

GREENWOOD HAS THE OLDEST ODD FELLOW IN STATE

Odd Fellows of Greenwood Celebrate Mr. H. F. Swanback's 100th Anniversary.

From Saturday's Daily. It is not every town that can boast of having a resident 100 years of age who is well and hearty on that birthday anniversary, but such is the case with the city of Greenwood. Mr. H. F. Swanback was 100 years of age Tuesday, and having been a member of the Odd Fellows lodge for over seventy years, joining in Germany, the Greenwood lodge very appropriately made him their guest of honor Tuesday evening and there was a program especially prepared for his benefit.

The editor of the Omaha World-Herald came up to give the address of the evening, which was followed by remarks by Mr. Swanback, and then came a banquet of pressed chicken and the "trimmings."

During his lifetime Mr. Swanback has been an active man, having practiced medicine for twenty-five years in Germany and the United States. In speaking of the war across the water, he recently gave this interview to the World-Herald:

"Indeed I am much interested in the war," he said, with a rising inflection.

"What do you think of the kaiser and the report that he forced the war?"

"He never forced the war," declared the old man. "It was forced on him. Ah, the kaiser is a great man. He has done great things for his people and all Europe. It was him that really Christianized all Europe and refined it, bringing it from barbarism to true civilization."

"Do you think Germany will win the war?"

"I did think so, but I am pained to say that I fear for the outcome now. Things have changed so. Germany has too many nations to fight, and I read in the papers that Italy, Sweden, Norway and other countries are soon to take sides with the allies. Germany has the finest army in all the world, but she can't whip the world. I grieve for the kaiser because he is right."

"Just Turn That Around." "An English correspondent recently said that one British soldier could whip five German soldiers," was suggested.

The old man's eyes sparkled. "You just turn that around," he exclaimed. "Turn it around and it will be about right. I know how the Germans can fight. They never give up—they may all be killed by far superior forces, but they will never give up as long as there's a German left to fire a gun." "You say you know how the Germans can fight. What do you mean by that?"

"Why, I have seen them fight. I was with them on many a battlefield. I know."

"Where?" "In Germany, of course. I was all through the war of 1818 between Prussia and Denmark, under General Wrangel," and the old soldier pointed with pride to the iron cross.

"How did you come to get the iron cross?"

"I got it for capturing nine Danes. King Frederick William IV of Prussia gave it to me."

"Tell us about the Danes, please." "There isn't much to tell, but it happened this way: When the war between Prussia and Denmark broke out I enlisted in the Ninth company, Prussian cavalry, and as was then the plan, served part of the time in the infantry. I was here, there and everywhere, and often selected for scout duty. Not long before the Prussians, by order of the king, marched into Holstein, I was sent off on a scout a distance of about forty miles from Holstein, passing, by several miles, the outer camp of the Prussians. One day I looked down a valley and there saw several Danes grouped together. I got off my horse and taking my gun, as well as my short sword, which I always carried, crept close up to them to see what they were doing. They had stacked their guns and were playing cards. I crawled as close as I could without attracting attention and suddenly jumped to my feet and yelled in German what you call 'Hands up!' They didn't understand German, but they did understand what my gun meant, which was pointed at them. Up went their hands and I told them to march, pointing toward the Prussian lines. They didn't like it and scowled at me, but I meant business and they knew it, so they began to tramp. I marched them back four or

five miles, fearing all the time other Danes would come to their rescue, but none appeared. At length we arrived at the Prussian camp and I turned the prisoners over to an officer. That is all there is to the capture, except that I made up my mind that if any of them started to run, I would shoot to kill."

Decorated in Bismarck's Tent. "And when did you get the iron cross?"

"A day or two after we marched into Holstein. It was sent me by the king, and I tell you it made me feel proud. I was in Bismarck's tent when the cross was given to me."

"Did you know Bismarck and how did you happen to be in his tent?"

