

HANDY DIRECTORY OF THE MASONIC TEMPLE

Masonic Meetings. Visitors always welcome. SPECIAL COMMUNICATION Marshall Lodge No. 108 A. F. & M. M. ...

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STATED ASSEMBLY.

King Solomon Council No. 26, R. & S. M. Monday, June 19, regular business. I. T. Forbes, Recorder, George Gregory, I. M. ...

CENTRAL CHAPTER No. 67, O. E. S.

Regular Meeting Wednesday, June 14, at 8 p. m., for business. Refreshments, Eliza S. Battin, secretary; Cora M. McDowell, W. M. ...

FIRST FLOOR

MARSHALLTOWN CLUB

J. SIDNEY JOHNSON Secretary

SECOND FLOOR

DR. R. C. MOLISON

Surgeon and Physician Rooms 207 and 208. Phone 994. Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m. Residence, 104 Park street.

THIRD FLOOR

Drs. FRENCH & COBB

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialists

DR. R. R. HANSEN

Rooms 314-315. Office Hours: 11 to 12; 2 to 4; and 7 to 9 p. m.

Physicians and Surgeons

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

L. F. Kellogg R. J. Andrews

DENTISTS Rooms 315 to 317. Phone 14

FOURTH FLOOR

Drs. LIERLE & SCHMITZ

Specialists Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat GLASSES FITTED

DR. WM. F. HAMILTON

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON 408 Masonic Temple.

Special Attention to General Surgery and X-Ray Work

Rooms 414-15 Masonic Temple Office Hours, 2 to 4 p. m.

DR. G. E. HERMANC

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Office Hours: 11 to 12 a. m. and 3 to 4:30 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m. Suite 11, Tremont Block

W. T. BENNETT

Lawyer NOTARY PUBLIC Over 119 East Main Street

VanOrman & VanOrman

GENERAL INSURANCE Over First National Bank

Dr. Wilbert Shallenberg

766 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Specialist Chronic, Nervous and Special Diseases

MARSHALLTOWN TYPOGRAPH.

190th visit to Stoddard Hotel, Marshalltown, Saturday, June 24, 1916.

Wasted Steam.

"A man don't argue jes' fo' de sake of talkin'," said Uncle Eben, "his steam is engineer dat uses up all his steam blowin' de whistle."

Daily Thought.

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—Socrates.

Times-Republican

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ANOTHER BIG AND IMPORTANT CONVENTION

The files held their big convention the other day. The various delegations from the house, horse and blue-bottle districts were presided over by a big blow fly who buzzed the meeting to order on a manure heap behind Soandso's barn. His opening remarks were laudatory of the gentleman who maintains the nuisance where the convention assembled. He said that in the face of scientific proclamation and of ordinances and laws created by the interests antagonistic to the propagation and conservation of the fly family, this noble friend had managed to keep the same old manure pile in his alley as a rock in a weary land and a shelter in the time of storm for the musca of all varieties, and demanded a flying vote of thanks. The convention rose in a cloud in unanimous response. The resolution was ordered engrossed on wall paper with the sign manual of the fly family.

The platform adopted viewed with alarm the growing tendency of a controlled and subsidized press to urge and abet the destruction of breeding places and spots of assembly like that maintained by the honorable gentleman where the convention was met; denounced the makers of sticky fly papers and manufacturers of screens; demanded that all bacteriologists should be banished or electrocuted and that antiseptics and their use be forbidden by law.

