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JUDGE JOHN F. DILLON.

The current issue of the Annals of Iowa contains an interesting and informing sketch of the character and life work of Judge John F. Dillon, of whom it is said in the introduction that no other son of Iowa has conferred a more substantial and enduring honor upon her name, or more justly deserves to be embalmed in her historic archives. The article is from the pen of Hon. Edward H. Stiles, who for a period of thirty years was a practicing attorney residing at Ottumwa and during that time was a leading member of the Iowa bar. From 1866 until 1875 he was reporter of the supreme court of the state. His reports fill sixteen volumes and are in practically every lawyer's library.

Judge Dillon was born in New York and came to Iowa as a child, so he may be reckoned as an Iowa product. His home was in Davenport, where he lived for forty-one years, until his removal to the city of New York. After being admitted to the bar he became successively a judge of the district court; judge and chief justice of the Iowa supreme court, judge of the United States circuit court for the Eighth judicial district, in which Iowa with other states was embraced; professor of real estate and equity jurisprudence in the Columbia College Law School; Storrs professor of Yale University; author of Dillon on Municipal Corporations; of Removal of Causes from the State to the Federal Courts; of Dillon's Reports of the United States Circuit Court for the Eighth Circuit; of Laws and Jurisprudence of England and America; and of various opinions, essays, lectures, addresses and papers as lawyer, author and publicist of international fame.

Like Justice Samuel F. Miller of the supreme court of the United States, Judge Dillon began his professional life as a physician. He commenced the study of medicine when but seventeen years of age, and two years thereafter, in 1850, was graduated as a physician at the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Davenport. This institution was the immediate predecessor of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Keokuk, becoming the latter upon its removal to this city a year or two later. Judge Dillon was a charter member of the first Iowa State Medical society, organized at Burlington in June, 1850. From the meeting at Burlington he went to Farmington, where he located for the practice of his profession. An interesting feature of Mr. Stiles' article is a letter written by Judge Dillon to Dr. George F. Jenkins of this city, in which he tells of his career as a physician and surgeon. Much of the letter is given over to relation of the circumstances of a post-mortem he made at Croton in this county. The following extract from his letter to Dr. Jenkins, written February 1, 1907, is of interest as a matter of local history:

"My exchequer was far from plethoric and I was obliged to practice strict economy. I rented for an office a small brick building on the crumbling bank of the Des Moines river, one story high, about twenty feet square, in a dilapidated condition, at a cost of \$4 per month. I engaged board and lodging at a boarding house kept by Mrs. Corwin, where I made my home during the three or four months I remained at Farmington at a cost of \$3.50 per week. Among the boarders was a young lawyer by the name of Howe, who had resided in Farmington some little time. We became well acquainted and spent nearly every evening walking up and down the banks of the Des Moines river, speculating upon what the future had in reserve for us. He was almost as destitute of clients as I was of patients. There were at least two old established physicians in this little place, Dr. Barton and Dr. Lane. How could a young man under twenty years of age expect to find employment under these circumstances unless both of these physicians were engaged or out of the place? I will mention one case with a little particularity since it was epochal, having had the effect of changing the whole current and career of my life. On the hills near Farmington, about two miles distant, there was a large two mile distant, and their skin being relaxed and their appetites voracious, they ate a hearty supper, when a cool and grateful breeze sprang up and swept the valley. These workmen sat out in it, became chilled and two or three hours afterward were seized with violent attacks of cholera morbus. They sent post haste to town for a physician, but both Dr. Barton and Dr. Lane were absent, and there was

nothing to do but to call on me. I had no horse or buggy of my own and if I had I would have found it difficult to have driven over the rough roads, and as I had been troubled with inguinal hernia for many years, I could not ride on horseback. The last time I attempted to do so nearly cost me my life. There was no alternative but to walk to the brickyard, where I found the men in great suffering, requiring liberal doses of laudanum and stimulants and my personal attention for several hours. Weary and exhausted I sought my way home on foot, and I saw the sun rising over the eastern hills just as I was reaching my lodgings. May be it was the sun of Austerlitz but I didn't so regard it at that time.

