

THE GATE CITY PUBLISHED BY THE GATE CITY COMPANY C. F. SKIRVIN, Manager

DAILY BY MAIL. One year, \$5.00; Four months, \$1.50; Six months, \$3.00; Three months, \$1.00. 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, C. H. Rollins & Co., 52 Main street, Ward Bros., 625 Main street, Depot News Stand.

Keokuk, Iowa, July 11, 1910

WANDERLUST.

Have you ever felt the wanderlust, the call of open places? For the grim and ice packed coast lines topped by everlasting snow, when the rushing of the north wind, where the white capped conifer races, drives the heavy, groaning timbers o'er the racing seas below? Have you ever felt the tropics calling, calling 'neath the moonlight? When nectar scented, drowsy sweet, the vagrant land breeze blows, and the stars seem flashing jewels in the sable dome above you As the rising sun at dawning tints the eastern sky with rose? From the northland, where the were-wolf howls across the frozen silence, From the southland, where the jungle breathes beneath a molten sky, Comes the call of open places on the four strong winds of heaven, Comes the song of the free rovers as the reeling ships go by. —Henry Stuart Dudley in the Outing Magazine.

The presidential nomination habit seems to have become a confirmed one with Mr. Bryan.

Dr. Wiley says it is a crime to have a cold, and a writer in the Globe-Democrat declares there would be another one if he could find out who is responsible.

The information has been given out that black will be the prevailing color in men's suitings this fall. It was also the prevailing color at Reno this summer.

The Waterloo Times-Tribune says it wouldn't be like Teddy to chop down that tree when there were no reporters around. The Waterloo T.T. is of course a Democratic newspaper.

The Iowa City Republican predicts that there will be no clash in the Republican state convention. The choice of delegates has resulted in a practical stand-off. The Republican argues that the balance of power will be held by both parties who don't want to "soak" anybody, and the result will be that nobody will be "soaked." If there is a clash, it will be over permanent chairman, rather than over the resolutions.

A professor lecturing before a class in sociology at Northwestern university declared that the prize fight at Reno demonstrated that the colored man is the white man's equal. As a matter of fact, it demonstrated that one certain colored man was more than one certain white man's equal in brute force, but beyond this it was without significance. Any and all attempts to make anything else out of it are misleading and mischievous.

The Democrats of the Twentieth judicial district have renominated Judge James D. Smyth of Burlington for district judge, and, in conformity with their practice in the past, the Republicans will make no nomination against him. This is a deserved compliment to one of the finest gentlemen and best district judges in Iowa. Judge Smyth has made a record that reflects the highest credit upon himself and the district, and it is entirely fitting that he should be continued in the position he fills so worthily and well. He is, moreover, genial and popular as well as learned in the law and pre-eminently fair and honorable. The voters of the Twentieth district will honor themselves in giving him their votes.

The facts in the case as to the postal savings bank law are admirably stated by the Cedar Falls Record. That paper, like The Gate City, was never in favor of the law in question, but the Republican national convention declared for it and the Republican national administration had to enact it or break faith with the people. The Record says of the situation thus presented:

"Those who voted the Republican ticket because on the whole they preferred its platform and its record to that of the Democratic party were, it seems to us, in honor bound to assist in carrying out that promise. Here in Iowa there is little demand or need of postal savings banks, but that does not alter the fact that no party can afford to break its unmistakable platform pledges."

A prominent Frenchman proposes to cure delinquent children by giving them singing lessons. That is the way with some people. Forever suggesting a cure that is worse than the disease.

John Wannamaker, the merchant prince, at one time postmaster general, says that "By Inheritance" is the greatest study of the educated negro ever accomplished in fiction. The book was written by "Octave Thanet," Miss French, of Davenport, and adds another feather to Iowa's literary cap.

Thousands of members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks from all over the United States and Canada are gathered in Detroit for their forty-sixth annual convention and grand lodge reunion. The sessions of the grand lodge will begin tomorrow and continue through the greater part of the week. The annual parade, which is the big spectacular event of the reunion, is scheduled for Thursday. It is expected that fully 100,000 Elks and their friends will attend this year.

