

THE GATE CITY PUBLISHED BY THE GATE CITY COMPANY

C. F. SKIRVIN, Manager

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Keokuk, Iowa, July 25, 1910

down stairs which brought the foreman to the landing in a hurry. With the "chase" hanging about his neck the darkey explained apologetically, but not without a note of triumph in his voice: "I spilled de type, boss, but I done save de riad."

THE MAIL ORDER BUSINESS.

Printer's Ink says that mail order houses have become a barometer of business conditions and that no other concern is so closely in daily touch with the buying pulse of the entire country as one of the great mail order concerns. The same publication states that one mail order house sold during the first six months of 1910 merchandise to the amount of \$39,000,000, as against \$31,000,000 during the entire year of 1909. The company referred to retired \$200,000 preferred stock and the stock is 25 per cent above par. Another Chicago mail order house reports a greatly increased business also. Printer's Ink also reports that the mail order fight by dealers is not nearly so extensive and bitter as it was. The situation as thus presented prompts the Des Moines Capital to say:

We fancy that the mail order business is one of the finest in the world. Every order is accompanied by the cash. The customer is not at the counter. He does not have a chance to examine the goods. He must accept what is sent to him. If there is dissatisfaction in one neighborhood there are new neighborhoods. The people are constantly changing. For the customer the mail order business has a fascination. It is a little like a lottery. We are not prepared to say what its future will be.

COST OF CARRYING THE MAILS.

Hon. Joseph Stewart, second assistant postmaster general, and his associates are still working on the problem of what it costs the railroads to carry the mails for Uncle Sam. Several complicated schedules were submitted to the roads, covering every item that could properly be figured in the cost of transportation. If any item was overlooked it could not have been an essential one. The responses of the roads were about all that could be desired, so far as can be learned. A railroad representative is authority for the statement that the roads went into this matter with a vim and vigor that shows they are not afraid of the outcome. A large number of expert accountants were "turned loose" on the books of the companies. This representative declares that the final deductions of the department cannot fall to show that the railroads are not getting too much for transporting the mails, to say nothing of not filling their treasuries to overflowing with the shippers' golden eagles.

THE MEDICAL COLLEGE TRUST.

It is becoming more and more difficult to secure a medical education. Hereafter, by a rule of the state board of health, all persons seeking to practice medicine in the state of Iowa must have had two years' training in a college of liberal arts prior to their course of study in the medical college from which they graduated. Under this ruling all the medical colleges in Iowa—there are only two left—will have to change their matriculation requirements, as no graduate can take the examination before the state board for license to practice unless he has had the two years' preparatory work.

The next so-called "advance" will probably involve a full college course, and a little later nothing but a university degree will suffice. Incidentally the standing of liberal arts colleges and their equipment for the work of preparing students for admission to medical colleges will be made a matter for investigation. The result of all this will be to create a scarcity of doctors and increase the expense of medical attendance. There are trusts and trusts, but it may well be doubted if any trust in the whole category is crushing out competition more successfully and relentlessly than the medical college trust. State boards of medical examiners, so far from resisting its encroachments, are its pliant tools. It is to be said in excuse of the latter that as matters stand they cannot help themselves, but they have only themselves to blame that things have come to such a pass.

AMERICAN FARMERS RETURNING.

American farmers, who for some years have in increasing numbers been seeking homes in Canada, are not so well satisfied with their new locations as they hoped to be when they crossed the line, according to the latest reports to the railways and the United States reclamation service. Clarence J. Blanche, statistician of the reclamation service, says that he has interviewed a great number of settlers in Montana who had tried the Canadian experiment, but were glad enough to return home. They said that practically every American farmer in the neighborhood of Alberta, where the Canadian government maintains its irrigation project, was anxious to get back if he could sell his holdings.

