THE GATE CITY

PUBLISHED BY
THE GATE CITY COMPANY

B. F. SKIRVIN.....Manager

DAILY BY MAIL.

One year.....$3.00 Four months...$1.00
Six months.....1.50 One month.....35

Entered in Keokuk postoffice as second class matter.

Postage prepaid; terms in advance.

All subscription orders should give the P. O. address and state whether it is a new or renewal order. If change of address is desired, state both the old and new address.

Remit by postoffice money order, express money order, registered letter or draft, at our risk.

The date printed on the address of each paper notes when the subscription expires.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers promptly will confer a favor by giving notice of the fact.

Address all communications to
THE GATE CITY COMPANY,
No. 13 North Sixth St., Keokuk, Iowa.

THE GATE CITY is on sale at the following news stands:
Hotel Keokuk, cor. Third and Johnson.
C. H. Hodine & Co., 636 Main street.
Ward Bros., 836 Main street.
Depot News Stand.

Keokuk, Iowa ..... March 7, 1910

ALL'S WELL.

All's well with the world, my friend!
And there isn't an ache that lasts;
All troubles will have an end,
And the rains and the bitter blasts
There is sleep when the toil is done,
There's substance beneath the foam;
And the bully old yellow sun
Will shine till the cows come home!

All's well with the world, my friend!
Your star in the distance beams;
And the burden that makes you bend
Is merely a bunch of dreams;
To music serene and fine,
The woods and the streams give tongue;
And the corpulent sun will shine
Until the last of the dogs is hung!
—Walt Mason.

The indications are that there will be a large number of "also-rans" at the primary election in Keokuk this spring.

A New Hampshire man is dead at the age of 110 after having smoked for ninety-six years. It is not explained why he wasted the other fourteen.

Dr. Wiley says a good meal is a work of art and does not entail any drudgery, which is equivalent to an admission that he never had to wash the dishes.

The Peterson law should be entitled "An act to deaden enterprise in Iowa and prevent the development of the state." That is its practical effect, and things should be called by their right names.

A Brooklyn baby helped to catch a burglar. After that it seems to the Fort Dodge Chronicle that the mumps, chicken pox, measles, scarlet fever and the other ailments ought to come easy.

Postal receipts in Keokuk in March were greater by 8.7 per cent than in the same month last year. This is a larger gain than was made in St. Louis and other leading cities and is one of the sure signs of Keokuk's prosperity.

Congressman Jamieson of the Eighth district says he has saved $9,000 out of his salary during his two years in congress and proposes to retire with it. The understanding is that Mr. Jamieson knows what he went to congress for.

"How do you stand on the suffrage question?" This is the direct question that will be put this week to every candidate for membership in the general assembly who is a candidate at the primaries for nomination. The Des Moines Political Equality club asks the question and every candidate must go upon record for his sentiments on the woman suffrage question in the state.

Henry Clews reports another week of comparative quiet on the stock exchange, with tendencies visibly toward improvement. The undertone, he says is stronger, and confidence is rising. Business conditions are generally satisfactory, although there is some slight cessation of activity in certain lines, as is usual at this period of the year before the spring trade sets in. In the iron trade the better trade continues. The railroads are already appearing as more active buyers, and with the disappearance of winter construction work will revive and result in a better demand for all kinds of building materials. The treasury situation is better than at one time anticipated. Customs receipts have been heavy and returns from the corporation tax are likely to exceed early estimates.

This should be another good year for the farmers if there is anything in the old adage about a severe winter being followed by bountiful crops. The saying is believed to have some foundation in scientific truth. Cold winters afford a protection to plant life that is appreciated by every horticulturist. Mild winters frequently produce periods which encourage unseasonable development of buds and start growth at a time when it is certain to meet with disaster. Spring frosts rarely destroy the peach crop after a consistently cold winter. It has been pointed out, too, that the earth responds to the cultivation better after it has been frozen solidly for several months. This has been an unusually severe winter. By all the rules of tradition it should beget a favorable spring. The soil ought to be in excellent shape, ready to scour cleanly on the plowshare and crumble accommodatingly as it is turned to the sun. And if it does there will be little doubt concerning the crops.

