

HANDY DIRECTORY OF THE MASONIC TEMPLE



Masonic Meetings

Visitors Always Welcome. MARSHALL LODGE, No. 108, A. F. & A. M. Stated communication Friday, Nov. 15, 7:30 o'clock.

FIRST FLOOR.

MARSHALLTOWN CLUB E. A. FRANQUEMONT, Secretary

SECOND FLOOR.

DRS. FRENCH AND 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. M. U. CHESIRE DR. NELSON MERRILL

L. F. Kellogg, R. J. Andrews Dentists

Rooms 315 to 317 Phone 14

DRS. LIERLE & SCHMITZ Specialists Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

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

406-8 Masonic Temple

Special Attention to General Surgery and X-ray Work

Rooms 414-415 Masonic Temple Office Hours: 2 to 4 p. m.

DR. RALPH E. KEYSER

DR. R. E. TABER Dentist Over Smith's Music Store Office Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 5 p. m. Phone 1774-Ring 1

DR. G. E. HERMANE PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office Hours: 11 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 4:30 p. m. and 7 to 9 p. m. Suite 11 Tremont Block MARSHALLTOWN - IOWA

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

Dead Animals Removed

We will remove without charge all dead horses, cattle, swine and sheep within a radius of 20 miles of Marshalltown. Phone us at our garage. Phones: Office 104, Plant 14 on 27 B, Night Phone 1734.

Atlas Disposal Works, Marshalltown, Iowa

To Brighten Wood. Don't use soap and water on your kitchen woodwork if it is varnished. A solution of kerosene and water may be "smelly" for a little while, but it brightens up the natural wood wonderfully.

Times-Republican

Published Daily By The TIMES-REPUBLICAN PRINTING CO. TERMS: Daily, by mail, one year in advance \$4.00 By the month by mail .40 Daily by carrier by the month .30 Twice-a-Week Edition per year .30 Entered at the postoffice in Marshalltown as second class mail matter.

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein. All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

Poor Lass in the Hills O' Dee. There's a vine-clad cottage Snug in the Hills O' Dee, Where a lassie waits a laddie, Who fights across the sea. Blue her eyes like the heather bells, Her hair of the froth of gold, That lassie waits while a laddie fights 'Tis a story ages old.

On a shell-scarred slope in Flanders, Oh Mother of God—that sight! Poor bonnie lads so cold and still, Beneath the pale moon's light! Nay—never again they'll tread the downs. No sweetheart more shall see, For a fall must lie while a lassie weeps, Poor lass in the Hills O' Dee. —J. E. Christman.

THE K. C. DRIVE FOR FUNDS.

The order of Knights of Columbus is making its appeal to Catholics and incidentally to the public for funds to maintain the K. C. buildings in the cantonments. Without doubt it will meet with the willing assistance which is its due.

Peculiarities of creed and of religious ritual impel the Catholic body to supply those buildings wherein services demanded by its communicants may be held and conducted. The buildings afford men of the Catholic faith a gathering place. As regards the physical welfare of the men they are open to all classes and conditions of men as the buildings of the Y. M. C. A. are open to those of all religions and classes without question. In effect and so far as soldier welfare is concerned they are adjunctive to the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. and the K. C. are working in harmony and together. The difference is mainly difference of creed and ritual between the Catholic church and the Protestant churches. The appeal is a worthy one and while addressed particularly to members of the Catholic church is one to be given attention by the entire public.

AN AMERICAN HUN.

Dallas, Tex., Nov. 16.—Finance Commissioner William Doran, of Dallas, today announced that he had offered his son, Robert Doran, who left some time ago for France to serve under General Pershing, \$2000 cash for every German he kills.—News Dispatch. Mr. Doran's brutal announcement is evidence that all the Huns are not Germans. He seems to misunderstand the purpose of the war and the spirit of the American people. Our soldiers will kill German soldiers in war as soldiers must kill each other; but they are not hired killers slaying for a reward, head hunters, savages taking life as a speculation. The offer Mr. Doran made to his son is insulting to the American soldier and a slander upon the character of the American citizen. It has its historical precedent in American history in the bounty offered Indians for colonial scalps in the early wars for the possession and control of this continent when it was a wilderness. It is the spirit that earned the Hun his name in this war. Neither this nation nor its soldiers is anxious for war or to take human life. It has come to the necessity that we shall defend the liberties of the world and the institutions of freedom with arms and in blood. That this is so does not detract from the terrible-ness of slaughter. It merely justifies war. Mr. Doran as a father must have fallen into a peculiar state of mind when he could make such an offer to his son. There is a great gulf between sending a son out to defend his country and sending him forth as a head hunter.

