THE GATE CITY

PUBLISHED BY
THE GATE CITY COMPANY

C. 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. 18, North Sixth St., Keokuk, Iowa.

THE GATE CITY is on sale at the following news stands:
Hotel Keokuk, cor. Third and Johnson.
O. H. Hollins & Co., 629 Main street.
Ward Bros., 525 Main street.
Depot News Stand.

Keokuk, Iowa ..... March 28, 1910

THE CREW OF THE LIMITED.

The station twinkles its myriad eyes
Where thin rails dwindle and crawl from sight;
With clash and tumult and clear good-byes,
Throbbing and chading, we fume for flight.
Winged with shadow and barbed with light,
Waiting the word like an arrow drawn—
Sharp and sure on the cloven night;
Signed for a thousand miles by dawn!

The lurching coaches are hard at heel,
Kicking a tune to the measured ties;
Showing a space when the whining wheel
Answers the brake on a conquered rise.
Now like a ribbon the level lies—
Lean to the throttle and send her on!
(The first that falls is the first that dies)
Signed for a thousand miles by dawn!

Belching flame and rebellious steam,
Freight of treasure a king might prize;
Treacherous track and gaping stream,
Trusting hearts where the sleeper lies;
Pitted against the midnight skies
One man's brain and another's brawn—
(He that pledges is he that tries)
Signed for a thousand miles by dawn!

Dangers and dark and enemies,
Slip a notch and the game is gone!
He that falters is he that dies—
Signed for a thousand miles by dawn!
—Nancy Byrd Turner, in Everybody's.

The peekaboo waist season is again here—if it doesn't snow before these lines get into print.

Not yet, but soon, Colonel Roosevelt will exclaim: "Well done, Will! I couldn't have done better myself."

The milliners have been working very hard and with satisfactory results, as the church attendance Sunday proved conclusively.

A New York man has just paid $150,000 for a painting. The suggestion has been advanced that he is a farmer and has just disposed of his hogs.

It has been discovered that the sunshine in Iowa annually exceeds the sunshine in Italy. In all that is good, as Sid Foster remarked once upon a time, Iowa affords the best.

It was a king of France, it will be recalled, who, with 20,000 men, "marched up a hill and—then marched down again." The insurgents in the house at Washington numbered only a baker's dozen or so, but they executed the same manoeuver. Thus does history repeat itself, with variations.

A. D. McNair of the government's bureau of animal industry told the Arkansas state land congress that Iowa is the greatest agricultural state in the union. He urged the Arkansans, if they would develop the possibilities of their state, to adopt Iowa's scientific farming methods.

If Congressman Kennedy should be renominated unanimously, as is his due, what a magnificent majority he would receive at the polls in November! A united party in the First district would return him to Washington with credentials that would make his associates in the house sit up and take notice.

The Iowa City Republican thinks it questionable whether the people of Fourteenth Massachusetts district knew whether they were voting for a Republican or a Democrat for congress. Mr. Foss left the Republican party last year, and his opponent on the Republican ticket was a Democrat until two years ago. As no "Philadelphia lawyer" resides in the district they were probably hopelessly puzzled.

Wesley Greene, the state horticulturist, fears that the fruit crop will be ruined this year. He believes that the present hot spell will be succeeded within a short time by a very cold one and he looks for the first frost to ruin everything. Mr. Greene may be right, but he might at least have kept this information to himself. It will be time enough to worry about a frost when a frost comes, especially as nothing can be done in the way of prevention.

In making choice of three men to manage municipal affairs during the next two years the intelligent, conscientious voter will discard every other consideration and vote for the men he honestly believes will best represent and do most to promote the interests of Keokuk as a whole. The merits of the various candidates should be carefully weighed and three selected with the sole idea of getting those who will render the best service. Anything and everything that has no bearing on service for the city should be disregarded.

