MARCH, 1903.

The Classic.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGE CITY, IOWA.

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The twenty-fifth anniversary of the election of Pope Leo XIII.
was celebrated during the week of the eighteenth of February.
The jubilee was held in the Hall of Beautification, which is situated
above the portico of St. Peters, and also in the two rooms Sala Du-
cale and Sala Regia. The number of people gathered in these three
rooms is thought to be about five thousand, and there were still
many more thousands gathered in the cathedral below. Upon the
head of Leo the triple crown was placed and he was dressed in the
Pontifical robes. Many of the people who gathered around wished
very much to touch the hem of his gown. During the ceremony
Cardinal Rosighi, Vicar of Rome, read an address and also offered
the Pope a gold tiara, the twenty-five-thousand dollar present of
the Catholic world, and also a purse of forty thousand dollars.
After this many gold and silver medals, the symbolic keys, and a
second purse of forty thousand dollars was presented to him. In
many respects Leo XIII. has been the most useful Pope ever elect-
ed to this office.

The Venezuelan question has been settled at last. The block-
ade has been removed, and the ships that were captured were
given back. Germany however, was very slow in returning the
captured ships. But, although the quarrel of Venezuela with
foreign countries has been settled, signs of revolution are increas-
ing rapidly in the country itself. Already for two years have there
been signs, but conditions have become more serious during the
blockade. It is rumored that an army of 2,800 revolutionists is
near Caracas. Both the government army and that of the revolu-
tionists are said to hold strong positions and a decisive battle is ex-
pected. It is reported that three revolution armies are formed,
and thus it may lead to a bloody war.
"Did Their Sin Find Them Out?"

Pearl Brown’s parents were both dead, and she was left very poor; so her aunt Mrs. Sanburn took her into their home. Mrs. Sanburn had one daughter named Dell, about Pearl’s age, who was very popular in society, so she looked down at Pearl with contempt. Mrs. Sanburn really was very poor, for everything she had belonged to her brother Mr. Brown; but she acted as if they were wealthy. Now Pearl had a rich uncle out west who had made arrangements for her future with her aunt. He had written to her that she should send Pearl to school, and let her enjoy the same privileges as her own daughter, and he would furnish the money. But Mrs. Sanburn did not send her to school, but made her stay home and work so that Dell would have nothing to do but enjoy herself. Poor Pearl! She did not know that her cousin was having all those enjoyments out of her money. For Pearl’s uncle always sent the money to her aunt, but she kept it, using it for herself and Dell. She soon bought Dell a new piano, but Pearl might not touch the instrument. She would go to the city and buy her some of the costliest dresses, so she could compete, in dress, with her rich friends.

Mr. Brown, in writing to his sister, often put letters in for Pearl, but her aunt would read them and then destroy them. Pearl too wrote letters to her uncle, and would give them to her aunt to put in with hers; but she would destroy them, thinking that Pearl would never be the wiser for it. Thus two years had passed since Pearl had come to live with her aunt. Her uncle, who had sent $60 a month to cover her expenses, little thought how wretched the poor girl had been all this time. Her aunt would write to him and tell him “that she was so happy and often talked about her rich uncle who was doing all this for her.” When she wrote these letters she little thought how near the time was at hand, when he should know how she had deceived him.

One day he received a letter from Dell, inviting him to her wedding, which was to take place the latter part of that week. He did not want to miss her wedding so he immediately started on his journey, which lasted a few days. It was a lovely afternoon in June when he arrived at his sister’s door. He was just going to ring the door bell, when he heard a girl exclaim, “Mother! what shall we do if uncle comes and finds out that we have been deceiving him and Pearl? I know that he will take our home away, for all that we have belongs to him. Of course it will not be so bad for me, for Charlie says he has plenty.” He did not listen anymore then for he had heard enough to convince him of the truth, so he hurriedly rang the bell. Mrs. Sanburn came to the door, but she received him coldly, and looked nervously around to see if Pearl was near. Dell then came to her rescue, greeting her uncle warmly and acted as if nothing unusual had happened.

That night as they were all seated in the sittingroom, he told them what he had overheard of their conversation. Dell and her mother began to cry, while Pearl looked around from one to the other wondering what had happened. They then confessed all to him and Pearl, asking their forgiveness, which Pearl granted, but to which he would not listen. He told them that after the wedding they would have to leave the house, and that he would take Pearl back with him. All their tears and petitions could not move him. He said, that their sins had found them out and that they must suffer. After the wedding Mrs. Sanburn left her home or what she once called home, and went to the poor house where she died shortly afterwards of shame and sorrow; for it was more than she could bear that she had to spend her last days in the poor-house.

