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The Classic, April 1903

Northwestern Classical Academy

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F. Lubbers

APRIL, 1903.

The Classic.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGE CITY, IOWA.



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The Classic.

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

VOLUME 11

APRIL

NUMBER 7

Editorial.

WITH THIS issue of the Classic the year's work of another staff has again come to a close. The time has already arrived for us to lay down our work and so wield this wand no longer, but allow a new staff to perform the duties which will arise during the coming year. The sacrifices which have been demanded on our part have been many, but nevertheless the practice and drill which is received from such a work more than pays for these sacrifices. We have met with many troubles and have often been discouraged, but most of these hardships have been overcome by doing our duty in the very best way we could. Indeed there have been many shortcomings and we ask that these may be pardoned. Many times we have performed things in a different way from what we would now do, if they were again to be done.

We thank all those who have helped us in this work, our fellow-students, the alumni, and also our subscribers. We now wish the new staff, which shall follow and take our places, great success in all their undertakings and also hope that they may enjoy the work which is put upon them. With this we bid our readers adieu.

TAXATION IN Italy is becoming almost unbearable. There is a customhouse at the gate of every city to tax the meals of the poor people. The collectors go around and count all the tobacco leaves that are grown. Salt is also taxed very heavily, so that it does not pay to take it from the sea. The tax in Italy is about five times as great as in England, France and Germany. Although England is three times as wealthy, yet her income from taxation is not as much as Italy's. But not only is the burden of taxation becoming very heavy, but also Socialism is increasing. Already many of the rich avoid payment by gaining the favor of the collectors.

The Socialists are attempting to overthrow the Government, establish a commune, destroy the army and navy and reduce the present burden of taxation. Although Italy may suffer in regard to taxation, as a nation, it is very rapidly rising in rank.

THE LAST term of our school year has already been entered. The longest and hardest has been passed, and we hope that these may have been well improved. Although it is so near the end of another year, nevertheless it is yet too early to take it easy, since good work should be done just as well toward the last as in the beginning. Therefore we should be very careful that the allurements of nature may not interfere too much with faithful work.

WE ARE glad to exchange with a paper, "School Life," published by the students of the Beresford High School. The paper, though small, may, in course of time, become one of the best published by students of high schools. A paper is the sign of life among the students, and proves that the students not only work for themselves but that they are willing to do something for the school with which they are connected.

Dec. 19, —6 — N. J; or Wed At Last.

As soon as the school year was ended some of my schoolmates and I went to the seashore, where we intended to spend our summer vacation. At first we cooked our own meals, but soon got tired of this and went to board at one of the boarding houses. This was a very good boarding house and the landlady was one of the sweetest women I had ever met.

Miss Grey, for that was her name, had moved to this place but a few months before. Although she had lived here but a short time, she was loved and respected by all who knew her. I became attached to this lady, for she reminded me of my mother, who had died a few years before. So when the other girls went to a party or out riding on their wheels, I did not always go with them, but would stay at my boarding place and visit with Miss Grey.

One beautiful summer evening I came upon her unawares. She was sitting on the veranda looking upon the ocean. She did not notice me before I stood beside her, when she suddenly turned her eyes from the ocean as if she thought she might not look there. "You seem to be in deep thought, Miss Grey", I said. "Yes ma'am," she answered, "I was." She did not say any more. I was

curious to know what attracted her thoughts, for I had noticed before, that when she looked upon the ocean a sad and longing look would come into her eyes, although she was a brave little woman and was always kind and loving. So I said, "Have any of your relatives lost their lives while on the ocean?" "No, I have not lost any relatives on the ocean, but it is there that my lover was lost," she answered. Then she said, "Would you like to hear the story of my unhappy days?" I answered that I should like to listen to her story. So she began. "Nathan had been to Europe and had there taken a university course. He had graduated there and was on his way home. But while on the ocean a fearful storm arose. The ship in which he sailed was wrecked, and he was drowned, I think, for many lives were lost and I have not heard from him since. We should have been married on Christmas day, if he had not been lost on the ocean. My sorrow seemed to me to be more than I could bear. I could not remain in the city where we had been together so often. So I left my own city and went west. I did not tell anyone where I was going, for I thought they would not let me go, if I told them. But I was very unhappy while I was there. I stayed there for a number of years. While I was out west, I thought I would be satisfied if I could look upon the ocean, which is Nathan's grave. That is why I live here now."

