

DAILY GATE CITY. PUBLISHED BY THE GATE CITY COMPANY. C. F. SKIRVIN, Manager

DAILY BY MAIL. One year \$3.00 Four months \$1.00 Six months \$1.50 One month .25 Entered in Keokuk postoffice as second class matter.

Circulation Guarantee. This certifies that the circulation of the KEOKUK DAILY GATE CITY has been audited and is guaranteed by the Advertising Circulation Blue Book.

The Association of American Advertisers (New York City) has examined and certified to the circulation of this publication. Only the figures of circulation contained in its report are guaranteed by the Association.

Keokuk, Iowa, December 16, 1908.

According to the latest scientific dictum a soul is merely an "aggregation of psychomeres." A "psychomere"—but everybody knows what a "psychomere" is.

The papers are making a great deal of fuss about a \$10,000 hen now on exhibition. George Fitch suggests that she must be the hen that lays these sixty cents a dozen eggs.

The Clinton Herald thinks it only fair to say that not half the liars in the country are engaged in newspaper work. It might have added with equal truth that those so engaged are not the most industrious, either.

Dr. McArthur is opposed to the Christmas tree custom because it "deforests the hills." There is something in the objection, of course, but the deforestation of the hills it occasions isn't a circumstance to its depletion of the pocketbooks.

The delinquent tax sale in Bremer county, this state, involved only twenty-seven pieces of property and brought in a paltry \$260.84. A year ago the receipts from the same source were only \$250; two years ago, \$360, and three years ago, \$420. The record is one of which Bremer county may well be proud.

The observation of The Gate City is directly in line with that of the Springfield Register that how to buy \$18 worth of presents with a small but perfectly good \$2 bill, is the problem that is bothering some of our love-liest people, much more than the question of tariff reform.

Talking with a motor man on a Cleveland street car the other day John D. Rockefeller gave an admirable definition of success. He said that it is simply doing something better than anyone else has been able to do it. As a practical working formula that would be difficult to excel.

The suggestion that Philander Knox may become Taft's premier is endorsed by the Mason City Globe-Gazette as the best one to date. He has, it says, and says truly, brains, diplomacy and integrity. The judgment of the Globe-Gazette in this matter commends itself unqualifiedly to this paper. Senator Knox would be a fitting successor to John Hay and Elihu Root.

It seems to the Macomb Journal that this is an age when more people are "playing to the gallery" than any it has any recollection of. It is readily conceded that the Journal is a close observer and wasn't born last year, but isn't it possible that the Macomb paper is better acquainted with the present age than with the ages that have gone before? This fact, if it be a fact, may influence the Journal's judgment somewhat.

It is given out from Des Moines that there was less crime in Iowa during the past year than during the preceding year, according to the report of the secretary of state now being compiled from the reports of the district court clerks throughout the state. Indications are that this report will show a decided improvement in the social condition of the state. The offenses for which men and women were convicted were not as heinous as some have been in the past.

The Cedar Rapids Gazette has a paragraph to the following effect: "Those who went to hear, were told yesterday how Cedar Rapids got Billy Sunday. A year from now we will be hearing how Billy Sunday got Cedar Rapids—maybe."

There is no "maybe" about it. Mr. Sunday will "get" Cedar Rapids as surely as he goes after it.

Under the heading "Have a Thought" the Davenport Democrat offers timely and sensible advice to the general public in the following words: "Everybody can do a little to help during the strenuous season upon which the whole world has just entered. Have a thought for the over-taxed clerk in the store; for the men who handle the express barrels and bundles; for the freight carriers who distribute the boxes and bales, the papers and packages that come through the mails; for the young ladies who sell stamps, money-orders and handle the registered letters; and for the rest of them who worry and work to make the rest of us merry for days, or it may be weeks.