Dell, who thought she had married a rich man, found out to late that he was nothing but a poor drunkard. After living with her a few years he died filling a drunkard’s grave. After his death Dell took in washings for a while, but then she took sick and soon her money was all gone, so she could not get any more food. She died of starvation before help reached her.

K. M., ’03.

"Should We Restrict Immigration?"

One of the many questions that confront our government is the question of immigration. So many people come over every year that it seems that our government should restrict immigration.

Immigration is not what it used to be. A decade ago the people that came over to America came from western and northern Europe. They were brothers of the people of the United States and after a few years of American life made worthy citizens of our country. The immigrant of today comes from southern Europe and Asia. During the last fiscal year they increased more than a third in number and they now outnumber the immigration of 1899 ten to one. They now form a great part of our new citizens and are of a servile grade as regards intelligence and fitness for the responsibilities of citizenship.

The immigrants of today do not scatter all over our great country as they formerly did but they settle down in the foreign wards of our large cities. Here they live on as though they were still across the ocean. They never get in contact with our people enough
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to get assimilated to them; thus they never get an idea of what American citizenship is. Nearly seventy percent of all the immigration is now destined for the four industrial states; New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Illinois. The immigrants of a few years ago came from a large territory and scattered over a large country because they came separately. These soon became good citizens.

The increasing number of immigrants and their actions when they land in America bring dangers to our country in many ways. They bring danger in politics. After living here a few years they become citizens and are allowed to vote. They know nothing of our government and many of them cannot read or write. Thus they are easily bribed and soon become the means by which the office grabber gains his object.

The immigrants represent many sects of religion, the most prominent being the Catholics and Mohammedans. The Catholics stay under the direct government of the Pope and they care more for his word than they do for our government. This is not felt in National elections as it is in those of the cities: I will not say that the people who have just come over from Europe and Asia are the cause of our corrupt city governments but they do help to bring this about.

Another danger is that these immigrants bring down upon our country the curse of illiteracy. This is a matter that certainly needs attention. Every year there land upon our shores an army of one hundred thousand illiterates, whose children will start upon their career as American citizens from ignorant homes, under practically foreign surroundings. This points us back to the question of politics. Whether imported or home-grown these people are a support of bossism and political corruption. As many as cannot read cannot vote intelligently. This last argument is very important, for the development of a pure democracy is a duty which America owes, not only to herself, but to the whole world.

Still another danger, and that seems the greatest of all, is the danger of Anarchy. The people that come from year to year have lived in countries with despotic governments or with no governments at all. They do not respect law and order, they hate rulers because they judge all rulers by the despots at the head of the countries they came from. Restricting immigration will not cure anarchy, but since we know that most of the Anarchists of America are of foreign birth, and that they belong to the ignorant class of foreigners, it will, as in politics, help to cure the great evil we see suspended above our country.

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These are the main dangers we see arising from the fact that everybody and anybody is allowed to come to America. There may be more but those which we have pointed out show that immigration should be restricted. Then, and only then, can America do justice to her citizens by building up a pure democracy, which, as we have said, she owes, not only to her citizens, but to the whole world.

H. D. V. '04.

Jack Holton’s Last Work.

During the hot summer of 1887, the dry, dusty slopes of the Wind River Mountains in Western Wyoming, seemed almost barren of life. Standing on the ridge of these mountains and looking south, all that could be seen was the dry, hot and dusty plains of the Colorado desert covered with sagebrush. To the north were the more promising lands of the Shoshone Indian reservation.

For miles around nothing could be seen except a thin, blue, column of smoke, about three miles to the eastward. This smoke issued from the cabin of Jack Holton, the pioneer trader and trapper. His work consisted mainly of going on a spree occasionally in summer and trading and trapping in winter.

This hot summer afternoon he was not lying idle however but thinking about something he had heard the day before in town. He had heard that Yellow Bear, a Shoshone brave, had returned from his winter’s hunt in the Big Horn Range and that among other things he had brought home the fur of a silver grey fox. The fur of this animal is probably the costliest fur known, on account of its scarcity; one pelt frequently selling for nine hundred or a thousand dollars.

