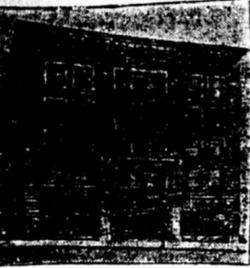


HANDY DIRECTORY OF THE MASONIC TEMPLE



Masonic Meetings. Visitors always welcome. SPECIAL COMMUNICATION Marshall Lodge No. 108 A. F. & A. M. work in third degree by past masters Friday, June 3, 4 p. m. Dinner, 6:30 John W. Wells, secretary; B. O. Frasey, W. M.

MARSHALLTOWN CLUB J. SIDNEY JOHNSON, Secretary

DR. R. C. MOLISON Surgeon and Physician Rooms 197 and 201. Phone 394. Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m. Residence, 102 Park street.

DRS. FRENCH & COBB Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialists

DR. R. R. HANSEN Rooms 314-315 Office Hours: 11 to 12; 1 to 4; and 7 to 9 p. m. Office phone 191. Home phone 872

Physicians and Surgeons Rooms 302 to 305. Phone 15 for the following physicians and surgeons DR. M. U. CHESHIRE DR. NELSON MERRILL DR. H. M. NICHOLS DR. GEORGE M. JOHNSON

L. F. Kellogg R. J. Andrews DENTISTS Rooms 315 to 317. Phone 14

DRS. LIERLE & SCHMITZ Specialists Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat GLASSES FITTED Hours 9 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 5 p. m. Consulting oculists Iowa Soldiers Home. Oculists and oculists Iowa Industrial School for Boys.

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Special Attention to General Surgery and X-Ray Work Rooms 614-15 Masonic Temple Office Hours, 2 to 4 p. m. DR. RALPH E. KEYSER

DR. G. E. HERMANE PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Office Hours: 11 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 4:30 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m. Suite 11, Tremont Block MARSHALLTOWN - IOWA

W. T. BENNETT Lawyer NOTARY PUBLIC Over 119 East Main Street

VanOrman & VanOrman GENERAL INSURANCE Over First National Bank. MARSHALLTOWN - IOWA

Dr. Wilbert Shallenberger 765 Grand Ave., Chicago, Specialist Chronic, Nervous and Special Diseases Over 80% of my patients come from recommendations of those I have cured. Consultation free. 190th visit to Stoddard Hotel, Marshalltown, Saturday, June 24, 1916.

MARSHALLTOWN TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION 1450 UNION LABEL

Could Find Something. "I should think you would find it hard to know what to give her for her birthday. Yes, I know, still, there are always some new useless things coming up." -Puck.

Times-Republican

Published Daily By The TIMES-REPUBLICAN PRINTING CO. TERMS: Evening Edition by mail, \$4.00 per month by mail, \$1.00 per copy. Delivered by carrier by the month, \$1.00. Later Edition for morning circulation, \$1.00. Twice-a-Week Edition per year, \$1.00. Entered at the postoffice at Marshalltown as second class mail matter.

CARRY THE BALL.

The Des Moines Register very properly explains to a correspondent, who writes complaining that Hughes was "against a 2-cent railway fare" in New York, that the situation in that state is not to be judged by the situation in Iowa. That is the attitude of the Cummins newspapers in this state toward Mr. Hughes who is popularly supposed to be a candidate for the presidency. That is also the attitude of those same papers toward Mr. Roosevelt, of whose candidacy there is no doubt.

The Register's attitude is commendable. It is in contradiction to the labored effort of an editorial page or two in the state to boost the Hughes candidacy in season and out while damning the candidate of their own state with faintest praise and the suggestion that he can not succeed. The fact is that the Cummins candidacy is more than a possibility. The Iowa senator is making a strong bid for the nomination. The Iowa chance has become a prospect.

All Iowa should fall in fairly behind the Iowa candidacy. The delegates who go from this state solidly instructed for Cummins should go determined to bring home the bacon. If there be any among them that are weak of heart or double of purpose they should get out of the way and let those run who can and are willing to run.

Iowa should be united behind her own candidate, press, politician and people. It is the way to win. There is no occasion to seek farther than the home candidate. Faint-heartedness or double dealing of any kind are bids for defeat. Boldness and united effort have won many an uphill battle.

Iowa goes to the convention with a candidate for the presidential nomination and with the instructed delegations of other states behind that candidate. She should have but one determination—to carry the ball.

BETWEEN SILK AND HEMP.

