THE GATE CITY

PUBLISHED BY

THE GATE CITY COMPANY

C. F. SKIRVIN.....Manager

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Keokuk, Iowa ..... December 20, 1909.

CHRISTMAS WISHES.

As Christmas day returns again,
And many join in gifts to you,
May joy unbounded be yours then,
With friends, who number not a few,
Thus manifesting their esteem.
Then let a thought arise to Him
Whose birth we celebrate.
And may His love illume your face,
His Spirit give your actions grace,
His commands guide you in the race,
To victory!

—Rebecca H. Orwig.

Only four more days until Christmas. You'll have to hurry.

Beef is so high now that the cow no longer prides herself on having jumped over the moon.

It is all right to mind one's own business, but one should be sure to have a business worth minding.

You can have turkey, of course, if you insist on it, but you can't have it and an automobile the same year.

No rogue e'er felt the halter draw with good opinion of the United States, and Zelaya is no exception to the rule.

The late shopper has one advantage, after all. He gets the conceit taken out of him by the conditions he encounters.

Copenhagen scientists are disposed to confess that there is something rotten in Denmark. Suspicion points to the Cook records.

According to an expert, America pays more for electricity than for bread. This is quite probable. The case is not exceptional. We also pay more for baking powder than for flour.

A shipper wants to know why an express company charges $67 to haul a pony and $19 to haul a donkey under the same conditions. Questions like this would upset any express schedule.

A Chicago musician has been sued on two notes, which leads an Illinois authority outside of that city to say that there are musicians who ought to get a lot worse than that for their notes.

Counsel for the sugar defendants argued that the scales were defective. This may have been the case, but if so, further argument is needed to explain the fact that in every instance they lied in favor of the sugar trust.

The Christmas spirit is in the air. The duty nearest at hand is to get it into the home and the heart—and keep it there. Good will should have all seasons for its own instead of one day out of three hundred and sixty-five.

The court of arbitration in Canada has succeeded so well that out of twenty-five threatened strikes it averted all but two. A system that has worked so well in the Dominion ought't to work badly in the United States.

The price of gas in Burlington has been reduced from $1.50 to $1.00. The price of gas in Keokuk should be even cheaper than the latter figure if the water power project succeeds. Competition is more powerful than legislation in reducing rates.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat concludes that Colonel Bryan must be living a quiet and dignified life this winter. It observes that he is neither instructing congress in its duties nor delivering any animal pets at the Smithsonian. For this relief much thanks.

There is to be a conference in Des Moines today between state officials and representatives of the Western Union telegraph company and the Burlington Railroad company to consider settlement of a matter involving about $657,000 taxes due various counties and the state on the telegraph line along the Burlington road from Burlington to Council Bluffs and along the Humeston branch. Neither the railroad nor the telegraph company acknowledge ownership and responsibility and the taxes have been accumulating for years. Until quite recently the collection of the taxes was tied up by injunction, but that had been dissolved.

Vernas A. Moore, head of the college of veterinary medicine at Ithaca, N. Y., asserts that rabies is spreading at an alarming rate. The loss of animals from the disease in this country is from $200,000,000 to $400,000,000. In 1908 there were in the registration area of the United States 111 deaths from rabies.

The Commercial Club of Des Moines invites all commercial bodies in the state to join in an effort to get the law repealed which charges a state tax of one dollar on each one thousand dollars of capital stock over $25,000 of all companies which do other than a manufacturing and mercantile business. This would throw the state open to more railroad companies and big manufacturing establishments.

It appears that some of the public dances in Waterloo have reached the stage where public censorship is necessary. At any rate the Courier feels called upon to say:

A public dance is bad enough when everybody is sober but with a few boozers in the crowd it is fully worthy of the same designation that General Sherman used in giving his opinion of war.

Railway wrecks have been unusually numerous the past few days and have been attended in most instances by many fatalities. Roads popularly supposed to be exempt from such things have had more than their share of serious accidents. Broken rails, due to the severe cold weather, have been the cause in several cases. It would be proper, no doubt, to caution the roads against fast running under such meteorological conditions, but Keokuk is so anxious to have the mails arrive on time that this paper is estopped from tendering advice to that effect or voicing any vigorous protest. Other communities likely have the same interests at stake. We are all a selfish lot.

