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Next to the old-fashioned winter in point of discomfort is an old-fashioned January thaw.

The Wright brothers have made it clear that they are not "up in the air" when they are up in the air.

Thought for the day: I have seldom known anyone who deserted truth in trifles who could be trusted in matters of importance.—William Paley.

Peoria has limited the number of saloons which may be licensed in that city to 300. It doesn't follow, however, that it has put any crimp in its appetite.

Sarah Bernhardt is going to appear in vaudeville, which is more or less to her credit. Some actresses have practically nothing on when they appear.

A new union is in prospect in Keokuk. It will be known as the "Spectators' union" and will be composed of persons watching the construction of the big dam.

Napoleon said that victory was always on the side that had the heaviest cannon. In the contest at Washington only one side was Cannon,—which makes the victory of the Lord's people a foregone conclusion.

Champ Clark of Missouri has just delivered his annual speech about how the Democrats are going to wipe the Republican party off the earth next year. As a foreteller of what is certain not to occur, Mr. Clark is second only to W. J. B.

The forcing of Albert F. Dawson from the congressional field in the Second district is greatly to be regretted. He has twice carried the district against great odds and has been an especially useful and creditable representative.

The Keosauqua Republican, following its custom, skipped a week's issue during the holidays, but came out as usual after the vacation with the important announcement that 1910 had arrived. "Thus," remarks the Oskaloosa Herald, "is Van Buren county saved to the Union." There's many a true word spoken in jest. Van Buren county would hardly be Van Buren county without the Keosauqua Republican.

Mason City, Iowa, is to have a big old-fashioned spelling bee, with eight counties represented, which leads the Jacksonville Courier to say: "This is harking back to the old customs, the time being in Illinois when spelling was regarded as a desirable accomplishment. There should be a revival." The Gate City seconds the motion most heartily. Spelling is an accomplishment that has been sadly neglected of late, to the disgrace of the schools and their graduates.

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"INSANE REAL ESTATE VALUES."

The Gate City has had occasion, and good reason, to utter protest several times during the past week against the folly of putting fictitious values upon Keokuk real estate because of the prospective development of the water power.

Dr. G. Walter Barr in Cedar Rapids Republican: The editorials in the Republican the other day on the Keokuk dam and its relation to conservation of resources, the people and the corporations is so remarkably sane, that I am moved to write some information on the big dam and its relation to Cedar Rapids, which may, if she chooses, be one of the beneficiaries of this great improvement.

Three St. Louis public utilities have contracted for ninety-nine years to take a total of 60,000 horse-power generated here at Keokuk. The distance to St. Louis is over 167 miles. The price paid is not given out, but it is about \$20 per horse-power year.

Logically, Cedar Rapids could buy electric power for less than the \$20 per horse-power year that St. Louis pays. But the St. Louis utilities which have contracted for power are in the place of large dealers who sell it again to consumers; they contract in advance for a large quantity which makes wholesale rates proper; chiefly, their purchase of power makes it possible to build the dam, as a commercial proposition. Hence, Cedar Rapids will have to pay more than St. Louis public utilities do for power from the dam.

Probably current will be sold in Cedar Rapids at \$30 or \$35 per horse power year. The higher figure saves \$15 per unit to Cedar Rapids factories. A factory using 500 horse-power would save \$7,500 a year over present expenses—and over another factory in the same trade outside the sphere of influence of the dam at Keokuk.

The rest of the proposition can be worked out by any reader, and it ought to be interesting to your commercial club under whatever name it is working for Cedar Rapids. Equal or greater advantages come to every city in this section of the country. Manufacturing centers raise the values of everything the farmer owns from land to cabbages.

It staggers one to compute the actual value of this big dam to the people in three states, here in this geographical and productive center of the United States—Keokuk is near the geographical center of the country and the census centers of corn, pork and some other productions are within ten miles of this city.

But there is no doubt that the capitalists building the dam will make much money from it—capitalists capable of financing such a project are sure of big profits before they begin work.

The sanest editorial in the Republican asks whether it is best to make the operating corporation pay a bonus, or royalty, for the privilege of damming the river; it also asks whether it is not better to utilize the natural resources of the Des Moines rapids in the Mississippi river here in the available way.

Mush-brained muck-rakers have been howling that the United States should not grant such franchises as the one here without exacting large payments from the operating and building corporation.