Women are the most delightful beings in all creation, but when one of them sets out to make a fool of herself she can easily distance any competitor of the male persuasion. Omaha has recently furnished a case in point. A woman there who was wedded to a very decent man and who had a comfortable and pretty home of her own ran away with a Japanese cook and went to work with him in a dirty restaurant in one of the depot towns of Nebraska. Anyone who simply knows enough to come in when it rains is the acme of intelligence and wisdom compared with such a woman. The fool-killer cannot be too severely condemned for his negligence in her case.

Des Moines has been working hard to get the Burlington road to put on additional trains between that city and points in the southern part of the state. Of course Des Moines insists that its demands are for the convenience of the public, but if that is true, then why, pertinently inquires the Iowa City Republican, not let the people in the southern part of the state do the complaining? The same paper truthfully adds: "The fact is whenever a city makes a play for better train service, invariably it is after the trade that belongs to the smaller towns. The railway company which takes care of the small towns, is the one that best serves its patrons. The Iowa railway commission, long have recognized the policy of taking care of the smaller cities and towns, and they have been much criticised by the papers in cities like Des Moines, and sometimes country newspapers, too dull to see the point, join in the criticism.

The Waterloo Courier claims that Secretary Shaw talked with blind unreserve and inaccuracy when he asserted that modern society is honey-combed with socialism. It is to be feared that the Courier is less open to conviction of truth from that source than if the warning had been sounded from another quarter. The latest Democratic national platform, like several of its predecessors, was saturated with socialism. Does it mean nothing that more than six million voters gave adherence to the doctrine it proclaimed? Even the Republican party is not free from evidences of the same thing, as witness its trend toward paternalism. Improvement of the waterways of the country at government expense, which everybody favors, smacks strongly of the socialistic idea. Extension of the functions of the postoffice department to include banking and parcels post belongs in the same category. Perhaps if the Courier will analyze the situation more carefully it will be less disposed to take issue with former Secretary Shaw.

SHERMAN AND ROOSEVELT. At the recent Gridiron club dinner in Washington Vice President-elect Sherman came in for a share of attention, as a matter of course. A song was sung dealing with his past, present and future. The first verse told how all the delegates at Chicago had welcomed the mention of his name, and the last verse outlined the sad story of his future as follows: So Sherman accepted, you bet that he did. And when he went stumping he lifted the lid. He dealt poor old Bryan a terrible blow. That made him seek refuge in far Mexico. Alas, in the senate poor Sherman must be. As mute as the mummy of Pharaoh, you see. He'll have to sit quiet the whole live-long day. But how he will stand it we really can't say. President Roosevelt was introduced to those present in the appended verse: If in a speech you want to preach. To help the human race. If on a tramp L rough waters damp. If far away you go to slay. The lion in its lair. Where'er you go, we say to you, You beat them everywhere.

Following this "introduction" a chorus band paid this tribute to the chief executive: There is not another Roosevelt in the world like you; You paint the whole horizon a bright red hue. There is not a stunt one thinks of you would not dare do. There is not another Roosevelt in the world like you.

BETTER THAN PROHIBITION. Those good men and women who see no way to abate an evil but by passing a law forbidding it are getting much superficial enjoyment at present out of the progress of prohibition legislation. It is announced by their spokesmen as an achievement like the marriage which ends the conventional novel that in six states prohibition of the liquor traffic is now in full force, while of the entire forty-six states, comprising the Union there are but eight in which prohibition legislation has made no progress. In a new book, "Profit and Loss in Man," published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, Alphonso A. Hopkins, Ph. D. presents a powerful plea for prohibition, based upon purely economic lines. But like all the pleaders for that way of fighting the evil of intemperance, Mr. Hopkins assumes everything that should follow the enactment of a prohibitory law but in fact hardly ever does. The experience of Georgia and other states that have adopted prohibition and thought to trammel up the consequence with a "Thou shalt not" is not encouraging to many equally earnest in opposition to drink and equally anxious to abate it as a national evil of gigantic proportions. Noting the conditions here set forth, the Buffalo Sunday News in an able editorial article points out the fallacy of laws that forbid the traffic in what one class of people want to sell and another large class to consume. There are earnest temperance men who believe that if one-half the effort and means devoted to the passage of ill-enforced and practically unenforceable prohibition laws were expended in cultivating a public taste that should look down upon the gluttony of drink as upon any other species of debasement, much more would be accomplished for the cause of temperance. The News is in sympathy with this view, and in the course of its article takes occasion to say: "Argument is hardly needed to establish the proposition that personal habits are the expression of personality and take little account of legal authority except where immediate and severe penalties are ever in present view. Such penalties can not be applied to the drinker whatever may be done with the purveyor of drink—when he is caught. The personal habit and desire for drink is the crux of the whole matter. Some men are ashamed to be seen in any gross indulgence. Their pride protects them from more evil than do laws and penalties. Fewer men are drunk and there are fewer drunkards, now because of growth of this feeling. The habits of men generally are better today, outwardly at least, than ever before. "The world is saved by taste," so far as it is saved, or largely so. The prohibitionist could never have reduced the grossness of the habits and language of the eighteenth century by penalties. Refinement did what they could never do by law. The elevation of personal dignity to the first place in the morals of a people is a surer guaranty of advancement in all personal habits than the fercest of repressive enactments.