The Iowa State Grange in annual session at Des Moines last week endorsed Governor Carroll's suggestion that the roadways be narrowed and the surplus land be returned to the farmers. The grange favors a reduction from sixty feet to forty feet in width. It is proper to note in this connection that the Iowa City Republican is not in agreement with the governor and the grange on this matter. It concedes that in some parts of the state narrow roads would be all right but points out that where it is hilly full sixty feet width is needed to permit of cutting down the banks. It declares further that if the roads were reduced to thirty feet, the farmers would gain nothing by having the lands revert to them, for usually the outer parts of the roads are so cut up that the land would be of no value. The Republican favors letting the width of the roads alone and taking better care of them.

THE HEROISM OF CHILDREN.

The New Idea Magazine for January contains an article by Frank G. Moorhead entitled "The Heroism of Children." Mr. Moorhead gives touching descriptions of some of the thrilling deeds of youthful heroes and heroines who have received official recognition by the Carnegie fund commission. In speaking of the number of these children whose names are written on honor rolls, the author says:

"Of a total of 246 persons awarded hero medals, fifty-eight have been children not yet out of their 'teens,' a half dozen not yet in them. That it is an unexpected showing the motto of the medal's bears evidence: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Here were deeds, not of men, but of mere boys and girls not to rescue friends alone, but in many cases to rescue those who were older than themselves and who, before the rescue were utter strangers."

The article, which is highly creditable to both author and magazine, is illustrated with photographs of the children who have won special recognition.

A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

President Taft wants it understood in advance that only competent men are to be employed as census enumerators and that the work of taking the census is to be conducted on a business basis. He made this quite clear in a talk to some eastern census supervisors a few days ago. Among other things, the President said:

"Many of you—most of you—have been recommended by congressmen, and it may be that some of these congressmen will come to you and expect, because they did recommend you, that you owe them something in the way of selecting the men as enumerators who will help them in their congressional election. You have got to use sense and discretion. You have got to select the men that you think will do the work, and if you catch them doing political work I wish you to remove them, just as I will remove you if I catch you doing political work. It is business.

"I am not quarreling with the congressmen. Each man is looking for all the aid he can get to get back into his place and I am not objecting to the efforts in that direction. But you are the gentlemen that I want to make responsible, through Mr. Durand, for taking this census, and you are the gentlemen I rely upon and if I can't rely upon you, then I am going to direct Mr. Durand to let me know about it, and I will see if I can not help him out with somebody else."

This arrangement involves no hardship to anyone. The census supervisor who selects the best available enumerators and then sees to it that they do their work promptly and well with an eye single to the public good will best serve the interests of the congressman who recommended his appointment.

COST OF IRRIGATION PROJECTS.

When the irrigation project was pressed upon congress it was said that it would cost only $5 an acre. Private capital and some state enterprises are said to have attained results warranting this. When the work was well under way it was gently hinted to the country that it would cost $10 an acre. Now Senator Carter of Montana, who had as much as any man to do with the entrance of the government upon a field of activity where private enterprise had already invested $200,000,000, says the cost of water on government projects averages between $40 and $50 an acre "and the government will undoubtedly continue to take up projects until the cost of reclamation reaches $100 an acre." It is explained that private enterprise took up the easy reclamation projects and left the expensive ones to the government.

WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

George Washington has been dead 100 years and his bones still lie in a tomb that is a disgrace to the nation. On the anniversary of the death of the great man on last Tuesday, the Masons of Washington and Alexandria, Va., according to their custom, laid a wreath on this tomb. The incident prompts the Marshalltown Times-Republican to make the timely suggestion that these Masons start a movement for the erection of a tomb becoming the importance of that great shrine. The T.-R. says of the present resting place of the Father of his Country:

"The tomb of Washington, as an expression of the esteem in which the father of his country is held, or ought to be held, is unspeakably miserable and inadequate. It is about as expressive of the character of Washington as that silly, cheap story about the cherry tree. Washington was grand, magnificent, stately, a man of resolution and of tenacity of purpose past all examples of the day. His tomb looks like a cheap chicken house built into the side of the hill."

The mausoleum of the greatest man this country has produced should be in keeping with his character and career. If the Masons of Washington and Alexandria fail to take the initiative in the matter of providing a suitable tomb, as above suggested, Iowa Masons would do well to inaugurate a movement to that end.

NOTES AND COMMENT.

The Jacksonville Courier explains that they call it the milky way because it is so high.

Philosopher Pitch points out that extravagance consists in making necessities out of the luxuries of life.

In Schenectady, N. Y., 650 boilermakers are on strike. The Des Moines Tribune concludes that the silence must be deafening.

The Washington Democrat says that many a crime is committed against Prince Bismarck by naming bum hotels after him.