Engineer Cooper is expected in Keokuk within a couple of weeks and thenceforth he will supervise personally the work of constructing the big dam. Substantial progress has already been made, notwithstanding unfavorable weather, but with the advent of spring it will be possible to push the work still more rapidly. The erection of an immense building capable of holding 10,000 barrels of cement is a part of this week's program.

ANOTHER "GREAT WHITE WAY."

Ottumwa is the latest Iowa city to fall into line in the matter of converting its principal business streets into a great "white way" at night. A prominent furniture firm took the lead in erecting electroliers in front of its establishment and other firms promptly followed its example. Still others will do likewise in the near future. A news paragraph in the Courier says:

"Within the next few months, every merchant on Main from Washington to Jefferson street and from Court to Green street on Second are confidently expected to install this new system of lighting, and ere long Ottumwa's "Great White Way" will not only be a reality but an addition to the beauty of the city that cannot be overestimated."

From the same source it is learned that the three-light electrolier posts stand thirteen feet, six inches high, including the top globe, and each is fitted with three sixty or 100-watt Tungsten lamps. One lamp is directly on top of the post, while the other two suspend from ornamental arms overlapping the sidewalk and the street. The posts are cast iron and painted black. The Ottumwa Traction and Light company, which furnishes this new system of lighting, has made arrangements with their patrons to turn off the lights at a certain hour each evening, thus doing away with the necessity of inconvenience to the merchants.

In other cities having this system of lighting the entire expense is borne by the merchants. Ottumwa retailers will send a committee to the council meeting this evening, proposing that the merchants furnish the electrolier posts and lamps and asking the city to furnish the necessary current to keep them lighted. The merchants will advocate not less than two electroliers on each corner, and one post every forty feet along the sidewalk between each block.

In the near future Keokuk will be the greatest storehouse of electricity in the country, excepting only Niagara Falls. It should not be necessary to hint that it should not be the last city in Iowa to illustrate the beauty and benefit of brilliant illumination of its business streets. Self-pride and an eye to the future should prompt it to take the lead in this matter instead of bringing up the tail of the procession. What local firm will earn the appreciation and gratitude of the community by taking the initiative in affording Keokuk a great "White Way" that will repay its cost many fold?

THE SHORT BALLOT.

What is known as the "Short Ballot" movement has for its object the extension of the principle of the commission plan of city government to the selection of officials generally. This involves the appointment of minor state officials instead of having them elected by popular vote. The proposition was supported by Governor Hughes of New York in his last message to the legislature of that state, on the ground that it would increase the efficiency of the government and also increase the efficiency of the voters. He argued that the people can hold one conspicuous man responsible, but they cannot hold half a dozen inconspicuous men responsible. The more officials we must watch the harder it is to watch them.

The Short Ballot is a plan to substitute government by a few men in the spot light for government by a lot of men in the dark. In his work entitled "American Ideals and Other Essays," former President Roosevelt gives the following reasons for supporting the Short Ballot principle:

"Governmental power should be concentrated in the hands of a very few men, who would be so conspicuous that no citizen could help knowing all about them, and the elections should not come too frequently. Not one decent voter in ten will take the trouble annually to inform himself as to the character of the host of petty candidates to be balloted for, but he will be sure to know all about the mayor, comptroller, etc. It is not to his credit that we can only rely, and that without much certainty, upon his taking a spasmodic interest in the government that affects his own well-being; but such is the case, and accordingly we ought, as far as possible, to have a system requiring on his part intermittent and not sustained action."

The principle has the endorsement also of John Fiske, the greatest American historian. In his work on "Civil Government in the United States" he brings out the argument in its favor with great lucidity and convincingness, as follows:

"It is impossible that the voters in general should know much about the qualifications of a long list of candidates. In such cases citizens are apt to vote blindly for names about which they know nothing except that they occur on a Republican or a Democratic ticket, although to elect a city magistrate, for instance, because he is a Republican or a Democrat is about as sensible as to elect him because he believes in homoeopathy, or has a taste for chrysanthemums! To vote for candidates whom one has never heard of is not to insure popular control but to endanger it. It is much better to vote for one man whose reputation we know and then to hold him strictly responsible for the appointments he makes."

