Editorial.

President Roosevelt during his recent trip through the South was everywhere received with such enthusiasm and cordiality by the people of the South as can hardly be thought possible when the bitter feelings excited by the "negro episodes", such as the Booker Washington luncheon and the Indiana post-office case, will be recalled. Everywhere he stopped, the people turned out to do him honor. Some of the Southern press explained this as Southern hospitality, others as honor given to the President rather than to the man. However this trip may well be termed another conquest of the South. This time a conquest not in a military spirit but in a spirit of friendliness. The success of his trip is due greatly to the President's popularity in all parts of the country and also to his tactful and charming manner of speaking. Everything he said he said in earnest. But he was careful what he said. Thus the race question, the only subject which could cause a clash, was nowhere made mention of except when provoked by Governor Davis's defense of lynching. In plain English Roosevelt refuted his arguments and as a result was applauded by the people. Whatever the papers may say about his speeches and what they contained or left unmentioned his cordial and enthusiastic reception by the mass of people is evidence enough that President Roosevelt has still further narrowed the breach that exists between the North and the South and has brought them into still closer relation.

Considerable interest and excitement has been produced throughout the United States, by the outcome of the election of Nov. 7 for mayor of New York. The principal candidates, around whom all interest is at present centered, were Mr. McClellan and Mr. Hearst. McClellan, candidate for Tammany, has already served a term as mayor and was at the last election elected by a majority of
only some 4,000 votes. Hearst, who is running on an independent ticket, claims that this majority was obtained by fraudulent means and will bring this claim into court. Hearst is supported in his claims by Jerome, who has been elected on an independent ticket, as district attorney. Many indictments for illegal voting have already been drawn up and more cases are being discovered daily. Nov. 9 evidences of fraud were prepared for the grand jury both by States Attorney General Mayer and the law committee which is conducting Hearst's contest for the mayoralty election. If Hearst succeeds in securing the mayorship of New York it will be the first time in many years that Tammany has not been at the head of affairs in that city.

The Czar has obtained peace with Japan but not with his own subjects. Conditions in Russia are steadily becoming worse and the prospects for the Czar's retaining his former undisputed power are very gloomy. Strikes and revolts are organized in every part of Russia. The railroad strike has brought affairs to such a state that it is impossible for anyone to travel any distance by rail. The transportation of soldiers from one point to another is impossible. Workmen's meetings are called in which revolution is openly advocated. If a widespread insurrection occurs, under the present circumstances, it will prove very difficult for the Czar's government to suppress it with its scattered European forces. Whether this uprising will yet become a revolution cannot be determined with certainty but if it does the Czar will be the loser as the people so long trampled upon will struggle to gain their liberty with very much energy. However if the Czar tries to make a treaty with these he will undoubtedly find it necessary to submit to such terms as will bring the people on nearly the same basis as the people of all the other nations of the world.

The Dangers of Exploration.

In the mountains of Virginia there once lived a few men who were known as men of great skill in exploration and had become famous for their daring adventures. One of these adventures I will now relate. It was a very beautiful morning on the first of August of the year 1800, when two men were seen starting out on a trip through some unknown woods and mountains, on foot. They were gone about two hours when they noticed that the weather had changed very much while they had passed through a dark part of woodland. The sun was now almost invisible as a dense fog had swept over the country, but this did not alarm them as they were well able to keep directions by their compass; so they went on. The second day of their journey came and they were planning for their return. They had just taken their dinner and enjoyed a good rest when they found themselves in such dangerous position that it seemed impossible for them to get out alive. They noticed some tracks of Indians a little way off and upon investigation found that they were among savage Indians. After looking about they saw a white man tied to a tree. This seemed to them a prediction of the cruelty which they soon would suffer, and upon going to the man they learned from him that the Indians had left the previous day and that his companion had been tied to a tree not far away. They had loosened this man and started for his companion when they heard the sound of cracking branches. They stood still and wondered what was at hand. They crouched down and listened, for some time they heard nothing. Then came a terrible piercing shriek followed by a great noise of cracking branches and of low growls. It was a fight between two bears and as they wished to waste no ammunition they hurried on that they might rescue their former companion whom they soon found. They were now somewhat encouraged by having gained two companions and an abundance of ammunition and food which the Indians had left at the last named place. But after going on a little way one of their number stopped short and said to his companions: "do you see that crown of feathers?" After he had called his companions' attention to the group of Indians before them they all remained silent a few minutes only to find the Indians upon them. They were all taken and tied as the two men had been, but as they had been easily caught the Indians again left them. One of their number had been tied to a tree from which projected a piece of broken arrow, seeing this he made use of it by moving himself up and down so that the rope passed over the arrows sharp edge. He was soon loose, and untied his companions and they now hurried to a cave which was near and as the last man was about to enter he saw in the distance through an open space a few white men, and called his companions back. They soon saw that these men were their friends who had been looking for them for three days as they had not arrived at home within the time they had set for their journey. They said that they had found pieces of rope and a jackknife which belonged to one of the men and had caught sight of them as they were carried by the Indians through an open place in the woods but had lost the trail of the Indians as there were other tracks leading in different directions and so had been delayed in finding their companions.