"Two or three years ago when Dr. Lorenz of Vienna was in this country he took lunch with myself and several gentlemen, one of whom mentioned I had formerly been a physician, whereupon Dr. Lorenz evinced curiosity to know why I had left the profession, and I proceeded to give him the narrative that I am now relating. When I had finished one of the gentlemen said, 'Now that you have told all about this there is one thing you have not mentioned, did these men live or die?' to which I responded, 'That question has been more than once asked but I have always evaded an answer.'

"This night's experience set me thinking and the next evening when young lawyer Howe and myself were taking our regular walk up and down the banks of the Des Moines river I turned to him and said, 'How, I have made a great mistake, I cannot practice medicine in this country without being able to ride on horseback, which I am utterly unable to do. I might as well admit the mistake and turn my mind to something else. I shall read law. Tell me, what is the first book that a student of the law requires?' He answered, 'Blackstone's Commentaries.' 'Have you got them?' He replied, 'Yes, I have them and the Iowa Blue Book of laws, and those are the only books I have.' He was kind enough to loan me his Blackstone and I began at once to read law in my little dilapidated office."

Another event in his brief medical career at Farmington is chronicled in the first number of the Medical-Chirurgical Journal of Keokuk, of September 1, 1850. It is the first article and first number of that publication entitled "Rheumatic Carditis, Autopsical Examination," by John Forrest Dillon, M. D., Farmington, Iowa," thus connecting him in a slight way with the earliest medical literature of the state. In his letter to Dr. Jenkins Judge Dillon speaks in terms of highest praise of Drs. John F. Sanford, Samuel G. Armor, J. C. Hughes, D. L. McGugin, E. R. Ford and Josiah Haines of Keokuk. The first two were among his teachers before the removal of the College of Physicians and Surgeons from Davenport to this city.

HOW COMMISSION PLAN HELPS.

An imported orator, speaking at a public meeting in Burlington in opposition to the commission plan of city government, said much about the inalienable rights of the people in the selection of their representatives, and gave vigorous warning that those who rendered their rights of franchise and lost their voice in the city government. The Hawk-Eye takes notice of this charge to show conclusively that the facts in the case are exactly the reverse. It says: "Under the old plan the voters are divided into wards. Each ward elects one councilman, but has no power over the election of the councilmen from the other wards. They are, therefore, always represented in the city council by a small minority. They are without effective representation unless the other councilmen, over whom they have no control, wish to aid them.

"Under the new plan the wards are abolished, and every citizen votes for all the councilmen, and each of those elected is responsible to every voter and is his servant, instead of being merely the servant of the voters of one ward, and in no way beholden to the voters of any other ward. Under the present plan the voters in the various wards are absolutely disfranchised so far as the election of aldermen from all the other wards is concerned, and certain wards which are controlled may elect councilmen who are undesirable to the large majority of the people, and there is no help for it. Such a condition is not possible under the commission plan because all the people have a chance to say who shall represent them in the administration, and may recall any of them if they choose.

"So far from abandoning their rights in adopting the new plan, the citizens secure far greater power over the men who will represent them in municipal affairs, and so far from losing their franchise they actually acquire that which they do not possess under the present form of city government."

Under the present arrangement there are six wards in Keokuk and the qualified electors of each ward elect two aldermen. The voters in one ward have nothing whatever to say as to the selection of aldermen in the other wards in the city. They are absolutely disfranchised so far as the election of aldermen from all the other wards is concerned, as the Hawk-Eye points out. They are represented in the city council by two of the twelve aldermen—one-sixth of the entire number. In other words, they are represented to the extent of 16.23 per cent and disfranchised to the extent of 83.77 per cent. Under the commission plan all the voters in the city vote for all the candidates for aldermen, so that instead of having a representation of 16.23 per cent each voter will have 100 per cent representation. Instead of taking power away from the individual voter it increases it six fold. The opponents of the commission plan will have to

conjure up something else as a campaign argument. The claim that it militates against popular representation is in direct conflict with the facts in the case.

FREIGHTING ON THE RIVERS.