Such endorsements should carry great weight and go far toward securing adoption of the short ballot. There is no question that government would be improved by eliminating the election of minor officials about whom voters in general can know little or nothing.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

W. E. Tackaberry, after looking over some old invoices of wholesale grocers of Sioux City, is convinced that the increased cost of living is not the fault of the jobber.

"We reprint in our want book," said he, "an invoice made by William Tackaberry & Co., then at Keokuk, Iowa, to J. A. Turner, Cherokee, Iowa, in 1871. The bill was for an ordinary line of jobbing supplies, except that farm products do not show much in it. There were canned fruits and vegetables, candies, cigars, dried fish, sugars, dried beef, pickles, figs, oysters, cheese, nuts, and so on. The total of the bill was $188.11. I went over this bill, item for item, and set down our present prices for the same quality of goods and found that we could reproduce the order today for $100.42. Any good jobber can do the same thing. I found also an invoice to L. C. Reeves, Salem, Iowa, made in 1864, by S. Hamill & Co. of Keokuk of which William Tackaberry was a firm member, but the prices on that bill are for war times and so high that they would not offer a fair comparison."

Where Are They?

Creston Advertiser: Do the mothers of Creston always know where their young daughters are at night? From the number of young girls that find their playground on the city business streets after the going down of the sun, a person would be glad to think that mothers did not always know where the daughter was at night. Nellie may have told mother that she was going to spend the evening with Mary, and perhaps Mary told mother that she was going to visit Nellie, and then Nellie and Mary meet on some convenient corner and together they hurry to the business section of the city to find a Charlie and a Billie. Now the mere association of boy and girl is not wrong. There is nothing that has a more refining influence on youth than to meet and associate with young ladies, but there is a time and a place for such meetings and surely it is not on the street and at night, that these meetings should be held. The business thoroughfares are not good schools and the average youth that lies in wait to "cop out" the young miss as a general rule does not have the best intention toward the girl.

It might be only as a "lark" that the young lady first parades the street at night, and she may consider it quite an adventure to be picked up by some worldly wise young man and made the object of his attentions, but if the occasional lark develops in a regular nightly visit to the haunts of the young loafer there is no telling but that the adventure may result in awful disaster.

It is only a short step from the pavement to the bed of shame and and once there it is an awful hard matter to retrace the steps. The world is cold and cruel and it hesitates to take back the one who has wandered away. The enticement to take just a short journey on the joyful way is sometimes great and it would take a much stronger character than these young girls to withstand it, but if the young lady is placed beyond all temptation, if she is protected as she should be, we need not fear for her future chastity and well-being. The young girl of today is the young mother of tomorrow, and we want her to grow up strong and healthful and pure. We want her unsullied with the taint of the street. We want her a paramount of virtue, and of womanly goodness, we want to find in her all those qualities and attributes of femininity that we so admire in women. Do the mothers of Creston always know where their young daughters are at night? If not, they should find out at once, probably they are places where they would not have them go. It is worth taking the trouble to ascertain, that is if you are really a mother.

The Sixth District Situation.

Waterloo Reporter: D. W. Hamilton, formerly Democratic congressman in the Sixth district, has secured nomination papers and will be a candidate again. He defeated Major Lacey four years ago and was defeated in turn by the present congressman, Nate Kendall, former speaker of the Iowa house. The Sixth district is generally conceded to be debatable ground under normal conditions the Republicans could count with confidence on carrying the district by a safe but small majority. With the present chaotic conditions in the Republican party the outcome will be uncertain. Mr. Kendall is probably stronger with the regular Republicans than he is with the insurgents, though he is one of them. But he recently picked a plum off the patronage tree, and is under insurgency suspicion for that reason. The doubt runs in the direction of inquiry as to how Kendall got the piece of pie and what did he give for it.

Possibly.

Tama News: Possibly the reason some people do not lay up treasures in heaven is that they never expect to get there to enjoy them.

Henry Coleman's Oration

CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa, March 7.—The subject of the oration of Henry Coleman of Cornell, who won first place in the inter-collegiate oratorical contest, at Coe was "The Philosophy of the Race Problem," from a negro's view point, the orator being the only colored man who ever won a collegiate oratorical contest in Iowa.

