

HANDY DIRECTORY OF THE MASONIC TEMPLE



Masonic Meetings.

Visitors always welcome. SPECIAL COMMUNICATION—Marshall Lodge No. 108, A. F. & A. M. Work in second degree Tuesday, Aug. 29, 7:30 p. m. John W. Wells, Secretary; B. O. Frazer, W. M.

SIGNET CHAPTER, No. 33, R. A. M. Stated convocation Monday evening, Aug. 21. Regular business. Carl Saffner, H. P.; John W. Wells, Secretary.

STATED ASSEMBLY, King Solomon Council No. 20, R. & S. M. Monday, Sept. 18; regular business. I. T. Forbes, Recorder; George Gregory, I. M.

STATED CONCLAVE, St. Aldemar Commandery No. 30, K. T. Tuesday, Sept. 19, 8 p. m.; regular business. I. T. Forbes, Recorder; H. C. Mueller, Commander.

CENTRAL CHAPTER No. 67, O. E. S.—Regular meeting Wednesday, Sept. 13, 8 p. m. Business. Eliza S. Rattin, secretary; Cora M. McDowell, W. M.

FIRST FLOOR

MARSHALLTOWN CLUB J. SIDNEY JOHNSON, Secretary

SECOND FLOOR

DR. R. C. MOLISON Surgeon and Physician Rooms 307 and 308. Phone 934. Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m. Residence, 101 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. Office phone 101. Home phone 172.

Physicians and Surgeons Rooms 302 to 305. Phone 15 for the following physicians and surgeons: DR. W. U. CHESTNUT, DR. NELSON HERRILL, DR. H. H. NICHOLS, DR. GEORGE M. JOHNSON

L. F. Kellogg R. J. Andrews DENTISTS Phone 319 to 317.

FOURTH FLOOR

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 aurists Iowa Industrial School for Boys.

DR. WM. F. HAMILTON PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON 444 Masonic Temple.

Special Attention to General Surgery and X-Ray Work Rooms 414-15 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 2 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 786 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago. Specialist Chronic, Nervous and Special Diseases Over 80% of my patients come from recommendations of those who have cured. Consultation FREE 1924 visit to Stoddard Hotel, Marshalltown, Saturday, Sept. 16, 1916.

MARSHALLTOWN TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION

ask for the UNION LABEL on your printed matter and read newspapers that are entitled to its use.

Real Value of Speech. Speech was made to open mind to us, and not to hide him; to promote peace, and not to betray it.—David

Uncle Eben. A man that can't be on de level, Uncle Eben, "must expect to have us an' down in dis life."

Times-Republican

Published Daily By The TIMES-REPUBLICAN PRINTING CO

TERMS: Evening Edition by mail, \$4.00; by the month, \$1.35; delivered by carrier by the month, \$1.50; later edition for morning circulation, 4.00; Twice-Week Edition per year, 4.00; Entered at the postoffice at Marshalltown as second class mail matter.

CAPITAL TURNS HARDING DOWN.

An interesting story is going the rounds in political circles in Des Moines. It is to the effect that on Monday, Harding and Pierce, of the Homestead, and a bunch of sympathizers took the publisher of the Des Moines Capital up to the top of a high mountain and showed him the kingdoms of the earth in the way of new subscribers and lucrative gains in advertising by reason of its popularity if the Capital would but espouse the cause of Harding in this campaign.

The Youngs, father and son, are trying to publish a clean, family newspaper, free from all objectionable matter in the best of homes and their besides they have political memories. In the primary the Capital declared that Harding should not be nominated, that he was unworthy of a place at the head of the state republican ticket and what the Capital said then the Capital believes now, so Mr. Harding was told that he would have to content himself with the usual signed political advertisement so far as the Capital was concerned.

