

F. W. Meyers, Editor.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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SIX MONTHS......75

DISPLAY ADVERTISING RATES.

Per Inch, 1 time.....\$.30
Per Inch, 2 times......55
Per Inch, 3 times......75
Per Inch, 4 times......90
Per Inch, 5 times.....1.00
All Bills Payable Monthly.

EDITORIAL.

We shall be greatly surprised if the people of Crawford county, the people on the farms, with their comfortable, happy homes and prosperous surroundings shall not wish to do something to aid the homeless, helpless people in California. Simply as a matter of accomodation therefore, the Review will receive, receipt for and forward to the proper authorities any contributions its subscribers may wish to make. Do not give unless you wish. The Review is not urging it upon anyone. But if you sympathize with these people in their heart-rending calamity, if you think your conscience will be lighter and your heart warmer if you have done your share, send in your contribution, large or small, and it will be promptly forwarded. The need is urgent, and will be for several weeks at least. Let the children send their pennies and their dimes, the women a part of their butter and egg money and the men their hard earned dollars. It will do you as much good as it will the sufferers in California. The Lord loveth a Cheerful Giver. The Lord loveth a Quick Giver. It is not the amount, but the intention that counts. A few dollars may save the life of an American citizen. The Review will publish a list of all donations as a receipt.

NO DANGER OF OVERSUPPLY.

What will they do with all the money? The above question was asked us while the San Francisco relief fund was being raised. Well, let us see. At least 200,000 people were driven from their homes, practically without provision, clothing or shelter, at least three thousand people are injured so as to require medical and hospital treatment. Some of these injured will require treatment for many months, and it will be at least thirty days before any considerable number of the homeless ones can be made self-sustaining. Everything must be done under high pressure and the expense of administration in spite of the free transportation offers will be expensive. Water and light plants must be erected, sanitary conditions must be provided, the debris must be cleaned from the streets. Under the circumstances it will require at least a dollar a day to care for these 200,000 people simply in the matter of food alone.

One million dollars might possibly provide of the multitude for five days. Ten millions will not be sufficient to meet the pressing wants of the people during the month of trial and hardship and suffering that is before them. The man who is afraid that these poor refugees will receive too much aid is not good at figures and his heart action is weak.

An ounce of friendship and good feeling is worth a ton of "scrap."

The busy season is at hand on the farms of Crawford County, and the question of paramount importance is how our fertile soil can be made, by the most approved methods of cultivation, most productive of the crops suited to this latitude. The farmer nowadays fertilizes his fields with the same ingredient that the painter said he mixed his colors, "with brains, sir." He reads the best agricultural literature and follows the scientific and practical experiments as to soils, seeds, manures, tillage, etc., which are revolutionizing the business (for it is a business) of farming. One of the best means of getting this knowledge is by being a subscriber to The Iowa Homestead, of Des Moines, Iowa, which publishes at each time of the year just the matters the farmer and breeder need to know at that season. We have made arrangements for a very reasonable clubbing rate for The Iowa Homestead and many of our subscribers have availed themselves of it. Come in and let it order it for you the next time you are in town. You will never regret it.

AFTER THE SHOCK

Letter Written by Hilda Brodersen Telling of Earthquake

UNIVERSITY WAS DESTROYED

Denison Girls Have Narrow Escape—Vividly Protray the Scene of the Terrible Disaster

The Review is greatly indebted to Mr. B. Brodersen for permission to publish the letters received from Miss Hilda, one written on the day of the earthquake, and one the day later. The letters are vivid in their simple story of the disaster and show the excitement and nervous strain under which all must have labored. We know they will be of great interest to Review readers.

Wednesday.

Dear Folks at Home:

I suppose by this time you will have heard of the terrible earthquake we had here this A. M. about 5:30. It was the weirdest, most awful feeling I ever experienced in my life. I woke up and saw the room just dancing around. Californians say that it was the worst one they have had here since they can remember. And it certainly was terrible. I surely thought my last hour had come. But it hadn't and I got out safe. I had been awake a short time before but went to sleep again. There was a little shock about an hour before the big one and I guess that is what woke me although I don't know and the second shock woke me up for sure and I sat up in bed. The whole room seemed to be dancing around; the plaster was falling, the bookcase and the desk fell over into the middle of the room with all the bricabrac. Sophia got up, and just then a lot of plaster came down on her bed. She came over and sat down by me until it was over. I don't imagine it lasted more than two minutes altogether. When it was over Mr. Hogue knocked at our door and asked if we were all right and we tried to open the door but it would not open. We had not locked it in the evening so that scared us pretty badly. We dressed and Mr. H. chopped the door open. Everybody was out in night gowns and bathrobes, barefooted and every way. We were dressed because we hadn't been able to get out of our room. Then Sophia and I went down to the Quad and everything is in ruins there. The beautiful church, the new library and gymnasium and the new bookstore into which they just moved during vacation are just heaps of stone. Everything is just torn to pieces. The damage is worse than any fire or any storm could do. Just think how in two or three minutes so much property was destroyed. And the earthquake is spread all about a good deal of territory. We can't get any news from San Francisco and Los Angeles and San Jose. All wires are down and there is a great depression between there and the city. When we came back from the Quad our door had locked again and we had to climb in through the window. We cleaned up our room a little and Mr. Hogue chopped the door open again, this time so it was broken so it would not close again. Just as we got things straightened up a little there was another shock and we hustled out doors where we would be safe but it wasn't much and didn't hurt anything except knock over a pile of books. So we just jumped out of doors all A. M. We had breakfast of eggs, bread and coffee which had been cooked over a bonfire out in the yard. The chimney is down so we cannot cook in the house and we have our kitchen in the back yard. Nobody can cook in the house so you can see campfires in every back yard. We had a good lunch of salmon but I couldn't eat for I wasn't hungry. I wanted to write sooner but I was too nervous but I began this right after lunch and have been writing at odd times ever since. We have been down to Paly this afternoon and everything there is in ruins. The entrance to the University is entirely destroyed. Looks like a heap of chalk. Dr. Jordan says that school will begin again Monday but I doubt if we can. As soon as school lets out you can just see me make a hike for home. I hope they decide to let out school for the rest of the semester, then I would go home soon, if I had money, but if worst comes to worst I think I can borrow of Sophia for she has about \$200. in the bank.

We are going to sleep out of doors tonight, won't that be a picnic? It seems awfully funny to see everybody sitting out on their lawns waiting for another shock. I don't think there will be another shock like the big one so don't worry. Don't worry anyway for nobody much is hurt here. There are two people killed here, an engineer in the building and there were five men buried in Encina Hall. They got them all out alive however except one, a Mr. Hanna of Pennsylvania somewhere. But no one else was hurt badly. It is wonderful how few people have been hurt. If it had happened a little later when people would

have been lighting fires it might have been terrible. Or if we had been at classes wouldn't it have been awful? The library is all in a heap and some of the classrooms are all caved in. I don't see how we can keep school. Well, I am going to close now, I guess I've given news enough. You will read enough of it in the papers. But don't believe all the awful rumors about Stanford for none of us are hurt. But San Francisco is in a bad condition.

Most lovingly yours,
Hilda.

Stanford April 18, 1906.

Dear Folks:

We slept out of doors last night, in the garden. Everybody on the campus slept out on the lawn or garden. I don't think there was anybody who slept in the house. It certainly was a funny sight to see everybody spread out on mattresses and blankets. People rather expected another hard shock last night but we only had a very little one. Nobody slept much however. We didn't any of us take off our clothes but I had my sweater over my waist and my bath robe over that. Then we had our covers and blankets and coats over us. We were so warm we almost roasted. You know what heavy dew California has, well, our blanket and things which were on top were simply drenched this A. M. Sophia washed her face with her spread this A. M. We didn't sleep much and every once in awhile some body would bob up with some remark or other and once we began to play "Simon says thumbs up" etc. I think I slept about an hour altogether. It was a perfectly beautiful night, stary and calm. There was not a bit of wind but we could hear every few minutes the dynamite they were using in the city to blow up the buildings so as to prevent the spread of the fire. I think we got the worst shock here and more damage has been done from that cause but in the city more damage is being done by fire. The city is almost all gone from the Emporium to the ferries, everything has been burned. People are leaving there as quickly as possible but no one is allowed to enter, soldiers being stationed all around the city so as to prevent thieves from getting in. Almost all we know is rumor for we are shut off from almost everywhere. We have heard this A. M. however that the shock in Los Angeles was very slight so Grandma and Aunt Minna are all right. I sent them a card saying I was all O. K. I was afraid a telegram would frighten them and besides no telegrams have gone out of here yet. We sent one to Julius yesterday A. M. right away but it isn't gone yet. Some men in an auto are going to try and get them to some place from which they can be sent. Last night men and boys were stationed at all the buildings and at all the houses where there were no men to act as watchmen. It did sound so good to hear them call the hours—"One o'clock, and all's well in Palo Alto!" You can't imagine how good that made one feel, and the D. U's were singing out here all evening to cheer people up. It was the queerest situation, nobody quite knew what would happen next and everybody was nervous. The S. A. E. S. held open house and served sandwiches and coffee to the men on guard all night.