I was very sorry for her and told her that her betrothed might yet live. But she thought that would be impossible, for if he lived he would have come back to her,

* * * * *

While on the seashore one day, I was digging in the sand with my fishing tackle, when I struck a little board, which lay under the sand. The board was much worn by the waves, and on it were cut these words: Dec. 19, . . . 6. . . , N. J. As one of my professors was a great antiquarian, I thought I would save this board and give it to him when I returned to the city.

It was a few weeks before school opened when we bade our friends and Miss Grey goodbye and returned to the city. I called on my professor and told him about the board and said that he might have it if he wished. He was a very kind man. Although he was quite young his hair was turning grey. He was very patient and always ready to help anyone when in trouble. He came for the board the next day. When I handed him the board, he looked at it very closely, and then looking up he said, "This board is more than twenty years old." He had turned pale and his hand trembled as he held the board. I was astonished and said, "How can you tell it is so old?" He answered, "I cut these words in this board myself.

I was on the steamer that was bound for America, when I cut these words in this board. While on this steamer we had a storm. The ship was wrecked and all on that ship were lost except four others and myself. When the ship began to sink these four and I managed to get a life-raft, to which we lashed ourselves, and thus escaped an immediate death. Our suffering however was terrible. We had no dry clothes to change for the drenched ones and had nothing to eat. Two of the men died the third day. We thought that the only thing left for us to do was to die like our comrades, when to our unspeakable joy we saw a steamer coming our way. They took us on board after we had suffered want for four days. We were weak at first but as we were young men we were soon ourselves again. This steamer took us to Australia. We remained there for six months, when the first steamer set sail again for America. No letters had been sent to our friends for no ships had gone there. I went on board this steamer and after four months reached America.

While listening to this story, I had thought of Miss Grey, whose story was so much like his. I asked him whether he had any friends in America. "Yes," he answered, "I had my betrothed then. We were to be married on Christmas day. But because she thought I was dead she left her home and nobody knows where she has gone. I have done everything I could to find some trace of her, but have so far been unsuccessful." "Mr. Johnson," said I, "what was the name of your betrothed?" "Her name," he answered very sadly, "was Mable Grey." "Oh!" said I, "I know where she is, she lives near Boston at the seashore." He could not believe me at first, but when I told him what she told me, he believed me and went to claim his bride.

L. S., '05.

Macbeth.

Macbeth, a general in the army of Duncan, was very brave in battle. He fought very hard for his country and while fighting with an enemy he would not give up until he had conquered. Even when the enemy received fresh troops, he did not become discouraged but fought still harder as if, as Shakespeare says, to memorize another Golgotha. On account of this bravery he had a very good reputation and was loved by all the soldiers and especially by the King, Duncan.

Not only was Macbeth very brave in battle but he was also ambitious. He had great success and this led him to desire to gain the throne. We know that he had been thinking about this already for some time because at the time when the witches prophesied con-

cerning him he started, and Banquo asked him for the reason of his starting. If he had not been thinking about getting the throne he would not have thought about it in this way, but would have taken it quietly as Banquo did.

The witches had a great deal of influence over him, because after they had spoken to him for the first time he wished very much to know more and also how they found out about his plans since he had not yet spoken about them to any one. After his first talk with them he was always thinking that the prophecy had to be fulfilled. He also tried to make himself believe that it would be right for him if he should gain the throne in any way, but this was very hard for him to do.

Macbeth knew that it would not be best for him to get the throne in a wrong way, but he lacked self-control and therefore was always thinking of some way that he could get it and still not let the people know of his crime. Macbeth cannot bear the thought of murder because his conscience tells him that it would not be the just thing for him to do, but nevertheless he is not able to keep the thoughts from his mind. Lady Macbeth also knows that his nature is thus that he would rather be right than to gain his end by the shortest way, which is by murdering the King and his son. If the life of the King is taken, Malcolm would also have to be put out of the way, or else he would become King in his father's place.

By many passages we can see that Macbeth was also a coward in some things. At one time he would be determined to act, but then again he would be afraid and desire to let the thing pass by. Some of his reasons for refusing to murder were: that he fears the judgment in this life, although he is willing to jump the life to come; Duncan is his kinsman and is staying at his palace and therefore he should protect him; if he would murder Duncan the people would be grieved because they love him very much; and the last is that Macbeth has been honored by Duncan. But at last Macbeth is won by Lady Macbeth when she tells him that they can murder the King and yet not be discovered. It is by putting the blame on the two chamberlains, who were in the same room with Duncan. Now Macbeth again feels brave, when he sees no danger.

