

DAKOTA COUNTY HERALD.

ALL THE NEWS WHEN IT IS NEWS

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DAKOTA CITY, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1918

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

GLEANED FROM

OUR EXCHANGES

Allen News: Mrs. A. D. Chapel had the misfortune Wednesday morning to fall and break her right arm.

Sioux City Tribune, 28: One thousand letters from overseas were received at the South Sioux City post-office this week, according to reports.

Wynot Tribune: Conductor E. J. Morin resumed his run on the forenoon train Tuesday after being laid up for several weeks with the influenza.

Ponda, Iowa, Times: Burt Kroessen of the Times, was at Ft. Dodge Friday attending the Upper Des Moines Editorial association. Fort Dodge entertained the newspaper boys royally.

Lyons Mirror: John Spencer, of Chihuahua, Mexico, is here on a visit at the home of his father-in-law, Geo. W. Little, Mrs. Spencer having remained here while her husband was in Mexico.

Obert items in Wynot Tribune: Lewis Tesdall, Frank Stevens and Alfred Tesdall were business visitors at Jackson Monday. W. C. Heikes shipped in a couple of cars of young cattle this week which he purchased at Newcastle.

Sioux City Journal, 29: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Spears have departed for Emerson, Neb., where they passed Thanksgiving in the home of Mrs. Spear's mother. Fern Lois Pendell returned Wednesday from Jackson, Neb., to spend the Thanksgiving season with her mother, Mrs. Clara J. Pendell. Mr. and Mrs. Claude Heikes, of Homer, Neb., were the guests for Thanksgiving dinner yesterday of Mrs. Heikes' mother, Mrs. Julia Nixon.

Winnebago Chieftain: Tilden Harris was visiting his parents in Homer last Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Tilden Harris will spend Thanksgiving in Macey. Mrs. A. E. Jennings of South Sioux City, was a visitor at the home of Mrs. Jay Larkin last week. Cecil Merle Beltz, who died at Jackson last Monday from an attack of Spanish flu followed by pneumonia, was buried Wednesday in the Homer cemetery. The Winnebago home guards of which the deceased was an honored member, and whose uniform he wore in death, acted as pallbearers. The beautiful floral offering of the home guards and other friends in Winnebago were testimony of the esteem in which the young man was held. His mother went to Jackson on receipt of the letter informing her of his illness and his father and brother Earl followed a few days later and were with Merle at the time of his death. Mrs. Beltz was taken sick a few days after arriving in Jackson and after her son's death was taken to St. Joseph's hospital in Sioux City, where she is seriously ill. Mr. Beltz is at home sick and their daughter Evelyn, and son Hayden, are at the Agency hospital, as also are Walter Beltz and his son, all having the flu.

Emerson Enterprise: Messrs. Sol Smith and Ernest Enke were in

Sioux City Tuesday and Wednesday where they took additional work in the Masonic lodge. George Haase has returned from his eastern trip. He was gone two weeks and visited New York, Washington, Philadelphia and St. Louis. He reports a very pleasant trip with the exception of a bad stumble which resulted in a painful injury to his mouth. The influenza claimed another victim on Monday, when Herman Dostad, who lived near Emerson, died last Monday. He was ill for several days, but continued at his farm work until he was no longer able to be about. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ole Dostad of Emerson. Herman Dostad was born near Emerson in Dakota county, January 26, 1886, and died November 25, 1918, aged 32 years, 9 months, 29 days. He was married to Miss Edith Monsell, February 19, 1912. He is survived by his parents, three sisters, Anna, Luella and Ellen; two brothers, Lewis and Henry; his wife Edith and two children, Donald Irvin, age three, and Derwent, aged one. The services were held at the home Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock, Rev. Charles Lewis officiating. Interment was in the Jopp cemetery east of Emerson. A social event of much interest was solemnized by a nuptial high mass at the Sacred Heart church of Emerson on Wednesday morning at nine o'clock, Rev. F. Burke officiating when Mary D. Dokes, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Sherlock of Emerson, and William Marron, son of Mrs. Henry Marron, of South Creek, were united in the holy bonds of marriage. To the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march played by Mrs. James Fimmel of Jackson, the young couple marched to the altar and plighted their vows "til death do us part." The bride was born and reared in this community, where she has many friends with whom she is very popular and is highly respected by the entire community. The groom is one of South Creek's most highly esteemed and successful farmers. He has a fine farm near South Creek. After a trip to the Shrine of St. Anne, in Canada, Mr. and Mrs. Marron will be at home on the Jim Sherlock farm northwest of Emerson.

