

THE GATE CITY PUBLISHED BY THE GATE CITY COMPANY

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Keokuk, Iowa, January 25, 1910

This winter—the kind that mother used to make.

Shoes cost more. It will be hard to keep sole and body together.

Boycotts of meat threaten to outrun New Year resolutions to the ultimate destination.

Bombs have given way to bumps in Odessa. The Black Sea port is batty on roller skating.

Mr. Pinchot was more successful at conserving the forests than at conserving his job.

Five people killed Wednesday in a Philadelphia factory fire. Why not a fire drill in all the mills as in schools?

The suffragettes polled one lone vote in the British election, but captured two bunches of ministerial hair.

If the cost of living is to be reduced, many housewives must be induced not to expect every 10 cent package to be brought to their doors.

If the patent medicine men would get out something for those sinking spells in the coal bin, they wouldn't have to use last year's testimonials.

The largest valentine factory in this country, located in Massachusetts, has been destroyed by fire. The heat of the love messages flamed in the wrong spot.

Paulhan's high fight at Los Angeles indicates the use of the air ship in war. Future fortifications should be proof against attack by land, sea and sky.

The governors discussed automobile regulation at their Washington meeting. The most immediate need is to teach pedestrians how they can jump farther.

The January rise in the stock market has not come off. It seems strange that the bars were put up so quickly before the lambs could crowd into the shearing pen.

Many a girl who wouldn't walk a mile to save a street car fare will go through with 20 dance numbers at a time, each involving half a mile of prancing around a heated hall.

A New York judge foolishly attempts to expound domestic law in respect to the husband's pocket and the wife's searching fingers. What's the use? Judges haven't the last word.

The aviators at Los Angeles went up even when high winds threatened their delicate planes. We'd hate even to ride behind old Dobbin with such venturesome men holding the reins.

Slason Thompson, manager of the railway news bureau of Chicago, remains the most irreconcilable insurgent against Taft's railroad plans now visible on the snowy pikes of the middle west.

The epidemic of flash marriages is somewhat obscuring the glitter of the theatrical stars seeking divorces, but those interested may have observed that Reno is still doing business at the old stand.

Prof. Willis L. Moore, the weather expert, reports having found an envelope of outer darkness above the earth's atmosphere, which may explain the continued absence of the quondam Cook.

They want to change the date for inaugurating a president to a time of better weather. Do we have a president to provide a popular junket, or to look after the 80,000,000 people who can't attend this show?

Thomas W. Lawson, Boston's expert trust buster, is striving to pump bay state gas into the Burley tobacco combine in Kentucky. As soon as the connection is made Lawson will strike a match and smoke a pipe or two.

President Taft is convinced that the wreck of the Maine should be raised. So is every right-thinking man in the country. Until it is done there will always be a suspicion that the real cause of the explosion which destroyed the battleship was not the one put forward by the board which investigated the disaster.

The Democrats talk mighty knowing on the stump and in the newspapers, but now that Congress is at it the scope of their activity as usual will be voting "No" on every measure suggested.

The Atchison Globe thinks four Atchison girls that got married in the same dress are treating the old man about right. But how about Mr. Newlywed who must soon buy his trousseseous wife a party gown?

Thirty thousand Cleveland people won't eat meat for a month, to help break the price. Many families that once had meat twice a day, long ago found out that attractively prepared cereals are even better for breakfast.

A town is judged by its newspapers, much as a man is sized up by his clothes. The whole community is thus a partner in its journalistic enterprises. If you want your city to put its best foot forward, give the home paper the support it needs to keep on expanding and growing more attractive.

Are our merchants prepared to meet the competition, constantly growing more attractive to the unthinking, of those alluring spring catalogs from the metropolitan department stores?

Of course the bargains at home are better when you consider that the home merchant gives you personal attention and the chance to return goods that are not what was represented. But the public forgets this, trade has to be drummed, and the only efficient drummer for the home merchant is the local newspaper.

It is quite fashionable, if you are a New York society woman, to get your name in the papers as a sympathizer with the women on strike against the shirt waist factories. Recently several members of the "younger set" have been arrested for picketing.

