

DAILY GATE CITY, PUBLISHED BY THE GATE CITY COMPANY

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Keokuk, Iowa, November 30, 1908.

In other words, Cannon refuses to be spiked.

It has been noticed that somehow or other the man who sells his vote is always considered more corrupt than the man who buys it.

The commercial agencies continue to report improving conditions. The election of Taft is promptly "making good" by making for good.

Keokuk is to get Paid in Full in the near future. But not until after it has made the acquaintance of The Devil. Why can't there be roses without thorns?

While being firmly and unalterably opposed to tipping, the Washington Times declares it is still more unalterably opposed to starving to death. That's all there is to it.

Albert B. Cummins' election finally to the senate is another illustration of the wisdom of "keeping everlastingly at it." He was an active candidate for the office for fifteen years to a day.

In reply to the inquiry why Nat Goodwin has never married Lillian Russell it has been suggested that probably it is because both were too busy marrying other people. The explanation is at least highly plausible.

A joint monument of heroic size to be placed on the "Bloody Angle" battlefield in Spotsylvania county, Virginia, to commemorate the military fame and glory of General Robert E. Lee and General Ulysses S. Grant, which shall be erected with funds raised in the north and south has been suggested by patriotic citizens of Richmond.

One of the biggest conventions to meet at Des Moines this winter is the Iowa Implement Dealers' association to be held December 1, 2 and 3. The attendance will be fully 2,000 from all parts of the state, and it is promised that exhibits of machinery will equal those made at the state fair.

Announcement is made by the Illinois Steel Company that by December 1 its plant at South Chicago will be running with a full force of men. It is estimated that 12,000 will be given employment in the many departments of the big plant. The news came as a happy surprise for hundreds of former workers at the plants now out of jobs and the merchants look forward to a boom in business such as they have not known in years.

It is announced that the business of the Westinghouse company will be restored in about two weeks to the company as a result of the propitious turn of affairs at a meeting recently held in New York. The receivers will be discharged, new officers elected and the company completely rehabilitated. There was much rejoicing in Pittsburgh when the announcement was made, as it means employment of 7,000 men and the distribution of an enormous sum of money each year. The board of directors will be composed almost entirely of New York and

BURRELL ON REV. BILLY SUNDAY.

Before Hearing Him Preach.

Howard A. Burrell in Washington (Iowa) Press: Billy Sunday was having a sort of devil of a time in Ottumwa last week. The mayor and the theater man were fighting him, and Billy wasn't laying down to any observable extent. The air was full of explosives and epithets. The school board forbade him speaking to the high school kids, and the seniors resented it, and threatened to walk out if he dared did not recant, and they recanted. "We defy the school board," I seems that those boys are bound to get religion or know the reason why, by jux.

The local Courier is full of Billy's sayings, chiefly slang. A good deal of it sounds like swearing. As, "this town is going to hell. There is too much joining church and not enough joining God. There is too much playing tag with God and hide and seek with the devil." That's edifying, eh? Here is a genteel thing, and so spiritual besides:

"I wish I could pull a string and all the unpaid for clothes you people are wearing would fall off. Some of you men wouldn't have anything on but a celluloid collar and a pair of socks, and you women wouldn't have anything on but a rat and some hair pins."

It was nip and tuck between tabernacle and theater the night "The Devil" was played there. Both buildings were jammed with rubberers, and one performance was quite as religious as tocher.

In one sermon Billy gave an amusing, but rather obscene account of the girl dancing before Perod. He sprawled on a couch, with bunches of his harem around him, sae nyde and hopping about on one toe. "I'll be said, 'come here, little girl—you got next next to me, girl, what do you want?'" And she spun on one toe out to her old address mama, who told her to ask for the head of John the Baptist. Billy is very graphic, and dare devilish, and that's the secret of his success. It must make the regular clergy hopping mad to see this young ball-player skin them all to pieces, making money, evangelizing, but they go in cahoots with him, probably to have a chance to watch him and learn his methods.

