

HANDY DIRECTORY - OF THE - MASONIC TEMPLE



Masonic Meetings

Visitors Always Welcome. MARSHALL LODGE, No. 108, A. F. & A. M.—Special communication, Friday, Oct. 26, 7:30 o'clock. Work in first degree. John W. Wells, secretary; W. H. Steiner, W. M.

SIGNET CHAPTER, No. 38, R. A. M. Special convocation Monday evening, Nov. 5, at 7:30 o'clock. Past and most excellent degrees. Carl Shaffner, H. P.; John W. Wells, secretary.

STATED ASSEMBLY, King Solomon Council No. 20, R. & S. M., Monday, Nov. 19, Regular business, 1 P. P. Forbes, recorder; George Gregory, I. M.

STATED CONCLAVE, St. Aldemar Commandery, No. 38, K. T., Tuesday, Nov. 13, 7:30 p. m. For work order of Temple. L. T. Forbes, recorder; H. C. Mueller, commander.

CENTRAL CHAPTER No. 57, O. E. S.—Regular meeting for business Wednesday, Oct. 17, 7:30. Mrs. George Downing, secretary; Mrs. J. E. Frederick, W. M.

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THE GREAT BATTLE AT HAND.

If, as expected, a great battle is to be fought within a few days on the new Italian line, the world should stand aghast at the slaughter which will ensue; for if fought soon, this battle will be in the open, instead of in trenches and bombproofs, and men will be exposed to direct fire of artillery, machine guns and musketry. If the opposing forces take time to dig themselves in, then the battle will be a repetition of the trench fighting with which the public has become familiar.

The outlook is hopeful. The allies are rushing men and artillery to the aid of the Italians. The Italian army is fighting before its own doorsteps. The weakness which gave Austro-German troops their opportunity has been strengthened. It is safe to say that the Italians will put up a desperate battle, and the prediction is that their line will hold this time.

This German drive—for it is a German drive under German commanders—is reminiscent of the first stroke of Germany at the heart of France. It was successful to the gates of Paris. There France rallied and beat it back. Men fight harder beneath the linstels of their own homes. And it is probable that Italy, forced to defend her own integrity and strengthened physically and in morale by the accession of men and guns from France and England, will repeat the event that took place before Paris.

The drive is Germany's desperate bid for a foothold wherefrom she can make a peace to the best advantage. If it fails, the plight of Germany is far worse than before, for she will have made another open confession of weakness.

It is a most important battle which has begun along the Italian boundary, most important for Italy, and scarcely less important to the allies and to America.

THE VITAL PART OF IT.

"The signing of the pledge cards is vital," one editor after another assures his readers. Well, people are signing them. But more vital than signatures are intent and purpose and persistent action. If you sign the pledge sign it to keep it, not for a few days, but thru the entire emergency. And sign it. Also keep your word.

Now let us get at the facts. We are not signing these pledge cards more for our own soldiers than for the soldiers of France and England and Canada and Italy and the starving inhabitants of countries laid waste by war. It is time for every American citizen to stop asserting that he is willing to share and suffer for American soldiers but scarcely willing to do as much for the allied soldiers who today are fighting our battles.

The American who imagines that our part in this war can be separated from the part of our allies is ignorant of the situation. The American who proposes to withhold from the allies and give to Americans lacks understanding of the duty of Americans. We must from now on carry a very large part of the cost and do a great part of the fighting if this war is to be won.

Those who refuse the allies' help American soldiers. For failure to give every assistance to the allies means that we must sacrifice more American men on the battlefields. If this war is to be prolonged thru our slackness then more lives are to be spent, more treasure, more bonds issued, more loans raised, more taxation imposed.

Make the pledge and keep it. Begin now to conserve. Shut down on one and another thing that can well be done without and on many things that must be conserved and which entail some sacrifice. Don't argue over what Brown and Jones and Thompson are doing or not doing. Sweep clean before your own door. Don't minimize the necessity. It is present and acute. The war is to be won on food more than with guns.

NEGRO SOLDIERS.

"Negro troops fight bravely in France" is a headline over a story of the service rendered by a battalion of Somalis whose members have won 264 personal citations for bravery since the battalion landed in France last year. The battalion is given high credit for its efficiency as an infantry arm.