The notable conventions of the present week, in addition to the gathering of the Elks, mentioned elsewhere, will include the international convention of the Baptist Young People's Union at Saratoga, the annual seafarerfest of the Northwestern Norwegian-Danish Singers' association at Sioux Falls, the convention of the Upper Mississippi River Improvement association at St. Paul, and the summer meeting of the American Chemical society in San Francisco. Keokuk will be represented at two of these meetings.

TIMELY WARNING ABOUT FLIES.

In its latest issue, just out, the Iowa Health Bulletin, official organ of the state board of health, continues its warfare against flies, which are now making their appearance in large numbers. It is noted that many people have failed to heed the numerous warnings that have been issued against flies, and attention is again called to the fact that they are one of the most dangerous menaces to life and health with which mankind has to contend, being responsible for a large proportion of all cases of typhoid fever and diarrhoeal diseases of infants and many cases of tuberculosis and other contagious diseases. They have caused thousands of deaths in Iowa and will continue their work of destruction until housekeepers awaken to the fact and inaugurate a warfare that will result in their extermination. The Bulletin goes on to say:

This can be accomplished definitely and effectively. It requires only THE REMOVAL OF FILTH, FLIES BREED IN FILTH and in filth alone. Without filth there can be no flies. More than 90 per cent of them bred in stable manure and the balance in garbage, outhouses and other forms of refuse. The fly season is at hand. Prompt action at this time may prevent many deaths during the summer and fall and grave responsibility rests upon all HEALTH OFFICERS and other citizens.

An immediate and thorough cleaning of premises should be effected and further accumulations of filth avoided. Stable manure should be kept in vaults or boxes—screened or covered or frequently sprinkled with lime or kerosene and should be removed at least once a week. Garbage receptacles should be carefully covered and the contents sprinkled with unslaked lime or oil. Privy vaults should be made fire-proof and their contents sprinkled with lime.

In addition to the measures for the prevention of the breeding of flies, every effort should be made to prevent them from entering the house or having access to milk or other foods. All doors and windows, especially those of the kitchen and dining room, should be screened. Food exposed for sale should be screened and ordinances to this effect should be enacted and enforced. Flies should be especially kept away from the sick and if one is discovered in the sick room it should be killed. Excreta and urine from the sick should be covered with fresh lime for an hour and then buried.

People who have cleaned their own premises should demand that their neighbors do likewise and notify the Board of Health of any failures or refusals. It is important to remember that no house is safe unless every other one for a mile around is clean. This applies especially to tenement houses or rented quarters. The saving of life and suffering will amply repay for all the trouble and expense.

EITHER MAN MUST KILL THE FLY OR THE FLY WILL KILL THE MAN. A federal health bulletin is quoted to the following effect: "If you saw a fly magnified until it was as big as a full-grown hen and saw the fly light on the bloodspit of a consumptive in a cuspidor and then fly with its feet covered with the germs of consumption and light on the nipple of the milk bottle being sucked by your child, and afterwards saw your child die of consumption, or you would not charge the death of the child to Divine wisdom, but to human ignorance in permitting the fly to disseminate the child."

In another connection the following "Don'ts" are given: Don't allow flies in your house. Don't permit them near your food, especially milk. Don't buy foodstuffs where flies are tolerated. Don't have feeding places where flies can load themselves with ejecta from typhoid or dysenteric patients. Don't allow your fruits and confections to be exposed to the swarms of flies. Don't let flies crawl over the baby and swarm upon the nipple of the nursing bottle.

SUMMARY.—CLEAN UP YOUR PREMISES INSIDE AND OUT AND

then, as much as you can, see that others do the same. STRIKE at the ROOT of the EVIL. The house-fly breeds in horse manure, kitchen offal, and the like. Dispose of these materials in such a way that the house-fly cannot propagate. SCREEN ALL WINDOWS AND DOORS AND INSIST that your GROCER, BUTCHER, BAKER and every one from whom you buy food stuffs DOES THE SAME. There is more health in a well-screened house than in many a doctor's visit.

