APRIL, 1904.

The Classic.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGE CITY, IOWA.

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Editorial.

AGAIN the time has come for the old staff to make room for the new. We feel that with our best efforts and intentions we have failed to meet the just demands of our readers and patrons. The year has been one of hard work. Many times have we sacrificed all in order to be able to give The Classic its due share of attention. However, fairly more would we have done, provided this had improved our journal. For all this exertion we have never asked nor even desired any pay save the good will of the public. Looking back we feel constrained to thank all the patrons of this paper for their warm support. We owe a debt of gratitude to all those who have shown an interest in our enterprise. Our subscription list has been enlarged somewhat, while the support of the local advertisers has not been as favorable as might have been expected. Still on the whole, we have every reason to be thankful, since, by the liberal contributions of our friends, the paper is on a better basis financially now than it was last year. Our personal gain is not to be counted in dollars and cents, but the year's work has been a pure gain in education and training in the practical affairs of life. Indeed it affords us much pleasure to be able to cast our mantels upon the shoulders of our successors. We do this, not because we are tired of serving the public in this capacity, but because we feel confident that wherever we failed they, profited by our experience, will succeed, and wherever we met with success, they will improve upon our most brilliant achievements. Wishing our successors godspeed, and our readers a most affectionate farewell, we drop our wasted quill, and of necessity feel content to see it taken to some dusty shelf in the attic or some useless drawer somewhere in a remote corner of the basement.
ARCHITECTS, builders and insurance investigators, are much interested in the Baltimore fire, in order that they may draw conclusions as to the effect of fire on different materials. It is said that no fire has ever occurred in the history of the world where a greater variety of buildings were damaged or destroyed, and therefore this event gives an excellent opportunity to draw conclusions as to what materials will best withstand fire. One thing is certain, that it is exceedingly hard, if not impossible, to build a structure, which will not be damaged at all by the intense heat of such great fires. Polished granite withstood the heat better than the rough surface, although not only granite, but marble and other stone was subjected to such a temperature that it cracked off pillars and other portions of the walls in chips, some weighing four or five pounds. The sidewalks around these buildings were piled with pieces of granite, marble, and brownstone to a depth of three feet in some places. Buildings erected of what was supposed to be the most durable material and provided with the best appliances which modern ingenuity has devised for protection against fire, were damaged as well as the others. Of the larger buildings that were not ruined, the interiors must be entirely renewed, and the floors of concrete are crumbled away, pieces falling down nearly every day a week after the fire had occurred.

It is believed that the superheated air blown ahead of the fire ignited some of the buildings. In no other way can the fact be accounted for that buildings of solid masonry and steel, protected by "fireproof" shutters began to burn while the fire was still three or four hundred feet away. The fire was produced within the building by the air penetrating it, for in many cases it was seen that the windows bursted and that the flames rushed out of them from the inside.

It is also said that brick and terra cotta were damaged less than any other material, and therefore these two materials are by far the best to withstand fire.

THERE exists no longer any doubt but what William R. Hearst will make a most determined and effective effort to secure the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. His case is unique in the history of the Democratic party. Never before has a man so utterly obscure been a candidate for this responsible office, and that the leaders of the party are greatly agitated about the matter, needs no explanation. He is a young man, born on the Pacific coast. Lately he graduated from Harvard College and now occupies a seat in Congress for a district in New York. He is absolutely void of all knowledge and experience in national affairs that constitute the requisites of a statesman; was never known to manage difficult political problems brought up in Congress, and has practically exerted no influence in that body save through his vote. Only until recently he was unknown in the country.

The sources of his influence and strength as an aspirant for the candidacy are twofold. He is the proprietor of three papers, one in New York, another in Chicago, and a third in San Francisco, while he intends to establish a fourth journal in St. Louis. These papers have a large circulation, especially among the working class of the nation, and they are the exact exponents of yellow journalism. He pretends to favor the laboring class, and with his trash he makes them incendiary to their employers. Better times are promised the laborer by making the breach between the employer and employee still wider than it is. While the great men of the nation are trying to solve the labor question by restoring peace between the two hostile parties, Hearst adopts the very opposite policy. The dissatisfied element devours this incendiary reading matter with a relish, and hails him as the advocate of their claims. Besides his influence as a journalist, his second source of strength lies in his great wealth. This has enabled him to establish in every community of the nation, where effective work for him can be done, branches of a most potent organization. With these resources at his command, Mr. Hearst sways the sentiment of the common people, while he keeps the great leaders of his party spell bound. No one dares to attack him, for this means nothing less than a personal contest, from which the most determined will shrink. However, it is not expected that the Democratic party will select as their leader and candidate a man who has no resources save wealth and yellow journalism.

