

THIS PAPER issued in two sections; Section One—Pages 1 to 8—Local news, stories, correspondence and Denison locals.

THE DENISON REVIEW

Aldrich chas curator Historical dept THE PAPER YOU TAKE HOME

VOL. 51

DENISON, IOWA, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 18, 1916.

No. 42

CLOSES EYES TO WORLDLY SCENES

B. N. Benson, Pioneer of Stockholm Township and Kiron, Passes to Great Unknown October 8th

LONG AILMENT AND SUFFERING
Deceased a Native of Sweden and Came to America in 1868 and to Crawford County in 1877

KIRON, Oct. 17—Special

After many months of sickness, on Friday, October 8th, at 2 o'clock, our townsman and pioneer, B. N. Benson, closed his eyes to the scenes of this world and his long course came to an end. As his long ailment and sufferings were well known among his friends and the report went out that he was gradually growing weaker, the news of his death was expected, as the nature of his ailments together with his advanced age afforded no hopes of his recovery. During his sufferings he bore up most patiently and during the last months he very frequently expressed his desire to leave this world which had for so many years been his home, to pass on into the eternal home beyond where time never changes or mars the enjoyment or sickness and pain never racks the body. This his wish was fulfilled on Friday afternoon when surrounding his bed were his faithful wife, Mrs. Ellen Stone, of Omaha; Mrs. Richard M. Johnston, of Denison, and E. T. Williams, of Redfield, S. D.

Ben N. Benson was born June 10, 1838, in Onestad, Christianstads lan, Sweden. As the age of 21 he was married to Celie Hanson. To this union seven children were born, two passing away in infancy in Sweden, and a son, Frank, in Kiron in 1885. Those surviving are Helen Johnson, of Denison; Anna Kulberg, of Cherokee; Robert, of Moline, Ill., and Jennie, of Denison, and Lacey, of Iowa. The other of this family passed away in January, 1875. In 1876 Mr. Benson married Mrs. William Linquist, and to this union seven children were born, two passing away in early childhood. Those surviving are Ellen Stone, of Omaha; Emma Reilly, of Adams, Mo.; George, of Lowell, Wyo.; Arthur E., of Kiron, and Fred A., of Waterbury, Neb. Besides this family there were three step children, Harvey N. Williams, who passed away March 20th of this year; Essie E. Williams, of Redfield, S. D., and Esther Lundgren, of Denison. Mr. Benson came from Sweden to Moline, Ill., in the spring of 1868 and lived alternately at Moline and Nokuk, working on the cana locks and water power. Being a brick layer in Sweden, he later engaged in that line of work.

In the year 1877 he came with his family to Kiron, locating on what became the old homestead west of town now owned and occupied by the Reedy brothers. There they resided until the railroad was built through this section, and when the new Kiron was created Mr. Benson sold his property and moved into the town, which he afterwards in a great measure assisted to build up. During all this time Mr. Benson faithfully worked at his trade and being a good carpenter in connection with his trade as a mason, who never he went his conscientious and able work was his best advertisement and he was sought for miles around when any work in his line was to be done. We doubt if a place in the settlement and its outskirts can be named but either some memory or contemporary work has been done by Mr. Benson;

likewise he has assisted in erecting school houses and many public buildings. Mr. Benson had his faults and as always is the case was criticized at times for the same, but he was a man possessing qualities that could be depended upon and he called many of those who were prone to pass criticism upon him. Always neighborly and open hearted and handed to those who were in need and at all times he thought more of the interests of others than he did of his own. He sacrificed self-interest and comfort for those of his fellow men and one of his faults, according to the writer, was that he sacrificed too much for others to the detriment of his own personal welfare. Genial and good natured and a hard working man, his work and word at all times could be relied upon. At his early years in Sweden he became converted and joined the Baptist church and after coming to this locality belonged to the Baptist church later joining the Free Mission church laying the foundation where its building was erected near the cemetery. At his death he had attained the ripe old age of 78 years, 4 months and 28 days, a long journey on which was a good portion of both sunshine and storms, and at last he has reached the final port to take the long, well needed rest, forever freed from all storms and trials. The file of the pioneers of this locality and town has been lessened one in number by his death. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon. A short sermon was given at the home, after which the remains were taken to the Baptist church, from which the funeral was conducted by Rev. N. N. Morton, assisted by Rev. A. Lagerstrom. The church was packed by old neighbors and friends of the deceased. The pall bearers were his four sons. The remains were placed to rest in the Kiron cemetery. So we bid farewell for some time to our pioneer, a citizen and neighbor, whose familiar faces will be missed from our midst.