Then the coterie began to threaten, so the story goes, that such an attitude toward the republican ticket would result in certain loss of prestige, loss of subscribers and patronage and to this the only reply was that Harding publicly would have to be labeled as advertising and that no advertisement would be accepted representing Harding to be dry in his politics for the reason that it might violate the statute which requires all advertising to be truthful in its statements. It was explained to Mr. Harding that he was known to have been wet in politics and the Capital would not be a party to any deception on that point.

Mr. Harding is devoid of active newspaper support from the larger state dailies outside of the Sioux City Journal, Cedar Rapids Republican and Dubuque Times-Journal. The Des Moines Register, Sioux City Tribune, Council Bluffs Nonpareil and Marshalltown Times-Republican are openly condemning him. The Burlington Hawkeye, Davenport Times, Muscatine Journal, Ottumwa Courier, Fort Dodge Messenger and a host of lesser republican papers are saying little or nothing for or against the republican candidate.

A HOSPITAL OR A MAUSOLEUM?

Last week the city of Ames was made the recipient of a \$75,000 hospital, the gift of Capt. W. M. Greeley, a philanthropic citizen who built the hospital as a memorial to his wife. The gift was conditional only in that the city agree to keep up the hospital in a fitting manner and keep it open at all times to people of all sects and creeds.

Capt. Greeley has not only performed an act of philanthropy and memorialized his wife but has made for himself a lasting pleasure and satisfaction while he lives. He will pass the hospital day after day with a feeling of personal satisfaction such as is to be gained only by doing unto others that which weakness demands of right from the strong. Without doubt he had in mind mainly the doing of a good deed for the sake of her who had departed. It was a Garland on his wife's grave; but he can not escape or avoid a personal satisfaction more than he can avoid the thanks and appreciation of his community and of those who shelter within the walls of the refuge he created.

Greeley stands distinct from the certain rich men who die sitting on their moneybags, distrustful of all who approach and adding greedily to a hoard already too great for happiness. Greeley is gaining the great satisfaction of seeing with living eyes what kind of work the money he must leave behind will be doing after he is dead and gone. He is enjoying his own philanthropy. One of the reasons men refuse to retire from active business, one of the strongest fears that men connect with death is that they must be "out of it" that their time of accomplishment is over, that others shall do what they desired to do and finish what they had begun. Greeley has finished one task, completed an accomplishment. His hospital will go to work under his own eyes and he knows that it will continue doing for him the things he desired to have done when he has departed.

Men are forgotten quickly. What they do for themselves dies with them. But philanthropic public service lives on to keep their memory green through generations. The rich man's millions are scattered in a day to eager hands that wait impatiently for them. A tall shaft or a massive mausoleum is no pledge to kindly and loving remembrance; often it is a mere curiosity in steel and marble to which passerby glance with no thought of the dust that lies within it. But a good deed lives long and links the name and memory of its doer with itself while it endures.

Other men who crave memorials for their dead and for themselves may well take note of Greeley's bid for remembrance. His is the only way. There is but one anchor to earth. He who leaves an honored memory must have served men. Power endures but a day. Those who loot lowest to kings

are first to strip the royal corpse and leave it for others to bury. "There is nothing so kingly as kindness."

HOW THEY WENT TO THE FAIR.

A view of the automobiles parked inside the state fair grounds explained why everyone on the train Monday morning might have a seat to himself going to the fair and why he might have two thrown together on the evening train home. Further explanation was furnished by the procession of motor cars on the highways as seen from the train windows. It would be interesting and illuminative as well to have the figures on the number of state fair visitors who, dismissing railroads and trains and two-cent fares from mind, gayly drove 100 miles or so along country roads to Des Moines.

One party of farmers on the train from Geneva was calculating how they might have driven down in the same time required to make the trip by train and hoped that within a few years enough gravel might be laid between their town and the state fair to make such a trip safe against a shower of rain. Another proposed next year to take a chance and drive his machine to the fair. And as they spoke the motor cars were speeding along the highways on each side filled with jolly family parties apparently having the time of their lives.