My Home.

My home is situated in South Dakota, on the banks of the Missouri River, in Bon Homme Co., near the town of Running Water. The country, except along the creeks and rivers, is just about the same as it is here in Iowa. There it is very rough and hilly, especially along the Missouri River, where it is exceedingly broken with bluffs that have perpendicular sides.

The river has flood plains about two miles wide. Part of which has grown to forest, the rest is used for farming purposes for which it is well adapted. Some of the hills are of pure sand with a small layer of heavier soil on top, on which thrives a grass commonly known as buffalo
THE CLASSIC.

The Fate of The Olesons.

One cold autumn day in the latter part of the sixties the people living in the neighborhood now covered by Chicago beheld an old man coming down the road with a staggering gait and a forlorn look. He appeared to be about seventy years of age, was thinly clad in a threadbare suit of black serge, large heavy shoes, no mittens and an old felt hat none the better for wear. Those of the people who had not lived long in that neighborhood did not know him, but some of the old settlers recognized him as old man Oleson, who had moved from that place to Indiana ten years before. He walked to a place where he knew some of his old friends still lived and asked for food and shelter.

People were much surprised at seeing the old man in distress. He had left them not many years ago with a family consisting of a wife, a few years his junior, and four grown up children. They were well to do, willing to work, good neighbors and members of the church. The news was soon spread through the neighborhood that the old man had been turned out of the house by his children, with whom he had not lived peacefully since the death of his wife, a few years ago. Two of his children had been disappointed in love, and for this they brought false accusation against their father, and it ended in turning him out of the house to shift for himself.

For some time the old man lived among his old friends in Illinois. There were none among them who could afford to keep him and he entered the poor house of that County. Here he was treated with the cruelty that is often inflicted upon one so helpless. His mind became unbalanced and he ended his days in the insane asylum.

Meanwhile his sons and daughters lived on the family estate in Indiana. The two youngest were soon married after having, as they said, had their own way about things. They lived on farms and gained much in wealth but little in self control and neighborly conduct. It seemed their treatment of their father had sown in them the seeds which go to make so many bad people. They were on the bad side of everything. Their neighbors held as little communication with them as possible, the church had no support from the Olesons, in every session of the District Court there was a lawsuit, which they had brought about; even in their own homes their behavior was shocking.

This miserable kind of life was closed by an untimely death. The daughter died of the effects of a bad burn caused by the explosion of a gasoline stove, which was the result of her own carelessness. The son met his death at a still earlier age. One Sunday
morning he spent most of his time in a saloon of a neighboring vil-
lage, and in the afternoon of that day, while half drunk, he was
shot by a comrade, who had been with him in the morning.

The two who remained continued to live on the farm, but their
life was crowded with misery. They remained single and after the
death of their father quarreled over the estate. During a lawsuit
over this matter the young man tried to kill the judge for the deci-
sion he had made. He was sentenced to a term of twenty years in
the state prison and there he died.

The lawyers who had pleaded the case took what there was left
of the family estate and the one daughter was left to shift for her
self. Her last days were full of misery. She grew lazy as she grew
older and tried almost everything from taking in washing to fortune
telling, the latter bringing the greatest returns. She died in pov-
erty, the last two years of her life being spent as a friendless
beggar.

This ended the last of the once happy family of the Olesons,
who had lived so peacefully in their quiet home in Illinois. It seems
that the beginning of this misery was sown when they turned their
aged father out of their home. H. D. V. '94.

Lost in a Snowstorm.

On a day in January, several years ago, my friend and I set out
for a neighboring city to transact some business. The city was
twelve miles distant. We made the trip in a comparatively short
time, for the conditions of the roads were very good.

After we had reached the city, we put the horses in the livery
barn, went to a restaurant and ate some lunch, and went about
transacting our business. By the time we were through, night
had already come on, but we hitched up our horses and set out for
home. We were busy talking, when suddenly we heard a roaring
noise. We stopped the horses and listened. We at once knew that
this was the forewarning of an approaching blizzard. Knowing
there was a grove a short distance ahead, we urged on the horses
and reached the sheltered side of the grove just as the storm burst
upon us.

