

Times-Republican

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Skeptics. When your old dad was as little as you was he likely to do... What they wanted him to? Why, certainly so! And as quick as a wink he did as they bid him before you could think.

Dear dear! You mustn't believe all the stories you hear. When dad and his playmates were nice little boys... He was giving their toys To poor little children who needed them more.

When daddy was young, he was deaf, dumb and blind; To pranks unfeared; He'd a serious mind. He paid no attention to girls and their looks.

BARNEY'S BAD BREAK. Dairy Commissioner Barney is quoted as in opposition to scientific conclusion. If correctly reported the commissioner denies that milk from tuberculous cows is dangerous to human health.

Commissioner Barney is playing with fire in a hayloft. He is the head of enforcement of the pure food law a measure vitally important to the public health. He is a large breeder of thoroughbred Holstein cattle, much animals pure and simple, but it is safe to assume that he is not a trained bacteriologist.

Granting that tuberculosis is thus communicable it is inconceivable to even common understanding that a milk cow may be rotten with tuberculosis from lungs to liver and unless her udder be locally affected remain a safe source whence the table may be supplied and babies be nourished.

WHISKY AND THE FEAR OF DEATH. The Glidden Graphic suggests that "If as the editor of 'Good Health' has suggested, pellagra, a disease more to be feared than black death may be caused by beer it may be the means of accomplishing great good in the battle against intemperance."

Perhaps the Glidden writer is justified in his tentative hope but the question may be seriously asked whether the certainty of death is a strong deterrent to the intemperate drinker.

motes heart disease and destroys the vital organs. It is the main factor that fills our insane asylums. It is deadly to mind, morals and muscles; but the drink bill and the quantity consumed per capita show no decrease. Men who acquire the habit of disease of intemperance do not often reform. Cases where strength of mind and manhood prevail are numerous but they are of the minority. On the average once a drunkard always a drunkard.

Count them. Go back ten and twenty years to the gay rollicking drinker who carried it fairly well and whom you and everyone else liked. Count them. Count those in the cemetery and those in the gutter. Don't say they didn't know. They did and do. And those who are following them know. And all of them are to be pitied as those who dared infection until the disease gripped. Few are bad men. Most of them were good fellows.

THE LITERATURE OF WAGES. Strickland W. Gillilan has issued thru the press of Forbes & Company, of Chicago, a book of Gillilan verse "Including Finnigan." It is a volume of verse which its author "did" originally for the various newspapers upon which he earned wages, the "stuff" for tomorrow's ephemeral column but which often lives beyond the melting pot and survives because of its fitness.

Initiative, Referendum, Recall. (Christie's Science Monitor and Action.) The circulation of a petition for the recall of Seattle's mayor gives prominence again to a measure seldom applied, but usually mentioned in the same breath with the initiative and referendum. Whether the political or personal rights of a public official are safeguarded by the recall provision is still speculation, and there remains doubt as to whether the initiative has been vindicated by the course of events.

Topics of the Times. When congress comes to fix the rate of tolls for the Panama canal, then the railroads will have something to engage their attention. Secretary Ballinger figured in a railroad collision the other day, but got off without injured. His luck has improved.

Another pleasant pastime taken from us. No longer can we speculate on what Roosevelt thinks of the Payne-Aldrich tariff, for now we know. The Redeemable Investment Company of Boston is in a condition to be the its name.

Where the Lead Lands. (Philadelphia Record.) The cloakmakers' strike was an expensive affair both for employers and employees. Now that it is all over the price of cloaks has advanced about 12 per cent. This advance should, in time, enable both parties to the industrial conflict if they shall fairly divide the spoil, to make good the losses growing out of enforced idleness. But alas, for the cloakmakers! They pay the piper, but have no share in the dance.

Nebraska. Over there, the platform is the best by Bryan. Here, it is the candidate, apparently.

After the election democratic orators might find employment abroad explaining to the peoples of the old world how it is the cost of living has advanced with them also.

Bryan is opposed to a tariff commission. Sour grapes.

Towns not big enough to promote aviation meets are by that very circumstance in some measure compensated for their smallness.

Senator Aldrich is home from Europe and it takes only three lines to tell it in the newspapers: How have the mighty fallen!

