The Classic.

JANUARY, 1905.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGE CITY, IOWA.

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Vacation again belongs to the past. Lessons are again taken up and both students and teachers are at work again with new vigor, after a well-spent vacation of 2 weeks. 1904 belongs to the past with all its joys and sorrows. What it has brought us we all know. Whether or not we are satisfied with the world and with ourselves, every one must decide for himself. What 1905 will bring us we do not know. But we do know, that there is an abundance of work waiting for us. The sooner we go at it the better and it is best to go at it with a determination to do with all our might what our hands find to do. In many things there is room for improvement. With most of us there is room for improvement in everything. Altogether, rather late, this is our first opportunity to greet all our readers in this new year. We therefore extend our best wishes to students, teachers, alumni and friends and wish them all the choicest blessings from Heaven.

The first news of importance in the new year, was the fall of Port Arthur. In every paper an article was found about it, headed with heavy type, so as to attract attention. It is not our plan to criticise the proceedings either of Russia or of Japan, nor to write about the war in general. But we will recall to our mind the number of lives lost in this cruel war. We have before us a report stating that of the 35,000 men in the forts, only 6,000 were at the surrender able to bear arms. Of the others 11,000 were killed and the rest were wounded or sick. The siege of Port Arthur has cost 150,000 lives in all, and to Japan alone the sum of 100,000,000 dollars. We can read those reports, but we can never realize to its fullest extent, what those figures mean. 150,000 men killed, besides a great many wrecked and ruined for life. Who can surmise how many homes both in Russia and Japan are mourning? How many mothers
are weeping for husband and sons, how many are waiting for brothers or loved ones who will never return?

The loss of an army of the flower and vitality of the nation, as most soldiers are, the loss of so great a number of young men is a calamity in itself for any nation. Neither of the nations in question can afford financially nor morally to sacrifice such a large number of the best of its citizens. And yet what will the end be? Who can tell how many thousands upon thousands are yet to be slaughtered before the last bullet is shot?

Great is the responsibility for those who have begun the war. But it is just as great for those who are able to help bring about peace and do not do it. Altho this is called the enlightened age, and especially since the 20th century is a century in which Christianity prevails, it seems as though the real value of a man or of a soul is, at least by the leaders of the nations not yet understood. The leaders of nations, even though they are Christians in name, are no better than the heathen in this respect. Japan, it is true, sacrifices the greater number of men so far. It is reported that they face death heroically and willingly, and we believe it. But do they understand the real value of a man? Russia, although she has not sacrificed so great a number of men as yet, is no better. We do not mean to say that a Christian ought not to fight, and if need be, die for his country. There is no room for a coward at any place, but if the real value of a man was understood, and if it were realized what it meant when Scripture says: "One soul is worth more than all the gold of the world, there would not be so much needless sacrificing of precious lives.

EVERY year many thousands of people spend small sums in what they call guessing contests. Again this year immense sums were spent in this kind of lottery. For it is estimated that probably a million people have submitted guesses at the actual attendance during the St. Louis World’s Fair in competition for prizes aggregating $85,000 offered by the World’s Fair Contest Company. The profit that this company gains from this contest can be easily deducted, since twenty-five cents was charged for each guess; the Company will have received $250,000 if the estimate, which has been made by Attorney-General Moody in a recent opinion on the legality of “guessing contests”, is correct. But this was not the only contest of its kind, for there were many contests, relating to the Presidential election and to the World’s Fair, carried on by different newspapers and private concerns. These contests, however, are begun to be called lotteries by many people. And such they are, for although they say you have to use judgement in calculating the numbers, nevertheless the fact remains that it is only a matter of chance which competitor will give the nearest correct estimate. The competitor can only guess at the numbers since the total number of admission may be affected by the condition of the weather and circumstances of the people. Therefore, since many thousands of people invest small sums in these “guessing contests”, and since these contests are no lawful business enterprise, the Post-Office Department has decided to deny mailing privileges to any of these contests in which there are found any elements of lottery. Thus it may be hoped that there will be an end to these “guessing contests” in the future.

William E. Gladstone.

