

Times-Republican

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Forewarned, Forearmed. Aunt Lucy got her goosebone out. En take et in de yand.

She say dey ain't de least ob doubt— Dis witch will be hand— 'Deh'll be a two-foot fall ob snow, Wid stinging' sleet en hail; Oh, chillen, heah de noff win' blow— De of' bone nebbeh fall."

Gran'paw Peter, he cum up, Knock at de big house do'; "Oh, missus, fill de toddy cup— 'Abill tell de weddeh sho'"; End den he toss de toddy down En squint his lizzah eyes; "Deh'll be some snow about de ground ' Befor' de nex' sunrise."

Wassel Sam—dat's his name— Libs in de words alone, Digs foh roots en huntis foh game— Knows each yabb en stone, Wassel say when he skin dat coon De fuh was double thick, "Gwine to hab hadd witch soon— En snowflakes det will stick."

"Mighty habb witch", de prophets say, Howlin' blizzahd boun' dis way; Snow en hail am de track, Oh, nail de do' en stuff de crack, En right down heah by de blazin' arch 'Abill sleep en dream till de las' ob March. —Victor A. Herman in New York Sun.

IS IT GOOD OR BAD ADVERTISING?

Iowa county liquor dealers have filed a petition which on the face of it is a victory for saloons. According to the petition Iowa has approved the saloon by 1902 voters out of a total of 2573 votes cast at the last election.

It is good advertising for Iowa county? Spread abroad in the headlines of the newspapers will it attract the class of farm investors Iowa is most anxious to interest? What effect will it have on the solid merchandizer who is seeking a location? Do the best of these look 1,000 to 2,000 population towns to do business in? Judged fairly by results and conditions is the small saloon town in Iowa comparable as a business point and in the prosperity of its tributary community to the town which refuses to classify the saloon as a business place? Town for town, countryside, which would attract the best, most thoughtful and highest classes of citizenship?

These things are to be considered. They are business. They include the price of land, the building of modern farm houses, purchase of automobiles, erection of city blocks. They affect the schools. They bear on the record, reputation and prosperity of the county. They are indications which people consider deeply when they seek new homes where they are to mingle with other people socially and in business and where they are to rear their children. Its advertising or exposure. Which?

SANTA CLAUS ON STRIKE.

Over at the Irwin coal fields, a little distance out of Pittsburg, Pa., a tented city of evicted miners on strike stands in the midst of hunger and starvation. The strike has been long and bitter. There is little food, few clothes and no money in camp, but there are children, many little children there. It is one place Christmas will miss this year. And the parents are telling the little people whose holiday and happiness are to be trampled under the iron heels of industrial struggle that "Santa Claus is out on strike and will not be able to come to children this year." Eleven thousand children at Irwin and not one Santa Claus. Isn't it pitiful? But Santa Claus is not on strike. He

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar No Alum, No Lime Phosphate

is locked out. The Christmas spirit lives and shines but the windows at Irwin and the offices in Pittsburg are closed and darkened to its refusal. There is neither strike nor lockout in the sermon on the Mount, neither unfairness nor violence. And like the tenor of a golden bell across twenty centuries the voice of the founder of the holy festival intones "suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such are the kingdom of heaven."

Strikes and lockouts, like war are an inheritance from barbarism which an enlightened and professedly christian age should cast back into the darkness of past days when women were slaves and children were sold as merchandise. While the strong struggle the weak and helpless are trampled under foot. The 11,000 saddened and wet eyed children at Irwin are only incidental in the suffering of helpless children and weak women wherever the wars of industry are waged. Isn't it time that the woes of the weak and the happiness of children were given weight in the scales wherein men weigh their rights of mankind?

PROVE IT—BE A "GOOD FELLOW."

Remember the "Good Fellows" clubs of last year? They did much good, found many who needed and appreciated the touch of human kinship and the little help which went to make Christmas happy. In every instance where some good fellow organized the movement by giving it a point of contact with the need the poor and helpless and the children, who are the red blood and the core of the heart of Christmas, were the better and happier for it.

There are just as many good fellows this year as last. There is just as much money burning to be spent, just as many tender hearts and more of the pity just as many wishful and hopeless children, as many poor and old and sick who need the helping hand and await the impulse of the good fellows.

