

HANDY DIRECTORY OF THE MASONIC TEMPLE



Masonic Meetings. Visitation always welcome. STATED COMMUNICATION—Marshall Lodge No. 105, A. F. & M. S. M. Regular business Friday, Aug. 11, 8 p. m. John W. Wells, Secretary; B. O. Frazee, W. M.

FIRST FLOOR MARSHALLTOWN CLUB J. SIDNEY JOHNSON, Secretary

SECOND FLOOR DR. R. C. MOLISON Surgeon and Physician Rooms 207 and 208. Phone 394. Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m. Residence, 104 Park street.

THIRD FLOOR DR. 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. Office phone 101. Home phone 872

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

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

FOURTH FLOOR DR. 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.

DR. WM. F. HAMILTON PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON 104 Masonic Temple.

Special Attention to General Surgery and X-Ray Work Rooms 414-15 Masonic Temple Office hours, 2 to 6 p. m.

DR. RALPH E. KEYSER DR. G. E. HERMANC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Office hours: 11 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 6:30 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 766 Oakwood Bldg., Chicago, Specialist Chronic, Nervous and Special Diseases Over 80% of my patients come from recommendations of those who have cured. Consultation FREE 182nd visit to Stoddard Hotel, Marshalltown, Saturday, Aug. 19, 1916.

MARSHALLTOWN TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION LOCAL 4 Ask for the UNION LABEL on your printed matter and read newspapers that are entitled to its use.

His Last Frolic. "Where have you been until this hour?" said Mrs. Lawyer To-wit to her late-arriving hubby. "I've been looking after some suits," allied To-wit. "Yes, I know those suits; the old diamonds, hearts, spades, and clubs. Well, this is the last night I'll let you suit."—Buffalo Express.

Times-Republican

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REAL MEN—ONE OF THEM.

It takes a real man to be effective and a real influence over a cityful of people who call him by his first name; to be able to meet men of all classes on the true level of humanness and democracy and still retain the right and influence to admonish and lead. If there is any profession wherein it is harder than another to be thoroughly democratic and a good flow, to call and be called by first names and nicknames and still hold and keep the deep respect as well as the liking of men and the power of admonishment and leadership, that profession is the ministry.

Marshalltown people noted and remarked last evening, not that Rev. Smith had been called to the vacant pulpit of a bishop, but that "Merle Smith" had gone to the Pasadena church. Two-thirds of the people who know him call him "Merle" to his face. The rest of them think of him as "Merle Smith." Familiarity, certainly, but the familiarity of real affection and confidence. Merle Smith may leave the pulpit he now occupies for a bishopric some day but he will never be other than "Merle" to Marshalltown. He doesn't desire to be anything else. He couldn't be more whatever honors he might win and dignities he might attain. It is a distinction of which he may well be both proud and grateful. It is the Marshalltown way. When Marshalltown likes a man it calls him by his first name to his face and behind it. Perhaps the reason none ever forgets Marshalltown is that Marshalltown never forgets her friends. The Pasadena people who have called Merle Smith are both judicious and fortunate. He is a fine preacher in the pulpit and a man outside.

WAR COST OF NEWSPAPERING.

The enormous increase in the cost of producing printed matter incident to the war and shortage of wood pulp for manufacturing print paper has brought a crisis into the affairs of many a publisher. Two daily newspapers in Iowa have suspended and one been compelled to drop back to weekly publication.

One publisher writes to the Times-Republican this week for aid in securing print paper direct from a mill because his consumption is too small to permit him to buy direct from the producer and he explains that the increase in price demanded of him will cost him \$4,000 in a year and that is probably more than his profits from a purely local newspaper.

The Winona, Minnesota, Independent mailed to publishers generally this week a circular stating that print paper had more than doubled in cost for them and that they were going to charge 15 cents per week for their daily delivered by carrier instead of 10 cents and would have to increase the subscription price by mail.