There is no need to go to France or Somaliland for historical evidence of the efficiency and bravery of negro troops in battle. Our own civil war is alive with such proofs. The colored soldier is brave in battle. He goes where he is well led as courageously as any soldier under the sun.

If Benjamin F. Butler were alive to tell the story again of the charge of negro regiments up Newmarket Heights he would tell a tale as stirring as that of the charge of the light brigade or of the Scot's Grey's at Waterloo. It was before the courage of the American colored troops had been tried and tested. So Butler fearing that ordinary formation would break under fire sent his colored regiments up in column.

"We hope that somewhere the machine shops are fashioning the great guns and the field artillery needed to equip our armies. We suppose that somewhere the needed rifles, helmets, and gas masks are being made in great abundance. It is presumed that the ship building program and the airplane program is being carried out somewhere. But how much more enthusiasm there would be about this war if we knew that these things are being done with all the energy and skill this country is capable of? Why not let the people know the facts?" says the Knoxville Express.

"Occasionally a man gets himself mistaken for a German sympathizer merely because he loses his temper and does not care what he says," remarks the Osgo News.

The Dubuque Telegraph-Herald optimistically proclaims "the great American profiteer, accustomed to unbridled license in the matter of fixing his prices and mulcting his patrons is to be curbed at last."

Family Discipline. "Did you get on well with your titled son-in-law?" "First rate," replied Mr. Curren. "I read him the daily news regularly. I've got him now where he's apologizing for not having been born under a republican form of government."

concentrated upon the head of those devoted columns the negroes went up and took the hill and held it. They left behind them a dead or wounded man for every yard of the ground they covered. It was a revelation to military men and stamped upon the colored soldier the badge of courage and fidelity.

The American colored soldier is a fine fighting man. Placed under circumstances and in environment where he may hold his own self respect and respect for his race he is a fine soldier in every way.

When the American negro regiments match courage and efficiency with the German veterans this country need not fear that the American soldier will be disgraced. For the negro trooper is a fighting man.

The civil war reports from battle lines used to end "The colored troops fought nobly." The reports from fields where their grandsons meet the foes of America will not smirch the fame of the American negro as a soldier.

Topics of the Times

Next thing a lot of rich folks know the selective draft system will be applied to liberty bonds and they'll have to seek exemption because they have a few railroads or two section farms or farm mortgages dependent upon them.

It appears that the Italians moved back mainly to avoid the rush.

About the only way the farmer can get back at the 10 cent a bushel corn husker is to sell him \$1.50 potatoes, 40 cent eggs, 50 cent butter, half a hog at 25 cents a pound or some of the other little knickknacks that grow about the barn and the milk and hen houses. And looking the field over which has the best of it?

Iowans who have sons in the forces stationed at the forts adjacent to Honolulu owe a debt to S. C. Huber, formerly of Tama, but now U. S. District Attorney for the Honolulu district, whose efforts in behalf of the Iowa boys are free and persistent. Letters from the boys speak highly of Mr. Huber and his wife and of the attention and interest shown by them in the welfare of the Iowa soldiers.

If Governor Harding was the kind of a man some of the newspapers try to make him out to be, how would they like it if he were to call a special session of the legislature to enact into law the apparent decision of the people of Iowa at the recent election?—Boone News-Republican.

If the governor were to call a special session for that purpose it would probably pass the prohibitory amendment out again for a re-submission. And how would the governor like that?

That Perry Chief breaks out with the assertion that "the distinction" of a community that failed to raise its bond quota should have the accent on the "stine". Which should hold such communities for a while.

Now that Washington is dry isn't it going to be hard to find a Davenport or Dubuque man willing to sacrifice himself on the congressional altar of his country?

When a man prays for prohibition and votes secretly against it, that's camouflage.

IOWA OPINION AND NOTES.

"The newspapers are now arguing about Senator Cummins' popularity. But what's the use? The senator will be 'right side up, with care' when his next campaign rolls around," comments the Waterloo Times-Tribune.

The Cedar Rapids Republican lingers that "those Des Moines men who had 150,000 pounds of sugar in hiding ought to be shown no mercy, if there is any justice in the laws."

"Attorney General Hayner is cheerful if nothing else. He has the tenacity of a bull pup, too, and altho he has been pounded and whipped and buffeted by unkind providence for several months he pulls himself out of the wreckage and announces that the blue laws are not dead."