AFTER you have cleaned up your premises inspect the neighborhood for fly-breeding places. Call the attention of the owner to them and if he does not remove them, complain to the board of health.

WHAT ARE "THE INTERESTS"?

The Republicans of Lee county adopted the following resolutions: "We . . . give our unqualified endorsement to the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill as enacted by the Sixty-first congress and approved by President Taft."

"We hereby give endorsement and commendation to Hon. C. A. Kennedy, our representative in congress, for his efforts in support of the administration of President William H. Taft."

The above are quoted by the Fort Madison Democrat as the basis for the following partisan criticism: "If anyone now has any doubts as to where Mr. Kennedy stands as between standpatism and progressive-ness, there is no excuse for it. The extracts constitute an open and specific endorsement of Mr. Kennedy's having assisted in the fastening upon the people of the Payne-Aldrich-Taft robber tariff and are certainly conclusive evidence that he is bound to the interests hand and foot."

The Burlington Hawk-Eye wants to know, quite pertinently, what "the interests" are of which so much is vaguely said and written. It says that apparently the protected industries of the country are referred to although the term, "the interests" is often used as applied to banks, railroads and almost any prosperous enterprise. The Hawk-Eye continues with telling force and effect:

The greatest interest in this country is agriculture. It is protected by the tariff and is very prosperous. There is no doubt Mr. Kennedy is very closely bound to the farmers.

The iron, copper, lead, zinc and coal mining industries are protected and have developed to a wonderful degree of prosperity. The Hawk-Eye is glad to believe Mr. Kennedy is not hostile to them, as much of the industrial welfare of the country depends upon the mining enterprises.

The manufacturers of the United States have attained a great magnitude and variety of product. Eliminate them, or cripple them, and the whole country would suffer immensely. Such gigantic projects as the Keokuk water power would not be undertaken if the protective policy does not foster manufactures. Fort Madison, as well as Burlington and Keokuk and other western towns, are beneficiaries of the protective system.

These are "the interests" to which Mr. Kennedy and the Republican party are "bound"—the interests of his own constituents and of the whole country. That is why he was sent to congress and why he will be re-elected.

The mythical interests to which political writers are fond of referring, is a bit of foolish partisan prejudice in the great game of politics. It means nothing.

First, get a correct idea of the fine building that seats 6,000. It was jam-full, and they had to play again, Monday, to accommodate the overflow, as many more. The amphitheatre is entered at six, perhaps eight, doors at the sides. The lofty roof is supported by several powerful steel trusses. No pillars in the way. The band sits in front, as in all theaters. Beyond is a wide stage open to the sky, and beyond that a Greek temple, covered, in which many scenes are acted. This temple connects with the amphitheatre with semi-circular structures and colonnades. The chorus enters half and half, from either colonnade, and fills the open stage. If it rains, no matter. They do not flinch, but sing like angels. To these mountaineers rain is as nothing.

Jesus wears flowing hair, parted in the middle, and a red robe. Anton Lang personates him with dignity, but does not near fill my ideal of "that first true gentleman that ever breathed." No one but the Dresden painter, Hofmann, paints the Jesus of my dreams, and especially on that wonderful canvas where Jesus talks to the rich young man. It affects me more than any picture I saw in the Vatican, in St. Peter's, in Antwerp, in Dresden, in Florence. So far, I count it the noblest portraiture human hand ever wrought. Around the sea of Galilee, in Cana, in Nazareth, in Bethany, in Jerusalem, everywhere in Palestine that I hate, that Hofmann face and figure gleamed on my mind's eye. In all the aridity, the dirt, the vile smells, the Arab chatter, in the rank imposture and phona fraud of the churches, that splendid figure and face gladdened my sight. At Jacob's well I saw just that man talking wonderfully to the woman of Samaria. I saw him tolling up the steep hill from Bethany, in white robe, on sandalled feet; I saw him standing on the crest, weeping over Jerusalem, "how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens, under her wings, but ye would not." I see the tears mist those stony eyes of his. I cared not to stand where he had been, for I got no nearer to him than I get nearer to him when I nestle in his presence. I come into his very thoughts in his saying to the despicable Samaritan woman, "The hour cometh, and now is, when neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem, shall ye worship the Father, but ye shall worship him in spirit and in truth." Stay at home and worship Him. Worship Him in your own mind. He is the supreme artist and

