

Times-Republican

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GOING THRU THE MOTIONS.

Iowa democrats who will meet to decide upon a state ticket this week are offered choice for governor between four men: S. H. Bashor, John Denison, Claude Porter and Jerry Sullivan.

Of all the names but one is of gubernatorial proportions, that of Mr. Sullivan. Sullivan is a man of strength and ability, big enough in himself to be considered for the chief-office of the state.

None of the others measures up to Sullivan. Porter is an excellent citizen of mediocre stature. He is more nearly county than state tall, not a leader or possessor of the qualities of leadership, a man of whom much good and little evil may be said.

Denison is of the oratorical order, the circus hand type. He has the trick of public speech, not a debater but a talker. He is scarcely a politician and a long way from statesmanship. He is a talker.

Bashor, "Steve Bashor," is a political soldier of fortune, willing and anxious to lead a forlorn hope or a storming party. He has unsheathed his sword in many quarrels. Away back in the dim past when Steve was a "Progressive Dunker" preacher and a populist over in Illinois, he was a fusion candidate against Bob Hitt for congress.

The good people of that strongly republican district had grown disgruntled with Mr. Hitt and gave Bashor within 700 or 800 votes of an election. Steve drifted out of politics, into Iowa, out of preacherhood into the insurance business and back into politics. It will be remembered that he once ran for governor in Iowa without attracting serious attention. Then he went away. There is a biographical hiatus here.

What parties he represented and what offices he craved abroad are not of current history. But Steve is back in Iowa and a candidate. Mr. Bashor and candidacy are inseparable.

There will be a good time Friday at Des Moines when the untutored democracy of Iowa gathers to shake hands and "smile" and go thru the motions of a political party. They are a pleasant and jovial crew who ought to get together once in a while if only for the reasons that they are adapted to sociability and good fellowship. Friday's is as good an excuse as any but to give the gathering tone and command attention they should nominate Jerry Sullivan for governor.

THE ODIUM OF COMPARISON.

The other day Andrew Carnegie announced Joe Cannon as of the "Lincoln type." Mr. Carnegie has said many things which ring false but never anything so utterly mistaken as his classification of Joseph Cannon as a "Lincoln type."

It is more than mistake, it is odium beyond the proverbial odium of comparison. Cannon is no more of the Lincoln stamp than Arkansas' Jeff Dover is like Carlyle, or a hill billy like Hickory Jackson. It is possible that Mr. Carnegie is unable to apprehend the Lincoln type. Men whose greatness is based mainly on their check books often find themselves wide when they essay to analyze and compare natures and souls like that of the first American. Perhaps he confuses rudeness with plainness, coarseness with simplicity and braggadocio with courage. Otherwise it is hard to see upon what grounds he bases his comparison.

Lincoln's was a reverent character. Irreverence is characteristic of Joseph Cannon. Cannon is foul mouthed and profane, a scolder whose mouth is full of spoken oaths. Where Lincoln prayed, Cannon cursed. Where Lincoln walked humbly before God, Cannon strutted defiant in the face of high heaven.

Lincoln was essentially a commoner. He studied for the plain people. His labors were for the masses living and the multitudes to be born. His great soul scorned service except as it included the rights of man. He was a prophet and the carrier out of prophecy. Cannon, Cannon whose narrow soul is satisfied with a power which he abuses; whose service is as of a foot-warmer to special privilege; to whom the measure of righteousness is the will of a greedy and conscienceless coterie; to whom public need is a whisper and private command the Vox Del; Cannon an old man facing public condemnation with insolence and standing in his old age in arrogance and hardness of heart before God and man is farthest of all American types removed from the splendid plainness which grew from the best

seed of Puritan, Cavalier and Quaker to be typified in Abraham Lincoln. A coarse, sordid, brutal and profane old man, dicing with curses and jibes over the destinies of the republic; defying its history from Washington to Roosevelt; arrogating to himself a kingship subsidiary, it would appear, only to organized and predaceous wealth; insincere except where sincerity is a political asset, is not to be established by the dictum of a Carnegie as a "Lincoln type."