A lot of good fellows are such good fellows that they do not come in contact with poverty and dire need; they feel for the helpless but are too busy being good fellows to think of them or to seek them where they are. Some one should offer his store or his office for contributions from these and let them in on the truest tenderness of Christmas time.

The price of a box of cigars will feed a family, clothe a child, buy the little useless delights that every child desires. The price of six beers would give some old woman the dinner she craves or fill some old man's tobacco box. Not many mixed drinks go to a ton of coal. Split it a little. Peel off a small one from the roll and make a deposit in the bank of universal happiness. Buy a short stack in the Christmas game. Take a chance in the raffle of human brotherhood. Be a sport. Don't ask for all the best of it. Don't let a kid look into the store windows feeling that he is out of the world while you brush by to take a five dollar check at the cafe on Christmas. Be game.

Sure you are a "good fellow." That's right, if one of your chums struck you for ten you'd come across and tell him to forget it until things came his way. If you happened in where a dead baby lay in squalid poverty you'd go away broke. We know it. But you don't happen in often enough. And anyway it's better to feed a hungry baby than to buy a fine coffin for a dead one. It is better to laugh than to cry. Why not get in before the tears and while there is opportunity for laughter and the smiles that come of unwonted comforts?

Maybe that's so that the sports are more generous givers than the church members. There's plenty of room for argument there but have it your own way this time. Prove it. It is up to you. Be a good fellow, actually.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

Time, Wednesday evening, March 15, 1867; place, Woodbury's hall; occasion, a masquerade ball. Beauty and chivalry were gathered there and bright the lamp shone o'er fair women and brave men. The war was over and Johnny had come marching home again from the field of glory. There was the prospect before of years of peace heightened by the keen remembrance of years of agonizing watching of death lists of cripples who came creeping home from the front and of the dead who were sent back, wrapped in the flag, to those who waited. There had been marrying and giving in marriage when the boys came home, weddings long delayed were celebrated and other had come about with a swift and not surprising naturalness. Life was new. People were happy. Business was good and hope lively. It was a happy crowd at Woodbury's hall forty-four years ago.

Hoopskirts were the rage then, hoopskirts which were the direct antithesis of the hobbles which fashion equally arrogant and idiotic in 1910 as in 1867 had decreed to be good form. The skirts contained enough cloth to make an Indian tepee. Beneath them a framework of rattan or possibly of steel wire battioned them into shape. Perhaps the chignons had not gone out as yet and a wad of hair or jute as big as a prize watermelon stuck on the back of each feminine head like a leanto on a barn. The present styles of hair dressing are an early indication of the chignon. Men's styles of that day would look as odd to the generation as the "get up" of the ladies. Men wore whiskers then also.

But they danced and were happy, masqueraded and were gay.

Don't laugh too much young woman as you recall your grandmother on that occasion. Don't grin at grandpa young man. Where be all the bright eyes and smiling red lips of that March night? Where yours will be in 1954, faded like the laughter of that happy hour, still ed, silent, hidden tonight beneath the winter snow. The violets have been long unstrung, the good nights said and the guests departed. Turn out the lamps.

So shall your grandchildren look back with mingled smiles and tears from the western slant of the twentieth century. But what of that? So has every generation smiled and shone, laughed, loved and faded, since Adam tolled and Eve span. Why not? It is worth while to slig today, wear the lines of care tomorrow and then go quietly to meet the night. So these went and are going. So shall you follow them and are going. In their turn followed the interminable procession of the centuries. To have lived is to have possessed the greatest gift that of opportunity. To have been happy, to have worked to have borne children, to have suffered and joyed is to have ruled the world; and no reign—save one—lasts forever.

Of the editors of the state who were active in 1861, who are now alive? I can only name two. George D. Perkins, of Iowa City, was then at Cedar Falls. John M. Brainard, retired, of Boone, was then at Clear Lake. Only a quarter of a dozen of us.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

The man who has examined and audited city accounts for the state during the past five years says that he knows from the books which he has seen that the towns which have no railroads are universally more prosperous than the towns which receive saloon license revenue, but then what does he know about it?

Give us roads as good as these and automobiles and there will be absolutely no use for interurbans. The automobiles are coming fast enough so why not lay out a permanent road building plan and vote some taxes and bond issues to help it along?

The right kind of store news circulated at this time will sell goods that would otherwise have to be marked down to half price in January.

Herman Budwieser, of Dubuque, is dead, but his name will endure forever.