Participating in the strike is an interesting diversion with most of the ennobled daughters of the rich and their activities are not to be considered seriously. But with some of the women there is deep, sympathetic interest and a genuine desire to render service.

The Russian wheat crop of 1909 is the largest ever harvested by any country. Our own wheat yield last year is next to the largest in the history of American agriculture, that of 1901. Once before, in 1904, when the crop was a partial failure in this country, did Russian's yield surpass ours.

The 1909 Russian crop was 783,000,000 bushels, or 100 million bushels more than the previous best record of that country. The wheat acreage in Russia increased from 42,000,000 acres in 1895 to over 65,000,000 acres for last year. Rye is the chief bread grain of the country, wheat being the "money crop," about one-fourth of the whole being exported.

IOWA WATERWAYS. Burlington Hawk-Eye: A few years ago the matter would have been looked upon as a joke. Now the thoughts of the people are turning to the rivers of Iowa and it is found that they may be put to various uses.

More of our people have traveled abroad and they have seen streams in Europe that were almost dry carrying vast loads of freight, and other miniature streams furnishing power, and still others supplying the means for boating and bathing and recreation.

And they argued if the people of Europe can do these things with their creeks, why not put the rivers of Iowa to practical use? And so there is real talk of making the Des Moines and other rivers navigable, and there are works going up in various parts of the state which are going to extract power out of the rivers and are going to compel them to work.

And the motor boat is invading the smaller rivers and is teaching many thousands of Iowans who never knew it, how beautiful are some of our own streams. And the voice of the fisherman is heard in the land, and he is appealing to everybody to protect his streams. And those who are watching over the public health are raising their voices in behalf of the streams, and against their pollution, and the demand goes up, "Not for filtered sewage, but for pure natural water."

And between all these beautiful streams of Iowa that at one time were the delight of the native and the white brother who came to make him move on, and that then were almost forgotten, are coming into their own again.

THE KITCHEN OF THE FUTURE. Science, which has for years worked to lighten the labors of man, has now turned to aid woman in the household. She who once prepared the family meals over a red-hot stove; washed in a steaming laundry and cleaned her floors by vigorous broom strokes, can now practically do it all by the manipulation of a button attached to the electric light system in her house.

At the recent electrical exposition in New York, according to Gertrude Penrose in the Van Norden Magazine, the "kitchen of the future" exhibited there, had none of the disadvantages with which women for centuries have had to contend. An electric motor, on a porcelain stand no bigger than an ordinary card table, turned the crank of a patent bread kneader and cake mixer, ran a fruit press and an ice cream freezer, churned butter, beat eggs, whipped cream, chopped meat, ground coffee, scoured knives, polished silver and even peeled potatoes.

With the aid of these appliances a cool and smiling young woman turned

out to admiring spectators bread, cake, pies and biscuits as crisp and crusty as any from the best coal oven that ever baked, roast meats that were all crackly brownness outside and juicy tenderness inside, steaks and chops broiled just right over their entire surface, stacks of golden griddle cakes, piles of brittle toast, pots of steaming coffee, doughnuts, "rabbits," Newburgs; everything the heart—or at least the palate—of man could desire.

While the young woman in pink demonstrated the possibilities of electric cooking, another young woman, equally cool, fresh, smiling and unruffled, did a family wash. A motor connected with an electric light socket turned a highly modern washing machine, wringer and mangle. A current of electrically heated air dried the clothes in an enclosed space no bigger than an ordinary bathroom. And electrically conveyed by wire from an electric light socket over the ironing board heated the flatiron, for there was but one, kept always at exactly the right heat.

IOWA PRESS COMMENT. Colds. But why doctor colds when they are preventable? And who can deny that with proper care, intelligence and determination they can be prevented?

Many of our habits of life recognized as common, customary and sensible are really, abnormal, weakening and bound to shorten life. Nature never intended that we should stay in the house all day and sleep in closed rooms at night. Nature will not endure this treatment without protest in one form or another. The result is continuous or periodic colds through the winter season.