"He sent for me. He and I were friends. He was born at the manor house of Schonhausen, his father's mark in Bradenburg, April 1, 1815, and I was born in Mecklenburg March 9, 1815, and we were well acquainted. He was a fine man. He used to say I was 'a smart young fellow.' The day he sent for me he opened a couple of bottles of wine and we were drinking it and I was telling him about the capture of the Danes, and giving him other information as to the location of the enemy, when the king's representative came with the cross. I tell you if Bismarck was alive today there would be no war. He was the greatest man for avoiding war and still getting what he wanted, and believed to be right, that ever lived."

Bismarck really entered public life the year before the war broke out—or revolution as it was called. He was chosen substitute for the representative of the lower nobility of his district in the estates-general, which were in that year summoned to Berlin. He soon distinguished himself by the vigor and originality with which he defended the rights of the king and the Christian monarchy against the liberals. The year prior, however, Bismarck had had charge for the government of the dykes by which the country in the neighborhood of Etina was preserved from inundation, which office called him to travel extensively through England, France and Switzerland. During the revolution Bismarck did not sit with any of the assemblies summoned, but took a very active part in the formation of a conservative party, which often carried him out among the men at the front and made him a power with the highest officials, and soldiers as well. That is how he came to be at Holstein the day the king gave Veteran Swanback the iron cross.

Wounded With Bayonet.

"During the war between Prussia and Denmark were you ever wounded?"

"Look at that," replied the old warrior, and he raised his hat and across his forehead, close up to the snow-white hair, was seen a long scar. "That was made with a bayonet during a cavalry charge. We had been given the order to charge and away we flew, the horses as anxious to get at the enemy as were the riders. We were cutting and slashing like mad, and the Danes were fighting, too—for those fellows are fighters, let me tell you—well, all at once I got into close quarters with a big Dane and missed my guard. In an instant he had jabbed me across the head and down I tumbled, but I was not dead by any means. After the charge, in which the Prussians were victors, but at the cost of many lives, I was taken back to the rear and patched up. In a short time I was on my horse again and at the front whenever there was anything to do, for I could never stand to hold back. The skull was not injured, but the bone was laid bare. A few stitches and I was soon as good as ever. The point of the bayonet had glanced off."

The old man rubbed the time-honored scar and puffed his cigar. His mind was traveling back over the events that happened sixty-seven years ago. "Did the Prussian soldiers wear breast plates?" was asked. "Yes, they wore brass plates over their breasts and helmets," he explained. "Many is the time that I have seen men struck with a bullet on the breast plate and but few times I recall that the bullets passed through. We generally fought at a considerable distance and the bullets would be well spent. They would flatten out and we would shake them out on the ground. Yes, I had several strike me, but none ever went through the plate; I guess I was lucky."

"I suppose you got all the fighting you wanted in the old country, didn't you?" "No, sir, a German, never knows what it is to stop fighting when he thinks his country's welfare is at stake. Why, I would go back and help the kaiser now if I could leave my wife, but she is an invalid, you know, and I can't leave her alone. No one would take proper care of her if I were away—she's too old." And the wearer of the iron cross sighed with evident regret.

"Where were you when the civil war in the United States was fought?"

was the next question. "I was in it. I helped put down the rebellion," and again the shoulders of the 100-year-old warrior straightened and his blue eyes sparkled.

"Yes, sir," he continued, "it was my duty to take part in that war. I was an American citizen then, having come over from the old country a few years before the war broke out. I landed in Canada, then lived in Minnesota, where I married my first wife, then in Indiana and later in Kansas, and was there when the call came for volunteers. I enlisted in the Eleventh Kansas infantry at Topeka and served until the close of the war. We had some pretty hot times, too, I tell you, during those days, especially in dealing with Quantrill's men, and other lawless bushwhackers. I remember one time we got after Quantrill and his gang and ran them down into Missouri, where we killed several of them. While in the neighborhood of Sedalia, as I remember the place, we captured a Quantrill spy in our camp, and I helped hang him to a tree. I saw several of the raider's men hanged by the union soldiers."