J. C. K. '07.
Great men and women are not honored until after they are dead. Ages come and ages go, and with them come and go the worlds great heroes.

Twenty three centuries ago, when the cloud of the Persian invasion lowered so threateningly over Athens, the fate of Greece and the future of Europe were in the gallant keeping of Milhiades and his trusty warriors. Eleven centuries ago, when the foundation of Europe was shaken and Christianity was menaced by the Moslem sword, the Moslem hosts were met upon the plain of Tours in the center of Gaul by the renowned chieftain, Charles Martel, who committed to the issue of a single battle the destiny of Christendom and the future course of history. When Spain was in her glory, when the shades of twilight never gathered upon her possessions, when in 1588 her grand invincible Armada sailed into the straits of England the genius of a Sir Francis Drake combined with the noble courage of Lord Howard dealt Spanish pride and universal dominion a blow from which it will never arise. The names and deeds of valor are handed down to us in songs, in history and in marble. But among all the great heroes the world has produced there is none to whom we owe deeper gratitude and admiration than to Joan of Arc, the famous maid of Orleans, who at the age of eighteen delivered France, at the close of her hundred years war with England.

Let us for a moment compare these two great rivals, England and France, who for more than one hundred years had been gathering all their resources, collecting their powers and then again waisting them in combat with each other. The French, it is true, were almost destitute of a standing army; while the English had a large and a most splendidly equipped host of soldiers. A series of defeats had thinned the chivalry of France and daunted the spirit of her soldiers. A foreign prince had been proclaimed in her capital and foreign armies led by the ablest captains, then known in the world, occupied the fairest portion of the territory. Worse even to her than the fierceness and strength of her foes were the factions, the vices and the crimes of her own children. Her native prince was a dissolute trumper, stained with the assassination of the most powerful noble in the land whose son in revenge had leagued himself with the enemy. Many more of her nobility, many of her prelates, her magistrates and rulers had sworn fealty to the English king. In truth the estate was then miserable, wretched, beyond the power of language to describe. There appeared nothing but horrible confusion, poverty, desolation and fear. The little farms and hamlets were all surrounded by a vast band of robbers, every one striving to do his worst. Such were the condition of France when the English invaders had completed their lines around the city of Orleans. Such were the sorrows and persecutions, which unfortunate France endured when Joan of Arc appeared upon the arena.

Oh, unfortunate, unhappy France! Where wilt thou find thy deliverer? Where wilt thou seek thy hero? Hast thou no highminded son or pure spirited daughter, that can deliver thee from thy persecution, from thy haunting, clinging sorrows? Behold, one has answered thy calling, the noble maid of Orleans; the great liberator of France.

What is to be thought of her? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Loraine, that like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judea, rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to the station in the van of armies and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings. The little maiden rose to a splendor and noonday prosperity both personal and public that rang thru the records of her people.

Joan of Arc was born in the year 1410. Her native town was the little village of Domremy amidst the marshes of Loraine. Her father was a poor shepherd with three other children living beside Joan. Joans was brought up by her humble parents without much education; indeed she could neither read nor write. She exhibited no signs of a strong constitution, no signs of that heroic spirit, which was afterward developed and which has handed her name down to us as one of the brightest the world ever knew.

She tended her fathers flocks upon the beautiful native hills. It was an occupation well calculated to foster pious and a meditative disposition. She became distinguished in Domremy for her active benevolence, her gentleness and kindness to the sick and suffering. Often she was seen to kneel in the field alone and pray devoutly. There was a pretty village chapel some distance from Domremy, where was an old and renowned beech tree with great and beautiful arms and a thick foliage, which protected the weary visitor, who sat at its foot, from the rays of the sun. A clear little stream dashed along that spot and to its waters astonishing healing powers were ascribed. This cheering spot Joan was exceedingly fond of frequenting. It was a popular rumor in Domremy that this palace was often visited by fairies. Joan's temperament was quite fitted to appreciate such a place, so pious, so imaginative, so ready to be...
lieve anything marvellous to her spiritual eyes, this place for her
was peopled with fairies. It was here she meditated. It was here
she communed with her God. It was here that she, like Jacob of
old, when he fled from the wrath of his brother, spoke to the an-
gels that ascended and descended on the ladder to heaven. The fairy
tree was to her the threshold of the invisible world.