Back to the Old Style Corn Meal

How would you like to have some of the good old-fashioned corn meal our fathers used to enjoy so much? The Extension Service of the University of Nebraska College of Agriculture advocates the installation of small mills by co-operative elevators for the purpose of grinding corn meal and whole wheat flour. Modern corn meal lacks the corn germ, the best part. Such meal keeps better but lacks in flavor. The removal of this germ is largely the reason corn meal has lost its popularity in the last decade. Another reason for urging small elevator mills is the amount of cheap food they would provide. Corn can be made into meal for one cent a pound, or much cheaper than the average commercial miller wants to make it. Still a third reason for such mills is the manufacture of whole wheat flour. The use of such flour is urged for health reasons, as well as for conservation.

FOR SALE

One extra heavy Concord Harness, with leather collars, new last spring. A Round Oak stove, nearly new. One 9x2 Rug.

WALTER E. MILLER, Dakota City, Neb.

Peace Brings Us New Mouths to Feed



SOLDIER'S LETTER

From Donald Best to his mother, Mrs. G. M. Best.

Wednesday Eve, Nov. 6th. Dear Mother and Folks: It is just a month today since I left the old U. S. A. We laid in the harbor the first night on board ship.

The first five days out were rough and there sure was a bunch of sick lads on board. It didn't bother me at all, in fact I wasn't a bit sick the whole trip. I was put on guard the first night at a hatch between the second and third decks. I was on between eight and twelve, and believe me I had my hands full—I was a regular traffic cop. The stairway came up from the third deck to the second, then turned up onto the upper deck, and the stairs were kept hot with lads going to feed the fish. One lad came up to where I was, so sick he could hardly navigate. I grabbed him to help him make the turn and he said, "Damn it, I just got back and have to go again."

It was a grand trip. I would go on deck and sit by the hour just watching the water and the other ships—that is when I wasn't on guard or lookout, which was nearly every night and day for the first week, because well soldiers were a scarce article. I read four books on the way over, supplied by the Y. M. C. A.

This is the first chance I have had to write. While at rest camp (we called it the labor camp) my squad was the ration and wood squad. Each battery had a squad for the same work. We hauled the rations in a cart and got the wood just wherever we could find it.

This is a very pretty country and I like it fine. Everything is high priced. On our hike from the dock to the rest camp French children met us along the road selling candy, nuts, and cookies. A little bar of fruit candy about 2 inches long and three quarters of an inch thick cost 15c, and five cents for one cookie about the size of a gingersnap. You can get about two pounds of white grapes for a dollar. Cigarettes and tobacco are very scarce. I haven't had a good cigarette for a long time. The government issues us three packages of Bull Durham and a plug of horseshoe every month.

I was made corporal while at the rest camp. I have the second squad. Riddle and Mains are in my squad and we have fine times.

There is a town both on the north and south of us about two miles. We can go to town as soon as we are through work in the evening, but have to be back by 9:45. Four of us walked in last Sunday afternoon. I bought this paper and envelopes—got four sheets of paper and four envelopes for four cents.

Thursday Eve—This is sure a happy camp tonight. We were all lined up for supper when one of the officers came over and announced that the war was over and that we could go the limit, so we were back by reveille. I am not going for the simple reason that I am broke. I bought a cup at the rest camp for ten francs, or two dollars, and a fountain pen for 20 francs, and other things sort of eat my roll up.

We will all be wondering now when we will leave, which I hope won't be long. Well, I will have to close now because I guess I have written about all that will get by the censor.

Riddle and I are alone in the

tent tonight, the rest of the boys went to town. I am feeling fine, never better in my life.

Your loving son,
Corp. Donald T. Best,
Battery D, 48th Art. C. A. C.
A. E. F. France, via New York.

From Harold Van de Zedde to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Van de Zedde.

Somewhere in France, Oct. 30, 1918. Dear Folks: Received your letter about two weeks ago, but we have moved, so this is the first chance I had to write. I am getting along fine, feel good, and have seen a lot since I have been here, but cannot say much about it. I will sure have a lot to tell you when I get back.

Had four pancakes for breakfast this morning, the first I have had since I have been in the army, and they sure tasted good—no like mother used to make, though. I have not seen nor heard from Verne Altemus as yet. That Company I was in was all split up to fill up another Company. Well, I hope this finds you folks all well and happy. Tell Ruby you received this letter. Paper and envelopes are scarce here.

Well, Goodbye, from your son,
Pvt. Harold T. Van de Zedde,
Co. F, 138 U. S. Inf., A. P. O., 743 B.
A. E. F., France.

From Harry Broyhill to his mother, Mrs. Mollie Broyhill.

Somewhere in France, Oct. 20, 1918. Dear Mother: Well, here it is Sunday, and am well and happy as a lark, and hope you are the same.