AS TO COMPLAINING PARENTS.

Some of the boys who were on the transports which carried the Rainbow division across have written home describing the hardships they endured on the voyage. The Sioux City Journal having listened to some complaints from the parents of some of the youths explains that: "In the first place, about all that the soldiers' letters showed was that the transport was crowded, that because of the crowding ventilation was not perfect, and that some inconvenience was caused by the necessary turning back for repairs. Of course it was crowded. Why under the sun should it not be crowded? There aren't enough boats in the world to take even Yankee soldiers across the Atlantic on a steamer basis. There is more hardship than crowding upon the average transport. It is soldier hardship however unless the food is bad, which is often the case. There is no good excuse for bad food on board a transport carrying United States soldiers. Still that is one of the commonest complaints, one also that is not confined to new levies but corroborated by old men who have had experience on different voyages. But there is bound to be hardship on board a crowded transport. It is to be expected. Old soldiers grumble but endure it well. To the lads just from home sometimes it seems almost unendurable; but the fellow who is in the service to make the most of it takes it as it comes and is the better for it. To illustrate: a letter from a Marshalltown enlisted lad written after a 2,000 mile transport voyage feelingly described his seasickness of the first three days by saying that he actually hankered for death or anything that would get him away from that sickness. 'Had a German U-boat appeared and torpedoed us amidships,' he asserted, 'I would have vomited with joy as the ship went down.' A sense of humor saved him when he was drawn for fatigue of a most disagreeable character and especially so to a sea sick boy. He saw the joke on himself. But he saw clearer the joke on his bunkie who drew one even worse. No doubt it was tough but it had to be done and the boys laughed about it and at each other afterward. But it was hardship. The work was utter hardship from their physical condition and to high school and college boys who had never had a filthy tank in their lives. And it was good for them to learn that filthy jobs must be done and that a soldier must take his own share of them. To mother who has carried her stalwart man child about on a chip the relation brings simple horror and father wonders how the boy is standing it. And then after a while the pictures come of a grinning young giant in khaki capable of taking care of himself from washing his own shirt and sewing on his own buttons to keeping his head with his hands. And then everybody concerned feels better. There is to be hardship. Army life is full of it. But those husky fellows grow to laugh at hardship and smile in the face of danger. The worst things parents can do for their soldiers is to pity them and complain. There's a story of the seaman who was leaning over the rail busily engaged when somebody asked him if he had a weak stomach. 'Ain't I throwing as far as anybody?' he demanded resentfully. Tell your boy to throw as far as anybody whether on the transport or in the trench or wherever he goes. He will be the better and happier soldier for it.

Topics of the Times

When we are making such an outcry against soldiers' morals perhaps a slight investigation of civilian morals would change our tune. The army doctors say that moral conditions are better in the army than at home and, worst of all, these doctors go on and prove it.

Hog cholera is said to have been imported into Iowa with feeder hogs bought in other states. That is one of the things that should be thoroughly seen to. An epidemic of hog cholera in Iowa would be nothing short of a calamity.

If we need the money why not charge something stiff for sending LaFollette's speeches thru the mails. The worst abuse of the franking privilege on record is the spreading of the Wisconsin slacker's speech thru official privilege.

Samuel Hopkins Adams may have made somewhat of a break in his reference to the defense council, but it isn't yet in evidence that he lied much about it.

The army of labor at home must stand behind the armies of soldiers at the front. Labor should enlist itself in this war with the same determination that is shown by the men who have enlisted in the armies.