poet of the spiritual in man. Every sentence of his record is finished like a cameo. No man, before or since, had such a profound insight into and appreciation of moral and spiritual values. Nor shall I come any nearer to Shakespeare's genius when, next week, I shall stand before his tomb at Stratford, but I come even to his feet when I read in his play, "we are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep," and in many another of his immortal phrasings.

Well, Lang did not bring Jesus to me—Hofmann does. The only superb actor of them all was "Judas." He was as fine a tragic actor as Irving or Booth. As a whole, with here and there a deduction, the sublimest tragedy in the world's history was worthily done, and by peasants. I cannot get over the wonder of it, and the total impression that a splendid illusion came my way will rest as a spell on me forever.

The conviction deepens in me that the stage is the greatest educational force in the world. It has yielded me more pleasure, by far, than all things else.

Bungalowmania. Great grandfather lived in a dwelling of logs. It was squatty and dingy and plain. But 'twas there that he dwelt, with his kids and his dogs. Nor minded the snow and the rain; If he lived there now he'd perk up a bit. And pride would sit on his brow; He'd look on his house as an artistic hit— For they call cabins bungalows now.

The Smiths used to live in a house made of sod. On the plains where the Kansas winds sweep, They built it of nothing but clod upon clod, And its lines would make architects weep; But today it's refurbished with vines at its door, And a lantern upon its port bow, It rents for simoleons many a score— For "soddies" are bungalows now.

So it's back to the cabin and "soddies" and shacks. If you follow the craze of the day, To the dwellings that seem to sprawl out on their backs. For that is a bungalow way; Move out of the houses that have an upstairs. And strap 'em for the lowly sort plow Pick up a hen coop, a barrel, for no-body cares, As all things are bungalows now. —Arthur Chapman.

Within Our World. Whether there's a finer world—this has got to do! Whether there's a sweeter sky—ours is very blue! Whether there's a better life—let us trust and wait; Love is in the lanes of rest, at the sweetheart gate!

Whether there's a lighter toll—ours is at His will! Whether there's a brighter land—this is ours to till! Whether there's a kinder age—here's our time and place; Love within the porch of dreams, with her light, her grace! —Baltimore Sun.

Gov. Jackson's Good Work. Vinton Eagle: Victorious or defeated, Hon. Frank D. Jackson, has rendered the Iowa Republicans a great service in the magnificent campaign he conducted in the interest of President Taft. No one can contradict the statement that a bad political sentiment had arisen in the Republican party of Iowa against President Taft, and had it not been checked by Mr. Jackson there is no telling to what an extent it might have gone. Even the Republican country weeklies, which are generally of a conservative nature, and loyal advocates of their party, had begun to swing from their moorings. Nearly every issue was found in their columns trivial fault-finding against the President. Mr. Jackson has revolutionized this adverse sentiment. Every, or nearly every, county in the state, has taken particular pains in their county convention to pass eulogistic resolutions in favor of President Taft. No one will contradict the statement that had not a halt been called, the adverse feeling of three months ago would have intensified to the extent that fully half of the county conventions of Iowa would either have remained silent or would have passed adverse resolutions against President Taft.

Mr. Jackson was badgered and badgered during the campaign and his motives impugned, but he never swerved from the course he had mapped out. He refused to take any part in the gubernatorial campaign. His whole bent was upon securing President Taft an endorsement from Iowa Republicans. Victory has perched upon his banner. Nearly every county convention in the state has endorsed President Taft and his administration. Although he may not have carried a majority of the delegates to the state convention, there is no doubt but he has carried six of the districts and if the delegates are true to the action of the county conventions in selecting them the Taft Republicans will be able to organize the convention and elect a state central committee which will be strongly in favor of President Taft and his administration.