Less than thirty years ago George W. Perkins was traveling about Indiana selling insurance to farmers and has now retired from the firm of J. Pierpont Morgan & Company, worth \$50,000,000. At about that time Senator Beveridge was traveling in the same localities selling books to farmers. Gentlemen, remember these incidents when you set the dog on a peddler.

With the kind of a corn crop it is and with it all in the crib and not a sloppy day to retard the work Santa Claus' pack ought to be made a big one this year.

And now Roosevelt gets his. He would not dine with Lorimer and Governor Baldwin, of Connecticut, refuses to dine with Roosevelt because the president had called him a reactionary. The difference is in the view the public takes of it.

Quit your heretical wobbling as to the morality of the Santa Claus myth and get into the spirit of the times. If you have children bill the old man for the chimney sleigh ride and if you have no children be Santa Claus yourself for somebody's kids.

Revising the tariff is earnest about revising the tariff one schedule at a time let him get behind Senator Cummins resolution limiting amendments to one specific schedule each.

The city of Dubuque has sold \$49,000 of water bonds at such a premium as to reduce the actual interest rate to 4 1/2 per cent per annum. There is evidently money to be had even in these times when the security is right.

The Tories in the senate are going to overturn their precedents and permit La Follette to make a speech right away so he can impress the legislature at home with his senatorial importance.

IOWA OPINIONS AND NOTES.

The Nevada Representative "supposes there will still be republicans in Iowa to insist that it is a sign of 'standpatism' in a republican president to have appointed three democrats out of a possible five to the supreme court of the United States."

"Senator Young will make his initial speech in the senate Thursday. It may be assured of the close attention of his colleague and John Snure, at least," says the Waterloo Reporter.

"But Senator Young is not going to remain silent. He will speak on Thursday, probably on the same subject. It used to be the custom of the senate that a man did not speak immediately upon his entrance," recalls the Cedar Rapids Republican. "But Mr. Young may be justified in breaking that rule, he may be thinking that he will not be there long enough to wait to say what is on his mind. It may be now or never with him."

The Sheldon Sun asks "Who can consistently say that Senator Cummins is not wanted in doing his utmost to secure the election of a progressive senator to succeed Dolliver? The sentiment of the state is progressive, and there is no doubt of that, then it should not be represented by a man who is opposed to that policy. Senator Cummins has worked for many years to create progressive sentiment, and to give in now, when the faction is in the ascendancy, would be sheer folly."

REMINISCENCES OF THE OLDEN TIMES

(Continued From Fifth Page.)

oldest living child, a daughter, Mrs. Frankie I. Hamilton, resides in Sioux City, and has boys of her own larger than their grandfather was when he settled in Marshalltown. Our oldest son, Fred H. Gallup, graduated from the Iowa State military academy at West Point in 1899. Now captain and stationed at Fort Sam, Houston, Tex., adjoining the city of San Antonio, where he is a quartermaster of the post. Our youngest son, James G., after completing a double course of book-keeping, shorthand and typewriting at the Iowa State military academy, and spending a year with the Iowa Homestead, in the accounting department, is now joint owner of a prosperous job printing business in Boone.

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HOW THE T.-R. WAS BORN.

BY H. L. MERRIMAN.

Scottsbluff, Neb., Editor of Republican and Times, Who Consolidated Papers. In January, 1878, H. C. Henderson and myself purchased the Republican and Times, which had been owned by the late Mr. Henderson, for the sum of \$10,000, signed by ourselves and ten individuals of prominent financial standing in Marshalltown. In the early part of 1880 I purchased Mr. Henderson's interest in the paper. I had run the paper only a few months when an education came to me that there was a man on over at the Times office. That set me to reading. I got busy and thru a friend of mine learned that McQuiston & Burnell were the proposed purchasers. Negotiations were being conducted behind closed doors. But this friend arranged a meeting between McQuiston and myself. I don't know how he worked it, but that isn't material. The result was that before McQuiston & Burnell closed the deal for The Times we had swapped. The Times newspaper plant being exchanged for The Republican and Times. This was done in the city of Marshalltown, Iowa, on the 1st day of February, 1880. I didn't have 6,000 cents to spare and none to ram down rat holes. Dr. Glick let me have the money on securities that were so shabby that the proposition to put them up for collateral for that amount would have thrown a reasonably prudent bank cashier into fits.

