

SCHLESWIG NEWS.

Mr. Correy and son, who have been carpentering for Otto Stegmann, went to their home in Odebolt Saturday.

Fred Schultz southeast of town underwent an operation Friday for appendicitis.

Mrs. Gus Shuman, was quite ill last week.

Mrs. Girard is now up and around again after a recent illness.

Grandmother Fredrickson, who resides in Schleswig, has been very low of late. She lies in a state of coma and does not seem to rally very often. At these times she seems to be natural and recognizes her loved ones for a few minutes at a time. All hope for her recovery.

Mrs. B. S. Andreason visited in Denison last week.

Frank Jones and family located last week in the Elbert house.

Mrs. Emil Kruger and daughter, Emily visited in Schleswig last week, from Omaha.

Odebolt crossed bats with the home team Sunday on the home diamond. Score 7 to 2 in favor of Odebolt.

Mrs. Dr. Wagner and babe returned from her visit at Glidden and Odebolt Wednesday.

Alma Berendes of South Dakota is visiting at the Fred Brasse home south of town.

The Schleswig schools close this week, June 2nd, with a program which promises to be good. The instructors who have so earnestly worked and made this a successful school year, have compliments of all for what they have accomplished.

A crowd of Odebolt and Kiron people attended the ball game here Sunday.

John Willert and Miss Anna Kolhoff were happily united in marriage last Wednesday. They left that evening for Audubon to visit the groom's parents. These worthy young people have the best wishes of all in their happiness.

This community was greatly shocked Sunday, May 29, when alarm was given the neighbors that the aged mother of our neighbor and friend, had fallen into a tank containing a few inches of water. A physician was immediately summoned, who pronounced it a stroke of paralysis.

His opinion was that she had a stroke of paralysis while standing near the tank and fell in. She was seemingly in good health and spirits during the day. During the afternoon she went for a walk in the sunshine and was gone a longer time than usual, so search was made for her and was found where the Angel of Death had released her of this life on earth.

She would have been eighty-three years of age July 19th. She came here from Germany in 1880. She was born July 19, 1828, was married to Heinrich Schroeder fifty-eight years ago. To this union seven children were born. Mrs. Emma Peters and Julius Schroeder of this place and John Schroeder of Montana, also leaves numerous grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Her husband died in 1889. Deceased, Anna Margaretha Schroeder nee Kirchoff was born near Luebeck, Germany and died at the home of her son, Julius, near here Sunday afternoon. Funeral Wednesday, June 1, from "Frieden's" church. Interment at Morgan cemetery. Rev. Wetzel officiating. The sorrowing relatives have the sympathy of all in this their sad bereavement, for now a place is vacant which cannot be filled.

MILFORD CENTER ITEMS.

Miss Myrtle Taylor is visiting at the home of her uncle, Steve Siechts. Mrs. Jas. Byrnes was called to DeWitt, Iowa, on Monday to attend the funeral of her niece, Mrs. John Meghan.

Steve Siechts and family visited with his sister, Mrs. Taylor, Sunday. A box social was held at the Jas North school house Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Claude Jones of Clinton is visiting with her cousin, Mrs. N. W. Inghram.

The Sunshine Club met with Miss Grace Inghram Thursday.

Miss Madelyn Robinson, who has been sick the last few weeks with whooping cough, is now recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Myers visited at the Thos. Hutchinson home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Brown and daughter, Ruth, took dinner at the N. W. Inghram home Sunday.

Joe Inghram returned from a trip to South Dakota Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Truesdell and little daughter, Florence, of Manning, Iowa, are visiting with their uncle, Will Huckstep.

Mrs. Scagge of Denison spent the latter part of the week with her daughter, Mrs. R. R. Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bennett and family took dinner at the Joe Inghram home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Robinson called on N. W. Inghram Sunday evening.

Foolish Loiterers.

People who sit and wait for great moments miss many wonderful small moments, and they are to be pitied.

GETTING THEIR PART

Director—Now, young ladies and gentlemen, if you are ready I will give out the parts for the plays. Mr. Baker, I think you'd better be the father, as you have the most settled figure.

Baker—I wasn't aware that I had any figure at all. Just how is it—er—settled?

Director—I mean, of course, that you are not as slender as the other young men. You will have the part of Amasia Hedrick.

Baker—Who is to be my wife? One of the Others—Can't you make up your mind without asking advice?