Mr. Jackson deserves praise for the great work he has done against ad-

BURRELL ON PASSION PLAY.

As a Spectacular Drama it is Equal to Anything He Has Ever Seen.

From Howard A. Burrell's letter from Oberammergau to the Washington Press: Oberammergau cuts up well, thus: Ober, upper; Ammer; a river of that name; gau, pronounced gon, is valley; so the name means the upper valley of the Ammer.

In 1634 a plague raged here. The pious peasants vowed that if it were stayed, they would play the Passion every ten years. They kept the covenant until the law or decree forbade the playing anywhere but in Munich. This was repealed, and since 1870 the rendition of this play has made the valley of the Ammer famous. Advertising, puffery have clapped wings on Oberammergau, and what was once pious but provincial has been put on a commercial basis. Religious at first, playing once in ten years, they now play 34 times in a decade, and rake in the coin. No doubt they give ample value received. I have not seen it yet. The play opens Sunday a. m. at 8 o'clock and runs till 11:30. Intermission for lunch, then at it again till 6 p. m. Writers say it is sort o' shocking, because it does not cog or track with our strict notions, and jars with a sense of the incongruous, to see the actor "Jesus Christ" go out between acts to drink a schooner of Bavarian beer.

It has been a delight all afternoon to watch these peasants under green hats, with green embroideries on breeches, bare knees and ankles, tricked out in flowers and feathers and long curly hair.

I do not mean to write up the play. Read Stoddard's lecture and Stead's little book. These are easily accessible, and I shall not tire my game hand writing a criticism. The most I'll attempt is to state honestly the impressions made by the presentation of the tragedy and the degree of merit in the performance.

But to hark back to the Passion Play. Its artistic merit has not been one whit exaggerated. It is no fake. As a spectacular drama it is up to anything I have ever seen. It is remarkable, it is astonishing that the 500 peasants, who do this thing, do it so finely. It is truly dramatic, not melodramatic. In parts it is profoundly affecting, reaching depths of emotion far below the level of tears. The costuming is true to the period. The play opens with the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem and ends with the resurrection, the last being the only weak feature. There are seventeen acts, each divided into many scenes. The chorus heralds each act, and comes in twenty-two times. It consists of forty singers, wearing white robes, and over these flowing robes in red, green, blue, scarlet, orange—every shade you can think of. The forty-first person recites a prelude, and then the superb band plays, and a soloist breaks into song, joined here and there by the chorus. The music was to me the most delightful feature of the magnificent show.

First, get a correct idea of the fine building that seats 6,000. It was jam-full, and they had to play again, Monday, to accommodate the overflow, as many more. The amphitheatre is entered at six, perhaps eight, doors at the sides. The lofty roof is supported by several powerful steel trusses. No pillars in the way. The band sits in front, as in all theaters. Beyond is a wide stage open to the sky, and beyond that a Greek temple, covered, in which many scenes are acted. This temple connects with the amphitheatre with semi-circular structures and colonnades. The chorus enters half and half, from either colonnade, and fills the open stage. If it rains, no matter. They do not flinch, but sing like angels. To these mountaineers rain is as nothing.

Jesus wears flowing hair, parted in the middle, and a red robe. Anton Lang personates him with dignity, but does not near fill my ideal of "that first true gentleman that ever breathed." No one but the Dresden painter, Hofmann, paints the Jesus of my dreams, and especially on that wonderful canvas where Jesus talks to the rich young man. It affects me more than any picture I saw in the Vatican, in St. Peter's, in Antwerp, in Dresden, in Florence. So far, I count it the noblest portraiture human hand ever wrought. Around the sea of Galilee, in Cana, in Nazareth, in Bethany, in Jerusalem, everywhere in Palestine that I hate, that Hofmann face and figure gleamed on my mind's eye. In all the aridity, the dirt, the vile smells, the Arab chatter, in the rank imposture and phona fraud of the churches, that splendid figure and face gladdened my sight. At Jacob's well I saw just that man talking wonderfully to the woman of Samaria. I saw him tolling up the steep hill from Bethany, in white robe, on sandalled feet; I saw him standing on the crest, weeping over Jerusalem, "how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens, under her wings, but ye would not." I see the tears mist those stony eyes of his. I cared not to stand where he had been, for I got no nearer to him than I get nearer to him when I nestle in his presence. I come into his very thoughts in his saying to the despicable Samaritan woman, "The hour cometh, and now is, when neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem, shall ye worship the Father, but ye shall worship him in spirit and in truth." Stay at home and worship Him. Worship Him in your own mind. He is the supreme artist and

