

Aldrich Chas. Curator.
Historical Dept.

THE DENISON REVIEW

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Have Chamberlin Fit Your Glasses and Then if They are Unsatisfactory We are Here to Make it Right

UNVEIL MONUMENT

M. O. W. Unveiling Ceremonies
Sunday Afternoon.

ADDRESS GIVEN BY H. A. COOK

I. O. O. F Also Decorate Graves of
Deceased Brothers. Two Hundred
Listen to Address

Oakland cemetery, last Sunday afternoon, was the scene of the memorial services of two secret orders, Sidonia lodge, I. O. O. F., and W. O. W., Hawk-eye Camp, No. 76. The Odd Fellows held their exercises early in the afternoon, which were very impressive. After decorating the graves of the departed members of the order, an address was made by R. Shaw Van, which was not only an eloquent tribute to the memory of the dead, but was also an earnest exhortation to his hearers to be true to the principles of the order.

"Nearer my God to Thee" was beautifully rendered by a chorus of young ladies, after which Rev. A. G. Martyn made a short address.

The Odd Fellows' exercises were barely over when the head of the women procession arrived at the cemetery. W. J. McAbren as captain, rode at the head, followed by about forty members of the order on foot and a large number of citizens and friends in carriages.

The memorial services were held at the grave of Sovereign Andrew Stewart, where a beautiful monument which has been erected by the order, was unveiled. W. C. Van Ness was master of ceremonies, and together with consul commander B. F. Foderberg, adviser lieutenant Ed. McAlpin, and banker C. G. Davis, carried out the beautiful unveiling ceremonies without a single hitch.

The male quartette, composed of Fred Soehl, Albert Riepen, Dr. J. I. Gibson and Lorenz Lorenzen sang several songs, and Lincoln's favorite poem, "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud" was effectively rendered by Mrs. George Sprecher.

About fifteen members of the Vail camp were in attendance and assisted in decorating the grave at the end of the ceremonies.

The address was delivered by Sovereign H. A. Cook, of Ft. Dodge, and was a masterly effort. Mr. Cook is a staunch member of the order, and the words spoken by him came from the heart. We are glad to be able to give a synopsis of his address.

Esteemed Sovereigns and fellow citizens: I desire first of all to assure you that I much appreciate the favor you have conferred upon me by giving me this opportunity to again be with you and to address you for a few moments. Although the theme that asks for attention at this time is one of sorrow, yet as I remember our excellent sovereign who has gone a little way before us I do not know but that we should sorrow rather for ourselves and rejoice for him. The eternal silence into which he wandered gives back to us no echoes of the pains and penalties we endure here, and if we can reason from those things that appear here and those things we understand are over there, certainly his lot is the happier of the two.

We have come here today to perform a public as well as a fraternal duty. We have not come to raise a stone to a hero whose chief merit lies in the fact that he has intrusted his hands in the blood of his fellow men; whose heroism rests on the very doubtful claim of having been a servant of brute force, the force behind armies, the force that lies to men and cheats them into the belief that they can be great only if they use the sword and the cannon and bayonet to slay their fellows. We have here no hero of that doubtful sort. Our hero has clean hands and a pure heart: love was to him the greatest thing in the world. For him the brotherhood of man exceed the fellowship of kings in its value on the human heart. To him the character of the man was more than the deed. He saw that without character the man could be nothing more than a beast of burden, living out here a little portion of time with but one thought and one aspiration—the comfort of himself—to lift him out of the mire.

And he was right; you may pass laws for human government; you may devise plans of religion and religious instruction; you may fill all your mornings and your evenings with prayer; but unless there is firmly fixed in your heart the foundations of character there can be nothing that will endure. Every thing in this world depend upon having somewhere the man whose will is to do the right. Everything in this world, and our eternal righteousness in the next, depends upon the sense of duty duty in us to be the one thing above

all else, and even duty will fail if there be not love behind it as an inspiring angel. It was this sense of duty that led our dead sovereign to provide for the welfare of his loved ones by insuring his life. To his mind his first care was their welfare; having chosen the young woman to go out into the world to help him prepare a home of their own, his thought went out to ways and means for making her safe from the cruelty of the cold and heedless world. And so we raise this shaft to the memory of his thoughtfulness and his love and his care for those he loved. It is to that sentiment that we must look today if we expect to find in this ceremony a meaning of value to us. Show me the way up to a higher plane. Where body shall be servant to the soul. I do not want what I do not want. Across my life their angry waves may roll. If I but reach the end I seek some day. Show me the way.

