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Keokuk, Iowa August, 13, 1909.

SUNLIGHT AND STARLIGHT. God sets some souls in shade alone; They have no daylight of their own; Only in lives of happier ones They see the shine of distant suns.

God knows. Content thee with thy night; Thy greater heaven hath grander light— Today is close; and the hours are small; Thou sit'st afar, and hast them all.

Lose the less joy that doth but blind; Reach forth a larger bliss to find. Today is brief; the inclusive spheres Rain raptures of a thousand years.

It is a speedy automobile scorcher who gets ahead of Old Sol these days.

In the view of the Washington Democrat, owning an automobile is just another form of dissipation.

Another good thing about Uncle Joe Cannon is his determination not to accept chautauqua engagements.

Judge Clarkson of Kenosha is apparently ambitious to excel the record of Finnigan's famous train which was "off ag'in," "on ag'in," "gone ag'in."

Before we divide the United States into four sections the St. Louis Globe-Democrat wishes to know which section Tom Watson is going to live in.

A Methodist bishop makes the startling assertion that he "walked by 10,000 hells in Chicago." What was the matter? Weren't the street cars running?

Representative E. J. Moore of Eldon has accepted the position of secretary to the state board of pharmacy. He will resign as representative from Wapello county.

A Punksutawney man swallowed his false teeth. The supposition of the Omaha Bee is not wholly unreasonable, to-wit: that he was trying to tell where he lived.

The next thing in order will be a secretary of the atmosphere to look out for order in the air as the army department does on land and the navy department on the water.

It is reported from Des Moines that a Council Bluffs doctor is slated for the Democratic position on the state board of parole to take the place made vacant by the death of Dr. Emmert.

W. J. McGee, secretary of the inland waterways commission at Washington, says enthusiastically that John D. Rockefeller is a man among millions. Of course he is. And they are his own millions, too.

A Kansas City woman suffering from chigger bites applied carbolic acid, unaided. The chiggers are dead and the woman hopes to get out of the hospital in time to help with the regular fall housecleaning.

The editor of the Cedar Rapids Gazette reports that he has been several hundred miles north of Cedar Rapids within the past week and there wasn't any humidity up there. But there weren't any great corn fields, either.

On August 1 the United States had a net public debt of a little more than \$1,000,000,000, and a combined public and private wealth estimated at not less than \$120,000,000,000. There can be no question as to Uncle Sam's solvency.

It is rumored from Des Moines that Governor B. F. Carroll will not ask for a second term in the governor's chair but that he will run for the Republican nomination for congress in the Sixth congressional district against ex-governor Nate Kendall who is the congressman there at this time. The rumor is one that needs to be taken with several barrels of salt.

A correspondent writing from Des Moines relates a humorous incident. One of the questions asked at the last examination of teachers for state certificates was: Give an example of "indirect object." The question of course was propounded in the questions on grammar. One would-be teacher gave this: "She threw at a rooster and hit a hen," and explained that the hen was the indirect object.

Attorney General Byers advises tobacco dealers to throw away cigarette papers received for free distribution with five pound packages of certain brands of tobacco. Mr. Byers holds that the Iowa law prohibits not only the sale but the giving away of cigarettes and papers.

A manufacturer of automobiles declares that the happiest day of his business life was that when he discovered "the wonderful advantages of sixes over fours." Imagine his joy, suggests Bert Lester Taylor in the Chicago Tribune, when he discovers what a pair of jacks will do.

No pupil belonging to a secret society will be allowed to be a member of any high school class in Chicago. The new president of the board of education and the new superintendent in that city are at one on the subject and there will be no middle course, as it is believed that the foe of the school in the way of discipline is the secret society.

The Cedar Rapids Republican recalls that the late Senator Allison never felt called upon to defend the loyalty, the intelligence or the patriotism of the people of Iowa—he reflected these in his daily life in the senate and in his every contact with the men of the senate and the men in the cabinets of Presidents.

With more than 260,000 idle freight cars and with reasonably large orders for equipment being filled daily, the railroads in the west do not apprehend serious difficulty in taking care of the wheat and other crops. That there may be a shortage of cars, they do not deny, but this is, they declare, unavoidable in years of phenomenal crop yield.