I apply an epithet to the muck-rakers involved in this, because any magazine or newspaper special writer who shows such dense ignorance of his subjects as each of these do, is a disgrace to a very honorable vocation.

The United States of America, by its congress or any department of its government, has no more power to exact payment for the building franchise of a water-power dam, than the city of Cedar Rapids has to tax this greatest dam at Keokuk.

The greatest lawyers in the United States are a unit on this proposition; no lawyer of any standing takes the opposite view; one magazine muck-raker, seeming to know the truth,

How the Dam at Keokuk May Help Even Cedar Rapids

states; that lawyers disagree about it; lawyers do not, although it is possible to get some attorney in Podunk, no doubt, to give a contrary opinion. A great brief on the proposition, which makes the matter clear even to a layman, is obtainable as a public document. Not having it at hand, I am sending the editor of the Republican a copy of the brief on Hon. Henry M. Teller, which I think any lawyer will find conclusive.

The federal government's rights stop with navigation and its conservation. It is the duty of the war department to conserve navigation, and judging from departmental action in the Keokuk case, it is doing so to the full, and stretching the outlook into the future a little.

The right to conserve water power is in the state having governmental control of the site. As to an inland river, it is in one state. In the Keokuk case, with a state boundary river, it is in the two states of Iowa and Illinois. If anybody is to stop such projects as this Keokuk dam, the states must do it. The United States has no more to do with the power and its place in economics than your chief of police has.

A realization of this basic fact will save much argument beside the mark and much talk that is foolish.

In the case of this Keokuk dam, the states of Iowa and Illinois, by their legislatures, their governors, and their congressional delegations, urged upon congress the granting of the right to dam the river here, with conservation of navigation by the war department. Missouri, not a legal party in interest but equally benefited by the dam, did the same thing.

With both owners and the neighbors not only consenting, but even urging, the passage of the enabling act for the Keokuk dam, by congress, who else has any right to complain?

The people of Maine, California and the rest of the union? Under no circumstances could they receive any of the money exacted of the operating corporation, even if it were compelled to pay over—to the owning two states—half its gross receipts every year. How are they affected?

They are affected by the enormous quantity of cheap power reducing the cost of manufactured products over a territory as large as to be necessarily competitive. They gain that and lose nothing.

Any loss to the states of Iowa and Illinois, in this instance, as these states would have received any royalties collected from the water power company.

It can be stated flatly that the exacting of any royalties would have prevented the building of the dam—a hundred prominent men know that. Keokuk worked like a Trojan, backed by the three states, to accomplish what many called the impossible—the building of this big dam in this generation. Keokuk considers that the three gain much more than any paper loss from lack of royalty provision. The gain to Cedar Rapids, a hundred miles away, has been stated above. The loss to Cedar Rapids from a lack of royalty provision is—how much?

If instead of this second largest dam at Keokuk, there came to Cedar Rapids a proposition that the second largest railroad in the country would come to Cedar Rapids, build there its main plant, pay will for all the ground it occupied, have government supervision to insure elevated crossings and every other device to prevent interference with other traffic—what would Cedar Rapids do?

Would she stifle for the road to pay part of its earnings to the state under the Illinois Central plan? Is that real sense? Is it good policy?

The benefits to the states of Illinois and Iowa from the Keokuk dam built now, are much greater than the benefits which would come from getting five per cent of the net earnings of the company, said royalty to be equally divided between the states of Iowa and Illinois.

This Keokuk dam, the right to build which rests on five separate acts of congress, each passed unanimously holds an epitome of the whole question of conservation of water powers. And showing as it does the immense local benefits, it seems to remove the question from national interest. As long as there is human nature in folks, the state and community getting the great benefits are going to take them and tell the other states to go hang.

By the way, that is the way the country west of the Mississippi river was changed from a wilderness to an empire in half a century—and while the railroads required city and county bond issues, the water power people asked not a cent—and actually paid back to Keokuk and Hamilton several thousand dollars these cities had spent promoting the project.

—Read The Daily Gate City.

The RED MOUSE A Mystery Romance

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER IX. The trial of James Lawrence Chalmers had progressed with unaccustomed haste, the fourth day finding all the witnesses heard and the case ready to sum up to the jury. Brief and to the point had been the state's case—made up out of Pemman's evidence and the confession of the prisoner. But in the prosecutor's presentation of his evidence there had been an undercurrent as unusual as it was unexpected. Every question that he hurled at Pemman had a hidden meaning; every interrogation point had a sting hidden in its tail. Not that he made any attempt to switch the issue or to sidetrack the facts, but it was clearly apparent that from start to finish he was making a supreme effort to include within his facts, to embrace within the issue and to place on trial, together with the prisoner, one other culprit in this celebrated case—Cradlebaugh's.