I sure was glad to hear that you were going to Iowa, for I think it will do you good. I got a letter today, No. 1, so just keep on numbering them so I can see whether I am getting all of them or not. We had a football game today and our squadron, the 25th won 7 to 0. We are having some rainy weather here and it is pretty cold now, and I suppose when you receive this letter you will have snow.

I get a chance to vote his year, what do you know about that? I never thought that I would get a chance to vote in France. I got a letter from Lincoln the other day and am going to vote tonight.

Well, I will close for this time, hoping to hear from you soon. Your loving son,

Sgt. Harry A. Broyhill,
35th Aero Sqdn., U. S. Air Service.
A. E. F., France, via N. Y. C.

DAKOTA CITY SCHOOL NOTES

Marguerite Shreiner Principal

Marie Ross is substituting in the 7th and 8th grade room. Miss Elliott was unable to return for a few days because of the illness of her mother at her home in Tekamah.

Dakota City is fortunate in having so little sickness. Many schools in this vicinity will be closed until after Christmas because of influenza.

The new piano is affording much entertainment for the girls. The building resounds with singing during the entire noon hour.

Ralph Perry has entered school again.

Isalena Berger has enrolled in the eleventh grade. She formerly attended school at Homer.

Stella Jones has entered the 4th grade.

The Herald—1 year, \$1.25.

Lutheran Church Notes

By Rev. C. R. Lowe.

We are too close to the events of the big world's war to see things in the correct perspective. In fact there's little we can see in its true relations, even the fact of victory at arms itself. One of the difficult things to appreciate the value of the United War Work. Our army must be kept in good spirits. Morale is not all the wish to go over the top after the enemy, but it has to do with the whole disposition and moods of the soldier. It has to do with the days he is not on the firing line as well as those when he is. The army that will laugh and joke is the army which will have the better fighting spirit and by the same token will be the winner in the end. The last conflict indicates this, at least.

To this end has been the work of the seven agencies of the recent United War Work drive. To provide recreation and play, to provide reading matter to divert the minds of the soldiers from their gruesome work, to feed their minds as well as their bodies. And eats, how a soldier loves to eat, but they are working hard. In the drilling in camp before they go across, if you think life is easy and happy, just try it on. Mighty few of the boys have intimated it is a snap. And "over there" the pace is furious as well as a bit dangerous, if we read the papers right. And a strict enforcement of a higher code of morals than any army has known before, that is what our Yanks have had. An immoral and socially rotten army has not the powers of the clean troops. Even the officers chief duty is no longer to curse the privates.

Another hard thing for a lot of people to understand is that the power behind this thing is the religious forces of the country in action. Such action for the religious forces is new. There was nothing of the sort in the Civil War. The recreation huts of the Y. M. C. A., K. C. and all the rest were eyeopeners to the British and the French. It has been primarily the concern of the religious bodies to furnish clean sports, clean surroundings, and clean influences for the soldiers, and it was soon recognized as a powerful force for upbuilding the army's morale, and it was speedily endorsed by the officials. If there had not been the religious bodies behind it, it would

never have been. Everybody supported it because it was a mighty good thing. The churches are modest and do not claim any great credit, or blow any horn, but just the same they are the instigators and carriers on.

Mr. August Henry Labahn was buried from his home six miles west of Homer last Friday afternoon in the Jopp cemetery. Mr. Labahn was born Feb. 2, 1837, in Prussia, and died in his home Nov. 23, 1918. He leaves a wife, who is very severely ill, suffering from a recent stroke of paralysis, two daughters, Mrs. Hugh Mundy, who with her husband, lives with her parents, and Mrs. Alva Trtss, and two sons, Charles and John Labahn, all of Homer.

Mr. Labahn seemed to be in his usual health in the evening, he had sat at his wife's bedside in the evening and talked with the family as usual. About 7:30 he retired. His daughter, Mrs. Mundy, was continually passing thru the room waiting on her mother. She noticed her father lay perfectly quiet, and thought it strange that he made no move at all, and about 11:30 she went to the bed and spoke to him and found that he had died while he slept, probably about 10:30 p.m. of the 23rd. Mr. Gribble, for about 38 years. Mr. Gribble often urged his tennant to buy the place, for he had paid several times rent enough to pay for the farm, but he never bought.

M. E. Church Notes

Rev. S. A. Draise, Pastor

The Sunday School is beginning to build up again. Now that the sickness is well over, the school should be increasing steadily. The important factor in the forming of the character of the young life is religious training.

Plans have already begun for a Christmas program.

The wiring of the parsonage has been completed and the pastor's family is enjoying the splendid lighting. Mr. Hill did the work.

Edward Chapman of New York City, and Joyce Parmelee of Sioux City, were married at the parsonage Monday afternoon, Dec. 2nd.

The centenary training conference for Norfolk district will be held at Norfolk December 5 and 6.

The Herald—1 year, \$1.25.

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