Notwithstanding the doubts of scientists, experience proves that the heroic measures of cold baths or dry rubs do invigorate and brace the system against attacks of the cold "bug" or whatever it is that starts the trouble. It is known positively that avoidance of sudden cooling when the body is heated and perspiring prevents what would almost surely mean a cold.—Waterloo Courier.

Unselfish Patriots. Banker Morse, of New York, hardly has his prison bed warmed before Banker Walsh, of Chicago, is on the road to the "str" for an extended stay.

If Justice keeps on working regular hours she may yet land a few more of the bold bandits who appoint themselves guardians of the people's money and call bank guaranty laws confiscatory.—Manson Democrat.

Thrift and Women. Of the more than \$24,000,000 in deposits in the Davenport savings banks it will be found that the larger amounts may be in the names of men, but the accounts of women are undoubtedly the more numerous.

The country over it is the women, young and old, married and single, who watch their account books and who pinch and scrimp to lay something aside for the first of the month. Turn your pocketbook over to your mother, wife, sister or daughter and see for yourself.—Davenport Democrat.

Government Building at Washington. Washington Press: We certainly are pleased to note that a start has been taken in this matter, vital to our town. We need a government building and now that a start is made, it will be all the easier to secure the consummation of our desires.

Won't we be proud when the appropriation is secured and the building completed. It will be something to be proud about. If Congressman Kennedy secures this appropriation there will not be a man, woman or child in this old town, but who will have the most kindly feeling toward our congressman. Kennedy is a worker; you don't hear of him much on the floor of the house, but he gets the results. Men who know, tell us that Charley Kennedy is one of the hardest working members of congress. He has his nose to the grindstone all the time.

We Washington people appreciate the fact, that the post office matter has been given a start.

The Hog Rate Issue in Iowa. Cedar Rapids Republican: Several of the papers of the state have recently been filled with attacks on the Iowa railroad commissioners in connection with a movement for lower live stock rates to Chicago. The desire seems to have been to get after the commissioners, for political purposes, rather than to get at the real facts, that the Iowa packing interests have been vitally interested, even to the extent of a matter of life and death. The Iowa packers as intervenors have fought similar movements in the past.

The packers' side of the controversy is certainly worth considering. At the present time we are killing in Iowa about 16 per cent of the hogs grown and fattened in this state. The bulk of the other 84 per cent are carried to Chicago. But the Chicago packers want to get the rest of the business, to break down the independent packers entirely, in Iowa, as they have already done in Illinois.

But the people of Iowa are vitally interested in building up these packing interests. There is not a hog that ought to be carried out of the state, except in the form of dressed and cured meats. There are employed, probably 10,000 men in the packing industries of the state. But we ought to employ 50,000.

The farmers of Iowa are as vitally interested in this as the men of the cities. With the independent packing houses broken down, the trust packers in Chicago will pay their own

prices for live stock. At the present time there is a considerable element of competition and the Chicago packers have to bid against the Iowa packers. That helps prices. The freight rates might amount to a few cents per hundred pounds, but the commission men in Chicago would absorb that very readily. The farmers have ten times as much to gain from building up of the independent packers in Iowa.

Navigating the Des Moines. Bonaparte Record: Following are some extracts from a letter recently received from Capt. E. H. Thomas, of Ottumwa, in regard to the navigation of the Des Moines river.

As you know we have been making an effort to have the government improve the Des Moines river. This week we have the good news that the United States engineers have endorsed the project and we expect them to be at work along the Des Moines within the next sixty days. The money to pay the expense of this first work, the survey, estimate of cost, plans, etc., has already been appropriated and is ready.

After the survey comes the matter of getting an appropriation each year to help the work along. Engineers say the work from Des Moines to the mouth can be done in five years. Those in charge in Washington say the quickest way to get appropriations is to start a line of boats and navigate the river now during the good water months. A record of the river for the past five years shows that for five months of the year it has had an average of six to seven feet of water, ample water for steamboating. The improvements contemplated will make it navigable for eight months. This will also give us great and permanent water power at many of the towns, of course you know that that means at Bonaparte.

