Admiral Sampson did, who went to meet the Spanish admiral personally, paid him a compliment for his gallant defense and sought to comfort him as much as this is possible under such circumstances? Ah no! England which once was great and brave, has lost all feelings for heroism and bravery, has ambition only for gold and diamonds, for power and supremacy, no matter at what price it is bought. Word was sent to Cronje that he had to come and offer himself as a prisoner, that his men had to lay down arms in their own camp and then come to him. High and haughty spirit, what are your mercies? What else can poor South Africa expect, but to be crushed by your iron hand? No matter how many heroes fall in war, no matter how many defenseless women and children are slaughtered, South Africa must be overwhelmed and shall be crushed even if it costs England more of her own brave sons and mercenary troops, than the entire white population of South Africa consists of.

Cronje surrenders, England rejoices. In London the pictures of Kruger and Cronje are carried through the streets in triumph and afterwards trampled in the mud or burned. They might indeed be proud of their victory if fifteen men were able to overwhelm one man, and if they can do that after eight days of hard fighting, in which they themselves lost a number of men which shall never be known to the world.

Cronje and his men are meanwhile removed from the scene of action and are exiled to a lonely island to suffer, and there suffer more in silence, seclusion, retirement and absence of work, than they have ever suffered or could suffer at the frontier and under the most deadly fire of the British. Cronje is lost for the South African cause.

The armies weep and every patriotic citizen mourns over the loss of a man and an army of so great a value. The war goes on.
Had not been in the house three minutes when I heard the fire bell ring. I ran outdoors to see if I could see any smoke or flames. I saw some smoke coming in the direction from where my home was. I ran as fast as my legs could carry me, and when I got about a block from my home and could see my home I saw that smoke was coming from the roof and windows and all other openings. Just at this time I heard a scream and I ran all the faster, and when I got to the spot two men were carrying my wife out of the house. The dog all this time was whining around my wife.

And all I heard my wife say was: "John, get the twins." And then she fainted away. I heard the babies crying and so did Don. He bounded towards the house, went in, and I ran after Mr. Back.

When I got into the house I pat my head for the house was full of smoke. I got up to the stairway but I could not stand it any longer. I ran outdoors and got some fresh air and was going into the house again when I met the dog carrying one of the babies. I took the baby from the dog, found that the baby was living but was unconscious. I told one of the boys who was standing near, to run for a doctor. By this time the house was in flames and I knew that I could not stand it in the house but I did not want the baby to perish. I made up my mind to make another attempt so I handed the baby to a man who was standing near. I was wondering if Don had gone after the other babe and I asked the men who were standing near if they had seen the dog or my person go into the house. Just then one of the men said: "Yes, the dog.

"As I sure enough there came Don with his hair pretty near decorched and carrying the babe. He laid the babe at my feet. I took it up and asked if the doctor had come. One of the men said that the baby had been carried into the house next door and there I found the doctor, the other babe and my wife. My wife had come to and when the doctor had examined the baby that I had brought in last he said that he thought there was some hope of recovery for the baby but it would need careful attention. He said the other babe was not in a serious condition. My wife and the babies got better but the house was burned to the ground. But I have not kicked the dog or been unkind to him since that day for he has saved my babies' lives and I am going to do all I can to make the dogs life happy."

"I would do the same", replied the listener. "And I am glad you have told me this story for it has helped us both to pass the time away," "Well, it is ten o'clock, time to go to bed, so good-night."

R. D. K. '06. 

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Don, the Hero.

"What a beautiful dog you have, Mr. Brown." "Yes, I would not sell that dog for one hundred dollars, no not for five hundred." "Well, well, you must like your dog. But why is he so valuable to you?" "He saved the lives of my twin babies, whom I love very much. If you do not care and have about fifteen minutes to spare I will tell you the story." "Go ahead, I will be delighted to hear you."

"It was about a year ago when the story that I am going to tell you happened. After dinner I went down to the river which is only about four blocks away from my home and took Don along. The dog at hearing his name mentioned pricked up his ears. "I had been trying to teach Don to go after sticks when I threw them into the river. That day when I got down to the river I threw a stick into the water and told Don to go and fetch it, but he did not like water, and the day before I could only get him to go in a little ways but then he would come back. I told him again and he waded in about five feet but then came back. I got mad and kicked the dog and told him to go home. The dog skulked away and I went on my way to the office.
J. A. Ummend Christinn O. Tillie Ida Agnes W. A. Bauman.

Subscription Entemd Advertisfng ride. were seen. This made many of this fall continued extraordinary the students think of a sleigh-

Mr. Van Oosterloo went home on business for a few days. He saw many passengers on the train who went to fight the battle between Pierre and Mitchel.

Messrs. Schwitters and Bauman built a barn near the club-house. This barn will be for the benefit of those students who live in the country and come to school with their horses.

One of the students went to the poll Tuesday, Nov. 8 to cast their vote.

Prof. in Physics. Miss A. S. what is the proportion of gravita-
tion?

Miss A. S. In proportion to mass.

Prof. Well then Mr. H. S. is the gravitation between yourself and Miss H. M. stronger than between yourself and this chair?

Mr. H. S. The first is about twice as strong.

If you contemplate to build a house, a barn or a chicken coop go to Schwitters & Bauman Contractors & Builders.

Mr. Schwitters sprained his ankle by jumping off from the new barn which he was building near the club-house and will not be able to take his six mile walk as was customary after Endeavor meetings.

Mr. D. E. took his first lesson in walking during Physics hour and a practical illustration was given to find his center of gravity.

Prof. in Geometry. Mr. H. S. you may prove that the area of a parallelogram is equal to the base times the altitude.