Director—I think I shall give the part of Mrs. Hedrick to Miss Adams. Miss Adams—Oh, I—

Director—What's the trouble? Miss Adams—Well, won't we be the long and the short of it? I am pretty tall, you know.

Director—That's true. Miss Devoe, you take that part. Now, Mr. Andrews, I—

Miss Devoe—I dislike to make objections, but you see I—

Baker—If nobody wants to be my wife I can resign the part, of course. Andrews—Keep cool, old man. Miss Devoe—I didn't mean that, Mr. Baker, for I'd like to be your wife. What are you all laughing at?

Director—Why can't you take it? Miss Devoe—Why, my hair's so light I thought I could be the daughter.

Director—Very well, then. I'll give the wife's part to Miss Fordythe. Is there any reason why you can't take it?

Miss Fordythe—N-no. I don't think it's a very nice part, though.

Director—You can't all of you have leading parts.

Miss Fordythe—I assure you, I do not want a leading part. I merely dislike to get under the table.

Director—Getting under the table is going to be the hit of the play.

Miss Fordythe—I was afraid it would be a hit on my head.

Director—Now, Mr. Andrews, I give you the part of the Indian prince.

Andrews—My hair's too red!

Director—You'll have to wear a wig. Your costume will be the hardest of all.

Andrews—What do Indian princes wear?

Director—Oh, I don't know. Some sort of clothes.

Andrews—I'm thankful for that.

Director—You must be careful not to strut. Most amateurs strut in foreign parts.

Baker—If I ever get to foreign parts I shall be so proud I can't help strutting.

Miss Fordythe—Did you know Alice has come back from Paris? She was away four months.

Miss Devoe—Yes, I saw her. She brought back a magnificent opera cloak. I wish you could see it. It was trimmed with a narrow—

Director—Young ladies, will you please give me your entire attention for a few moments? Mr. Hackett, will you take the part of the miser?

Hackett—Great Scott! That fellow has seven pages of talk! Besides, I don't think I could act as if I were rich. I don't know how it feels.

Director—It will come to you. Mr. Williams, I'll give you the butler.

Williams—What shall I do with him?

Miss Adams—Your best, of course.

Director—Miss Adams, you will be the pretty aunt. Miss Levering, you are to be the maid, Peggy, and—

Miss Fordythe—That's the part I wanted. It's so cute and I could have ribbon bows on my apron.

Miss Levering—I'll exchange with you, Miss Fordythe.

Miss Fordythe—Oh, thank you! You're so kind! I'll be the maid, then, and Miss Levering can be Mr. Baker's wife.

Baker (in low tones)—Just what I wanted.

Director—Very well; then that's settled. I want you all to understand, however, that I cannot permit any change of parts after to-night. Now, there's the part of the uncle, so somebody will have to double up.

Andrews—Hackett's athletic; let him do the doubling up.

Hackett—Does it begin with a hand-spring?

Baker (to Miss Levering)—I know I never should have had the courage to ask you to take that part. I've been wanting to for months and months.

Miss Levering—We haven't had the play but three days.

Baker—You know what I mean. I was afraid.

Miss Levering—Of me?

Baker—Of what you might say. When you said you were willing, just now, I took heart.

Miss Levering—This is only a preliminary rehearsal. I can play at being anything.

Baker—I am playing for keeps.

Director—I am sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Baker and Miss Levering, but I feel sure that whatever you are saying is less important than the announcement I have just made. There will be a rehearsal on Tuesday evening and everyone must know his or her part.

Miss Levering—I know some of mine.

Miss Devoe—Why, Helen! How many speeches do you know?

Miss Levering—One speech—and one answer.

Director—Well, be sure, all of you, to study hard. Good-night.

Societies to Help the Clergy.

There are in Great Britain about 150 societies for the relief of poor clergy, their widows and children.

JACKSON ITEMS.

John Kelly and family spent Sunday at John O'Donnells.

Lock McCarty and Will Lawler attended services at Wall Lake Sunday.

Alva Harman gave a few of his friends a party Saturday night. All report a very good time.

Genevieve Downey is spending a few days with her parents after which she will return to Omaha, where she is attending Boyle's College.

Vail and Wheatland played a game of ball Sunday at Bundt's diamond. The score stood 13 to 16 in favor of Wheatland when the game closed.

Ward Duffy has started a two month's term of school at the Brogan school.

D. E. Murphy spent Sunday at the John Blessington home.

Celestine and Harold Kernan were calling on Vail friends recently.