As regards the railroad troubles, the president spoke softly, hoping that he would not be forced to any "unusual measures" but the sound of his voice had the big stick of "unusual measures" just behind it. The railroads are backbone of the war. They must be efficient and ready. And they must run trains as never before. In the president's "unusual measures" hides government control if such unusual measures become necessary to the welfare of this country at war.

Registration of alien enemies should be attended to at once. Aliens, enemies or friends, must register in Germany and that system has been of vast assistance to that country. It doesn't matter what objection may be made by the alien. His feelings are not entitled to consideration against public welfare. The fact is that in an American war none but Americans should be given consideration and the American who falls of Americanism should be treated as an alien.

It is true that some articles of food sell in England for less than they do in this country. Some of them sell at less than cost, the difference being cared for by the government. However, we haven't arrived at that stage in this country and should be willing to pay an honest profit while we can.

IOWA OPINION AND NOTES.

"If the wets," the Atlantic News-Telegraph says, "can barely drag out a victory in a state like Ohio, it is nearly time for them to fold their tents."

The Pella Chronicle says, "The Iowa legislature should be convened in extraordinary session to repeal the primary law." The Waterloo Times-Tribune suggests "If LaFollette doesn't like the treatment given by those Kentucky folk to his friend Bigelow, might he be would like to go down there and speak to them?"

"Is there no way of fastening a fast day on the vegetarian? Must he fast alone?" demands the Hampton Chronicle.

"We predicted a big corn crop in this county and we are getting it," states the Grundy Democrat. "No one is kicking on the size of the crop. The kind is not so bad, either. Every farmer in Grundy county can sell his corn in the field bushel per bushel at as high a price as new corn sold for four years ago."

"It is usually the case that a lot of people begin worrying over the corn crop early in the season. They keep it

up until husking time, when it is generally discovered that the crop is better than had been expected," observes the Burlington Hawkeye. "And then these same people begin to get ready for the spring worry. It is noted that those prophets of disaster do not grow corn. The Iowa farmer knows better and leaves the worrying to others."

The Levan Observer says, "Nobody has ever been able to figure out why some people like to hang on to their dollars so well as there are no pockets in a shroud. You can't take anything with you when you go, so why pinch the pennies so hard while here?"

The Carroll Herald wants to know what kind of camouflage they are going to use in the next campaign to conceal the beer keg.

Relating that "a farmer from this county and he is not an Eastrieland either, expressed the wish that this war would last long enough for him to raise three more crops of hogs" says the Grundy Democrat. "These three crops added to the two that he already raised since the war drove up the price of hogs would put him on easy street forever. This man had one boy in the draft and the unfortunate part of it is that he was exempted. This war is bringing many things to the surface. It is showing us that we have two-legged hogs among us and first among this lot is the one who is praying that other mothers and fathers the world over may continue to sacrifice their sons so that he may complete his pile of dirty dollars that are coming to him as war profits."

"Government fixing of coal prices," says the Iowa Falls Citizen. "Does not seem to be a howling success. There is plenty of rowling, but not much goods in the way of coal."

Iowa Newspapers

LENGTHWISE IN THE TROUGH.

[Manson Democrat.] Dave Brant is still nagging at President Wilson to make this a non-partisan administration. Dave wants the republicans in on a lot of good things that the democrats never got a smell of when the republicans were in power. Just let the democrats have what's coming to them, will you Dave? They waited sixteen years for the plums while you republicans took and held everything. When you get a republican president again you may fire the democrats any time you are ready.

CONSERVING ON PEE.

[Pella Chronicle.] We understood from members of a prominent social organization in the city some time ago that it was about to discontinue the serving of refreshments at its regular meeting in the interest of food conservation. This would seem to be a step worth while at this time. Most people, while they enjoy the refreshments served on such occasions, do not need the food for sustenance. It is simply an additional amount of food consumed that would otherwise be saved. We thought of the same thing Halloween's when we were partaking of the delicious pumpkin and doughnuts served by one of the clubs of the city. Their object was to earn money for a useful and patriotic purpose, but the method employed entailed the unnecessary consumption of a considerable amount of valuable food materials. We ought to be able to rise above the necessity of an appeal to our patriotism thru our stomachs.

