

The Deloit Diary.

MRS. S. E. HARR,
Department Editor.

Mr. Strowd and wife were visiting last week at the McNeal home. Mr. Strowd is working for the railroad company in Utah. Mrs. Strowd is a sister of Mr. McNeal and it is needless to say a very enjoyable time was spent.

N. H. Brogden accompanied by his son-in-law, James Estes went to Omaha last Saturday. Mr. Brogden returned home the first of the week. Mr. Estes went to Cameron, Mo., to visit relatives.

Mrs. F. H. Brogden went for a visit in Nebraska last Wednesday. Mr. Brogden went with her to Denison where she took the afternoon train.

J. A. Halberg is remodeling his store which will make it far more convenient.

Leta Stowell of S. D. who has been visiting her friend, Ava McKim left Wednesday to visit friends at Holstein.

Mrs. A. N. Galland and two daughters, visited part of last week with John Worley at Sac City.

H. G. Newcom and wife went the first of last week for an outing at Lake Okoboji, and will go on to Jackson, Minn., for a visit at his brother's Cype Newcom's home before their return.

"Uncle" Dave McKim who has been confined to the house several months on account of old age and not able to walk around, was taken with team and buggy to Denison Tuesday last to spend a few days at the home of his son, Scott McKim.

A party was given by Golda and Iva Mason at their parent's home last Wednesday evening, and a very pleasant evening spent. Ice cream was among the refreshments.

A. N. Galland who is in the employ of the Nye Schneider Fowler Co., of this place is at Arion at present looking after their interests there.

Mrs. Bruce spent a few days last week with her friend, Mrs. R. B. Howard during Rev. Bruce's absence to conference.

Isaac Zea was hauling his household goods to the depot Tuesday. He and family will try homesteading in S. D. The best wishes of their many friends will accompany them to their new home.

Elder J. L. Butterworth, L. D. S. district Sunday school superintendent visited the Deloit Sunday school Sunday morning at 10 a. m. and preached at 11 a. m.

William McKim and wife had the pleasure the past week of having all their children home in a family reunion. Roy McKim and wife and two children of Omaha, Edna Hagen and daughter of Nebraska, Bernice Younie of Tacoma, Wash., Burton McKim of Nebraska and Ava and Arthur of Deloit. They took advantage of the opportunity of being together and had a family group picture taken.

S. Horr and wife took advantage of the opportunity to drive across the country to Schleswig on Monday,

leaving their clerk, Arthur McKim in the postoffice. Although the roads were very dry and dusty the trip was greatly enjoyed, the large fields of corn with their stalks of long ears of corn did one's eyes good to look at, then the many stacks of grain which have begun to be threshed, the fine homes, all show thrift and enterprise. Schleswig is a very neat little town which continues to make improvements.

G. W. Landon received notice last Saturday that an increase of pension had been allowed, and he and wife are greatly pleased and thankful for the same.

Mrs. E. A. McKim spent part of last week with her daughter in Denison.

Geo. Winans and wife, J. L. Miller and wife went to Des Moines Monday where they will visit at the home of their brother, Raub McKim.

Henry Schirteliff of Denison who resided near Deloit years ago, spent Monday in Deloit.

R. E. Wedlock and wife of Lawton, visited relatives under the parental roof the past few days. He returned the first of the week to his work with the Nye Schneider, Fowler Co.

Mrs. Amy Justice spent Tuesday with her mother, Mrs. M. L. Jordan of this place.

A DEATH AT KIRON

Mrs. John Hoaglund Sr., Dies at Kiron

The death of Mrs. John Hoaglund sr. occurred on Monday evening at 9:25. As she has been in very poor health for some time and especially during the last six weeks gradually failing fast, her death was expected. She was born in Wermland Sweden and together with her aged surviving husband came to America August 10, 1865, locating in Fayette, county Iowa. After a three years' stay there they moved to Kiron and located on a farm now owned by Nels Larson. They moved to Arthur, Iowa, where they resided some sixteen years, moving back to Kiron five years ago.

She leaves to mourn and miss her, her kind and devoted husband, one son, John Hoaglund jr. of this place, one daughter, Mrs. Robert Whittaker of Dallas Center, Iowa, a son-in-law, and daughter-in-law thirteen grandchildren, one sister, Mrs. Chas. Lindberg of this locality, one brother Carl Carlburg at Galva, one brother and a half sister in Sweden and a large circle of friends.

During the last five weeks her daughter, Mrs. Whittaker has patiently and tenderly cared and nursed her. Funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The services being conducted by Rev. J. Soderstrom from the house.