It has been recalled by the Casement trial that a peer of England has a right to be hanged with a silk cord instead of the common, hempen rope with which common malefactors are stretched. Casement, however, it is said, being a mere knight and not a peer of the realm can not lay claim to a silk finish. In fact we are informed, he may be decapitated if the judge awards him to the ax and block instead of the scaffold.

It will look to the average man like a fuss over nothing. Here in Iowa we have so decided a distaste to being hanged that the question of silk or hempen rope would not cut much ice. Instead of arguing over the material of the rope we were to be choked with we'd be attacking to instructions of the presiding judge in order to get a new trial, working hard on petitions to the governor for commutation and looking forward to a parole in a couple of years. And if it failed we'd be thinking of something besides silk ropes.

One of the celebrated surgical Mayos has been rushed by special train to the bedside of Jim Hill, magnate and millionaire. The doctor at the cross roads drove readily to a tenant house on a farm last night thru the dark in an attempt to save the life of the hired man. Death was knocking on the great oaken doors of the millionaire's mansion and on the inch and three-eighths plain pine of the tenant house. The main thing there was the dark shadow at the door. Silk or hempen, world surgeon and country doctor were incidental. The monstrous shape in the shadows outside the doors filled the picture. Everything else on earth halts and covers before it.

When we come to the "jumping off place" we shall care little for silk or hempen. Strange that we pay so much attention to those things before the big shadow looms up at the threshold. There comes a time to all of us when silk and cotton are equal.

Silk and hempen, peer and pauper, hired man and Hill, are equals at one time in their lives, complete equals when the shadow hides the sunlight. Things aren't so very much different in this world after all at the beginning and at the end. And most of the differences between are imaginary. Still, if it has to be done most of us would incidentally pick the silk rope to do it with.

STRAIGHTENING OUT THE GUARD.

Certain members of the Texas National Guard who refused to answer the call to the colors to act as a border patrol are to be court-martialed. Which is as it should be.

The national guard is the best solution of the military proposition that confronts this country. Compulsory military service does not appeal to the American people. The situation of this country and its history and ideals are opposed to compulsory military service except in time of dire necessity, yet the establishment of a defensive service that will be reasonably effective on short notice is in the mind of every man as a common sense precaution. The guard seems to offer the best way out. But the guard then must be depend-

able, not only in equipment but willingness to serve. It is not a serious argument against the guardsmen that 116 of the Texas guardsmen failed in the test. It merely asserts that 116 men who ought not to have been in the service had joined the companies. They were play soldiers only. The guardsman must be a soldier in time of need. That's what he is for. If he has a conception that service in the guard means anything else fundamentally he doesn't belong in the service and should be weeded out of it. He's a quitter.

The national guard has never had its full chance. It has been contemptuously set aside by the regular branch of the service and has slight attention from Washington, except in directions that were of small assistance toward making it an effective arm of the military establishment of the country. But at that the rank and file have always shown themselves worthy when the pressure came. The Texas incident is merely an incident calling attention to a weakness that exists in the service. If the borders of Iowa were threatened today expectation would be that every guardsman able to carry his gun would respond to the call of duty and expectation would not be disappointed.

The guard is to take place as a real defensive arm of the United States. It must live up to it from the commanding general down to the private in the rear rank if the country is to get the most out of it and the guard take and maintain the high standing it deserves to have.

Topics of the Times

Speaking of silence as golden, what an asset Justice Hughes would be to Great Britain and her national debt.

The Mr. Roosevelt is not a very wealthy man his campaigns never seem to lack the sinews of magazine and periodical advertising.

Col. Life Young is on the border to see at first hand the need of preparedness in that direction. Life is writing some good stuff home and later perhaps we shall enjoy hearing him on "Sixty Days With Funston." Incidentally the colonel ought to achieve promotion to brigadier general while at the front.

Under the two-thirds rule of democratic conventions Mr. Bryan was the two-thirds last trip. This season his Excellency W. Wilson seems to be seven-eighths.

Candidates should be especially kind to their wives and other men's wives this summer; they are all likely to vote this fall.

Some of those who are insisting that the liquor question is dead in Iowa are pinning their hopes to the pulmotor just the same. Under the right circumstances we shall see some desperate efforts to revive the corpse.

The farther it goes the less is heard of LaFollette. His campaign is almost as quiet as that of Hughes.

Speaking of Mr. Ford aside from politics it might be worth notice that the bank deposits of the Ford employes have increased by \$3,000,000. Somehow that man and his employes seem to get along somehow and land a little ahead each year. And that's something when you think of it. If we take a little time from roasting Mr. Ford's peace policy and look over the way it works in his own shops, Ford seems to be quite some citizen.