Increased advertising rates were announced for a daily with 4,493 circulation of 20 cents per inch on contract, 30 cents for open space and 50 cents per inch for one time transient advertisers. These rates are equal to rates which have formerly been charged by papers of twice and three times the circulation of the Winona paper.

The Keokuk Gate-City announces this week that it can no longer afford to exchange its paper with others but must charge full price from everybody.

There will be no more bargain days in Iowa for daily newspapers at a 22 price, for the 32 papers have been compelled to go to a 33 price and 33 papers will have to move up to 34. Even then the increase will be much less than the rise in the cost of the print paper used.

There is a famine on in all kinds of print paper due to a shortage in wood pulp and due to the fact that foreign users are compelled by the war to draw on supplies which should come to the United States and the sulphur used in paper manufacture has been absorbed in the making of munitions of war. Everything that is printed on paper is being so greatly increased in cost that in many instances the cost has been doubled.

PAJAMAS, NIGHTGOWNS AND KIMONOS.

In Chicago a man is standing trial and defending his right to sit on an evening on his porch clad in pajamas. In a middle-west city the other evening another man was arrested because he persisted in sitting on his porch comfortably arrayed in his nightgown. The neighborhoods where those male persons exposed themselves with such audacity and utter recklessness of the sensibility retinas of the lady population were shocked beyond measure. Thus came the iron hand of the law into play upon complaint duly made and entered against such brazen and immoral performance.

These cases should be taken to the supreme court of the United States, if necessary, and thence appealed to the Hague tribunal if the verdict is adverse. The thing is going too far. First, suspenders are shocking and must be concealed, now pajamas and long, modest nightgowns are immoral when worn on a hot night in the shadow of a man's own porch. At the same time the kimono, which is only a nightgown by another name, may flutter boldly to the breeze from any porch and dooryard swing and wave

untrammelled as the star spangled banner from every hammock. The inobtrusive pajama, which indeed is only a pongee coat and a pair of pants that conceal rather than disclose the staid lines of the male, is the essence of modesty and retirement. The kimono artfully flows about the feminine form divine in Hogarth's lines of beauty with variations. It is sly and alluring. A more flirtatious garment than the common and domestic kimono is unknown. The nightgown of the mere man is a shapeless sackcloth which envelops him from head to heels, an oblation of all curves and angles. In it he looks like a sack of bran with a face and two arms. Thus garmented he is less immodest than a snowman in the front yard. No fluttery lace clinging seductively about his neck, no tating circles the cuffs. Its military collar is not decollete. If it ever gives reasons for the arrest of its wearer it is when in the still watches of the night he rises to get a drink or seek a burglar and stepping on its elongated skirts, falls cursing to the floor. Such is the nightgown of the male. The female of its species is more deadly and much more interesting; but neither it nor its twin sister, the kimono, nor yet that immediate ancestor of the kimono, the Mother Hubbard, have been considered in violation of the statutes made and provided in the interests of public safety and the peace and morals of the commonwealth.

If a man, property owner and taxpayer or tenant chooses to wear his pajamas on the front porch of a sultry night he is or should be within the privileges announced in that immortal declaration by Thomas Jefferson and signed by the continental congress in the peril of their lives. It is a right that is or should be granted by the fundamental law of this country. If not, haste should be made to amend the constitution before the kimono gains control of the ballot box. Patrick Henry was wont to sit on his front porch arrayed in comfort; Washington loved to linger on the veranda of a hot afternoon in shirt-sleeves and cotton flannel unmentionables overlooking the lordly Potomac while the grateful wind soothed his bare feet; Benjamin Franklin went even further, as see his autobiography, but Benjamin was a careless man about such things, and if this is a land where all men are born free and equal the common citizen should be protected and the common right maintained.

Be brave. Sit boldly forth in pajamas. Be a martyr if need be. Stick. We must all hang together or be hanged separately on this question.