THE SAME YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Theodore Roosevelt comes out of Africa the same old Roosevelt. Stopping in Egypt he tells the Egyptians a few wholesome truths and while Cairo bubbles and simmers with excitement and nationalist resentment, goes out mousing here and there among the bazaars heedless of whether the nationalists like or lump it and unscrupulous of personal danger. Coming to Italy he wants to meet the pope but gives that dignitary a clear understanding that he will go where he pleases, to meet whom he pleases after the audience is over. Consequently the pope and the ex-president failed to meet. Teddy bowed, went cheerfully over to meet the king, nodded to the Methodists as he went by and went on seeing people who wanted to see him and things he wanted to see. And the American people who are watching Teddy Roosevelt grinned and poked one another in the ribs. "Just like him," says you and the man you spoke to, showed his teeth in pure delight and replied: "He's a peach," and another thoughtful person remarked musingly, "I wonder what he'll say to Taft."

The impasse between Mr. Roosevelt and the pope is however, a mere incident which is likely to be magnified and distorted. It doesn't amount to much on either side. The pope has certain and specific rulings as to whom he will and will not see. As head of his church his actions are bound by settled policies as those of a president or a king by policies of state. Under certain conditions which he had every right to specify he would receive Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt could come or not as pleased him. Mr. Roosevelt, being Mr. Roosevelt, refused the conditions. So two great men failed to meet and that should be the end of it. No good can come to church, state or religion by raising contention over it.

Now the country is wondering what next. What will Teddy say or do in Germany? And what do you imagine is passing between him and Pinchot?

This time, Congressman Hull makes, instead of secure, an appropriation for Des Moines. The tax ferrets force him to come across with about \$400.

Anyway, Bwana Tumbo will not likely take a job as cardinal when he gets home.

A writer who has been inspecting the garbage cans of New York, says that town throws away enough to feed India. Possibly the fellow exaggerates some, but he is on the right trail if he would get at some genuine evidence on the whereof of the high cost of living.

As well as pulling the tiger's teeth, Mayor Gaynor seems disposed to interfere with the striped animal's free access to the bottle. The mayor is almost as relentless a hunter of big game as Bwana Tumbo himself.

Newspaper readers will bear in mind that special correspondents traveling with Roosevelt are not under bond to tell the truth.

Edward Novak, a student at Johns Hopkins, has, on a non-meat diet, won a place at the head of a class of fifty-five in the physical test, getting an average of .725 out of a possible 1.000. Yes, but if he had taken a little round steak now and then he might have made it .900 or so.

No rain in Iowa for a long time, except intermittent showers of candidates for railroad commissioner.

An Evanston, Ill., man has been fined \$25 for giving a drink to a friend in a livery stable. That's no place to take a friend and we trust the fellow will know better the next time.

An English railroad expert predicts that within ten years trains will be running 150 miles an hour on regular schedule. Shucks! He's no prophet at all. Aren't we to be flying by that time, with the railroads and all their equipment consigned to the junk heap?

A member of the New York senate has resigned on being found guilty of accepting bribes, and that appears to be all they are going to do with him. And perhaps it is enough, since he will now have to work for what he gets, which must be a painful experience for a man of his type.

The conservative party in Canada is said to be due for a shake-up. Conservative parties everywhere are in the same boat, it seems.

The expectation is that more Americans will visit Europe this year than in any previous season. No hope in that quarter, it seems, of cutting down the cost of living.

Women will not be allowed to appear in decollete costumes at any of the big functions to be held at Montreal in September, when Cardinal Vanuelli, papal legate from Rome, along with Cardinal Gibbons and scores of big ecclesiastics, will attend the Eucharistic congress. What does this mean? Is it an effort to create a diversion in

favor of the opponents of woman's suffrage? Is it notice to the agitators that women must be on their guard to hold what rights they have?

When it comes to publish the real news of the state, the Marshalltown Times-Republican has the Des Moines papers pushed into the background. Ida Grove Pioneer.

IOWA OPINIONS AND NOTES.

"Nearly every American Theodore Roosevelt has met since he came out of the wilderness has urged him to be for the president in 1912," notes the Odebolt Chronicle. "When Teddy comes home four out of five republicans in this country will demand that he go back to the White house and will refuse to take no for an answer. Will Teddy do it? Sure."

The Des Moines Register and Leader says, "We have come upon days of strict public utility for all public service. The city of the future will pay for what it gets and for no more. It will have a sufficient hand in the management to insure service and inside information of the cost of service. It will allow a sufficient margin of profit and no more."

"In a large sense, the conflict at Washington now is economic," says the Glidden Graphic. "The railroads and other large corporations seek every possible advantage in their relations with the public. Who represents the people in these controversies and conflicting interests? Read the roll: Cummins, Dolliver, Clapp, LaFollette, Brown, Bristow, Insurgents, everyone one of them."