Another thing: those farmers knew the best roads north and south and across northern Iowa and discussed them. They knew that highway associations were looking after the comfort and safety of their routes. They spoke of a new hundred mile drive as their fathers used to speak of driving across a county to the court house.

The thousands of motor cars at the fair and along the highways are the best answer to the carpers that insist on mud roads. The average farmer has made up his mind to a good road and one that he can negotiate at all seasons of the year. A great many of them have studied the question far enough to dismiss the outcry of politicians that good roads advocates are making assault on the farmers. They know what they need and want and are on the way to get a good gravelled highway where a gravel highway is needed, a more durable road where more durable material is necessary as a business proposition and a dirt road where a dirt road will do. "What's 119 miles on a good road," said one of the auto owning farmers, "five or six hours travel. I'd sooner drive it than ride in the parlor car. I get a better idea of what the farms are doing. I learn a lot driving across the country."

And it's so; what's 100 miles to the state fair or to see Sister Mary or Brother John or to look over Smith's herd of stock bulis and Thompson's herd of broody hogs to a good automobile on a good road?

Topics of the Times

If frost and hog cholera hold off, Iowa farmers will have to shell corn early in order to have crib room for their money.

But what of the farmer with two loads of finished cattle and no train to ship them on? And the factory full of finished products that its retailers are waiting for all over the country? Where do they come in and have they any rights to maintain and conserve?

Some objection is offered on the part of shippers and consumers to a fifty million dollar Wilson campaign fund to be paid by increased freight rates.

Iowa can stand the drop in wheat prices if hogs stay at present prices. There are more farmers than speculators in Iowa.

The president's scheme of arbitration seems to be to carve and distribute the turkey himself and leave the arbitrators to pick the bones and do the dishes.

When a "single track mind" switches a trainload of trouble into the congressional yards where hundreds of tracks run in all directions, don't wonder if traffic gets all muddled up.

Of course if the railroads shall all be tied up Mr. Harding can get from date to date in an automobile—unless it should rain.

Only a few days to a month with an "r" in it and not very long to the months with snow shovels and coal bills in them. It'll be corn husking time before we know it and that inquiry as to the location of "your summer wages" will be in order.

A very strong under current against Harding is becoming noticeable. Perhaps he and his managers have noticed it. The desperate attempt to coax or coerce the Des Moines Capital is an indication if not a confession of weakness. Mayhap that undertow may grow strong enough to carry the Harding candidacy out to sea. Straw votes and privately expressed determination to withhold republican support no doubt assist to set the Harding nerves on edge.

IOWA OPINION AND NOTES.

"Those who are inclined to knock on the preachers for dabbling in the Iowa gubernatorial campaign have another thing coming," says the Jellwein Register. "They clearly have the right to endorse and view with alarm but there is no law in the church requiring the members of the churches to vote as the clergy dictate. This is presumed to be a free country, and when the layman enters the booth in November, all alone with his maker, as Major Leacy and we put it, he will vote as he pleases with none to molest or make afraid. There is nothing compulsory about the dictum of a clergyman or the resolution of a conference."

ernor," goes on to say "a lot of people think preachers have no business in politics. We never could understand why a man should hide his citizenship because he was a minister of the gospel. It is his business to make men better. One of the most effective ways to do it is to fight booze. If fighting booze is getting into politics a preacher has the right to enter politics. The whisky men are not backward about engaging in politics."

"The strange spectacle of the president advocating the principles of arbitration and at the same time denying its use in a national crisis is a bitter pill for the public to swallow," says the Des Moines Capital.

"At last, after many years, the Sioux City Journal and Senator Cummins are standing on the same platform," remarks the Council Bluffs Nonpareil. "They're both supporting Harding. Requestat in pace."

"A bill providing for state inspection of private banks will doubtless come up at the next session. Citizens all over the state should demand their representatives do their duty," says the Dubuque Times-Journal.

Iowa Newspapers

IT DEPENDS ON THE "FIXERS."