poet of the spiritual in man. Every sentence of his record is finished like a cameo. No man, before or since, had such a profound insight into and appreciation of moral and spiritual values. Nor shall I come any nearer to Shakespeare's genius when, next week, I shall stand before his tomb at Stratford, but I come even to his feet when I read in his play, "we are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep," and in many another of his immortal phrasings.

Well, Lang did not bring Jesus to me—Hofmann does. The only superb actor of them all was "Judas." He was as fine a tragic actor as Irving or Booth. As a whole, with here and there a deduction, the sublimest tragedy in the world's history was worthily done, and by peasants. I cannot get over the wonder of it, and the total impression that a splendid illusion came my way will rest as a spell on me forever.

The conviction deepens in me that the stage is the greatest educational force in the world. It has yielded me more pleasure, by far, than all things else.

Bungalowmania. Great grandfather lived in a dwelling of logs. It was squatty and dingy and plain. But 'twas there that he dwelt, with his kids and his dogs. Nor minded the snow and the rain; If he lived there now he'd perk up a bit. And pride would sit on his brow; He'd look on his house as an artistic hit— For they call cabins bungalows now.

The Smiths used to live in a house made of sod. On the plains where the Kansas winds sweep, They built it of nothing but clod upon clod, And its lines would make architects weep; But today it's refurbished with vines at its door, And a lantern upon its port bow, It rents for simoleons many a score— For "soddies" are bungalows now.

So it's back to the cabin and "soddies" and shacks. If you follow the craze of the day, To the dwellings that seem to sprawl out on their backs. For that is a bungalow way; Move out of the houses that have an upstairs. And strap 'em for the lowly sort plow Pick up a hen coop, a barrel, for no-body cares, As all things are bungalows now. —Arthur Chapman.

Within Our World. Whether there's a finer world—this has got to do! Whether there's a sweeter sky—ours is very blue! Whether there's a better life—let us trust and wait; Love is in the lanes of rest, at the sweetheart gate!

Whether there's a lighter toll—ours is at His will! Whether there's a brighter land—this is ours to till! Whether there's a kinder age—here's our time and place; Love within the porch of dreams, with her light, her grace! —Baltimore Sun.

Gov. Jackson's Good Work. Vinton Eagle: Victorious or defeated, Hon. Frank D. Jackson, has rendered the Iowa Republicans a great service in the magnificent campaign he conducted in the interest of President Taft. No one can contradict the statement that a bad political sentiment had arisen in the Republican party of Iowa against President Taft, and had it not been checked by Mr. Jackson there is no telling to what an extent it might have gone. Even the Republican country weeklies, which are generally of a conservative nature, and loyal advocates of their party, had begun to swing from their moorings. Nearly every issue was found in their columns trivial fault-finding against the President. Mr. Jackson has revolutionized this adverse sentiment. Every, or nearly every, county in the state, has taken particular pains in their county convention to pass eulogistic resolutions in favor of President Taft. No one will contradict the statement that had not a halt been called, the adverse feeling of three months ago would have intensified to the extent that fully half of the county conventions of Iowa would either have remained silent or would have passed adverse resolutions against President Taft.

Mr. Jackson was badgered and badgered during the campaign and his motives impugned, but he never swerved from the course he had mapped out. He refused to take any part in the gubernatorial campaign. His whole bent was upon securing President Taft an endorsement from Iowa Republicans. Victory has perched upon his banner. Nearly every county convention in the state has endorsed President Taft and his administration. Although he may not have carried a majority of the delegates to the state convention, there is no doubt but he has carried six of the districts and if the delegates are true to the action of the county conventions in selecting them the Taft Republicans will be able to organize the convention and elect a state central committee which will be strongly in favor of President Taft and his administration.