"It is a waste of good paper and ink for the staid paters of this district to talk about Mr. Wayne being able to defeat Frank Woods for congress," says the Manson Democrat. "If Frank Woods is not re-elected a democrat will take his place, that's all."

"Remarking on eccentric Hoosier who left as a monument a thousand whisky jugs which he had emptied," the Tama News exclaims, "What a roaring contraband he must have made in the other world!"

Looker-On In Iowa

Iowa Falls, April 5.—Many of the citizens here feel that this city has been given "a black eye," because of the accounts sent out of here, the daily papers concerning the recent municipal election. Such critics seem to forget that a reporter only writes an account of what is going on. That the local papers here as well as the speakers in the churches of the city are the ones engaged in the "looker-on" business, thus assuring that any real harm has been done to the fair reputation of this place. The facts are, certain good citizens became aware that there are six government licenses to sell intoxicating liquors in Iowa Falls. They knew that since all of the drug stores in Iowa Falls gave up their permits, there has been considerable "stuff" shipped in. And in some way Mayor Bryson was held responsible for these things, hence the campaign followed which was almost laughable to those acquainted with the conditions here. Talk about "the lid being on" or of strange language to Iowa Falls voters. And a headline in one of the state dailies that the "reform" ticket was beaten in Iowa Falls was equally misleading. The writer has visited Iowa Falls since the election, and he knows what he is talking about, and can prove that no cleaner, more moral city in Iowa exists. Better than that is the lack on the part of the best citizens to boast of their immaculate condition. Very few hypocrites are in evidence, with the exception of a few "reform" expressions. It is true some of the best citizens here actually drink a glass of beer, semi-occasionally, and also some other equally good citizens do have bottled beer in their cellars. But the temperance sentiment here was strong enough to prevent any of the reformers from making a drug store in town and those of the government licenses mentioned are made out in the names of three druggists now that do not have any intoxicating liquors on the premises. Such a thing as a house of ill-fame or a gambling place, as the writer has heard never existed in Iowa Falls. Bootleggers find business more profitable elsewhere, and one of the reformers told the writer that a proposition to lease an open saloon in Iowa Falls, would be killed by probably 99 per cent of the voters. Incidentally, the writer then the citizens here know of all these things, the vote against "reform" was 150 to 211.

The winter of 1909-1910 was unusual in the continuous cold weather, the number of days of good sleighing, and the almost entire absence of wind storms. The month of March had twenty-one days of sunshine, this in central Iowa. Gardens are now planted a month to six weeks ahead of time. Grass is in evidence more than frequently seen on May 1. The ducks and geese went north so early and quietly, hunters are now convinced that they skipped Iowa and are now way up north flaring out why we had such an early spring. Other curious things have happened. Elm trees showed late in March, small leaves, ahead of the willow, box elder and maple. Usually our trees in central Iowa just out in the order mentioned with the willows and box elders make quite strong shade. Bullheads and black suckers frequently furnish the small and some big boys considerable sport before the willow sprout. The year they get mixed up in their dates and even now are slow to realize we have had four weeks of spring. The cold snap of last week, so close observers say, will not injure our fruit bearing trees, this in central Iowa, for they did not respond to the cold snap in March, 1910. And the moon prophets, well don't jump on a man when he is down. They have troubles of their own.

THE ISSUES. [Odebolt Chronicle.] There are two issues upon which the progressive republicans of Iowa can make a winning fight this year. 1. Shall the work and votes of Iowa's senators and progressive members of congress be endorsed? 2. Shall the present board of railroad commissioners be replaced by a board which will represent Iowa shippers instead of the railroads? All the progressive republicans of Iowa have to do to secure the endorsement of the people and control the next state convention is to take up and fight like the devil, the two propositions named and fight like the devil. These issues are sufficient. No others are needed.

TOWNSHIP TRUSTEES.

The township trustees will have an important meeting Monday, Monday, the most important part of their work will be the letting of contracts to look after the roads of the county during the year. But very few townships have advertised for bids for this work. This should not shut out the bidders nor will the lack of advertising excuse the trustees from making arrangements to have the road work done. Trustees should look after this work as they look after their work on the farm. If they are in need of help and help does not come to them they do not leave the work undone and go to bed. The township trustees should remind township trustees again that the law does not justify them to collect pay for doing road work themselves.