I think it really is wonderful how we all came out with a little injury as we had. All the men at Encina who were injured are not badly hurt and will perhaps be about soon. The buildings are all being inspected now and I don't know whether we will have classes or not. They say we will begin Monday using only those rooms which have been declared safe.

When I hear more I will write again. In the meantime don't worry for we are all safe and nothing more is liable to happen. We can't get any mail in but we hope to soon.

Your loving daughter,
Hilda.

Stanford University, Cal.,
April 19, 1906.

The most rational remedy for Coughs and Colds is Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar. It acts on the bowels as a mild cathartic—expels all cold from the system. Cuts all phlegm out of the throat, relieves coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough. An ideal remedy for children—equally good for adults. Sold by LAMBORN DRUG CO.

A good South Dakota farm for sale. One-half section of the best in Gregory County, South Dakota to sell on easy terms to purchaser. First class for farming and stock raising. Plenty water from springs and wells, fenced, plenty of hay land and in a good state of cultivation and less than two miles from a Catholic Church and near Railroad and Co. seat. Call or write Chas. Milner, Fairfax, So. Dak., Lock Box 419.

Excursion Tickets to I. O. O. F. Anniversary Celebration Battle Creek Iowa

Via the North-Western Line, will be sold April 26, limited to return until April 27, inclusive. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

A LETTER FROM MISS IVENS

Relates her Experience During the Great Earthquake.

San Francisco, April 18th

Dear Folks:

I am writing this letter in the midst of great anxiety and distress. We are safe but at 5:30 this morning we experienced the worst earthquake that was ever felt here. I cannot express to you the sensation it was. We were sound asleep and it seemed as if the house tried to tear apart. Every thing fell off the bed on us and every bottle in the room fell and broke. It seemed as if the earth was pulling from both sides to tear itself apart. Every chimney fell off the houses and it looks as if a cyclone struck the city. There are more houses down than standing and the business part, Market street and south of Market street is burning to the ground. To prevent the fire from spreading many buildings have been blown up by dynamite. The streets are black with people dragging their clothes in sheets and pulling their trunks with ropes. The city hall is completely ruined. I think we are out far enough so the fire won't reach us. The wind is not blowing but it always starts at about ten o'clock and if it does not telling what it will do. I tell you Frisco is ruined. It will take many years for it to build up. I never expected to get out of my bed again, I just screamed terribly when it began but covered my head up and expected to meet my doom, as a coward. You know the house just swayed and jirked. I wish I could speak to you, I could explain so much better. I will write my letter in installments.

I was just out again and find that this earthquake is all over California many places being entirely destroyed. The fire is still raging but they are getting it under control pretty well, having much better water power now and by blowing up the houses near the fire to keep it from spreading. You can hear one explosion after the other I tell you this is terrible, the poor people on the streets carrying their belongings and five hundred in the Emergency Hospital and thousands dead I will send you the papers and tell you all. Well today is Friday and all danger is over. The fire has ceased. The President sent a dispatch to put the city under Martial Law so it is ruled by soldiers which makes people safe. If a man is caught stealing, not a word is said but he is shot down like a dog. But never for stealing food. There is no danger of any one starving here because the whole world is sending to us. I tell you it is awful. The fire did not get to our place thank God. We slept in the vacant lot next to us. Just three blocks above us is a park and it is full of people and the soldiers are stationed there and one can get food for nothing. Luckily we have some money in our possession but we must keep that to leave. I think we will go to Reno, Nev. You see there will be no work here. Walter is here but it was not necessary because we can't leave right this minute, because we are nearly dead, we are so exhausted. This is the end of a city that was so wicked that it had to perish. The people all say the same that it is a curse from God. It was going too far. I am so sorry that Walter sent the dispatch. It was terrible and I could not send a dispatch to you because I had to go to Oakland and they let you leave the city but not return. I am so sorry I hope you did not think the worst. Well I will write again soon and tell you how we come out. Ever your affectionate daughter,
Emma.

