

THE GATE CITY PUBLISHED BY THE GATE CITY COMPANY

C. F. SKIRVIN, Manager

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Keokuk, Iowa, June 29, 1909.

REPUBLICAN TICKET. For Alderman Fourth Ward, H. T. HENDERSON. For Alderman Sixth Ward, JAMES R. ROBERTS.

THE COMMISSION PLAN.

In the larger cities of the state under the commission plan a mayor and four councilmen constitute the commission. In cities the size of Keokuk the commission will consist of a mayor and two councilmen. The mayor and councilmen are nominated without reference to party politics by all the voters of the city voting at a primary instead of being nominated in separate wards by the several parties as now.

The nonpartisan primary and election puts a premium on intelligence and at the same time greatly simplifies elections. It also makes available the services of men who cannot be persuaded to become candidates for mayor or alderman under the present political system.

Wherever it has been tried the commission plan has greatly increased the efficiency, intelligence and economy of city government. No one has ever advanced the claim that it is a panacea for all municipal ills.

CRIMINAL CARELESSNESS. Dr. L. W. Dean of the medical faculty of Iowa state university declares that venereal disease transmitted by infection from the parent is the cause of blindness in 27 per cent of the cases at Vinton state college.

It ought to be made mandatory in Iowa as it is already in other states, upon physicians, midwives or others present at the birth of a child to put a drop of a one or two per cent solution of nitrate of silver into each eye of the child.

CONCERNING JAS. H. ANDERSON. The Washington (Iowa) Democrat takes James H. Anderson to task after some somewhat savage fashion for some things he said and some other things he did not say in a recent communication in The Gate City.

ing branch, but in the money orders, travelers' checks, etc., as well. The Bulletin reports that another towboat passed Cairo a couple of days ago guiding thirty-six boats and barges of coal down the river to New Orleans.

The Chicago Tribune inquires: "Why is it that on the morning of the day set apart for the Sunday School picnic it always looks like rain?" Possibly the fact that it cannot well rain without looking like it was going to do so may have something to do with the phenomenon.

Bank exchanges at the leading cities in this country last week were \$2,841,885-63 per cent larger than a year ago and 17.1 per cent over the corresponding week of 1906.

That is sensible advice volunteered by the Chicago Tribune that soulful girls who go out to teach the common or basement variety of Chinaman the English language should be accompanied in all cases by some husky male relative.

The open saloon goes out of business in Tennessee, July 1. In Memphis thirty emergency social clubs have been chartered and the number is growing at the rate of from three to five a day.

A really sane Fourth will be possible when there are no longer any small boys and all the fireworks dealers have gone out of business. And not before.

It is worth while to note that the corn has made no sign of protest against the extreme heat.

THE CURRENT MAGAZINES. Beginning with its June issue, the World's Work contains a department devoted exclusively to health matters. Important phases of the health problem will be treated by such authorities on sanitation and hygiene as Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale, and Prof. William T. Sedgwick of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

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Our National Ash-Heap is the title of one of the most engaging articles in the July Technical World Magazine. The author, Architect F. W. Fitzpatrick of Washington, D. C., an officer of the Building Commissioners' Society, and the highest authority on fire-prevention, says that our fires, conflagrations and individual burnings, with their attendant expenses of fire-departments, etc., cost us just about \$600,000,000 a year and that all the building we do, in our busiest boom-time, building years amounts to only a little over that figure.

William Archer, the great English critic, in an article in the July McClure's tells the truth for the first time about the negro problem in the South; Mrs. Fremont Older in "The Story of a Reformer's Wife" has written a fact story about San Francisco's graft prosecutions, which is fully as absorbing as many notable pieces of fiction; Burton J. Hendrick shows that more has been learned about cancer in the last six years than in the preceding six thousand; Albertus McCreey describes the Battle of Gettysburg as he saw it when a boy, and George F. Parker concludes his Cleveland papers with the story of the events leading up to the President's famous Venezuela message.

But Jerry's view point may be different from ours as to what makes a living. Now we suspect that if Jerry gets three square meals a day, a comfortable bed at night, plenty of filling for his old pipe, a good suit for Sunday and a piece of silver for the contribution box on Sunday and a little laid away for a rainy day that he feels as comfortable and independent as Senator Seelye, who lives in the best house in town, or J. C. McCold with his White Steamer. But Jerry don't have to make contributions to get the factories or wrapper concerns to come here to live; hold-up committees don't hunt him out for fives and tens.