For the purpose of instructing housewives how to cook the cheaper cuts of meats the United States department of agriculture has prepared a manual on meat cooking which will be issued free. It is known as "Economic Use of Meats in the Home," and may be had by addressing a request to the secretary of agriculture, Washington, D. C. The recipes have been selected from a wide range collected from approved sources, and are all simple formulas calling for such items of food as are generally found in every household and requiring no technical knowledge to compound.

Dr. Wiley, government food expert, advises those who wish to reduce the cost of living to go back to the methods of housekeeping followed by their mothers. Coffee is taken as an example. The modern housekeeper buys it at the grocery store already roasted at 25 cents a pound and upwards. The green coffee, says Dr. Wiley, would cost seven cents a pound. The housekeeper, he says, should buy green coffee by the bag, store it in the attic and do their own roasting, so that they will know what they are getting. The longer the coffee stays in the attic the better it will be. Ten cents a pound saved on coffee would mean $100,000,000 a year saved to the nation. Besides the old fashioned housekeepers put up their own canned goods and shunned the high priced breakfast foods. All to the advantage of both table and purse.

In the Cedar Rapids election there were eight candidates—four to be elected. In urging the selection of the four best men the Gazette said:

"This isn't a question of personal friendship; it isn't a question of person likes and dislikes; more than that, voting against four of the men, as you will have to do, does not necessarily mean that you are antagonistic to any one of the four; it should mean that of the eight you have selected four who are preferable to the other four, in your honest, candid opinion."

In Keokuk there are only three to be voted for, but otherwise the paragraph is as applicable here as there. The respective merits of the six men whose names are on the official ballot should be carefully reviewed and the three men selected who, in the best judgment of the individual voter, will render the best service to the city. This is the only way to make the commission plan, now on trial, a success.

MAKE IT UNANIMOUS.

The Burlington Hawk-Eye offers the sensible and timely recommendation that Congressman Kennedy's renomination be made unanimous. There is much that might be said in favor of such procedure, and no valid objection that could be urged. In speaking of the matter the Hawk-Eye says:

"Congressman Kennedy has pretty clear sailing for a renomination. It is improbable that any county, excepting Washington, will present any other name to the Republican primary; and even in Washington county the voters are not taking the opposition to Mr. Kennedy very seriously. The right thing for the Republicans of the First district to do is to make Mr. Kennedy's renomination unanimous and then give him the full Republican poll at the November election. That is the way to stand by the President of the party."

The opposition to Mr. Kennedy, as represented by the Washington county candidate, is based chiefly on two things: First, the proposition that the house should select the members of the committee on rules, and, second, the fact that Mr. Kennedy voted for Mr. Cannon for speaker after the latter had been made the caucus nominee. Since the Washington gentleman announced his candidacy the house has relieved the speaker of the responsibility of selecting the committee on rules and taken it upon itself, and all the Republican members of the house, insurgents included, have voted for Mr. Cannon for speaker, endorsing him by a larger vote than he received when he was elected at the beginning of the present congress. Unless it be assumed that the Washington county candidate intends to go on contending for a thing that has already been accomplished and intends further to "insurge" against the insurgents, he is left without a leg to stand upon. Not only that, but he is without ground to stand on, even if he should provide himself with artificial extremities.

The Hawk-Eye has advised the proper course to pursue. The right thing for the Republicans of the First district to do is to make Mr. Kennedy's renomination unanimous and then give him the full Republican poll at the November election.

THE CURRENT MAGAZINES.

Miss Sinclair's "The Creators," running serially in the Century, is revealing itself as a penetrating and lively story of the various groups of London writers in prose and verse whose love affairs give the author opportunity to consider marriage and its relationship to literary occupations. Three of the short stories of the April number—"The Horsiness of Hutch," by Kenneth Brown; "The Martins," by Evelyn Van Buren, and "Clothes and the Man," by Edith Rickert,—are distinctly humorous. Caroline Abbott Stanley, author of "Order No. 11," has written in 'A Daughter of the South," a serious interpretative of Southern life and character.