[Port Dodge Messenger] The doctrine that what the people do is right is becoming more in vogue every day. Next week in San Francisco a board on which a retailer, a fisherman, and a consumer will be represented meets to fix the price of fish. Both the maximum price and the amount to be apportioned among the different interests will be arranged. The Society of Equity has recently sent word to hold their wheat until it commands \$1.50 per bushel and to do the same with the other grains in proportion. This move, it is represented, is because of the methods used by stock manipulators to force down the price of grain to such an extent that the farmer does not receive a fair price for his products.

This is in line with the movement of the Industrial Workers of the World to fix the price of labor in the western harvest fields. To those who happen to occupy a different frame of mind than the simple expedient of holding their strike phenomenon is a laborer, they hurl him from a train or beat him to the point of death. If it is merely a farm owner or resident of a town through which they are journeying they place a small stick of dynamite under the dwelling place of the daring free thinker.

Still the world goes on in the same manner. No one raises the cry of monopoly or unreasonable restraint of trade or illegal fixing of prices. For there is no corporation involved. If capitalists had been so wise as to use movements, then the people would rise in their righteous indignation and demand that the malefactors be apprehended and punished. Anti-trust, anti-monopoly and all kinds of anti legislation would be invoked to protect the rights of the common man. But now it is the people that are working towards a good end, and so no matter how evil may be the means used, they are justifiable.

ON CIRCUIT DAY.

[Jellwein Register] "How dear to my childhood, when fond recollection presents them to view" circuit day, for instance. When down to the grounds Friday morning seeing the big and little tents going up other circus days were suggested.

Some one remarked: "Isn't it

strange how many people rubber around to watch the circus people unload and put up their tents?" And another fellow replied: "No, for there is a new crop coming up every year." Even so, as long as there are young folks—yes and older ones—the circus will be popular.

The circus of today is a different proposition from that of the 70's. Then it was possibly one rather small tent and a one-ring show. Then there was at the most two clowns, and possibly but one, but they were just as funny then as now—seemingly in retrospect more so.

If you lived on a farm you will recall driving down to the village with father to see the parade in the morning, or possibly you did not get to town for that wonderful spectacle. But you were there for the afternoon performance unless it was in the midst of haying and father had slashed down a lot of grass in the morning, and there were thunder clouds around the horizon. In that case you remained at home, of all the boys the most miserable as you saw your neighbor get in some hay at night.

And let it be suggested right here: Don't oblige your boy to stay at home on circus day—let him go to town and revel in the pleasures incident to the big show, drink red lemonade and throw rings over the canvas. If he can't get in on the events of the sawdust ring just the same. It is in the blood, and when a man gets too old to take in a circus has hit the age of carpet slippers and a chair in the corner.

Are you going to the circus? Well, yes, I rather think I will.

Politics and Bench.

Mr. Wilson is the only president that this country has had for a generation who has looked upon judicial positions as part of the political spoils of office and who has degraded the bench by making appointments to it as rewards for political activity or to further a partisan purpose.

Passing over the case of Brandeis and turning to more recent ones, there is the appointment of Representative Hay of Virginia to a position on the federal bench. The obvious purpose of this appointment was to get rid of a narrow, provincial, country statesman who was embarrassing the administration and the country thru holding, by virtue of seniority, the place of chairman of the house committee on military affairs, and who as such was doing his worst to prevent the passage of needed measures for the reorganization and equipment of the army.

The New York Times, steadfastly devoted to the cause of President Wilson, is the present purpose to sidetrack Senator Pomerene of Ohio by giving him that vacant judgeship, replacing Pomerene, who is a weak member, in the United States senate by Judson Harmon, who is one of the strong men of the democratic party. It is a distinct retrogression in this

RANDOM REELS Howard L. Ramm

of shoes and ships and sealing wax—of cabbages and kings

THE VIOLIN.