"If you're a German sympathizer it is safer to confine your argument to cursing England; if you are 'wet' it looks better in this part of the country to say that your are opposed to the saloon but are not fanatically determined to curtail everybody else; if you are too 'tight' to buy a Liberty bond, just claim that you would do your share if your neighbor would do his. Treachery, tipping and lightwads never lack excuses," aliteratively sums up the Knoxville Express.

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Iowa Newspapers

HE STORED STAMPS. (Grundy Democrat.) A farmer near Beaman "thinks he slipped one over on the government. He has heard about stamps going up. A few days ago he went into his local postoffice and purchased \$10 worth of 2-cent stamps which he expects will last him four or five years. If this farmer mails a letter tomorrow or after and it is sent back to him with the request for more postage he will realize that he might as well have bought a liberty bond which would earn him 4 per cent as to loan money to the government by buying stamps which will earn no interest at all.

AT THE WRONG "RECEPTION."

(Grundy Democrat.) Five young men from the northeast part of the county who will go to Camp Dodge on the next call came here Monday evening to attend the reception held in honor of the soldiers. When the boys got here they saw the home guard out drilling in the street and thinking this was what they were invited to, they presented themselves for drilling and were accepted and placed in the awkward squad where they went thru the entire evening's drill. After the drill was over, they were asked whether they wanted to join the guard and they said it would be all right. Their names were enrolled and the 50 cents dues were collected from each of the five new members. A little later one of the boys was heard to remark to himself that it looked like hell to be invited to a reception and to be charged 50 cents for walking up and down the street for an hour. E. A. Cray, who has charge of one of the guard squads, suspected that may be the new members got hooked up with the wrong show and he asked them what they came here for and they told him they came to the reception to be given to the soldiers and they thought the guard was it. Mr. Cray took the boys over to the show they were invited for and they appreciated the difference. Also no one at the reception asked them to pay any dues.

THE GROWTH OF FOOTBALL.

(Williamsburg Journal-Tribune.) The origin of football gives the same a bad reputation to start with: Someone with a nose for smelling clear back to the first morning of things went after football and his scholars. And now they did hate the Dane! They hated him more than they hated "pizen," and it was in 952 that the Saxons of Chester caught a Dane in the road and then cut off his head. This they kicked all over town for amusement, and the sport took well with the people, and the head of each enemy became the rallying point of the populace. But it soon became a difficult thing to get a man's head for entertainment, and a town ordinance made it incumbent on the shoemakers of the city to provide "a ball of leather call a football of the value of four shillings."

So it appears that the barbaric roughness of football is simply harking back to the barbaric days in Chester when the long-haired Saxons kicked a human head for sport.

As a game, football has a strong trace of its original roughness. A fine mental development is not among its requirements. All you need is a big burly and bushy head and a pair of abnormally developed legs. If you have these you may become a gridiron hero and feel the thrill that surges thru your bizzum when you hear 4,700 giddy girls exclaim, "Isn't he just too sweet!" Your mental equipment may not be sufficient to enable you to tell the time on the face of the town clock, but if you can ram the line like a muley bullock and eat your own blood, without causing a revolt in your own stomach, you are a hero all right—for the gridiron hour—but the chances are that the examining board will "pluck" your hero feathers when you come up for your "finals."

NO TIME FOR "STERNBERG."

(Cedar Rapids Republican.) A man named William Sternberg, an attorney at law in the Omaha National building, Omaha, sends us an article on "Lord Northcliffe" for which he asks publication in our columns.

Ypres—1917 and 1914.

Nor should it be forgotten that those low ridges on which our troops are fighting are already hallowed ground to the old British army, as they will also be consecrated henceforth in the eyes of Australia and New Zealand, Canada and Newfoundland. On these

attention to the danger of our relying upon overtures and information brought to us thru such an agency." He asks us to "please advise and oblige."

We shall not take the trouble to carry on a correspondence with Mr. Sternberg of Omaha. We can tell him thru these columns what we think of his scheme, so innocently introduced, and that is that we regard him an obstructor of the nation in its present war. And any newspaper that will publish the article that he submits must be regarded as a copper-headed sheet, as well as a wooden-headed one, if it is at all deceived by the overtures made by the pro-something in the Omaha office.

