

THE DENISON REVIEW

THIS WEEK'S NEWS THIS WEEK, NOT NEXT WEEK.

As An Advertising Medium
The Review is an Un-
duplicated Factor. A Pur-
sual of the Pages of This
Issue Will Convince the
Most Skeptical.

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UPHOLDS THE JAP NATION

Dr. L. M. Coon Replies to Article of
Brigadier General Howe in the
Register and Leader.

SAYS STATEMENT RIDICULOUS

Japan Has Today Best School System
in the World—Nineteen Years
to Complete the Course.

From Register and Leader.

Denison, Iowa.—To the Editor: As
one who loves justice and truth, I
should like to reply to the letter of
Brigadier General Howe, which ap-
peared in Sunday's paper.

To one who has traveled in Ja-
pan, studying conditions as they exist
today, or to one who has seen the
statements in the letter of Mr. Howe
seem ridiculous, and remind one of
the statements made by Hobson in
our chautauquas some years ago.
Japan has today more men studying
conditions in foreign lands than any
other country. Japan is as well in-
formed as to our material resources
as our best financiers, or our best
statesmen. She knows that should
she make war upon us, that no mat-
ter how unprepared we might be at
the outset, with our vast resources,
we would in time destroy them off
the earth.

This being a fact, she knows as
well as we that she could never gain
territory from Uncle Sam, and she
knows enough to keep out of a sure
defeat. So farsighted was she that
she had her best engineers disguised
as common laborers working on the
trans-Siberian railway, and at the
same time drawing accurate topo-
graphical maps in secret for the use
of the Japanese government in the
event of war with Russia.

Japan has today the best system
of schools in the world, and it takes
a student nineteen years to com-
plete the course, and one of the re-
quirements of the course is English.
No one can travel over the different
islands of Japan and mingle with
her courteous, industrious and peace-
loving people without being im-
pressed by their sobriety, kindness
and greatness; and if our government
sent her congressmen, and her sen-
ators on junketing trips to other lands
with whom we do business, to ascer-
tain at first hand just what condi-
tions are, we should not hear the mis-
leading statements of such men
as Mr. Howe. The facts are that all
this excitement about Japan and the
Yellow Peril originates in California,
where the Japanese have outclassed
the children of our own people and
where the frugal Japanese have made
good, where the sons of Americans
have succumbed to the contagion of
enjoyment, which has so permeated
the people of all our western coast.
To illustrate:

Look through the city directory of
San Francisco for the names of doc-
tors. You will find that they have
office hours only one and two hours
a day. You will find that should a
physician of the highest standing
start to practice medicine in San Fran-
cisco and advertise office hours as
they do here, being in the office six
to eight hours a day, he would have
not one friend in the medical profession,
and what is true of medicine is true
in every occupation. The facts are
that the people on the coast are sim-
ply bent on enjoyment and they resent
anyone who comes along and sets a
standard of attention to business or
duty.

But to come to the real facts about
Japan and her relation to us as to
her very life's existence, say nothing
of her desires, no matter what
they may be, though I am sure they
are not to make trouble with us.
Roughly speaking, the culture of the
silk worm, and the spinning and
weaving of silk, and the manufacture
of silk goods is about one-third of her
industry. The raising of tea is about
another third of her industry, and
they raise only green tea, and we are
her only customers worth mention-
ing who purchase either of these com-
modities. European countries buy
their silks from Spain and France and
Italy mostly, while India and British
East India likewise do the same. The
United States is the greatest and the
only customer worth while for her
curios and the products of her artists
and craftsmen, including her embroi-
dery work and her wonderful Sat-
suma ware and beautiful Clois sonne.

Then again, we buy her surplus
rice, beans, etc., and we furnish them
flour and meals and meats and hun-
dreds of articles of daily consumption,
so you can readily see that for Japan
to go to war with us would be as for
a merchant doing a local business to
make war upon every customer he
had within the radius of his circle of
business.