Why, in six weeks in a place he gives more money than the average bit of "Cloth" gathers in ten years. He tickles a town to the limit and they shell out liberally, and consider that he runs the most amusing circus they ever saw. Folks are willing to pay for real good fun. The ministers ought not to get envious of Billy no more than the common run of editors should get sore because Roosevelt is to have a salary of \$30,000 a year for being associate editor of the Outlook. Intrinsically, Teddy isn't worth as much sum, though he will draw thousands of subscribers, curious to see where he'll break out next. But he will soon play out, for he has close limitations. He has already got out of his system about all the stuff that's in there. He says he cares nothing for economic and commercial and political subjects; all that interests him is moral questions, but the public already knows those things, how many kids married folks should have, how to be manly, plucky, fair, honorable, and all that; like a cow, he is about "dry," and can be turned out to grass. But there seems to be no end to Billy's original and even aboriginal stuff, that the masses like so well that they lap and lick it with their tongues as if it were taffy. In that respect, Billy is like Sam Jones, who never went stale even in repeating his old gags and jokes. Billy wears lots better than Teddy, is more various, queer, original and devilish. He earns his big money all right. In some places he gathers in more cash in five or six weeks than even the first-rate preachers get in a whole year, say, five, six or even seven thousand dollars. Folks gladly pay for the chance of hearing him blackguard towns and people, void funny slang, rip sinners down the back and tepid Christians down in front. It's a circus and the price of the ticket cuts no figure—the mob want to see the clown and watch his amusing antics. That it is all a travesty of anything that can rightly be called religion cuts no ice. It is a very curious psychological fact that folks never enjoy anything so much as to see some one else catch him Columbian in a crowd at the tongue's end of an audacious fellow whether politician or preacher, and they'll sit and see, without wincing, the hide stripped off some poor victim, and count it amusement to see it nailed to a barn door. If the skinner gets round to that class, and flays them alive, it is not quite so funny, but they gladly take the risk of a personal skinning to see others peeled of their cuticle. Sam Jones and Billy knew that trait in human nature and they worked it for all it was worth. If Billy were not audacious, bold, funny, sacrilegious, and play out in six months, but he grows worse and worse, that way, and year by year he piles up the white and yellow metal in bank stocks, bonds and lands, and the devil take the hindmost.

It is a part of the chess game to stir up fierce opposition in a city, to begin with. That is advertising, and Billy is a master in dramatic effects. There is really a rich vein in the fellow. He is no fool or greenhorn. He knows perfectly well what he is about. He must be making more money with his tongue and gymnastics than Bryan earns with his chin music.

After Hearing Him Preach.

In another place is an article on this remarkable man, written ten days ago, but crowded out last week. Later, thinking that, perhaps, I did not see him in true perspective, never having heard him preach (I saw him "perform" on temperance at our Chautauqua two years since) I concluded to run over to Ottumwa last Sunday and see the agile fellow at short range. It was the best entertainment in twenty years. The train was a half hour late, and I feared a big chunk would have been gnashed out of the pie before I could reach the "tabernacle." Two or three blocks away I heard the "hollering of the captains." It sounded like the tumult of the barkers at a circus and the roaring of the animals, but there was no bad ammonia smell. Edging in through ranks of folks standing up, I told an usher that I had come forty-six miles to hear Mr. Sunday, and he must reward such virtue by finding me a good seat. He conquered a roost at the end of a row in the center, about three rods from the big stand, six feet high, on which "Bill," as he delights to call himself, and his smooth assistant and musical director were begging for money to apply on the debt for the building and for running expenses, and they raised a very considerable sum. He is cute and smooth enough to coax backsheesh out of a wooden and putty man. He was having a great time, voiding slang, and bobbing and sizzling round like a drop of water on a hot griddle. In the morning and afternoon heats they raked in some \$3,000 and several hundred sinners.