The National Printer Journalist is a paper supposed to be absolutely free from errors. In describing the forestry building at the Alaska Yukon-Pacific exposition, the largest log house ever built, the article says: "The dogs used in the interior will have the bark removed." Nothing is said concerning the process by which the dogs were deprived of their bark.

The two largest locomotives ever built have been turned out of the shops of the Baldwin Locomotive Works for the Southern Pacific railroad. They are oil-fired, articulated compounds with two sets of cylinders, each of 30-inch stroke, and two sets of driving-wheels. The total weight of engine and tender is 265 tons. They will be operated on a division where the maximum gradient is one in forty-five, and the rating 1,212 tons of cars and lading.

The latest candidates to enter for the Republican nomination for state superintendent of schools are Dr. A. E. Bennett and A. L. Heminger. The former occupies the chair of education of Upper Iowa University and was at one time the acting president of that institution. Mr. Heminger is county superintendent of schools of Van Buren county. He is a graduate of the State University of Iowa and the law school. This makes eight active and three prospective candidates in the field.

A department on the conservation of physical research is advocated for the state university by A. E. Kefford, lecturer on tuberculosis for the state board of control, in a letter to President MacLean of the state university. Mr. Kefford advocates starting a laboratory as an antidote to the strenuous life in which the laboratory student will be taught how to do that work with less effort. He claims that such laboratories are not uncommon in German universities and other European institutions.

The papers are congratulating Congressman Kennedy upon his promotion to the rivers and harbors committee. The Navvoo Independent pronounces it quite an honor and tenders congratulations accordingly. The Fairfield Ledger says: "Congressman C. A. Kennedy of the First Iowa district has high place in committee assignments in the house. He has been given the chairmanship of the committee on mileage and is the Iowa member of the important committee on rivers and harbors. Mr. Kennedy is a man of irreproachable character in both private and public life, is active, energetic and attentive to his duties. Those things should count in Iowa and at Washington."

THE CALL FOR MOTOR CARS. The estimate of General Manager Alfred Reeves, of the American Motor Car Manufacturers' Association, that plans for 1910 call for the production of 200,000 cars is suggestive of big things in the effect upon general trade. The output for 1909 will be 70,000 cars, so that if the estimate for 1910 is realized the increase will be phenomenal. Mr. Reeves' estimate is based on figures furnished him by eighty of the leading automobile builders, together with reports of the manufacturers of parts. He does not include some twenty-five concerns which build cars, nor those which are just coming into existence and the success of which is problematical. The largest estimate of an individual factory is 30,000 cars for 1910; then comes one of 20,000 to 25,000; a third follows with 12,000; two are put down for 10,000 each, while dozens of others run from 1,000 to 8,000. The only obstacles reported by the manufacturers as standing in the way of the full

200,000 output is the possible inability of manufacturers of parts to supply so great a demand.

GAINS IN MEDICINE.

A few years ago a group of gifted medical men in the east began to praise the work of Dr. Charles E. Sajous, which was mainly in the direction of "internal secretions," the products of adrenal and thyroid glands and the action of the pituitary body. These secretions had before been obscure. In Europe and in this country the work of Sajous was seriously examined and proclaimed to have earned a place among the really epochal discoveries. The essential truth, supposed to have been established by the study of these "internal secretions" is that they are the super-protective agents by which the body is stimulated into producing within itself the enemies of bacilli and curing diseases.

In the August number of the Medical Times Dr. J. Madison Taylor of Philadelphia makes the positive assertion that by the Sajous' results the practice of medicine and the administration of drugs have been simplified so that the practitioner easily ascertains what to do in given cases. In short, Dr. Taylor's claim is that the evocation of self-curing agents is a matter of course and entirely sure. The Omaha Bee voices the lay view of the matter quite accurately in saying that—

This is what laymen would call a large order. Most physicians will hesitate to adopt the sweeping simplicity of treatment forecast by Dr. Taylor. But he utters a splendid optimism and arouses a congratulatory feeling that diseases, if not ended, may be brought to that irreducible minimum which would be next door to self-perpetuating perfect health. Laymen cannot argue with Dr. Sajous or Dr. Taylor, but they can take comfort in the thought that the self-curative powers of the internal secretions have the faith of brilliant and industrious men.