For thousands of years men have come to the graves of their heroes and placed there some memorial of their virtues. The Greeks led their youth to the monuments of their great warriors and there taught them the lessons of patriotism, courage and valor. For two thousand years the Christian has pointed to the cross of Calvary as an inspiration to the young, the old, the sick, the lame, the blind, and the sin-cursed to lift their hearts to the Christ who taught them that character and duty, that faithfulness and love, were the all important things in this world, and the only things that would stand the tests of the world to come.

It is well, therefore, that we spend this day here; it is fitting that we remember our brethren and what they were to the home from whence they have been called, and what they were to the community in which they wrought. All mankind may take on new life at the graves of friends. But this monument will be dumb to us if we fail to ponder the deep lesson here to be learned. Voices a thousand tongued come to us here. The coffin and the cradle are in juxtaposition; death but opens the door to life. We who live and they who sleep here clasp hands in the bonds of fraternity. The cement of brotherly love and affection finds us bound in ties that are indissoluble.

Yet keep one place, one little place From all the rest apart: One place which I can call a home Within my faithful heart. And in the holy hour of dream, When spirits fill the air, With tender eyes and folded wings I'll softly rest there. He who sleeps here was yet before the meridian of life when unseen spirits called him home. To him life's duties and responsibilities had but just begun; how joyous he looked when he lifted the burdens love had bid him carry; how cheery was his song as he tolled for the loved ones, how broad his sympathy, how deep his friendship, how faithful his labor. But though he has reached the shining place beyond the endless sea, his labor still endures. It goes out with us to our work; and it comes home to our friends and sits down and sings with us, and we remember the old face, the old smile, the old cheer of Bro. Stewart and what he was to all of us, a hero in the real spirit and value of heroism.

But our heroes are not as others. Our heroism is of soul; theirs was a heroism of arms and of force. It was Emerson's idea that heroism is that military quality of the man that leads him to struggle single-handed with his enemies. But he who would win the meed of praise that is to be accorded to our heroes must be brave in conscience, upright in spirit, and inspired with lofty ideals. If we lack these qualities we are poor indeed, for he who falls here falls of the full stature of the man, vice, crime, evil minds, low ideals, constantly beset the soul—they are its natural enemies, and if we would aspire to real heroism, we will make our battle here with the spirits of evil. In the hour when we are deaf to these higher voices we fall asleep at our posts, the hero has turned toward, the soul is left helpless and alone, defeated and discouraged.

The train goes roaring through the night. And I a traveller, lie and dream: Behind the heavy curtains care Frets not my sleep. I know that there is one who watches track and steam. The great ship plunges through the waves. And I a traveller, lie at ease: I know the watchman on the deck With guard me well from rock and wreck. And all the storms that sweep the seas. Some night—some dark and fearful night I'll start upon a journey when No man may guard me while I sleep— O, may my faith be strong to keep The dreams I dream untroubled then.

We do not like to think of our friends as dead, rather do we prefer to dwell upon the beautiful things in their lives. The loving deeds, the kindly and unselfish thoughtfulness. We think of death in connection with such lives only as a door through which the cheery soul of our friend has stepped a little time before us—the open way to a yet more beautiful life. We follow to the last resting place on earth all that is mortal of our friend whom we loved and who loved us. Above his grave in this silent city the flowers will bloom and the song birds will come with their happy voices attuned only to sounds of love. In the vast silences of the heavens the stars keep watch and ward, but our hearts are not hear with the dead body lying so calm, so peaceful, so still within this narrow bed; but all our thoughts go out to the risen soul which we may not see yet a while, but which we feel will wait for us in the after glow of life's eternal evening, "over there."

With these ashes before us, my brethren,

shall we not lift our souls to visions of nobler life; shall we strive to walk with them through the perfume of the eternal morning where the soul sins no more? And shall we not go from this place purified by example of him who sleeps here, an example of fidelity to life's trusts, of zeal in well doing, of love turned to the gold of humanity. The soul whose frame lies here is safe for all time; his fame is secure in our hearts; life eternal is his. He is our real hero; to him we look for our aspirations, and in this dauntless courage we find our inspiration true. So shall I love the poppy down of sleep when twilight falls. And over me the stars eternal sweep. Till morning calls. So shall I love the poppy flush of splendor. The soul's new wine. When dawn leads on our steps through bloom and path to tender. To dream divine.

SOCIAL NOTES.