Senator Blowfly gained the floor and said in part: "All is not lost. We still have friends and supporters. Dark as opposition lowers against us there still remain noble city physicians who fail to do their duty under the alleged laws, splendid members of health boards who refuse to see and order destroyed our manure heaps and homes, mayors—bless them—to whom the odor of dumping places and the reek of manure laden alleys are as the scents of Araby, householders whose outdoor closets stand within a few feet of their neighbor's kitchens and who must be counted as our faithful friends. While these noble mothers of our race need little encouragement to bring forth their teeming millions. The battle is stern. The enemy has made inroads upon us. The old time bonyard where the dead animals were dragged and whence we scattered different bacilli is gone from the city limits; but we still retain the dirty milkman, the careless housewife, the lazy and incompetent health board, the streptococci and the typhoid bacillus. Let us take heart. While a single manure heap festers in the alley, while a single milkman refuses to wash his cans, while a health board refuses to abate a nuisance, let us keep our faces to the foe, our feet supplied with germs and maintain the traditions of our fathers and the past."

Some contention arose over the location of the next meeting place but settled on the present place of assembly after it had been pointed out that the owner of the present spot seemed to have a stand in that had permitted him to keep it as it is for many years and that he would be likely to be able to maintain it in its excellent condition for fly purposes for an indefinite time.

Justice Hughes at home. The New York Tribune, which may be presumed to know as much about Justice Hughes as any other goes back to the governorship held by him and the fight that centered about him in New York. The Tribune reviewing the advancement in decent politics during Mr. Hughes' terms says: "This hopeful beginning, this foundation for the building of a real force for decent and independent service in state affairs, was wrecked when Governor Hughes suddenly accepted an appointment to the supreme court bench and left those who had rallied to him and to his cause to fare as best they could. The Hughes movement, deprived of its leader, promptly collapsed. The men who had stood with Hughes, deserted by their leader, became the victims of the bosses whom they had fought. The cause of decent state government was put back immeasurably, and we have since had for governors Dix and Sulzer and we have Whitman, who perhaps, ranks half way between the two. Looking at the past squarely it will be perceived that Mr. Hughes, by following his personal ends in the matter of the governorship in 1906, did actually render real public service, because there was sound reason why a governor should be chosen in that year who owed nothing to the republican politicians and would be able, therefore, to steer a clear course and defy the mandates of those who had been accustomed to control republican politics for many years. But in 1910, by following a similar course and paying no attention to any consideration of personal ambition or preference, Mr. Hughes did real injury to a cause and to men who had risked their all in his fight. The Tribune seems convinced that the impelling motive of Hughes is personal and selfish and goes on to say: To The Tribune it seems perfectly clear that Mr. Hughes is once more, as in 1910, risking a cause and imperiling men and ideals that are of immeasurable value, simply because in the crisis he is thinking not of the public interest, but only of the advantages and disadvantages which will flow to him from one of several possible courses. In other words, Mr.

Hughes is thinking of the best way to get the thing he most wants, not of what is best for his party or his fellow citizens. Regarding Justice Hughes' asserted respect for the supreme court and his belief that it should be kept out of politics the Tribune suggests that "if he believes this, half a dozen words will remove all chance of involving the supreme court in politics and honorably and squarely meet the dangers he perceives, or seems to perceive."

The Tribune in New York offers the same opinion that is being freely offered in the west when it says: But Mr. Hughes can not at one time consistently pretend to have too great a regard for the supreme court to permit it to be mixed up with politics and still remain a candidate. He can not permit politics to invade the supreme court because he feels that he should perform a patriotic service and at the same time hide behind the court when the people demand his views on questions over which men and delegates differ.

LAST WEEK'S BUSINESS. Feverish buying has subsided, but in its place has come a steady, more orderly and yet very large volume of business, and the virtual arrival of the between-seasons period sees trade as well as industry moving along at a rate far above the seasonal normal. Neither the reduced domestic buying of steel nor the weakness in southern pig iron, old materials and such metals as copper, spelter, lead, tin and antimony loom large in an otherwise strong situation. Optimism, the tempered by high prices, is not one whit less marked than it was at the height of the boom, the plain fact being that the country is sold up and therefore can afford to sit back for a breathing spell. Industry is working at an unwonted pace, diminished new buying of domestic steel is offset by foreign demand, the old story of labor commanding high wages is more applicable than ever, and warm weather has improved retail trade as well as crop conditions. Indeed, interior retail dealers continue to buy freely, activities of political lights are subordinated to solid business movements, jobbing trade is quite active, thanks to filling-in orders, light-weight summer goods receiving the call, and while wholesale trade is shaded in consonance with the season, fall orders continue to come out in an astonishing way. Mail-order trade goes on expanding, the principal centers report that road orders are highly satisfactory, and semi-annual clearance sales of dry goods and general merchandise at the west are well attended by visiting buyers, most of whom purchase liberally.