From the moment that the storm burst upon us we realized
the impossibility of proceeding any further toward home. All the
air was full of drifting snow, and so much so that we could see
nothing except what was nearest to us on either side. We succeed-
ed in unhitching the horses, but with great difficulty, for they were
frightened by the storm and refused to stand still. We had no
place to put them, and the only thing we could do was to let them
choose a place for themselves. After we had finished this work we
determined upon some means by which we could spend the night
here. The only plausible plan by which we could shelter ourselves
was to take the box from off the sled, turn it upside down, and go
in under it. The box, however, was not high enough in its ordinary
state to permit of anything like this. Then we put a rock under
each corner of the box and packed snow all around it, except a
small place for an opening to enter. This snow we tramped down
hard and it formed good walls for our improvised hut. Thus we
had a fair protection from the storm.

We then ate a lunch of some crackers and cheese, which we
had bought in the city. We made a bed out of some blankets that
were in the sleigh. During all this time the force of the wind had
been steadily increasing, and by this time it seemed as if our hut
would be blown away. We soon fell asleep. During the course of
the night I awoke and found that the wind had calmed, but that it
was very cold. I soon fell asleep again, and when I awoke again I
saw that day was dawning. After arousing my friend, I cleared
away some of the snow from the back of the box. This was hard
work on account of the amount that had drifted against it. After
a short time an opening large enough for a man to crawl through
was made.

As we emerged into the open air, we found that the storm had
ceased, the wind had gone down entirely, and the sun was shining
brightly. Our horses were found after a short search. They had
taken refuge from the storm in a place where the trees were very
close together, and where there were thick brushes and under-
growth. Here they had been all night, safe from the storm. They
were unharmed, although very cold. We next took the sled out of
the snow and put the box back on it. Then we hitched the horses
to it and started for home. The progress of our journey was slow
on account of the great amount of snow on the ground, and the
blocking of the road by the drifted snow. We arrived home safely
little past noon.

M. G. V. O., '05.

The Ingratitude of a Child.

"Why should the letter come at this time. I cannot give up the
ball." These angry words were heard coming from the lips of a
very pretty dark-eyed girl, as she sat up in her cozy room at col-
lege, after having devoured the contents of a letter. This letter
which had caused her so much annoyance was from her father, who
THE CLASSIC.
Published Monthly during the School Year by the Students of the N. W. C. A.

J. J. Van der Schaeft, '94, Editor in Chief

Locals.
Miss Corn Newhouse spent her vacation at Sheldon.

Miss Jennie Roetman visited the Academy, March 10th.

J. C. De Bruyn was seen at Middleburgh during vacation.

We are all back for the last term of the year and locals are scarce as ever.

Misses Effie Hospers and Smith of the High School visited the Academy, March 21st.

We hope you will all give heed to "Subscription Due" on the first page of your paper. We must have money to pay for the paper you have been reading.

The new Class Staff is as follows:

Editor in Chief............. J. C. De Bruyn '05
Asst. Editor............. A. Te Paske '05
Literary............. Tilly De Jong '05
Local............. G. Van Nuese '05
Asst. Local............. Christina Bouwekloen '06
Alumni............. Agnes Stapelcamp '05
Exchange............. Eda Kongners '05
Business Manager............. D. Ederwock '05
Asst. Business Manager .. W. A. Bauman '06

The Academy Endowment Fund received another gift of $8900 from a certain friend in Orange City, who desires to keep his name secret. Such secret givers receive the highest praise and The Classic takes this opportunity to thank them.

The "A's" were asked to write a description of a fly. Everybody rushed into the reading room to consult the Encyclopedias. However, nothing was to be found that treated the subject. After a "Ne plus non" search, the brightest of them all found the following: "Fly: A domestic animal too well known for any explanation."

was a poor working man in the town of A....... He had a family of eight small children, of whom she was the eldest. She being their first child, her parents had made a vow, that cost what it might, they would give her a good education. Although her parents could not afford it, she was sent to college at the age of sixteen and at this time was in her senior year. The letter which was mentioned before was the second one she had received; the first being from her little brother, asking her to come home, and telling her that her mother was very sick. The second letter ran thus:

DEAR KATIE:— Your mother is dangerously ill, come home. We have not enough money to pay for a doctor. Come right away for your mother's sake.