So, being of an avaricious disposition, he was this afternoon trying to think of how he could get the fur into his possession. He knew that an Indian would part with anything for firewater and so determined to base his operations on this. But as there was a fine of five hundred dollars and three years in the penitentiary for any person convicted of selling liquor to the redmen, the risk was very great: but his avarice was still greater.

That afternoon he rode over to the reservation and talked a long time with Yellow Bear, and finally arranged everything with him. Yellow Bear was to give up the pelt for about two hundred gallons of whiskey, which Holton would obtain in Lone Tree Gulch, thirty miles to the west, and deliver to him in installments at successive midnights.

Accordingly every day of the week, Holton could be seen riding along the dusty trail, casting frequent glances behind him, as if he
feared pursuit. Every night, he could be seen at the appointed spot waiting for Yellow Bear.

The last night came and Jack Holton was there promptly at midnight. He waited for Yellow Bear until half past one and then stole around to his shanty and saw him lying on the floor in a drunken stupor.

By rapping sharply on the window, Holton got Yellow Bear awake and signed him to open the door. This being done and the liquor safely deposited in its hiding place, Jack demanded the skin. Yellow Bear, being in a dazed condition, began to argue with Holton about the quantity of firewater not being enough. Holton's trying to quiet him only made him more furious, so that he began to yell and shout at the top of his voice.

This soon brought a crowd of Indians to the door, who, smelling the intoxicating beverage, demanded some of it. Holton, fearing detection, would not do this. So they tied him to a log in the corner and began searching. Not finding it, they threatened Holton with terrible tortures if he would not reveal the hiding place. Holton, thinking the fine and imprisonment better than death, told them that he would tell them if they would let him go. This they agreed to. So he told them but on finding the place they quite forgot Holton lying in the corner, in their eagerness to get some of the firewater. Soon they were all intoxicated and yelling and dancing their war dances.

Some one attracted the attention of the others to Holton tied to the log and immediately their fiendish natures were aroused. They began their preparation for their horrible sport. So cruel were they that Holton begged them to kill him, but they kept on dancing and waving Yellow Bear's furs around, meanwhile torturing him in every conceivable manner.

At last toward morning Holton died. The accidental overturning of the cask in which their precious stuff was contained, was the cause of their going home. Yellow Bear, on awaking from his stupor found Holton dead, and buried him under his shanty floor. The precious foxhide was torn to bits in the midnight orgy. So ended Jack Holton's career, for who for the greed of gold gave up his life. Later on people became puzzled over the dissappearance of Holton and concluded he had gone to some other hunting grounds.

H. K. L. '04.

Whatsoever A Man Soweth.

On the main street of a small town in southern Illinois there stood in 1870 a handsome dwelling. One spring morning at about eight o'clock in the same year, twin brothers aged fifteen sat on the front porch of this dwelling. As it was rather early they had come there to sit and talk awhile before going to school. The names of these boys were Frank and John Cary. They were talking about what they would do in the future. John said: "When I grow up I am going to be a merchant like father and help the poor people." Frank said: "Oh! Brother! What do I care about the future? I am going to have a good time, that's all." Just as Frank finished speaking their mother called to them that since it was quite awhile till school time they should chop a small pile of wood in the back yard into kindling. John immediately went to the wood pile and started to chop the wood in nice even lengths. Frank on the other hand sat on the porch grumbling about always having to work, and then walked slowly up to the wood pile. He chopped the wood in all sorts of pieces some long and some short. When through chopping the wood, John piled his up evenly on one side of the shed, while Frank dumped his in a corner. It was now about half past eight and John went into the house, washed his hands, combed and brushed his hair and started for school. On the way he caught up with a little girl who hesitated before crossing a dirty street. John took her up and gently carried her across the street, feeling amply repaid for his trouble by the kind smile she gave him. He then went to school and watched in his time the last bell rang. Frank after finishing his work sat idly watching some birds until his mother called to him to hurry up or he would be late for school. He rushed into the house, smeared a little soap on each hand, wiped most of the dirt off on the towel, and started off for school. After going a short distance, Frank spied a lambsnap dog across the street. He picked up a smooth round pebble and threw it at the dog. It struck the dog full in the face and the poor animal limped away, moaning pitifully on account of the pain. Frank laughed and picking up a half smoked cigar in the gutter, he lit it and thought himself quite a man. He also watched some men training horses and so did not reach school until 9:15. The teacher scolded him for being tardy and asked the cause. "Oh," he said, "I had to do some errands for ma." John and Frank had about the same natural ability; but John was always near the head of his class, while Frank was always near the foot. John was kind, neat, obedient, honest and industrious, while Frank was lazy, cruel, disobedient and untruthful.