The oration follows:

"Ragged, half starved, heavy hearted, * * * he returned, * * to find his house in ruins, his farm devastated, * * * his stock killed, * * * his trade destroyed, his social system feudal in its magnificence, swept away." In these words Henry W. Grady has depicted the return of the confederate soldier at the close of the civil war. But there was a more pathetic scene. Picture, if you can, the newly-liberated slave. He, too, is ragged, half starved and heavy hearted. He possesses no home, for his life-energy has been expended in behalf of his master. Released from bondage, he knows not how to use his freedom. He may not become a merchant, for he has no capital. He may not become a farmer, for he owns no land. He may not become a mechanic for he knows no trade. He may not teach his fellow creatures, for he has not the rudiment of an education. Ignorant, resourceless, powerless, without food, without money, without a trade, he faces a new and untried life of care and responsibility. He is encompassed by a people solicitous, not for his progress, but for its own injured pride and prestige,—a south of hostility and vengeful jealousy. Such was the condition of the negro at the close of the civil war. To lift this tragic figure from a maelstrom of despair, to make this land a home to him instead of a prison, to give him knowledge for ignorance, self-support for destitution, virtue for immorality, to teach him the broad meaning of liberty and good citizenship—the execution of these tasks constitutes the great race problem.

Justice and opportunity for the negro, demanded by Lovejoy and the abolitionists, authorized by Lincoln and the reconstruction congress, are prime requisites in the solution of this problem. But in that section of our country most vitally concerned, justice and opportunity, in many instances, have been withheld, and the advancement of the negro, made possible under the new dispensation, has been seriously impeded. This situation has been brought about through the advice of certain agitators who decry the bestowal of education, the franchise, and industrial equity upon the blacks. I have no quarrel with these agitators as men. When I reject their policy, I oppose not the men, but the principles which they represent. My purpose is to disclose fallacies inherent in the philosophy by which they would solve the present problem, and to reiterate those principles which already bid fair to establish harmony and peace.

Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., one spokesman for this class, argues that to establish equal terms between the races is to effect ultimate amalgamation. "If a man believes in equality," he challenges, "let him prove it by giving his daughter in marriage to a negro." I hold that civic and economic equality does not necessarily mean social mixture. On the contrary, to grant a race social standing is to increase its race pride, and render it more anxious to preserve its type distinct. The truth is that the mulatto came not through the fault of the negro, and that where advanced intelligence has controlled freedom of selection, the new generation is darker than the last.

Mr. Dixon argues further that the educated negro cannot live and labor in the same land on equal terms with the whites; that sooner or later he will feel upon his throat the clutch of the white man's unwritten laws,—those laws which deny to him the possibility of a career, and drive him to a choice between a suicide's grave and a prison cell. And yet, in spite of this assertion, the sophist exclaims: "I believe in God's call to our race to stablish and maintain for weaker races, as a trust for civilization, the principles of civil and religious liberty." Are we to believe that the white race of America will maintain civilization in trust for weaker races, are we to believe that it will establish the principles of civil and religious liberty by clutching the negro's throat, and forcing him to a prison cell or a suicide's grave? Or are we to believe that those principles of justice and equity which rescued Mexico from Maximilian, preserved intact the unity of China, liberated the Cuban and emancipated the Filipino will break beneath their own weight if applied to the American negro?

Mr. Dixon seems to believe that physical characteristics are more potent factors in determining racial possibilities than are mental and moral traits. Still speaking of the negro, he says: "The more you educate, the more impossible you render his position in a democracy. Can you change the color of his skin, the kink of his hair, the bulge of his lips or the spread of his nose with a spelling book?" I thank an all-kind Creator for this tremendous possibility, that my skin, though black, may cover a heart as pure as any that beats within a Saxon's breast. I thank Him that my hair, though kinked, may cover a brain which can think as clearly, and reason as profoundly as that of the fairest white. I thank Him that the bulge of my lips and the spread of my nose need not forever be the inevitable tokens of my disgrace—that they may become my badge of honor if, after fifty years of education, I can show the rudiments, at least, of that mental and moral development, to acquire which, the Anglo-Saxon has taken a half-score of centuries.