Centuries come and centuries go and with them come and go the world’s great men. Eighty years ago we saw rising before us a man who, in the sight of the people, was one of the greatest men that had ever lived. He was a man who lived not for himself but for the people, a man who was inspired with ambition to acquire noble ends by noble means. This man who was destined to be the glory of his nation was “England’s Grand Old Man.”

In the past centuries England had had her Shakespeare, Milton, Raleigh, Russell and Bright, but in the nineteenth century, when Great Britain was struggling with the results of the French Revolution, when the whole country was in misery and want, and burdened under taxation then there came forward a man whose name was greater than had been spoken for a thousand years, William E. Gladstone.

From his youth he had been able to acquire an education and this together with association and instinct early led him into the political arena. There he immediately made his mark. He was more deeply interested in the welfare of the common people than in the welfare of the higher classes. He was a devout patriotic and incorruptible man. Like Oliver Cromwell he was a man who was persistent in his work. He it was who won and kept and will retain for innumerable years the admiration of the people.

Gladstone soon saw that his mission was to champion Ireland. When he came to the front he noticed the sad condition in which Ireland was. He saw that if she would remain in this condition she would fall into a pit of degradation. Trouble was daily brooding between their Churches, and all the while Ireland was in the depths
of poverty, and famine threatened, Gladstone set hand and heart to placing all the churches in Ireland on an equal footing.

Great and fierce was the conflict for religious equality. Gladstone was mocked and scorned but he was so absorbed in his mission that he paid no attention to what they said about him. His first shot was fired by the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Irish Church. This bill withdrew the temporal establishment of the church in such a way that it lifted from the backs of an oppressed people an intolerable burden. The night when this speech was delivered was a night which shall never be forgotten. He never before, amidst all the triumphs that mark his long course of honor and success, displayed a more vigorous grasp of his subject, more clearness in its development, earnestness more lofty or eloquence more appropriate and refined. The night was a night of long debate, but at length the Parliament of England took courage and the Church disendowed and disestablished.

While Premier of England and leader of the Liberal party he set before himself the attainment of “Home Rule for Ireland” as the only cure for her manifold wrongs and sorrows. Conditions were constantly growing worse. The winter was a black one in Ireland. In the spring of the year he took of his work by proposing a “Coercion Bill” by which all those disturbing peace should be put down. Next came his “Home Rule Bill”. Great and fierce was the opposition raised to it. Weeks and months passed in which Gladstone was surrounded by opposition. Did he not become discouraged? No, we find, him ever in his eightieth year addressing the House with his Bill. Altho' time and again he met with opposition, which made the Bill seem of little importance, nevertheless it ranks among the few national documents of world wide and permanent interest. It will be studied for generations by all lovers of freedom. It stands among the grandest efforts of that great heart large as humanity.

It was indeed to Mr. Gladstone remarkable oratorical powers that much of his success as a statesman was due. His rich and musical voice, his impressive and vigorous delivery, and his choice and fluency of words, gave him power over an audience which few men of the century have enjoyed. His sentences indeed were long but his choice of words, rich rhetoric, and eloquent delivery carried away all that heard him. His speech on the “Disestablishment of the Church” was undoubtedly one of the greatest marvels of his oratorical achievements and his most perfect masterpiece.

All through his life we see him an apostle of Liberalism. When arguing on his Bills he argued on Liberal grounds. He cared more than trade unions for the welfare of the working; more than manufacturers for the interests of capital; more for the spread of education than advocate of compulsory national system; more for the independence of the Church than the Highest Tories. Moralized finance and commerce and, as it were, institutionalized faith.

Mr. Gladstone was by far the most conspicuous Christian of his time. He was by far the greatest pillar of English Orthodoxy. He was a man whose intellect the people respected; he was a capable man a practice man, a ripe scholar, and an experienced statesman. Men reasoned what was good enough for him was good enough for them, and so the services in the Hawarden Church where he read the lessons, came to have a religious importance that was felt throughout the empire. He, beyond all modern statesman, with perhaps few exceptions, gave us the impression of a man who regarded politics as a part of Christian deity. No, not for two centuries had England produced a ruler in whom the religious motive was equal to his. He strove to apply the noblest moralities of doctrines of faith to affairs of both his own nation and of common wealths of nations. He was an exceedingly charitable man but his fundamental fact of his history was "Religion". He made religion the law and life of his every day.