A good woman has gone; though she has passed away, her life and deeds were such as will long keep her in the memory of those she mingled with.

OUR TWO GIRLS

Miss Meyers Writes How She and Miss Norris Reached Detroit.

You say "to tell you all about it"—how hard it is to boil such a good time as we have had down into a letter. To begin with we had the weather man on our side, if he had been a "blood relation" he could not have behaved better. It was cool but not so cool that we wished for warmer clothes, in fact it was "just right."

We left home Tuesday night. Our friends were so glad to be rid of us that they turned out en masse. In my family even Happy showed up. Chicago did not seem so dirty to me as usual though we got there rather too early to expect her to have her face washed.

As we sat in the bus riding to the Wabash depot we had to wait for the draw bridge and it interested me to see how men and women rushed as near as they dared to the edge to save a second of time when the bridge swung back into place. The rush of Chicago is interesting if you are only high and dry on top of a bus. Will told us when we got to the Wabash depot to turn to our right, walk a block and then five or six more and we would get to State street. This was so "ducid lucid" that we followed it with splendid results. We walked miles in department stores. The life and bargain hunters in the cheap stores interested me more than my elegant lady shopping at Marshall Fields but we enjoyed every bit of it.

We lunched at Marshall Fields and enjoyed both the rest and the lunch. Afterward we went to the art gallery, and the library. A car marked to Sans Souci allured us and out we went—No mountain climbing or bumping the bumps or shooting the shutes for me, thank you. You have your choice of route you can ride on your head or hang on by your eyebrows but a number of years use of my feet has convinced me that they neither shy nor run away. We resisted the efforts of a number of well meaning but too loud talking gentlemen to take our picture or show us the Thaw trial for five cents, think of it, and listened to the music which was good and free. You see though on pleasure we are bent we have a frugal mind.

We got back just as the stores on State street were closing and the people, rushing out for dinner and rest and amusement, wore another kind of face from the one we had seen in the morning. Next morning, after a good night on the sleeper, found us in Detroit. We went at once to see about a state room in the "Eastern-states" but we found that all the comfort the agent had to give us was "sold out." "You had better stay over until tomorrow night". Its one thing to stay over a night because you want to, and another to stay because you have to, and Effie and I concluded one night could not kill us and that we could sit up on the deck and hear anything the wild waves might have to say.

We breakfasted in a most elegant hotel named the Cadillac. Red plush, gold lace galore and prices (in order that nothing would jar you) to match. We invested in Detroit papers and after writing a few postals we started for Belle Isle the pleasure resort of Detroit. We passed such beautiful homes with fine shade trees. These trees to our great surprise had brackets of sticky fly paper about four feet from the base. It seems that the Gypsy moth is attacking the trees in the east and everywhere we went we found trees with either fly paper or a burlap bandage. We were delighted with Detroit. Such charming manners. Instead of saying keep off the grass, a sign that makes you long to walk on it, they say on tiny sign boards "Please." Who could resist that?

We took an auto ride when we reached the parks, of seven miles. Such a paradise of a sevenmiles as it was, the beautiful lake on one side, charming vistas in the woods, rustic bridges, wonderful flower beds and last of all, swings and see-saw boards and real children having a picnic. It was a glorious. There we confided our troubles to a police man. It's wonderful how chummy Effie is with them, and he told us how to go to another park, Palmer park. On the car were a number of happy children from the free hospital going for a day's outing, crippled and under fed and half sick but perfectly happy. They were in charge of one of the unco gude women who wanted us all to know that she was taking the poor little waifs out and devoting her time to them and she "now, Tom, Jane and Elizayed them" in a way that would have made my angry passions rise if it had not hit my funny bump first. What luck you and I are in to have a funny bump its the rubber tire of life and even at the risk of mixing my figure of speech I must add a safety valve as well.

The park had a statue in memory of Gen. Palmer and a very picturesque log cabin furnished with quaint old things of long ago. No, I didn't steal a candle stick nor a bed spread for you. For one thing I didn't have room in my suitcase, the poor thing groaned every time I shut it as it was, and for another they had gates at every door, suppose they must be expecting you.