Although Macbeth now sees no more danger, he feels guilty and tells Banquo that he never thinks about the witches, which shows that he knows it is wrong for him to put so much trust in those weird sisters as he does. Macbeth's conscience, which is very strong, again troubles him and even before the murder he sees a dagger before him, but cannot touch it. While, after he has taken the life of the King he sees his own bloody hands and now really

sees what a great wrong he has done. He knows there will be no more rest for him and wishes he had never planned the murder. He tries to act innocent, but his mind is troubled and he shows in his talking that he knows too much. He sees that he is in great danger and this makes him very quick to act, so he also kills the grooms.

Macbeth is sinking very low and an extra murder is nothing to him for he even plans the death of his own friend Banquo. Not only does he do this but he also slanders and incites others to murder which is a still greater sin. Since he is so far he is determined to do anything in order to make himself safe. In order to have no more fears Banquo and Fleance must be killed, but he thinks they may escape, and he understands his first failure when he hears of Fleance's escape. Whenever Macbeth begins to talk about Banquo at the banquet he sees his ghost and knows that he himself is the guilty one, but he tries to blame someone else. Macbeth is gradually betraying himself more and more until at last his crimes have been discovered and now he is full of fear and he keeps a servant in every house to watch for him and find out if anyone is plotting against him.

Macbeth works very hard to escape punishment and again goes to the witches to see what they can tell him. The apparitions however deceive him and tell him to beware of Macduff, to fear no one born of woman, and not to fear until Birnam wood has been moved to Dunsinane. To escape the danger of what the first apparition tells him he determines to kill, not only Macduff, but even his wife and babes. This also shows that Macbeth is becoming very cruel, for if he was not he would not be able to kill an innocent child. Malcolm tells Macduff that the name of Macbeth, the tyrant, blisters the tongues of the people of Scotland and that the country weeps and bleeds beneath his yoke. The nation has been brought to such a miserable condition that there is but very little hope of it ever seeing its wholesome days again.

The troubles of Macbeth are increasing very rapidly. Many of his soldiers leave him and join the army of Malcolm, and even those that stay with him do not love him but move only in command. He no longer talks kindly to his servants, as he did before his thought of murder, but answers and commands them in the most cruel manner. His mind does not work as it should and he has become almost insane. The greatest horrors do not even start him, so cold he has become. He does not wish to end his troubles by taking his life but decides to fight against his enemies and kill or murder as many as he can. The only hope that he sees left for him is that he need fear no one born of woman since the Birnam wood has already been

taken to Dunsinane. Even this last hope is taken from him when he meets Macduff and finds that he is not as other men. He is then killed by Macduff.

After all his sins Macbeth would not blame himself for what he has done, but says that a human being cannot act as he wishes but has to do the will of a higher power. Therefore he thinks that it is not his fault that he has committed so many crimes, but he was forced to do so by one greater than man.

H. W. P., '03.

Afloat on an Ice-Floe.

One day in June, 1901, a party of young men went to Tomahawk Lake in northern Wisconsin. I was one of the party and we had gone with the intention of camping there for a few weeks. After pitching our tent we sent two of the party across the lake to hire a boat. Soon they came back rowing the boat and with them came the proprietor of the boats. He said that he wished to help us settle and incidentally to solicit our trade, as he kept a small grocery store. He advised us to dig a small canal to keep our boat in as the bottom of the lake was very sloping at that place. Calling on one of my companions to help me, I seized a spade and set to work vigorously. While digging in the sand, I found a board much worn by the waves on which was cut, in characters scarcely traceable, these words: "Dec. — 18—9, N. J." I tossed this away and continued my digging; we soon had a canal for our boat.

The proprietor of the boats had picked the board up and when we had finished our work, he asked me where I had found it. I told him that I had dug it out of the sand and asked if he had ever seen it before. He said that he had and told the following story:

"In the year of 1889 I had taken the contract of carrying the mail across the lake from North Tomahawk to Hatchet. It was a pretty good job and I was well paid for it. During the summer months I would row across the lake, which was only about two and one-half miles wide at this place. In the winter, when the ice was thick enough, I would drive over or walk over.

"On December 2 of that year I took the mail-bag at North Tomahawk and started on my daily journey. I intended to walk across, but the postmaster advised me that a storm was coming from the north that would in all probability break up the ice. I started on my trip afoot nevertheless, as I expected to reach Hatchet before the storm could catch me. Besides if I drove around the lake I would have 12 miles of rough road to drive over which would be no joke either.

