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Keokuk, Iowa, December 26, 1908

The popular song in Ottumwa: "O, How Dry I Am!"

Missouri loves company—but not the Standard Oil Company.

The days and the average purse will now proceed to take on additional length.

Postmaster General Meyer says someone is hoarding \$500,000,000. He can search us.

For the first time in many years Venezuela enjoyed a Castroleess Christmas, greatly to its benefit.

Carrie Nation says that "the devil is loose in Scotland" from which it is a fair inference that she is still out of jail.

It was a foregone conclusion that everybody would get "just what they wanted."

They are pulling down Castro statues and burning Castro portraits in Venezuela. This is a bad year for dictators.

Spasmodic reforms are short-lived as a rule. No one will be surprised to see liquor sold openly in Ottumwa in the near future.

The Welsh people in a West Virginia town had an extended turkey for Christmas. Its superiority to turkey is yet to be demonstrated.

A safe and sane Christmas. It will have to be conceded, is less exciting than the other kind, but the doctor bills and funeral expenses are also less.

Warden Sanders is getting a lot of free advertising, but most of it is of a very undesirable kind. It is to be hoped he will not mistake publicity for fame.

Exit the pleasant task of making choice of hand-painted china, silk mufflers, and the like. Enter the more serious work of forming good resolutions—to be broken next day.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat explains that Ben Tillman has quit fussing with the President because it has grown too popular—and Ben wouldn't do anything popular if he could help it.

The United States is disposed to favor Gomez in his attempts to establish himself firmly at the head of affairs in Venezuela, probably on the theory that any change in that country must of necessity be for the better.

This is the season of the mistletoe which a writer in the New York Medical Journal calls "a monster in botany, a dryad in mythology, a panacea in therapeutics, a perennial Yuletide symbol of seminal survival and reproductive vitality." The ancients called it "All-Heal" under the impression that it would cure all maladies, and only gathered it after having duly prepared their sacrifices and festival cheer. It was held in especial esteem by the Celtic Druids who invested it with great awe and religious dignity. Its wonderful vitality caused it to be regarded as a symbol of resurrection and peace.

A writer in Harper's Magazine has made a study of the wage question where women are concerned and finds that the best paid begin at \$7 or \$8, rise in about three years to \$10 or \$12, and rarely get more than \$15 a week. About 10 per cent rise to administrative positions and receive more than that sum, and these are the best employees, the poorer ones getting only \$3 and \$4. The best are seldom employed after forty or fifty years.

"NEW THOUGHT" A FORM OF MANIA.

As editor of one of the foremost medical journals in the land, as an author of text books for physicians, and as a student of mental alienation, Dr. George M. Gould has come into contact with the so-called "new thought" and has won notice because of the vigor of his campaign against it in every form. In speaking upon the theme he finds it impossible to avoid the use of the word "crank." The "crankism" of the "new thought" he denounces as "a strange jumble of inconsistencies. The fad itself he declares is one of the great obstacles to all progress in science—in fact an impeachment not only of American common sense, but of American capacity for thought itself. A healthy mind, he insists, can not read the so-called new thought journals for an hour or two without the overwhelming conviction that these people are really insane. The wonder is that they have preserved so much commercial cunning. Doctor Gould accuses most of the leaders of the cult of charlatanism. "The money aspect, pay-in-advance for reading notices, for absent treatment, for psychometric readings, for books, for vibrations, for insuring success, for shares of mining stocks for letter pads, for journals and lectures and all that—this is not forgotten." The vocabulary of these "charlatans" is enough, he says, to impeach their good faith, for it is replete with jargon about the spirit, the new interpretation, the intangible and the indefinite. However, "it goes on at the same time and in the same column with the dreariest waste of words, of revolting words, and utterly without meaning and utterly without end. There are tons of printed stuff going out every month like this. Unity is non-ethical. It simply is. God is Energy. Power is. Light is. Life is. Thought is. Love is. Attraction is. Electricity is. Man is. Existence is the beginning of our search for happiness. Existence is non-ethical. It is a mistake to call God good."