NOTES AND COMMENT.

"Lafe will make a troublesome progressive," says the Charles City Press, speaking of Colonel Young.

The Washington Democrat observes that the only objection to most cures is, that they do not cure.

The figures of the London police courts show a very decided increase during recent years in serious crime.

The world's record for yearling trotters was broken at Greensburg, Pennsylvania, Thursday, Time 1:18 on a half mile track.

According to the state officials the last session of the legislature cost the state about \$620,000. That is at the rate of \$125,000 a month.

The Coon Rapids Enterprise says the Iowa insurgents will not find much shouting in Iowa over their insurgency and its barren results, except by a few noisy ones, mostly extremists and Democrats.

The Sioux City Journal declares that the more the new tariff is studied, both in its lines and in its history, the more it will appear that the President threw his weight into the scales, and that he weighs the extreme figures alleged.

The Des Moines Register and Leader is on record as saying that "the public will be glad that the debate is ended. Unless there should be an attempt to punish the progressives of the west there is no occasion to carry it further."

Mr. Taft's message to the country anent the new tariff law somehow reminds the Washington Herald of that cheerful party who meets you in the morning after and, in response to your anxiously inquiring look, says, "Oh, brace up. You don't look so bad!"

Captain Clark and the Oregon. Wake Neal's Seattle letter in the Washington Democrat: This western country is an eye-opener to people from the east. They live on the rush and are going some. I went out to the navy yard and was delighted to get on the big battleships of which there are half a dozen or more. The decks of one of them is like a great factory. The big ships are beautiful, but there is one to which I took off my hat. It was lying at the wharf with no man aboard and but one man to guard by it. It has the world's record with the exception of Erickson's monitor, that is now sleeping in the bottom of the sea. It still has its equipment of thirteen-inch, eight-inch and six-inch guns. It is the Oregon with which Captain Clark sailed around the Horn and sank most of Cervera's fleet. Newspapers and men have fussed and scrapped over Sampson and Schley and have eulogized Dewey and Evans but to my mind the great hero of the Spanish-American war was Captain Clark of the Oregon and not one in ten thousand knows whether he is dead or alive, such a modest hero is he, but he is alive and was in Seattle a few weeks ago. I wonder if he doesn't feel the neglect of the American people. I should like to have met him. The same fate followed the Commander of the Monitor whose heroic deed is not excelled in all naval history but one hardly knows his name. It is so that the man who does the deeds is always forgotten and some one else gets the glory? The Oregon is wider than the type of battleships now built, which retards the speed but Cervera was astounded at her swiftness. She is to be overhauled and made first class.

Spooks Were His Messengers. "Of course he was a fake," said a hard-headed lawyer who lived there at the time, "but he did some things that was past explaining. The mayor of a large Illinois town came here one day and that night he sought Mott."

"Mr. Mott," he said, "half the people think you're nothing but a humbug. I came here to satisfy myself. I want a test—a sign."

"Name it," said Mott. "Coming into town I saw near the shore of a pond a large water lily," said the mayor; "it's a mile away from here; fetch that lily."

MYSTERY OF HARVEY MOTT

Spooks Sought Society of a Terrified Missouri Clerk—Strange Doings at an Old "Castle."

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 13.—In the quaint town of Memphis, Mo., a town of many hills and fine old-fashioned houses surrounded by immense lawns, there is one hill which stands out from all the rest. It is surmounted by a large, solemn structure, with towers, parapets, wings and an uncanny history.

Locally the big solemn building is called "The Castle." In the days ago it was known as the "Spirit Castle" and the elevation on which it rests was "Spirit Hill."

The story of "Spirit Castle" is the story of a young clerk, an unlettered youth of quiet, negative disposition, but of religious tendencies, the son of the village blacksmith, Harvey Mott by name.