THORNE VS. PALMER.

The Photograph desires to call special attention to the candidacy of Clifford Thorne, of Washington, for railway commissioner. Thorne is deserving of support of the party because of his ability, integrity and standing, and for the further reason that he has the opposition of the railroad themselves. Thorne is a special agent and representative for the Meat Producers' Association and is known to stand for absolute justice to the shipper as well as the carrier. Washington, Iowa, has another candidate for railway commissioner, one of the present incumbents, one of the "reform" men, one of the personally. As Thorne stands as the recognized candidate of the shipper, the rank and file and the common people, so Palmer stands as the candidate of railroads and of special interests. Back of "Dave" Palmer is the united cooperation interests of the state fighting to retain him as one of the railroad commissioners of this commonwealth. Why, and for what? Back of Clifford Thorne should be the vote of every progressive republican, of every citizen who believes that the railway commissioner should stand for equal justice to the shipper, the carrier and the people.

THE GOOD ROADS CONFERENCE.

The Sioux City Journal is not authorized to read into anything that has appeared in these columns the charge that Governor Carroll called the good roads convention as a cover to the standpoint trouble breeding conference. Nothing of the sort was intended. Carroll is a politician, but he is a heart-cutter than this. All the same, however, the conclusion was not incidentally drawn that the call of the governor was used as a shelter to the purpose of furthering a coalition between standpoint forces in Washington and in Iowa to make trouble for Cummins and Dolliver and what they stand for in Iowa and in Washington.

But there is not so very much involved in this phase of the movement. Sly in initiative, its purpose was made sufficiently plain at Des Moines. All it proposed was to capture and control two state conventions, mortgage the state politically two years in advance, tie the hands of our senators and discredit them before the nation, challenge progressives to a factional war to the knife in the state campaign and to make of this campaign a laundry for administration lines. There is no law forbidding this sort of a political program. It may have been refreshing in its candor and admirable in its courage. It will either amount to a very little or a very great deal. It is possible to forget it little, but it is not possible to forget it if it is pushed with vigor it will involve the party in a

Iowa Newspapers

REMEDY FOR "TOG SHORTAGE." [Mapleton Press.] William Henry reports having a thoroughbred sow which recently gave birth to twenty-one living pigs, but says some of them were so disappointed at not being allowed to eat "the fat table" that they and he will say that this makes a total of 104 pigs farrowed in six litters by this sow.

MYSTERY AT GRUNDY CENTER.

[Grundy Democrat.] A mysterious woman in black who said her home in Grundy Center, but who did not give her name, has aroused some curiosity here. She came here on the motor about 9 o'clock Friday night and stayed all night at Snitner's restaurant. She called for root beer and then for herself but could not get either. The woman left town again on the motor car early the next morning. What her object was in coming here no one has been able to figure out.

INDIANA BEGINS RIGHT.

[Des Moines Register and Leader.] Indiana is the first progressive state to speak since the split in congress. The friends of Senator Beveridge have been active. The convention is to open on Tuesday next. It is noted in the reports: "The resolutions committee met with State Chairman Lee today, agreeing on tentative plans for the resolutions. This committee is solidly pro-Beveridge. Will the same notation be made when the Iowa state convention meets in June? Or will the republicans of Iowa allow themselves to be wheeled into slighting their senators under the guise of endorsing the administration?"

A SINGULAR HESITANCY.

[Sioux City Tribune.] Singular is this hesitancy of Iowa progressives over the matter of selecting a ticket for their kind. There is none on the other side. They are organizing and mean business. They purpose to name the state ticket and the delegates to the state convention. They purpose to continue every tory congressman in his seat and get what they can or failing that, defeat the progressive candidates. With them it is war to the knife and no quarter. Progressives may as well realize this now, when there is time to prepare, as later when it is too late.

SECRETARY KNOX, at a dinner in Washington, said with a smile: "Modern diplomacy has frankness and friendliness for its watchwords. The diplomacy of the past seemed to consist too much of dislike, deceit, trickery. Nations treated one another as White and Black of Brownville did. "White and Black were enemies. White was the Brownville grocer, and Black the Brownville druggist. A gaunt giant of a man accosted White on his way to business one spring morning, and asked him for a job of window cleaning. White remembered it was April 1, and looking at the man's broad shoulders, he said: "You can clean my shop windows, if you like. That's my place, the pharmacy there. I'm on my way to the city, but you just tell the manager I sent you, and get right to work. He's a cross-grained chap, the manager, and may object, but you clean the windows, even if you have to break his head. I'm going to fire him next month anyhow." The brawny window cleaner thanked the grocer warmly and hurried towards the pharmacy. The grocer darted into his own shop and peeped forth to see what would happen.