Thomas Lawler spent a few days with his cousins at the Lawler home. Agnes Maher returned to her home on Friday after a few days' visit at John Lawler's.

Will and Tillie Dreason visited with their aunt, Mrs. Paul, in West Side over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Auen spent a few days with George Auen near Carnapov.

Mrs. P. Lawler transacted business in West Side recently.

Clara Voegel entertained company on Sunday.

WEST SIDE.

Misses Ella and Anna Buesing were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Kolls Sunday.

Annie Evers spent Sunday with Katie and Emma Brown.

Mrs. Fred Evers visited with her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Kruse, Sunday.

Mrs. Ferdinand Boyer and family were over Sunday visitors with relatives and friends near Buck Grove.

Miss Bid Houlihan is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Ed. Houston, near Dunlap, this week.

Mrs. G. C. Powell visited with Mrs. C. C. Houlihan one day last week.

Miss Smith of Manilla has been sewing for Mrs. Geo. Powell and Mrs. C. C. Houlihan for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Houlihan and family, Mr. P. Collins and family of Kenwood were guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. O'Brien Sunday.

On last Saturday evening a number of friends gathered at the home of Mr. Fred Boger to help him celebrate his birthday. All report a merry time.

Misses Loretta and Henrietta Murphy of Charter Oak are visiting their aunt, Mrs. D. P. O'Brien, this week.

Messrs. George Evers, Harry Kahl, John Bauman, Rob Bronsahan, Will Kruse and Willie Kahl spent Sunday with Tom Brown.

Miss Nora Fitzpatrick is the guest of Mrs. Joseph Bauman this week.

Mrs. Wm. Bauman returned home Sunday from Spencer, Neb., where she had attended the funeral of Mr. Mat Wolfe.

Mrs. Emma Haskin Green of Rolfe, Iowa, and Mr. and Mrs. A. Cook called on Mrs. J. Owens one day last week. Mrs. Green was a much beloved teacher in Dist. No. 7 many years ago.

Misses Buesing and Mr. T. Beaneck of Denison were visitors at the Owens home Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Granger visited with Mrs. John Clarey and family in Denison Saturday and Sunday.

Harry Kahl and sister, Emma, left last Tuesday for a few weeks' visit with relatives and friends in Everly, Iowa.

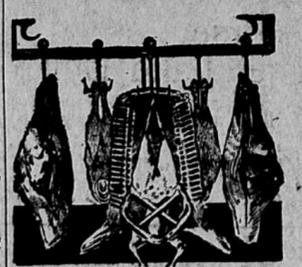
Mr. and Mrs. A. Schweisow spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Aug. Brunson at Charter Oak.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Amos and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Atzen visited at the Wm. Amos home Sunday.

Revelations.

You never know how many figures can be carried in the head until you hear a life insurance solicitor talk, or hear a woman give out recipes for cakes.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

MEATS THAT MEET YOUR APPROVAL



You will like the way we dress and display our Meats, but you will admire the taste and flavor of it still more. We keep the tenderest and best flavored Beef, Pork, Mutton, Lamb and Veal, and our Hams and Bacon are noted for their excellence and the mildness of their taste. Poultry of all kinds in season. Broilers every day—young and tender.

C. M. JENSEN

GETTING READY TO GO

Miss Belinda's sister Catherine, and Bess, Miss Belinda's niece, were helping Miss Belinda close her country home for the winter.

"You must have that lavender silk waist made over, Belinda," said stylish Catherine, as her sister laid out her wearing apparel in preparation for packing. "It's handsome material, but it's quite out of date."

"I don't believe I'll have it altered for myself," demurred her sister. "I'd rather give it to old Brita."

"Who is old Brita?"

"Why, mother," said Bess, "don't you know old Brita? She's Aunt Belinda's pet. Last Monday afternoon, while you were driving with Uncle Ben, I actually found Aunt Belinda playing the piano to old Brita, who was folding and sprinkling the clothes. And I'm quite certain that the change of the dinner hour on Mondays is for Brita's sake."

"Now, don't laugh, Catherine, at Bessie's teasing," said Miss Belinda, laughing herself. "My laundress, Brita, is a dear little old woman who insists on earning her own living around here. She cannot stay for our usual evening dinner, because she has to go home early to milk her cow, so I have dinner at noon on Mondays, and I tell Nora to give her the best of everything. She can work so much better if she is well nourished."