Mr. Jackson deserves praise for the great work he has done against ad-

verse conditions. Although a private citizen he has shown what one man can do with a definite purpose. It is no little task to organize a disorganized mass of voters into a fighting army, and yet that is just exactly what Mr. Jackson did.

That he did so well is a marvel and we hope he will not feel disappointed because he did not win as full a victory as he desired.

Allerton—Iowa's Grand Old Horse. Des Moines Register and Leader: Wherever men love horses there will be sorrow at the death of Allerton at the Hopper stock farm at Allerton. He was a grand old fellow, perfect in body and perfect in disposition. He was the greatest show horse of his day, and up to the day of his death, at the ripe age of 24, his back was straight and strong and his legs without spot or blemish. He was gentle and kind and in all his life he never hurt a living thing willingly. It was good to look upon this great horse, with his perfect body, his fleet limbs, his handsome head and his intelligent eye. You couldn't look at him without loving him. He was a king among horses.

Allerton was one of the two great horses that Iowa has given to the trotting world. The other was Axtell, who, with Allerton, brought fortune to Iowa's unique contribution to the horse world, C. W. Williams, and a fleeting fame to the little city of Independence. The story of both Allerton and Axtell is one of the most interesting in equine romance. They sprang from obscure mares, and they were reared in obscurity by Williams, who was an obscure railway station agent with a penchant for fast horses. Allerton's mother was bought for \$75; Axtell's mother for little more. But in these, unknown mothers was good blood and in the fathers of these colts was the very best trotting blood. So when their time came they were true to the good in them and amazed the world with their quality and performance. Axtell in his day was accorded the distinction of a glass stall at our Iowa state fair and wherever else he was exhibited, and Allerton came

into the same sensational prominence a few years later.

Allerton was more than a sensational performer in his day. He did more than set a low mark—he had the vitality to transmit his excellences to a long list of sons and daughters. Before the present racing season ends, he will have more colts with records of 2:30 or better than any other trotting sire known—a long list of 2:20 and over. He had a marked influence upon the quality of horses of the present time—an influence that is destined to go on through the generations of good horses.

Allerton was lost to Iowa in 1894 when the independence boom had burst and Williams had removed his stock farm to Galesburg, Ill. But he came back to Iowa to spend his old days when he was purchased by Harry E. Hopper of Indianola and placed at the head of his stock farm there. There was a bit of sentiment connected with the sale. "I want Allerton to go back to old Iowa," said Williams, "and I want my friend Hopper to have him because I know that his last days will be spent in comfort and peace." And they were. Allerton was as happy at 24 as he was in his colt days, and as well cared for as when he was at the height of his career. Allerton was a grand old horse and Iowa may be proud that it produced him.

Catches 'Em With His Hands. Downing (Mo.) News: L. C. Ferguson caught a ten-pound catfish with his bare hands one day last week. He waded in the creek up to his neck and felt along until he found the fish and then pulled it out by catching it in the gills. He caught several smaller fish in the same manner.

Only Needed Another. I was walking on the beach last Sunday with my nephew, and I told him that I would give him a dollar if he could find two pebbles exactly alike. Full of glee, John began searching. By and by, he came running to me very much excited, and said: "Oh, uncle I've found one of them." "Exchange

Patriotism. The stomach is a larger factor in "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" than most people are aware. Patriotism can withstand hunger but not dyspepsia. The confirmed dyspeptic "is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils." The man who goes to the front for his country with a weak stomach will be a weak soldier and a fault finder. A sound stomach makes for good citizenship as well as for health and happiness. Diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are promptly and permanently cured by the use of Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY. It builds up the body with sound flesh and solid muscle. The dealer who offers a substitute for the "Discovery" is only seeking to make the little more profit realized on the sale of less meritorious preparations. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the paper covered book, or 31 stamps for the cloth bound. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

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.