No wonder so many people are
ready to think badly of the yellow
race, when we as a government treat
them so badly. We allow the lowest
types of the Europeans to enter our
country and have equal rights with
our own boys and girls. But when a
Japanese, who is the equal in intellect,
education and morally with us, we
are misled by the few people of our
western coast states and deny them
equal rights with any other nation.
Go with me to Tokio or any
of Japan and collect from office
store, or school, or college, ten boys
Come to Frisco or any of our cities
and collect the same number under
same conditions. The boys of Japan,
poor little heathen Japan, will show

LOSES WEARING APPAREL SUNDAY

Orin Reynolds, of Dow City, Victim
of Sneak Thief—Supposed to
Have Been a Stranger.

MARSHAL GOES TO THE BLUFFS

Thought Stranger Boarded Westbound
Train for Bluffs or Omaha to
Dispose of Stolen Goods.

Dow City, Sept. 15.—(Special to the
Review)—Orin Reynolds was the vic-
tim of a sneak thief last Sunday, when
someone, supposedly a stranger, wag-
ged off with his entire stock of wear-
ing apparel.
Mr. Reynolds sleeps in Dr. F. N.
Howe's office and keeps his clothing
there. Last Sunday, shortly after the
noon hour, he went to the office and
found that his clothing had vanished.
A stranger had been noticed coming
from that direction about noon, car-
rying a well filled gunny sack and this
is the man who is supposed to have
done the deed. It was thought that he
boarded a westbound train and on
Monday morning Marshal Moyer left
for Council Bluffs and Omaha to look
for the culprit.

As we write this he has not return-
ed, and it is thus supposed that the
missing clothing has been found. Mr.
Reynolds went down to the city later
so as to be on hand to identify the
clothing should it be found. Later,
Marshal Moyer succeeded in captur-
ing the thief.

OVER THE BORDER AND BEYOND

Hans Neethan, a Respected German
Citizen of Near Bell, Called
to His Redeemer.

BORN IN GERMANY IN YEAR 1854

Leaves Wife and Six Children to
Mourn His Death—Buried at
Dow City Thursday

Dow City, Sept. 15.—(Special to the
Review)—Hans Neethan, whose seri-
ous illness was mentioned last week,
passed away at the family home in
Bell Wednesday morning, September
9th. He had been ill about three
weeks, and from the first his illness
was of an alarming nature. He steady-
ly grew worse until death came to
his relief and he passed over the
border to the better land. His family
was with him when the end came.

Hans Neethan was born in Germany
Dec. 21, 1854, and emigrated to this
country about thirty-two years ago.
He came to this part of the country
about the year 1894 and has resided
here since that time.
He leaves to mourn his departure
his wife and six children, as follows:
Mrs. Gusta Jensen, Mrs. Lizzie
Thompson, Mrs. Anna Volquartson,
Mrs. Emma Igon, Ernest and Mary,
all of whom reside near here. Four
children have preceded their father
in death. The funeral services were
held at the home Thursday afternoon,
being conducted by Rev. Frese, of
Denison, and the body was interred
in the Dow City cemetery. A large
concourse of friends followed the re-
mains to their last resting place. The
family have the sympathy of many
friends in their sorrow.

WESTERN EDITORS AT PLAY

Pencils Pushers of Western Iowa En-
tertained by Harlan and Avoca
at Annual Summer Session.

The editors of Western Iowa were

royally entertained by the people of
Harlan and Avoca on Friday of last
week, the occasion being the annual
summer meeting of the Western Iowa
Editorial Association.
The number of editors present was
not as large as usual owing to the
fact that recent rains had made auto-
ing out of the question and a dozen
or more editors who had planned on
driving to the scene of the festivities
had to give up the trip.
The program was out of the usual
order. The commercial club of Avoca
prevailed upon the Harlan people to
bring their honored guests to their
city in autos for the purpose of see-
ing the beautiful country along the
Nishnabotany between these cities
and more especially for the purpose
of seeing the wild deer which infest
the country about Avoca to the num-
ber of 600.
The editors returned to Harlan at
six o'clock in the evening where a
delightful program was carried out.
A fine banquet was served at the Ho-
tel Harlan which was followed with a
program of speechmaking.