SAC CITY'S "HUSKY" ARMY.

[Sac Sun.] The war spirit has prevailed the high school. In order to meet the labor shortage due to military demands 23 boys have been excused to husk corn. Eleven of the boys are from the senior high school and twelve from the junior high school. The girls are doing their part, having become interested in knitting for the Red Cross during spare hours. Miss Meacham is giving them instructions in knitting. Patriotism has taken another practical turn, for on Tuesday a check for \$27 was sent to the Alliance Française of Sioux City as part payment on a subscription of \$38 made by the high school pupils the first of the school year to support a French war orphan for one year. Each of the three literary societies was apportioned a certain amount of the \$27.00 and the money was collected by the society presidents. The boys from the senior high school excused to husk corn are as follows: Charles Kluge,

Everett Kana, Elwood Deibert, Harold E. Swinnell, Arthur Lesure, Wayne Cordeiro, Charles Long, Merlyn Brown, Clifford Arnett, Ralph Corderman, and Clarence Eernisse. The junior high school boys excused are D. M. Lamoreux, Jr., George Bechler, Alva Manzer, Ferd Hansen, Wesley Strong, Harlan Hill, Claude Arnett, Thurman Brown, Raymond Larson, Ward Brown, Charles Hoskins and Erwin Cammack.

WAR A LEVELLER.

[Des Moines Capital.] The "lightwadism" of Harry Lauder, famous comedian, has been made known in song and jest.

A stage star for years, he has been able to lay aside a neat fortune as a result of his extreme thrift.

Today Mr. Lauder is an ardent worker and a heavy contributor to the liberty loan and to the other war funds.

Recently he sold bonds from the curb on Wall street and so great was the rush to get bonds with his auto-graph attached that a new panic ensued. Fifty thousand dollars worth were sold on this one day thru his efforts.

Mr. Lauder is a war victim, which accounts for his ardor. His son was killed in battle in France. Naturally his sympathy is with the soldier boys at all times. He is starting at the training camps in America just as he sang to the troops behind the lines in Europe. It is his greatest gift to the cause.

The war is a great leveler. It brings famous people in touch with the masses and it makes heroes out of unknown.

THE CORN CROP.

[Port Dodge Messenger.]

The government corn crop shows a record breaking yield—sixty-six millions more than the former high mark. So far as this part of Iowa is referred to it is certain that a large per cent of the corn will be soft. It was green when the long deferred freeze struck it. Since then the weather has not been good for drying it and the chief concern is to keep it from spoiling and use it as fodder. It is believed that the corn is in better shape for feeding than has usually been the case when complaints of soft condition have been general.

That the estimate of 40 per cent soft corn out of an unusually big total yield in this section is not talk to "bull" the price of corn is best proved by the preparations that are being made by farmers to keep their live stock and feed the unmarketable corn. All the banks are experiencing a heavy demand for this purpose and the prospects are there will be more beef and pork raised hereabouts than for many years. Not only cattle but hogs are being bought elsewhere to be put on Iowa farms and fattened.

After all is said that may be from disappointment it is probable that it will turn out to be a blessing in disguise. The world need meat products and the Hoover food administration is urging stock raisers not to market their cattle and hogs until all the flesh possible has been put on them.

Now without waiting for an arbitrary ratio being established by the government between live stock and grain it will be the natural and profitable thing to do what our leaders want done to secure the needed food for our army and allies.

FROM ATTILIA TO WILHELM.

[Cedar Rapids Gazette.] They salt the root of the vines; they cut the throats of American and Canadian prisoners; they bayonet babies torn from the breasts of their mothers; they crucify the aged and infirm; churches that were born at the time of the birth of Christianity are wrecked; woman is violated; men, women and children are dragged into slavery, all by whom—the Huns. Yet there are the weak-kneed and the soft-voiced who protest that these vandals should not be called Huns. What in the name of God are they? Are they plums? Are they fighting this war like warriors or like barbarians? It was Attilia who said there should not a spear of grass grow where once his warriors had tread. Wilhelm has gone Attilia more than one better. He has said that no living thing shall survive where his Huns have tread, and the Huns have followed and obeyed the advice of their master. Nothing has been spared where they have tread. Witness the stories that have come from Belgium and France regarding the At-

Billy Bunny and His Friends

There's always a time when you need some rest. And the twilight hour I think's the best. When the sun has climbed o'er the western hill And the shadows creep over the window sill. And hide in the corners and under the chairs Till the attic's just crowded with them, I think, And the little gray mouse is beginning to wink.