Mr. H. S. tries to prove it.

Prof. I don't know how you mean it?

Mr. H. S. I mean it all right though.

Mike has moved his family in the Van Obst building a block east of the new court house.

Mr. M. V. O. has a new Greek
book and can now translate Greek so that no one can follow it. Even the professor cannot tell the place where he reads. It must be the revised version!

Prof. in Physics. An object always comes your way when you apply force to it.

Mr. D. E. I don't see how an object can come your way when you push it!

Prof. Technically speaking it can, however when it is illustrated on the street some moonlight evening the object comes to you when you pull it and goes away from you when you push it.

The students were promised a holiday Nov. 14th and all are expected to be present at the dedication of the new court-house.

Many improvements have been made on the Academy property but the most important one has still been neglected and that is a Gymnasium.

After this month the Classic will be issued on the twentieth day of every month instead of on the fifteenth to accommodate the printers.

Prof. I always thought that thinking was hard.

Mr. S. T. No! I always found it so delightful.

Prof. in Latin. Mr. W. B., you may translate the next sentence.

Mr. W. B. translates wrong.

Prof. Oh dear! Then she wanted to ask the next gentleman to translate but could not think of

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his name so she nodded and said: "Yes, Mr. E.H. I have been thinking of you all the time."

Miss A. M. of the "B" class has the honor of being the only lady student at the Academy who has dared to take up the study of Greek.

Mr. J. C. has invested his capital in an automatic cigarette roller. The instrument was manufactured in Chicago.

Prof. What makes a base ball curve?

Miss A. S. The catcher attracts it.

An election was held at the Academy Nov. 8 and all the students were allowed to vote. The result was as follows: Roosevelt 67 and Parker 4.

It is astonishing how much work a student can accomplish if he has a strong will. Think of it, attend to recitations in the forenoon, unload twenty tons of coal in the afternoon, study all lessons after supper, retire at one o'clock and —— be as bright as ever the next day.

Rev. Winter has promised to teach the C and D classes in cacthetics on every Friday morning and the A and B classes on every Friday noon. This is special instruction given to all students and all ought to feel grateful to Rev. Winter for his willingness.

Mr. G. R. is no longer a boarder at the Halcyon club, but now boards at home and is placed un-
der mamma's care.

Prof. in Latin: R. d. K. you may translate the next sentence.

Mr. R. d. K. translates: "Their hands were encumbered by the grave burdens of the arms".

Prof. in German: Mr. S. T., you may translate the next sentence.

Mr. S. T. translates: Thou art mine and I am thine.

Prof.: That is correct.

John Riemersma went home for a visit Oct. 20th and has not been seen since. We do not know why he takes this step but nevertheless feel assured that none of the teachers nor of the students can be the cause of his extended visit.

Some of the students went out for some fun Hallow'een but our good friend Mr. Walraven was right at their heels and kept them from doing mischief.

The Literary Society will give a sociable at the end of the term. A good program has been made and good results are expected.

Dirk Gleysteen died at his home in Alton Wednesday afternoon aged nearly 77 years. He had long been a great sufferer from chronic bronchitis. The last six weeks he has suffered considerably but his iron will and strong christian faith supported him in enduring what he had to suffer. He has lived a long and very useful life. He was born in Hoorn, North Holland, Neth. in Jan. 1828. He came to this country at the age of 22. More than fifty years ago, when all this region was yet a wilderness he came to St. Paul, Minn. He lived at Keokuk, Iowa, where he married Miss Khadina Van der Linden, who is now mourning the loss of her beloved husband. From 1860 to 72 he lived at Pella. In 1872 he came to Sioux County with his family now consisting of 8 children. He homesteaded on a farm south of Alton. The first years on the farm there were hard, but he left most of the work for his children, while he earned an honest penny at carpentry and bridge-building, his former trade. Mr. Gleysteen has for 40 years been a professing christian, and for 25 years been identified with church work. His last years he spent in the lumber business in Alton. He helped to found the Reformed church there and has been a pillar of that church up to his death. Twenty two years ago he was one of those lovers of education, who thought it necessary to have an academy in the northwest. He was one of the charter members, of the board of trustees of this institution. Ever since he has been an officer and a firm supporter of this institution both morally and financially. Honor is certainly due to the man and father who can, besides supporting a family of eleven children in pioneer days, find time and energy to work for the benefit of an institution of higher education. Mr. Gleysteen will
long be remembered by those who have known him and who have seen his work.

**De Alumnae.**

"06" Dr. A. L. Jongewaard has moved to Sioux Center.

"02" Miss Mae Hasers has returned from her trip to St. Louis and Grinnell.

"07" Rev. H. J. Haarsma graduated from the theological seminary of Grand Rapids, Mich., last summer and was installed as pastor of the Chr. Ref. Church of West Sayville, L. I. N. Y. on the 16th of October.

"04" Mr. Hugo Kuyper is attending school at Sioux City.

"00" Mrs. George Dauwstra came home from Lausia, II. to attend the funeral of her brother Conrad De Jong.

"07" Miss A. Gertrude Huizenga spent last Friday at Orange City visiting the Academy, and the Public school.

"00" At the home of H. Rhynsburger—a baby.

"04" J. W. Horders is receiving congratulations. He was elected county attorney on the republican ticket, by an overwhelming majority.

"08" Miss Joan Noordhoff attended the meetings of the Professional Teachers Association held at Orange City November 11 and 12.

"01" Miss Henrietta Van Rooijen and Miss Kathryn Rowenhorst entertained last Saturday evening.

"01" The home of Rev. J. W. Te Sewle was gladdened by the birth of a son.

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PROF. E. J. STRICK.

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