From the same withered lips that filled her young brain with
legends of the fairy tree Joan also heard true tales of the history
of France. Her kind and affectionate mother, whose heart and life
were all aglow with the kind biddings and gentle aspirations of a
heavenly Father, told her the stories of the many wars with Eng-
land and the civil wars which had ruined France. These were the
visions and the voices that moved the spirit of the girl of thirteen,
and as she grew older they became more frequent and more clear.
At last the tidings of the siege of Orleans reached her. She heard
with a frame trembling with excitement. In Orleans the last great
struggle was to be fought and if defeated the dauphin must fly to
the mountains and perhaps flee from his native land. Behold, the
English are entering the fated city. Thousands upon thousands are
scaling its walls. The blood of France is flowing. Mark, the heav-
only voices! "Joan of Arc! Clothe thyself in garments white!
Mount thy gallant charger! Go and repel those hostile bands!". She
waves her banner in air and gallops bravely toward them. The Eng-
lish are too fearful of her powers to stand their ground. French
re-enforcements are coming up. The bastiles of the English are
taken. Their towers are burned to the ground. Great confusion
runs through their ranks. They are dispersing as clouds of mist
before the rays of the noonday sun. Joan of Arc has delivered
France.

All went wrong from this time and truly, as De Quincy says,
what was left for Joan of Arc was but to suffer. On the day when
she had finished her work, she wept, for she knew that when her
task was done her end must be approaching. Her aspirations only
pointed to a place, which seemed to her more than usually filled
with natural piety and in which it would give her pleasure to die.
And she uttered between smiles and tears a broken prayer as a
wish that inexpressibly fascinated her heart, that God would re-
turn her to the solitudes from whence he had drawn her and suffer
her to become a shepherdess once more. But instead of returning
her to that humble home and to those she loved so dearly, the noble
maid was betrayed into the hands of the English, by one of her own
country men. History records but few acts as base as this. Yes!
Joan of Arc, that name which had brought terror with it through

the English ranks, that gallant savior of France, was at last a pris-
oner of the enemy.

She was separated from all her old friends, and divided from
the upholiders of that cause she so highly valued and which she was
willing to seal with her own heart blood. And now, alone, a poor
peasant girl must meet the fierce hate of a revengeful enemy. She
was taken to the Beaurevoir prison and from there she was taken
to Rowen. They led her into the great tower of the castle where
an iron cage had been prepared for her and secured her feet by a
chain. The archers that guarded her treated her with the basest
cruelty and more than once attempted violence upon her.

At daybreak on the thirtieth day of May L. Advenne entered
her cell to prepare her for her dreadful end, for that fair young girl
was to be burned to ashes that day. In the market place of Rowen
before thousands she was to endure that awful martyrdom. The time
was at hand in which she was about to go and dwell with the voices,
whose biddings she had so willingly followed. A platform is raised
to a great height and surrounded by burning material so arranged
as to create currents of air to fan the flames. The maiden is tied to
the stake. A few unbidden tears flow down her languid cheeks. The
executioner kneels and begs her forgiveness. The fatal torch is ap-
plied. The flames are rising higher and higher and are enveloping
her, but still the noble Advenne stands at her side trying to com-
fort her soul in the agonies of death. Here she sang a quiet tune
and then expired. Ten thousand men and women wept like children
and amid the agonies of the raging flames the bold and heroic soul
of Joan of Arc took its grievous and untimely flight to that home be-
bond the stars, from which none ever yet returned to tell us of its
beauty.

She never sang the songs that rose in her native Domremy as
echoes to the departing steps of the invaders. No: for her voice was
then silent. She mingled not in the festal dances that celebrated in
rapture the redemption of France. No: for her feet were then in
dust. Call her the queen of France but she will not hear thee. Cite
her by thy apparitious to come and receive a robe of honor but she
will be found disobedient. Honors for thee? Oh! no, honors, if any
come when all is over, will be for those that share thy blood.
Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy people shall
awaken thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. When the thun-
ders of universal France shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor
shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young
shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries.

E. O. S. '07.
Character.

Mr. Black could hardly be regarded as an everyday man: he was rather a clock always behind time. After a hymn or two had been sung, Mr. Black came shuffling into church, as was his regular custom. Whenever it happened that the old man was “gwine off on the steam engine”, to some neighboring town, he came to the railway station by the time that the train had pulled out, and had already gone a mile or two. When he was to visit the district school, for he was director of the school in District No. 4, he always came just as the teacher was dismissing her pupils. At the public auction, which very often occurred in the village, he was always sure to come when the people were again wending their way homeward with their great bargains. So he was always and ever behind time, and would have that he had been put into another world if he had been on time for once.