The American settlers were dissatisfied with the character of the land, the crops from which, they alleged, consisted principally of alfalfa and such hardy grains as winter wheat, and even these were not sure. The form of government did not appeal to them, and they considered the railroad freight rates exorbitant. The climate was a source of dissatisfaction, ice and snow in August and September of last year adding to their discontent.

During the last nine months, it is claimed by the reclamation service, 15,000 settlers have returned to the States from Canada, and the prospects

HOWARD A. BURRELL Writes of London Town

Interesting Pictures of Life and Things in the English Metropolis by a Gifted Newspaper Man.

Howard A. Burrell's London Letter in the Washington (Iowa) Democrat Sunday is a nuisance in London if one is off strolling far from one's hotel. For hardly a restaurant is open. Shops of all sorts are closed. Everybody is off on a holiday. London is more generally closed on that day than is Washington, Iowa. Saloons, cigar stands, fruit stalls, news stands even are closed. No mails are delivered at hotels. Breakfast served not at 9 o'clock, but on week days, is set at 9 on Sundays. One's furnished party worm grows long before that hour. It is hard to find anything to eat or drink on Sunday, if away from one's inn. Last Sunday this trio went to hear Campbell preach, and were to put in the rest of the day in the National and Tate galleries. But we had more trouble hunting a luncheon place than Coelebs had in search of a wife.

On Saturday, strolling up the Strand I slipped into a nice place that wore the uniform. There is in England so much subservency to royalty and nobility, that is, "quality," that if those two top orders patronize a place even in the least degree, the owner of the shop, whether he be merchant, green grocer, caterer, butcher, candlestick maker, is entitled to stick the royal arms over his door. He has to take out a license so to do, but it costs him nothing. It is pure condescension on the part of the upper court, and pure flunkeyism on the part of the under court. About a thousand places in London sport said arms. It is a fine "ad." It certifies to all that the place has had goods and service at that place, and, of course, if the wares and service were good enough for the crown, ye flunkies may know that I have the highest indorsement. I saw those arms over a butcher stall. The place had at least got a soup bone there for its yellow dog to gnaw. Waiters in evening dress, in hotels, "Sir" me, thank me, whenever I give an order. It is always followed by an obsequious "thank you, sir," as though I were a baronet. It tickles me. Can it be possible they take me for "quality"? Do they really suspect that I may be the Akhond of Swat?

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A pugilistic manager states that Jeffries may fight again. "Why the again?" inquires the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It is remarked by the Sioux City Tribune that one admirable thing about the Ananias club is that it does not split up into factions.

An Indianapolis traveling man is kicking and trying to get into court because at a country hotel he found a piece of a mouse's tail in his pan-cakes. "Some of these traveling men are getting too doggone particular," declares the Cherokee Democrat. "Maybe the traveling man thought that was all the traveling man wanted and maybe he couldn't catch the whole mouse."

The Dubuque Times-Journal observes that Mr. Garfield is ready to organize a new party, one that will need a good western man for secretary of the interior.

"You may talk to us about your lightning express," says Alex Miller, "but automobile repairs never come like lightning, no odds how they are shipped."

"The Iowa primary law is all right—in theory," says the Davenport Democrat. "Of course. But the trouble is that a decreasingly small number of electors care to be bothered with it."

On account of the intense heat, a preacher in Newcastle, Pa., had the lights in the church extinguished and preached in the dark last Sunday night. The Des Moines Register and Leader suggests that if more preachers would do that there would be no trouble getting young couples to go to church.

"The corn in this neighborhood is putting up very attractive aviation exhibits," remarks the Sioux City Journal.

The Manson Democrat describes the Iowa primary law as a political hold-up game in which the minority party is left with rifled pockets.

"After all, a vacation is largely a matter of paying car fare," says the Des Moines Tribune. "You usually find as many bugs and mosquitoes 300 miles away as right at home, and often worse; you find it just as warm, you find just as many inconveniences of other kinds, and usually more, and you find less to do to occupy your time and make it pass pleasantly. Home isn't such a bad place after all."