"The happenings were quick—a couple of oaths, a series of shouts and yells, and then the body of the druggist sailed out of the pharmacy door and landed heavily on the curbstone, while white fled after it. "Yer boss said I was to clean the windows, and clean 'em I will, ye cross-grained jacksass!"

There are, however, thousands of city dwellers, men on salaries none too large, who might well consider a home in some small nearby suburb, with an acre or less of ground about the place. None but those who have actually had experience begin to realize the productivity of a single acre when devoted to those things which so largely constitute provisions. A single acre will provide almost the entire living for a good sized family, if worked. An acre of grass may keep a cow, but not a better man physically than he ever dreamed of being, as a result of even a little outdoor work each day; the fresh air and quiet will do wonders for the mother with nervous prostration, and if there are any boys and girls old enough to take a hand it will help them to a vitality which no city-grown child ever knows. Transportation in these days makes such residence possible, and few who try it care to go back to the old life. It's true there are fewer doctors in the block—but then you need them less often. Think it over—H. H. Windsor in the April Popular Mechanics.

Very Plausible. Jesse Grice, mayor of Fort Wayne, said at recent republican banquet: "That argument was plausible—as plausible as the April Fool man's joke. "This man sat in a trolley car on the evening of April 1. The car stopped, and two stout old ladies got on. But a second old lady came down with a thud, the lights went out. "Excuse me, madam," said the joker, "but you've sat on the button." "Oh!" said the old lady. She rose, and the lights flashed up again. "You see?" said the joker, smiling. "I'm sorry, sir," the old lady apologized, "but I live back to Wolf Lake, and I ain't never been on a trolley before."

Free Turkey. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, at one of the many horse show dinners given in his honor in New York, told a story of a groom and a turkey. "I had promised this groom," he said, "a Christmas turkey, but some how, in the rush and flurry of December, I forgot it. It was some days after Christmas when I remembered how I had overlooked my faithful old friend. "Meeting him in the paddock one morning and intending to make good my forgetfulness, I said to the groom, by way of a joke: "Well, Jenkins, how did you like

that turkey I sent you?" "It was a very fine bird, sir," said the groom. "I came very near losing it, tho'." "How so?" said I, astonished. "Well, sir," said Jenkins, "Christmas morning came, and your turkey hadn't reached me, so I rushed right over to the express company and asked the manager what he meant by not sending the bird up. The manager apologized, sir, very politely, and he took me into a back room, where there were ten or fifteen turkeys hanging, and he said the labels had been lost off all of them, and I'd just better take my choice. So I chose the largest, sir, knowing your generosity, and it was fine. It ate grand. Thank you very much indeed, sir."

An Atmosphere of Reality. John—One of your creditors wishes to speak to you, sir. Master—Well, say I'm away from home. John—All right, sir. And I'll just light one of your best cigars; he'll be more likely to believe me then.

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struggle from which its promoters will emerge with much the appearance of gloom. It is witness the humiliating results of a factional contest where lines are sharply drawn.

JACKSON'S LITTLE GAME.

[Hidora Herald.] The Herald has received a circular letter from Frank D. Jackson, president of the Taft-republican clubs of Iowa, urging co-operation in the organization of Taft clubs thruout the state. Inasmuch as the primary object of the so-called Taft club is not so much to state to control the club is non-factional, adding that "The sole object of this organization is to enlist every republican in Iowa under the banner of President William H. Taft, and in support of republicanism as represented by him." As Iowa is just now not particularly enthusiastic over the particular brand of republicanism as exemplified by the waverings and mental peregrinations of President Taft it hardly seems fair to expect the newspapers and the intelligent voters, who think for themselves rather than to be bound by the opinions of some eastern politician, to fall into line for the perpetuation of the Taft modus operandi. We must respectfully advise Mr. Jackson that we are not quite ready—not yet—to fall into the trap so bunglingly set by the reactionaries of the Taft movement. The next republican convention and proclaim for Taft when we have two peerless leaders such as Dolliver and Cummins who have done something for their country to demand recognition and who are diametrically opposed to the manner in which the president expresses himself as promoter of the Roosevelt policies. In short the Herald has no use for Taft or a Taft club. Not while Roosevelt is on his way home from Africa.