Now to assist this enterprise, the proposition is to use the river by putting in a fleet of boats next spring and operate them between Mississippi river points, or even Chicago.

We have in mind a class of low deck boats, which will carry the freight and will go under all the bridges. About the only obstructions are the old dam wrecks at Bentonport and Bonaparte. When the water gets down to four feet there will be danger of hitting them. A fleet of three of these boats hitched side by side gives a width of fifty-four feet, so that to get them through there should be a clear channel of at least sixty feet.

Possibly a good way to make a channel would be to clean out the old locks, take out the cross wall and blow out the dirt with dynamite, so that the high water in the spring would do the rest.

We expect to organize a company and start the boats next March. Considerable of the stock has already been subscribed. Bonaparte's business men should have a meeting and arrange to clear a passage for the boats. It will certainly do these towns some good to have the boats in operation and if the matter is presented to them I think the town officials would have the work done.

From a boatman's view of it, if the old lock walls are still there, it would make better and safer navigation to run through the old locks than to try to clear a place in the center of the river.

Ottumwa and Des Moines are hard at work on this project. The operation of the boats will do more than anything else to bring it to a successful termination. Using the river for a few months each year will demonstrate there is something in it and get us liberal appropriations to do the work. Have your people line up and help us out.

Yours, E. H. THOMAS.

Sermons Boiled Down. He who thinks he is debtor to none is usually pauper to all. Vices and virtues both renew their youth as they are exercised. Religion never means much until it is more than all religions. You cannot get a man to reverence that which he knows is not right. The easiest arguments to construct are those that follow our appetites. The trouble with the self-conscious saint is that he never knows his true self. It's no use praying for your husband while the potatoes are getting scorched. When a man has his religion in his wife's name he always kicks on the taxes. The mission of sorrow may be to teach us how to enrich the happiness of others. If you would be at peace with yourself you must be willing to be at war with someone. Some men are so conceited they never know whether they are confessing faults or advertising virtues.—Chicago Tribune.

Enemies Died Together. A bird was seen to fall in the yard of the works department at Deal Barracks, London, recently. It was a blue rock pigeon, with an adder tightly coiled around it, and both were dead. The adder, which measured two feet, six inches, was twisted around the pigeon's neck and one wing, and the pigeon's beak tightly gripped the snake's head.

The Keokuk Power Project. Mt. Pleasant Journal: That water power project at Keokuk, is full of possibilities for the towns and cities of this vicinity, and no telling what advantages it may bring to Mt. Pleasant, on account of the cheap power and light which can be transmitted from this dam, with its capacity of 200,000 horse power development.

The RED MOUSE A Mystery Romance By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE Copyright, 1909, by Dodd Mead & Co. (Continued.)

"I have got to tell somebody about this," Chaloner assured himself, and then an inspiration came to him. "I know—I'll go to Murgatroyd!"

CHAPTER XIV. I T is, of course, not given us to know what dreams of fame were Murgatroyd's when he determined to throw down the gauntlet at the feet of Cradlebaugh's; but, at all events, it took the best kind of courage and mettle, and certainly from the hour that he had sent for Pemlican and placed him on the rack in a vain attempt to get evidence he had never ceased his investigation of the big gambling house. However, Murgatroyd had discovered that he was battling not only with a single institution, but with a huge political principle—he was at war with a big city.

Another man might have been discouraged, for millionaires, large property owners, reputable taxpayers, statesmen of the highest order and even his best friends came to him and begged him to call off his crusade, but he only shook his head. As he proceeded he made the discovery that a political organization is not an organization—it is a man; that crime is personified and that corruption is concrete.

Then one day Mixley and McGrath burst into the prosecutor's office. "Chief," spoke out Mixley joyously, "McGrath and me has got the goods!" McGrath pulled from his pocket a bulky document made up of depositions.

While Murgatroyd read the document his subordinates stood watching him with anxious eyes. Long before

he had concluded they saw in his face the expression that they had waited for.

"By George, you don't mean it!" exclaimed Murgatroyd, smiting his desk with terrific force.