On meeting an argumentative man previous to election, prudent people feel that there are phases of the fall weather that need to be very thoroughly discussed.

JOHN BURNS.

The Great English Labor Leader as He is Today.



Photo by American Press Association.

B. M. Benson



CLARA SIEVERS DEAD

Twelve Year Old Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Sievers, Passed Away on Wednesday, October 11th.

Clara Sievers, twelve year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Sievers, died at the home of her parents in Nishnabotny township on Wednesday, October 11th. Clara had not been in good health for the past year or more and on one or more occasions her life had been despaired of. Everything possible was done for her by her fond parents and loving friends, but all to no avail.

The deceased was born Feb. 23, 1904 in Nishnabotny township, and at the time of her death was 12 years, 7 months and 18 days of age. Besides her parents she leaves to mourn her death the following sisters and brothers: Mrs. D. Vanier, of Denison; Mrs. Wm. Glan, of Hanover township; Olga, Adella and Emil, residing at home. Funeral services were held last Saturday at the German Lutheran church in this city. Rev. Wm. Freese, the pastor, officiating, after which interment was made in the Lutheran cemetery. The family has the sympathy of the entire community in their bereavement.

Stirred by fervent patriotic emotions the politicians are zealously poring to grab for their share of the pork.

After blaming the farmer for inability to agree and co-operate with his neighbors, the public proceeds to growl about the high prices established in the many cases now where they do get together.

AGED PIONEER CALLED TO REST

F. M. Day, An Old Resident of Crawford County, Passes Away at Hospital Last Thursday.

RESULT OF A BROKEN LEG
Funeral Services Held at Deloit Monday Afternoon, Rev. J. L. Boyd, of Denison, Officiating.

F. M. Day, an old resident of Crawford county, died at the hospital in Denison on last Thursday night, October 12th. Some two weeks ago Mr. Day broke his leg while sweeping leaves from the gutters at his home at Deloit and was brought to the hospital in Denison for treatment. On account of his advanced years he was unable to withstand the shock and passed peacefully away.

The deceased was born in Fountain county, Indiana, on the 9th day of September, 1848. He came to Crawford county in the year 1871, settling near Vail. About four years ago he sold his farm to Mr. J. M. Woolecroft and moved to Deloit, where he has since resided. Mr. Day was a member of the Odd Fellows lodge at Denison and the Masonic lodge at Vail. He had many friends and neighbors, but friends, who was known and loved for his good, cheery disposition and at all times was interested in the welfare of his friends and neighbors. Those who knew him best admired him for his honesty and upright character. Mr. Day was a man who never looked our faults in people, but at all times was ready to lift up and to advance the best interests of his fellow men. He was a friend of everyone and was a welcome visitor in every home at which he happened to call. He leaves to mourn his death three brothers and six sisters as follows: Sarah A. Rolins, of Silver City, N. M.; Susan E. Fox, of Paris, Texas; J. W. Day, of Orleans, Ind.; T. J. Day, of Yetta, Ind. and Chas. Day, of Mansfield, S. D.

Funeral services were held at the Methodist church in Deloit Monday afternoon at 1 o'clock. Rev. J. L. Boyd, pastor of the M. E. church in Denison, officiating. The funeral was largely attended by the old friends and neighbors who gathered to pay their respects to their old friend. The Odd Fellows of Denison attended the services in a body and had charge of the services at the cemetery. Interment was made in the King cemetery northwest of Vail.

CHARLES K. MEYERS INJURED

Making Adjustment to Big Carpet Wheel and Was Knocked Into Pit Under the Machine.

Mr. Chas. K. Meyers, of the local post office force, met with an accident last Friday evening at his carpet cleaning establishment in East Denison that necessitates his remaining at home for several days.