Technical World Magazine for April contains its usual variety of articles on timely topics. Among these is "Half a Continent Under Canvas," by Henry M. Hyde, editor of the magazine; "To Make 'Ole Miss' Pay," by John L. Matthews; "How to Save Coal," by Joseph W. Hays; "Every Farmer a Potato Breeder," by Guy Elliott Mitchell; "A Million for a Smoke Eater," by John Houston McIntosh; "Where Land Flows Like Water," by Rene Bach; "Park for Biggest Sky Scraper," by Bailey Millard; "New Home for British Fleet," by Harold Shepstone; "Latest Successes in Flight," by Charlton Lawrence Edholm. "Doom of the Gipsy Moth," by William Thornton Prosser; "The Inside Out of Things," by Charles E. Craven.

The Negro Roustabout

Colored Hands Fast Disappearing From the River—Romance of the Mississippi, Including Gambling for "High Stakes," About Gone.

HANNIBAL, Mo., March 28.—Some of the northern line steamboat companies operating on the Mississippi river are going to substitute Italians and Greeks for their negro roustabouts this season, believing that they will prove to be cheaper and steadier workers.

With the passing of the negro roustabout or deck hand will go the last picturesque feature of the days of river navigation. The first to go was the long feathered stacks of the big liners, which were replaced by squat affairs resembling a stovepipe that would go under the bridges.

Then came the lighthouse at bad crossings, the elimination of jutting snags and the electric searchlight. With the advent of these safeguards to navigation the glory of the kid-gloved, lynx-eyed steersman vanished, and he became a common river man.

"Anybody can steer a boat when he has the marks to go by and a headlight shooting a mile down the river," said an old pilot disconsolately. "It's like driving a nag along a hedge lane. Time was when a pilot had to know the river himself and he got paid for knowing it."

The aids to navigation have made the captain a bigger man than the pilot, which is against river tradition.

Next the iconoclasts dumped the broad-hatted, oily gambler into the river for the catfishes, and placed so low a limit on the lawful ante that it was more fun to play checkers and dominoes.

To follow these distressing things by the banishment of the negro roustabout and his soulful song will be turning the Father of Waters into a cemetery. You can't write river stories or make songs about people whose lingo you don't understand.

The man who has never made a trip down the Mississippi river in the real steamboat days has lost a page of life that would have contributed to his love of country. Closely woven with the poetry of the voyages was the brawny negro deckhand, and right behind him the masterful mate, with his hair trigger profanity dynamo.

The big Anchor Line steamers for Grand Tower, Cairo, Memphis and Vicksburg were scheduled to leave the St. Louis wharf at 5 p. m., but they rarely got under way before 9 or 10. The rule seemed to be to hold the boat as long as there were offerings of freight, and it looked as if the shipping clerks in the big wholesale houses on Second and Main streets didn't begin to get busy until late in the afternoon.

Then wide two-wheeled drays and trucks would clatter down the long rock levee like an army of invasion. It was a lively sight. Officers would dart about directing teamsters where to go and saying things about their tardiness; the teamsters would swear at their mules, and the mates would cuss the roustabouts. Everybody seemed to have a safe target for his wrath, and nobody took offense.

By and by, long after the last dray of freight would roar across the wharf bridge, an army of black men would seize the stuff almost before the team stopped, the mud valves would growl out great clouds of steam forward of the paddle wheels, and some one aloft, generally the captain, would pull the great bell for the third time. That was the signal to cast off the hawsers and run in the gangplank.

Then the big craft, loaded nearly to the water's edge amidships, would slowly drift out into the river, stern forward. When the line of boats was cleared a seeming haphazard concert of small bells and baby whistles below was responded to by long fierce exhausts, spouting geyserlike from the steam pipes just forward of the wheel houses. The din of the bells and whistles, which nobobdy but the engineers could have understood, was kept up until the boat had slowly turned and headed south. The voyage had begun.