IOWA OPINION AND NOTES.

"Membership in a party imposes some obligation," admits the Grand Junction Globe, "but one does not take vows of eternal allegiance when he affiliates with a party. The inalienable right to kick and when that fails, to bolt, is as sacred in party affairs as anywhere else."

The Knoxville Express [dem.] says: "The election of Boies as a back the democratic party's clock a quarter of a century. It branded the party as the 'whisky party' and it hasn't fully cleaned itself of that appellation to this day."

The Grundy Democrat says "It looks this year as if it might be safe and almost necessary for a Methodist preacher in Iowa to vote the democratic ticket."

"The only one of the four men seeking the republican nomination for governor, who stands for anything of importance to the people, is Mr. Cosson," declares the Iowa City Republican. "His position on the care of prisoners, the unfortunates of the state, and generally on matters relating to the betterment of humanity means something, but in this campaign of lying and abuse, these matters are overlooked."

"The democrats should not repeal the rule that requires a two-thirds vote in their convention to name a candidate for president," advises the Cedar Rapids Gazette. "There have been times when not even two-thirds could select a man who could be elected."

The Ackley World says the liquor question is not settled and that "it will never be settled until it is settled right. Thousands of men, it says, find employment in breweries, vineyards and the allied lines. It is honorable employment; million of dollars are legitimately invested in these industries; the farmer, banker and all in their turn receive their portion. Who is there to advocate wholesale confiscation and destruction?"

Iowa Newspapers

[Cedar Rapids Gazette.] The Des Moines Capital feelingly refers to the Healy fiasco at Cedar Rapids as "an unfortunate incident." It might have added the rest of the morgue soliloquy: "Don't he look natural? Wonder who sent such lovely flowers?"

THE PRESCRIPTION.

[Webster City Freeman-Tribune.] "If you had a boy that looks like the boys do in the magazine clothing ads, what steps would you take?" -Times-Republican.

Feed him on malted milk, give him vigorous exercise to develop meat and muscle, and take him to the country where he can see real live boys with some vim and energy. If that wouldn't have the desired effect he might be turned over to the physical culture doctors as a horrible example of the degeneracy of the race.

USE FOR TIN CANS.

[Waterloo Courier.] Some of Waterloo's resourceful and public-spirited citizens have found a use for the tin can—that much despised and apparently unutilized appliance whose disposal often presents a serious civic problem. They have made flower pots of them and planted red geraniums in them, so that now instead of marring the back yard they decorate the front doorway and form a beauty spot rather than an eyesore. And when the cans are painted or wrapped in crepe paper they make a very presentable flower pot. The idea is worth cultivating.

THE NEW HIGH SCHOOLS.

[Burlington Hawkeye.] Nevada is investing \$90,000 in a new high school building. She never made a better investment, and no doubt, when more school room is needed at Nevada the people will provide promptly and in a liberal manner. The new building will soon have an attendance that would never have been possible in an old structure with crowded quarters. Many a town that provides what are believed to be ample quarters in a new high school, is agreeably surprised when the new building is filled within a year or two after it has been completed and devoted to the purposes which it is to serve.

GOOD MILK; DIRTY MILK.

[Waterloo Courier.] A citizen has called attention to the fact that often in the bottom of bottles containing milk there is found a quantity of sediment, sometimes as much as a spoonful in each container. Even a little of these deposits in the family milk supply, intended for the table use, is too much. This citizen calls further attention to the fact that in the instance he specifically complains of, the milk is rated as "good" and the consumer is left up in the air as just what to do about it. Undoubtedly the milk is "good," but if the consumer should happen to swallow a portion of the barn refuse that is allowed to collect in the bottom of the can, he might as well drink the whole mess as far from good.

There seems only one remedy in a case like this. Do not purchase any more of that particular brand of milk.

DO WE THINK THAT WAY?

[Hawkeye.] Every person who has studied the mass of the people know that a few can be influenced by appeals to reason, to logic, to good sense.

Another few can be reached by appealing to their sympathies, to the kind words of a pastor, to the appeals to passion, to prejudice, to their appetites, to their baser instincts.

And everybody can be reached by hitting their pocket books.

Who believes that parades and mass meetings are going to stampede the Iowa delegation? If not the Iowa delegation what delegation? Mr. Roosevelt would have a big meeting in Des Moines. Des Moines would give him a big meeting as a matter of city policy. But what would the meetings in Des Moines do to influence the choice at Chicago?