As between inventing a flying machine and discovering some way to make hens lay in January, the latter enterprise seems most commendable.

IOWA OPINIONS AND NOTES. If the people of Iowa who spend so much time and money seeking outside investment for their surplus funds would spend the same money and energy seeking and developing profitable investment here in Iowa in course of five years they would be far ahead.

THE MANSION DEMOCRAT. The Cedar Rapids Republican concludes that "nothing has been developed that shows to a certainty that Mr. Lorimer has been guilty of bribery, or that he secured his election by the use of money. The committee can do little else than return a report to this effect. The evidence which has been brought out may cause people to have their own individual opinion as to what was done, but so far as proving that the election of Lorimer was bought about other than by sharp political practice, it is not sufficient."

Noting that a fellow in Des Moines has invented a wind sandwich, the Oshkosh Chronicle admitting that it doesn't know what it is, would "suggest it as a diet for certain of Porter's campaign managers."

The Tama News has observed that "there are a lot of men who would be willing to die for the flag that wouldn't heat a carpet for love nor money."

Yes, says the Tama Herald, "there are some things on which we Republicans disagree but if you will give us two democrats on earth into a little heart-to-heart talk it will be found that they disagree as to many important questions."

Under the recall provision a small percentage of the voters may bring charges against a municipal officer, or a state official, when the constitution is amended so as to allow of such action. It is possible to imagine a comparatively small element opposed to a city officer obtaining signatures enough on a petition to threaten his official downfall when a number of unproved charges were flaunted continuously before newspapers and the public.

For twenty years, we believe the Iowa railroads have discriminated against Iowa. During the first part of this period the discrimination was intentional and punitive and during the latter half of the period it has been a relic of that barbarous age when railroads deemed it within their rights to punish not only individual shippers, but whole communities and states that would not willingly pass under the yoke.

Iowa enacted a distance tariff, more than twenty years ago, under the administration of Governor Larrabee. It was a bitter and prolonged fight. The rates were at that time considered ruin. The railroads said they meant ruin. The late President Ives, of the B. C. R. and N. appeared in Des Moines and said that the rates meant bankruptcy for his road, which was largely an Iowa road. But so far from ruining the B. C. R. and N. that road entered on its first unparalysed prosperity. It never paid dividends until the new rates were in force.

Iowa Newspapers

WHEN PRIESTS WENT HUNTING. (Imogene Cox in Shenandoah Sentinel.) Father Hayes' right eye is all bungled up. He met an unlooked for foe who hit him a terrible blow. It is a little bit funny—not to Father Hayes, but the rest of us. He and Father Adalbert went out hunting Thursday. They were four of 'em out, but these two were on the left wing. These two priests are quick to detect a theological error, but they didn't know a woman's nest when they saw so prettily hanging on a bush. Father Adalbert fired into it and waked up the slumbering natives. A mad hornet came like a whizzing Minie rifle ball and struck Father Hayes just below the eye. They always say at the eye.

ROOSEVELT THE DEMAGOG. (Colfax Clipper, Standpat.) Mr. Roosevelt has discovered that "the chickens come home to roost." The New York World printed this dispatch: "Fourteen years ago—during the 1896 presidential campaign—the practice of attacking the courts for rendering decisions displeasing to him. After calling the judges of the United States supreme court 'honest but fossilized,' he assailed them for denying justice under cover of 'highly technical subtleties.' Fourteen years ago—during the 1896 presidential campaign—the practice of attacking the courts for rendering decisions displeasing to him. After calling the judges of the United States supreme court 'honest but fossilized,' he assailed them for denying justice under cover of 'highly technical subtleties.'"

SHENANDOAH AND SALOONS. (Shenandoah Sentinel-Post.) Editor H. H. Babbs of the Preston American, who ran for congress on the democratic ticket a few years ago and who now runs the representative democratic paper of this district, replies to the Sentinel-Post, still insisting that the saloons are good for a town. He says: "We would rather raise a family of boys in Creston, where they passed the regulated saloon every day, than to raise them in Bedford, Red Oak or Shenandoah, where a large proportion of the people carry bottles in their pockets, and where secret meetings are held in dark alleys and little club rooms."