The tabernacle is a long, rambling horse shed of a place, but it is well ventilated by hinged transoms and windows and skylights as in Noah's ark, electrically lighted and steam-heated. Long pine plank benches to sit on, and if you are not fat, the planks get "next" in an hour or two. Still, one is so interested, amused, tickled, one does not mind calluses and splinters, or think of arnica, cushions and poultices.

At last "Bill" got down to his job, and made good. He is taller than I remembered, quite six feet, thin in the legs, thin in the flanks, but as wiry as a coiled dynamo or rattlesnake; a bulky torso, heavy shoulders, with a thick neck and a square face and head, big blue eyes bulging like an insect's, a wide mouth, showing a fine set of natural teeth, arms as long as a gorilla's, legs like stilts; blood vessels in the neck as thick as your finger when he is talking it into five to the dozen; and he is all action, action, action, the most high-strung nervous fellow you ever saw straining at leash, with a temperament compounded of ginger, quicksilver, tobacco, red and green peppers, carbolic acid, barbed wire and jerky lightning. I am sure that a psychologist would say that his peculiarly catchy power over an audience is due to his physical intensity, vehemence, and a swiftness of movement that amounts to velocity. By his rapid, impassioned utterances and peristaltic motions he hypnotizes a crowd. It is precisely the same thing you see, in a steam coach, out in the pastures; the swift train sets the farm dog crazy, and he takes after it like an ill-possessed, yelping, running as if he would burst his boilers, going it down the track like a streak of lightning—the dog is bewitched by the motion, and so are the domestic animals he goes beyond the right of way. Horses and cows fling up heads and tails and snarl, and the hogs lumber up, run sideways and remark "ker-smooth," which is as near as a shoat can come to speak our word "Gosh." One great secret of Sunday's success lies in his tremendous activity and gymnastics. It is catching, infectious, he communicates his tireless energy, pumps you full of electrical juice, and people follow him as lively as the tail of a comet holds fast to its shining head. The picture of William on this page does not exaggerate his antics a bit. In the course of five minutes he can get himself into more knots, kinks and elongations than any mortal outside a circus ring. Nor does this impress one as affectation, or something calculated on for effect; he is not "putting on dog," he is not original, aboriginal and fantastic for a purpose; he is simply acting naturally, acting in a preaching role as he acted on the diamond when a ball-player. He is made that way, and that is all there is of it.

How refreshing it is to see an original, impulsive man acting naturally, with no pretense and reserves! Think of the average pastor. In contrast, he appears in the pulpit in a long-tailed or short-tailed "Principal Albert" coat, according to his distance from the start in the fashion of skirts; his collar is very shiny and his cuffs immaculate; he wears a white tie; his voice is falsetto, and his manner is made up of Dickens' prunes, prism, pickles, propriety, etc. He is solemn and would not for the world crack a joke.

Of course, it would seem absurd for a preacher to jump and cavort around in that way if you did not see that it is natural in this man, and flows directly out of his temperament. He thinks, when he is preaching, that he is playing ball, and acts accordingly, and the way he hustles from base to base is a caution, and not infrequently he slides to spiritual base on his padded belly, and they do not put him out.

Sunday "works his passage," as sailors say. That is, he does not need to saw wood, or go to the gymnasium to get needed exercise. He works at preaching like a day laborer. In an hour's talk he sweats a gallon or two. And right in the middle of a sentence that is as violent as a paroxysm, he'll sing out in a theatrical aside, if he feels a cold draught, "shut that transom, I'll take cold in a minute," or "douse that glim—it shines in my eyes," or "keep your hats on, men, the sun will pass over the skylight in a few minutes," and then he will grab the dropped cable again and rush on in his discourse.