Just why this Mr. Sternberg should be sending out such literature, with printed stationery for the purposes, can not be assumed by anyone except a fool that he is doing it for the good of the country under whose flag he is reposing and whose protection he enjoys. He may be a citizen of the republic, but if he is he has a poor way of showing it. We assume that motives for thus engaging himself in labors and in expenses.

The attack on Northcliffe is not intended for his lordship, but it is for England, after the manner of the pro-German propagandists, who still believe that they can with impunity, and without being found out, abuse one of our allies. The man who in this juncture of world history makes an attack upon England might as well make it upon the United States direct, for at the present time we are engaged in a joint war and England is as vital to us as is our own army and navy. England is in fact our other arm.

INSURANCE COSTS.

(Cedar Falls Record.) Some seditious individual, undoubtedly a resident of Des Moines, the home of retired state officers and insurance companies, has forwarded to the editor of the Record a copy of the Montreal Chronicle, a publication specializing in banking, insurance and finance, if we are to believe the author's assertions. This article under the caption "Mayor Martin's Joke." It recites in detail a plan proposed by Montreal's executive for relieving that city of the financial burden involved in the excessive cost of fire insurance. He bases his faith in his plan upon the fact that while the property owners of the city pay in annual premiums a sum approximating \$3,500,000 the record of the fire department shows that annual losses average considerably less than a million. The technically trained writer of the Chronicle sneers at the scheme, calls attention to the high property values of the restricted area and asks what would be done in case a general conflagration. The anonymous contribution doubtless is prompted by an article that recently appeared in the Record, which called attention to the fact that while the anti-discriminators law was repealed by the last legislature the insurance combination seemed to be as air tight as ever, that instead of lower rates we are in fact paying the higher and suggesting as a remedy that the state take over the business of furnishing fire protection under a big state controlled co-operative bureau. The only objection offered by the Montreal writer to the mayor's scheme is that of the danger of a restricted area. This wouldn't hold good counting the entire state as a unit. The saving in salaries of the thousands of high priced chair warmers alone would pile up a surplus that would take care of extraordinary contingencies.

However, the layman who has the temerity to suggest a means of riding the state of the burden of the excessive fire insurance costs becomes at once a boob, a fat target for the brilliant chair warmers and actuary sharks who flourish in the lobbies during legislative sessions. The writer understands this perfectly but that isn't going to make a whit of difference in his opinion of the close corporation controlling the rate making in the state, neither will it lessen his efforts to discover some way to beat the combination.

The world still knows far too little about the first battle of Ypres, in which British forces which never numbered more than 150,000 men, helped by unconquerable French troops and the Belgians on the coast, defeated in a conflict which lasted for many days an army of over 600,000 Germans. The critical day, when for a few hours it seemed as if the Germans must break thru was Oct. 31, 1914, a day on which the British empire was in greater peril than it has ever been before or since. How many people know the story of the Second Ypres, which filled the hole in the dyke at Gheluyelt at a moment when all seemed lost? How many have heard of Brig. Gen. Fitz Clarence, killed twelve days afterwards, "the man who turned the tide" by ordering on his own responsibility the attack by the Worcesters which saved the line? The story of Ypres is full of such episodes. Even India had a share in it, and the adventures of the Worcesters brigade are as marvelous as the rest. Is it not time that the country should do something to be annually remembered the deeds of the heroes who in 1914 made Ypres a name which will shine forever in our history? The battle may have said to have lasted from Oct. 21 to Nov. 11, but the day of days, the day to commemorate with thanksgiving is Oct. 31. We agree with Lord Selborne, who said not a word too much when he declared at Birmingham last Wednesday that "the 31st of October, 1914, was the day of our fate, and not only of our empire, but of the whole world." Now that we are beginning at last to take notice of our national achievements, it is an anniversary which should be worthily celebrated.—London Times.

In the search for substitutes for live stock food a German scientist made analytical tests of materials suggested for the purpose. He found dried rhubarb leaves better than hay as a fodder for hogs; kelp may be fed to cattle and pigs, but it has little nutritive value; ground straw, which is selling at from 28 to 50 marks the quintal, is not good for any animals, nor are ground pea pods. He advises against cornstalks and cobs. The seeds of beets are nutritive, those of parsley too exciting, those of raimis, if ground before the oil is extracted, are as good as hay. Oil cakes made from beech or other nuts are excellent for cattle.

