

**HANDY DIRECTORY**  
OF THE  
**MASONIC TEMPLE**

**Masonic Meetings**  
Visitors Always Welcome.  
**MARSHALL LODGE NO. 108 A**  
F. A. M., Friday, March 19, at 7:30 o'clock. Business session. C. C. Jennings, W. M.; John W. Wells, secretary.

**SIGNET CHAPTER NO. 58 R. A. M.**  
Monday, March 22, 7:30. Business session. Frank T. Nokes, H. P.; John W. Wells, secretary.

**KING SOLOMON COUNCIL NO. 20**  
States assembly Monday, March 22, business session. O. C. Fox, master; John W. Wells, recorder.

**CONCLAVE ST. ALDEMAR COM-MANDERY NO. 59 K. T.**  
Monday, March 23, 7:30 o'clock. The Temple and business session. Clyde H. Stewart, commander; John W. Wells, recorder.

**CENTRAL CHAPTER NO. 67 O. E. S.**  
Regular meeting Wednesday, March 17, at 7:30 for business. W. J. Richards, W. M.; Mrs. Archer Walton, secretary.

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**THE VOTE IN MINNESOTA**  
The Minnesota primaries furnish a surprise for the Lowden supporters. On the face of the earlier returns the state seems to have gone strong for General Wood with Senator Johnson running second and Lowden perhaps fourth behind Hoover, whose supporters pasted stickers on the ballot. Lowden was expected to do better than this in Minnesota, the state of his nativity.

General Wood has a real popularity in the mid west. That was well known and the strength of his vote in Minnesota may be thus accounted for. It is based upon his excellent record wherever he has been put on trial and the Minnesota result proves that the general is stronger than had been granted. But another explanation comes naturally to mind: The utter disgust of the mid west for the administration and its sympathy for Wood in the treatment he received at its hands. The vote for Wood probably goes deeper than the desire to vote for him and includes rebuke and resentment. That this is a natural conclusion is supported by the vote for Johnson.

There seems to have been a very well organized movement to advance Mr. Hoover's interests. When a candidate whose name is not on the ballot receives a sticker vote of such proportions it is evidence of organization and hard work, particularly so in a party primary which gives that vote to a candidate whose party affiliations are as misty as those of the former food administrator.

**"NEVER HAD A CHANCE"**  
If there is one superlatively cowardly and lying excuse on the mouth of failure it is "I never had a chance."

Everybody has a "chance." More than one "chance." The world is full of "chances." They are easy to find. Sometimes they seem to come hunting people.

There is such a thing as misfortune. "Chances" offer themselves sometimes when circumstances that may not be controlled honorably render them difficult and perhaps impossible of acceptance and seizure. But that is incidental and abnormal. Every failure has had his chance and chances.

Opportunity wears overalls as often as it dresses in broadcloth. In any kind of clothes the man who is looking for it finds it. Opportunity isn't the "acceptance of a situation." It's grabbing a job and making good at it whether the opportunist is a hod carrier or a railroad president. Opportunity knows the kind of man it is hunting. It can't see the other kind, the kind that expects opportunity as a legacy from his parents or as a gift from others.

There's one road lined with opportunities, thick as dandelions along an Iowa roadside. That's the road of hard work, the way to a steady job, the nine or ten hour travel along the dusty way that leads every day to a steady job. It isn't a paved road or a joy ride. It's dusty and

maybe it leaves grime on the hands and takes the shine off shoes. But grime washes off and anybody can shine shoes again. And the trees of opportunity grow along it and drop their golden apples in the dust to be picked up by those who travel that way.

Every one has "chances." Every one has had a chance and more than one chance. There are as many chances as there are gates on a country road and every one of them leads somewhere. The trouble with the fellows who "never had a chance" is that there wasn't somebody standing there to open the gate and shove them inside. They didn't recognize opportunity. They were looking for something else.

The man who "never had a chance," never looked for one. He hadn't his eyes open. He hadn't fitted himself for a chance. Perhaps it was cowardice, maybe laziness, it may have been fool parents but the chance was there waiting.

"Never had a chance?" Heavens, man, this country is one wide opportunity. A young man with health and purpose can do and be anything he chooses and works for.