Then the negro roustabouts scattered around on the coffee sacks and hemp bales started their evening musicale:

The boat comes sallin' 'round de ben'
Good-by, my lovah, good-by;
She's loaded down wid wimin' an' men,
Good-by, my lovah, good-by!

By-by, my ba-bee,
By-by, my ba-bee,
Good-by, my lovah, good-bye!

It was sung to a long plaintive tune carrying with it the agony of parting forever. As it rolled out into the darkness, now and then illumed by the red glare from an opened furnace, the black man seemed to have come into his kingdom, a kingdom peopled with weird shapes and enveloped in the mysticism of a dark continent. He was no longer a humdrum hewer of wood and a drawer of water, but a part of the sublimity of the river.

The steady move of the engines, the cascades from the great paddle wheels, the long sonorous roar from the steam pipes and the pleasant quiver of the boat seemed the natural accompaniment of the negro's lullaby, and the whole scene was so enchanting that few passengers retired to their staterooms until late in the night.

Swing high,
Swing low,
Sweet Char-i-o-t!
Come for to carry me home!

The boat swept on past the great Vulcan iron works, where the blasts showed red against the houses and and gave them the appearance of a town on fire; on past "Bloody Island," where statesmen met to shoot holes into each other, and then down to the road water avenue by the mountains of iron the steamer sped, throwing behind great billows that sparkled back the lights from the rear cabin.

Far downstream is a light close to the shore. The pilot knows what that means. It is a wildcat landing, where a freighter awaits with a lot of goods or some passengers want to take the boat. In either event somebody has probably been waiting by the riverside six or eight hours. The pilot pulls a ring in the top of his little house, and the triple whistles above it give the peculiar signal of the line.

The steamer runs far past the landing, turns laboriously around under the chiding of the small bells and baby whistles and forges up to the landing, where the boat is made fast to a tree and the gangplank is run out, assisted by the rapid fire comments of the mate. If there was much freight to go on the place was lighted by burning pine knots in an iron basket near the gangplank.

Promptly, as if glad of the call to duty, the deckhand was up and ready for the work of loading. In those days he was a trusty machine and was proud of his great strength, of his boat and even of the rich vocabulary of his mate.

He loved when ashore to talk of the big towns he made and of the way up people he knew in them. He had a sweetheart in every place where his boat put up over twelve hours, and he kept her until she was courted by a man from a bigger and a faster boat.

A roustabout could always beat the time of a member of his race who was only a waiter in the cabin or a member of the orchestra. The difference was as that between the soldier and the camp followers.

It is related that during an assembly of negroes in a church at Natchez a giant of a fellow with a hard, furrowed face kept butting in with questions and advice. He was a stranger and presently the annoyed chairman asked a natural question regarding who the interrupter was.

"Who is Ah?" said the big man, swelling up. "Ah's de boss roustabout on de Bob Lee, sah!"

After those satisfactory credentials he was permitted to take part in the deliberations without further question.

A large and fast boat never had much trouble in securing plenty of deckhands, but there was no prestige in accepting employment on a small stern wheeler devoted mostly to freight traffic, although the wages might be better. The roustabout liked to show his strength and the ease with which he could carry a coffee sack or a pig of lead. Yet he would permit a little one gallus mate, whom he could pick up and shake like a mouse, to make public reflections on his family tree in words that sizzled. The roustabout supposed the mate was hired for his proficiency in that particular line, and if he hadn't kept it up it would have meant that the mate was ailing or neglecting his employer's interest.

The roustabout had no organization, and strikes were of rare occurrence. They were faithful and satisfactory workers, and when they swarmed around a pile of freight it seemed to disappear like magic. They had not then come under the influence of the labor agitator and did not know that they ought to kick against unloading at night and at helping with the furnaces now and then.