What do you think of that, you temperance people of Shenandoah? That paper is publishing the free stuff offered to this paper and refused by us, attacking temperance laws and favoring saloons, and carries the democratic platform on the liquor question at its mast head.

Iowa Railroad Rates

A Remarkable Transposition of View Point and Facts Tensely Told.

The cities of Iowa are all fighting the railroad rates. Cedar Rapids has just had a rate hearing, before a special commissioner of the interstate commerce commission. The special commissioner has now gone to Sioux City where similar hearings, bearing especially on grain rates, will be held. In Des Moines and Ottumwa cases of similar import, decisions have already been rendered and victories won.

The rates that have recently been called to public attention in Des Moines, Ottumwa, Cedar Rapids, and now in Sioux City, are all rates of those punitive rates which were put in many years ago. But the old order passes away. The people of this generation do not propose to accept any more punishment. The Iowa cities are insisting that they shall be placed on a level with other cities. They are going to have justice because they are entitled to it.

The old order has passed away. Iowa now wants justice. The railroads ought to be made to feel that. The railroads owe a great deal to Iowa. Thru bad weather and fair weather, this state has offered the roads a constant stream of freight, both in and out. At the present time the big Chicago shippers who have been favored by the railroads, are fighting the railroads on every hand.

The interstate rates were raised, in one way and another. While shipments between Iowa points were carried at reasonable and rational distance rates, rates into and out of Iowa

Creston has nine saloons and in the same proportion Shenandoah would have about seven. Suppose that we should have a saloon where Ladd Brothers' store is, one where the school room is on Elm street, one where Geary & Simons' store is, one in place of the Vienna bakery, one at the Goldberg store room, one in place of Polly's grocery and one at the Orpheum theater. Then, according to this great democratic authority, Shenandoah would be safer for the boys than it is now. As it is now, liquor is not flaunted in the faces of the boys or of the men who are trying to break away from the drink habit. The liquor traffic is looked upon as illegal and not respectable, but when a town licenses a saloon it loses its respectability by the city sanction. It says to the men and boys, the saloon is respectable or we would not license it. It becomes a business institution of the town just as much as a grocery or a clothing store. Each saloon keeper pays \$1,000 or \$1,500 and it is up to him to get business enough to pay his license, to pay for his liquor and his help and to support his family and make a profit. If he succeeds in business he has got to induce people to buy his goods and he naturally goes after business. His business is to make men drink—we might say drunk.

Does any man mean to say that under those conditions there will not be more liquor sold than when there is no saloon keeper in town, no saloon and when every person who wants liquor has to sink into some dark alley to get it, ashamed of himself for the act? The very statement of the question refutes it. Let the democratic platform of Iowa not only propose to put that inquiry up to Shenandoah and Red Oak and Bedford, but to such smaller towns as Coin and Farragut and Northboro and Yorktown and Imogene. Let the voters at the expense and the hatreds of a saloon election every two years.

HE LACKED STAMINA.

One of the supervisors of Blackhawk county in the vote as to whether or not the city of Waterloo should have a saloon, asked and was granted permission to refrain from going on record in the vote, shouldering the responsibility upon the shoulders of his more stable comrades. The vote happened to be four to two against the saloon, but what would Mr. Stradler have done had he been obliged to decide with his record a tie vote? It would be pitiable to contemplate. The supervisor lived in Waterloo, and probably if he voted either way, he would lose the future support of the constituents for whom he was so rash to go on record.

The question remains how is he viewed with either faction now? Does he have the confidence of either or is he looked upon, as a weak-kneed politician, upon whom neither side could place its bet? We'll bet that the supervisor sweat drops of blood before he accumulated stamina enough to ask to be excused from voting. What an enviable frame of mind he must have been in and how satisfied now with his manly stand.

This man evidently does not realize that the day is past for the milk and water man, who endeavors to carry water on both shoulders and has not the moral strength to carry it on either. Waterloo and Blackhawk county should say to that man as the rain drop said to the dust, "I am on you, your name is mud." He lacked stamina.