Dr. Gould says there is nothing directly vicious or nauseating in new thought literature as a whole, but it is all indirectly morbid. The neurotic woman is especially victimized by "soul quacks" who intensify her morbidity by their "advice," often to the destruction not only of her health but of her happiness. The people who are ministered to and treated are surely sick, very much so, mentally and socially; but the teachers, the high priestesses and their little "amen" sayers, the priests, are surely much "sicker." The more the soul quack claims, according to Dr. Gould, regard less of whether he has any basis for his claims or not, the more egotism and conceit he cultivates, the more he ignores the facts of pathology and of true science, the more emphasis he lays upon "spirit," the more the victims are inclined to imagine they realize "the God in me." The whole system may be summed up in the term "American crankism," due, Dr. Gould suspects, to the national intellectual idiosyncrasy. In speaking of such cranks, Dr. Gould writes: "There is ever absent the attributes of a spider-like watching for the main chance, a highly-developed astuteness in getting money from the greater fools who trust him. He is intensely ignorant and as inordinately egotistical, and all of that is latent in the word crank also. Lastly, he is often a woman, and the word must be stretched to cover that most noteworthy fact."

The morbid egotism of the "new thought cranks," as Dr. Gould calls them, is perhaps the most striking thing in all the books, periodicals, writings, preachings and doings of these strange people. Alienists well know how egotism rules the minds of their insane patients. Mentally diseased the cranks, Doctor Gould says, "plainly are," normal cerebration being disturbed and irregular or more commonly undeveloped and atavistic. He says in this connection: "Egonomania raves and wanders pathetically, but also ludicrously, in every page of these sorry eddies, 'vibrationalists,' mental scientists, 'dist' healers and ranters of a multitude of sub-varieties. The keynote of it, the unlimited power of it, the eternal emphasis and repetition of it. In the worst cases and magazines the editor becomes one with God, and his sentences for pages are entirely meaningless drivel and wearisome, and one wonders how soon there must be a writ de lunatico inquirendo and a commitment to the asylum."

An interesting result of this uprush of commingled egotism and ignorance is that it pretends to be new, while in reality it is the living on of the old dirty medievalism which all historians know so well. "In the New Thought" there is nothing newer than the African's voodooism in the 'New Christian Science' there is no newness, no Christianity, no science. In vibrology there is nothing but medieval magic and miracle mongering and in osteopathy there is only the old English bonesetter's ignorance, plus the old immortality of the old quack of the olden time. In other words, the entire brood of the modern medical crazes and crankisms, while furiously contending that each is new, is in every cell of its being the very demonstration of the utter lack of the new or modern spirit.

of the mental incapacity to take it in, or even to see it. Every modern discovery in biology, psychology and medicine is ignored. It is the spook of the middle ages ludicrously gibbering in a really new epoch of science, skill and reason. It is atavism pure and simple; the old barbarism freed by democracy. It is a sequel of a rapid growth of the intelligent in many, while the rest, not growing, becomes the neglected residue of stranded incapables upon our hands. Our punishment is the warning that in the last resort we are responsible for the wreckage. The only way we can abridge the evil is to set about the duty of primary physiologic and social education."

The "new thought," Doctor Gould says, is really a disease. It is a disease asserting itself most virulently when the "misunderstood woman" falls into the clutches of the "soul quack" or the brooding wife with disordered organic functions resorts to "metaphysical therapeutics." The marked increase in various forms of nervous breakdown among American women of late years seems to Doctor Gould to be due to the havoc wrought by the spiritual quackeries in the minds of the half-educated.

FRENCH VS. AMERICAN ROADS.

A recent official report from Consul-General R. P. Skinner of Marseilles, France, gives some highly important information regarding the public roads of that country. As is generally known, France has the best and most complete road system in the world and its splendid public highways fill with envy and admiration all foreigners, particularly those from the United States, where the roads in general are about the worst in any country professing to be civilized.

The superiority of the French road system is stated by Consul-General Skinner to be due to the fact that the construction and maintenance of the principal roads is carried on under the supervision of a corps of experts in road construction, who find in their profession opportunities for advancement and distinction such as could not and does not exist under a local road administration. French roads are good, not because of any superiority of road making material, nor because the French people possess any special talent for road building, but because the initiative in matters pertaining to the public highways is taken by highly-trained engineers and administrators, under the direction of the national government.

All the principal French highways, or "national routes," of which there are 23,656 miles, are constructed and maintained by the national government, which has expended on them over \$300,000,000. The superiority of these roads over those constructed or maintained by the local authorities is very marked, but even the local roads are kept in good condition, so that the standard French road is one upon which in a rolling country a draft horse hauling a load of 3,300 pounds is expected to travel about 20 miles per day. This fact alone will serve to indicate the difference between the roads in France and those of the United States; where the load hauled by one horse over the average level country road is only 1,400 pounds, and on roads with 5 per cent grades only 1,000 pounds.