But why quote further? After he has contemned and maligned the negro with rankest venom, Mr. Dixon has no remedy to suggest except deportation—a theory long since discarded by serious students of the race problem. Less subtle in sophistry, but more dynamic in hate are the utterances of the prominent senator from South Carolina. He dabbles little in the philosophy of the question. The negro is here, and he hates him; therefore, he condones the use of the shotgun, the torch and the hangman's noose to intimidate and crush him, and stands willing to help force him to "keep in his place," or to drive him completely out of the republic.

He gives vent to his malice chiefly by expressing what he terms the menace of the negro to the country's morals. He delights to ask: "What would you do if your daughter were ruined by a black wretch?" Neither the strongest sympathizer of the race nor any intelligent negro will condone crime because the perpetrator is black. But what would you do if you were a negro, possessed of education and christian training, and your wife, your daughters, were never safe from those who assume that all black women are unchaste?

We accept Mr. Tillman's assertion that the negro is not the equal of the white. It is not remarkable that the white race, with centuries of development in an environment of freedom has risen superior to a race whose only inheritance is ignorance and oppression. But is the negro incapable of acquiring a culture equal to that of the white? Remember, yesterday the negro was chattel in the market, beaten by lashes and bound by chains, the child of hopeless, unrewarded toil. In him ambition was an evil, education a crime; every faculty of his mind and soul was rigidly suppressed. Today, the world is moved by the pathos of Dunbar; it thrills with the powerful fiction of Chestnutt and Dumas; it listens, entranced, to the rhythmic cadences of Coleridge Taylor; it praises the superior generalship of Toussaint L'Ouverture; it applauds the forceful energy and sterling character of Bowen, Vernon, Gaines, DuBois, and it thunders with enthusiasm before the inspiring eloquence of Bruce, Douglas, Mason and Booker Washington. The genius of these individuals is the gift of God to black men—men whose stupendous labors have been performed with hands marked by manacles and scarred by chains. We point to their achievements as indications of the cultural possibilities of the race.

If we accept the advice of the agitators from the southland, ten million souls, pregnant with possibilities, shall lose within their very grasp the greatest boon which the Almighty has bestowed upon the human race,—the ability and the opportunity to achieve. Embued with the power of thought, they may not think; capable of achievement, they may not venture; stirred by ambition, they may not strive. They must remain "hewers of wood and drawers of water," beasts of burden with souls and brains. Longing for knowledge, thirsting for culture, they must turn their backs upon both, and continue to toil without hope of recognition or reward.

Will you who love justice consent to governmental methods which ignore the simplest rights of the negro? Will you accept, then, these pernicious doctrines of foul injustice and base intimidation masked behind the fair-sounding terms, "white supremacy" and "Anglo-Saxon domination?" Can this policy preserve the nation's safety, harmony and peace? Not the vehement denunciation of a Vardaman, nor the biased legislation of a "Hoke" Smith, nor the malicious hatred of a Tillman, nor the subtle venom of a Dixon can solve the race problem. It has ceased to be merely an intellectual puzzle; it is largely a matter for the heart and will. Mutual sacrifice is necessary. The blacks have suffered and must continue to suffer. The white must endure the consequences of their fathers' sins. Side by side must the races strive to lift this mighty burden. Universal heroism on the part of the blacks—the willingness to suffer, and the ambition to advance—universal altruism on the part of the whites—flinging wide the door of opportunity, patiently leading a faltering race along the rugged path of progress—these are the factors that must ultimately prevail!

Could the martyred Lincoln have lived to execute fully the policy for which he gave his life, would he have countenanced a rule of injustice and oppression? I seek my answer in the past, and a vision of that heroic soul unfolds to my eyes. I see him watching in the southern mart; I note the firm resolve that hardens his face like steel. I see him opposed to Douglas in the clash of giant-minds, battling for justice to a helpless race. I see him bearing the burden of a nation's destiny, and imploring divine guidance to lead his steps aright. I see him pen the immortal words that free 4,000,000 souls. I see him wounded, bleeding, dying—and for me. And my heart cannot believe that so great a soul would commit the cause for which he lived and died to the policies of men who would discard as loose robes the civilization of centuries, and stride naked into an arena of barbarism and hate. Rather would he strive for peace and harmony between the races—separate in type, but united in spirit—brothers in industry, brothers in freedom, brothers in the love of eternal justice.