F. D. ’07.

Exchange.

Little Tommy had brought the teacher a handsome bouquet of roses, and as she placed it on her desk his little heart swelled with pride. During the morning session she had occasion to correct and punish him for some infraction of the rules and he went back to his seat very much disconcerted, not to say humbled, in spirit. He thought it all over and at the close of the session presented himself before the teacher.

“Well, Tommy?”

“You know those roses I gave you?”

“Yes.”

“Well, I didn’t give them to you. I only let you take them.”

“I have here, sir,” began the book agent, “a volume containing fifty-two lectures by fifty-two great men. One lecture for every week of the year.”

“Good gracious, man”, replied the meek citizen, “I am married and have a wife that supplies me with a lecture every day in the year.”

He—Have I lost my place in your estimation?
She—Not at all. You have merely discovered it.
Little Boy—What’s all these women here for?
Little Girl—They’ve been upstairs to see the baby.
“Babies is plenty ’nough.”
“Yes, but this is a new one, an’ I expect they want to see the latest fashion.”
two periods.

Hallowe'en passed very quietly here. Those bad boys who did all that work at the Academy certainly must have done some "quiet" work or else they would have had somebody after them.

A number of students went to Alton to see the foot-ball game there Oct. 26.

John Brink went to the Floyd to catch some crayfish but all he caught was a bad cold.


We are always filled with a sense of pity whenever we notice those poor little "D"s" sitting in the back row in chapel. How they have to stretch their poor little necks in order that they may see the speaker! Were it not for roll call Prof. Soulen could not be sure whether or not they were there. How much nicer it would be if they were placed in the front row and the "As" in the back where they belong.

Our gentlemen professors are getting to be very classical (?) in some of their expressions. We quote a few; Prof. Hospers: "I want the whole she-bang of you in that corner to shut up," Prof. Muste: "You're a great one," "Quit your monkeying," Prof. Soulen: "I want you to stop that tom-foolery."

Miss Gertrude Huizenga of Rock Valley was an Academy vis-

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PHONE 2.

MRS. VAN DEN BERG

invites the

LADY STUDENTS
to inspect her fine line of

MILLINERY.
frog. And this lone frog escaped later in the day.

Mr. Brink has been absent from school for the last few days on account of the illness of his mother.

DeAlumnis.

'01. Mr. J. v. d. Zee, Rhodes scholar for Iowa has matriculated in the Law Department of Merton College, Oxford.

'89. We quote the following characteristic extract from an article, entitled: "Echoes from Former Days", by A. Te Paske in the "Junior Annual", of Grinnell.

"A Joesse county official, referring to a modest slab in a public building, remarked: "You and I have the privilege of reading our own names on a tombstone," and now to be asked to tell about our college days, seems like writing our own obituary. But even that may be possible under the transmigration theory. We trust that your rules of "higher criticism" will determine to what age our sojourn belonged.

"Trifles make up the sum of human life". The comparative quantity of oxygen in the air we breathe oft determines the smile or the sigh. The trifles together make a composite picture, but each separate eludes description or narration. Few of us in those days deserved an "In Memoriam" for an epitaph; nor yet was any one avowedly the modern counterpart of the Iago.

The writer's lot was cast among the plebeians. His low-roofed "den" did not admit the poetry of existence ...... and rubbed the funny bumps from his mental dome. He was given the impression that there was more grindstone than moonshine in human life.

...... And it came to pass in those days that the sons of Behal in our class compelled the callow country parvenu to do his devotions on the iron bound path of the Iowa Central......"

'91. Rev. J. Van de Erve has since resigning the chair of mathematics in Coe College accepted the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church of Galena, Ill.

'01. At the last commencement of Iowa College, Grinnell J. J. Heeren was awarded the Harvard scholarship. This is the second time this honor has been accorded an Alumnus of the Academy; it was won by Mr. A. Te Paske, '89 upon his graduation. Mr. Hoeren is now preparing himself for Mission work in China, in the Hartford, Conn. Theological Seminary. During his college course Mr. Hoeren has variously distinguished himself, having served as president of the College Y. M. C. A. as member of the Intercollegiate Debating Team, and has taken a prominent part in Foot Ball and Track Athletics.

'97. Miss Gertrude Huizenga from Rock Valley visited the

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And the breeze as it wafts, bends and kisses the rye.

Then o'er long in the east the pale gray turns to red,
And the Sun in his glory peeps out from his nest,
Then the twittering birds and the glintening dew,
Make you think that the morning is sweetest and best.

O. V. D. S. '06.

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