DEATH VISITS FORMER CITIZEN

Herbert N. Seagrave, Who Lived in
Crawford and Harrison Counties
for Over 40 Years, Dead.

LIVED IN STEILACOOM, WASH.

Was Father of Three Children, One of
Whom Together With the Wife
Preceded Him to the Grave.

A letter received from Mrs. Char-
lotte Seagrave-Beltrage, written at
Gertrude, Washington, informs us of
the death of her father, Mr. Herbert
N. Seagrave, who died at Steilacoom,
Wash. on Thursday, Sept. 3, 1914 of
apoplexy. Many of the older citizens
of Denison and Crawford county will
remember Mr. Seagrave, who was a
nephew of Mr. J. D. Seagrave. He
was born at North Situate, Mass., Dec.
21, 1852, and moved to Crawford
county in the early sixties and lived
here and in Harrison county until
ten years ago when he and his family
moved to Seattle, Wash. He was the
father of three children, Amos, at one
time an employee of the Review, who
died in 1910, Charlotte Beltrage and
Earnest J. The wife and mother died
August 13, 1913.
Mr. Seagrave was a member of the
Baptist denomination, and while liv-
ing in Denison was a regular attend-
ant at the Baptist church. He and
his family made many friends, who
deeply regret his sudden demise.

ODEBOLT'S REST ROOM.

Little City of Beautiful Homes a
Credit to Citizens—Rest Room
a Desirable Feature.

The little city of Odebolt is cer-

tainly to be congratulated upon her
fine residence districts. The many
beautiful homes, of modern archi-
tecture, and splendidly kept lawns,
stately shade and ornamental trees
and shrubbery are a credit to the city
and the owners and are worthy a city
three times the size of Odebolt. An-
other feature in Odebolt that de-
serves much credit is the rest room or
comfort station. This is proving in-
dispensible to the people, not only of
the locality, but to hundreds of tour-
ists who pass through Odebolt. Mrs.
Carrie Rock, the matron, states that
650 people used the rest room during
the month of August. Many of them
were tourists. One of the prettiest
drives is from Denison to Odebolt, up
through the Adams ranch, and through
the miles of well graded and rounded
streets of Odebolt, and a few minutes
spent at the rest room is restful and
refreshing. Other cities should follow
in Odebolt's footsteps.

Mrs. Chas. Rensen visited friends
in Omaha the first of the week.

BOYER COUPLE HAPPILY MARRIED

Miss Esther Johnson Becomes Wife
of Mr. Paul Anderson, Rev. O.
Johnson Officiating.

THREE COURSE BANQUET GIVEN

Bride and Groom Well Known Around
Boyer and Friends Join in Wish-
ing Couple Happiness.

Boyer, Sept. 15.—(Special to the Re-
view)—

On Thursday, September 10th, oc-
curred the wedding of Miss Esther
Johnson and Mr. Paul Anderson at
the home of the bride's parents at
Odebolt, Rev. O. Johnson performing
the ceremony. The bride was gowned
in a beautiful dress of white voile,
wore a veil and carried a bouquet of
roses. Miss Hilma Anderson, sister
of the groom, and Miss Elsie Linden,
cousin of the groom, acted as brides-
maids, and Mr. Richard Johnson and
Mr. Joe Anderson acted as best men.
Promptly at 11:30 the bridal party en-
tered the front parlor to the strains
of a beautiful wedding march played
by Miss Florence Hedberg. After
the ceremony and congratulations the
guests were served to a three course
dinner. In the evening all the cou-
sins were invited. Mr. and Mrs. An-
derson will be at home to their many
friends a half a mile north of Boyer.
The bride and groom are well known
here and have many friends who join
in wishing them a happy wedded life.