Poets are born and not made, the ancients said. It's different in this modern day as applied to the common opportunities of life and its rewards. It doesn't make much difference whether a bank president or a manager or a millionaire or any other example of American success was born in a shanty along the railroad track or on a farm or in a mansion on Codfish Heights. They are not born that way. They make themselves.

**SEE THAT HE GETS HIS CHANCE.**

"The Vocational Summary" is published monthly by the Federal Board for Vocational Education. A perusal of its pages would indicate that this board is accomplishing great things. It tells all about how it should be done and how it intends to do it, quotes this and that expert and finally as proof of the activities of the board and its preeminent success relates the cases of three "disabled" veterans who are making good, one as a tire repairer, another at a school of fine arts and a third at a school for cartoonists.

But how many of the disabled men are being given the chance promised them and which belongs to them? How many boys among the thousands who have earned and to whom belong the chance are still waiting and wondering?

When a wounded lad comes to ask "what can I do, how can I get to go to some school where I can learn to make a decent living," a sick boy unfit for hard labor, who needs a friend and who has earned it, the query of what the board and the examiners are doing crops up. This boy had been drafted and had been wounded overseas and given a 100 disability. He can't shovel dirt or carry a hod. What is he to do with himself?

There are many such boys, physically incompetent and by reason of physical weakness and loss of hope otherwise incompetent. Now what are we to do with those. Which is the better plan to let them drift into a semi-pauperism on \$16 disability pay or strive to make them independent, earning citizens. Which is the investment and which the loss?

It will soon be too late to do anything for them. A couple of years will do for them. If these men are to be benefited by the vocational plan it must be applied now. And the vocational board seems to be

"exporting" and writing stories about it than delivering what the American people greatly desire to deliver—aid for the men who can be and are ready to be aided.

It is not only an official responsibility of those who have the vocational education in charge but it is a common duty and responsibility of common citizenship to urge and assist to that desirable end. It is easy to dismiss it with the excuse that the Red Cross or some other organization will attend to it. It isn't so easy to take a personal interest and make personal effort. Nevertheless every man who pledged and promised and cheered the men who went to war is forewarned and perjured unless he does it.

See that the boys who need training and have deserved it have their chance. Make it a personal business with your congressman and senator.

**Topics of the Times**  
Sioux City is to take another test. Short is a candidate for re-election to the mayoralty. It might have just happened the first time but if they do it again, why that will be deliberate.

The "military candidate" did pretty well, thank you, in Minnesota.

An exchange notes the number of baby buggies offered for sale at second hand and wonders if folks are closing out on the babies. Well, it's a mighty expensive thing to have a baby or to die nowadays. They seem to get 'em coming and going and meanwhile.

W. C. Ramsay, whose appointment as secretary of state followed the requested resignation of W. S. Allen, has announced his candidacy for the republican nomination to that office. Mr. Ramsay has been a competent man in office and is deserving of the nomination which he will naturally receive. Little opposition is likely to develop.

Some captured German cannon would look well beside the civil war relics in Iowa parks and courthouse squares and, according to the Washington correspondents, about all the congressmen have to do is ask for them. It appears that we picked up a lot of them while the picking was good.

Germany escaped the horrors of war by invasion. If she chooses to work out her own punishment by civil war no great sympathy need be extended her. Germany has not bid for world kindness and interest; and it seems that a very dangerous part of her population still hanker to be ridden and ordered by the Hohenzollerns and the militarists. That country will have to show fruits

**Rippling Rhymes**  
By WALT MASON

**NO AUDIENCE.**  
My neighbors all have had the flu, its fiercest pangs they claim to know; and so there is no man in view who'll listen to my tale of woe. Oh, none will hearken to the tale of all the agony I know, or pay attention to my wail—my neighbors all have had the flu. I'd like to have some chaste disease that no one else has ever tried; some new affection of the knees, or an eruption of the hide; then I could talk the liveliest day of aches original and new, and no cheap skate could rise and say, "I've had that ailment worse than you." Then I could look with high disdain on all the people of this grad, who wrestle with old-fashioned pain, the chestnut hills that Adam had. Then in my joy I know I'd make the welkin echo with my song; alas, one cannot choose his ache, he has to take what comes along. Sick makes the spirit sag, and all the anguish is in vain, if one can't stand around and brag and show some diagrams of pain. And none will listen to my spiel of gaudy suffering I know; men care no hoot how tough I feel, for all the boys have had the flu.