"About one more boost in price," says the Waterloo Reporter, "and the farmers will have to eat all their own turkeys for Christmas."

The Des Moines Capital holds that 90 per cent of the fault finding that is reaching the public today comes from force of habit or an inability to quit.

A Jack-the-Hugger has recently been operating in St. Louis. This shows to the Quincy Journal that a Jack-the-Hugger will operate anywhere if he can get the chance.

"The Republican party is for protection," says the Marion Register. "On this issue it has won its victories since the days of reconstruction. If the time ever comes that it abandons protection it will be marked for oblivion."

The Marshalltown Times-Republican insists that those experts who have been telling the farmers to plant their corn earlier in the spring, ought to be impressed for the work of husking that will be going on early in the coming spring.

State university officials feel that the state university of Iowa needs an official song so badly that they have offered $175 for the best one submitted. J. Reed Lane of Davenport donated $25 of this sum; S. A. Coldren of Iowa City donated $100 and the university athletic board donated $50.

They say that out on the "slope" you can sift a pint of sand and get a pint of fleas. However this may be, the Kewanee Star-Courier says it is a fact that an Illinoisan out there on a visit, inserted this want ad in a Los Angeles paper: "Wanted—By a stout gentleman, boy to scratch fleas; must be industrious."

The Cedar Rapids Republican says that better cultivation of the soil explains why such countries as Holland and Denmark produce better crops of grain than the United States. "That is what America must come to," adds the Republican, "if it would compete with those countries and if it would supply the food wants of its own growing population."

The Davenport Democrat says it is only part of the truth to say that the west is land crazy, the south and the north having the fever just as strongly developed. "It is much easier these days, and it pays better," continues the Democrat, "to organize a colony than to start a political party. The promoters get the plums and the railroads furnish the transportation."

SAM CLARK FEARED PAIN

Was Not Afraid to Die, But Dreaded Suffering—Reminiscences of the Man and His Father.

L. F. Andrews in Des Moines Register and Leader: Samuel M. Clark, or "Sam," as he was familiarly called by old and young throughout the state, one of Iowa's great editors, was born October 4, 1842, in Van Buren county, Iowa, of Irish ancestry, who came to America about the year 1774. His father was the Rev. Samuel Clarke (he always used the final e), a Virginian, and Methodist Episcopal minister, widely known throughout Virginia, Maryland and portions of Pennsylvania in the early thirties, and later as one of the most peculiar, forcible and favorite preachers in eastern Iowa in pioneer days. He was an old-fashioned preacher, who believed in his Lord, and laid down the conditions of prayer, faith and works without cant or hyperbole.

He was masterful, spoke with a power that had a commanding effect upon his hearers. Said Bishop Foster, the great bishop of the Methodist church: "I heard him make a prayer at Cincinnati, forty-four years ago, which I remember now, and it is the only prayer I ever heard, that I could remember forty-four years." From the east to the west, hearers of him have some incident, or utterance characteristic of him, and illustrative of his power—some trenchant saying that went straight to its mark with the force of a Minnie ball. For instance, at a camp meeting in Lee county when the Mormons were at Nauvoo, he made a statement about the Mormons, when a well dressed man in the audience arose and denied what he had said. "What's that? What's that?" said Mr. Clarke. The man replied: "I am an elder in the Mormon church, and I deny what you have just said about my church." "You are a Mormon, are you?" queried Mr. Clarke. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Then all I want is a rope and gallows for you," was the quick retort, which sent the elder to his seat. There was in him that trait of character which won the life long friendship and attachment of prominent men of all parties, beliefs and creeds, and of no creeds. The well known Judge Thomas W. Claggett, profusely profane, was devotedly attached to him, and whenever he attended a conference or big gathering of Methodists at Keokuk, it was well understood that he was to be the guest of Judge Claggett. Referring to him the judge would say, emphasized with his accustomed, energetic expletives: "Father Clarke is the only blankety, blank preacher I ever knew who wasn't a blankety, blank, blank hypocrit," yet with all his extreme habit of profanity, he never swore in the presence of Mr. Clarke.

In all the preaching of Mr. Clarke, he was more insistent upon character than doctrine or creeds, and very singularly, never in all his life, said one word to his children to get them to be religious, yet he firmly insisted that children born and baptized in the Methodist church should be enrolled as members, but Sam never evinced publicly by word or deed, that he recognized the membership.