To guide automobiles a Chicago man has invented a device operated like a speedometer in which a reel of tape bearing road information passes under an opening in a case as a car covers the route to which the tape applies.

Billy Bunny and His Friends

The leaves are dropping from the trees and sailing down the chilly breeze. The frost at morning gins the grass or traces pictures on the glass.

The old pump has a fringe of ice and all the little meadow mice have overcoats of fur, I think. Just like the otter and the mink.

And, oh dear me, didn't Billy Bunny hate to get up in the morning. He would hear the rising sun and then turn over for just one more little nap, and so one morning he got late to school. Yes sir; he certainly did, and it wasn't his dear mother's fault, either, for she had his breakfast all ready for him in plenty of time.

"You get late again, young rabbit," said Professor Crow very sternly, and he certainly looked very solemn in his black swallow-tail coat and trousers and big black cravat—"I'll keep you in at recess and take away your lollipop." Wasn't that a dreadful thing to hear? Well, I just guess it was, for Billy Bunny loved lollipops, and so do you, and so do I, and so does everybody—even the babies; the way, only his mother won't let it eat any because milk is better for it.

"Do you hear me?" asked the Professor very sternly, for the little rabbit had hung his head; he was so ashamed you see.

"Yes sir," answered Billy Bunny, and he made up his mind then and there that he would go down that every afternoon to the three and one cent

store and buy an alarm clock. So after school away he went toward the village, and by and by he came to the store, and the saleslady, who was a little white cat, showed him some lovely ones.

"This one plays a tune," she said, and after she had wound it up and set it for 14 o'clock, or maybe 11, it sang a lovely song:

"Awake, for the morning glories are wet with the sparkling dew. Awake, for Happy Sun's shining a merry welcome to you. Don't linger a moment longer. Jump out of your warm little bed. Wash your hands and your face and then tidy the hair on your towed-up head."

"Oh, give me that one!" cried the little rabbit. "I like that song. I don't believe I'll ever be late to school again." And I want to say right here that if I ever go to Rabbitville I'm going into that three and one cent store and buy one of those alarm clocks for myself, for I think it would be due to be waked up every morning with a song.

And after that Billy Bunny set off for the Old Briar Patch, and when he showed the clock to his mother she gave him a great big hug and told him she would have stewed lollipops and carrot cakes breakfast, because he had spent his money on something useful instead of ice cream cones and soda water.

dering on his own responsibility the attack by the Worcesters which saved the line? The story of Ypres is full of such episodes. Even India had a share in it, and the adventures of the Worcesters brigade are as marvelous as the rest. Is it not time that the country should do something to be annually remembered the deeds of the heroes who in 1914 made Ypres a name which will shine forever in our history? The battle may have said to have lasted from Oct. 21 to Nov. 11, but the day of days, the day to commemorate with thanksgiving is Oct. 31. We agree with Lord Selborne, who said not a word too much when he declared at Birmingham last Wednesday that "the 31st of October, 1914, was the day of our fate, and not only of our empire, but of the whole world." Now that we are beginning at last to take notice of our national achievements, it is an anniversary which should be worthily celebrated.—London Times.

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RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

HAIG. We hear a lot of other men who've done artistic fighting, but Haig, who's won, again, is unknown at this writing. He doesn't hand our Halifax news to eager-eyed reporters, nor yet submit to interviews which might be called rip-snorters. He doesn't hunt the "feature" gent, or leave his post forsaken, to face a kodak in a tent and have his picture taken. I know not if he's short or tall, I've never seen his photo; but whether he is large or small, he's getting William's goat, oh! Some colonels view the hall of fame and think it El Dorado, but he who plays the mighty game is always in the shadow. I know not how he wears his beard, or who may be his taller, but more and more his strokes are feared, and Wilhelm's growing paler. I've seen no pictures of his wife or of his sons and daughters, or of his ancient home in Fife, beside some storied waters. The grand stand looks for him in vain, no gallery has known him, but when the Prussians plant their slat, they cuss him and bemoan him. With him there's no such word as can't, no obstacles affrighting; great man! like our own silent Grant, he fights and keeps on fighting.

The Days of Real Sport



THE HARRISON AND MORTON MARCHING CLUB REHEARSING FOR THE GRAND RALLY