YOUR FATHER.

After a moment of thought she took out paper and pencil and answered in this way:

DEAR FATHER:— Am sorry that mother is sick. I cannot come home tonight on account of a dress sale. I am sorry that you cannot send me the money for a dress. I will come in a few days.

In haste, CATHERINE.

The music was softly floating through the rooms, and every where was heard the sound of laughter and the rustling of silks.

Catherine B., very becomingly dressed, was sitting on a low divan, surrounded by suitors, who suddenly some one tapped her shoulder. She turned around and saw one of the servants, who said, "Telegram for you, from your father, Miss". A look of annoyance passed over her lovely face. But she took the message and opened it. While noting its contents, her face suddenly paled, dropped the note and fainted away at the feet of the servant. He, with the help of the others, dashed water over her and carried her to her room. The note, which had so greatly disturbed her, contained the following:

DAUGHTER:— You will be too late. After continually asking for you, your mother died.

FATHER.

On the platform of the depot at midnight a young lady was seen impatiently walking to and fro, waiting for the coming of the train that would carry her to her home. After a few minutes the train arrived. After a few days of travelling she reached home just in time to see the death form of her mother. Her father sadly met her at the door with outstretched arms. She fell into his arms and asked for forgiveness. After the burial of her mother she stayed at home and took care of her father and the children, a much wiser and better girl than she had been before.

E. H. '06.
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Do a General Law Business.

Misses Lizzie Schalekamp, Bertha Van de Gon and Mr. Hugo Kuyper were on the sick list.

Some of the boys spent their vacation earning dollars by means of canvassing stereoscopic views.

A combined physiology class has been formed for the Spring term under the care of Prin. J. Van der Schaaf, Valedictorian; Helen Sloh, Salutatory; Gertie Beyer, Class History and Prophecy.

The "A's" have organized for Biology work under direction of Miss Walvoord.

W. A. Bouman of the "C" class visited Dakota on business Saturday, March 19th.

Since Spring weather has again come, Athletics are receiving close attention. The ladies play, basket ball and the boys stick to base ball. We have almost everything that is necessary for a good base ball team, but we still lack enthusiasm, and if anyone knows where to procure this we would be glad to hear from him. Mr. De Vries is captain and Mr. Vermeer manager for the season. With such management the team ought to do good work.

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"Give me a call boys.

At the Spring opening of school the floors of the building were oiled, and some of the students found it convenient to sit down on them and take a rest at odd times.

The Greek section of the "A" class finished the Anabasis at the close of the winter term. They are the first class that has accomplished this and that certainly speaks well for the boys.

We are pleased to announce that Miss Lucy Sturrop, whose sickness we mentioned in the last issue, is back in our ranks. Neither the "B" class nor the Academy can afford to lose Miss Sturrop.

The following are the officers elected at a recent meeting of the Philomathian Literary Society:

President: A. F. Van Rye
Vice Pres. D. P. Eilerbrook
Sec'y.: Wm. Vries
Treas. J. A. Bouman
Sergeant-at-Arms: W. A. Kuyper

Resolutions.

Since it has pleased the Almighty Father in his allwise Providence to sorely afflict our friend and class-mate, Gertie Beyer, by the death of her dear sister:

Resolved: That we, the members of the "A" class of the N. W. C. A., express our sincere sympathy and commiseration with our esteemed class-mate and the bereaved family in their sorrow, and commend them to the care of Him, who in his mercy, although sorely wounds, also heals.

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.

Burnie Flikkema, Hugo Kuyper,
De Alumnis.

