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Keokuk, Iowa, March 8, 1909.

MERITED TRIBUTE TO THE LATE J. W. BLYTHE

A Truly Neat Man.

Burlington Hawk-Eye: When Joseph William Blythe passed away into the mystery yesterday morning, there went away a citizen who was honored highly among us, and a man whose like will never be excelled in the political and business life of the state.

Mr. Blythe was a great man because he was gentle and considerate in his strength. From boyhood he had acquired that courtesy to his fellows which marks the inborn gentleman, and places him on a plane of leadership attained only by the man of force who is unselfish in his aspirations.

He came to the young west a youth full of hope and enterprise. He saw the land and considered it good. He waited and waited in endeavor. He waited not upon the fickle miss who passes by sometimes unchallenged, but taking her by the hand he led her through the various paths of his effort, and made her one with him. Fidelity to the great principles of fairness, and a manly consideration for the rights and feelings of others, were the cardinal virtues that lit his path. By those rays he advanced through ever-widening paths of accomplishment, the way opening up before his fairness and integrity as the horizon spreads itself to view before the sturdy and tireless pilgrim. Friends and clients and companions came to him, as if by a natural right, and as the years grew on, his circle of strength and influence widened until in this day he had become the power that challenges now the admiration of many who tell in mournful words of the loss they have sustained.

Mr. Blythe was a marvel as a political leader. He was a strong and forceful captain of the party hosts because, with all his power to move men to think and act with him, he was unselfish. There was never a thought of personal benefit in any of his plans. He loved politics as a natural right, and he looked upon it as a sacred charge to fill that he was fitted to be a leader of party men. Selfish ends for himself or others were not a portion of his consideration. As for his part, he effaced it entirely in all considerations of the outcome of any contest in the field of politics, rather working to the good of the party as a whole, and for the uplift of all the people. He made promises, but never was guilty of making one he did not intend to keep. And the records does not exist of a pledge that he ever broke. He was friendship were like golden apples hung in the garden of constancy and truth.

Mr. Blythe knew men, and regarded them for their personal worth. This characteristic was one of the sources of his power as a leader. It drew men to him. Not only along political lines but in every way that enters into the life of a whole-souled, busy, considerate, capable man. Men came to him with their perplexities. No one was denied his presence. To each and all he gave the fullness of his wisdom, and many men today acknowledge that some of the dark places in their business life were made light by the kindly friendship and counsel of J. W. Blythe. By some he was called the "father confessor," for to few men was it given, as to him, the ability to clear away the clouds and make the crooked way look straight.

Mr. Blythe loved nature with all the bigness of his great individuality. His Burlington home, set among the trees and shrubbery of an almost rural nature, gave him a sense of freedom from care and toil. When the evening came and the shadows lengthened, it was his pleasure to sit upon the broad veranda of that home in the summer time and listen to the voice of the hour, or chat with friends while the quiet winds stirred the leaves above and made soothing music in his ears.

Out in the grounds about him were the plain flowers of the country door-yards, which he loved above all other blooms. In the garden, where he was wont to take a portion of his recreation, vegetables grew to his liking and under his fostering care. It was his sense of outdoor enjoyment that led him so often to the hunting ledge near Wapello, where his soul took flight yesterday morning. His love for that place was very deep, and it is said, that among his best friends were the farmers and others in that locality who had come in contact with him during his various expeditions and learned to admire and respect him.

As a citizen of Burlington Mr. Blythe was a strong and helpful factor. Quiet and retiring in his way he was alive to the interests of the place and was ever exerting himself for its good. His friendships were many and lasting, and the feeling of loss that has come to the people of the place in his death is of the keenest character.

The people mourn Mr. Blythe as one who, having lived among them an upright and just man, one full of kindness and consideration, and one who, withal, who held his power to rule within the leash of those human characteristics known as Christian virtues, has now departed from them, leaving in the place he filled naught but an echoing void.

A Distinction that Made Men Honored Burlington Gazette, Dem.: No tongue can give adequate description

of the great shock Burlington received today when the news was flashed from Wapello that J. W. Blythe had died suddenly in that town from heart affection. In their great sorrow men refused to believe the report, insisted it was not and could not be true, and it was only when the body reached home this afternoon would they reconcile themselves to this awful realization.

Those who are now living in Burlington have lived to see the passing of one of the greatest minds, of one of the most loyal citizens and one of the best and truest men our town has ever known. He was a born leader of men. True in his friendships, he only exacted that loyalty be returned so many fold. To be the acknowledged friend of J. W. Blythe was a distinction that made men honored. He was the soul of truth and his life was reckoned a perfect one. In his position as the greatest political leader Iowa has ever known he has closed his life without a single charge that he was ever disloyal to a friend or indifferent to a promise.

The word of J. W. Blythe was considered above argument. He was a man of rare attainments. No person in this great state had such an individual and unselfish following. They liked the man for what he was and gave him allegiance and respect because he so richly deserved it. In his home and in his home town there will be such grief and sorrow as Burlington has rarely known. His friends are legion and they were such friendships as few men knew. It will be real sorrow and sincere grief that prevails in Burlington today.