"When I had gone about a mile I could see the storm coming. Before I had gone half a mile farther I could not see ten feet ahead. The wind blew the snow across the ice in great clouds and if I had not had a pocket compass I would have been completely lost.

"Soon I heard a loud report and knowing that the ice had parted, I broke into a run for the shore. I ran about one hundred and fifty feet when I nearly plunged into the water. I could see the ice about eight feet away with the black waters between me and it. I made up my mind to search for a narrower place and then to jump across if possible. Soon, however, I heard a louder report than the first and saw that the ice that I was on was moving. I now ran wildly along the edge of the ice looking for a place to jump across. At last to my joy I found a place about three feet wide and with one wild leap I was on the firm ice again.

"No sooner had I landed on it than it too broke away from the main sheet of ice. There I was in a worse predicament than before. The sheet of ice on which I was, was perhaps fifty feet long by twenty feet wide and it was groaning as if it would break up any moment. By this time we had got into the main part of the lake and the snow had stopped flying. But this only revealed my danger more fully. Here I was on a broad expanse of water about five miles from shore and my craft was a cake of ice that was either threatening to slide me into the water or crush against one of its fellows which would have the same effect on me as if I were to be sent through a rolling mill. I gave up all hope of seeing wife and children again and fell on my knees and, for probably the first time in my life, uttered a real prayer to God. I prayed that he would take care of my loved ones and then I remembered how unfit I was to meet him and I prayed for my soul. I tell you, young men, that a man remembers his Creator when he expects to meet him at any moment.

"After I had made peace with my Maker I next began to think of writing a letter or note to let my family and friends know what had become of me as I did not expect to reach shore alive for I could hear the ice-floes crushing one against the other as they reached the shore and knew that only by a miracle could I pass through this melee. I could not find any paper about me but I found, frozen in the ice, a piece of board. I pulled and tugged and at last broke off a piece on which I carved as quickly as I could these words: 'Adrift on ice-floe. Prepared to meet God. Dec. 2, 1889, N. J.' These last letters are my initials; my name being Nat Jensen. After I had carved these words I knew that my wife would be set at ease concerning my soul, as I knew that she had often prayed for me.

"Well, to continue with my story as I suppose that you boys are more interested in the way that I was rescued rather than moral, the cake of ice at last was blown to the shore. But when it drew near the shore it passed a point of land, extending into the lake, on which a house was standing. The man who lived there saw me out on the ice and he and his son came out in a boat. After being nearly swamped several times they at length reached me and taking me into the boat they soon had me on shore. They filled me up with hot drinks and put me to bed. When I next knew where I was, I was looking into my wife's face. I had been sick with a fever for a whole week, but in a month I was carrying mail again. Good-night, boys, I must be going." Not heeding our protests he set off for home. He promised however to visit us some night and tell us some more stories.

H. E. W., '05.

Let Virtue Be Your Aim.

Whatever be thy lot on earth,
 Thy mission here below,
 Though Fame may wreath her laurels fair,
 Around your youthful brow,—
 If you would rise from earthly things,
 And win a deathless name,
 Let all your ways be just and right—
 Let virtue be your aim.

Though cherished friends may traitors prove,
 Their kindness all depart,
 And leave a mournful spell around
 Thy sad and bleeding heart;
 Though you may oft be scorned by men,
 Or those who bear the name,
 Let all your ways be just and right—
 Let virtue be your aim.

Oh! ye who dwell in stately halls,
 Where wealth and fame are known,
 Remember you may yet be poor,
 Neglected and alone!
 But, Oh! remember this broad truth,
 Ere others' faults you scan,
 Your wealth may make a thousand fools—
 But virtue makes the man.

C. JILLSON.

THE CLASSIC.

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

Henry W. Pictenpol, '03, Editor in Chief

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Entered at the post office at Orange City, Iowa, as second-class mail matter.

Locals.

Dutch cigars are the rush.

Have you had the "grippe"? answer yes!

Mr. Hyink has decided to leave school.

Did you have a good time during vacation?

To students: Beware of the spring fever!!!!

Mr. A. R. looks sleepy on Monday mornings.

Mr. Vanderbie spent part of his vacation at Sioux Center.

Mr. Davis of the High School visited the Academy, March 15.

Mr. Renkes was asked to trim a tree and he cut it off at the ground. This was a close shave.

Monday, March 15th, the "B" class was reduced to seven members; the rest had either the grippe or the mumps.

Some of the boys spent their vacation painting the club-house.

One of the "B" class boys is raising a mustache worthy of mention.