* * *

It is the early spring of 1890. Twenty years have passed since the opening of our story. The little town has become a bustling city. In the office of one of the largest mercantile establishments, sits a man of middle age. He has clear, honest eyes, and dark hair already turning gray. It is growing dusk and he sits musing in his chair after a busy day's work. From the pained expression on his forehead we should judge that his thoughts are not of the pleasantest. Suddenly a man enters with unkempt hair, bloodshot eyes and a big red nose, which is an unmistakable sign that he has been drinking. He walks to a chair on the other side of the room and sits down.
The man at the desk looks up but says nothing. At length the silence becomes so oppressive to the newcomer that he blurts out, "John, I want some money!" John slowly and distantly replies, "Frank, I have decided to give you no more money until I am satisfied that it will be used for a good purpose. You have been nothing but a burden and a source of sorrow and grief to us all for the last fifteen years. At college you wasted your time and money, associated with bad companions, and got yourself into all sorts of scrapes. After you were expelled you left home and undoubtedly hastened the death of your father and mother by your wild escapades. I have given you money every time you asked for it only to see it enrich the gamblers and saloon keepers. The last time I gave you aid, I made you sign a pledge that you would not go into the saloon any more; two days after that I saw you staggering along the street so drunk, that you did not recognize your own brother. The man to whom this is being said does not wait to hear any more, but with a curse on his lips and muttering something about misers and revenge leaves the room.

You may already have surmised these two men are no other than Frank and John Cary. After Frank left the office of his brother he went to a saloon around the corner and got some more whiskey. This served to inflame his passions still more and increased the hatred for his brother. He walked around undecided for awhile and then stopped at a corner. A dog walked up to him as if to keep him company, but all he received was a kick which sent him flying half way across the street. Frank stood on the corner for a few minutes and then walked rapidly away as if seized with a sudden determination. Procuring a revolver at a hardware store, and walking rapidly up to a beautiful house in one of the best portions of the city, he concealed himself in the dense shrubbery bordering the main walks to the house. Soon after a man came down the walk with a light quick step undoubtedly thinking of the comforts which awaited him within. Just as he was stepping on the porch the report of a revolver rang out and the man fell heavily across the walk. Frank Cary had borne the injured man within and the surgeon who was soon there said the injury was a serious one, though not necessarily fatal.

The next day a posse of officers and private citizens scoured the country, but no trace of the criminal could be found. Frank after firing the shot ran rapidly through the backyard and by way of back alleys and dark streets escaped from the city. He ran all night as if trying to get away from his brother's cry, which kept ringing in his ears. The next day he concealed himself in a straw stack and was not discovered by those searching for him. For a week he hid by day and traveled by night to get as far away as possible from the scene of his crime. One evening toward dusk Frank entered a small town and the first place he went to was the saloon. He eagerly drank the liquor and soon became drunk. Following the railroad out of the town for a short distance he lay down beside the track and was soon fast asleep. The next morning the papers announced the finding of the body of a man who had been crushed by the midnight express.

H. S., '04.
Miss R. of the "A" class translates; "There is great misery in love!"

Prof. Perhaps you do not appreciate these lines.

Never before have the prospects for successful laboratory work at the Academy been better. The latest addition has been a new Dudd and Struthers, four-plate statis electric machine with complete X Ray outfit valued at two hundred and twenty five dollars. The liberal donor of this very opportune gift is Mr. Casjens the Orange City Electrical specialist. The Classic wishes to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Casjens for his loyal interest in the Academy's welfare. May others follow the praiseworthy example.

In response to their name of the roll call, the club boys gave the following quotation:
"I'm sorry that I speak the word. I hate to go above you. Because her brown eyes downward fell, because you see, I love you." Miss J. v. d. M., and Mr. v. Z. have planned a trip to the Netherlands.

Prof. in History to "D" class pupil.
"Frank, I would rather not have you put your arm around Mr. C. for it might make him nervous, I know it does me."

The class of '97 have started a class letter.

Miss Elnie Krohnke visited some of her Orange City friends last week.

A young lady and gentleman of the "A" class, always play, "hold hands" in Latin class.