Topics of the Times

Microscope men are those who can't see a big virtue but to whom the smallest fault of their neighbor is plain in detail. They can't see a man but a louse looks as big as a horse to them.

Well, let's hope that the fellows on the Deutschland are comfortable as their quarters will permit and that the gobsheens haven't got them yet.

But those whiskers of J. Ham Lewis are not in the same class with Hughes' beard. Nobody has yet been able to poke fun at Hughes' whiskers and get away with it while J. Ham's only real hold on fame rests on his comely lambskins.

Strangers usually conform to the signs at the edge of town proclaiming legal limit of speed; but that's because they are not acquainted.

A near beer candidate, like a near beer saloon, looks like the real thing, smells like it and the same goes bangy about. The suspicion is justified in either case that somebody is "spiking" with alcohol.

The man who was "sure to go broke" when he bought an auto a few years ago, defied the prophets by buying a new one this year. Worst of all, he bought a better one. You never can tell.

One of the tests of a good chauffeur is ability to shift gears easily; but the best of them could learn something from the readiness and facility with which Harding shifts his gears to fit any kind of a road.

Those who enjoyed last night's obnoxious will wonder along about Christmas how they ever imagined a cold wind could be so enjoyable.

One by one, two by two, and in groups the moose come straggling in. Lots of room for everybody.

IOWA OPINION AND NOTES.

"Each candidate for the highest office in the land considers his wife an important adviser in affairs of state," remarks the Des Moines Capital. This is another argument for woman suffrage.

"It's pretty easy to make any prediction, but Candidate Harding is going to get mired on the road question if he doesn't watch out," says the Waterloo Times-Tribune.

"And still auto drivers continue to attempt to beat railroad trains across the grade crossings, swelling the undertakers' receipts," remarks the Burlington Gazette.

The Council Bluffs Nonpareil thinks "it would be difficult to find a more striking contrast than that presented by Candidates Hughes and Harding. One is a strong, virile man and the other is a shifty, crafty, vote-seeking politician."

"Again and again the fact is being demonstrated that what is good for the big cities is good for the small ones, and that the little ones can afford anything that the big ones have," says the Burlington Hawkeye.

"How would Dubuque county voters like to go back to the old way of building roads, that practiced a quarter of a century ago when each township followed its own plan, rather fol-

lowed no plan at all?" inquires the Dubuque Telegraph-Herald. "That is what Mr. Harding, republican candidate for governor, would have, Mr. Meredith, the democratic candidate, is for building roads according to a state-wide plan, building roads that can be used every day of the year. Take your choice."

"The letters from the Iowa camps have given Iowans a glimpse of conditions not to be forgotten even though a censorship is established," says the Muscatine Journal, which concludes that "The Wilson administration will not escape a just criticism by gagging the press correspondents."

Iowa Newspapers

STICKING TO MEREDITH. [Burlington Gazette.] Foreign parents in Chicago have been warned against feeding beer to the babies during the hot weather. No doubt this interference with their "liberty" will be bitterly resented by the fond papas and mamas.

HITCHING POSTS. [Davenport Times.] Ever since the pioneer days there has been trouble in county seat towns of the smaller size about hitching posts. Merchants have objected to having approaches to their stores blocked. And now a new form of the old trouble has appeared. It is the question of where and for how long automobiles may be parked on the city streets. Some cities are setting apart certain sections of little used street for parking purposes. The multiplication of automobiles is sure to bring about more strict regulation in regard to parking.

WORK FOR PRISONERS. [Burlington Hawkeye.] The state board of control will establish a prison camp near Rockwell City to help getting the grounds into shape for the new women's reformatory that is to be erected there. Among other work will be that of making cement fence posts, of which some 2,500 will be needed. The work is better for the prisoners than indoor employment, and the camp will be recruited from among the prisoners and from the prisoners who do not obey the rules is apt to "set in bad" with the vast majority, who realize that the privilege will be withdrawn if they do not help to make a success of the plan.