"Yes, of course," agreed Catherine, smilingly, for she knew her sister's ways.

"Come, mother, this is Monday, and Rita is here," said Bess. "Let's you and I have the fun of giving her the silk blouse."

They went into the laundry, where a bent, apple-cheeked old woman looked up from a blueing tub with eyes as azure as the water into which she was dipping the snowy clothes.

"Here, Brita, is something for you," said Bess.

Brita smiled broadly and, drying her hand, offered it to Bess. "Tell Miss Belinda 'ank,' she said. Then after the little handshake she held the blouse at arm's length and murmured rapturously, "Style!"

As they went back into the house Bess said, laughing: "And you, foolish mother, thought the waist out of date. Did you notice that she said 'Thank Miss Belinda?' She thinks Aunt Belinda is the only generous person in the world."

Two days later Nora, the cook, having departed, the three members of the household went into the kitchen to prepare their last meal of the season in the country home.

"Don't you think coffee would taste pretty good this rainy day?" asked Bess.

"Oh, I'm sorry, dear, but we can't have coffee," said Miss Belinda. "I gave the few pounds that were left to Sammy Nelson this morning when he was helping me dig up my dahlia roots. His mother is not well and I thought some good coffee might help her."

"Well, I can make chocolate," said Bess.

"No, we can't have chocolate," Miss Belinda looked a little embarrassed. "I let Sammy have the last cake of chocolate. The poor little chap doesn't have much candy."

"I suppose there's no tea, either?" remarked Bess, in mock despair. "You doubtless gave that away, too?"

"Yes, but I saved enough out for lunch," answered Miss Belinda brightly.

"I can make some hot biscuits to eat with the tea," said Catherine, rolling up her sleeves.

"Oh, I'm sorry I didn't realize that you'd be enterprising enough to want to make biscuits," apologized Miss Belinda, laughing. "I told Nora to take the flour and the baking powder to her grandmother with the tea and some preserves. But we have some crackers and fruit."

"Delicious luncheon—tea, crackers and grapes!" laughed Bess. "And you needn't bother to tell us, Aunt Belinda, dear, how unwise it is to leave provisions in the house and how you gave them away merely out of selfishness. We know all about that."

"You are a very saucy young person," retorted Miss Belinda, looking fondly at Bess. "Why, there comes old Brita through this storm. Bless her old heart, she wouldn't let me go away without saying 'Good-by.'" Miss Belinda opened the kitchen door as she spoke. "Come right in, Brita. You're just in time for some hot tea."

"Thanks; I bring present this time," said Brita, proudly opening the well-wrapped box she was carrying and displaying a large white cake. "I have mak for Miss Belinda angel work."

"Angel work! Look, Catherine and Bess." Miss Belinda turned from the old, happily shining eyes to her sister and niece.

"Angel work, indeed," murmured Bess.

Opera of Polyglot Order.

Polyglot opera is tolerated in some old world cities to an extreme that baffles the understanding of spoiled New Yorkers who may be asked to take their opera in mixed French and Italian once or twice in a season in an emergency, but not oftener. Le Menestrel reports a performance of "L'Affricaine" in Buda-Pesth in which the Selika sang in Italian, the Nerusko in French, the other principals in German and the chorus in Hungarian. An English writer reads into this stage Babel a plea for Esperanto for opera—Musical America.

BUCK GROVE ITEMS.

Mr. Ed. Champion of Denison was a business visitor here Monday.

Otto Watje's little girl was bitten over the eye by a pet dog last Monday evening, but as the animal was not mad, no serious results are expected.

Fritz Olsen sold his farm south of town last week to Henry Hulsebus from near Defiance, consideration \$180 per acre. J. P. Welsh engineered the sale.

Word reached here last week from Nebraska that Mat Wolf, who formerly lived in this section, is dead. He leaves a wife and several children.

The particulars of the sad event have not been secured yet.

Grace Mullen visited with her uncle, Patrick Behan, and family near Denison for a few days last week.

Thomas White, Sr., and his grandchildren, Nellie and Gladys Welsh, returned home on Saturday, after a few days' visit with relatives in Sioux City.

Erma Beutel and Nellie Welsh attended a surprise party on Goldie Schroeder at Manilla on last Wednesday night. They report a very good time.

Mr. William Plagge and family are enjoying their new automobile these fine evenings and they are not a bit selfish with it either, as many of their friends have had some fine rides with them.