"You can bet your bottom dollar that we do!" returned Mixley.

"I've waited for this for many months," the prosecutor said grimly.

He ordered his men to summon Broderick and Thorne.

An hour later they made their appearance. Murgatroyd passed over a box of cigars.

Broderick lighted and, after puffing contentedly for a time, commented: "Good cigars, these. Strikes me that they're your first contribution to the campaign fund, eh?" And, with a wink at Murgatroyd, he asked: "Any Chaloner money in these?"

Murgatroyd smiled grimly.

"I wanted to have a little confidential talk with you gentlemen."

Broderick nudged Thorne and remarked: "Perhaps he's goin' to divvy?"

Murgatroyd laughed.

"I'm not going to divvy you, as you call it, just yet—not just yet," he replied pointedly.

Broderick shut his eyes and digested the reply.

Murgatroyd turned to Thorne.

"I wanted to have a talk," he said casually, "with the man who owns Cradlebaugh's."

Thorne looked about the room; then he inquired innocently: "He doesn't seem to have arrived as yet. Where is he?"

Murgatroyd answered quietly: "Oh, yes, he has. His name is Graham Thorne."

Murgatroyd could see the pallor of Thorne's face turn to a deeper white. Thorne rose and said indignantly: "Say that again!"

"With pleasure," returned Murgatroyd. "I say that you are the hitherto unknown owner of the most notorious gambling house within the state."

"This is preposterous!" exclaimed Thorne.

Thorne took another tack. "What evidence have you, I should like to know?" he said. "You can't prove these things, Murgatroyd."

"That," returned Murgatroyd, "is for me to worry about, not you. I'm going on, and when I'm through you can stake your last dollar that I'll know all about this rotten system that you call your organization—from the most insignificant ward politician up to Peter Broderick!"

The accusing forefinger shifted from Thorne to the county chairman, who all at once felt that his courage was slipping from him.

"I've got to see a man," he began nervously and stole softly and almost on tiptoe to the door.

"Broderick!" thundered Murgatroyd, "I want you in this office tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock—alone. If you don't come I'll send for you. Understand!"

Broderick opened the door and disappeared.

"Thorne," went on Murgatroyd, "I sent for you to tell you to close up Cradlebaugh's. If you don't—" "And what about you?" broke in Thorne. "Are your hands clean?"

The tiger leaped into Murgatroyd's face. His eyes flashed fire.

"I'm talking about you now," he answered quickly. "You are sworn as a counselor to uphold the law. You have lined your pockets with the

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Thorne looked about the room; then he inquired innocently: "He doesn't seem to have arrived as yet. Where is he?" Murgatroyd answered quietly: "Oh, yes, he has. His name is Graham Thorne." Murgatroyd could see the pallor of Thorne's face turn to a deeper white. Thorne rose and said indignantly: "Say that again!" "With pleasure," returned Murgatroyd. "I say that you are the hitherto unknown owner of the most notorious gambling house within the state." "This is preposterous!" exclaimed Thorne. Thorne took another tack. "What evidence have you, I should like to know?" he said. "You can't prove these things, Murgatroyd." "That," returned Murgatroyd, "is for me to worry about, not you. I'm going on, and when I'm through you can stake your last dollar that I'll know all about this rotten system that you call your organization—from the most insignificant ward politician up to Peter Broderick!" The accusing forefinger shifted from Thorne to the county chairman, who all at once felt that his courage was slipping from him. "I've got to see a man," he began nervously and stole softly and almost on tiptoe to the door. "Broderick!" thundered Murgatroyd, "I want you in this office tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock—alone. If you don't come I'll send for you. Understand!" Broderick opened the door and disappeared. "Thorne," went on Murgatroyd, "I sent for you to tell you to close up Cradlebaugh's. If you don't—" "And what about you?" broke in Thorne. "Are your hands clean?" The tiger leaped into Murgatroyd's face. His eyes flashed fire. "I'm talking about you now," he answered quickly. "You are sworn as a counselor to uphold the law. You have lined your pockets with the

(To be continued.)