In the last issue the name of the writer of the article on "Stoves" was omitted by mistake. It was an address delivered by Rev. J. P. Winter, to the students of the Academy on "Day of Prayer for Colleges", Jan. 29.

Rah! Rah! Rye! Who am I? I am Johnnie, the whole pie.

The Society gave the following program to a large audience Friday, Feb. 20.

Oration "The boy is father to the man," Gertie Beyer.
Chorus Columbia, the city of the Youn, Oration "The Lincoln-Douglas Debate," J. J. rainer Schaff.
Recitation, Lincoln's favorite Poem.
Quartette, Recitation, Gettysburg address, Doris Hospers Oration, "The Assassination," G. v. feyret.
Recitation Captain by Captain, Diderickson, Address, Lessons to be learned from Lincoln's life, Prize, Souvenir. America by Audience.

De Alumni.

"W". We clip the following from the Sioux Center correspondence in The Herald: "Rev. and Mrs. Heemstra were pleasantly surprised by the members of his church last Thursday night. The evening was spent in games and song and the good things that the ladies had taken along to eat. As a token of their esteem and appreciation the guests left behind them a beautiful and commodious bookcase."

"I". Rev. H. P. Schuurmans of Grand Rapids, Mich., was called to the pastorate of the Ref. church at Leota, Minn.

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Miss Gertie Hospers is unable to attend to her school duties on account of a severe attack of the mumps.

Miss Grace Gerritsen has been elected to the intermediate grades in the Hospers, Ia. schools.

Miss Anna Rouwenhorst is suffering of an attack of the "Gripp." An interesting paper was read before the Fortnightly club by Susan A. Meyer on the subject, "The benefits of studying Latin." Dick Mysekens took part in the annual Oratorical contest at Hope College as a representative of the Sophomore class. His subject was "Souvenir! Ouvrière!"

Mr. Isaac Hospers has been elected Professor of Latin in the High School of Parker, S. D. The Classic congratulates.

On February 27th, at about midday, occurred the death of the Rev. Gerards Te Kolste, of Ebenezzer, Mich. This is perhaps the most unexpected death that has ever occurred among the alumni of the N. W. C. A. Mr. Te Kolste had been sick only six or seven weeks; from time to time reports came to us that he was sick with bronchitis or tonsillitis; but in all this there was nothing alarming, and the last news we had was that he was convalescent. Then suddenly came the news that he was already departed.

There is much in this death that is sad. Mr. Te Kolste had just entered upon his life work. He was graduated from the Academy in '95, class salutatorian, for his scholarship. Then followed four years of close study at Hope College and three at Western Theol. Seminary, from which he was graduated last May, again honored at commencement for his scholarship. His ability as a preacher won him a unanimous call from the Ref. church at Ebenezzer, Mich. Last August he was united in marriage with Miss Henrietta Zwemer (N. W. C. A. '95) and the happy couple entered gladly upon their hardy work. Last Christmas the church expressed its appreciation of their work by presenting them a handsome cutter and robe. And then, while the outlook for joy and service was so bright, came the insidious disease to tear him from his church, from his service to man, from the heart of his young bride. So sudden was his death that his parents could not even be present to hear his last farewell. What a shattering of human hopes! How staggering and unfathomable is such a death!

A friend writes that his end was peace. In his last hour his Heavenly Father doubtless made this providence plain, acceptable and welcome to him. For thus there remains the mystery unsolved,—a yawnning chasm from the brink of which we look back in amazement. Our poor hearts clench at the hope that "sometime, somewhere, we'll understand." J. E. K.

"Laugh and Grow Fat!"

Life is such a serious business to the average mortal that an opportunity for a hearty laugh is more than welcome to most people. A hearty laugh does good like a medicine, and so do the humorous features of that great metropolitan daily. The Only News Herald. The first thing that greets you on the first page of every issue is this humoristic cartoon by John T. McCutcheon, the well-known artist, that frequently tells more in a glance than could be conveyed in a column of reading material. Also a humorous small story on the editorial page and the "Alternating Currents" column written by S. E. Rhea, one of the most popular humorists in the country.
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THE CLASSIC

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MARGARET HUIZENGA.
A. J. E. HUIZENGA, A. B.
JOHN WESSELINK, A. B.

STUDIES.

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Adequate provision has also been made to afford by normal instruction, competent training for those who expect to teach in our public schools. The studies have been arranged very carefully and are designed for moral 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 Encyclopaedia 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 eight 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' club 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 St. Paul & Northern at Moville, 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.