Four years ago the Roosevelt leaders contended every state bitterly, they were on hand at the proper time, no delegate was chosen for Taft if they could prevent it. Everything has been left to a whirlwind finish, and while enormous sums of money are being spent, more than were ever spent in promoting a candidacy before it all seems to be locking the barn door after the horse is stolen.

Who would have thought that Mr. Roosevelt has tried to win a race after it was lost.

For Sunday Reading

All Sorts of Opinions. Work a Consolation. [H. D. Jenkins, D. D., in Sioux City Journal.]

But one of the most potent consolations of God's work; work for others; work to lift up the world and bring it nearer to God.

One of the noblest books in the English language is Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." In modern speech we would call it "The Cure For Depression." And Burton's "cure" is work, and lots of it. Do not make an idol of your grief, it is the substance of your advice, but let it be an inspiration to your benevolence. In my early ministry I knew a very rich, young widow who had sought healing of her wound by flying to Paris and losing herself in the gaieties of the three haunting second empire. But she wrote me that—with a vast income and no dependents—she was more and more unhappy every day. She would only "pray for death." And I wrote her immediately to "pray for work." I told her that I knew enough of Paris to know that there were thousands of friendless girls that needed a friend; thousands of penniless widows that needed bread and thousands of orphans that needed love and a home.

Six months later I received another letter saying, "I am the busiest—and the happiest—woman on the continent." And the work she then started she was carrying on for the shopgirls of that great city forty years afterwards when God called her to her rest and reward.

Nor can those who know the history of rescue work in our own country fail to recall how in the early death of dear little Florence Crittenden pressed down a hopeless burden upon the heart of her inconsolable parents until the founding of that great string of homes for fallen women gave an outlet for

would the Capital advocate and support the application of the draft?

Does the Capital believe that Iowa should be compelled to fill its per capita quota if the action is not willingly taken? Does the Capital believe that every county, township and incorporated city and town of Iowa should be compelled to furnish its per capita quota of 18,000 men for the militia and 6,000 for the regular army?

On the basis of a population of 100,000 does the Capital believe that Des Moines should at all times supply two hundred forty men for the regular army and 1,310 for the militia, and in addition should fill its quota for the proposed enlarged navy?

Does the Capital believe that Iowa should pay \$10,000,000 per year additional tax for the support of an enlarged regular and militia force and in addition its pro rated share for the construction of vessels to cost \$240,000,000 for one year?

The new per capita tax will not be less than \$12.50 if this program should be carried out in full. Does the Capital believe that each county, township and incorporated city and town should pay its pro rated share of this new tax?

Is it aware that this would mean an annual tax of \$1,250,000 for Des Moines, aside from the services of men with the various commands? Does the Capital vote yes?

The conventions are soon to be held. The campaigns for the election of men to represent the people will be soon to be commenced. The time is up for wind-jamming. The time has come for a show-down. Let us have a look at the Capital's cards.

IOWA'S SONG BIRDS.

[Iowa Democrat.] Iowa would be a prairie state, now it is one vast park. The desire of Iowans to provide shelter and to beautify their homes prompted the planting of groves everywhere, which are now isolated forests. They not only add to the landscape, but afford shelter for the innumerable birds which at this time render the state a great song garden. Early in May you may hear all over Iowa the incomparable song of the thrush, the musical sibilant of the wren and the cheerful chirping of robins and meadow larks. No songsters compare with these, whose throats are unspooled of the music master and whose tones carry nature's sweetest melodies. The musical "artists" would have you think that the rendition of the great songs is only possible in a certain language and the holy spectacle is presented of an Irish tenor rolling out his high "Cs" in Italian, with a brogue direct from the old sod! But you do know that the thrush is singing straight from the score nature has written in the whispings of the forest, in the joyful abandon of the tempest's roar, in the glory of the dawn. If the music schools would only permit it we should get some really good and unspoiled music from our singers, but so long as they persist in singing a jargon which is only makeshift music, just as long we shall prefer to hear the birds.

LOSING HIS CUNNING.

[Des Moines Register.] "There is an increasing belief today that Colonel Roosevelt will be persuaded by his supporters to make a very brief 'whirlwind' trip thru the middle west."—Washington, D. C. Times.

The wonder must always be that so sagacious a politician as Mr. Roosevelt should have left his whirlwind tour until after the primary elections had been held and the delegates to the convention chosen.