For fifteen years that name was known from ocean to ocean in this country and Europe. It is said that five thousand pilgrims annually visited Memphis to have Harvey raise their dead kindred and friends. That the pilgrimages lasted so long, with ever increasing proportions, produced apparitions of a satisfying nature.

The odd thing about it was that Mott himself was terrified at the sight of a ghost. He shrieked in fright when the shades first flitted about him, and would run to a neighbor's house for protection. He did this many times in the dead of night, looking over his shoulder and gasping.

"They're after me again!" Mott at one time clerked for Horace Pitkin, a believer in spirit communication. Pitkin told the clerk that if the dead had selected him as their go-between with the living it was his duty to submit. But Mott for a long while protested bitterly; he did not want to have anything to do with the dead.

Sometimes he would walk to the front of the store, hesitate and look confused. "There was someone here," he said; "I thought it was a customer."

Spirits on His Trail. The believers will tell you that in the days of Mott there were curious happenings in and about the castle on the great hill. If Mr. Mott happened to be away the shades haunting him, uneasy, restless, gliding softly through the tall trees and shrubbery, over the velvet carpet of the lawn, searching everywhere, were seen; then Mott would come and the disturbance would cease. The furniture calm down and the peremptory knocking stop.

Mott was a deacon in the Christian church, of good standing until he began associating with the departed ones. Then the elders came to him and told him quietly but firmly that he would have to choose that day whom he would serve. "You people come and sit up with me tonight," said Mott, "and if you can prevail on 'em to let me alone I'll be the happiest man alive."

The proposition was not accepted. Mott was excommunicated.

Memphis was astounded at the strength of Mott's following from far off states. Every train brought in delegations to see the ghosts walk and talk. It was such a fine thing for hotels, boarding houses and business generally that no official objection was raised against Mott's practice. The people at home—save a very few—took no stock in him, but they were willing to make the stay of the foreign guests pleasant for the usual consideration.

When Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire was making his canvass for the presidency in 1852, his son died. A man from the New England states visited Memphis to see his departed daughter. Mott not only produced the daughter, but in the father's presence solemnized her marriage to the dead son of President Pierce. It is said the wedding was largely attended by illustrious visitors. The fame of the "master of ceremonies" spread around the world. His performance had opened up an unheard of avenue of speculation. Letters came from everywhere, inquiries to officials concerning this man Mott—was he a monumental faker or were these things so?

It may be remarked incidentally that now, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, the same question mark surrounds Mott's operations there.

Major Meigs' Report. Mt. Ayr Record-News: Major Meigs, the government engineer, who made a trip in a boat down the Des Moines river and looked at the Iowa and Cedar rivers, has reported, and in the main the report is unfavorable. He seems to have been diligent and faithful and will receive pay for the work done. The talk about it has been chimerical and the work pertaining to it belongs to future generations, when the regions about the rivers will be densely settled. The whole matter, save only that which pertains

gone and the one he had in his hand fitted the stem. That happened. There may be an explanation—of course there is. But I don't know what it is.

A sensational attempt to expose Mott was made by a Mr. Harding, a banker of Monmouth, Ill., and two men named Chaffe and Wells. Harding's child had died, and Mrs. Harding had gone to Memphis several times to see the little one. It is said the production was not exactly satisfactory, and Harding then came with his friends to investigate. Wells asked to see his dead brother. The purported shade of the departed came. Harding had a small rubber ball, filled with a liquid dye. He squeezed it, thoroughly spattering the "ghost." Mott came out dripping with the dye, very angry. Harding and his friends left, satisfied. Mott's explanation, as related by those who heard it, was that the apparition being developed from himself, whatever happened to it would be transferred to Mott. The local papers fought out the matter, some claiming Mott had been unmasked; others that his explanation was convincing to a candid mind. A skeptic said:

"The funny part of it was that when the incident spread over the country it strengthened Mott."

His Friends to the Rescue. All this time Mott was attracting more wealthy and influential patrons. He had numerous offers of assistance if he would move to a large city. Finally, at the urgent solicitation of a former congressman, it is said, he agreed to go to Kansas City. For a while his star continued in the ascendant. People crowded his rooms, begging to see their dead. Then his ghostly friends seemed to turn their backs on him; they came no longer at his call. He was arrested, charged with obtaining money under false pretenses. Judge Edward McKee was retained by the defendant. McKee saw where he could knock the case out of the law. But his client insisted that he meet the issue squarely on his power to raise the souls of the dead. The attorney protested. "You will get no witnesses."