Usually only mechanics and day-laborers necessarily take physical exercise in their work. Professional men do not. Lawyers sit for hours in stuffy court rooms as still as if they were made of brick clay or terra cotta, nor in addressing juries do they get bodily exercise. They are nearly as torpid and inert as frogs and snakes in hibernation. Doctors take little exercise—they ride to see patients. Ministers are just as bad—they sit in their studies and bore and gnaw like other book-worms, and the delivery of their sermons gives them no exercise. Accordingly, the salient things about those three classes—and editors, teachers, authors, musicians, artists, lecturers may be included—are small-slows, liver, bad stomachs, colons that yield rotten breaths, mouths that taste as if dogs slept in them, dyspepsia and headache. But Sunday is an athlete, he gets more exercise every day than he takes in his professional work. It is prodigious, the bodily stunts he does in an hour's sermon. If he should swim an hour, or saw wood, or run races and leap fences, or canter a heavy draft horse, or skin cats and turn somersaults, he would not use his muscles more than he does in every preach. It is both faith and "works" in his case, all right. There is not a dull second after he begins to talk; you are interested from the first word, and watch his motions, and can no more take your eye off from him than from a string of moving pictures in a five cent show. Whatever your estimate of him, you never take him for a Dryasust, or old poke, or bore.

He has another big advantage over the trained professional ministers—he is not mortgaged to a theological seminary. Look over your clerical acquaintances; how many of them, even in twenty years after graduation, have got their feet out of the bear trap of a theological education? Very, very few. It takes the average collegian a dozen or score of years to undo the twists, knots and bias of a college course; he must be a man of unusual force of character and independence of thought if he casts off the fetters much sooner than that. A theological training is a bad, cramping, crippling thing for man; he can't help think and speak in the terms and manner of the old pokes of professors who taught him. The temptation is to fish out summaries of old sermons he heard in veal days, and he is a slave for years, and crippled and using a crutch. Most men would better have never set foot in college or seminary, for a course makes automatons, jumping-jacks and monkeys of them, and sadly dries up all

the springs of originality and spontaneity in them.

Sunday escaped all that. The ball field was his reparatory school. He had lots of mother-wit to begin with; he is no fool; he doesn't look it! he has a good head on him; his thinking is clear, vivid, good, and his speech full of images, similes, epigrams, wise saws, shrewdness, humor and wit, and he has the art of putting things, plus. He has got up a series of sermons to last five or six weeks, that he keeps repeating in different places, revising, adding to, subtracting from, polishing, and in most of them are passages of rare beauty, full of literary excellence, apt-illustrations, wit that scalds vice, sarcasm that bilsters sin, slang that eats like acid, ridicule of folly that scales and scars like iron rust. Plainly, he has literary ambition. In one skit, that day, he spoke of Vesuvius erupting "in a hemorrhage of lava," and that red-hot image was not half bad. He admitted that he is a great borrower of telling things, and, forgetting where he found them, he can't give credit. All great speakers, Mirabeau, Pitt, Fox, Bright, Disraeli, Cobden, Gough, Ingersoll, are plagiarists in that way, and Sunday owns that he takes good things wherever he finds them, and he passes them on, bettered. Literary theft is no crime when the thief improves on the swag. But theology, creed, is not one of the things Sunday takes. I heard him twice, and he did not squeak and gibber theology or creed once. That's one great gain of his over a theologian. He talked conduct, conduct, conduct, from beginning to end; get right with your family, with your neighbors, with your community; be manly; don't be a hypocrite; better be a bold bad man than a prating sneak; lead virtuous, clean, healthy lives, that your children may not justly fire Parthian arrows at you for any faults of constitution inherited from you as vicious, sinful parents. Matthew Arnold insisted that three-fourths of life are conduct. He under-estimated it; life is all conduct, and Sunday gets his grip and clinch on the masses by preaching strenuously conduct, morals, and letting theology slide, letting creed slide, cutting out vicarious atonement, trinity, pre-destination, election, and all the rest of that ineffable stuff that no finite intelligence ever did or can understand. Conduct—what kind of a man or woman are you? Are you decent, honest, true-blue, kind, clean, helpful, or are you a hypocrite, a liar, a cheat, a sneak, a snake in the grass, a pismire on general grounds? You can have almost any brand of religion you like, and it hardly matters, but it is all-important whether you are a good, decent man or not. No man can harm God, but any man can do immense mischief to his fellows. Conduct—that is the final thing.