The violin is a strong, healthy musical instrument which can be played by anybody, and most generally is. Owing to the ease and simplicity with which music can be extracted from a violin by a resolute player, it has become one of the most popular means of keeping other people in an alert and wide-awake state now in use. A violin which has not been driven far enough to enable all of its valves to seat properly can be heard with great distinctness by all of the neighbors, most of whom are not musical enthusiasts and are unable to sleep in sound chunks without breathing a low, sobbing curse word on the evening air.

The violin is played with both hands and the jaw bone. To become an expert performer on this instrument one should have a collapsible neck, which can be turned in any direction, like an automobile seat. This requires considerable practice, but it can be done, as is proven by the large number of violin students with long, flexible necks. The jaw bone is used to pin the violin to the left shoulder-blade of the player, while he reaches up with the left kneecap and tries to get in tune with an upright piano which has not been touched by the impious hand of a tuner since the Chicago fire. This teaches us that there are a lot of things we should miss more than the jaw bone, if it were suddenly removed.

Music is dragged out of a violin by a bow, which is held tightly in the right hand and drawn across the strings at a high rate of speed, while the tongue protrudes coyly from the mouth. Some of our best violin players have good control of the tongue and do not use it to any extent, but the engineer whose fingers will not



The violin can be played by anybody, and most generally is.

Some very beautiful music can be produced on the violin at \$5 per seat, and we have thousands of people who would rather listen to a good violinist as he renders "Annie Laurie" with variations than watch a comic opera tenor choke to death on a high A-flat. For a long time the violin was barred from the church, as it was supposed to be possessed of the devil, and that belief still retains a strong hold on the imagination, especially when a new soft-pine violin has come into the neighborhood and is throttled night after night by some strong-armed beginner who requires only four hours of sleep.

Rippling Rhymes By WALT MASON

MOUNTAIN AIR

Dried up and baked on windswept plains, too long unvisited by rains, to me the mountains called; and I indorse the mountain air, which tones the nerves, restoring hair to heads that long were bald. When I to Colorado came, so many ailments racked my frame, that life was but a grief; I had hay fever and a cold, and all the dope the druggists sold afforded no relief. I had the string-bait and the heave—none of my ills were make-believe; I had ingrowing nails; I had hog spavins on my knees; but I've forgotten all disease, among these hills and vales. Afar from all the roar of towns, I walk in khaki hand-me-downs, my staff a pine-tree's branch; I blithely scale these western Alps, and ride the avalanche. The mountain air a tonic is, it makes the vital current whirl along an old gent's veins; it makes his lagging step grow bold; and makes him think he's ten years old, and banishes his pains.

There Are Some.

"I just adore western men," gushed the girl who had never been west of Hoboken. "You are all so big and bluff and hearty." "Well, when it comes to that," replied the westerner, "I've seen some pretty big bluffs right here in New York City."

SEATS READY NOW! ODEON THURSDAY, Aug 31 STARTING THE BIG CITY COMPANY Twice Daily Except Sunday 2:15 p. m. 8:15 p. m. Four Days, Closing September 3 The Most Tremendous Dramatic Spectacle THAT THE BRAIN OF MAN HAS YET CONCEIVED D. W. GRIFFITH'S 8th Wonder OF The World 5,000 Scenes 18,000 Characters 3,000 Horses Cost \$500,000 TOUR DIRECTED BY ELLIOTT AND SHERMAN Cities Built Up and then Destroyed by Fire, the Biggest Battle of the Civil War Re-Enacted. Ford's Theater Washington, Reproduced to the Smallest Detail for the Lincoln Tragedy. A Series of Wild Rides that Commandeered a County for a Day and Cost \$10,000. A Musical Score of 25 Pieces, Synchronized to the Several Thousand Distinct and Individual Scenes. Wonderful Artillery Duels in Which Real Shells, Costing \$80 Apiece, were Used—Miles of Trenches—Thousands of Fighters—"War As It Actually Is." Requests Accompanied by Check will Have Immediate and Careful Attention. Children in Arms not Admitted