Capt. J. F. Ellison, of Cincinnati, secretary of the national rivers and harbors congress, now and for the past thirty years an operator and owner of steamboats on the Mississippi river and its tributaries, does not agree with William E. Curtis, a newspaper writer of note, in his conclusions based on the report of the Inland Waterway commission, regarding the decreasing tonnage of various American rivers. Captain Ellison, commenting on an article recently published by Mr. Curtis in several metropolitan newspapers, said: "The report of the Inland Waterway commission, as it applies to the Mississippi river and the remarks thereon by Mr. Curtis in the main are correct. There is no question but what there has been during the past twenty years a steady decrease in through tonnage on the Mississippi river. By through tonnage is meant tonnage from St. Louis to New Orleans and from the tributary streams to the same port, but to offset this there is a condition that the Inland Waterway commission has failed to take note of, which is a very decided increase in local and way tonnage, which has increased in practically the same proportion that the through tonnage has decreased. There are today more steamers engaged in local short trade routes from various points on the lower Mississippi river than were engaged in the same business twenty years ago. This increase is most notable at Memphis, Vicksburg and Natchez.

"This change in handling freight on the Mississippi river has been brought about by various causes, chief of which is that the city of St. Louis and its merchants formerly practically controlled the bulk of the business in Mississippi river points between St. Louis and New Orleans, inclusive. With the opening up of the new trade markets west and southwest of St. Louis there was developed a field to which the transportation was permanent and regular and the merchants of St. Louis turning to this regular and more productive field, their output, abandoned to a very great extent the Mississippi river valley country, to which by the river they never had a dependable route."

Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale, a member of the conservation commission on the life waste from preventable disease, in a report on national vitality, gives some interesting conclusions. He cites statistics to show that life has been lengthening for three centuries, and at an increasing rate. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the increase was at the rate of about four years per century. During the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century it was at the rate of nine years. At present in Massachusetts life is lengthening at the rate of about fourteen years per century; in Europe about seventeen, and in Prussia, the land of medical discovery and its application, twenty-seven. India, stationary in general, is stationary also in the span of life.

The Washington Democrat doesn't take any stock in the anti-Cannon movement. In an editorial reference to the subject in its latest issue it says: "We note, by the Republican papers, of course, that the Democrats expect to carry the next congress on the issue of anti-Cannonism but we would advise the Democrats to get some other issue. That is an issue that is good enough to raise a howl about, but not worth much for campaign purposes. The more they fight Uncle Joe the bigger his majorities seem to be. Last fall the temperance people, the churches and every other so-called reform force was after his hide and he ran away better than ever before. Get something else, boys."

The Iowa State Liquor Dealers' Association has adopted the following resolution: "We make the demand for the sake of the best interests of the liquor business that brewers shall not furnish beer to saloon men who do not conduct their business in a lawful manner and it shall be the duty of this association to try to enforce this resolution."

If the association enters in good faith upon the undertaking to which it has pledged itself and succeeds in it many of the evils incident to the liquor business will be eliminated. If the supplies to places at which liquor is sold illegally were to be cut off such places would promptly cease to exist.

The claim is made by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat in behalf of Colonel Bryan that in the political balloon contest he has managed to stay longer in the air than any other candidate. He has also led the Democratic donkey over some mighty rough roads in trying to keep sight of him.

The head of the naval academy at Annapolis says that 12 per cent of the students there have heart trouble, but it is recalled that young men always are affected that way in June. So the situation is not as serious as would seem at first thought.

The Burlington Gazette enters a disclaimer that it gave expert testimony to the effect that a beautiful hand has brought more than \$100 in many a poker game. It says it "knows nothing about poker, but it is the best pinochle player in southeastern Iowa." Is this a confession or a challenge?

Thought for the day: Getting something out of life depends on putting something into life.

NOTES AND COMMENT.

Photos of the new pantalon dresses make the wearers of them look to the Cedar Rapids Gazette like the Cherry sisters used to act—simply awful.

The germ to encourage is the one that works for a midsummer vacation. Away if you can; but at home if you must, advises the Davenport Democrat.

Life is a strawberry shortcake. It ought to be added, though, that the optimist sees the berries.

While the pessimist sees the dough. —S. E. Kiser.

A good deal of a fuss is being made because Billy Sunday preached in his undershirt at Marshalltown the other day. "Well, did they expect him to take that off, too?" inquires the Washington Democrat.

The Houston Post claims that the town of Dimmitt was founded by the Republican boss of Texas. The Des Moines Tribune suggests that he probably yearned for one spot in the state that he could swear by.

Noting that President Taft wants the fools restrained, an exchange remarks that there is no better time for restraining fools than now, as the boat rocking season is on and the Glorious Fourth is only three weeks away.