To-day Mr. Gladstone stands a unique figure in the world's progress. Where do we find a more vivid example of public duty and private faithfulness? Where a man who to a greater extent is inspired with the belief that life is a noble calling and an elevated and lofty destiny? We look but we look in vain. He stands a man of unsullied reputation, of lofty character, a master in eloquence, an earnest defender of Christianity and one of the few great leaders of the nineteenth century.

T. D. J. '05.

A Review of Eleanor.

In the flood of fiction that yearly comes pouring upon us there is very much which is ephemeral. Occasionally, however, we find a book which has enduring qualities. If we are not mistaken, Mrs. Humphrey Ward's Eleanor belongs to this latter class. It may, therefore, not be amiss to notice briefly the scene, the plot, and the characters in this book, and to mention some of its general characteristics.

The scene is laid in Italy in the time of the tourist season. Such nooks and places as tourists are wont to frequent are beautifully described. The lovely moonlit Campagna, the temple of Nemi with
Lucy became a closer and more intimate friend as the task of nurse became more arduous. Though her love for Eleanor grew stronger, yet she could not repress her longing for Manisty.

While they were thus wandering, there was another wayfarer who went from village to village looking for the one he loved. It was Manisty. He could not erase the vision of Miss Foster from his mind. She was ever before him. Perhaps he would not have found them had it not been for an excommunicated German priest who stayed at the same place where the two ladies were, and who formerly knew them at Rome. Although Eleanor made him swear secrecy, still in one of his letters to Manisty he had given a slight hint as to where the ladies abode. This brought Manisty to their retreat and also resulted in a reconciliation between him and Eleanor.

But now there was a greater obstacle in the path of Manisty. Lucy had become cold to him. She ascribed the failing health of Eleanor to his acts, and in her love for her friend she refused to become reconciled to him. Eleanor now fights on the side of Manisty and tries to influence Lucy to accept him. It is only after a long time of patient waiting and earnest efforts that Lucy can be brought to forgive him and accept him. Manisty and Lucy return to England and are wed and when they again visit Italy, it is to weep over the grave of their common friend Eleanor.

The plot is not rapid, but sufficiently so, that it does not become tiresome. Nor is the plot intricate. It is simple and easy to follow, although enough of it is hidden so as to afford some agreeable surprises.

The greatest merit of the book lies in its character delineations. The ones that we admire most are Eleanor and Lucy. There is one blot on the character of Eleanor and that is her selfishness in keeping her from Manisty. But see how she aches for it afterwards and tries with all her might to make amends. But can we not also excuse her? All her life had been sorrow. It was only when she met Manisty at Rome that happiness entered. And then the happy life that she anticipated was cut short unwittingly and unwillingly by a girl who but for her never would have known and loved by Manisty. Can we not excuse this one act of selfishness in the life of one who always had known sorrow and who, when visions of happiness dawned upon her, was rudely deprived of them?

How noble and unselfish is the character of Lucy Foster! Though she loved Manisty deeply she would not marry him if this caused another's heart to ache. No, she repressed her love and be-
stowed it upon the one who brought her sorrow. She became devoted to the one who caused her harm.

From characters such as these we see that the book has a high moral purpose. There is no degrading element. Everything is morally uplifting. Holding up the ideals of unselfishness, the book cannot help but be a benefit to whoever reads it.

―Richard Croker.‖

**Exchange.**

How dear to our hearts is the steady subscriber
Who pays in advance at the birth of the year,
Who lays down his dollar, and lays it down gladly,
And casts 'round the office a halo of cheer.
He never says: "Stop it, I can not afford it;"
Nor: "I am getting more papers now than I read;"
But he always says: "Send it; the family all like it—
In fact we all think it a household need."
How welcome he is when he steps in the sanctum;
How it makes our hearts throb, how it makes our eyes dance
We outwardly thank him, we inwardly bless him—
The steady subscriber who pays in advance.

She, looking up from the Village Gazette: "I declare, that handsome fellow arrested yesterday is deaf."
He, from the hammock: "How do you know?"
She: "The paper says he is to have his hearing next week."