But after all, Jerry can't understand that our farm is our vacation, our recreation, our plaything, just as Fred Crane has his auto and Senator Seelye his dodder, and Ed. Stall his chicken yard, and Art Higgins his stocks and bonds, and Dr. Laird his base ball league, and Frank Porter his print shop.

Now there is that cow we bought of Ralph Crane. The cow had the reputation of being the best milk producer in this part of the state, and when Al Williamson had his auction sale last fall everybody who pretended to know anything about cows and dairying, went out to pick up a snap. Everybody out there wanted that cow, and bidding got so fast and reckless that the first thing Crane knew he owned her at \$80, which was a topnotcher. Crane took her home and went into the milk business, and so great was the fame of the cow that he was soon supplying all the neighborhood.

It was a big price to pay for a cow in these times sure enough and one of our neighbors comforted us with the assurance that we had been stung for fair—that the cow was too old to be any good, that she never gave the milk that she was said to give and all of that neighborly and gratuitous solicitude. But we were not stung after all, because after using all the best milk we ever had, and cream so thick that we have to cut it with a pie knife we have sold enough to make the net cost of the cow to this time thirty-eight dollars and she is still doing business at the old stand.

But all the good luck we experienced with the cow was offset by the Nemesis of that pony which we bought for eighteen dollars and swapped for three shoats. The shoats did all right as shoats. There was nothing to them but appetite. If they had choked to death it would not have been so bad. But they didn't die, and they wouldn't get fat, and corn kept going up and up until we were paying eighty cents and feeding it to those shoats was like throwing silver dollars into the river. When the meadows came on we turned them out to grass, and all the energy they derived from the grass was put into rooting and they spoiled a quarter of an acre of blue grass, turned two breeding pens upside down, destroyed five dollars worth of wire fencing, and it got so that every time the telephone bell

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Farming For Fun Southeastern Iowa Editor Relates His Experiences Along Various Lines.

C. S. Rogers in Mt. Pleasant News: Jerry Pickett, who is the farm boss out at our place, says that any ordinary man should make a good living off our eight little acres. With the fruit and the garden, and the chickens and eggs, and the cows and milk and butter, and the horse to help out, he thinks that there is no need of a newspaper to help out the farming operations. Jerry is probably right, and we often feel very conscience stricken that we do not make a living farming, because the papers are full of it and all the technical magazines emphasize it, and the short course teaches it, that farming is dead easy. It used to be you know, that when a man couldn't make a go of it on the farm he would sell out and come to town and go into business. Nowadays every business man is trying to get hold of enough stuff to buy a farm so that he can tickle the soil.

Jerry escapes all this because up where he lives these committees don't circulate. And these committees are all right and are a part of civic progress, but all these things enter into the cost of existing here and it would take a prolific eight acres to square these expenses.

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rang we trembled lest some neighbor would sarcastically inform us that three hogs that looked like ours were engaged in spring plowing in their yards. It was very aggravating but the hogs were too small to sell and too active to get fat. We tried to get Brown to buy them but he wouldn't look at them. William Courtney saw them at a distance and there was nothing doing. Finally Dr. Hunt, who lives across the street, offered us \$18 for the three of them and we took him up.

And there you are, with a fair sample of successful farming. Paid \$10 for a colt. Had it shod, bought bridle and saddle, had a box stall put in the barn for the tender thing, fed it all fall and most of the winter with the best of hay, delicate warm mash and eighty cent corn, traded for three minute shoats, fed them until the first of June, had meadow and hen pens ruined; the neighbors prejudiced, and closed them out for the original cost of the colt. Now if Jerry Pickett can figure out a decent living at that kind of farming we want him to get at it quick. Because the way we figure it the loss on the colt has made the cow stand us about \$125, and the price of milk has been cut down to five cents a quart.