The Sioux City Tribune has discovered that there is some evidence going to show that the crusade against the fly, so far from being started as a health measure, was instituted by the bald headed man.

The world will rise up and call that Boston dentist blessed if he has really discovered an abundant for use in filling teeth which will stand in the same relation to dentistry as ether does to surgery. It will even do away with some of the joys of that nerve-soothing buzzer.

According to the philosophy of the Colfax Clipper, he who marries for love gets a wife; who marries for position gets a lady; who marries for money gets a mistress. If you are sick, the wife will nurse you; the lady will visit you; the mistress will inquire about your health. If you die the wife will weep for you; the lady will lament, and your mistress will wear mourning.

A 200-acre farm in the state of Washington was recently sold, to be paid for in wheat, at the rate of 100 bushels to an acre in two years. Farmers thereabout have often, according to the Tacoma Ledger, gathered crops of from fifty to fifty-five bushels an acre; and in this particular instance the purchaser seems to aim at making his crop for two years pay for the land.

During the year 1908 the steam and electric railroads of the United States purchased more than 112,000,000 cross ties, costing at the point of purchase, over \$56,000,000, an average of 50 cents per tie, according to statistics just made public by the bureau of the census in co-operation with the United States forest service. This was some 40,000,000 ties less than the quantity purchased in 1907, the highest ever recorded. The decreased purchases in 1908 were, of course, chiefly due to the business depression which affected every line of industry. This forced most of the roads to purchase only the ties which were absolutely essential for renewals, and heavily cut down the purchase for new track. In 1908 only 7,431,000 cross ties were reported as purchased for new track as against 23,557,000 in 1907. Of the total number of ties purchased for all purposes the steam roads took approximately 94 per cent, leaving about 6 per cent for the electric roads.

Lecturer: Kepford's Mustache. Cedar Rapids Republican: Once there was a great hospital, with a staff of eminent physicians and surgeons. The New Thought and the Super-Sanitation had dawned. Being eminent, the staff of physicians and surgeons beheld and worshipped its light. In the interests of health and sanitation they decided to shave off their mustaches.

They were martyrs, for some of their hirsute adornments were very fair to look upon. Even the hospital nurses admired them. But they were willing to make the sacrifice in the interests of the New Thought and the Super-Sanitation.

Now it chanced that one member of the staff was of the feminine persuasion. She had not been present when the high resolve was hatched. But when she appeared the masculine martyrs-elect told her of their high resolve.

"It is excellent, gentlemen," she said, "but since all of you have more hair upon your crowns than upon your upper lips, why not be consistent and shave your crowns also?"

Then the eminent staff looked at each other and smiled sheepishly. They beheld the martyrdom of the

New Thought washed away by the wave of feminine common sense. This happened some time ago. The story is recalled by the announcement of State Lecturer Kepford that he will sacrifice his mustache and thereby help check the great white plague. Will the gentleman hereafter sail under a bare poll?

Grateful Recognition. We're feelin' some repentant down to Pohick on the Crick.

In sendin' men to congress we looked 'round an' took the pick

Of people we thought qualified to run a proper race;

The kind that would turn out to be a credit to the place.

We don't deny that when it came to raisin' of their pay

We felt a little dubious; but as time slips on its way

The meetin' at the cross roads store accept this sentiment;

Beyond all doubt or question they are earnin' every cent!

Jes' think of having to go on the blazin' summer through,

With maximums an' minimums an' differentials, too!

An' fixin' up a lot o' schedules that impress the mind

Like chemistry an' arithmetic an' loco weed combined.

It seems to us that we inadequately compensate

The services our congressmen are renderin' to the state.

We ought to raise their pay again, an' raise it high an' quick;

At least sech is the feelin' here at Pohick on the Crick.

—Washington Star.

Edward Everett Hale.

Chicago Tribune: Having been a kindly looker on at life for more than four score years, Dr. Edward Everett Hale has turned his gaze elsewhere and passed to the majority. But he was not content merely to observe the passing events during his long life; he plunged actively into the current and identified himself with whatever seemed to him to need or merit aid.