A Man of Role. Cedar Rapids Republican: Mr. Blythe was born in New Jersey, 1850, and had therefore reached the age of 59 years. He came to Iowa in the early seventies and associated himself with the old C. B. & Q. railroad, in the legal department. He rose steadily in the service of that corporation and was at the time of his death the general counsel of the road. He was a man of great legal learning, of tact and of power. He married a daughter of the late Senator John H. Gear and that fact quite as much as the fact that he was attorney for a railroad, took him into an active political career.

Mr. Blythe's ancestry was of the most distinguished in the state of New Jersey, on his mother's side coming of a long line of Presbyterian clergymen who played conspicuous parts in the founding and upbuilding of Princeton university.

Those who knew Mr. Blythe best knew him as a man of parts, of sterling character. He had a wide mental range and he delighted as much in books as he did in politics and law. In the midst of the great "Gear fight" the writer remembers finding Mr. Blythe reading Thomas A. Kempis, "The Imitation of Christ" and at another time Froude's "Erasmus." He looked upon Erasmus as the greatest mind of European reformation. On both occasions he remarked that he had a certain penchant for religious questions, probably an inheritance from his Presbyterian ancestors. Those who were associated with him politically found him always a man of his word. He honored a valiant opponent, but he despised a coward and a ruckler. It may be said of him that he engaged in political work more for others than he did for himself or the interests which he represented.

No man in Iowa was during his lifetime more misrepresented than Mr. Blythe. He was used as a bogie man by every man who wanted to make political capital for himself out of the anti-corporation spirit which has at different times prevailed in this state. He was held up as an enemy of the people and a tool of the corporations when, as a matter of fact, he himself loved the people and sought their welfare quite as much as those who thus declaimed against him. "Nine tenths of the bad things I have been accused of doing," he said upon one occasion, "I have never thought of doing."

Mr. Blythe was a man among men. He was a virile, achieving man. He loved his friends and he did not hate his enemies. He was genuine and generous. He had a heart in his bosom, which was as big as the brain in his head. He was a colossal man and his death leaves a great gap in Iowa.

Mr. Blythe in Politics. Burlington Hawk-Eye: Mr. Blythe was a Republican in politics, and he soon became a leader in the party. He was a leader, simply because he was, by nature, fitted for the position, and because he never abused the position. He was a leader because men trusted him and recognized his strength and his superior ability and knew that his word was never violated. He made friends everywhere, real friends, who remained true and loyal and faithful to him to the end. He never asked anything for himself, and because of the fact that his friends were numerous and were devoted to him, and because his intellect and his experience guided them to many successes, there sprang up the myth of a great political machine, with J. W. Blythe as the leader and boss. There was no machine, there was sim-

ply the great, strong, upright, wise, successful and absolutely trusted leader, whom a host of friends were delighted to follow, and upon whose guidance they came to rely.

And while this great man, perhaps the greatest politician Iowa ever produced, so long played a prominent part in the politics of his time, and was a victor in so many hard-fought battles, there was this memorable fact to be noted, that he made no real enemies in politics. Among his warmest personal friends, among his admirers, there were very many of the opposite faith. He was one who could deal swift, hard blows, and after the melee could shake hands with the adversary, and sit down in the quiet somewhere and talk it over. There was, as one put it who had often gone down before the onslaught of the Blythe forces, something akin to pleasure to being defeated by so many a man, so good a fighter, so courteous and kindly a gentleman.

Characteristics That Won. There were other phases of his character, beside his industry, his unshakable integrity, his truthfulness, his absolute loyalty to any trust imposed upon him and his ability to make friends and to chain them to him with hooks of steel, which were comparatively unknown to any but his more intimate friends. His love of good books, his love of nature, his love of the right because it is the right, and then there was his unvarying kindness and his princely generosity. While his benefactions were very many and he gave with a liberal hand, these were things of which he never spoke, and it was only through those whom he had assisted that such facts ever became known. While forced to play in the limelight, he was the last man in the world to court notoriety, and always avoided getting into print unless it was absolutely necessary that his opinion be given upon some matter of public or party interest.

Hon. Thomas Hedge's Testimony. Hon. Thomas Hedge, who was associated with Mr. Blythe for many years, in the practice of law, was inexpressibly shocked at the sudden death of his most intimate friend. He paid the following tribute to the deceased: "Mr. Blythe's most marked characteristic was his truthfulness. Of a remarkably keen mind he saw things in their right relations and had a faculty of statement not equalled by any one in the west. He was a man of absolute integrity and a most generous man not alone in material matters, but in his judgement of others, although at the same time a man of strong feelings. He knew men and his judgment of men was almost invariably correct and fair. He won their confidence by his intelligence and cordiality and held their confidence by their knowledge of his absolute truthfulness and sincerity. His experience as a teacher at Lawrenceville had developed his natural gift of acquiring knowledge so that he knew many things and more thoroughly and accurately than many intelligent men know one thing. Like most full-blooded men of generous temperament perhaps prone to hastiness of temper, he developed wonderful patience and self-control in that regard. A man of strong affections, his friendship once given was never changed. He was diligent in business and fervent in spirit and did with his might what his hands found to do. He proved himself by those who knew him best to be capable of self-denial and self-abnegation. Of a most lovable and attractive character his departure creates a great vacancy in their circle and brings enduring sorrow to all those who knew him."