99. P. D. Van Oosterhout was at Grinnell on business.
90. At the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Oggel a little daughter was born, March 15.
92. Sunday, March 20, Cornie Hospers visited Sioux City.
99. W. Lübberton has returned from a long sojourn in the State of Washington.
92. Rev. Heemstra from the Central Ref. Church of Sioux Center paid Orange City friends and relatives a visit.
93. Miss Jennie Van der Meide from Grinnell, Ia., spent her vacation at home.
91. Mr. J. J. Heeren has been elected president of the Y. M. C. A. at Grinnell.
90. J. Gleysteen was out on a visit to Grinnell, Ia.
Jno. Hospers contemplates to run for the position of Co. Attorney.
92. In a debate on "Capital Punishment" the Western boys Messrs. Penning, Muyskens and DeZeeuw dealt the Michigan chaps a most crushing defeat.
Annie Smith (Hollander) has entered upon a life "Among The Hills."
92. Rev. D. C. Raigh of the Amoy Mission of China was married at Hong Kong, Feb. 3rd, to Miss Christiina Alice Marshall Corst of Yokohama, Japan. The bride's father is a Hollander. Mrs. Raigh was a member of the Union Church at Yokohama having professed her faith there last year.
92. Rev. Jno. Heemstra has received a call from the Ref. Church at Newkirk, Ia. The congregation at Sioux Center is living in great anxiety for fear their pastor will leave them.
96. April 6 in the church at Harrison, S. D., occurred the marriage of Jno. Straks to Miss Bessie Vis. Soon after the wedding the young couple will leave for Clymer, New York, from whence Mr. Straks has received a call. The Classic joins the host of friends in wishing them success and the happiest of wedded life.
91. Miss Mary Muyskens has returned to her home at Alton, from Iowa College. The young lady intends to enter upon the teaching profession.
92. Dr. Hart Beyer was in Orange City, April 5.
92. Prof. B. Dykstra is spending his vacation in Sioux County.
90. Dr. Herman Oggel from Maurice visited the County seat April 5.
91. Mr. J. Van der Meide was elected treasurer of the school board of Orange City.
94. '91. At Holland, Michigan, the home of the bride, on April 6, took place the marriage of Rev. S. Nettinga to Miss Kate Zwenmer. Both parties are well known and respected, and The Classic deems it an extraordinary privilege to extend the most sincere congratulations to the worthy couple. Rev. Nettinga is pastor of the Ref. Church of Spring Lake, Mich., where the young couple will reside for the present.
92. Wieriks is now in the service of Uncle Sam. He has accepted a position as rural mail carrier on one of the Hospers roads.
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'93. Thursday evening, Apr. 7, at 6:30 at the home of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. M. Rhynsburger occurred the marriage of their daughter Miss Marie to Leo T. Oggel, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Oggel. Rev. J. P. Winter, pastor of the American Ref. Church, performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by only relatives and the intimate friends of the contracting parties. The bride and groom grew up in Orange City and are among our most worthy young people.

'88. P. D. Van Oosterhout has been re-elected mayor of Orange City.

'99. Anthony Te Paske has been re-elected mayor of Sioux Center.

'02. Dick Rhynsburger returned home from Iowa City to attend the wedding of his sister Marie.

'01. Jennie Muilenburg spent Sunday in Hull at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. Van den Burg.

'00. Ella Beyer had a severe attack of pneumonia, but we are glad to say that she has fully recovered.

'03. Mrs. Clarence Schaap from LeMars spent a few days at her mother's home in Orange City.

'01. Henrietta Van Rooyen was offered a position in the town school, vacated by Miss Schur. She declined the offer.

'02. Miss Fay Wilcox spent her Spring vacation at Ames.

'96. Mr. and Mrs. Al Jongewaard from Chicago were called home on account of the severe illness and death of their father, Mr. C. Jongewaard.

'92. W. C. Spang is expected home next summer.

Insurance News.

Insurance men of the West who read the daily columns of Insurance Information in THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD keep pace with the times and are prepared for all emergencies and contingencies that have grown into the insurance business. The column "With Insurance Men" gives in compact form all the latest dollops in the insurance world, and is compiled by insurance men everywhere to be the best and most up-to-date report published by any newspaper in the United States. The RECORD-HERALD does not copy its information from insurance journals, but accepts it first hand from managers, agents and companies and by telegraph from its own special correspondents, by telephone and in special cable dispatches from abroad. The New York service of THE RECORD-HERALD's insurance department is copied by no other paper. In fact, THE RECORD-HERALD is the only daily newspaper that gives insurance men the first information of any event in the insurance business.

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N. W. C. A. '88 '94.

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2nd. What is its equipment?
3rd. What expense is involved?

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PRINCIPAL.

ORANGE CITY, IOWA.

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Dept. of History, - MISS A. KREMER.
Dept. of English, - PROF. E. J. STRICK.