THE INVISIBLE NUN. In its annual "book number" last week the Des Moines Register and Leader printed a production from the pen of Clinton Scollard in the current Metropolitan Magazine and pronounced it "the week's best poem." In the same issue it printed a poem by Major S. H. M. Byers, author of "Sherman's March to the Sea," which was far superior to the Scollard contribution. It is entitled "The Invisible Nun," and reads as follows: Three nuns there were in a ship at sea. And each was very fair; But one was fairer than all the rest, And she had golden hair. Sweet nuns they were, and their rosaries They counted every day; They held their beads in their lily hands, I would that I were they. They were "but three," the ship-folk said, Yet four there were, I swear; For the fairest one I counted twice, Because she was so fair. I counted twice—for two she was, Plain as the stars above; For half of her was a sweet nun's face, And half was a face of Love.

And ever when on the deck they came, And low their voices fell, The ship-folks bowed to the sisters three, I bowed to a fourth as well. And they are gone, with their rosaries, Gone are the sisters three— But half of her with the golden hair Will stay forever with me.

That this paper is not alone in its high appreciation of the above poem is attested by the comment of the Cedar Rapids Republican, which declares that for beauty of suggestion and delicacy of thought it is one of the finest things it has seen in recent verse, and adds: "It has something of the charm of Rosetti, the greatest of the Rosettis. It is only in the mind and heart of a man who really feels poetry, as well as writes it, that such a conception could find a place. The fourth nun is the invisible spirit that fills the world with beauty and with love, with holiness and with graciousness. The man who has not seen that invisible one has not lived all there is in life. If Major Byers had no other deserts, and had never written anything else, if we were President we would make him minister at Berne for that poem alone.

FARMS AND SCHOOLS. Improvement of social conditions on our farms as a part of the general scheme for the strengthening of the national defense was the theme of a brief address by Governor Warren Garst on behalf of Iowa at the National Corn Show in Omaha last Saturday. Governor Garst would have the state and federal governments combine in the institution of schools which would make for the betterment of rural life. Among other things he said: "Iowa is said to have the smallest percentage of illiteracy of any state of the union, Nebraska alone excepted. The more favorable condition in Nebraska is said to be due to the fact that substantially all the people of Nebraska are from Iowa. Be that as it may, the fact remains that 96 per cent of the boys and girls of Iowa never see a high school or a college building except from the outside. Now the thought has come to me that the government and the state should go into partnership upon this most essential and assured foundation for the perpetuity of our government itself and establish agricultural, manual training, domestic science schools, with military training for the boys, offering or making it an incentive for the boy or girl who reaches a certain state of proficiency at sixteen years to enter these schools to be trained in industrial pursuits and at the same time the boys be given military training."

Governor Garst urged that the farm should be kept populated on the ground that it is from the farms that the recruits come for all branches of activity. The farm is the natural environment for the production of the power of the initiative, and a study of the lives of men who do things will show that a large percentage come from the farm. As one step for the improvement of farm conditions Governor Garst would also provide for good roads by having the states and the nation join in a movement for the construction of great highways.