The abolitionist movement, the civil war, the cause of labor, the betterment of civic conditions, philanthropy in its various aspects, found in him an energetic laborer and a wise adviser. During his extended pulpit experience he frequently assumed positions which it took the highest courage to maintain, but whether as a clergyman preaching sermons, an editor conducting a newspaper or magazine, or as a writer of innumerable pamphlets and books, he never hesitated to put himself on record on all questions where his opinion would count. Covering as his long career did many of the most stirring events of the country's history, his utterances touched the most vital issues which have confronted the nation, and not only had he no cause to regret the stands he took, but he saw time justify them one by one.

As a spiritual leader none of the many noted preachers of New England surpassed him in influence and none was more beloved by those to whom he spoke. As a commentator upon events he was not content to dwell on those which had become memories or traditions, but he constantly showed his thorough understanding of and sympathies with present day affairs. While temperance and gentility usually pervaded his writing, he could thunder, too, when conditions required a storm.

While he wrote much and well it was for a purpose and not merely for the sake of writing. The preacher, rather than the literary man, was predominant in him, and his best known production, the classic little story "A Man Without a Country," appeared at a time when his lesson of patriotism was most needed.

As a philanthropic writer he was not one of those who wallowed in optimistic generalities. Wherever possible he suggested remedies, and some of his suggestions have borne glorious fruit of the most practical and helpful sort. His life was one of helpful endeavor both in example and precept, and all who have been within reach of his words will participate in the rich heritage of a life influence spread far for the good of mankind.

Life at Washington, Iowa. Washington Democrat: A man in this town has trouble ever and anon with his wife. She runs off with other men. Last winter she ran away with another man, and finally when he got lonesome he could not endure it any longer. He went after her. He found her and they started in to show him a nice time. So they got him next to some booze and he got drunk and lost all his money so that he had to write home for money to pay his way back. We do not know whether he got his wife or not, and if he did, we do not know how long she stayed. It takes all kinds of people to make a world.

Ups and Downs. Soon commencement days will come, And the graduates will ease Will act just like thermometers— They'll get there by degrees. —Judge.

Pat Was All Right. Dundee Advertiser: Patrick and Michael had had an evening out together, and the hour was late when Michael began to feel a little anxious as to the reception which he might receive from his faithful and long-suffering spouse upon his return home.

"Pat," said he to his friend, "I'll just be for walkin' on in front of yez, and will yez tell me if I can keep a straight line?" Pat agreed, and Mike

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When we mill Occident Flour we are not satisfied until it comes up to the highest possible standard—the highest standard ever attained in making flour. That part of our output which does not come up to that standard is never sold under the Occident label. So it is not mere advertising talk, but simple truth, to say we know no woman who uses Occident Flour will be disappointed by a baking of soggy bread or "sad" cake.

We have bread bakers at work in our own laboratories all the time so that we can see exactly what kind of bread each day's output of our flour makes. This eliminates all possibility of guess-work. It makes the quality of every loaf, every sack, every cup of Occident Flour a positive certainty. From the wheat buyer to the final test in our laboratory, nothing but the best is called good enough.

The few cents more that it costs us to produce the best and you to buy it, are more than made up in real economy to you after all. You never have to throw away Occident bread. That is why we are making many friends every day and what is more important—we are holding them. Your grocer sells Occident Flour and will refund your money if you are not pleased.



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walked ahead. "How's that, my boy?" he asked anxiously. "Straight enough, for sure," Pat replied; "but who the devil is the other fellow along with yez?"

A Pun at Nordica's Expense. Boston Journal: Apropos of Mme. Nordica's contest of the will of her aunt, Mrs. Allen, and the claim of the famous singer that considerable of this wealth came from her grandfather, Camp Meeting John Allen, is told a story illustrating the old revivalist's sense of humor.

His wife was getting into a carriage one day, and the old gentleman neglected to assist her. "You are not as gallant, John, as when you were a boy," she exclaimed.

"No" was his ready response, "and got it, you aren't as buoyant as when you were a gal." Don't Worry. Des Moines Capital: Don't worry. The corn crop is two points ahead of what it was a year ago at this time. Reflections of a Bachelor. New York Press: One thing a woman can learn to hold her tongue about is her age. The finest invention would be how to go home late and be eager to get up early the next morning. A girl would rather have an agonizing toothache that doesn't show, than a painless pecked nose which does. The more good a man could get out of going to church the more he'd rather the rest of the family went and