Mr. Frank Lewis enjoyed his spring vacation at his home in Plankinton, S. Dak.

Well, Kate M., did you get your new book on biology? They're at the store. Don't forget to study.

The base ball team has organized with Mr. John Roggen as captain. We expect some good work in that line.

Miss Stapelkamp was out a few days on account of the mumps, and one of the "C" class gentlemen took it hard.

In the latter part of March Miss Sturrop of the C class gave a party to her class mates. Girls, this is an example worth following.

The business manager is ready to receive all money due The Classic. Subscription to the Classic is only 50c when paid in advance.

The following is a lady's experience during the intermission between recitations.

"A cautious look around he stole
 His bags with chink he chuk,
 And many a wicked smile he smole,
 And many a wink he wunk."

Our surprise can hardly be imagined when we heard that two of our gallant young gentlemen decided to take upon themselves all the responsibilities and experiences of a bachelor's life at the club house.

A few of the attentive young men take advantage of the beautiful moonlight evenings after literary society to enjoy some other "society".

Prof. in History—"What did Hamilton say of the American People"?

Student—"He said they were all beasts."

At Prof. De Motte's lecture a "B" class lady wished for a seat, when Mr. M. V. D. brought her one and seated her. "Oh you're a jewel", said she. "Oh no", replied M. V. D. "I'm a jeweler; I've just set the jewel."

Many of the students enjoyed the Ernest Gamble concert. A few of the students had such great expectations that they each had two seats reserved—one for themselves—and the other . . . for their coat and hat.

One morning when the board of directors met, several classes had a free hour and enjoyed the beautiful spring morning. Free hours are always welcome especially to the "A" class who now think they are quite busy.

The students on the whole spent a very enjoyable vacation, especially those who were busy cleaning house. Since they were not able to play base ball on the Academy campus they exercised their muscles in beating carpets, etc. Several spent their vacation visiting friends in the vicinity.

The new Classic staff is as follows:

Editor in Chief J. J. Van der Schaaf, '04
 Ass't Editor A. Renkes, '04
 Literary Gerlie Beyer, '04
 Local H. de Vries, '04
 Ass't Local Lucy Sturrop, '05
 Alumni Helen Slob, '04
 Exchange G. Van de Steeg, '04
 Business Manager A. F. Van Kley, '04
 Ass't Business Manager Jerry Schutt, '05

The German section of the "B" class was so deeply interested in the recitation that they didn't hear the bell, and the Greek section had a little recess.

The Philomathean society elected the following officers for the coming term:

Pres. H. De Vries.
 Vice Pres. Jerry Schutt.
 Treas. G. Vermeer.
 Sec. Eliz. Schalekamp.
 Sergeant at Arms G. van Peursem.
 Librarian Frank Vanderbie.

De Alumnis.

'97. A. Van Wechel has sold his furniture store in Maurice and contemplates taking up the rod once more as a Sioux county teacher.

'97. S. M. Nieveen writes from Lombard University, Galesburg, Ill., "I am in line for graduation with a B. D. degree next June." Good! The Classic congratulates. There cannot be too many good preachers.

'89. Wm. O. Van Eyk was re-elected city clerk of Holland, Mich., for the fourth time, even though he is a Democrat in a Republican city—certainly an unmistakable testimony as to his ability and faithfulness.

'99 and '89. Miss Agnes Dykstra resigned her position as teacher of the Sioux Center schools. County Attorney A. Te Paske attended court at Orange City last week.

'96. S. C. Nettinga has been appointed as one of the speakers at the closing exercises of the W. T. Seminary.

'95. Prof. Isaac Hospers is making an enviable reputation as Latin teacher and disciplinarian at Parker, S. D.

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today than was the case a few decades ago.
When weeks and months were required for
communications between the United States
and Europe the countries of the old world ap-
peared to be a long way off. Now the circum-
ference of old earth is belted with telegraph
and cable lines in every possible direction.
What happens today in Europe, Asia, Africa,
Australia, So. America and the great islands
of the sea is made known to us to-morrow by
great newspapers like the Chicago Record
Herald, whose foreign correspondents are lo-
cated in every important city in the world
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THIS is an Institution of Learning, designed to prepare boys and girls for college, or, 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 four:

PROF. PHILIP SOULEN, A. M.
MARGARET HUIZENGA.
J. E. KUIZENGA, A. B.
JOHN WESSELINK, A. B.

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 three sets of Encyclopædias 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 eighteen 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.

PROF. PHILIP SOULEN, Orange City, Iowa.