Mr. Meyers was operating the big carpet wheel and while making some adjustments to the machine, which was in operation, the wheel struck him on the shoulders, forcing him down into the pit. Fortunately John Blackman happened into the building and found Mr. Meyers under the machine able to give directions as to how to stop the engine. Mr. Meyers was badly bruised, but is receiving the congratulations of his friends that the injuries were not of a more serious character.

It is claimed that hunters should pay \$5.00 extra license fee for the privilege of shooting guides.

The noble Carranza troops will start out in pursuit of Villa when they have had sufficient practice in shutting their eyes.

College manners have certainly improved. Instead of cooling off a freshman under a pump, they merely freeze him to death by not speaking to him.

The merchant who complains that the public is always wanting something new is usually the same one who doesn't advertise his left over goods and work them off while people will take them.

Big Caves for Box Potatoes. BEEMINGFORD, Neb., Oct. 17.—F. J. Gold, a farmer near Beemingsford, has raised sweet clover seed on dry land this year which will yield him \$108 per acre.

The farmers here are building more than a score of cellars on their farms to store their big crop of potatoes, especially the red potatoes which go south for seed.

About twenty buyers are operating here, most of them from the east. A Minneapolis firm is just completing a mammoth potato cave 76x140 feet in size, and a Chicago cave has two very large caves. An Alexandria, La., firm is figuring on building a cave and warehouse for potatoes in southern seed and two local buyers are also about to let contracts for warehouses, including elevator and caves. These hold from thirty to twenty cars each.

Wonderful bargains are offered in Wall street with blue sky only \$1.00 a yard.

MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON DEAD.

Died at Family Residence in Denison on Friday, October 13th—Leaves Husband and Three Children

Mrs. Chas. Anderson departed this life at the family residence in Denison on Friday, October 13th. She had suffered much the past year, but the tired and suffering body has found rest in death.

Helen Pearson was born in Sweden Oct. 1, 1888. She came to America in 1903, coming directly to Denison, arriving here December 3d of the same year. She was united in marriage to Mr. Charles Anderson on Dec. 11, 1906. The union was blessed with three children, namely: Johnnie, Dorothy and Evelyn, who with the husband and her parents are left to mourn her death.

Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the residence of Rev. J. L. Boyd, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, officiating. The funeral was largely attended. Music was furnished by a quartet composed of Mrs. B. J. Sibber and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. VanNess.

The Denison Woman's Relief Corps are making great preparations to entertain the convention of the Fifth district of their organization on Friday, October 20th.

They expect over 100 delegates of representative women from Harrison, Ida, Monona, Shelby and Woodbury counties.

The convention, through the courtesy of the Masons, will meet in McKim hall and hold an all-day session, beginning at 8:30 a. m., and lasting until late in the evening. The morning and evening sessions are open to all. Special programs are arranged for these occasions.

Friday, October 20th, also happens to be Iowa day, and with this convention in town the people of Denison may feel that they have something very special indeed for that day.

We understand that the business men and other plan decorations which will show their civic pride as well as compliment the W. R. C. convention and pay a tribute of respect to the veterans of the G. A. R.

JUDGE GEORGE GRAY.

Delaware Man Named as Contender in Mexican Dispute.



Photo by American Press Association.

DENISON LOSES TO HARLAN HIGH

Denison High School Football Team Went Down to Defeat at Harlan Last Saturday.

AND THE SCORE WAS 12 TO 0
Denison Pulled Off Several "Boners" Enabling Harlan to Put Crimp to Championship Aspirations

The Denison football team were defeated on the Harlan gridiron Saturday afternoon by the high school eleven of that place by a score of 12 to 0.

From all reports it should have been Denison's game but for the fact that the Denison team pulled off several bonhead plays. Denison outplayed the other team at every stage of the game but for the fumbling of the ball. At the end of the first half the score stood 6 to 0 in favor of our boys. During this quarter Locke made a 50 yard run for a touchdown, but the Harlan team made a touchdown, but failed to kick goal, tying the score. In the last quarter with but two minutes to play a Harlan player intercepted a forward pass by Denison on Harlan's five yard line and dashed down the field for a touchdown, winning the game.

Denison was particularly strong on defensive work, but was unusually weak on offensive, making the game a slow one.