I confess, those two sermons wholly changed the impression I had had of Billy Sunday. He strikes one as a sincere, honest man. Sure, he's no grafter, faker or hireling. Vast crowds get dead stuck on him, and at the end of his services they rain money on him; he makes no demand, sets no price, charges no fee—the floating kidney salary is voluntary. His revenues beat Bryan's. If he took no vacation, but worked the year round, his receipts would top those of the President of the United States, for he gets about \$1,000 per week, and if there's any virtue in being immensely interesting he earns every cent his admirers give him. He is worth an acre lot full of ordinary preachers—why should not he get their combined pay? Folks give as they like, without his urge. That is no graft or guile, is it?

Is his work, is his influence, permanent? Does his army of converts stick? They say not. Well, members of other churches backslide, don't they? No one sticks like a postage stamp all the time, does he? In this world, all things are in constant flux, nothing stays put, for gravitation, physical or moral, is always tugging away at atoms and masses, pulling them down. It is not in human nature to abide in moods of exaltation. There must be reaction, the pendulum must swing 't'other way, or the clock stops utterly. I saw an hour of Sunday's style of "converting" people, and, while I do not pretend to know what conversion is, this Ottumwa article seemed to me a pretty sleazy thing. The spiritual fabric was not close-knit and firmly woven, and must ravel or frazzle. This process looked too easy, like rolling off a log. This, if it was conversion, was as easy as blowing your nose with a series of snorts into a red bandana handkerchief. I knew by sight the Finney brand of conversions—they were as serious as having all your molar teeth yanked out, as tough and excruciating as "burning a baby," as fearful as falling in an epileptic fit at the feet of horses. I have seen men and women, under Finney's power, leap into the air off their church seats, scream like maniacs, collapse, fall on the floor, foam at the mouth, and act like doomed and dead folk. Religion like that is sheer barbarism no more to be respected than the incantations of a witch medicine man throwing dupes into convulsions. If that was conversion, Sunday's sort is not. There is not in it a tittle of the violence on uses in sneezing. Having not the slightest scrap of sympathy with that sort of Pentecost, I enjoyed it as a curious show. It was all uproar, swift movement, dancing round, shaking hands, hypnotism, magnetism, sleight-of-hand, nothing supernatural at all, but as a spectacle it

would have filled with supreme interest all the eyes of a psychologist like Prof. Geo. E. Vincent, if he had as many thousands of eyes as some insects have. Let me try to describe the scene, at the close of the fetchy sermon to a thousand railroad men present, "to men only." He called for a show of hands of those who wished and willed in earnest to cut out the booze, and the fool habit of cussing, and all manner of meanness and dishonesty; of those who willed to lead clean, self-respecting lives, to be good husbands and fathers, good neighbors, honest citizens, and to stand for the simple virtues and many traits. He invited the scores and hundreds of hand-raisers to come down in front of the platform, and his assistants, skilled in handling crowds, got busy, cleared the front row of benches and the converts sealed their vow by a grip of Billy's hand down-stretched from the stage, they were slipped into that row, and the next, and the next—three long rows filled before I had leave for the train. It was a queer sight, and William's gymnastic ability stood him in good stead. Nimble as a cat, quick as lightning, he would flex one knee low, stretch out full length the other leg backward, grab a hand, wave his left arm like an eagle's wing, poising the hand high, movements as graceful and powerful as a condor's flight, and the smiling, half-dazed "sin-convicts," not knowing under that spell whether they were afoot or on horseback, had, perhaps, a dim perception of a spiritual moul't—the Old Adam sloughed off, the New Adam put on. It was all "hurrah, boys, come on, be quick, clear that aisle so they can come, get there, Ell, let 'er go, Gallagher," but it was the slickest piece of "spiritual" legerdemain I ever saw; the oiled machine never cracked or skipped a cog, as it quickly turned out a grist of 200 to 300 so-called converts. It was psychology, skill, experience, smooth business, human contrivance, nothing supernatural, and the usual run of preachers must have looked on with wonderment at the ease with which Billy did it, and they could not. If that is conversion, it is not much of a trick to scoop in several thousands of rapt, excited people in six weeks of Sunday's fetchy dunder and blizen. And why is not a man converted if he says truly and earnestly, "I'll cut out booze, stop swearing, lying, cheating, adulterating," and the like, and has the sand to make good his pledge? Sunday makes lots of men and women say substantially that, and mean it, "for he changes my life who shows me a thought that commands mine own." Turning away from wrong things to things that are