For Sunday Reading

All Sorts of Opinions. "The pomp of the recent Eucharistic congress in Montreal was no doubt," comments the Northwestern Christian Advocate "a striking propaganda for Roman Catholicism, but Roman Catholicism in Canada have not had it all their own way notwithstanding. The great Bi-Centenary of the English church in Canada was in progress at the same time in Halifax, and the Brotherhood of St. Andrew convention in Montreal during the week following was a great event. For thousands peering listened to the Bishop of London in his splendid arena speech, and when he exclaimed 'I am not a Roman Catholic because, thank God, I am an English Catholic,' the whole enormous gathering rose to its feet and broke into a chorus of jubilation several minutes. That is the kind of answer that Anglican churches in Montreal—called a low church city—send back to the Roman propaganda; and well they know it is the only kind of answer that meets Roman claims upon their own ground."

"Spiritual beauty comes from the heart," says the Northwestern Christian Advocate, in speaking of "The Beauty of Character." "The beauty of character is even noble and grand when its chief element is duty, the loyalty of the will to conscience; but in order that it may be beautiful it must have both freedom and feeling. It must have sympathy, spontaneity. The virtue of Jesus was always beautiful. It was not hard for him to be good, and his goodness was never hard. His truth, his purity, his fortitude, his justice, were all filled with love. His royalty was humility, his meekness, his gentleness, his tenderness. He did not crush the bruised reed. His supreme goodness was ideal loveliness. To be clothed upon with his beauty is greatly to be desired. Christians should not be contented with merely getting away from infirmities can make us spiritually beautiful. No moral gymnastics can make our goodness graceful. The essential thing is that the loveliness of Christ be created within us by his spirit, that something of his beauty will appear in our lives. The raiment of holiness is like that of the flowers. In order to its being put on it must first be within. Then it develops into manifestations. Sanctimoniousness is a very trust concealer of the heart's beauty. No formal cosmetics can copy its grace. No moral cosmetics can confer its charms. It is the manifestation of abundant spiritual health. It is the fruit of the spirit, 'love, joy, peace, faith, meekness, temperance.' It is the result of being 'rooted and grounded in love,' of being 'filled with all the fullness of God.'"

Says Preach Short Sermons. A session of the annual Illinois Methodist conference was given up entirely to meetings of societies auxiliary to the conference. Bishop Moore, of Cincinnati, addressed the Laymen's Association, saying in part: "Preach short sermons. A man can preach five or six minutes if he is not prepared. If you can not strike out in thirty minutes you had better quit. Do not be afraid of preaching too short sermons if they are well prepared. Do not read sermons. Methodists are not good sermon readers. Better make thirty or four great minutes talks than to 'walk on crutches in the pulpit.'"

Practical Religion. (Rev. Frederick E. Hopkins.) "A man may feel he is fervent without religion, but he is no nearer the real thing than the words 'God is love' on the wall above a pulpit while the preacher down in it is scolding the congregation or getting scolded because it does not grow in grace. Get a big dose of reasonable old-fashioned religion, and the heart will begin to work as it ought to, and the mind likewise, because of the circulation of the life of God to every one of us. It ought not to be said that if there is a God and he has given us any religion at all it is bound to be a reasonable religion, for, in accordance with his nature, it could not be anything else. The trouble is we look at the invitation, 'Come, let us reason together,' as though it meant, 'Come, let us argue.' So we get to wrangling and soon lose our temper, and in a few moments we are quarreling over some prejudice. Sometimes a woman neglects her children, feeds her family cold victuals and bores them with incessant talk about church and missions. To be practical is one of the slightest forms of reasonableness, and it usually wins, for it is often painfully lacking in folks who want to be good, but don't know how."

The Pope and His Policy. Despite the reports that Pope Pius X. has been suffering from angina pectoris, he was well enough last month to follow with interest and satisfaction the display of enthusiasm for the Holy See which marked every stage of the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal. "Whatever may be said in anti-clerical organs of the misfortune brought upon the Vatican by its diplomatic observance of the independence (Belge Brussels), the religious history of the present pontificate has been bright. The propagation of the ideas for which the Eucharistic Congress stands 'satisfies the Holy See that his reign has been a success, at least for the faith. France may persecute the church, the Portuguese may suspend church journals and even faithful Spain may rise in revolt against a concordat; but the real acceptance of dogma by the faithful—an acceptance never heartier than it is now, say clerical dailies—proves that the Holy church is flourishing. Such is the purport of a recent conversation between the pope and a French bishop which has found its way into the press. In this holiness made special reference to the Eucharistic Congress then on the eve of its assembly in the metropolis of Canada. "The church sustains none of the losses over which her enemies exult. She grows in moral power. She makes constant gains all over the world as the reports from the bishops everywhere indicate." These are the impressions of the pope himself, and when they are questioned he quotes the report of the proceedings of such gatherings that so recently and so brilliantly concluded at Montreal. —Current Literature (October).