IOWA COUNTY FAIRS. [Burlington Hawkeye.] A few years ago, some one suggested that the county fair was going out of Vogue and that at the same time there would be corn growing on practically all the old fair grounds in Iowa. There are ninety-nine counties in Iowa and there have been ninety-five fairs announced for this year. That does not look as if the fairs were going out. Quite the contrary. And it is not conceivable that the fair should lose its hold upon the people at a time when there is more interest in farming than at any prior time in the history of the best farming state of the union.

The people want fairs and if they put a fair out of business here and there that was done because the fair was not what it should have been. It was probably managed by officers who imagined that they knew more about what the people wanted than did the people themselves, and then the people took pains to show them. There were men connected with it at the fair here and there in the state, who insisted that a fair could not be operated without "tin horn" gamblers and vile shows. Everybody knows better now, and the fairs are better than ever before, and they are going to prove not only more profitable, but more enjoyable, than at any prior time in the history of the state.

CROSSROAD SIGNS. [Waterloo Times-Tribune.] The Lincoln Highway Association is engaged in the biggest job of its kind in Iowa. It is the equipping of the great transcontinental highway with trustworthy, standardized road signs. Specially equipped automobiles have been fitted out for the purpose. They will carry trained crews and all the necessary equipment, and they will be on the highway, nearly all stretches of the highway, for even in the sections that have fairly dependable signs there is a puzzling lack of uniformity.

The result of this reform is easily imagined. It will give a new impetus to automobile travel, the recreation of every motorist, and a new class of population. It will help to bring distant sections closer together, helping the east and west to become better acquainted.

The example is one that ought to be followed widely. The rural highways of Iowa are in a deplorable condition, a blind maze. It used to be that every crossroad bore its signpost, but in recent decades country communities have grown careless. Local residents know the roads, and they are not disposed to worry about the troubles of strangers. Such improvement in the highways in many states is due chiefly to the activity of automobile associations.

With our modern expansion of communities, it is almost axiomatic that country roads should be as intelligently marked as city streets. And any community that ignores this duty not only lacks public spirit but is very short-sighted as regards its own interests.

LOOKING AFTER TOURISTS. [Council Bluffs Nonpareil.] A visitor to Keokuk recently inquired of a citizen (a banker, too) if there were any places of historic interest in the city. The only thing this man could recall was the dam across the Mississippi at that point and the great power plant in connection therewith. A little search, however, in the city park, as beautiful as could be found in the state. In this park was a fine statue of Keokuk, the Indian chief from whom the city gets its name. There is in the city, too, some grim looking old buildings which were used as hospitals and armories during the civil war period. This man had simply never thought of the place as having anything of interest to tourists.

Iowa towns and cities should organize to care for this tourist business. When travelers come along and inquire, "where is the best place to see anything about?" it should be possible to supply them with a brief statement of the places worth visiting in printed form together with a boy scout for a guide.

How many people, for instance, passing thru Council Bluffs on their way to the north coast here will find Fairmount park, Lincoln monument,

FRENCH BOMBERS RUSH GERMAN TRENCH FOLLOWING HEAVY ARTILLERY ATTACK



GERMAN HAND GRENADE CLAIMS THREE VICTIMS. This picture, made with the authority of the French government and imported recently into America, illustrates a graphic incident on the Franco-German front. A trench had been overrun and occupied by Germans, and a counter attack was ordered after artillery fire had raked the position. The French advanced, throwing hand grenades, and the Germans retreated in the same way. A German hand grenade explosion struck down the three men seen in the picture.

the Wilcox greenhouses or any other place of interest if we make no concerted effort to furnish such information? How will they know anything about the fruit growing possibilities of this section of the state if we make no effort to furnish them with the information?