Father Clarke was one of the founders, and first trustees of Wesleyan university at Mount Pleasant. In midwinter, 1856, he was holding meetings at Libertyville, and the guest of a countryman, during which he was stricken with an acute attack of diphtheria, and one morning, standing at the window, viewing the desolate scenery, he turned to the family, saying: "Tomorrow I shall go home, or to Heaven." When the "tomorrow" came, February 16, among strangers, he went to "Heaven," in the meridian of life, at the age of 58.

His home was on a farm of six hundred and forty acres near Keosauqua, purchased in 1841, and there Sam passed, under religious environments, the years of childhood acquiring such education as the common schools then afforded, which was supplemented with a course in the Des Moines Valley college, at West Point in Lee county. He was a diligent and earnest student. In 1860, when he was eighteen, he began reading law in the office of the late George G. Wright. In 1861, he evidenced his patriotism by tendering his services to the government to help put down the rebellion, but the army surgeons declined to accept him because of his physical disability, he being of very frail physique. He then finished his law study, and was admitted to the bar in 1864. Immediately, he joined J. B. Howell, as associate editor of The Keokuk Gate City, and thereafter, journalism was his field of labor. It was not long before it was universally agreed that he was the right man in the right place. He was a close, sharp-sighted observer, an insatiate reader of literary and scientific books, a clear-headed, philosophical free thinker, and had the ability to express his thoughts upon subjects, sentimental, poetic, scientific or philosophic, with a versatility of diction and charm, possessed by no other editor in the state, with the exception of Ret. His editorials often reached the perfection of finished essays. He was also complete master of sarcasm. He had that temperament which cultivates and wins friendship. Sociality and companionship were dominant traits of his character, hence he undoubtedly had the most warm, firmly abiding friends among notable people, of any man in the state. Paramount to that, his morals were the purest, his heart the kindest. He was ever ready to do a favor for a friend, even at a personal sacrifice. An eminent judge once reproved him for "saying and doing so much for others and so little for Sam. Clark." He was a potent factor in the politics of the state. No Republican state convention could be deemed complete without the presence of Sam. Clark, and he was invariably put on the committee of resolutions, and wrote many of the platforms of the party during the twenty-five years of his editorial life. On the stump, in political campaigns, he was an eloquent, strong, forceful speaker.

Sam was of nervous, sanguine temperament—a poorly wrapped bundle of nerves and brain; was active, energetic, ardent, warm, confident, and hopeful. He was influential largely through his pen work, masterful use of language, keen observation of men and things, and strong social relations.

In 1872, 1876 and 1880 Sam was a delegate to the national Republican convention. In 1889 President Harrison appointed him commissioner of education to the exposition at Paris, of which he took advantage to gratify his often expressed desire to make observations in European countries. In 1894 he was elected representative of the First district in the Fifty-fourth congress, re-elected to the succeeding congress and served four years with credit to himself and the state. While there nothing gave him greater pleasure than to serve a friend from Iowa however pressing his duties, and always closing the incident with an honest request to "come again." He was postmaster for four years; a member of the public school board twenty-one years, fourteen of which he was its president, thus evidencing the esteem of those who knew him best, and his interest in the uplift of his community.

During his thirty years of active, strenuous life, his frail body was almost constantly tormented with pain from a malady which he knew portended a certain and fatal termination, yet he never complained; was satisfied to suffer and happify those around him.

His habits, manner and frequent editorial objurgation of isms, fads, and creeds, caused a general impression that he was an agnostic, but when the shadows of the night that has no morning were falling around him, a friend visited him. During their conversation, the subject of Christianity came up, when Sam said with great tenderness, in slow, measured sentences: "They say a woman can suffer pain better than a man, and I guess they are right. We men are seized with a little pain and we double up and put ourselves under the doctor's care, but a woman suffers in a manner that men do not know, yet she does not complain. I tell you I am afraid of pain. I am a regular coward. I am pretty sick, and the doctor tells me that I am going to die if I don't get relief. But the thought of death does not worry me. I am ready to die. It is the fear that I will suffer pain. If I felt that I could pass quietly out of life without pain, I would welcome death. Every night, before I go to sleep, I pray to God that when I die it may be without pain. I think that there has never been a night since I was a little boy, that I have not prayed to God. It has been a great comfort to me. I am a strong believer in prayer.

"Why should we fear death? It it a natural process, and above all things not to be feared. I do not know where I will go, but the whole of life is an uncertainty, and why should I fear to die—the end of it? There may be another world—I am one who says that he does not know. I am satisfied to find out when I get there. We are conceived in our mother's womb, and we go through a period of a number of months. We do not, cannot know, what we are coming to until we arrive in this land of sunshine. How more can we tell where we are going? Why should we seek to know? I am satisfied to leave it to the All-wise Spirit that rules those affairs.