TO THE MEN.

We keep your clothes in good condition for a dollar a month. Can you afford to have shabby clothes when so little keeps them neat all of the time. Denison Panitorium.

We Practice
What We
Preach

The City Bakery has always made nothing but the purest and cleanest of Bakery goods and our goods are appreciated by the lovers of pure clean goods in Denison and out of Denison and we are still improving our establishment for the good and benefit of our many Friends. Patronize an up to date establishment that is a credit to Denison and enjoy good health by eating pure, clean goods, bought at the City Bakery.

Carl Jungerman
Propr.

DENISON IS GENEROUS

Responds Nobly for Relief of Frisco Sufferers.

LARGE AMOUNT IS RAISED.

Five Hundred Dollars is Wired Friday Night and More Will Follow.

The habit of giving is growing on Denison people. Each call meets with readier and more generous response. For the San Francisco sufferers there was a very general desire to give. No one was urged. The committee did not say, "you ought to give so much." Each person was given the opportunity to give just what his heart prompted.

In the absence of Mayor Carey, President Naeve took the initiative in calling a mass meeting for the opera house on Friday evening. The announcement was made too late for the Denison papers and the only notice was through hand-bills scattered through the town by a bunch of school boys who volunteered for the work. In the point of attendance the "mass" meeting was the biggest fizzle one could imagine. The ladies had been especially invited and there were four present. There were also in the neighborhood of fifty men. After several motions and much desultory talk it was decided that \$300. was about all that could be raised in Denison and a committee of five was appointed to try to raise this sum. After the committee was appointed Sears McHenry said he had decided that morning that he wanted to give \$100. and he would start the subscription with that amount. Judge Conner said that he would like to add fifty dollars, Dick Kinney said he had been thinking that twenty-five was about what he wanted to give, and he had the cash right with him for that purpose. After that Dr. Wright, who had been made Secretary of the meeting was kept busy. In exactly four minutes, four hundred dollars had been subscribed. It was decided that it was about time to take off the three hundred dollar limit. The limit was raised to \$500. and the committee wired that amount at once to San Francisco. On Saturday a generous response was made by every one and there is no question at this time but that Denison's total contribution will reach \$1000.

On Friday night Mr. C. D. Miller ventured to pledge \$25. in behalf of the Baptist church. His promise was redeemed with a \$60. collection at that church on Sunday. The need at San Francisco is pressing. It will not end at once. Every cent that can be raised will be more than welcome. Let no one hesitate for fear that the Nation will be too generous or that the fund will be larger than necessary. Food, clothes and shelter for a quarter of a million people is an immense undertaking and will require many millions of dollars.

JENNIE LA CLEARE ISEMINGER

Jennie La Cleare was born in LaPort County, Ind. Nov., 11th, 1845; and departed this life April, 21st 1906. Her age, therefore being sixty years, six months, and ten days.

She was united in marriage to Mr. H. G. Iseminger, October the 29th, 1868. They resided in Indiana until the fall of 1881 when they removed to Crawford County Iowa, where they have made it their home since that time. Their union was blessed with ten children, five of whom have answered the summons of death, and passed to the unseen world two having been buried in Indiana, and three laid to rest in this vicinity. The children remaining to mourn the loss of their mother are Charles, of Omaha; Mrs. J. G. Miles, of Jefferson; and Bian, Clarence, and Carl of this city. Deceased was also survived by her husband, to whom, with the children, is extended the sympathy of a wide circle of friends.

Mrs. Iseminger has been an invalid for several years, having suffered a stroke of paralysis in 1898. Two years ago she experienced a sickness, in which little hope of her recovery was entertained; but she grew stronger again, and retained her usual health until last Saturday, when, while sitting in her chair, alone with her husband, the death angel came without warning, and suddenly her spirit went up to be with God.

She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this place, having united with the same in 1898.

We extend to the bereaved friends our sincere sympathy, and pray that the consolation of the Holy Comforter may be theirs in this time of sorrow.

Funeral services were held on Monday at the Methodist church, Rev. T. E. Thurston officiating large number of friends of the family were present to pay their last tribute to the beloved dead.