But it seems the newer generation is becoming wise to conditions, and the river roustabout as the old time voyagers knew him may become extinct because of his increasing wisdom.

"Let the dagos lug the freight and coal if they want. We'll go to barbering or portering on a Pullman or run a minstrel show like a gentleman, sah," says the new generation.

ADJOURNED SESSION

Of the Board of Supervisors of Lee County, Iowa.

(Continued.)

Tax Register, page 98, Harrison township, error in footing the total tax, footing shows $1,768 65
Footing should be .$1,765 05

This error affects the following funds, in which he charges himself in excess of amount, as follows:

Consolidated tax	$2 40
Harrison township	40
Harrison township road tax	80
School District No. 7 tax	80
Balance due H. J. Kennedy ...	$3 60

The above and foregoing report is respectfully submitted.

(Signed) FRED. SOECHTIG,
(Signed) GEO. E. RADASCH,
Examining Committee.

STATE OF IOWA, County of Lee, ss.

We, Fred Soechtig and Geo. E. Radasch, being duly sworn, on our oath depose and say that the above and foregoing is true and correct, as we verily believe.

(Signed) FRED. SOECHTIG.
(Signed) GEO. E. RADASCH.

Subscribed and sworn to by Fred Soechtig and Geo. E. Radasch before me this 24th day of February, A. D., 1910.

[SEAL] W. H. SOUTH,
County Auditor.
By A. P. Meyer, Deputy.

On motion the following report of Rice H. Bell and Chris. Haffner, the expert examining committee appointed by this board to examine the books, accounts and reports of the clerk of the district court and his deputy and the sheriff and his deputy at Fort Madison and Keokuk, the county superintendent of schools, the justices of the peace and constables of Fort Madison and Keokuk, the city marshal of Fort Madison and the city marshal of Keokuk, so far as their fees pertain to the state cases, was approved and ordered filed, as follows:

Report of Expert Examiners.

Fort Madison, Iowa, Feb. 15, 1910.

To the Board of Supervisors of Lee County, Iowa.

Gentlemen: Having been appointed by your honorable body to examine the books and accounts of the following officials, to-wit: Clerk of the District Court and his Deputy, the Sheriff and his Deputy, the County Superintendent of Schools, the City Marshal of Fort Madison, the City Marshal of Keokuk, the Justices of the Peace and Constables of Madison Township and Jackson Township inside the City of Keokuk, and the Calaboose Keeper of the City of Keokuk, we hereby submit the following as our report of said examination:

Ed. S. Lofton, Clerk of the District Court of Keokuk.

First Quarter:		
District court fees.	$ 139 10	$ 139 35
Probate fees	241 30	241 45
Marriage licenses .	73 50	73 50
Sheriff's fees	3 15	3 15
Mechanic's leins ..	1 00	1 00
Transcripts and certificates	2 50	2 50
Fines	5 00	5 00
Second Quarter:		
District court fees.	$ 130 00	$ 130 00
Probate fees	140 45	140 45
Marriage licenses..	70 50	70 50
Sheriff's fees	4 05	4 05
Transcripts and certificates	1 50	1 50
Fines	1 00	1 00
Third Quarter:		
District court fees.	$ 83 35	$ 83 35
Probate fees	56 60	56 60
Marriage licenses .	105 00	105 00
Sheriff's fees	2 05	2 05
Mechanic's leins ..	3 00	3 00
Transcripts and certificates	1 50	1 50
Fourth Quarter:		
District court fees.	$ 50 90	$ 50 90
Probate fees	6 75	6 75
Marriage licenses..	10 50	10 50
	$1,133.30	$1,133.70
		$1,133.30

Balance due Ed. S. Lofton .40

The errors in the above statement are found in the estate of C. A. Warwick, deceased. The Clerk charges himself with and turns over to the Treasurer $24.65, when the amount should be $24.50, error fifteen cents, and in the case of Pythian Printing Company vs. Henry Walton he charges himself with and turned over to the Treasurer $1.15, when it should be ninety cents, error twenty-five cents.