Railway traffic during May reached record proportions for that month, the car situation is improving, deliveries from uncertain producers are better, but lack of transportation facilities, rail and water, hampers the southern yellow pine industry, thus causing some mills to curtail outputs. Collections are good to above normal, except in a few isolated sections of the south. Money is firmer, demand is getting somewhat better, new enterprises are being launched on a large scale, the oil-producing regions are very active, bank clearings for the month of May were the second largest on record, and the stock market, the dull, displays a strong undertone, principally because of heavy corporate earnings and partly because of the belief that railway wage grievances, now being discussed, will be amicably settled.

Finally, while it is conceded that during the period of feverish buying there was more or less speculation indulged in, only a few of the reports coming to hand suggest overstocking; indeed, export trade has prevented this in leading textile lines, and as wages are high and consumption is heavy, it is confidently believed that no one will be inconvenienced by inability to get rid of staple goods. There is, however, a strong disposition to resist price advances, and, in fact, the tendency seems to be to hold back for recessions.

IN HARDING'S HOME TOWN. [Sioux City Tribune.] Will Mr. Harding pledge himself to active personal efforts against the restoration of the saloon in Iowa and against illegal selling? He has not made such a pledge or promise thus far in the campaign.

THE INHERENT SINCERITY OF ATTORNEY GENERAL COSSON made a striking appeal to many people who heard him for the first time last night. It is a quality much to be desired in state and national officials.

"YOUR BET." [Traer Star Clipper.] It's very easy to join a good roads club and to make a good roads man. There is as much sense to such action as to join a good weather club and declare for good weather. A good crops club and a good morals club are on the same plane. The building of better highways isn't done at good roads meetings. Better highways is a matter of moving dirt, draining, grading, crowning—not joining clubs or talking. Where are your plans to better highways? Who will do the work? What will it cost? Get busy.—Toledo Democrat.

We have been in favor of moving dirt all the time, but the Democrat has done nothing but kick, whine and find fault. We are ready not only to talk good roads, but to help build. Will the Democrat pay \$1 for every \$2 the Star-Clipper will contribute toward traveled roads between Toledo and Traer? Please answer yes or no.

THEIR WEE BROTHER'S GRAVE.

The Scotch are a great people. For more than a century they have been a part of the British empire and have maintained their own characteristics as fully as if they had been a separate nation.

Also it is the dictum of William Allen White that the ex-president will oppose Hughes unless that eminent jurist comes out of the high grass and show himself for what he is and is likely to be. As Hughes seems to intend to keep his veil on the Roosevelt forces may eventually fall to the Iowa candidate. It is up to Bill Kenyon and his delegation to see that they do all they can to influence the direction.

A Nevada man has won the alleged horseshoe pitching championship of Iowa. Perhaps some of the real championship pitchers in Marshalltown best go over to Nevada and bring that gilded horseshoe home where it belongs.

There are about 720,000 voters in Iowa, that is, men of voting age. Now if they shouldn't all vote in this primary why isn't the non-voting argument as good against men as against women. What shall we do with our non voters? Disfranchise them?

The 4,000 marchers gathered for the preparedness parade at Des Moines are scarcely representative of a city of 100,000 and state with 720,000 voters. But if this country needed defenders

the emergency would bring 100,000 men to march to its defense from Iowa. Iowa is fully patriotic as her war records show; but she isn't foolish enough to march in preparedness parades when the corn needs plowing.