Now is the Time for the Iowa Farmer
to Work for Quality.

(By the Chairman of the Iowa State
Wide Publicity Commission.)

Over in Belgium it is reported that
pure bred horses are being killed for
food while those that escape are be-
ing pressed into service by the mili-
tary authorities.
France is being devastated and will
not be a draft horse market for a doz-
en years or more. The same is true
of Belgium. This gives the Iowa farm-
er unusual opportunities to get into
the fine stock business. It costs no
more to raise an animal worth \$3,000
than it does to raise one worth \$50.

Iowa has all of the natural advan-
tages for a great fine stock center. The
Texas, Indiana, or Nebraska farmer
who wants to build up a herd of fine
dairy cows goes to Wisconsin to buy
his start because Wisconsin is re-
puted to be a great dairy state. If
the truth were told the dairy products
of Iowa are greater than are the dairy
products of Wisconsin, besides which
we have here every facility for in-
creasing our dairy business. When
a farmer remembers that the average
Iowa farm contains more than a quarter
section and that our soil will raise
almost anything that a cow will eat,
the possibilities of larger dairying
interests are better understood.

Every farmer in Iowa should rid
his premises of all his scrub stock and
in place thereof substitute well bred
animals, making at the same time a
special study of his local conditions
in order that he may select such stock
as will pay him best. The accom-
plishments of Colonel French with his
640 acre farm out of which he real-
izes a net profit of from \$40,000 to
\$50,000 a year show what is possible
in Iowa with a well managed stock
farm, whether the farm is large or
small.

Let Iowa be known as the state in
which are to be found the best horses,
the best milk cows, the best hogs,
and the best poultry in America. It
takes two things to make a market:
First, a superior product, and second,
intelligent advertising. Just now
Iowa has a great opportunity to dis-
tinguish herself in both.

Daring Heavy Responsibility

The new Pope, Benedict XV., was
overcome with emotion on learning
of the enormous responsibility placed
on him. His first thought was that
the burden was entirely beyond his
strength.

Smaller men often obtain elevation
through personal and political pull,
and are content to go through the
motions of their office in a routine
way. It does not take high ability to
perform the duties of a high position
in this manner.

It is a sign of power when a man
like the new Pope feels the crushing
weight of his new duties. The intelli-
gence able to perform great tasks
also sees the weight of the difficul-
ties and obstacles in the way, and hes-
itates, where smaller men would go
on serenely unconscious.

Candidates for places of high auth-
ority may have great intelligence or
great executive force. But some-
where there is a weakness of pre-
judice or ill-judgment that would make
them forever unfit for power. The
man of all round great ability, who can
plan for the future, think with intel-
ligence, and act with fairness and
common sense, amid the fierce con-
flicts of state and church, is one
among a million.

The boys will always bring a pall
of water for the ball team, but don't
humiliate the youngsters by asking
them to bring one to Mother in the
kitchen.

Probably the people would be will-
ing to vote at the primaries and help
on the cause of good government, if
the voting booths could be wheeled
around to their front doors.

LAI TO REST BESIDE HUSBAND

Mrs. John Dee, An Old Settler of Near
Buck Grove, Dies at Mercy Hos-
pital in Council Bluffs.

REMAINS TAKEN TO DENISON

Deceased Leaves No Relatives in
Crawford County—Husband
Died Five Years Ago.

Buck Grove, Sept. 15, 1914 (Special
to the Review).—Mrs. John Dee, for-
merly of this place, died at the Mercy
Hospital at Council Bluffs last week.
Her remains were brought to Denison,
and last Friday, after services held
at the Catholic church, she was laid
to rest beside her husband, John Dee,
who departed this life about five
years ago.

Mrs. Dee was one of the old settlers
in this vicinity and is remembered by
many. She leaves no relatives in
Crawford county.