We also find the semi-annual report of Ed. S. Lofton, Clerk, of the amount of unclaimed deposits paid to County Treasurer to be correct.

(To be continued.)

Letter-Carrier and Policeman.

Lincoln State Journal: Scientific gentlemen have of late been pondering over the problem presented by the traditional obesity of the policeman and the wiry healthfulness of the mail-carrier. Both work in the open air and both have a stunt of walking to perform every day. The suggestion is made that the letter-carrier is comparatively long lived because, in addition to his daily walking in the open air, he has the incentive to get over ground that has an important bearing upon his health and his spirits. The policeman saunters, without knowing when or where active duty lies in wait for him. This circumstance, rather than his alleged habit of taking free lunches along the way accounts for his sluggishness and his rapid accumulation of flesh. The letter-carrier has the thing more desired by physical directors, an objective to his task. The rural delivery man ought to be a healthy man, for his work is out of doors and has enough definiteness in it to supply a wholesome interest. It will some day be established whether constant riding in the open air tends to obesity or helps to keep a man in normal condition.

Thought It a Club.

Glenn H. Curtiss, at a dinner, said of flying:

"A man learns quickly and easily to fly. There are here to-night, ten to one, future record-breaking aviators who are at this moment as ignorant of aviation as Mr. Rockefeller.

"Mr. Rockefeller, you know, was asked some years ago if he liked golf.

"'Golf?' he replied. 'I have never even seen the game. I wouldn't know how to hold my caddie.'"

Looking for a Cook? Don't be in a hurry. Try

SHREDDED WHEAT

Hundreds of dainty dishes can be made with it in a "jiffy." Ready-cooked and ready-to-serve. 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.

Ho! for the Pacific Coast

Go Now While the Rates Are Low

The present low one-way rates to Pacific Coast will remain in effect only until April 15.
$30.10 to Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, etc.
$30.00 to San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego.

Daily Through Tourist Sleeping Cars via St. Paul, via Billings and via Denver

from principal Burlington stations. These cars are as comfortable as palace sleepers at one-half the cost. Reclining chair cars (seats free) on all through trains.

The Burlington offers better through train service over a greater variety of routes for Pacific Coast trips than any other line

Burlington Route

C. F. CONRADT, City Ticket Agent C. B. & Q. R. R.
Fifth and Johnson Street, Keokuk, Iowa.

First lot of Summer round trip rates to the Coast April 4 to 8. Ask me.

Indian Head

Fine Dress Shirts and men's work garments of all kinds are made in Keokuk by Keokuk people. Help these same people by wearing INDIAN HEAD made garments. They are guaranteed to give satisfaction. Manufactured by Irwin-Phillips Co.

Keokuk Savings Bank

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.

DIRECTORS: A. E. Johnstone, F. W. Davis, H. L. Connable, R. L. Auwerda, Ben B. Jewell.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY OF DEPOSITS IS GUARANTEED

Keokuk National Bank

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

3 PER CENT INTEREST ON TIME AND SAVINGS DEPOSITS

DEPOSIT

Your savings in The State Central Savings Bank and you take the first step towards independence.

The only independnt man or woman is the one who saves and has a bank account.

3 per cent interest paid on savings accounts.

Capital, $100,000 Surplus, $200,000

WILLIAM LOGAN, President.
GEO. E. RIX, Vice President.
J. F. KIEDAISCH, Sr., Vice Pres.
C. J. BODE, Cashier
H. T. GRAHAM, Asst. Cashier.
H. BOYDEN BLOOD, Asst. Cash.

AUG. C. WUSTROW

Manufacturer of

Carriages, Buggies, Spring Wagons and Trucks.

Repairing, Painting and Trimming.

Rubber Tire Work a Specialty.

Cor. Fifth and Exchange Sts.