THE LODGES.

MASONIC NOTICES. Hall over 106-107 West Main. Visitors always welcome. MARSHALL LODGE, No. A. F. & A. M. Work in first degree, Friday, Oct. 21 at 7:30 p. m. R. W. Chamberlain, W. M. H. S. Lawrence, Secretary. SIGNET CHAPTER No. 22, R. A. M. Regular convocation Monday evening, Oct. 17, 7:30 p. m. George H. Boggie, B. E. P. I. S. Millard, Secretary. KING SOLOMON Council, No. 20, R. & S. M., Stated assembly, Monday, Oct. 17, 7:30 p. m. I. T. Forbes, Recorder. A. D. Meeker, T. I. M. ST. ALDEMAR COMMANDERY, No. 20, K. T. Stated convocation for Business and Work, The Order of the Temple Tuesday evening, Oct. 18, for want of sharp. Visiting Sir Knights always welcome. F. M. Wilbur, E. C. Fred Wallace, Recorder. CENTRAL CHAPTER, No. 67, O. E. B. —Regular meeting Wednesday evening, Oct. 12, 8 p. m. Edna C. Fullerton, Secretary.

Strayer in The Homelife Review, and the preacher who wishes to be listened to must be prepared to answer the questions, whether uttered or unuttered, of his hearers. As it is, we are told, the sermon has made no response to the needs, the craving, the experiences, of the working class. The sermon is too often a string of moral generalities or dogmatic assertions: "Men have stayed away from the churches because our preaching did not seem to gear to their actual life and help them where they most needed help. We have confined ourselves to the problems of personal morality and solved them to the satisfaction of all. Here we have little to say that is new, for Christian standards of ethics are familiar to western people. So long as we restrict ourselves to personal morality we are saying nothing that the people do not know already. And that great new world of industry with its immense ethical problems, where men are losing their souls for want of guidance, we moral teachers have scarcely entered. "We have come to an industrial organization of the world. Industry absorbs the life of the people. If we have nothing to say about industrial right and wrong we have little to say that matters. When the Archbishop of Canterbury announced recently that he worked seventeen hours a day and had no time left to form an opinion as to the solution of the problem of the unemployed, Mr. Kier Hardie replied that 'a religion which demands seventeen hours a day for organization, and leaves no time for a single thought about starving and despairing men and women and children, has no message for this age.'"

Sunday, Day of Lost Talents. Sunday is the day for revisiting the ancient shrines, for going back to the fountains of our strength, back in our racial past, for excursions to our ancient abode by stream and wood and seashore, for the revival of the joy of war, of the chase, and of intense membership as found in the great team games.

The true Sunday will be partly different for different men. The artist condemned to work will turn to the carver, the musician to his violin. The born teacher will spend his Sunday with the children. The nimrod will to the woods, the poet to the hills, the soldier to some athletic contest. That which he should have been and is not in his daily work, each man will diligently seek on the day given him for this very purpose. The forbidding of such pious pilgrimages on that one day of the week consecrated by nature, and by the wiser portions of our law, to the end that such pilgrimages may be made, is not truly a Sunday law but a law to the effect that Sunday shall not exist. Even those whose good fortune has placed them among the expressive trades, the lawyer, the doctor, the business man, require some vacation to keep them fully human and alive. To the clerk, the factory hand, whose week-day life is within the covers of a ledger or in the making of a simple muscular contraction—to these Sunday is their one chance of life, their day of standing erect, of resuming the form and stature of a man. Sunday is the day of the lost talents, of unfulfilled possibilities, the day for keeping alive some little fragment of the original gift that nature made. And this one day our Sunday laws take from us or at least greatly impair—Joseph Lee in The Survey.

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