"You will see," said Mott. He handed his attorney a list of people so high up that it dumfounded him. And they all went to Memphis, from north, east, south and west, to give their depositions for the middleman between the living and the dead.

After the formal question each witness for the defendant was asked: "Do you know whether or not Harvey Mott possesses the power of producing disembodied spirits?" "Yes, sir, I know he does."

"How do you know it?" "And in each case the answer, or one equally emphatic, was given: "By the same sense that I know I am sitting here, that I know the sun rises and that if I open my eyes I shall see."

"The court discharged him," said Judge McKee, "on the ground that the people went to him doubting, or believing he was a fraud, and handed over their money with understanding eyes."

The Kansas City experience ended Mott's career as a ghost producer. He died here, and his body was taken to Memphis for interment, so that should his own spirit take a notion to wander it would be amid the environments of his earthly glory.

"Harve Mott was a sincere, honest man, and in no sense of the word was he a charlatan," says Albert H. Pitkin, a real estate man of Memphis. "He was an early friend of our family. My father, Horace G., thought a great deal of the young man, and gave him a place as clerk in his store until Harve fought with all his strength against the spirits, but they took control of him and made him do their bidding. On moonshiny nights I have been with Harve when the china would begin rattling, the chairs would move about and the pictures drop from the wall. Harve would be frightened almost out of his senses. On such occasions he could only secure relief by placing himself in obedience to the spirits' wishes, and allowing them to appear and talk through him. He was not an educated man. Music was as Greek to him, and yet when under control he would sit at the piano and play and play some of the most exquisite selections I ever heard. Had he wished he might have become independently wealthy, but he never demanded money for what he did. Of course, some made voluntary contributions. As to that dye—that antique line—Harding simply brushed past the phantom and threw it directly on Mr. Mott, deliberately. That's all there is to that."

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to big rivers and a few arms to the same, should be indefinitely postponed. That we should plan to spend one thousand millions on rivers and canals looks like a financial hallucination.

Abusing Cannon. Washington Democrat: It is the custom nowadays among Democrat papers, and also among a good many Republican newspapers to abuse Joe Cannon, speaker of the house of representatives, but anybody knows who knows anything at all, that Uncle Joe holds his job at the discretion of the house and whenever he is out of touch with the body that elects him he can be fired.

They say Cannon applies gag rule and runs things with a high hand and perhaps does a lot of other things no Christian ought to do, but what do you expect a Republican politician to do? Do they expect him to play wet nurse in the kinder garden? Do they think Uncle Joe will wheel the baby carriage while all the high muck o mucks are busy making a tariff or do they expect him to take a hand? We are not an admirer of Uncle Joe's politics, but we do admire his stand and his consistency and his steadfastness to what he thinks is right. We did not expect from the very start that Joe Cannon would advocate a downward revision of the tariff. We did not expect him to put insurgents, so-called, on his most important committees. We did not expect him to consult Nate Kendall and Haugen and Vic. Murdock of Kansas or even Bob LaFollette of the senate when he made his appointments, so we have not been disappointed.

Uncle Joe has played the game and pull hair! A Foolish Debate. Knoxville Express: It makes one laugh, as the colored supplements would say, to hear that two ministers—a Methodist and a Christian—are to hold a week's debate in the little town of Batavia. This was the old style of truculent preaching—several days of hammer-and-tongs argument over what each claimed to be the will of the Almighty. But the modern world takes its religion more complacently than the forefathers. It does not seriously believe that men are responsible to hell because they are sprinkled instead of immersed, or vice versa, or, for that matter, if they are neither. It looks more to works than faith, to common sense rather than to ritual, to the general trend of a man's life rather than long prayers. Those preachers at Batavia make one think of two boys on the beach disputing over the relative value of the shells that lie all about them. And it is so hot, too, to wrangle and dispute