The basis of the French highway system is the school of bridges and roads, one of the finest technical colleges in the world, where engineers are trained for positions in the public road administrative system. These engineers co-operate with the local authorities, and the result is that there is available for the work of road construction an effective body of competent administrators, whose influence extends throughout the whole country. A beginning has been made in a small way in this country by the bureau of public roads of the United States department of agriculture, to introduce the methods by which the French road system has been so satisfactorily developed. The organization of this bureau, and funds at its disposal, are, however, wholly inadequate. What is needed is a national highways commission which shall have general powers to promote the construction and improvement of the public roads, and for which liberal appropriations should be made by congress. The national government's co-operation in this matter will greatly stimulate action by the various state, county and township authorities, and will result in the establishment of a complete system of properly constructed roads, rivaling those of France, in all sections of the country.

JUDGE SUTTON'S REMEDY.

After hearing and disposing of approximately 200 divorce cases, Judge A. L. Sutton of Omaha recommends the following remedy: First—That the law allowing civil magistrates to perform marriage ceremonies be repealed. Second—That no decree of divorce be granted until at least one year from the date of the commencement of the suit. Third—That the innocent party to a decree of divorce be allowed to remarry only after five years from the date of the decree. Fourth—That the guilty party to a decree of divorce be allowed to marry only after ten years and in case of children only after the children become of age. Fifth—That the employers of a divorced man be required to pay to the wife one-third of his wages when the man was at fault. Sixth—That no divorce case be tried

until some disinterested lawyer, to be appointed by the court, makes a full and complete investigation of fact to the court. The expenses of the investigation to be taxed as costs in the case.

NOTES AND COMMENT.

"Sooner or later Iowa must begin building permanent highways; why not now?" asks the Ida Grove Pioneer.

It is anticipated by the Chicago Tribune that when the Hon. Jeff Davis of Arkansas finally does unbottle himself the effervescence will be terrific.

The Knoxville Express declares that the average evangelist is a tough enough proposition, and it gives notice that it can't enthuse over Pat Crowe at all.

The Audubon society proposes to take a bird census of the country. The Omaha Bee foresees that it will have most difficulty in counting the hot ones.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat suggests that instead of giving the farmer the advantages of city life it might be well to give the town people some of the blessings of the farm.

"Representative Cousins is all right," insists the Sioux City Journal and explains, "he is simply in training for \$10,000 a year. The job awaits the expiration of his term in congress. Mr. Cousins is to lecture."

An A B who was also C D, and of money who had't N E. Said: "I'll write at: S A On the 'Age of D K' And I'll sell it for cash, don't U C?" —Lippincotts.

The Doctor's Wife—Well, Jane, so your poor husband's gone at last. Didn't you give him his medicine properly?

Jane—Ah, poor dear! how could I? Doctor said as how it was to be took in a recumbent position, and as I hadn't one I asked Mrs. Green to lend me one. She said she had one, but it was broke! So it wasn't any good.—Harper's Weekly.

The wife of an Evanston millionaire gave an order to a book agent for \$22,000 worth of books and is now having a lawsuit in an effort to cancel the contract, on the ground that the contract was a fake. The Clinton Herald has no doubt that this same millionaire's wife has frequently convulsed with mirth over the story of some farmer coming to Chicago and paying several dollars for a quit claim to the Masonic temple.

A Scotch farmer went to town to have a tooth extracted. "I would advise you to have it out by the painless system. It is only a shilling extra," said the dentist. He showed the apparatus for administering gas, remarking that it would cause him to fall asleep, and before he awoke the tooth would be out. After reluctantly consenting the customer proceeded to open his purse. "Oh! never mind pay, I give now!" "Hoots! I wasna thinking o' that, but if I'm gaen ta sleep I thoet I wad like to count me siller first."

The Things That Never Happened.

Said a Thing That Never Happened to its brethren gaunt and grim: "Once I crept behind a fellow till I sapped the soul of him; O, I worried him and flurried him and drove him to the wall. When if he had turned to throttle me, I had not been at all!"

Then a Thing That Never Happened, with a wild and whoopy wheeze, wound its wispy arms in gladness round its warped and wiry knees. As it chuckled: "There's a tombstone in the graveyard over there, Showing how I brought a victim to his flush by my scare."

Then Another Thing That Never Happened anywhere on earth Burst into a gleeful, ghostly gust of meditative mirth And observed: "I've fretted thousands and I'll fret a thousand more. Just because they think I'm waiting on the walk beside their door."