By his first wife, Mr. Swanback had nine children, all being dead now but two. One is a son in the railroad business in the south and the other, Mrs. Ada Clemens, a trained nurse, in Candler, Alaska. He married his second wife in 1880 near Greenwood, where he has lived for over forty years, the second marriage taking place when he was 71 years old.

Mr. Swanback is in favor of woman suffrage, expressing his ideas this way: "I favor women voting because most women have a good education and are level-headed. Most of them are better in every way than many men who hold office. Then why not let them vote?"

"No, I am not a prohibitionist," the old gentleman replied to an inquiry, "yet I am a temperate man and always have been."

In connection with this man's life story, it is of more than passing interest to state that he holds a medal for being the oldest Odd Fellow in Nebraska, and so far as obtainable data reveals, is the oldest Odd Fellow in the whole world. He has been an Odd Fellow, joining in Germany, for over seventy years. The evening of the day he spent in Omaha there was installation of officers at his home lodge at Greenwood. He was imprompted to remain over night in Omaha and attend the theater. "I can't do that," he explained, "much as I would like to, for the boys told me this morning that they would hold off the initiation an hour or so until my train gets in from Omaha, and I mustn't disappoint them, for, don't you know, the boys down at Greenwood are going to paint the town red for me on March 9th?"

MRS. C. M. MANNERS HAS SERIOUS TIME GETTING HOME FROM A VISIT TO FRIENDS

From Saturday's Daily. Mrs. C. M. Manners has returned home from Creighton, Nebraska, where she had been visiting with friends, and during her sojourn there had a decidedly exciting time in getting around in the snow, and from what she says the snow we had here was certainly only a small imitation of the real thing. The snow completely paralyzed the train service, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that trains were pushed through during the storm, and after it was over the lines were completely closed by the drifted snow, so as to cut out travel entirely. Mrs. Manners had started homeward and had gotten as far as Plainview when the traffic was tied up completely, and a week ago Thursday found her at Plainview with absolutely no way of getting out of that place for several days. On the Sunday following she was able to get out of Plainview over the Northwestern, which was the first road to get into operation after the storm, as the Burlington was still tied up when she left there. She was able to reach home Monday and feels that the next time she goes on a trip it will be in the good old summer time when there is no danger of being snowed in, as was the case with her Creighton trip.

The Court of Last Resort.

Around the stove of the cross roads grocery is the real court of last resort, for it finally over-rules all others. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been brought before this court in almost every cross roads grocery in this country, and has always received a favorable verdict. It is in the country where man expects to receive full value for his money that this remedy is most appreciated. Obtainable everywhere.

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THE DEATH OF A MOST EXCELLENT NEHAWKA LADY

Mrs. John Garber Passed Away at Nehawka Sunday, March 7, Aged 73 Years.

At Plattsmouth, in the State of Nebraska, at the close of business March 4th, 1915.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts	\$270 90 04
Overdrafts, secured none; unsecured	1 794 26
U. S. bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	50 000 00
Other bonds pledged to secure postal savings	6 000 00
Premium on bonds held for circulation	500 00
Other bonds, securities, etc., owned unpledged (other than stocks, including premiums on same)	14 641 77
Subscription to stock of Federal Reserve bank, less amount deposited	\$1 500 00
All other stocks, including premium on same	2 500 00
Banking house and fixtures	13 000 00
Furniture and fixtures	13 419 00
Other real estate owned	7 405 88
Due from Federal Reserve bank	3 039 92
Due from approved reserve agents in central reserve cities	898 81
Due from approved reserve agents in other cities	22 764 00
Due from banks and bankers	1 150
Outside checks and other cash items, none; fractional currency, notes and coins	127 78
Checks on banks in the same city or town as reporting bank	794 03
Checks on national banks	4 153 00
Lawful money reserve in bank	
Special	10 000 00
Local tender notes	43 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (not more than 5 per cent on circulation)	2 500 00
Total	\$41 170 98

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$50 000 00
Surplus fund	25 000 00
Undivided profits	3 347 48
Less current expenses, interest, and taxes	
Interest on notes	1 500 00
Circulating notes	20 000 00
Less amount on hand and in Treasury for redemption of 10 cent transit	1 000 00
In transit to deposits	91 747 41
Certificates of deposits due in less than 30 days	27 124 89
Postal saving deposits	3 243 55
Certificates of deposits due on or after 30 days	176 082 48
Bills payable, including obligations representing money borrowed	17 500 00
Total	\$41 170 98

State of Nebraska, ss J. H. N. Doyce, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. H. N. DOYCE, Cashier.