All the parades and whoop-er-up that can now be arranged will never make up for the want of votes in states like Massachusetts and Vermont and New Hampshire, Atlantic seaboard states where the people are pictured as in a state of panic. Murray Crane, who was beaten for delegate four years ago by the Roosevelt men, was elected this year by two to one, and Hughes carried Vermont over Roosevelt by a landslide.

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Who would have thought that Mr. Roosevelt has tried to win a race after it was lost.

WHICH END OF THE POKER?

[Council Bluffs Nonpareil.] More than one-half of the candidates who have refused to plant in this give are known as drys. If one-half of the non-committed candidates are added to the drys and one-half to the wets the figures would stand: 275 drys and seventy wets. This is without question a pretty fair estimate of the sentiment of Iowa voters on this issue. Seventy-five per cent of our people favor a saloonless state while not more than 25 per cent would go back to the old order.

It is pertinent to inquire in this connection where the republicans are going to find themselves if they take the hot air of the poker which the democrats have handed them. The democrats have frankly recognized the overwhelming sentiment of the state and have put forward as a candidate a man who has courageously stood for a dry state. If out of four candidates the sentiment of Iowa voters on this ticket a man whose record is more than half wet and who does not have the courage to declare himself either way, can they complain if the rank and file refuse to stand for the program?

PREPAREDNESS MEN WANTED.

[Cedar Rapids Gazette.] The Des Moines Capital has been a rampant preparedness advocate. Its managing editor promised the Chicago Tribune to do anything in his personal power to manage the preparedness demonstration at any point in Iowa.

Now the Capital, confronted by possibilities of preparation, is soft pedaling. That paper does not know how the state is to secure six thousand more militiamen to fill its quota. The state will need 14,000 more men to fill its militia quota and 6,000 to fill its quota in the regular army.

Preparedness must be made a local issue. The work cannot be done in the clouds. The men to put on the uniform must be flesh and blood; they must live somewhere; they must have homes that when they are compelled to leave, ambitions that they must consent to abandon; no sane child was ever born with an ambition to be a soldier; there must come a time when actual men must pass the physical and mental tests and enlistment.

Will the Capital, as a self-conscious leader of preparedness in Iowa, answer these necessary questions in a frank way? If the men in Iowa do not enlist for either or both militia and regular army,

RANNDOM REELS

By Howard L. Ramm

Of shoes and ships and sealing wax - of cabbages - & kings

THE HOUSEWIFE. In the house who has not hidden under a bed gets a bath. When the housewife winds up the week's work, she is permitted to go to church Sunday morning, after dressing one set of twins and three solo offspring, cleaning two fussy chickens, baking bread, making a fruit salad and concocting two apple pies. Ministers who are inclined to object when the housewife is late to church should take a week off and watch her as she pursues her daily orbit.



Being that everybody in the house who has not hidden under a bed gets a bath.

There are plenty of wives, but housewives are scarce and dear, and the man who possesses one will never know what he has lost until he tries the other kind.

Rippling Rhymes

My friends come back from the babbling brooks, and talk of the things they've done, with their poles and reels, and their lines and hooks, till the setting of the sun. And each at the end remarks, "I wish I had had good luck today; but the biggest fish, and the finest fish, was the fish that got away." I have heard that yarn for a hundred years, and I'll hear it till I die, and when a fisherman bold appears, I leave me a job and sigh; for I know full well he will stand and dish the story that's old and gray, of the biggest fish, and the finest fish, and the fish that got away. It's the freckled boy with the old time bait, and the fish-line coarse and stout, who sits him down by the brook to wait for a bite from the monster trout; he gets the bite, and his pole goes, "Swish!" Eureka and boom-de-ay! He has caught the fish, the world-famous fish that so often got away!

their affectionate activities, blessing the fallen with hope and the broken hearted parents with a peace which was one of the consolations of God. The Red Cross hospital is a more hearty than the "red light" theater.

When we have thus slain our particular grief, it becomes, like the skeleton of the lion that Samson slew, a live store with honey by which to be stung. The death of one we have loved "makes heaven earth" as men tell us, but it also makes earth dearer. When Charles Dickens was in America in 1842 the country was at peace and he said sneeringly of Americans, "What care they for a war?"

Many a minister closes his work in the pulpit with a feeling of the deepest depression, conscious of his failures, but unconscious of the great work which has only asked for some excuse to speak its debt. Then, when some great sorrow seems as if it must overwhelm their pastor, he finds himself borne upon the arms of a mighty sympathy that will not be refused expression. The flag was raised with foes, twenty years later, the uprising of a nation in arms showed what they cared for the banner with the stars.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure No Alum - No Phosphate