A good old doctor of St. Louis used to say that he spent the summer undressing babies. Pond mothers would send for him, and he would go to them to discover the precious infant sweltering in hot, long clothes that irked its little body. He would order every stitch of the clothes but one garment to be removed, and the baby allowed to have its own sweet will roving about the bed or floor comfort with the result that it generally got well.

Making Fools of Themselves.

Cedar Falls Record: This thing of running to Roosevelt with everything is getting painful. Both factions of the Republican party are making fools of themselves by posing in his presence and trying to gain his endorsement of certain men or his approval of matters of political expediency. If Roosevelt escapes without a severe attack of the "big head" he is a greater man than was ever Caesar or Napoleon. Roosevelt is a private citizen of the republic and one of the great men of earth, probably the greatest living man today, certainly the foremost citizen of this republic, but this does not add dignity to the constant fawning and sycophancy that is now going on. Down deep in his heart Roosevelt doubtless thinks he is being played for a chump. The Republican party needs the advice and counsel of its leader but to make a visit to Oyster Bay and return with a "smile" looks cheap and disgusting. Roosevelt has thus far stood the ordeal with amazing courage and forbearance

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English Words.

The English use so many words unlike ours, as train for street car, luggage for baggage, shop for store, bagman for commercial traveler. Franklin for peddler, van for baggage car, guard for conductor, tube for subway, lift for elevator, outside for upper deck of a bus, tap for saloon, bag for grip or valise, road or way for row or street, etc.

John Bull is always represented as gruff, reserved, cold. It is not true. He is polite, courteous, helpful, will go a block out of his way to direct you, leaks copious information on application. He is the most perfect gentleman I have met on all my travels. Surly? I should say not. His accent pleases me. The Yankees get their drawl from J. B., who says "caow," "haound" etc., exactly like New Englanders. But that tickles my eardrums.

An English Apple Pie.

At that caterer's I saw on the menu, 'apple pie.' I wanted to top out with pie and asked the girl what it was like, for I suspected John Bull hasn't got onto what the United States of America knows about pie. It turned out to be an exaggerated tart, about the size of a saucer. It had no roof or hat on it, it was bald-headed, and I disdained it, put it away, as Caspar did the crown; when I yearn for pie, they can't palm off an adult tart on me.

It is amazing the universality of this sentiment of snobbery, this ducking, bowing, scraping to overlords, their wholesale recognition of rank, of caste. When king or queen is to ride out, thousands line the streets to see the gilded figure heads and hurrah. The "hol polloi" fairly abases itself. Yet in this universal sycophancy, Bobbie Burns, up in Scotland was man enough to be the first poet of democracy, long before Walt Whitman—"the rank is but the guinea's stamp, the man's a man for a' that."

It has rained on three days. The royal arms should be, not a lion and unicorn, but an umbrella rampant and galoshes couchant. These crowning asphalt or tarred and oiled pavements are smooth shod except in frosty weather; a half dozen fell one afternoon in front of our hotel and blocked the street. The nervous tension in trying not to fall uses up horses. They tremble in traveling after a deluge. It does not rain gently in England, although Shakespeare and John Burroughs so affirm: "the quality of mercy is not strained; it falls as gently as the rain from heaven," etc. And John says rain in England is a soft, quiet, drizzle that nobody minds, not even pedestrian ladies. But rain does not wet here like sixty, and it is as wet as rain in the United States of America.

The Men and Women.