And another, and another, and another —all the best Joined the chorus in a medley of outrageous brag and boast. And they told of frightened people who went shuddering through life Over Things That Never Happened in the line of stress and strife.

They repeated tales of frettings that had driven out all peace, They described the mystic shackles from which men might find release, And they rolled and roared with laughter at the foolishness of men Who would dread The Things That Never Happened even now and then.

So they ribbered and they jabbered and they chorled and they yelled O'er the tortures of the foolish who within their grips were held— Then the Things That Never Happened sallied forth their deeds to do: And who knows? They may be shuffling at the heels of me or you! —Wilbur Nesbit, in the Chicago Post.

An Expert Opinion.

Waterloo Reporter: Ames, Iowa, is to have a short course on poultry rais-

ing. Better get the Webster City barber who sold a rooster for \$100 to tell the people his plan.

Beware of Over Enthusiasm.

Cedar Rapids Republican: The temperance people of Ottumwa are rejoicing over the overthrow of the liquor power. In the enthusiasm generated by the Sunday revival a petition of remonstrance sufficient to put the saloons out of business in Ottumwa has been duly filed, and the saloons have closed their doors.

This paper enters upon no defense of the liquor traffic per se. The evil effects of intemperance are apparent; they are widespread; they appeal to everyone possessing a tender heart; and if they could be blotted out it would be a matter for sincere congratulation and general rejoicing. At the same time, this paper has no faith in reforms founded upon the enthusiasm of the passing hour. No reform of this kind is worth anything that is not founded upon the deep-seated and sober judgment, not only of a majority of the people, but of a considerable majority.

No one who lived through the campaign which resulted in the enactment of the prohibitory amendment in 1882 will ever forget the enthusiasm that attended that hour of triumph. Election day was a day characterized by child-like marching and singing. What a beautiful sight they made with their white dresses and blue ribbons and sweet faces. They brought tears to many eyes. No doubt they influenced many a vote. But when the singing and the marching had ceased and the temperance people of the state were face to face with the stern duty of enforcing the law they had enacted in their enthusiasm, a wretched state of affairs ensued. The enthusiasm of the election day passed away, and except in the hearts of a few indifference took its place. The law became a dead letter in many places. We had prohibition on paper, and saloons without let or hindrance as an actuality. Saloons existed in out-of-the-way places, and sometimes in public in open defiance. They dispensed the vilest kind of liquor. Prosecution became a farce and perjury a pastime, until in disgust we turned away from the attempt to attain the ideal, and devoted ourselves to an effort to bring about some practical results.

The present law in restraint of the liquor traffic was passed, and it has on the whole been a great success. Ottumwa suffered as much from the evils incident to prohibitory enthusiasm as any other town in Iowa; and it is not at all likely that five weeks of Mr. Sunday have changed conditions fundamentally in Ottumwa; and if they again have prohibition there on paper, they will probably speedily have the same conditions that obtained when "Stormy" Jordan ran his "road to hell," and became a national celebrity.

Mr. Sunday is to come here next fall, and we can think of no more lamentable sequence to his meetings than an overthrow of the mulc law in this town; for, whatever may be the enthusiasm in the fall of 1909, the spring of 1910 would find us back where we were in 1893 in this city, when as many as one hundred and forty-eight grog shops of the lowest character cursed the community, putting a premium upon perjury and blackmail. We need to beware of over enthusiasm. As Garfield put it, it is not when the storm is raging and the billows rolling mountain high that the astronomer and the surveyor take their measurements; but when the hour of calm has settled upon the ocean. It is from that serene surface that they measure all terrestrial heights and depths. And so it must be when we come to gaze real public opinion. The judgment of the people to be abiding must be sober judgment, uninfluenced by excitement and undue enthusiasm.

Possibly Behind the Times. Blandinsville Star-Gazette: Billy Sunday, the evangelist, has just completed a meeting in Ottumwa, Iowa, and among the other things he has done was to leave the city in a condition bordering on a riot with the citizens divided into two factions, one condemning and the other upholding Sunday's style of conducting his revivals. There was an organized opposition to Sunday in Ottumwa which was composed of people who think that Sunday is a grafter and is not sincere in what he preaches and that he is only in this work for the money he gets out of it. There were a number of critical situations during the meeting that only required the starting of something to precipitate a riot, but fortunately this was averted. It doesn't seem to us that to be constantly wanting to fight somebody, or to threaten to knock some one's head off, or to threaten to kill some one if they touched him or to call good people liars, thieves and scoundrels and to use obscene language before an audience, as it is claimed that Sunday does, is just the thing that Christ would have a minister of the gospel to do, but they maybe we don't know about those things and are a little behind the times.