On our way back from Palmer park we passed the statue of Pingree and I thought of how the cranks of today are the great men of tomorrow. Potato Pingree they called him but today the "small Potato men who jested about him are unknown while his memory will always stand for a man who wanted to help his brother. I am so glad, by the way, that I didn't live in Detroit and have to raise potatoes. I always did hate potatoe bugs so. After a little lunch at the Y. W. C. A., with such a swell breakfast Effie and I thought we really didn't care for lunch, we went out shopping. It took some time because I had to buy a chamois skin and Effie a pair of shoe strings neither of which can be bought without a good deal of time and thought. Then we went to the boat, a splendid one it was to. Someway staying up all night didn't seem as easy as it did in the morning when we were rested and so I talked to the purser and informed him firmly that I must have a state room. He didn't seem much impressed but said he would take my name and if one was left vacant at the last I could have it. My name was about eight on the list. When the boat started about a hundred roomless ones like ourselves thronged around the little window. Mr. Jones called the purser. Up walks Mr. Jones and gets a state room—all the rest of us hate and envy Jones so it went on until the purser called "Mr. Murphy" A little hooked nosed Jew woman stuck her face up and said "Did he say Rosenbaum?" It was too much for the jam who had been cross and surly. We all laughed and laughed, even the purser gave way. It jollied us all up and when that angel of a purser said "Mrs. Meyers" you should have seen me rush up to that window. I didn't stop to explain that the joys of married life hadn't set in my case. I took my state room in a hurry and decamped. As long as I live Miss Rosenbaum who couldn't tell her name from Murphy will add to my joy of living.

HIS LEG WAS CRUSHED
Manilla Boy Badly Injured While Play-Under the Cars.

The youngest son of Jacob Gessman met with quite an accident here Monday afternoon. With a couple of other small boys he was playing in the railroad yards, and as he was crawling under some cars, the engine backed against them crushing the boys' leg off just above the ankle, and mashing the heel on the other foot. The other two boys escaped uninjured. The Gessman boy was taken to the hospital where his leg was amputated between the knee and ankle. It is hoped the other foot may be saved.

This is indeed a bad accident for this young boy, who is only fourteen years old. We hope it will be a warning to other boys to stay away from the tracks.

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The Arion Anchor

CHARLES D. HORN, Department Editor.

R. Wilder was up from Dow City Saturday.

Atha Stilsen and Jessie Butler were Denison visitors Saturday evening.

County Attorney Klinker of Denison was in town Monday morning.

The Union township school board held a meeting in Dow City last Saturday.

Percy Doidge, Jim Henry and Leon Cramer were Denison shoppers Saturday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. F. B. Evans were up from Dow City Saturday calling at the parental home.

Gertrude Leuverne, a nurse from Sioux City spent a few days visiting with Mrs. Chas. Horn.

Louie Carroll, Ed. Wigx and Tracy Butler were visiting the nearby towns the last week distributing circulars advertising the Crawford county Fair.

T. J. Phillips spent a few days with the L. C. Butler family at Lake View. Jeff returned Monday and now he is telling his friends the usual fish stories.

Gertrude and Verne Talcott left Wednesday for Crofton, Nebr., to visit their brothers there. Verne stopped off at Sioux City to take in a league ball game.

Arion was well represented at the Denison Chautauqua people, going up every day. The lectures and entertainments given were certainly fine and we are glad to know they will hold it again next year.

J. N. Lee is kept busy these days moving the stock yards, section house and other property from Bell to Arion. This property belonged to the railroad and was bought by Mr. Beno, who decided to move it here.

The big posters for the Crawford county Fair are being rapidly put up all over the county. The fair will sure be thoroughly advertised. Men are now at work daily putting up the buildings and grading the track, so as to have everything ready in plenty of time.

The ice cream social held at the home of Wm. Kevan last Friday evening was well attended, both town and country folks turning out. The evening was spent in playing games and a good time was had by all. The young folks from Arion were taken out on a hay rack.

The town council has ordered two fountains put in on Main street. One for the watering of teams and the other to supply the general public with a fresh supply of drinking water. This will also come in very handy during the fair, people coming in from the country can water their horses without unhitching.

R. A. Talcott is hauling sand by the carload this week.

Master Charles Bolten of Denison is enjoying a week's visit with his grandparents, C. C. Tripp and wife.

Ira Trumbull, Alma Trumbull and Mrs. Sarah Reed all of Hampshire, Ill. were visiting at the home of C. C. Tripp and wife for a few days last week. They departed for home Friday evening. Mrs. Reed was quite sick during her stay here.

The members of the Arion Mill Co., held a meeting Monday and hired M. B. Nelson as their manager. Mr. Nelson will put in all his time for the mill and will receive a salary of \$65.00 per month. We trust this position will suit Mr. Nelson and that he will decide to remain with us.

R. T. VAN METRE, M. D.

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