**John Burroughs' Nature Notes**

**The Windmill**  
OUR GREAT SERIES OF HEART SONGS.  
Why Did They Take My Boose? I met a very sad-eyed man, His face was full of gloom, His eye was cloudy like the sky, A shadow there did loom, I asked him what the matter was, He shook his head and sighed, He dropped a tear or two, he did, And this is what he cried:

Chorus:  
"Pink lizards and blue elephants My way they used to light, And snakes that wriggled round and round Made life for me quite bright; Green hippopotamuses danced; Them baby hippo blues; I used to see all kinds o' things, 'Why did they take my boose?'"

I tried to cheer him up a bit, I sang to him a song, But when my last sweet note was out His face was just as long; I couldn't make him smile or grin No matter how I tried; I told him all the jokes I know And when I stopped he cried:

Chorus:  
"Red monkeys and green kangaroos They used to make me glad, And purple chimpanzees did cheer My heart when it was sad And whales that were most helio-tropic Did take me on a cruise I used to have all kinds o' fun, 'Why did they take my boose?'"

An optimist is a person who carries a corkscrew in his hip pocket.

Obviously the president doesn't use a noiseless typewriter.

**RELUCTANT SWAIN TO HIS CHARMER.**  
If you were a picture post card And I were a 2-cent stamp, I'd stick to you close as her lover Sticks to a movie yamp. But maybe I'm really a villain However you may construe it, I'm obliged to say in my lackluster way, I'd have to be licked to do it.

We hereby offer a prize of two volumes of the city directory for 1898 and 1903 to anyone who, over the phone, can obtain a direct answer to the following simple question: "What number is this, please?" The best we've ever been able to get is, "What number do you want?"

Funny to see the presidential candidates banting to get rid of their superfluous opinions, isn't it?

The fashion magazines inform us that Paris has just moved the waist line again. It doesn't agitate us a mite. Our waist line is where our suspenders meet our pants—and the only way it's going to be moved is slowly and steadily forward in the direction it has been travelling for several years.

All England is greatly concerned over the shrinkage of the pound. We've noticed it over here, too—especially in the grocery stores.

**BILL BLAKE'S RELEASE.**  
I've just put twenty years in stir; Now I'm a bundle still. My feet plug down the highway, but My head keeps wondering if I couldn't find my corridor. And crimp the trusty's key, And then I tell myself again, "You're free, Bill Blake—you're free!"

It's chilly hereabouts at night— I used to have a bed And four strong walls, but now I've got No place to lay my head. I generally have to flop Beneath some whispering tree. And all night long the leaves they sigh: "You're free, Bill Blake—you're free!"

They claim I wasn't crook enough To get sent up for life, But twenty years was plenty for My children and my wife. I wish the Devil or the Lord— It makes no odds to me— Would stop me on the road and say: "You're free, Bill Blake—you're free!"

It would be an awful thing for the republicans if St. Peter turned out to be a democrat.

"The unspeakable Turk" seems to be inspiring a lot of speaking.

They're going to take away his navy, they say. All that now remains to do is to take away his land and leave him swimming about in the Bosphorus.

Spring fever poem:  
Spring has come; Ho-hum!

Isn't it amazing how the sterling patriot who has no desire to obtain the nomination for president hammers his colleague whom he suspects of leanings in that direction? F. F. V.

**Stock Dividends.**  
The supreme court decision that stock dividends are not taxable as income was, on the whole, expected. The principal surprise is that four of the nine justices should deliver dissenting opinions. The decision draws a clear distinction between capital and income, and emphatically classifies stock dividends as capital. It points out that such dividends do not necessarily imply increased income, that whenever they do result in such increased income it automatically becomes taxable, and that to tax the stock dividends as income would compel the owner to increase his capital to pay the tax. When a corporation distributes an issue of new stock among its shareholders, on the basis of accumulated profits, it does not distribute money or other income. It distributes "paper certificates" of the fact that the shareholders' capital has been increased in business, but absorbed in such a way that it is impracticable to withdraw the accumulation. The stockholder may receive a larger income because of his larger stock