Paul Weatherby and Floyd Smith are the first ones to comply with Uncle Sam's recent order to paint the rural mail boxes and the parts to which they are attached. They should also put an arm on the part to support the box to make it handier for the mail carrier to reach the box.

As the rural carrier system is for the accommodation of the patrons, each one should try to aid Uncle Sam as much as possible, and the best way to do this is to comply with the Government requests as soon as made. Now good people, get busy and fix up your rural boxes right and paint them right away.

Lute Tillett and wife arrived at John Keppord's on Friday evening from South Dakota. They went to Manilla Saturday to see their daughter, Minda, graduate. She will return with them to their new home.

Bernard Finnigan met with quite an accident last Friday while at work on the section. One tooth was knocked out and another loosened. We have not learned just how it happened.

Miss Ethelene Tillett spent a few days in the country last week with her sister, Mrs. John Keppord.

Mayor Finnegan and daughter, Nora, went to Manilla on Saturday evening to attend the graduating exercises. They remained over Sunday.

John Green and daughter, Sylvia, drove to Denison on Saturday for an over Sunday visit with Grandpa and Grandma Cruise.

Kate Clinton came down from Denison Saturday where she has been visiting.

Mrs. John McDermott and Mrs. Perrion of Manilla spent Sunday with J. P. Welsh and family. While here they sold photographs of the interior of the Manilla church. With the money raised they hope to buy a sanctuary lamp.

Willis Wiggins and family of Dow City spent Sunday with John Griffin and family.

James O'Meara and family of Dow City were in town Sunday.

The Coats store has not yet changed hands although a deal as practically made with a Mr. Bills of Manilla.

Up to date he has not showed up to finish the deal.

Ben Noble and family from Ida Grove came over in their automobile on Sunday and called on friends.

WHAT THE KIDNEYS DO.

Their Unceasing Work Keeps Us Strong and Healthy.

All the blood in the body passes through the kidneys once every three minutes. The kidneys filter the blood. They work night and day. When healthy they remove about 500 grains of impure matter daily; when unhealthy some part of this impure matter is left in the blood. This brings on many diseases and symptoms—pain in the back, headache, nervousness, hot, dry skin, rheumatism, gout, gravel, disorders of the eyesight and hearing, dizziness, irregular heart, debility, drowsiness, dropsy, deposits in the urine, etc. But if you keep the filters right then you will have no trouble with your kidneys.

Mrs. J. R. McLaughlin, Third street, near Huron street, Missouri Valley, Iowa, says: "I had a persistent backache and was unable to find relief until I procured Doan's Kidney Pills. Since taking this remedy, I have been able to sleep much better and the pain and languid feeling has disappeared. Whenever I have the opportunity I give Doan's Kidney Pills my endorsement."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

(Two rather mature young women are seated together on one side of the street car. Opposite them is a well-dressed, plump, amiable-looking, rather beaming man.)

First Young Woman—Is my hat on straight, Grace? That man over there keeps looking at me in such a strange way.

Second Young Woman—Oh, yes, you look all right. Probably he is tracing a resemblance to a long-lost sister-in-law or wondering what sort of animal you were in some previous state of existence.

First Young Woman—Well, I wish he wouldn't do it. He's making me desperately uncomfortable. Haven't I a speck of soot on the side of my nose?

Second Young Woman—No, you haven't. Do get your mind off the man. It's only a question of mental attitude. Now, I want your opinion as to whether you think my gray dress would look better with little touches of white or very pale pink. You see, I've got to make up my mind if I get a light thing like—

First Young Woman—Why, yes, certainly. I think that would be the best thing to do. I mean that would be the best way to trim it. I always did like pink and white.

Second Young Woman—But this is gray and what I want to get your opinion on is whether I'd better pipe it with white or make folds of the pink and lay them on—

First Young Woman—That would be lovely. I hope you'll make up your mind to do it that way. Grace, that man is simply glaring his eyes to my feet. Could you lean over just a little and see if my shoestring is untied or the binding on my skirt is coming off?

Second Young Woman—Yes, I'll do it in a minute. You just pretend to be examining these samples so that I can look down in an airy, unconscious way.

(First young woman takes samples and pretends to be looking at them.)

Second Young Woman—No, there's nothing wrong that I can see. He's just a goose. Don't let him bother you.

First Young Woman (heroically)—Well, I'll try. Now, what was it you were saying about your new hat? You said you were going to have a light blue one, didn't you?

Second Young Woman—No,