While it is confidently asserted that Roosevelt can't stampede the Chicago convention the people who are saying it most confidently are wondering whether he will.

Justice Hughes is as noisy as a deaf and dumb college.

The man who didn't vote today ought to have the box closed to him in November.

Whether or not the women win the vote they have had the best of the argument all the way thru; if it falls this time it will win next time. Votes for women is as certain as the sunrise. Because it is both natural and righteous.

The question which will arise during the long wait for the results of the election will be whether it wouldn't be worth the money to pay enough to hire quick and competent persons to count the ballots.

IOWA OPINION AND NOTES.

The Mason City Globe-Gazette says "Wilson has botched the whole Mexican business and there will be no respect for Mexican Americans until some of the murderers are shown that Americans are not the spineless beings which Mr. Bryan wants them to be."

The Knoxville Journal predicts the nomination of Cummins, Hughes or Roosevelt, and believes that Mr. Cummins' chances are equally as good as either of the others.

"Meredith is secure in the affections of those who compose the bulwark of Iowa democracy," avers the Monticello Express. "No matter that he was once a man of doubtful political status, or that he still has some republican ideas, it is sufficient that he alligns himself with the democratic party; he looks well, poses constantly, and has the distinction of having the president's favor. Democracy accepts anything that has the hallmarks of presidential preference, and Meredith is not to be weakened by any parade of his inconsistencies. Those are little things that do not count against a man where they are the rule and not the exception."

"Shun evil companions" is as good political advice as it is to the young man," says the Storm Lake Pilot Tribune.

"Now is the season of auto accidents when the new crop of nuts without sufficient brain power to properly navigate a wheelbarrow or means to pay damages should they cause any, and thereby without regard of the rights of other people, run amuck on the highways and streets, a menace to decent motorists and pedestrians," complains the Logan Observer. "What is needed to take care of these fellows is a penitentiary penalty for violations of the law."

Iowa Newspapers

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A Jug-o-rum

or an empty jug is the issue in the primary today.

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RAILROAD AND HIGHWAY.

[Logan Observer.] Centralized control to get big projects done is the only way. It wouldn't be the Chicago & Northwestern but a howler of a success if the local parties along its line, subject to the

political control of Tom, Dick and Harry, had the say so of how the road should be made and kept up. In a community where there was some public spirit and a desire for progress the road might be in fair shape provided the right fellows could always be kept in office, but in a section where there was a bunch of lightweights in control the road would be allowed to get in bad shape, any kind of a bridge would do, just so long as traffic could get over. One year Jim Jams would be road boss, and he would make a fill where he thought it was needed, and put in a culvert where he thought it would do best. The next year Bill Tank would get in by reason of his political power, and he would take out the fill Jim put in and put a culvert there and a fill where Jim's culvert had been. The right would be let out to Bill's friends regardless of whether they were as good men for the work as the men Jim had employed and the road would not be improved year by year as it has been under the centralized plan that the Northwestern employs. And we don't know any better way to get good highways than that which the railroads have demonstrated results. If the Northwestern hires a man to drag a piece of its track for a few miles and the fellow doesn't do it when it should be done to get the best results, we'll guarantee that the C. & N. W. headquarters in Chicago, would find a man who would do the work, and find him quicker than the man in "local control" does for highway work.

SMART AND WITTY ALEXIUS. [Washington (Iowa) Democrat.] The older a man gets the more things he carries in his pockets.

A trifling man wastes as much time collecting his wages as he does in earning them.

A collection of odd coins is interesting but not worth much.

About the easiest thing in the world to get up is a parade.

We do not have any idea that anybody ever got up a surprise party that surprised anybody.

The man who actually does not want his name in the paper never says anything about it.

A laboring man wearing a stiff hat while at work looks funny, you will admit.

The trouble with belonging to a country town band is that you cannot make a living at it.

A doctor smoking a cigaret does not make cigaret smoking respectable.

A dressed up woman must have on good shoes, or she looks shoddy.