In Line with Justice. Sioux City Tribune: The opinion handed down by the supreme court of Illinois, upholding the act of the legislature under which owners of property destroyed by mobs may recover damages, is in line with justice. The property owner helps to maintain government and he is entitled to its protection.

tion in the exercise of his rights and in the enjoyment of his substance. When the government fails to provide such protection and loss to a property owner ensues the loss should be properly borne by the community in which government has failed. The property owner should be reimbursed in the full measure of his loss. The Illinois law and opinion are in line with those of other states. Back in the '70s the railway companies entering Pittsburg were reimbursed for the losses suffered at the hands of the railroad rioters and at the expense of the county in which Pittsburg is situated.

Keep Wilson Where He Is.

Davenport Democrat: The chances are that the secretary of agriculture, Mr. Wilson, will be retained by the coming administration in the position he has honored longer than any other member of the present cabinet; longer, it is believed, than any cabinet minister since the government was organized. Different agricultural colleges have invited Mr. Wilson to take executive charge of their affairs, and the school obtaining his services would be fortunate indeed. But the interests of the whole country are much greater and more important than those of any particular part of it. There are as many agricultural colleges as there are states and each one of them is doing most creditable work for its students and the general cause. As secretary of agriculture, however, Mr. Wilson is a stimulating influence to all of those colleges, whereas as president of one of them, his good work would be largely localized.

It is not too much to say that the department of agriculture is of more importance to the United States than any other department, and its work is never so vital to the country's prosperity as it is at this time. Mr. Wilson has all the qualifications which make him an ideal head of this growing department. He has organized its work in a large measure and he has popularized it in a way that has attracted attention everywhere.

Farmers, stock growers, horticulturists and all other classes who make

their living directly out of the earth, know that Secretary W. on had no visionary theories to try. He is practical and at the same time, a progressive farmer. He believes firmly that the future of this great industry must be much brighter than the past has been. And he has done a great deal to educate the members of congress up to his high standards. Undoubtedly there are other men who can take Mr. Wilson's place and carry on the work. On account of the impulse he has given it, the department of agriculture will run for some time of its own momentum. But there is not another James Wilson.

Trouble—Almost.

Denver Post: Local Elks are having a lot of fun with a member of their lodge, a Fifth nith street jeweler. The other day his wife was in the jewelry store when the phone rang. She answered it.

"I want to speak to Mr. H.—," said a woman's voice. "Who is this?" demanded the jeweler's wife.

"Elizabeth" "Well, Elizabeth, this is his wife. Now, madam, what do you want?" "I want to talk to Mr. H.—" "You'll talk to me."

"Please let me speak to Mr. H.—" The jeweler's wife grew angry. "Look here, young lady," she said, "who are you that calls my husband and insists on talking to him?" "I'm the telephone operator at Elizabeth," came the reply.

And now the Elks take turns calling the jeweler up and telling him it's Elizabeth.

Bibles in Des Moines.

Knoxville Express: Surprise was expressed a year or two ago, because a Democratic representative discovered that the state library had no bible, and now the Register and Leader is trying to make a sensation out of the fact that there is no copy of the bible in the Des Moines city hall. The really surprising thing about the whole matter is the evident inference that there are bibles in some places in Des Moines.

Christmas Money

This is the kind you find at this time of the year in your stocking or on the Christmas tree. The proper thing to do is to deposit this money in

The Keokuk Savings Bank

where it will draw three per cent interest day and night.

Capital, \$100,000.00 Surplus, \$200,000.00

Officers: A. E. Johnston, President; F. W. Davis, Vice President; A. J. Mathias, Cashier; H. W. Wood, Asst. Cashier.

Capital, \$100,000.00 Surplus, \$200,000.00

Officers: William Logan, President; Geo. E. Rix, Vice President; J. F. Kiedalsch, Sr., Vice President; C. J. Bode, Cashier; H. T. Graham, Assistant Cashier; H. Borden Blood, Assistant Cashier.

DEPOSIT ANY AMOUNT

You can afford with the STATE CENTRAL SAVINGS BANK as a Christmas gift to your wife, son or daughter and make this Christmas a memorable one to them. It's not so much the amount they'll value as the feeling which prompts the gift—then think of the incentive they have to add to it.

3 PER CENT INTEREST ON SAVINGS AND TIME DEPOSITS.

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

3 PER CENT INTEREST ON TIME AND SAVINGS DEPOSITS.

Cook With Gas