However, if such were the prosecutor's chief purpose it failed. Thorne, the counsel for the defense, who represented more than one client in this case, met him at every turn, parried his every thrust.

And upon such occasions Graham Thorne from the counsel's table in the front had flashed a triumphant glance at Peter Broderick, and Peter Broderick in turn from his seat in the rear of the courtroom would return the gaze with a smile, the brilliancy of which was outshone only by the big diamond that blazed from where it rested comfortably on his highly colored shirt front. To these two—not in the least interested in the outcome of the trial, so far as Chalmers was concerned—the case was highly satisfactory. There was no crevice in the mystery of Cradlebaugh's in which Murgatroyd could insert the thin edge of a wedge. His foundation still remained unshaken after the impact of his battering ram. The Chalmers case was to be the Chalmers case and nothing more.

On Pemman of the low brow leaving the witness stand he had glanced expectantly toward the counsel for the defense. Throughout the trial there was in his manner a peculiar deference toward Thorne which had been there from the first day.

"Surely you're not going to detain me any longer?" whispered Pemman to the officers, who had placed themselves on either side of him. "What! You're not going to let me go?"

"Not on your life!" remarked one of them genially, and, showing to the prisoner a slip of paper which he drew from his pocket. "There's a warrant for your arrest."

Pemman looked bewildered. "The chief's begun his raid on Cradlebaugh's, and you're one of the main guys."

Pemman stammered sulkily: "And—and the prosecutor's going to lock me up after all I've done for him?"

"That's what!" replied the officer. "Unless you can get bail."

"Confound 'em!" exclaimed Pemman. "They won't place my bail!"

The detective placed his ear quite close to Pemman.

"Who won't go your bail?" he queried interestedly.

Pemman smiled.

"They," he returned, not for an instant off his guard.

"If Prosecutor Murgatroyd only knew who they are," went on the detective. "If he knew who backed you up, there'd be some interesting goings on round here."

"He won't find out from me," replied Pemman doggedly. "I play a straight game with the men who hand out my bread and butter. You can lay your bets on that."

Presently Thorne began to address the jury. During the trial his line of defense had been insanity, the defense of the defenseless, the forlorn hope of the hopeless. The bench had frowned at it; the jury had shaken its head as one man. Insanity to juries in the metropolis had become as a red rag to a bull.

Before turning to the jury, however, for his last effort Thorne stooped and whispered to Mrs. Chalmers:

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Chalmers, that we couldn't do better with our facts. It seems to me our defense is the weakest I have ever seen put up in any case."

But somewhat to his astonishment this remark was received by Miriam Chalmers with that same degree of confidence that had characterized her attitude all through the trial. On her face was a certain unexplainable something which not only he had noted, but which the people had noted and commented upon freely in their copy—a glow that had never faded from the eyes of the woman, a flush upon her cheek that had never paled and that said more plainly than words that she was certain of the acquittal of her husband.

"Devilish fine actress," Thorne muttered to himself, and it was with admiration that he heard her whisper with a smile:

"You're making a splendid job of it."

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Thorne. "You're bound to succeed." And her marvelous hopefulness succeeded in enheartening him and was reflected in his illustrations to the jury when dwelling on the many fine points in the character of the accused. He was particularly happy in impressing upon his hearers that Chalmers was a man with a most peculiar temperament and mental bias; that if Chalmers had taken the life of Hargraves it was only after the man's soul and mind had eaten poison from the hands of his enemy—Hargraves.

Thorne paused. Assuming a dramatic pose and turning toward a fashionably gowned young woman with a bar of sunlight streaming down her face who sat in the courtroom, he riveted his gaze on her, all eyes following in that direction.

"There," he said, his voice sinking to a whisper, but a whisper that could be heard all over the courtroom, "is the woman in the case—the real culprit—a temptress, a vampire, a Circe; a woman who has made a mess of the lives of two men and only God knows how many others; a woman who played the game to her own selfish ends! And here you have the results!"

For a full minute Letty Love unblinking returned the lawyer's probing glances. Plainly she rejoiced in the states which she felt were focused upon her, for no one knew better than she that her beauty was inflicting all present, and it was not until she had drunk her fill of the cup of publicity that she turned her head away and looked out upon the sunlit street.