NO SLOT MACHINE INSURANCE. Auditor of State Carroll has decided that slot machines which sell insurance policies cannot be legally located and operated in Iowa. He has written to the North American Accident Insurance Company of Chicago to that effect. That company maintains a large number of machines in the depots of the state. Travelers deposit a quarter in the slot and get an accident policy good for a day. They can do so no longer. The auditor quotes law authorities to the effect that insurance is a contract whereby one party undertakes

to indemnify or guarantee the other against loss by certain specified risks. He argues that in order that there may be a valid contract there must be proper parties to such contract. In his opinion a slot machine cannot become a party to a legal contract, for the reason that it is not an agent and cannot act, neither can knowledge be imputed to it. This, he holds, is especially true when the insured has no opportunity to see or understand even the general provisions of the contract or policy which he obtains. The auditor also objects to such machines on the ground of morals and advises that they be discontinued in this state. His position appears to be well taken throughout.

THE RETURN TO CHRISTMAS LAND. Down the streets of the city a cynic strolled. Weary of heart and mind distressed, The chill of the night did his heart unfold, The cares of the day oppressed. He was snugly clad and his body was warm. Slowly he pushed his careless stroll, But the swirling snow of the wintry storm Sorely encompassed his soul. And he passed a wee child, who, scantily clad, To a bright show window had pressed. And, with wonder, he saw her heart was glad— With radiant visions blessed. He knew not the reason, but paused and he spoke. Surprised himself at his kindly tone, And the little waif's eyes looked up and smiled— Smiled into the stranger's own.

And his mind harked back to the wonderful glow Of childhood's days. His soul re-pledged. To his mist-filled eyes the gems of the snow. And the night, were glorified. Through a wide-fung door showed a vista bright With log ablaze and mistletoe. And even the white-bearded Santa Claus That he doubted long ago. And so real it was, and so glad was his heart. He took the little one by the hand, And, joyous, they trod, the world apart. The pathways of Christmas land. —Perry C. Ellis in Quincy Whig.

All Dancing Not Bad. Cedar Rapids Republican: When Mr. Sunday talks about "lasciviousness" and "lecherousness" in dancing, he must talk without discrimination. There are such dances, undoubtedly. All things can be made evil, even religion. But it is not fair to speak of all dancing in that way. Men dance with their wives, sons with their mothers, and that we should think ought to be the proudest dance that falls to the lot of any man, they dance with their daughters, which ought to be next to dancing with their mothers, and they dance with their sweethearts—surely all these men are not animated by any such thoughts and feelings as Mr. Sunday describes. There are churches which tolerate dancing and prefer to have it more or less under their own auspices, rather than to have it more indiscriminate. These people can not all be wrong, they can not all be vile, they can not all be lecherous or lascivious or base. No, we must be more fair, more reasonable, more just, more pure ourselves in our utterances. The writer never danced a step in his life, and he never expects to begin. He was brought up the other way. But no man has the right to sit in judgment on others and to pronounce wholesale condemnation upon them.

Pat Crowe—Evangelist. Marshalltown Times-Republican: If the last resort of a knave is patriotism, the last resort of a drunkard, the platform as a temperance lecturer. Pat Crowe is taking a logical or at least natural course. However when we think of Pat Crowe as an evangelist urging upon men and women the Christian life, most of us will find an incongruity in the combination that repulses and sickens. It will be an extremely natural conviction that Pat has quit the business of child abduction for a confidence "lay."

No doubt he will draw a crowd. He could get a goodly number of curious people into a tent at ten cents a head to simply look at "the man who stole Cudahy's kid." There are few of us who wouldn't walk a block to see a criminal so notorious. But to old fashioned people his presence in a pulpit smacks of sacrilege. There is "nothing else to it." Crowe, ignorant, a criminal with a record that might have put him behind bars for a long term, is posturing before the curious as an evangelist. Perhaps it is possible that he may "do some good." To the average home keeping and ordinarily decent citizen it is hard to see how.