I was now carrying \$16,000 indebtedness at 10 per cent interest. I was in the newspaper business a heap and did not know much more about it, practically, than a rabbit. (Mr. Henderson and myself had made considerable money with The Republican but instead of applying it to my indebtedness we had put it all into improvements of the plant—and McQuiston & Burnell absorbed all of them.) How Circulation Was Built. The Times published daily and weekly editions. The weekly was a good property and, I think, exceeded The Republican somewhat in value, but the daily was a burden. It had no circulation. I didn't have 6,000 cents to spare and none to ram down rat holes. Dr. Glick let me have the money on securities that were so shabby that the proposition to put them up for collateral for that amount would have thrown a reasonably prudent bank cashier into fits.

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been there two weeks before it was demonstrated and generally conceded that the Times-Republican had the liveliest wire and, by all odds, the ablest correspondent of any of the papers represented at the capital. There is no question that his work, supplemented as it was by the success of the candidates for United States senator and speaker of the house, who were supported by The Times-Republican and elected almost without formidable opposition, operated to most advantage to advertise the paper thruout the state and abroad. No question now that The Times-Republican was on its feet—both of them properly under it. McFarland's father was a prominent politician and "Mac" himself was well acquainted personally with many of the political leaders; but it was always and ever will be a conundrum with me how he managed to get his nose into everything that was going on and on a great many occasions into things that the other papers failed to "scent." Mac was a natural-born newspaper "scopener." None of the other papers came within four blocks of him and his clear, forcible, finely phrased and "newsy" style was not even approached, to say the nothing of being equaled by any of the other papers, state or metropolitan.

Circulation Grows to 1,800 in '85. It will be observed that The Times-Republican was built up without any cash resources of its own or its owner. During the period of its incubation some \$3,000 was expended in betterments, some of them inappropriate to the plant. It was loaded down at the start with at least \$3,000 excessive indebtedness (voluntarily "watered stock") and much money was squandered because of my brother, who was business manager, and myself not being practical printers, and having it all to learn in the several departments. Up to August, 1885, when I disposed of the paper to McFarland and my brother, S. W. Merriman, the circulation of the daily had reached, as I remember it, about 1,800. Rural delivery had not come yet and no farmers took the paper. Its circulation was confined almost exclusively to the towns in the western half of the state.

At the time of my retirement from the paper my health was so impaired that I deemed it next to impossible to hold on. The principal and most formidable ailment was insomnia. I never did anything more reluctantly than the act of disposing of the paper. What Might Have Happened. Being afforded the opportunity to do otherwise, it would be ungrateful, certainly very ungracious, in me not to pay tribute to those who contributed incidentally to the evolution of the paper. If it had not been for Mr. Henderson, it would not have been. He wanted to buy The Republican; I didn't—exactly. If it had not been for Dr. Glick it would not have been. If it had not been for A. T. Birchard

it might not have been. If it had not been for R. E. Sears, on his own initiative, coming to my aid with \$2,500 at a critical moment, I would have gone down, and something serious to The Times-Republican would have happened. During a period of several weeks, in 1884, Senator DeLoe arrived at the helm while I was engaged in official duties or absent in quest of rest and health, and would accept no remuneration for his splendid services. Each and all of these men were or are in the foremost ranks of nature's noblemen. They have made the world better and many, very many, happier for their having been in it. They sought and received no remuneration for their philanthropic work unless it may be the esteem and gratitude of the recipients of their good offices or the consciousness of life well spent.

And there are others in the good town of Marshalltown, built on the same plan and specifications, I would like to enumerate them, but I suppose, space forbids. I am asked to supply a "sketch of my career" since leaving Marshalltown. I comply, but I approach the subject with disinclination akin to disgust. I am tempted to summarize it, as the facts warrant if not dictate, by simply stating your request and writing after it, "punch," and let it go at that. But it so might be construed as discourteous.