A Nasty April Fooler. Secretary Knox, at a dinner in Washington, said with a smile: "Modern diplomacy has frankness and friendliness for its watchwords. The diplomacy of the past seemed to consist too much of dislike, deceit, trickery. Nations treated one another as White and Black of Brownville did. "White and Black were enemies. White was the Brownville grocer, and Black the Brownville druggist. A gaunt giant of a man accosted White on his way to business one spring morning, and asked him for a job of window cleaning. White remembered it was April 1, and looking at the man's broad shoulders, he said: "You can clean my shop windows, if you like. That's my place, the pharmacy there. I'm on my way to the city, but you just tell the manager I sent you, and get right to work. He's a cross-grained chap, the manager, and may object, but you clean the windows, even if you have to break his head. I'm going to fire him next month anyhow." The brawny window cleaner thanked the grocer warmly and hurried towards the pharmacy. The grocer darted into his own shop and peeped forth to see what would happen.

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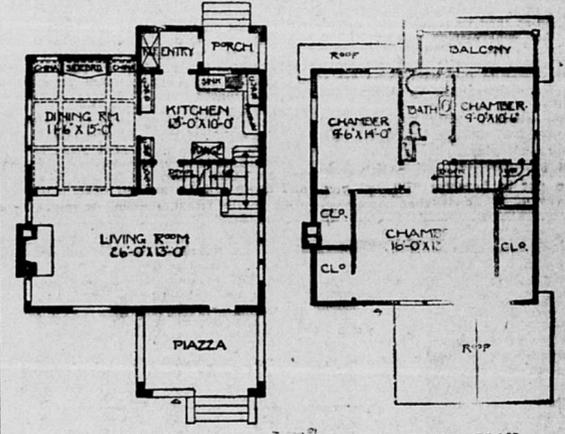
Logical. Reader—I notice that one of those western cities has women policemen. Reader—I suppose, then, that they are defended by the women's clubs.

THE LODGES. MASONIC NOTICES. Visitors always welcome. Hall over 106-107 West Main. MARSHALL LODGE, 108, A. F. & A. M.—Work on third degree Friday, April 8 at 7:30 p. m. R. W. Chamberlain, W. M. H. S. Lawrence, Secretary. SIGNET CHAPTER No. 33, R. A. M.—Stated convocation Monday, April 18, 8 p. m. George H. Borgia, E. H. P. I. S. Millard, Secretary. KING SOLOMON COUNCIL, No. 20, R. & S. M.—Stated assembly Monday, April 18, 8 p. m. A. D. MEEKER, T. I. M. I. T. FORBES, Rec. ST. ALDEMAR COMMANDERY, No. 30 K. T.—Stated convocation Tuesday evening, April 19, 1910, at 7:30 sharp. Sir knights be present if possible. Fred Wallace, Recorder. Fred M. Wilbur, E. C. CENTRAL CHAPTER, No. 67, O. E. S.—Special meeting Friday evening, April 1, at 7:30. Mrs. George Downing, W. M. Edna C. Fullerton, Secretary.

Popular Plan For a Cottage.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW—FROM A FRONT PORCH.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN. SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

This plan for a story and a half cottage has proved popular. The exterior has a very homelike appearance, and the interior is as cozy as it could be made. There is a large living room across the entire front of the house. At one end is an open fireplace faced with large dull green tile, having a heavy molded shelf with large brackets. Above are two side lights. The dining room is a little beauty. It has a beamed ceiling, built in sideboard and paneled wainscoting with burlap panels. There is no undesirable pantry, but the kitchen is well fitted up with cupboards, molding table and four bias. Kitchen finished in ivory white enamel, and the cupboard doors are of birch stained brown. Size 26 by 28 over the main part. The trim in first story is birch stained a soft brown. In the second story the casings are of pine enameled pure white, and the doors are of birch stained to represent mahogany. Cost to build, exclusive of heating and plumbing, \$3,500.

By special arrangement with me the editor of this paper will furnish you complete set of plans and specifications of design No. 559 for \$25. GLENN L. SAXTON.

No Alum. Fifty Years the Standard. Dr. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER. A Guarantee of Light, Sweet, Pure, Wholesome Food. No Lime Phosphate.