The state of Iowa could with profit follow the example of Vermont in looking after this tourist business. If people can be interested in those old granite hills in the New England states (and they are so interested) who live in the east will be interested in the fertile fields of rich old Iowa. The half has never been told of the gorgeous beauty of this great state.

THE DIMMER ORDINANCE.

[Cedar Rapids Republican.] The dimmer ordinance worked variously. Some of the devices to comply with the law were interesting. One man had used nothing but sapollo for the covering of the upper portions of his glass. Some 15-cent contrivances were sold for \$3. But a great many got along by using merely their top lights.

The law is really so simple that a child can understand it. Place your car seventy-five feet from your garage, or a tree, or any other object, and turn on all the lights you are capable of making. If it hits the object seventy-five feet away more than three feet above the ground, the light is illegal. If it hits below, then it is legal, no matter how bright it may be for that distance and at that height.

Some automobile men complain that seventy-five feet is not far enough ahead to see. But a light that is three feet above the pavement at seventy-five feet, will reach twice that distance on the ground. The object of the law is to keep the lights down on the ground, where the driver needs them, not up in the air where they annoy other drivers as well as pedestrians.

A few say they ought to fight this law. But why fight it? What is there wrong with it? Are our streets to be filled with flashing and glaring lights, to the annoyance of every one? Do the men who want to vulgarize their cars think that no one else has any rights in the streets, or on their porches even? Shall every man who owns a car be permitted to parade the streets with searchlights and fog horns? Is not such a contention unreasonable? There is not a first class city in this country that permits such annoyances, such abuses, and Cedar Rapids has lagged far enough behind as it is. The dimmer ordinance ought to be enforced to the letter. Let it not be said that we have made one more law that is not enforced. It can be complied with by every one, it ought to be complied with by every one, and those who will not submit, let them pay the fines, or even go to jail.

LIMIT TO "SHARE" BASIS.

[Sioux City Tribune.] Woodbury county officials have instituted inquiries about securing the county's "share" of the Iowa apportionment under the new federal road law.

It so happens—thank goodness—that the federal fund is not to be sliced up and distributed by counties or townships. At least, no such plan is involved in the law, and the hope is warranted that no such plan will be read into it.

Iowa's allotment of the federal road fund for the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1917, is approximately \$146,000. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1916, as shown by the news report in the Tribune Wednesday, the automobile license fees in Iowa amounted to \$1,407,168, approximately ten times the amount due the state for the first year's federal aid distribution.

The Iowa auto license funds are supposed to be used in road building. In observing the limited results secured thru distributing the fund to the various counties (on a basis of townships) there is strong ground to urge that the state-federal funds should not be dissipated in the same way.

If business standards are to be applied in building roads and bridges, the "pork" viewpoint must be eliminated or modified. The construction of 100 miles of permanent roads, anywhere in the state, represents more to the citizens of any county than the frittering away of thousands of dollars in temporary work.

If Iowa's automobile license funds for the past five years could have been held intact and applied to the construction of gravel surfaced roads, they

RANN-DOM REELS

Howard L. Rann. "Of shoes-and ships" and sealing wax-of cabbages-and kings.

RUSSIA. Russia is a large, sprawling nation whose principal products are cannon fodder and children. The Russian child has no equal in size, fearlessness and tenacity of purpose, and when contracted by the pampered American tourist, causes a profound feeling of discontent to settle in his feet. It is one of the principal defenses of Russia, as it cripples a hostile army in the transportation department and offers an impenetrable front to the one-night corn cure.

Russia formerly spread over a good share of Europe, like a seven-foot traveling man in an upper berth, but it has lost a lot of territory during the war which it is now seeking to regain. The population of Russia consists mainly of the moujik, a muscular form of serf who seems to prefer dying for the czar to any other pursuit. Whenever the czar runs out of soldiers he reaches back into the rear counties and hauls forth a few million moujiks who were overlooked in the draw. The average moujik lacks culture and a shave, but is constructed to stand the fierce Russian winter without losing the use of his legs.

