

The Falls City Tribune.

VOLUME I

FALLS CITY, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1904.

NUMBER 9

Death of Martha Krossa.

The death of Miss Martha Krossa occurred at the home of V. G. Lyford on last Sunday morning. Miss Krossa was a victim of typhoid fever and although the crisis was considered as past, and her friends began to have strong hopes of her recovery, a change for the worse occurred suddenly and she passed away.

For over three years she had lived in this city following her profession, that of a trained nurse. She was one especially endowed by nature for this line of work. Hers was a christian character and hers was a nature overflowing with sympathetic tenderness. Her very presence in the sick room was an inspiration to the weary and disheartened sufferer, and there are many in this town who owe their very lives to her kindly ministrations. She had become beloved by all and her death brought the profoundest regrets to very many friends. She was yet a young woman, active in her field of usefulness and doing good day by day, but the destroyer of all mortal life takes no heed to these things. She who had lead many back from the gates of death went down into the valley of the shadow. But the good that she did lives after her and the sweet influence of her goodness and her tender ministrations shall linger long in the memory of the living.

Martha Krossa was born at Kiel, Prussia, March 27, 1874. When yet a child she came with her parents to this country and for the past ten years had made her home with the family of V. G. Lyford. While living at Humphrey, Neb., she decided upon the career of a trained nurse. She went to Chicago and fitted herself for this work and then came to this city, Mr. Lyford having removed here in the mean time. She was very successful in her work and made many friends. She leaves her father and four brothers. Short funeral services were held at the Lyford home on Monday afternoon and the remains were taken to Lone Wolf, O. T., where her father and two brothers reside.

Josephine Steele.

Mrs. Josephine Steele died at her home in Chicago Wednesday morning after a long illness. Her death removes from this world a woman who was known and beloved in this city. She was the

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Schuyler and although born in Colorado, January 28, 1870, but a short time later her parents removed to this city and here she developed into the true and noble woman that she was. As a girl she made friends and won the love of playmates by her kindly disposition, her high regard for all that was true and good, and her cheerful disposition. As she grew older these traits developed more and more until she entered the sphere of womanhood and from this new found and wider environment these beautiful traits of character drew new friends who loved her for what she really was—a true type of womanhood. Her ideals were of the highest, her character of the noblest and those who knew her so long and so well have learned of her death with the profoundest of sorrow.

On October 31, 1888, she was married to Joseph C. Steele and carried into her home life all the natural requisites of the homemaker. Her home life found its basic principle in the virtues of her womanhood. When two little daughters had come into the home circle she took up the duties of motherhood in the spirit of one who finds therein a new field for the development of higher ideals and lived that she might give to them by precept and example the same beauties and strength of character that had so wrought their influences in her own life. In 1902 the family removed to Chicago where her death occurred. To the husband and the two little daughters, as well as to the aged mother and the brothers and sisters has come a great sorrow that is shared by many friends.

The remains were brought to this city yesterday accompanied by Mr. Steele and Mrs. Jennie Hill, a sister of the deceased. The funeral services will be held this afternoon.

Bowling Contest.

In the bowling contest for February, the first prize was awarded to Frank Gossett, the score in the contest being as follows:

Frank Gossett, 180; Fred Paxton, 177; Charles Cornell, 176; George Holt, 169.

In the March contest the prize will be a regulation ball of the best make, to be awarded to the player making the greatest number of pins in three straight games.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Dr. M. L. Gemmel is very seriously ill.

Elmer Coupe has been attending to business matters in St. Joseph this week.

March came in like a lamb. Therefore order another ton of coal and keep your winter shirt on.

F. C. Worrall of Norcat, Kan., arrived in the city Wednesday for a visit with his brother-in-law, M. Sweeney.

The first robins have come. But we may yet have a final touch of winter and what will the robin do then, poor thing.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Schmuicker arrived in the city yesterday. They will occupy their cottage at Eighth and Chase streets.

Frank McDermand returned to his home in Kansas City Wednesday. Frank is still feeling the effects of his recent severe fall.

Mrs. Elza Martin, residing northeast of the city, is critically ill and her condition is causing much anxiety on the part of her friends.

D. McPhee is having the interior of his meat market nicely papered and painted. When the work is done it will be a very attractive place.

Hon. Cass Jones of Rulo was in town Tuesday. Mr. Jones represented Richardson county in the last session of the legislature and will be a candidate for re-nomination.

Walt Mason of Beatrice announces that he will soon begin the publication of an illustrated weekly. Walt's "pen pictures" will form no unimportant part of the "scenic" features.

It has been found necessary to lay a new floor in A. W. Seff's clothing store. It is a good sign when the floor in a store wears out. Lots of people must walk on the floor that wears out.

Will Jenne is taking a rest from his duties as a traveling salesman. The Sphinx boys are always glad to see Will come home because he is one of the few of their number who can do that new piano justice.

Fred Beaulieu took advantage of the fine spring like weather on Tuesday to drive out to his farm, and see that the plows were sharp and the horses shod and the hired man taking his physical culture exercises regularly.

If a subtle influence permeates your being, and you don't know. yhw you've got it. If you feel yourself drawn irresistably to the sunny side of the street where the ragged edge of a plank walk becomes as a luxurious couch, you've got it. If you can't keep your jack-knife in your pocket and if you can't keep the blade out of a soft pine stick, you've got it. If the sunlight goes through and through you like X rays and warms your frost bitten liver till you feel as though you had just taken a dose of tincture of radium, you've got it. If you feel at peace with the whole world and would rather commune with your inner self than talk politics with your neighbor, you've got it. There may be a blizzard tomorrow and if so the symptoms will disappear but but they will return again on the first balmy warm day and you will find that you have suffered a relapse. Spring fever is contagious and no matter how often you have it, you never become immune.

It was a balmy afternoon and all along the street, the people stood rejoicing in the sunlight's genial heat. The merchant opened wide the doors and let the awnings down, a sense of spring-time's sweet content had settled o'er the town. But in that golden afternoon when all with peace was sweet, there came the sound of rushing winds and dust clouds in the street. From out the north-land's cheerless waste there swept a chilling breath and lo, the spirit of the spring was well nigh froze to death. And wailing voices rent the air as high as heaven's dome—sad was the fate of those who left their overcoats at home.

Rev. Chas. Koehler preached at the Presbyterian church last Sunday. Rev. Koehler is a forcible talker and never lacks for a good congregation when he returns to preach to the people of his home town.

This is going to be a hard year on tax dedgers. Many a man who has never known exactly how rich he is will have a pretty definite idea thereof after the deputy assessor gets through with him.

The streets of this city are in the best condition that they have ever been at this season of the year. The street commissioner has had them thoroughly dragged giving them a hard smooth surface.

State Historical Society
Lincoln