WHERE ONE PERSON GETS RICH BY SPECULATION, EVERYBODY MAY ACCUMULATE SOMETHING THROUGH THE METHODS OF SAVING. The conservative person will start a savings account in The State Central Savings Bank. Corner Sixth and Main Sts., Keokuk, Iowa. Capital \$100,000.00 Surplus \$200,000.00. William Logan, President C. J. Bode, Cashier. Geo. E. Rix, Vice President H. T. Graham, Asst. Cashier. J. F. Kiedalsch, S., Vice Pres. H. Boyden Blood, Asst. Cashier.

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.

The People Who Owe You Gratitude Fail You When You Need Them Most. A savings account is ever ready to do you a real and genuine service and is an ever abiding friend. A wise person will cultivate such friend. \$1 or more will start you right at Keokuk Savings Bank.

verse conditions. Although a private citizen he has shown what one man can do with a definite purpose. It is no little task to organize a disorganized mass of voters into a fighting army, and yet that is just exactly what Mr. Jackson did. That he did so well is a marvel and we hope he will not feel disappointed because he did not win as full a victory as he desired. Allerton—Iowa's Grand Old Horse. Des Moines Register and Leader: Wherever men love horses there will be sorrow at the death of Allerton at the Hopper stock farm at Allerton. He was a grand old fellow, perfect in body and perfect in disposition. He was the greatest show horse of his day, and up to the day of his death, at the ripe age of 24, his back was straight and strong and his legs without spot or blemish. He was gentle and kind and in all his life he never hurt a living thing willingly. It was good to look upon this great horse, with his perfect body, his fleet limbs, his handsome head and his intelligent eye. You couldn't look at him without loving him. He was a king among horses. Allerton was one of the two great horses that Iowa has given to the trotting world. The other was Axtell, who, with Allerton, brought fortune to Iowa's unique contribution to the horse world, C. W. Williams, and a fleeting fame to the little city of Independence. The story of both Allerton and Axtell is one of the most interesting in equine romance. They sprang from obscure mares, and they were reared in obscurity by Williams, who was an obscure railway station agent with a penchant for fast horses. Allerton's mother was bought for \$75; Axtell's mother for little more. But in these, unknown mothers was good blood and in the fathers of these colts was the very best trotting blood. So when their time came they were true to the good in them and amazed the world with their quality and performance. Axtell in his day was accorded the distinction of a glass stall at our Iowa state fair and wherever else he was exhibited, and Allerton came into the same sensational prominence a few years later. Allerton was more than a sensational performer in his day. He did more than set a low mark—he had the vitality to transmit his excellences to a long list of sons and daughters. Before the present racing season ends, he will have more colts with records of 2:30 or better than any other trotting sire known—a long list of 2:20 and over. He had a marked influence upon the quality of horses of the present time—an influence that is destined to go on through the generations of good horses. Allerton was lost to Iowa in 1894 when the independence boom had burst and Williams had removed his stock farm to Galesburg, Ill. But he came back to Iowa to spend his old days when he was purchased by Harry E. Hopper of Indianola and placed at the head of his stock farm there. There was a bit of sentiment connected with the sale. "I want Allerton to go back to old Iowa," said Williams, "and I want my friend Hopper to have him because I know that his last days will be spent in comfort and peace." And they were. Allerton was as happy at 24 as he was in his colt days, and as well cared for as when he was at the height of his career. Allerton was a grand old horse and Iowa may be proud that it produced him. Catches 'Em With His Hands. Downing (Mo.) News: L. C. Ferguson caught a ten-pound catfish with his bare hands one day last week. He waded in the creek up to his neck and felt along until he found the fish and then pulled it out by catching it in the gills. He caught several smaller fish in the same manner. Only Needed Another. I was walking on the beach last Sunday with my nephew, and I told him that I would give him a dollar if he could find two pebbles exactly alike. Full of glee, John began searching. By and by, he came running to me very much excited, and said: "Oh, uncle I've found one of them." "Exchange