There are two sides to this dairying proposition they tell me, and we never knew anybody about here who ever got rich out of it. It is a good deal like the fabulous fortunes that are made out of the chicken industry, and lures many a man upon the rocks of disaster. The trouble 's with this milk business and the chicken business, you leave out of the calculation the biggest item of expense, labor. Now out at our house we have two items in our milk account. On one side is the feed and on the other the milk at current prices per quart, and the balance is the profit on the operation. But the trouble is with most of us people we forget that the stabling of the cow costs money, there is interest on the investment—we like to use this phrase because it gives dignity to the business—insurance on the cow, depreciation of the stock, wear and tear on the buckets and pans, and last but not least, the time and energy in taking care of the cow—watering, feeding, cleaning stables, expense of old clothes to wear during chores, and the hours and hours mother put in straining the milk and keeping the things sweet and clean, and the hours taken in a year to deliver the milk. All these things are not counted in the business.

But after all, Jerry can't understand that our farm is our vacation, our recreation, our plaything, just as Fred Crane has his auto and Senator Seelye his dodder, and Ed. Stall his chicken yard, and Art Higgins his stocks and bonds, and Dr. Laird his base ball league, and Frank Porter his print shop. When we get home nights from the hot, noisy office with its trials and disappointments, the little eight acre look kind of comfortable, and you can forget competition and the struggle for a living and the hollowing of business friendships, and the day's defeats, and wander about and see how the potatoes are coming on, and follow the progress of the race between the first peas you planted and the last ones, and pick strawberries and cherries and currants, and speculate on the raspberry and the blackberry crop and wonder how many bushels the Jonathan trees will yield or trim the hedge, or whitewash the fences, and hunt eggs, and feed the chickens, or, if the roads are good hitch up and take an hour's drive over the avenue. And so the way we run the farm is not profitable, as Jerry looks at it. But neither is Fred Crane's auto a dividend earner, nor will Dr. Laird make anything out of his base ball, but it all gives flavor to life, and makes the routine of office more endurable and the trials of business easier to take care of. And in this way perhaps it pays. Who knows?

Saving the Heathen. Cedar Rapids Gazette: The murder of Elsie Sigel, a young girl who was engaged in mission work among the ecclesiastics of New York city, will not cease to cause other young ladies to take up the work of Christianizing the heathen. Maybe it is all right to show the heathen Chinese where he ought to "head in" religiously, but few of us would be willing for our daughters to undertake the work. At least a slip of a girl hasn't any business associating with a bunch of Chinamen even for the sake of their souls. Turn the job over to able-bodied men, who are strong enough if the heathen get "funny," to use a stuffed club with telling effect.

A Familiar Perennial. Council Bluffs Nonpareil: The question, does a college education pay? lingers, and makes its appearance perennially. It has just been here and is now gone. Presumably it will return next commencement season. Presently, however, it will be numbered with the dead. Eventually there will be no one among those admitted to noticeable rostrums who will take serious notice of it. A rather extravagant hope, perhaps. Still, isn't it strange that college presidents and other broad men will, in the presence of college graduates and of the world,

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Flour Talks # 11

You have said to yourself sometimes that your bread doesn't turn out quite as nice as you would like to have it. Not that you ever have such bad luck you have to throw the batch away. Not that bad, but not quite right. And you have wondered what you could do to make it better. Well, other conditions may affect your baking in some degree, but the big essential fact remains, your bread can't be any better than the flour it is made of.

The selection of your flour is worthy all the intelligent care you can devote to it. There are many kinds of flour with which you can make fairly good bread part of the time. There is one flour with which you can make the very best bread at every baking. This is Occident Flour. We want you to find out for yourself this is true.

You may say, "Oh, any flour can claim superiority." That's so. It does not claim superiority. We prove it. We guarantee it. If you will try Occident Flour and do not find it always satisfactory, always the best, your grocer will refund your money. Every sack of Occident Flour is sold on this guarantee.



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H. R. COLLISON, City Agent

discuss the point at all? Why do they not now treat it with the contempt with which it will be treated by and by? We look for the time when it will mark a man as an ignoramus to suppose the question debatable.

The point is the education, not the college. The education pays. The college may not. Generally speaking, and not unmindful of the exception, the college is a necessary incident, wholesome enough far more often than not.

Editor Getting Pevved. Manson Democrat: Some day when we get time; some day when people don't all jump onto the entire force to "get that job of mine out in a hurry," or some day when there is a press idle in the shop for a few hours, we are going to get out a job of print-