The Review is up against it. Two of our advertisers failed us this week because last week's advertisements had brought them more business than they could attend to. We call that hard luck for the newspaper.

Why Life Preservers Are Useless. "On my ship," said the captain, "the stewards, the first day out, go to every passenger and show just how life preservers are put on."

"The steward first says: 'Excuse me, sir, but do you know how to manipulate a life preserver?'"

"Why, yes; I suppose so," the passenger replies.

"Then, sir, if you please," says the steward, getting a preserver down. And he hands it to the passenger to put on.

"The passenger, nine times out of ten, either puts the life preserver on wrong or can't put it on at all. So the steward shows him how to do it. He is impressed and grateful."

"The life preservers, in a shipwreck, would be of little use, for nearly all the passengers would be unable to get into them. There should be a maritime law requiring a passengers' drill with the preservers every voyage, so that each passenger in a catastrophe would know how to save himself with the means placed at his disposal. As things are now, there might as well be no life preservers on ships."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Costliest Cane.

"A single joint malacca cane will always fetch from \$400 to \$500," said the dealer.

"Why?"

"Because malacca hardly ever grows with enough space between the joints to make a single joint stick. Usually the joints are not more than a foot apart. When you find in Singapore—that is where malacca comes from—a piece of malacca with the joints five feet apart, so that it will make a single joint stick, come to me, and I will give you \$500 for it. Malacca sticks with the joints three feet apart are worth \$30 or \$40. Snakewood sticks, if they are marked well—snakewood comes from British Guiana—are worth \$40 or \$50. A yellow ebony stick—ebony comes to us in logs from Ceylon and Mauritius—is worth \$20 or \$25. Wanghee, from China, makes an excellent and costly stick. A perfect wanghee is worth \$20."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Persian Peasants.

There is probably no peasantry in the world so ground down as the Persian. The agricultural laborer there, as in China, never tries to ameliorate his condition for the simple reason that if he earns more he is taken away from him by the rulers of the land. The general condition of the laboring classes, however, does not seem to be so bad as might be supposed. In a country so vast (550,000 square miles) and so thickly populated (5,500,000 in all) a small and sufficient supply of food is easily raised, especially with such prolific soil as the command of the poorest. At Shiraz there are two harvests in the year. The self, sowed in summer and reaped in autumn, consists of rice, cotton, Indian corn and garden produce, and the tchatoi is sowed in October and November and reaped from May till July. This is exclusively wheat and barley. Here also grow grapes, oranges and pomegranates, for which latter Shiraz is famed.

The Color of Flames.

You have often noticed the many tinted bars and bands that rise in the shape of "forked tongues of flames" from wood burning in the grate. It is ten to one, however, that you never have thought to figure on the cause of the variegated hues presented by flames. To bring the matter quickly to the point, we will say that the many colors are the result of combustion among the different elements of the wood. The light blue is from the hydrogen and the white from the carbon; the violet is from the manganese, the red from the magnesia and the yellow from the soda, which are constituent parts of the wood.

The First Man Dressmaker.

As far back as 1730 there was in Paris a man dressmaker, probably the first of his kind. His name was Rhombert, and he was the son of a Bavarian peasant from the neighborhood of Munich. He owed his success to his genius for concealing and remedying defects of figure. He drove a beautiful carriage on the boulevard and had an escutcheon in the shape of a pair of scissors painted on the panel of each door. He left a large fortune to his heirs.

Doctors and Solemnity.

The days are past when every self respecting doctor was expected to dress in a style tastefully blending the divine with the undertaker. But a "sustained and impenetrable solemnity" is still a priceless possession for those who would achieve success in medicine. If this is a natural gift, so much the better; if not, it should be acquired at any cost.—British Medical Journal.

For Its Vocabulary's Sake.

"Indirectly, more forcibly sometimes than directly," said a senator, "a man may be accused."

"This a good woman of Cincinnati called her cook one morning and said: 'Mary, come and take the parrot out of the bedroom at once. The master has lost his collar button.'"

The Difference.

Mr. Wholesale—Want a job, eh? What can you do? Applicant—Nothing. Mr. Wholesale—Say, you don't want a "job." What you want is a "position."—New York Press.

The Way of the Law.

A man who goes to law may not be in the poor sutor class when he starts, but is liable to be before he finishes.—Washington Star.

Who rises every time he falls will sometimes rise to stay.—Morris.