Dr. C. W. Carr returned Sunday from
Craig, Sask., Canada, where he has
been for several weeks looking after
his land interests. Dr. Carr says that
business in Canada is practically at
a standstill and that many business
houses have closed their doors on ac-
count of the war. Money is very tight
there at present and it is not possible
for anyone to secure a loan no matter
what kind of security he has to offer.
The doctor says that special
trains are running night and day
across Canada transporting soldiers
from India to the continent which are
brought across the Pacific thence by
rail to Montreal.

News from the summer hotels indi-
cates dancing in order to eat.

WILL PAVE LIN- COLN HIGHWAY

Marshall County Plans Two Miles of
Cement Improvement—Marshall-
town to Help in Building

MADE GIFT OF 2000 BARRELS

Contracts for the Work Will Be Let
This Winter and the Work Done
Early the Coming Season.

Marshalltown, Sept. 14.—Marshall
county will, in all probability, build
the first mile of pavement that will
be a part of the great Lincoln high-
way. Word received yesterday by
A. A. Moore, local consul of the high-
way, from A. R. Pardington, general
manager of the Lincoln Highway asso-
ciation, announced the awarding to
this county of 2,000 barrels of cement,
worth \$2700 at current market prices,
to go into the building of the high-
way.

The city, county and public gener-
ally will build two miles of the high-
way through this county as a result
of the gift of the cement. One mile
will be built to the east and the other
to the west. Contracts for the work
will be let this winter, and the work
done early in the spring. It is esti-
mated that the paving will cost \$13,
000 in addition to the \$2,700 worth
of cement.

The National Hymn is One Hundred Years Old

Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there,
Chorus: Oh, say, does that star spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream—
Chorus: 'Tis the star spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
Chorus: And the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the grim war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
Chorus: And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

At the same time we might learn the flag salute. This is the time to
exhibit patriotism. Every true patriot ought to know the flag salute. It is
as follows:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the Republic for which it
stands. One nation indivisible; with Liberty and Justice for all."

The "Star Spangled Banner" was 100 years old Monday, September
14th. This song was written by the young poet and lawyer, Francis Scott
Key, just 100 years ago at the battle of Baltimore. It was during the
war of 1812, when our country was fighting England, that the British sol-
diers won a victory over the Americans at Bladensburg and then marched
upon the city of Washington, where they burned the capitol, the presi-
dent's residence and many government offices and took many Americans
as prisoners.

Dr. Beanes, a well known physician of Marlboro, was among the pris-
oners, so under a white flag of truce the young lawyer, Francis Key, of
Georgetown, was sent with another friend to Admiral Cochrane of the
British navy to obtain the release of Dr. Beanes. The admiral agreed to
let him go, but refused to allow him or his friends to return then, for the
English were sailing to Baltimore and did not wish the American troops to
know that they were planning this attack, for he was afraid these men
would tell of his plans, so temporarily they were held as prisoners of war
on the English ship.

When the British arrived near the city they tried to take it by firing
from the water. All night long September 13th they poured shot and
shell upon Fort M'Henry and the plucky Americans at the little fort sent
back an answering volley.

The three friends paced the deck of the ship anxiously watching and
fearful lest the Americans be obliged to surrender. Sometimes the bombs
bursting in the air made such a vivid glare that the men could get a
glimpse of the flag floating over the fort. Then all would be in darkness
and just the roar of the bombardment seemed to sweep about them.

In the early dawn Sept. 14, 1814, the Americans looked toward the fort
and were rejoiced to see that the flag was still flying and that the English
had given up the attack upon the city. Key was so happy that, seizing an
old letter, he scribbled on the back of it a poem which expressed the feel-
ings he had as he watched the flag through the long, perilous night.

When the British commander let Key and his friends go back to Bal-
timore he wrote out this song and gave it to a friend. The friend felt at
once that it was so good that it must be given to the world and so it was
printed and sung everywhere—in the streets, in the theater and at last
all over the country. It has now become a national song and whenever or
wherever we hear it we should stand at once and show our love and loy-
alty to our flag and to our country.