We do not care what you think about it, short skirts make a fat woman look twice as fat.

Even with short skirts a woman does not look any younger.

TEMPERANCE MAN—NOT. [Jefferson Bee.] Friends of Harding say he is a temperance man, never signed a saloon petition, belongs to the Methodist church, and a lot of other things, but if he is nominated and elected, the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association, of Cincinnati, will advertise it the world over as a "violation for the advocates of freedom."

If Harding is a temperance man why did he say so when asked by the Business Men's Temperance Association of Iowa? Why is he rated in the temperance bulletin as one who made "comply" to the temperance question? Other candidates answered, why not Mr. Harding? Is he ashamed to reply that he is a temperance man—if he is a temperance man? The mere fact that he is a church member does not make him a temperance man. Some of the biggest crooks on God's green earth are members of churches. The fact that he never signed a saloon petition does not count for anything, either, as it was mighty good politics not to do so—as is now being evidenced by his much advertising of the fact. If he is a temperance man why does he not write to the State Temperance League and say so—in place of ignoring the question? It's nothing to be ashamed of even if it did hurt a man down in the "river counties."

Harding's liquor stand is going to make him a strong candidate on primary day. It is said that not less than 25,000 democrats in Iowa will change their party affiliation on primary day to support him. These democrats are largely of the old foreign type, who are "sore" at President Wilson for his European attitude and sore at Meredith for his "dry" platform. They will vote at the republican primaries in herds, droves and regiments. They are a big factor and their strength will be felt. If the temperance men of Iowa want this influence to predominate they should vote for Harding and help it along. If they think "roads" or anything else but booze will be the issue if Harding is the nominee, they will find out, too late, that they were mistaken.

THE MECHANIC'S APPRENTICE.

[Des Moines Capital.] The mechanic's apprentice has a chance for a good time. He only works eight hours a day, which is a short day compared with the days-only a few years ago. The mechanic's apprentice must learn a great many things and he must learn them right. His life means much to him.

In the first place every young man ought to have a trade. It is the safest proposition there is. If a man is a shoemaker, he is not fired when he reaches the age of 50—he can go pecking on. If he is a blacksmith, he can continue his strong arm long after the hair has turned gray and his strength will be felt. If the temperance men of Iowa want this influence to predominate they should vote for Harding and help it along. If they think "roads" or anything else but booze will be the issue if Harding is the nominee, they will find out, too late, that they were mistaken.

"BEN." GIVE HER A SQUARE DEAL.

[Ex-Congressman W. D. Jamieson in His Shenandoah World.] I am thinking of a man in this town whom I will call "Ben." The reason I call him Ben is because that is not his name. Ben will have a chance to vote on next Monday, a week from today, on woman suffrage. He has a rattling good wife, and a couple of children. He is devoted to all of them.

Ben, can you think of a single reason why you should vote that does not apply with equal force to your good wife? She is your partner in everything else—and you worked mighty hard to get her into the partnership game with you. Now, when you will go further for the partnership firm than you will. Now, why isn't it fair for you to give her the partnership rights of having her say about the rules for running our community and our state and who shall enforce those rules?

She has to live under the law just the same as you do. Why not let her help you what that law shall be? You trust her with the most precious things that ever came into your life—your children. You force her to take the principal charge in their raising and training. Then why aren't you glad to trust her with the vote? You trust her with your home. She makes it, and she runs it mightily well; a whole lot better than you could run it, and on a whole lot better business basis. Then why not trust her to

RAINBOW REELS

Howard L. Rann. Of shoes and ships and sealing wax—of cabbages & kings.

HANNIBAL. Hannibal was one of a long procession of military chieftains who tried to disrupt the Roman Empire and struck out on a waist-high ball. Europe used to be full of brigadier-generals who wanted to whip Rome as a stepping stone to a seat in Congress, and practically all of them died in the attempt, wearing a look of deep disappointment.