The "career" is a repetition of that pertaining to my newspaper experience—plunging into a proposition in which I had no training. A year or two before removing from Marshalltown I shipped 150 fine heifers from Marshall county and placed them on shares with a man in Frontier county, Nebraska. Thru mismanagement the man lost fifty-one head of them the succeeding winter and would have lost all of them had not a brother-in-law of mine intervened in time, with instructions as to how to handle and save the others. I invested several thousand dollars in 720 acres of land suitable exclusively for ranch purposes, and in improvements. Splendid free range laid adjacent to my premises. But by 1887 the "strangers" came in and settled up the country, appropriating the range, and the hay canons which theretofore had supplied hay in abundance played out entirely. Abandoning this location, I removed to the sandhills, about 100 miles east from here, in 1890. That was an ideal stock country. It afforded almost unlimited range of the very best kind. I went in the winter of 1892-3 with about 300 head of cattle. In a series of blizzards in April, 1893, I lost an even half of these—snowed under. Losses of stockmen were from nominal to nearly all they had. I resorted to the practice of law, in a small way, and my son Hal took principal charge of the cattle. After the death of my wife, in October, 1899, I came here—about twenty-five miles east from the Wyoming line, and about 100 miles from South Dakota,

and formed a co-partnership for the practice of law which continued about two years. The possibilities for this section were "simply immense," dependent upon the construction of what was known as the Farmers' Canal, an irrigating ditch of 150 miles contemplated length. Two companies that undertook its construction failed for want of sufficient capital. I was doing fairly well but in July, 1902, my son, who had also moved here, died. The failure of the irrigation project, the demise of Mrs. Merriman and that of my son, caused a mental condition that came pretty nearly undoing me. I got to wandering about almost aimlessly between here and Texas, Arkansas and the Pacific coast, and wound up here for the third or fourth time, a year ago last January. My condition at one time since 1902 was such that I came near snuffing out. About four years ago I took up physical culture and am now, at 67, in better health than I can remember of ever being. Resolved to quit office, I have landed in the chicken business on a small scale which I expect to develop so that by another year it will be something worth mentioning. The canal is finished, another of equal magnitude is building under the auspices of the federal government, thousands of people have immigrated here and the country is on a boom that equals any that ever happened. If I "had stayed with it" I would have been "in it" instead of the chicken business. (My former partner, who did stay with it, has accumulated over \$20,000 in the last eight years. Maybe I will too, if I live as long as Tuffree.)

THE LARGES. MASONIC NOTICES. Hall in New Masonic Temple. Visitors always welcome. MARSHALL LODGE, 108 A. F. & A. M. Stated communication and election of officers Dec. 16, at 7:30 p. m. in new temple. E. W. Chamberlain, W. M. H. E. Lawrence, Secretary. SIGNIFY CHAPTER No. 21, R. A. M. Regular convention Dec. 19, 7:30, in the new temple. George H. Boggie, R. E. F. I. S. Millard, Secretary. KING SOLOMON Council, No. 30, R. & S. M. Stated assembly, Monday, Dec. 19, 7:30 p. m., in the new temple. I. T. Forbes, Recorder. A. D. Menkar, T. I. M. ST ALDEMAR COMMANDERY, No. 80 K. T. Stated convolve Tuesday evening, Dec. 20, 1910, at 7:30 o'clock. Sir knights be present if possible, in new temple. F. M. Wilbur, E. C. Fred Wallace, Recorder. CENTRAL CHAPTER, No. 67, O. E. S.—Regular meeting Wednesday evening, Dec. 14, 7:30 p. m. Election of officers, in new temple. Mrs. George Downing, W. M. Edna C. Fulerton, Secretary.

Temple of Economy One Last Grand Roundup 8 Days Before Christmas Finds us able to show you a stock almost unbroken. We want to give you a few suggestions. What is nicer for a Christmas gift than an elegant set of dishes. We have worked months to get our elegant assortment of dishes to please you and have them in full sets or pieces to suit. We have an unusually large and elegant assortment of finest cut glass for the holiday trade—a line equal to any ever shown in the city. This line has been selected with care and contains everything one could desire. Lamps are also in our line. Remember besides a large lot of fancy lamps we are Marshalltown selling agents for the celebrated Rayo lamp. Toys, dolls and doll cabs in endless variety to please the children. Manicure sets, work boxes and toilet sets until you can't rest. We have tool chests, toy tea sets, humpty dumpty sets, railroad trains, flying machines, drums, banks, rocking horses, automobiles, toy carts and hundreds of other toys to please the children, both boys and girls. Hanging lamps, electric lamps, side lamps, night lamps. Books by the thousands, both for children and grown people. Cups and saucers, fancy China and water sets and above all plenty of clerks to help us in the rush so everybody can get waited on properly. Temple of Economy