"People have called me an agnostic. I claim to be a believer. Do you know that we have a foolish and unwise notion some way, that the Lord's prayer, and the Sermon on the Mount have not been failures; that the history of the crucifixion has not been bad for the world; that do unto others as you would that they should do unto you, is really a golden rule; that some way the Song of Bethlehem sounding through these centuries has done something to bring peace and good will among men. The life of Jesus has been an inspiration to me, but because my mind could not grasp the dogmas that were put before it, I have been fenced by them without the enclosure. My Christianity is satisfactory to me, and when my end comes I go satisfied. This has been a beautiful world and though I have suffered much, I am far more than recompensed."

August 11, 1899, at the very noon of life, he went calmly to his final rest, with the philosophy so pathetically expressed by Leander in his dying words to Pericles: "I extend my hand to the urn, and take without reluctance, what is the lot of all."

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Burlington Route

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into a bank whether you put them there or not. If you spend all your earnings someone else deposits them. It's better to do your own depositing in an interest account in

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AFFORDS EVERY FACILITY FOR DOING YOUR BANKING BUSINESS THAT ANY BANK CAN.

3 PER CENT INTEREST ON TIME AND SAVINGS DEPOSITS

Bouquet for The Gate City.

Kewanee Star-Courier: It is a fine edition which The Keokuk Gate City has recently been putting out Sundays. The Gate City, however, is such a good paper all the time that it is hard to make improvement on its regular issues. Its editorial page is one of the most interesting we see.

The Late David J. Ayres.

Corydon Democrat: Hon. David J. Ayres, of Keokuk, died at the home of his brother, Dr. Samuel Ayres, at Pittsburg, Pa., last Thursday, Dec. 8, and the remains were brought to Keokuk, where burial took place Sunday, the 11th.

Mr. Ayres was one of the most prominent citizens of Keokuk, having served the city as alderman for two terms and as mayor one term, being the first Democratic mayor elected since the civil war. He was also very prominent in the business life of the city, being president of the Ayres Jewelry and Music companies, and a member of the Keokuk Waterpower company, which had for its object the development of the power in the Mississippi river by the erection of a dam and we believe one of a committee which secured the passage of a resolution by congress authorizing the building of the dam and the granting of a franchise, making it possible to develop this great source of energy which will be felt throughout the entire Mississippi valley as far south as St. Louis, and as far north as Davenport, if the plans laid by him and his colleagues are carried out, and we have every reason to believe they will be. It seems a pity to believe that he could not have been spared to see the accomplishment. He also served for four years as postmaster during Cleveland's last term.

Mr. Ayres was an active force in the religious and social life of Keokuk being a vestryman in the Episcopal church and taking an active part in every matter by which the community could be bettered. No one man's loss could have been felt more, and there is keen regret in every circle in the city over the death of so noble and generous a character. We have known him for nearly forty years, and in all that time ever found him an upright and honorable man, ever ready to lend a helping hand or speak a kindly word to anyone in trouble or affliction. To his sorrowing widow and daughter our sympathy is extended in this hour of their affliction and distress, and may they find comfort in the thought that "He doeth all things well."

Wabash Improvement.

Clayton Enterprise: The Wabash will take out every wooden bridge in this division and replace it with structures of concrete and iron, making it safe for the passage of the big engines, which in the past came no farther west than Decatur. The largest bridge to be built will be between Barry and Kinderhook; a bridge sixty-four feet in length will be built before the first of the year.

The Rabbit Industry in Missouri.

Downing News: Boon West bought 2,000 rabbits last Monday; on the preceding Saturday he bought 1,500; the day before that about 1,000. The bunnies come into town literally by the sled loads.

A Strict Sabbatarian.

Shenandoah World: A Shenandoah man tells that his wife is such a strict observer of the Sabbath that last Saturday night, when he bought a Sunday paper that was printed in Chicago Friday, shipped out here and sold Saturday night, she wouldn't look at it

Children of the Rich.

Sunday School Teacher (impressively)—"Of course you know that Elijah went up to Heaven in the chariot?" Johnny Millyun—"Oh, I don't know. That's probably just the story the family gave out."—Puck.

Their Reality.

"Are those two sisters fine girls? Well, one is a pattern and the other a model." "Are they so good as all that?" "Good in each one's own way. The pattern girl is a dressmaker and the model one with a cloak manufacturer."

LeBron's 404 Main
The only Complete line of Solid Gold Jewelry in Keokuk.