Next Saturday the local team will play Coon Rapids at Coon Rapids and on the following Saturday play Council Bluffs on the local gridiron.

The lineup last Saturday was as follows: Flinn, right end; Healey, right tackle; Cavett, right guard; Broder, center; Laub, left guard; Strahan, left tackle; Wearmouth, left end; O'Connor, quarter; Lally, left half; Lehtola, fullback; Long, right half. Substitutes: Gary for Lally and McCord for Gary.

The Decrease in Death Rate. Recently announced figures from the 1915 census show a big fall in death rate. For the whole country these figures show 13.5 per thousand. Fifty years ago the rate was 26.2. The American people are growing healthier.

Better knowledge of sanitation, better physical development, advance of medical science, account for this change. There are a great many people who instead of dosing themselves with drugs, as formerly got out and exercise. More people work and sleep with their windows open. There is less horror of fresh air.

No doubt the present rate can be still further lowered. It is up to everyone to cooperate with physicians and boards of health in removing all known causes of disease. Premature death is one of the great causes of poverty. Every time a wage earner is taken away before his time some one is thrown on charity.

There are a great many people who have conscientious scruples against voting for a losing ticket.

It is positively announced that the guardmen will be recalled from the Mexican border on November 31st.

There seems a general consensus of opinion among the doctors that infant paralysis is due to the gonorrhoeal condition of the amplexum.

Feeling that there is a possible chance to get across the railroad track alive, the motorist cheerfully speeds on in front of the swiftly moving train.

THE MISSIONARY FIELDS OF CHINA

Yenping, China, June 3, 1916. Dear Friend:

The care of the Emma Fuller Memorial school for girls at Yenping with oversight of the surrounding region has again changed hands, and you may have some glimpse of the field through eyes that have not become too accustomed to its breadth, its beauty and its opportunities.

Yenping itself is beautiful for situation, scattered as it is over the low foot hills of the splendidly wooded mountains lying between the two forks of the Min river which divides in front of and almost encircles the city. The school at the back of the town and on its highest eminence, appears to the traveler who first views it from a bend in the river several miles below, as though it rested on a table land half way between the low green swells in Loynt and the cloud draped purple summits in the rear.

how this school ought to grow, in order to measure up to even a tithe of the opportunities that confront us, and you also see that such growth can only be brought about by strengthening and broadening our primary school foundations. We were able to make about twenty appropriations for ten new day schools which we hope to put at strategic points in this territory. Perhaps you who are already supporting work in this part of the kingdom may be glad to assume the support of one of these day schools at \$35 per year. Will you not try for him, or we for ours.

It has just been my privilege to make a visit to one of the outposts of our work. The trip took us six days by boat and one by chair, where the branching stream became too turbulent for navigation. We were able to make about twenty miles each day, which we were afterward told is record time. At nightfall our boatman died near some village, sufficiently large to afford protection from robbers with which the region infested and who might make trouble for the passengers and crew of a lone boat too far removed from a settlement to bring speedily help by their cries. In the gray dawn the boatman was up and at work and had made a good beginning on his day's run before his breakfast prepared by his capable little daughter who makes the trip with him, was ready for him, or we for ours.

Sometimes we, weary of sitting Turk fashion on the floor of our boat, would sit on the outposts of the side of the stream, careful not to get too far in advance of our boats. Some of the boats were for hours at the "door" or our mat covered "cabin" where we can feast our eyes more interruptedly on the beauties of our winding way. Here is a wonderful waterfall, which might well be named the "bridal veil," so exquisitely ethereal are the filmy sheets of spray formed where the mountain stream suddenly takes a headlong leap over a precipitous descent of "many tens of feet. But if this is the bridal veil, I bridal wreath is also not wanting. Violets, hyacinths, and in the far or near background whole mountain sides of dark green pine interspersed with the more delicate shades of the feathery bamboo, or again relieved with masses of great chestnut trees in the full

glory of their creamy bloom. The contrast changes and for a whole day we in the midst of the palisades of the Sa, the very waters edge, softening into marvelous beauty the jagged points which compel the stream to change its direction every few rods. Again to scene shifts and the banks, our river are crowned with magnificent rock formations. Here is a fine old tower and villa, together overgrown by a great, the opposite side of the river, a great building with a great cathedral on a neighboring hill. Here again on our right is a monstrous armory, an immense stadium, and a veritable Gibraltar rising straight from the waters edge. Our emotions as we watch the slowly unfolding panorama could find expression in nothing less sublime than the song of praise "Great and marvelous are thy works, O Lord God almighty."