Confused bridegroom on his wedding tour handed the conductor his marriage certificate instead of his pass. The conductor studied it carefully and said: "Eh, mon, you've got a ticket for a long wearisome journey, but it's not good on the Central."

Noble senior, senior bold,
Makes you freshman feel quite cold, but
Freshman, freshman don't you cry,
You'll be a senior bye and bye.

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**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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**Locals.**

The second term of this school year opened Jan. 9th and a large number of students were present. On account of the boiler valve being frozen the opening was postponed until the next morning.

Most of the students have returned to school except Mr. Ernesse who has now entered a business college.

Of all sad things of tongue and pen,
The saddest are those that we are criticized again.

Many of the students attended the Grinnell Glee club concert and Mr. E. S. had two seats reserved, one for himself and another for his overcoat.

The professors as well as the...
students report a pleasant time and a good rest during vacation.

Of the numerous Christmas presents given to the students this year the most beautiful one was a gold ring costing $6.25. This was given to M. W. For we make a specialty in this year the most beautiful one.

If you wish to know what relation Abby Van Wechel is to Miss Van Wechel living half a mile east from the club-house ask Mr. J. D.

On Monday morning Mr. El lerbroek was so thoughtless that the professor had to call on him five times before he heard it. We wonder why.

Several of the students took part in the entertainment given by the American church Dec. 26.

Prof. in History. "Mr. S. T., who were victorious in the last battle, the Romans or the Greeks?"

Mr. S. T. "The Romans were overpowered by the Greeks and they fled."

Prof. in English. "Mr. H. S.; whom do you think of when I say teacher?"

Mr. H. S. "I think of Mr. Son leen."

Prof. "Miss A. S. whom do you think of?"

Miss A. S. "I think about you."

At last there is enough snow for a sleigh-ride and many of the students take advantage of it.

Little George Gulkcr has become a member of the boarding

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ORANGE CITY, IA.
Mr. J. Kuyper did not return at the beginning of the term on account of the death of his mother but is expected soon.

That most popular Chicago daily, the Record Herald, is again a welcome addition to our Reading Room files.

Jan. 17th in the evening the "G class" went out sleigh-riding and the usual upset made it very pleasant especially for the young ladies.

**Resolution.**

Since it has pleased Providence to call from this earth the mother of James C. Kuyper our beloved friend and class-mate we as the members of the C. class of the N. W. C. A. desire to express our sincere sympathy and condolence with our bereaved class-mate and the family in their sorrow. We commend all to the care of Him Who in His great wisdom and loving kindness has seen fit to so afflict them. Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be published in the Classic and a copy sent to our bereaved class-mate and the mourning family.

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F. J. LOHR, MGR.

**THE FAIR**

INVITES THE STUDENTS TO GIVE IT A TRIAL.

**De Alumnis.**

"'93" A social was given by the C. E. of the first Reformed church at Alton in honor of Will Gloysteen who will soon leave for China.

"'97" John Van Peursem from Princeton visited his parents during the holidays, on his return he will preach in the North Western church Chicago.

"'99" John Hulzenga attended the Glee club.

"'00" Miss Anna De Jong returned from her visit in Washington, Oregon and California.

"93" Married Dec. 28 Mr. Charles Hemesstra and Miss Lena Rovenhorst, both from Boyden, Iowa.

"O1" Mr. Manus visited Orange City friends, he also visited the Academy.

"97" "98" Miss Hendrina Hoppers spent the vacation with her sister Mrs. A. P. Kuyper in Pella, Iowa.

"WHAT SHALL WE EAT?"

Every day the same old question. What shall we eat for breakfast, for luncheon, for dinner? It assails women and men with monotonous regularly the patient housewife who seeks to provide good living for the family in agreeable variety at a moderate cost. There is a daily department in The Chicago Record-Herald which is intended to answer this question satisfactorily every day in the year. It is entitled "Meals for a Day." and provides menus for the three meals every day, with the necessary recipes. These menus and recipes are carefully selected by The Record-Herald's housewife editor, and each week is awarded the best that is received. Housewives everywhere are invited to participate in the competition. For full particulars see the "Meals for a Day" department in The Chicago Record-Herald.
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Dept. of History, Miss A. Kremm.
Dept. of English, Prof. E. J. Strick.