Russia is a prohibition country, and became so without the aid of William Jennings Bryan. Until the war started Russia's favorite drink was vodka, which is a cross between St. Jacob's oil and the pure apple vinegar now on sale. It is said that a half-pint of genuine Russian vodka would cause a henpecked husband to assault his wife with a stove lid and dance a war jig on the center table. It was a great blow to the lowly moujik when vodka was removed from his reach, but nobody has since tried to establish the blind pig in Russia without passing away in a painful and satisfactory manner.

Russia is ruled by the czar, aided by a high grade of waterproof superstitious. The czar's chief ambition is to take Constantinople and thus be able to secure warm water for the royal bath-tub. The people of Russia are in full sympathy with this laudable endeavor, altho the moujik prefers to bathe at long, secluded intervals. Agriculture in Russia is for the most part modeled after the admirable Chinese system, plowing being done with a sharp stick and the wheat crop being harvested by the plant, dexterous feet of the moujik. Russia needs an influx of American education and self-dishers, together with a few carefully distributed barber shops.

When Russia has a consolidated school in every township and a railrooned schoolman in every room, she will be second in greatness only to the U. S. A.

WIDER FIELDS. The young men drift away from home; they go to Rahway and to Nome, to Boston and New York; and some of them will cross the sea, to try their luck in Gay Paree, in Edinburgh or Cork. They go afar, to play the game, to win the laurel wreath of fame, acquire a goodly roll; their native village doesn't yield a chance, they want a wider field than Punktown-in-the-Hole. Yet Punktown is a goodly town, and here a man may gain renown, and wealth, and honors, too; but you are full of dreams, my lad, and so you'll hike for Petrograd, across the ocean blue. Across the hills and far away, you'll have a better chance, you say, as hosts have said before; and so you say fare you all to, and leave behind your father's hall, his roof-tree and his door. I know you'd do as well at home as you will do, where'er you roam, but it were vain to speak, for youth must tread the distant road, find for itself its own abode, its Eldorado seek. Go forth and hew and carve and build, and may the visions be fulfilled that agitate your soul! Go, wander 'neath a foreign sky, while we old codgers wilt and die, at Punktown-in-the-Hole!

Rippling Rhymes

Walt Mason. The young men drift away from home; they go to Rahway and to Nome, to Boston and New York; and some of them will cross the sea, to try their luck in Gay Paree, in Edinburgh or Cork. They go afar, to play the game, to win the laurel wreath of fame, acquire a goodly roll; their native village doesn't yield a chance, they want a wider field than Punktown-in-the-Hole. Yet Punktown is a goodly town, and here a man may gain renown, and wealth, and honors, too; but you are full of dreams, my lad, and so you'll hike for Petrograd, across the ocean blue. Across the hills and far away, you'll have a better chance, you say, as hosts have said before; and so you say fare you all to, and leave behind your father's hall, his roof-tree and his door. I know you'd do as well at home as you will do, where'er you roam, but it were vain to speak, for youth must tread the distant road, find for itself its own abode, its Eldorado seek. Go forth and hew and carve and build, and may the visions be fulfilled that agitate your soul! Go, wander 'neath a foreign sky, while we old codgers wilt and die, at Punktown-in-the-Hole!

Harmonious. A paper from Lahore, India, the Civil and Military Gazette, of April 1, 1916, giving the outline of the great conspiracy case there, when a revolution was planned but ignominiously collapsed, says ingeniously: "Some of the gang were armed, and fortified with a harmonium." Organized sedition!—Living Church.

Wait for the Fair Store Bankrupt Sale

Iowa's \$1,407,168 of auto license money for the past fiscal year would be easier to trace, in results, if handled in bulk, than when scattered around on the basis of \$131 for each township. Under the present distribution plan, the money applied to each township only pays about one month's salary for a surplus political employee.