But all this is only incidental—none of the things that God "adds" to the life of the missionary. While it is true that a tourist traveling for the sake of travel alone could never enjoy the privilege of seeing the public, but our work is not for six days has been ours of submerging ones self in the beautiful until one's whole being is saturated with its influence, yet this is not what brought us on this trip, neither is it that which most thrilled our souls. Between Yenping and Sa Shien, two points which the Church of Christ has made a strategic beginning of its work in this vast territory of 20000 inhabitants. Its massive wall kept gates between preference and Christian work. We had planned within. The streets, wide, well paved and clean afford far better walking than the dirty cobbles of the main thoroughfare of Yenping. We find our way to the excellently located church on a hill, and here we find a clean, bright and clean, it is a fitting place from which to "hang out the banner" over the mission. We had planned to have only a call at the parsonage, but our boatman informs us that he can not possibly make the next safe stopping place that night, and the bandits are active these days. With a courage born, perhaps, of ignorance, depression, as we mind taking the risk if you do not. He passes the word on to his partner who replies, "They may not be afraid, but we have our two children along." It is a well known fact that the bandits delight in kidnapping children and holding them

for a ransom, so we acquiesce, not sorry to spend the remainder of the day in the little medicine shop maintained by two of the earliest graduates of our school, and in the evening we are attracted by the fine strong face of the doctor and her daughter, a girl of nineteen, who has been trained in a Christian school. We find that she has studied in Yenping until she has learned to read and write, when her mother had a painful accident with a drug which cost her right hand and made it necessary for her daughter to leave school. It was a story, but I found my heart leaping within me. One grief since my arrival in this field has been, that in a center like Sa Shien we could have no day schools for girls, because there was no one to teach it, but here is a girl who has had six and one half years' training. Why not she? True, our ideal is graduation, but in such an emergency could we afford to waste this girl? We acted on the spur of the moment and asked her, "Would you be glad to teach a day school here?" Her face glowed as she answered, "If you will trust me to do the work I shall be glad to do my best." Later inquiries confirmed the guidance of that moment, for every one declared her to be a fine reliable girl and a letter has come since saying that she already has a beginning of twelve pupils.

After our round of calls, we have an hour or two to visit with the wife of the district superintendent, who tells us many things about the city, its customs and its needs, which make our hearts burn, and a plan is born out of this afternoon's work, to bring a few of our converts with us, after the close of the boarding school, and live here for two weeks, supplementing the work of the bible woman, day school teacher and pastor's wife by an active campaign for the women of the place, whose highest need of life at present is to be helped away their shut in days by gambling, smoking and gossip. Interspersed with the conversation were thrilling stories of the deprivations and atrocities of the brigands which may have accounted for the slight feeling of depression, as we started down the streets after dark, still followed by the curious, and it seemed to us, not altogether unwelcome, crowd. We could not but wish that we were to spend the night in the hospitable parsonage inside the city walls, instead of

in the "outer darkness" in our little boat, but that would mean a later start next day, and we are already behind our schedule. Presently we found the little song "Be not afraid, whatever betide; God will take care of you" singing out of itself over in our hearts. We committed ourselves to His care; He gave us sleep, and returned to us in the morning, and we well started on our next day's journey.

Sixty miles of fertile, prosperous and fertile territory from Sa Shien to Yenping without a single day school, bible woman's, pastor or place of christian worship. Does it sound as though our task is nearing accomplishment?