Chalmers, too, was able to see the face of the woman who was responsible for his misfortunes. That same glance, however, brought his wife also into his line of vision, making it possible for him to contrast the two countenances, and he was surprised to find himself not only admiring the wealth of coloring and glow upon Miriam's face, but actually loathing himself for ever having admired the ugly lines which he now saw on the sunlit face of Letty Love, and his whole nature revolted against her.

"If only I had left her to Colonel Hargraves!" he muttered to himself, losing all but his counsel's concluding words.

"And all that I want, all that I ask of you, gentlemen of the jury, is that you give us what we have not had so far—a fair, square deal."

Thorne sat down, satisfied that he had made an impression. Out of his material he had woven the inevitable result, debauchery; out of this debauchery he fashioned the conclusion, insanity; out of a victim he had made a murderer; out of a murderer he had made a hero whose irresponsible emotions cried out to a jury of his peers for justice, even for retribution against the murdered man.

Shirley and Miriam leaned over and shook hands with Thorne.

"We can't lose," whispered Miriam, and there returned to her face that mysterious expression of confidence. The lawyer turned to Shirley and said: "Does she understand that we must lose?"

"Oh, no! No one can tell her that." And, bestowing on him a rare smile, she added, "And now, Mr. Thorne, after what you have said no one can tell me that either."

Well pleased with her battery, Thorne returned the smile, but he warned her that when those twelve men got into the jury room they would get down to facts.

And it so happened that the twelve men got down to the facts before they even started for the jury room, for already the prosecutor had begun his speech.

"This, gentlemen," he now told the jury quietly, "is not an unusual case. It's an everyday story growing out of jealousy and hatred. One bad man

shot another bad man—that's all!" Chalmers stirred uneasily; Shirley Bloodgood shivered; only Miriam Chalmers sat with the same placid look on her face.

Murgatroyd walked to the table where the prisoner sat, and, fixing his eyes on the accused, he continued: "This man Chalmers is a willful, deliberate murderer! This is not his first offense. He began to murder years ago."

At this point the prosecutor went back to the time when Chalmers married a beautiful young girl, emphasizing the fact that he had married this mere slip of a girl for her money.

"Her money! And he has never earned a dollar since!" he told his listeners, with great scorn. "And his life—what has he made of it? This degenerate, this profligate, did these things of the underworld. They appealed to him. He was no mere youth to be led astray."

The audience shifted uneasily in their seats. Shirley Bloodgood held her breath as she placed a protecting arm about Miriam, which Miriam gently shook off, for what need had she of sympathy?

CHAPTER X. MURGATROYD returned to his place in front of the jury rail and briefly reviewed the evidence.

Then, with great emotion in his voice, he went on: "And what part, gentlemen, did the wife have in all this—his wife, who sat through the weary hours of the night waiting for the thing she loved, while her husband not only loathed his affections, but her money, on others—his gay companions?" Chalmers grew hot and cold by turns. "Gentlemen, behold the result of riotous living," the prosecutor declared, pointing his finger at the prisoner, "the pace that kills!" "Gentlemen, on behalf of the people, in the name of justice, I ask you to convict this man."

For an instant he stood eying the twelve jurors. Then, raising his right hand solemnly, he brought it down with full sudden force upon the railing between himself and them.

"And let me warn you, gentlemen of the jury," he continued ominously, "that the honor, the integrity, of this metropolis hangs in the balance. If you acquit this defendant and set him free the people of this state, the people of the country, will say henceforth that all that a murderer need have to secure an acquittal—his freedom—is money, money, money!"

As the prosecutor seated himself there was a gasp of relief from the people in the courtroom. Broderick ventured inside of the railed space set aside for counsel and shook hands with Thorne.

"Counselor," he said, "you certainly handled that trial like a veteran. You saw your duty and you did it."

Thorne nodded his thanks and answered: "I held Murgatroyd down to the woman in the case, all right. He had to stick to that one motive. This verdict will let everybody out!"

"But Chalmers," added Broderick. "Everybody but Chalmers," agreed Thorne, "and the incident will be closed."

Broderick glanced in the direction of Miriam Chalmers and presently commented in a low voice: "There's a plucky little woman. Thorne. Nothin' can faze her. I've been watchin' her, and she's just as sure of that jury as I am of my own assembly district after it has gone through my trousers pockets the night before election."

(To be continued.)