**The Windmill**

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holdings; but this income is taxable. He may sell his stock holdings for a higher price; but his profit on the transaction is taxable. He may borrow on his increased stock, as Representative Hull sug-

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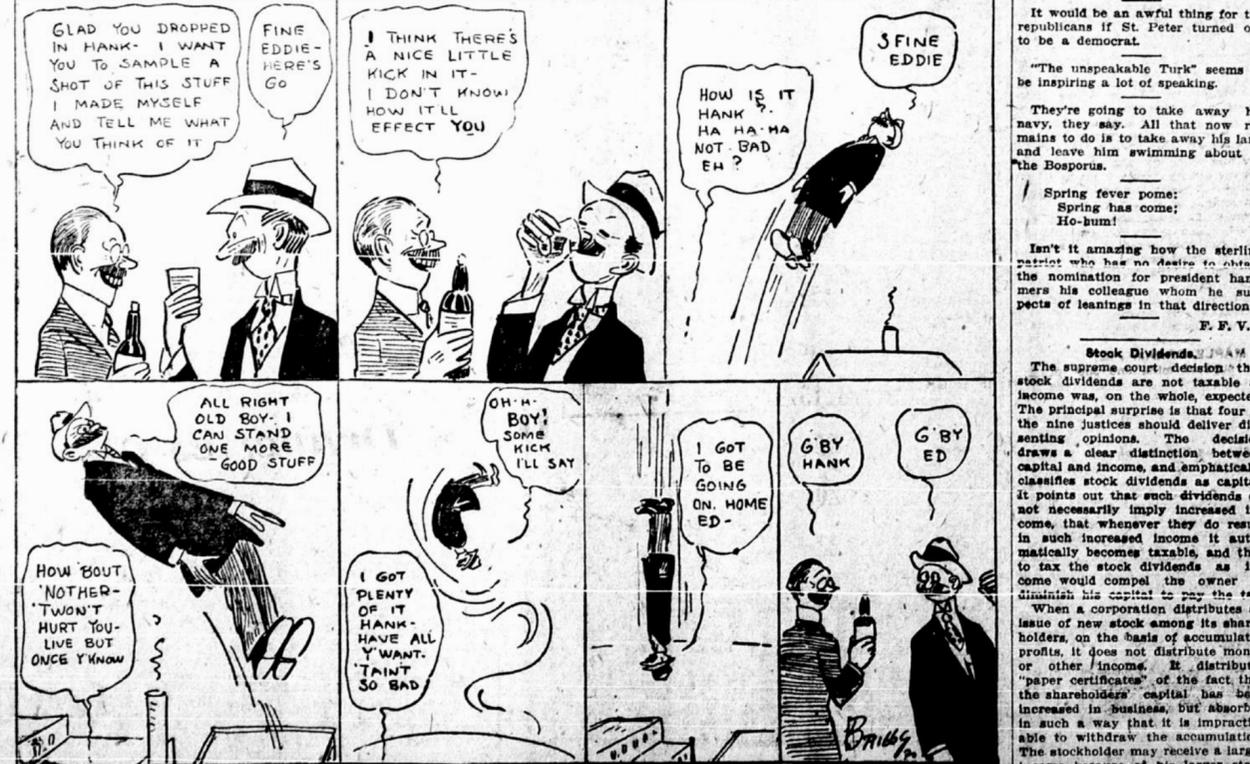


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**Adolph Pfleiger**

**Oh Man** By BRIGGS



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FINE EDDIE—HERE'S GO.

I THINK THERE'S A NICE LITTLE KICK IN IT—I DON'T KNOW HOW IT'LL EFFECT YOU.

HOW IS IT HANK HA HA HA NOT BAD EH?

FINE EDDIE.

ALL RIGHT OLD BOY—I CAN STAND ONE MORE—GOOD STUFF.

OH-HOY! SOME KICK I'LL SAY.

I GOT TO BE GOING ON HOME ED.

G'BY HANK.

G'BY ED.

HOW 'BOUT 'NOTHER 'TWO'N'T HURT YOU—LIVE BUT ONCE Y'KNOW.

I GOT PLENTY OF IT HANK—HAVE ALL I WANT. 'TAIN'T SO BAD.

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- 2nd Liberty Loan Conv. ....4 1/4%
- 3rd Liberty Loan Conv. ....4 1/4%

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