We reached our "safe stopping place" in good season, anchored across from a large village, and weary of the boat Miss Strow and I decided to take a short walk. Noticing a group of native women approaching our boat, we went back that we might perhaps talk with them, and observing their dress and physique were very different from anything we had seen. The upper garment of green, blue or purple extended well below the knees and was cut after the most capacious pattern. The sleeves fully a yard in width and trimmed with bright colored bandings were for convenience turned by and pinned on the shoulder so that the entire arm was disclosed to view. The attire was high and not unsightly, but for the excessive amount of pomade which made it look more like heavy black hair than anything else. Before we had taken in these few items of general appearance the group of women had reached the ferry boat, and were running between two villages, and the hamlets on our side of the river. We were not long in recognizing a load of recruits, mostly women, all bent on seeing the strange sight of two foreign women. What an opportunity for evangelistic work! We had in the boat a Sunday school scroll of the life of Jesus, and a number of books which would be to give them the first knowledge of that life lived and laid down for them. They were not to be disappointed for they could not understand a word of either the Fochow or Mandarin dialects. One of the men with us spoke Amoy, perhaps he could interpret, but that too failed, so we could only smile at them and try to make them feel that we were glad to have them near us. They showed no signs of dispersing and we realized they wished to see us out and our supper. We sat in the prow of the boat and spread our repeat with special care, letting them see exactly how bar-

barians manage their savage looking knives and forks, remembering the words of another missionary who said "For we are made a spectacle unto the world, both to angels and men." We could not restrain the tears as we thought of need and our inability to meet it. We said "If only we could get hold of a girl from this place and train her. She would know the native dialect and she could come back and save her own people. That is the purpose of the Emma Fuller Memorial school, and that is why you are interested in it."

But all these are at Yung An. This is the home of six of our boarding school girls. A medical mission has been maintained here for ten years by Dr. and Mrs. Williams of our general board, and these six girls are some of the first fruits of their work. Mrs. Williams had not seen a white woman for sixteen months, so you can imagine something of what the visit meant to her. She was just recovering from an attack of nervous exhaustion brought on by the anxiety and care of their two children, through a long illness in which both precious lives had been despaired of. No word of complaint fell from the lips of these brave pioneers, only joyous rehearsal of the slow but steady progress of the kingdom in that region. Just on this evening, when we were discussing the children, "These little folks are making some big sacrifices, and they may have the privilege of working here."

"There is a place six miles from here where we are first beginning. Mrs. Williams was saying, "where the people have never seen a christian woman. Would you care to go there and work with me?" The seed that took root in that place was dropped in the heart of a man, and he received treatment in the hospital. He began to attend church, bringing with him some of his fellow men, and when the number had reached twenty and they began to realize that their presence was a serious embarrassment to the native village chapel at Yung An, they said "There is no room for us here. We will rent a room in the city and live there. We will send some one out there to hold services for us. Who could go? It was time for the boys day school at Yung An. Dr. Williams said to the teacher "Will you spend your vacation at Long-Hill and hold services for them?" The reply was "Yes," and at the end of that month's "vacation" sixty families had

destroyed their idols and began as best they knew to worship the living God. We think that the one who bears it to us no share in it?" The purpose of that visit was to show them how large a share they had in it. Every sixty women listened with pathetic eagerness as we told them the story of Jesus and His love, and how He died for us, and when one of our Emma Fuller Memorial girls shall be ready to open a school in this place, we will be glad to have you interested in it.

Fourteen more miles in sedan chair, over a rolling thickly wooded country, brought me at night fall to Sa Long, our very outpost. The pastor and his wife are old friends from Hailang, the loved field where it was my privilege to labor for eleven years. They were appointed here last conference time and already Sa Long has a day school of twelve girls. How we visited and how many things Song Ing had to tell me of her life in that strange new place where the church has been planted in a veritable hotbed of outlaws, who seem to have a sort of rough respect for it, which very regard has a dangerous side, since if at all encouraged it might lead the government troops who were just then arriving to think that the church was in collusion with the criminals. A battle between the soldiers and the brigands was on, and when we parted in the early morning after a season of prayer it was with a sense of grave concern. How thankful we are that the banner is floating out in such a place as this, and that the one who bears it to the women here was trained in a school like this in which your girl is receiving her education.

The trip of five days going up and returning in the Yung An region completed it was not long before we were back in the beautiful W. F. M. S. compound at Yenping, receiving the greetings of our seventy girls, more thankful than ever that God has given them to us for a time that we may, after a few years, give them back to Him, through His grace vessels sanctified and meet for the Masters use, through which for life may flow unimpeded to the thirsting ones in this beautiful, needy region.

Yours for the Master,
Mammie P. Gassburner.