Congressman Kennedy. Bonaparte Record: Congressman C. A. Kennedy made a special visit to every county seat in his district before leaving for Washington. He announced his dates and in this manner came into personal relation with many whom he had not previously met and who had various duties for him to perform. There are some congressmen who resent being made the

NOTES AND COMMENT. The Sioux City Tribune suggests that it is almost time for Abe Ruef to "get" religion. "Prize fighters have some rights," says a sporting writer. "And lefts, too," adds the Burlington Gazette. It is remarked by the Waterloo Courier that Roosevelt is no respecter of persons, newspapers or congresses. The Clinton Herald calls attention to the fact that Jack Frost is taking his nips with impunity in Iowa temperance towns.

New York's forty-three-story skyscraper will have descenders as well as elevators. Six stories will be underground. It is remarked by the Council Bluffs Nonpareil that President Roosevelt is "making medicine" with his old time assiduity. Between the men who explain why they wear green hats and those who explain why they don't wear green hats it occurs to the Chicago Post that the country is getting a surplus of talk.

"When peace hovereth like a dove over Des Moines," observes the Mason City Globe-Gazette, "then doth some duffer steal a mailing list and the olive branches develop into barbed spears and harpoons." "Shall kissing be confined to the lower classes?" asks the Baltimore Sun. "Not if the higher classes know themselves, and they think they do," responds the Houston Post.

According to Duncan Smith, the girl who doesn't expect a man to expect that she knows much, but expects him to expect that she expects him to know everything, makes a great hit. "Gas meters must go" declares an exchange. The great trouble the Clinton Herald finds with both gas and water meters is that they are always on the go. It says they are the nearest approach to perpetual motion yet invented.

Unhappy couples in search of separation on a short time residence must

now make for either Nebraska, Idaho, Nevada or Texas. The less-than-a-year bar has been put up in all the other states. Take this little Tip, dear girlie; Do your Christmas Shopping early. —Los Angeles Express.

"Iowa farmers are taking care of their own uplift," says the Dubuque Telegraph-Herald. "Seventy-five per cent of the students at the state university are Iowans, with every county in the state represented and 750 of the students are the sons of farmers."

The Return to Christmas Land. Down the streets of the city a cynic strolled. Weary of heart and mind distressed, The chill of the night did his heart unfold, The cares of the day oppressed.

He was snugly clad and his body was warm. Slowly he pushed his careless stroll, But the swirling snow of the wintry storm Sorely encompassed his soul.

And he passed a wee child, who, scantily clad, To a bright show window had pressed. And, with wonder, he saw her heart was glad— With radiant visions blessed.

He knew not the reason, but paused and he spoke. Surprised himself at his kindly tone, And the little waif's eyes looked up and smiled— Smiled into the stranger's own.

And his mind harked back to the wonderful glow Of childhood's days. His soul re-pledged. To his mist-filled eyes the gems of the snow. And the night, were glorified.

Through a wide-fung door showed a vista bright With log ablaze and mistletoe. And even the white-bearded Santa Claus That he doubted long ago. And so real it was, and so glad was his heart.

He took the little one by the hand, And, joyous, they trod, the world apart. The pathways of Christmas land. —Perry C. Ellis in Quincy Whig.

All Dancing Not Bad. Cedar Rapids Republican: When Mr. Sunday talks about "lasciviousness" and "lecherousness" in dancing, he must talk without discrimination. There are such dances, undoubtedly. All things can be made evil, even religion. But it is not fair to speak of all dancing in that way. Men dance with their wives, sons with their mothers, and that we should think ought to be the proudest dance that falls to the lot of any man, they dance with their daughters, which ought to be next to dancing with their mothers, and they dance with their sweethearts—surely all these men are not animated by any such thoughts and feelings as Mr. Sunday describes. There are churches which tolerate dancing and prefer to have it more or less under their own auspices, rather than to have it more indiscriminate. These people can not all be wrong, they can not all be vile, they can not all be lecherous or lascivious or base. No, we must be more fair, more reasonable, more just, more pure ourselves in our utterances. The writer never danced a step in his life, and he never expects to begin. He was brought up the other way. But no man has the right to sit in judgment on others and to pronounce wholesale condemnation upon them.