Correct—Attest: FRANK E. SCHLATER, GEORGE W. DOWDY, K. W. COOK, Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of March, 1915.

HELD B. BRINEMAN, Notary Public.

My commission expires January 12, 1917.

WILL BE SEVENTY-SIX YEARS OLD ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Mrs. Kate Oliver and Children and Grandchildren Will Celebrate the Event in Usual Manner.

The Omaha World-Herald of yesterday contained an excellent half-tone cut of Mrs. Kate Oliver of this city, who on Wednesday will celebrate her seventy-sixth birthday at her home in this city. In speaking of the coming event the World-Herald says of this splendid pioneer woman of Nebraska: On St. Patrick's day in Tipperary, Ireland, Mrs. Kate Oliver, one of Nebraska's earliest pioneers, was born seventy-six years ago. Her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren will assemble at her home in Plattsmouth next Wednesday to celebrate the event.

Every year since the Olivers can remember they have gathered together in honor of their mother's birthday. And every year the party has been bigger. This year it will be bigger than ever and besides they will sing "It's a Long, Long Way From Tipperary."

Mrs. Oliver has lived in Nebraska fifty-nine years. She came with her parents to this country from Ireland when she was but a wee lass. They tried St. Louis and then came on to Bellevue. From there they moved to Omaha. Mrs. Oliver lived here until twelve years ago, when she moved to Plattsmouth.

At the birthday party Wednesday will be Mrs. Oliver's sister, Mrs. Anna Miller, of Fort Crook; her daughter, Mrs. A. W. Hallem, Omaha; Mrs. Charles D. Eads, South Omaha; Mrs. D. P. Aylsworth, Kansas City; Mrs. D. C. Morgan and Miss Carrie Oliver, Plattsmouth, the nine grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Proper Treatment for Biliousness.

For a long time Miss Lula Skelton, Churchville, N. Y., was bilious and had sick headaches and dizzy spells; Chamberlain's Tablets were the only thing that gave her permanent relief. Obtainable everywhere.

Osteopathic treatment is guaranteed to cure the gripe. Try it and be convinced.

THE DEATH OF A MOST EXCELLENT NEHAWKA LADY

Mrs. John Garber Passed Away at Nehawka Sunday, March 7, Aged 73 Years.

Louisa Engle was born in Alsace, Germany, August 27, 1841, and died in Nehawka March 7, 1915, aged 73 years, 6 months and 8 days. She came to America in 1865 to Kalamazoo, Michigan. On May 23, 1876, she was married to John Garber. They came to Nebraska in 1878 and located on a farm two miles northwest of Manley, until November, 1883, when they moved to Manley and in the fall of 1906 they came to Nehawka, where she spent her declining years. She leaves to mourn her loss her aged husband, now in very feeble health; Mrs. Magdalena Panokonin of Bental, Wisconsin; Mrs. Caroline Gehry and Mrs. Barbara Gaetz of Murdock, Neb. Mr. Michael Engel of Alsace, Germany, and Mr. George Engel of Grant, Neb.

Mrs. Garber was a faithful and earnest Christian, an efficient member of the M. E. church of this town, devoted and conscientious to the activities of church, Sunday school and Aid society, and all good causes as far as her opportunities would allow. She was an excellent neighbor, a persistent and untiring worker in her home, most affectionate and self-sacrificing as a wife and exemplifying much of the mind and spirit of Christ along many lines and in the faithful discharge of all duties to which she was assigned, until Sunday morning, March 7, after a brief illness, she gently sank to rest. She rests from her labors and her deeds follow her, "their light reflected in glory."