right, well, why isn't that conversion, all right? It is. To be a changed person, one does not need to groan under Finney's conviction of sin, have sun-stroke with Paul, and have an awful time, get supernatural help—but just see the right and cleave to it, and be a man, not a molluscoid and angleworm. That seems to be Sunday's philosophy of it.

He looks tired, and is growing prematurely old. He was forty-six the 19th and they gave him an American Beauty rose for his every year. He is his temperament, blood-pressure too high; his nerves are burning like platinum wire in the flame of a blow pipe. He can't help it; he can't live a mere inch a day; he lives rods, miles, furlongs; he likes the excitement of evangelizing—it is his life, and I wish him Godspeed, and don't grudge him a cent of the princely revenue that is showered on him by those who think they have got from him abundant value received. The way they heave money at him at the close of a five or six weeks' carnival of emotion, as if it were confetti, reminds one of the way the isolated early miners in California used to throw gold pieces and bags of gold dust to the birds, that is, at favorite actresses; these missiles barked the girls' shins, tilted their voluminous hoop-skirts, black-and-blued their ankles and calves, but still the enthusiasts tossed and slung golden quoits to show their appreciation, and laughed boisterously to see the artists wince and say "ouch!" when the rich corn-lick hit their lower running-gears. In like manner, Sunday's converted communities "tough up the dough," as he said in his bragging, and they slam collateral at him till the sum rises to \$5,000 or \$5,000 or \$7,000. And who cares? Is not the laborer worthy of his hire?

How It Struck Him. Boston Transcript: Benny's mother took him on Saturday afternoon to the natural history rooms on Berkeley street. When they arrived home Benny blurted out: "Oh, papa, we had a grand time. Mamma and I went to a dead circus."

Sensible Advice. Ottumwa Courier: "Look out for bogus five-dollar bills" is the slogan just now of the U. S. secret service. While you are doing it you might as well keep your eye peeled for the good ones, too.

Well Bearded. Sioux City Journal: Governor Hughes bearded the tiger in his bar without serious consequences to the beard.

INTEREST. Credited on savings accounts at the KEOKUK NATIONAL BANK on Dec. 1st. Bring in your book and have the interest entered in it. 3 PER CENT INTEREST ON TIME AND SAVINGS DEPOSITS.

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Right Relations. Should exist between the bank and its customer and also between the bank and community. In this matter there should be reciprocity and this is easily made certain at THE KEOKUK SAVINGS BANK. Where the relations of the bank with its dealers are always cordial and every effort made to serve customers carefully and well. Commercial accounts solicited. Three per cent interest on Savings accounts. Capital \$100,000.00 Surplus \$100,000.00 Additional Liability of Stockholders \$100,000.00 OFFICERS: A. E. JOHNSTONE, President; F. W. DAVIS, Vice President; A. J. MATHIAS, Cashier; H. W. WOOD, Assistant Cashier.

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