On Tuesday afternoon the Misses Sewell gave a very delightful party complimentary to Miss Faith Pierce. It was a kitchen shower and each gift was presented with a verse which Miss Pierce read. Miss Osborn's was one of the cleverest and was given a soap dish.

Will has Faith
And Faith has Hope.
Don't use this dish.
For anything but soap.
The chair in which Miss Faith sat was decorated with flowers and garlands of roses. The cutting of the brides cake was a very pretty ceremony. Very nice refreshments were served and it was a very delightful party.

Tuesday was a busy day for the social elect. The second of Mrs. Goodrich and daughter, Mrs. Criswell and sister Miss Hart at home being given on that day. The house was sweet with flowers. The game was a good one Mrs. Kirkup being the lucky winner of the prize. Two course refreshments were served by a bevy of pretty girls. About fifty ladies were in attendance.

Penelope closed this season's meetings with a blaze of glory on Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Naeve. She had invited nearly as many guests as there are members of Penelope and every one had a delightful afternoon. Misses Lally and Naeve favored the guests with music and the refreshments were simply delicious. Each guest was presented with a lovely red rose by Mrs. Naeve who always entertains so charmingly.

Tuesday evening the charming home Mrs. W. A. McHenry's was thrown open and a large number of ladies members of the W. R. C. Non Partisan, W. C. T. U., and other ladies attended a reception given in honor of Mrs. Hinman. Our ladies found her a very bright and earnest woman and her visit was an inspiration as well as a pleasure. Miss Abbie McHenry arrived home from her eastern trip during the reception and was warmly welcomed. The serving of light refreshments with a short but excellent program gave the guests a very pleasant memory to carry home with them.

On Thursday Mrs. Chris Kemming was at home giving an afternoon whist in honor of Mrs. Jones's guests from Cedar Rapids the Misses Blakely and Murray. Six tables were filled with beautifully gowned and animated players. We do not believe any town of the size in Iowa turns out better dressed women to a social gathering than our own little city. Mrs. Kemming served very nice refreshments including a salad that her guests are still raving about. Mrs. Mahoney won the prize a very dainty hand painted plate. Miss Blakely has a very beautiful voice and delighted the company with her singing.

A perfect day a perfect plan and a perfect picnic closed the year of work and fun for the Friday Club. The revel took place at the home of Miss McHenry and the husbands, babies, members and guests of the club had a fine time. Supper good and plenty of it was served. Prof. Van Ness took snapshots of the happy group. The club disbanded for the summer with the memory of another happy year's work together.

Mrs. Chas. Bollen one of our best some and popular young matrons gave two At Homes this week, on Tuesday and Wednesday.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. McHenry on State street gave a very delightful party in honor of her daughter Miss Katie, it being that young lady's sixteenth birthday. There were a number of young friends present, and all report a good time. During the afternoon refreshments consisting of ice cream and cake and frappe were served. Miss Kate was the recipient of many handsome presents.

FOURTH OF JULY CLOTHES

You will want to celebrate the Fourth in the best of style and in order to do so you will require a new suit. You will feel more like celebrating in new clothes than you will in old ones therefore we cordially invite you to call at



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Postoffice Hours.
Until further orders are received from the department the Denison postoffice will be closed promptly at 7:30 p. m. on week days, and will remain closed on Sundays and Holidays save between 9 and 10 a. m., and 2, and 3 p. m.
It would appear that complaint has been made regarding the safety of the mail during the additional hours that the office lobby has been left open by the present postmaster. While believing such complaint to have been unfounded, in fact, the postmaster has no option but to obey orders.
The strong presentation of the facts as they exist has already been made to the department, and it is hoped that the convenient hours may again be re-established. When you find the postoffice locked, don't cuss the postmaster; it is not his fault.

The Convention.
The Republican County convention held last Friday for the purpose of selecting delegates to the state convention was well attended, representatives being present from a majority of townships of the county. Many were agreeably surprised that there should be so many, as at this season of the year farmers are very busy. The convention was a very harmonious one and each member felt that it was good to be there.
The short talk of Congressman Conner was worth coming miles to hear. The following delegates were chosen to attend the state convention:
E. E. Springer, Charter Oak
L. E. Goodwin, Charter Oak
Herman Koehnkamp, Dow City.
T. J. Hoffman, Vail
S. C. Blackman, West Side
J. L. Maurer, Arion
Wm. McLennan, Denison
E. F. Tucker, Denison
Alf Wright Denison
F. W. Meyers, Denison

W. A. MCHENRY, Pres. SEARS MCHENRY, Cashier.

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Estimates On Short Notice