We strive for peace, and for enduring peace; but that can be found only in fraternal love. Brief, indeed, will be the tranquility of the nation if its peace be secured by grinding into vassalage a people whose nostrils have breathed the breath of liberty, whose lips have poured forth the glad song of freedom. May that breath never fail! May that song never cease! May America incarnate in her sons and daughters the spirit of her martyred dead; may they repledge their loyalty to him whose sacred dust they hallow; may they renew their devotion to the noble work he left unfinished! May closer understanding link Saxon and Freedman in mutual sympathy, that the covenant of friendship may be sealed forever! Then peace, that elusive guerdon of our dreams, shall become a reality, an actual possession—to white and black alike a noble and lasting heritage.

Stop Kickin'.

Stop yer kickin' 'bout the times—
Git a hustle on you;
Skirmish 'round and grab the dimes
If the dollars shun you.
Croakin' never bought a dress,
Growlin' isn't in it,
Fix your peepers on success,
Then go in to win it.
Times is gettin' good again—
Try to help them if you kin.

Don't sit 'round with hangin' lip,
That is sure to floor you;
Try to get a better grip
On the work before you.
Put some ginger in your words
When you greet a neighbor;
Throw your troubles to the birds,
Git right down to labor.
An' you'll notice ev'ry day
Things is comin' right your way.
—Gould Press.

Funny.

Mt. Vernon Record: Funny, isn't it, that when hard times come we boycott meat, and not beer. No one ever heard of a beer boycott.

"Big Sister" Gives Real Cheer.

The happiest children in the world are the ones who have a mother or a big sister who can appreciate their every childish foible; who can tell them lifelike stories; who can find wild strawberries, acorns and pine cones; who knows where there are brooks in which they can wade, and trees to climb; and who can listen to all their childish ideas with interest, ever adding a new idea to their eager young minds.—Marian Brunot.

A delicious, nourishing meal for 5 cents

SHREDDED WHEAT

Two Biscuits with hot milk will supply all the strength needed for a half day's work at a cost of a few cents. Your grocer sells it.

ALWAYS HEAT IN THE OVEN TO RESTORE CRISPNESS and serve with hot milk or cream, or with sliced bananas, baked apples or other fruits.

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Savings depositors are requested to present their pass books at the savings department of the bank in order that interest due March 1, 1910, at the rate of three per cent per annum may be credited therein.

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There is no income so small that some part of it cannot be saved.

If you must imitate, look to the one who saves, instead of imitating the extragance of the spender.

We invite your account.

Three per cent per annum paid on savings.

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

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Save Money---
Go Tourist
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You'll miss no comforts on the way if you go in Rock Island Tourist Sleeping Cars, which mainly differ frim standard Pullmans in their cheerful, sanitary, rattan upholstery, and the price.

Same big berths; same linens; same conveniences at about half the cost. Special attention for women and children.

Special low fares for just a little while—March 1 to April 15—$33 from Chicago; $30 from Keokuk to California and North Pacific Coast points in proportion.

Choice of routes—"Southern" via El Paso, or "Scenic" through the Colorado Rockies—with through cars on fast trains every day from Chicago and Des Moines with "pay-for-what-you-order" dining cars. Correspondingly low fares to other western points.

Full information on request.

Rock Island

S. F. BOYD, Div. Pass. Agt., Davenport, Iowa

T. R. BOARD, Tkt. Agt. Keokuk, Iowa.

Life of English Princess.

Princess Mary of Wales, who in future will have a little suite of rooms of her own at Marlborough house, is in her thirteenth year. She is tall and strong for a girl of her age and is endowed with excellent brains. She is now to have two governesses, but her education will, it is said, not be so strenuous as that of her aunts, daughters of the king and queen of England, who had to go in seriously for mathematics, in spite of their objections to the study. Princess Mary is fond of fishing and of all sorts of out-of-door amusements. A few years ago she was a decided tomboy and her taste for adventure on land and water often made her lead her admiring brothers into situations from which they were extricated with some difficulty by their attendants.

Mankind's Great Deed.

From Boston comes this wail from a long-suffering man: "God made the neck, man made the collar and the devil invented the starch." This generation boasts of many things accomplished by its predecessors as its own, but no genius has yet arrived to give suffering man a soft neck bandage, which is much more needed than aeroplanes and other curiosities.