George D. Perkins' Tribute. Sioux City Journal: Mr. Blythe never carried a band. He had no ambition to appear on the platform. He was a modest and contained man. He was a resolute and considerate man. He fought his battles with might; he was never boastful, and he was never a scold.

All who come in contact with Mr. Blythe were compelled to recognize him as a strong man. Whether they agreed with him or whether they disagreed from him, he was found to be a serviceable friend or a worthy opponent. Mr. Blythe's personal strength was in his mental equipment and it was fortified by his sincerity in dealing with his friends. It was a habit of his life to make his word good. He was the most likeable companion. He was uniformly courteous and in the intimate relations of his life he was genial and generous. He could be a prince in any company and yet freedom from ostentation characterized his conduct and bearing in all relations.

The death of Mr. Blythe will be a great loss to Burlington. His loyalty kept him there, though his office in Chicago demanded much of his time. What concerned Burlington concerned him. He was its foremost citizen. He leaves an important vacancy in his company and thousands of friends in and out of Iowa will sincerely miss him in the jostle of business, political and social life.

Easy Dupes of Swindlers. Davenport Democrat: The capture of a gang of swindlers at Little Rock, Ark. has disclosed some facts of much interest to the general public. This gang did its fine and successful work in Davenport, in Denver, in St. Louis, in New Orleans, in Council Bluffs, and in many other cities. So shrewd were these swindlers that they operated in a bold way for many years and obtained large sums of money. To be sure they ought to be sent to the penitentiary for using the mails to deceive, for taking the money of their victims without giving any return, and for their violation of law.

The Democrat has no sympathy for any member of the Maybray band of confidence operators, but they seem to

be gentlemen of standing when compared with counterfeiters, burglars, bank robbers, and the holdup profession generally. So far as known they were not pickpockets, or even gamblers who played with loaded dice. They played a game of their own, played it well, and chose their marks with discretion.

The little Rock crowd of slick ones was out for big game. They didn't steal diamonds or break into freight cars. They simply let it be known that they could make quick and sure money in a disreputable way. Most times they admitted they plotted deception. Those who joined them became conspirators. All alike hoped to make money by cheating others. And this being true why should those who went into the plot and lost their money be given any special consideration. It was diamond cut diamond.

The professional swindlers who are under arrest, found bankers, capitalists, merchants, and many other classes, ready to join them in robbing somebody else. The victims were all provided with money or they wouldn't have received attention from the swindlers. They were willing to give up some, to take the chance, in the certainty, as they supposed, of getting more. It was "easy money" that the dupes were after, and this will come to the surface more and more if the captured men ever face a jury. It is cause for wonder that those who have been fleeced are willing to have their gullibility made known in order to recover what they have lost. There is some prospect that they will ever do so. How can a court look upon the operation in any other light than that of a conspiracy?

The Author of 54-40 or Fight. Emerson Hough was born in Iowa. Emerson Hough was born in Iowa, family a very old one, dating back to 1683. He was a bookish boy, yet fond of the out-of-doors. After graduation from the State University of Iowa, he read law in the office of H. S. Winslow for a year or less and was admitted to the bar at Newton. Then he went to White Oaks, N. M.—just why it would be hard to tell, for White Oaks is the last place in the world for anybody to select to practice law in. In a year or

so, Mr. Hough and the other lawyers got the town all tied up, and most of them walked back to the states. More than twenty years later Mr. and Mrs. Hough went down that way to see the boys he used to know. They were still there and still hopeful. They think they are going to have a railroad any century now, although no railroad can get up that canyon any more than a church steeple.

While Mr. Hough was in New Mexico and doing five finger exercises in his law practice, he began to write for the old American Field. Then his father failed in business, and it was up to Emerson to hustle for the family. He tried to "re-ink into newspaper work at Des Moines, Sandusky and Chicago, but did not land anywhere until about 1888, when he took charge of the Western office of Forest and Stream, a position which he held for fifteen years. During that period he went hunting and fishing pretty much all over America.

In 1895 he printed "Is first little book, The Singing Mouse stories. It attracted little attention. The Story of the Cowboy published in 1897, fared better. Theodore Roosevelt, not then president, wrote Mr. Hough a most glowing letter about it. Under this encouragement, he sat up and began to notice things, to the extent of writing The Girl at the Half-Way House. It was hard work to do these books, as he was obliged to write after midnight and to solicit advertising the next day. Not until the appearance of The Mississippi Bubble, in 1902, did success really come his way but then, indeed, it came his way in large and elegant quantities.

Mr. Hough's favorite sports are grizzly-bear hunting, quail hunting and trout fishing—to which he added a passion for old mahogany. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, February, 1909.

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