Funeral services were held in the M. E. church Tuesday at 12 o'clock, conducted by Rev. J. W. Insley. Burial in Mt. Pleasant cemetery.

A GERMAN HYMN DEDICATED TO THE LENTEN SEASON

Paul Gerhard, the greatest German hymn writer, gave the church of his country that wonderful translation of a hymn which is ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux and which is certainly an inspiration for Lenten time. Here are three of the most beautiful of its eight stanzas:

"O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
Yet, the despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

"Receive me, my Redeemer;
My Shepherd, make me Thine;
Of every good the fountain,
Thou art the spring of mine.
Thy lips with love distilling,
And milk of truth sincere,
With heaven's bliss are filling
The soul that trembles here.

"Be near when I am dying,
O, show Thy cross to me;
And for my sinner flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free;
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love."

This beautiful story in verse was handed to us by our friend, Rev. J. H. Steger, of St. Paul's church, and it will be much appreciated by those who observe the Lenten season.

Moves Into New Home.

Albert Stokes has just purchased the property south of the A. G. Bach store on Lincoln avenue, and Saturday moved into his new house and feels well pleased with his new home. It is a very nice and convenient place and one that should make a very pleasant home for the Stokes family.

Keep Your Bowels Regular.

As everyone knows, the bowels are the sewerage system of the body, and it is of the greatest importance that they move once each day. If your bowels become constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Tablets just after supper and they will correct the disorder. Obtainable everywhere.

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Big selection to choose from. All the popular styles; all the new fabrics. Special models for young men.

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NEW TIES EVERY WEEK

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WILLIAM TROOP, OF NEHAWKA, SUDDENLY BECOMES BLIND

William Troop, prominent farmer of the vicinity of Nehawka, had a rather strange experience while in Omaha Friday evening attending the theater, in company with two neighbors, Otto Carroll and C. N. Hanson. While enjoying the performance Mr. Troop was suddenly stricken with blindness and was unable to see even the lights in the theater and his friends were for a few minutes greatly alarmed over the calamity that had visited Mr. Troop.

Troop was led from the theater by his two friends, who telephoned police headquarters for a physician. Dr. J. A. Tamisiea attended the man, but seemed unable to alleviate the trouble, which, he asserted, was decidedly puzzling, the only solution offered being that Troop's affliction may result from some internal poisoning.

"I could see just as good as I ever could in my life up to the very moment I went blind," Troop related to the physician. "I was interested in the show, when suddenly it seemed as if the lights had gone suddenly out. It was several moments before I realized what had happened."

The affliction, however, fortunately proved only temporary, and after treatment Mr. Troop was able to return home and is greatly at a loss to understand the temporary loss of his eyesight, although he has in the past few years suffered some from his eyes.

Leaves for Convention.

The delegates for the Woodman Circle convention left this afternoon on the Schuyler for Columbus, Neb., where the convention is to be held tomorrow. The delegates from here are Mrs. Lena Droege, Miss Marie Kaufmann, Mrs. Nannie Burke, Mrs. Julia Hawkenberry and Mrs. Margaret Manspender. Several of the members of the Circle accompanied the delegates and will be present at the convention.

A Specific Against Colds.

"If there is such a thing as a specific against colds, it is to be found in the sleeping porch or the open bed room. Next to that comes the cold sponge bath in the morning," says the Youth's Companion. Be as careful as you can you will occasionally take cold and when you do you will find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a great help in enabling you to get rid of it. Try it. Obtainable everywhere.

Wall Paper, Paints, Glass, Picture Framing. Frank Gobelman.

You know when you try on a suit whether you like it, simply by a glance in the glass, but you don't know that you will like it after it has seen active service.

You can get a suit here with either a Society Brand or Kuppenheimer label in it, the kind that always look good, for one-fourth less than a good tailor's price and still get a better value. We will prove our statement with an opportunity. Come in any day.

New hats, new shirts, new neckwear.

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