Hannibal was born in Carthage about 247 B. C., or within gunshot thereof, and came from an aristocratic family. Before he was eighteen years of age Hannibal had learned not to fold his napkin, but to roll it carefully into a ball and throw it into the finger bowl. Hannibal's mother kept a maid and an electric washer, and belonged to every-thing from the Lady Macabees to the Child's Conservation League. His father was a military genius, and when Hannibal was nine years old the elder Hannibal made him promise that the first time he met the Roman Empire he would knock its block off or words to that effect. If Hannibal could have read the future he would have remained at home and gone into truck gardening on a small scale.

In pursuance of his promise Hannibal got together an army consisting of 90,000 soldiers, carrying their own feet and other luggage, 12,000 horses and 37 elephants. Before the army had reached the base of the Alps several of the foot soldiers wanted to put their feet in the elephants' trunks, but Hannibal would not allow this, which caused disaffection and chills that spread throughout the ranks. The journey across the Alps was a painful one, and no doubt produced almost as much anguish as the graduating oration which begins with "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy." On the way Hannibal won several important victories, and finally reached a point where he could see imperial Rome roasting on the seven hills and the usual nullo saloon licenses at the rate of seven a day.

Rippling Rhymes

Walt Mason. Breathes there a man with soul so tame, when the home team wins a game, he doesn't throw a fit? Who doesn't help to make a noise, or take his place among the boys who on the bleachers sit? If such there be, go set him down as an incumbrance to the town, a brake upon its wheel; for any fellow is a crime who doesn't at the baseball time a glow of rapture feel. If he can view unmoved the score which shows up how the home team bore the foeman off the map, the soul within him is decayed; our councilmen should take a spade and plant that kind of chap. For he's the man who always grunts when we'd put on improvement stunts, and pave the village streets, who always beefs about his tax, and sticks to pen-nies tight as wax, and prices downward beats. He is the skate who never gives much satisfaction while he lives, whose worth we can't discern; but when at last he cashes in, the people raise a joyful din, and costly fireworks burn.

THE MISFIT

When you become an apprentice, the first thing you must learn is the dignity of labor and the next thing is to get it out of your head that the world looks down upon a mechanic. That sort of rot has ruined many a young man. The world does not look down upon a mechanic unless he is a dissipated, worthless man. And then, it is not his occupation, but his own character.

The mechanic's apprentice must learn to love his work and to be proud of his product. If he loves his work, the days are short; otherwise they are long. The mechanic's apprentice should not take too much stock in what the older men in his trade tell him. Many of these have traveled the wrong road and have soured on the world. Their companionship and their advice are not valuable to the apprentice. The apprentice in self defense must learn to look on the bright side. If life would be worth living to him, he must make it so.

The young mechanic expects to work his way and to get away from the bench, he must depend upon himself and not upon the government. And not upon any labor organization. Some of the older men in the trade will say that the unions can help make a man chaste and formerly belonged to a labor union, but he never depended upon a labor union for anything except a place to get acquainted and talk over the beauties of the trade. The labor unions, however, have done a great work and should be continued.

The young man should not conclude that the church is for the rich, and for those who can wear fine clothes. Religion is for no such purpose, and the self-respecting working man or mechanic should not harbor such thoughts. The young man should understand that religion is the way to heaven and that truth and honor are the foundations of religion.

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place among the boys who on the bleachers sit? If such there be, go set him down as an incumbrance to the town, a brake upon its wheel; for any fellow is a crime who doesn't at the baseball time a glow of rapture feel. If he can view unmoved the score which shows up how the home team bore the foeman off the map, the soul within him is decayed; our councilmen should take a spade and plant that kind of chap. For he's the man who always grunts when we'd put on improvement stunts, and pave the village streets, who always beefs about his tax, and sticks to pen-nies tight as wax, and prices downward beats. He is the skate who never gives much satisfaction while he lives, whose worth we can't discern; but when at last he cashes in, the people raise a joyful din, and costly fireworks burn.

Rules for Salutes.

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