Pat Crowe—Evangelist. Marshalltown Times-Republican: If the last resort of a knave is patriotism, the last resort of a drunkard, the platform as a temperance lecturer. Pat Crowe is taking a logical or at least natural course. However when we think of Pat Crowe as an evangelist urging upon men and women the Christian life, most of us will find an incongruity in the combination that repulses and sickens. It will be an extremely natural conviction that Pat has quit the business of child abduction for a confidence "lay."

No doubt he will draw a crowd. He could get a goodly number of curious people into a tent at ten cents a head to simply look at "the man who stole Cudahy's kid." There are few of us who wouldn't walk a block to see a criminal so notorious. But to old fashioned people his presence in a pulpit smacks of sacrilege. There is "nothing else to it." Crowe, ignorant, a criminal with a record that might have put him behind bars for a long term, is posturing before the curious as an evangelist. Perhaps it is possible that he may "do some good." To the average home keeping and ordinarily decent citizen it is hard to see how.

Congressman Kennedy. Bonaparte Record: Congressman C. A. Kennedy made a special visit to every county seat in his district before leaving for Washington. He announced his dates and in this manner came into personal relation with many whom he had not previously met and who had various duties for him to perform. There are some congressmen who resent being made the

Food is more tasteful, healthful and nutritious when raised with ROYAL BAKING POWDER. The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar. Made from Grapes. Absolutely PURE.

"errand boy" of the district, but Mr. Kennedy is not built that way. He goes out of his way and makes special effort to ascertain the wishes and needs of his constituents. As Usual. Council Bluffs Nonpareil: Iowa, as usual, has taken the lion's share of the premiums on corn at the National Corn exposition in Omaha. Dynamited a Bank. McALESTER, Okla., Dec. 15.—The safe of the First National bank was dynamited early yesterday and the robbers escaped with \$15,000 in gold. —Read the want column. —Read The Daily Gate City.

Christmas Money. This sounds good, and a great deal of money will be paid out for gifts, but it will not be wise to spend all you have for toys and trifles. Save some for another Christmas or for other things and deposit it in The Keokuk Savings Bank. Add to it from time to time and you will have a fund to draw on when you really need money in an emergency or otherwise. We pay three per cent interest on savings accounts. Capital \$100,000.00 Surplus \$100,000.00 Business accounts also solicited. Additional Liability of Stockholders \$100,000.00 OFFICERS: A. E. JOHNSTONE, President; A. J. MATHIAS, Cashier; P. W. DAVIS, Vice President; H. W. WOOD, Assistant Cashier. OPEN EVERY NIGHT UNTIL XMAS.

STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT. T. R. J. AYRES & SONS. Will close out AT COST OR LESS the following goods: Rich Cut Glass, Hand-painted China, Statuary, Fine Electric Lamps, Chafing Dishes, Baking Dishes, Silver-plated Hollowware. All goods of the finest quality, but they must be closed out. The sale on them is strictly CASH. Great chance for holiday presents at cost prices. Please call and investigate. T. R. J. AYRES & SONS, 509-511 Main St., Keokuk, Iowa.

IT WILL BE UNLAWFUL. After January 1st, '09, to sell butter in the City of Chicago unless made from milk or cream from non-tuberculous cows; or unless made from pasteurized milk or cream. Keokuk makes no such restrictions, but does the butter you eat comply with either provision? POND LILY CREAMERY. MADE IN KEOKUK FROM PASTEURIZED CREAM.

KEOKUK NATIONAL BANK. Affords every facility for doing your banking business that any bank can. 5 PER CENT INTEREST ON TIME AND SAVINGS DEPOSITS.

Cook With Gas.