This is the song that the new graphophone was playing one evening when Billy Bunny was sitting up in the parlor with his mother and dear Uncle Lucky. For it was the old gentleman rabbit's birthday, you see, and he had come over to celebrate it with Billy Bunny.

Well, after awhile Uncle Lucky said: "Let's all go out for a drive in the Luckymobile." But, oh dear me, when they came to light the lamps they found that the electricity had all been burned up. "What shall we do?" said the old gentleman rabbit, and he took off his old wedding stoupe hat and scratched his left ear with his right hind foot.

"It's too bad if we can't go," said Mrs. Bunny. "I've taken all the trouble to put on my nice new silk mitts. And if the Luckymobile doesn't start, the rabbit did? Why, he went out to the cornfield and brought in a big pumpkin. And then he made a Jack-

o'-lantern out of it by cutting and scraping out the inside. And then he made two holes for eyes and one for a nose and a big slit for a mouth. And after that he put a candle inside and then he hung the Jack-o'-lantern on the front of the Luckymobile. "Hurray!" said the old gentleman rabbit. "Now we have a regular searchlight," and he jumped into the Luckymobile, and so did Mrs. Bunny and the little rabbit, and away they went down the road as fast as a locomotive. And by and by, all of a sudden, they came to a bridge, and when the man who kept the bridge and made people pay toll to cross it saw that Jack-o'-lantern coming down the road, he gave a dreadful yell and ran home to tell his wife that the goblin goblins were after him.

And after that Uncle Lucky stopped at a candy store in Rabbitville and bought some ice cream cones and lollypops, for his birthday cake was all gone, you know, before they started out for their drive. But I can't remember how many candies there were in it, for Uncle Lucky would never tell anybody how old he was.

"Now I guess it's time to go home," said Mrs. Bunny, so they started back for the Old Brier Patch. But, oh dear me, just as they were going down a steep hill the candle in the Jack-o'-lantern went out and they couldn't see where to go. "Wasn't that dreadful? And if the Luckymobile doesn't start, get scared and hide behind a tree. I'll tell you in the next story what happened after that.

Mr. Gerard uses it in his book frequently. It is an honor conferred on the servile people who do the emperor's bidding without question, be that bid rapine or murder; slaughter or praise, Hun and Rat go well together. The nation which crucifies the young and the innocent; the weak and the aged; is well named—Huns and Rats.

LEADER OF AUSTRIANS IN INVASION OF ITALY



Field Marshal Ritter von Krobattin is in command of the Austrian armies in the great Austro-German offensive against the Italians. General von Krobattin is minister of war of Austria.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

CHANGING TIMES.

When I was young, long, long ago, I labored on a Kansas farm; I drove the dun mules to and fro, and whaled them with my strong right arm. I left my couch at early morn, before the darkness passed away, and husked the yellow ears of corn thruout the sunny autumn day. I sold some corn, not once or twice, but many times, in those past years; twelve cents a bushel was the price—oh, think of that and shed some tears! It took about a ton of corn to get a haircut and a shave; the farmer's spirit was so torn he longed to fill an early grave. And now the farmer drives to town, with load of corn on creaking wain; the purchaser must pony down two boxes a bushel for that grain! To one who's sold his loads of maize, his harvest, at twelve cents a throw, these seem the golden, happy days for farmers—but the Hiram Horn, and he was loaded down with kale, for he had sold a load of corn. "The way they soak a man in town," he said, "just makes a fellow reel; our faces still are trampled down by rank oppressions iron heel. Today I bought a pair of shoes from that old pirate, Godfrey Gough; the price has given me the blues—where does the husbandman get off?"

The Days of Real Sport