A church and theatre audience in England looks very much like an American one. The men are better looking than the women, have ruddier coloring, and though inclined to be stocky after middle age are shapelier. So many women of 50 to 60 years look like bags of beans, and have no waists but "tummies" so voluminous that it must be difficult to expectorate over the protuberance. Very likely they were once slender little brides and have grown to this ridiculous bulk by "an unearned increment." Do their husbands sometimes wonder if the marriage certificate covers all that increase and expansion? Surely, they do not marry all that bulk and "heft." Good observers say the blondest girls in England are the blondest in the world, selected for their beauty, to draw custom. On Sunday I concluded that London girls do nothing but shed hairpins. Walking up the Strand with Bradley and Silver I needed a probe to punch the pith out of my pipe stem. I had found at Warwick Arms hotel that a hairpin does that office well. I had asked three waitresses there for a broom to get a splint. They did not

catch on till I explained, when one of them said, "Will not a hairpin do as well?" It would. She plucked one out of her hair, and I took it, though saying, "I would rather keep it as a souvenir of her!" She laughed gayly. Did courtesier ever pay a queen a "fetcher" compliment than that, hey? "I trow not!" So needing another splint last Sunday I began picking up hairpins on the broadwalk, and the women kept pointing them out to me. How many do you think I picked up? No less than seventy-four. In one place I found ten in a small space. Their fellows must have met the girls there and touched their "rats." At any rate, London girls shed hairpins as the "Pleiades shed sweet influences."

Speaking of slippery streets, all along the edge of walks are big metal bins full of coarse sand and gravel to be sprinkled on the glazed surface.

The Strand is the crack retail street. It used to be, as its name implies, the street nearest the Thames (Tems) river. But now it is quite a distance back. The "Embankment" is a wide stretch of "made land," and splendid big buildings rest on piles, like the immense Padiem house. It was like conquering a vast province out of Chaos, a sort of Holland feat.

The Hobble Skirt.

I am nearer the foundation head of the fashions than you are. In Paris we laughed at an occasional female, probably a demi-monde, who could hardly take a ten-inch step in the new fangled gown that is trapped tight, and buttoned back of the knees. And here I have seen a few specimens. Don't deride ye American girls and wives: yet all will be wearing the absurd things by winter time. It is tough on husbands! They have gotten cricks in their backs, red faces and round shoulders buttoning Lover Dovey's dresses at the back, and now this new affliction is coming.

As to cheapness, I forgot to say that in the barber shop in this fine hotel, and everywhere else, a shave costs two pence, or four of our cents, and my hair was nicely cut and mustache trimmed for 8 cents. But I shave myself with a safety every other morning.

A Beautiful Country.

England is a beautiful country to ride through. It is so snug, neat, well kept, full of sleek cattle, draft horses, black nosed and black legged sheep—as pretty pastoral scenes as ever swam into the eye. Intensive farming, a garden, an orchard, trees everywhere. I do not see how Ireland can be greener. The meadows are grassy lush, the soft flowing bankful streams dreaming their placid way to the encompassing seas, and "whispering in their reeds." I do not wonder that since old Chaucer began to sing, centuries ago, this island and Scotland have been full of lyric and other poets, painters, singers and all sorts of artists. The inspiration may strike into me yet, and who knows that there are not latent in me tuneless numbers and pleasing lays? But I shall spare you.

Girl as a Farmer.

Louisville Courier-Journal: A young woman in Massachusetts, who was not worried by any surplus of this world's goods, resolved to become a farmer. To begin with, she took a three year course in the State Agricultural college at Amherst. She had no money after completing the term, and her health was not of the best. She had been advised to engage in some sort of work that would keep her out of doors, and she rented an abandoned farm, borrowing the money to pay the first installment of the rent.

Last year she worked only five acres of the tract. She put those five acres in garden truck, and she cleared \$6.50 on the enterprise. She figures that she will clear as much as \$200 on the acre on this year's farming operations, and she has purchased three horses and 200 hens. She is doing fairly good business in selling eggs. So far tomatoes have been her most profitable crop, but she has also made a good deal of money by growing peas and corn.

During the vegetable season she makes daily trips to Worcester, fifteen miles away, where she sells her products. She hires boys for 10 cents an hour to help in the truck patch. She keeps account of all receipts and she will know exactly where she stands in a financial way.

Her experience illustrates what might be done with thousands of the abandoned farms which are scattered all over the eastern states. Farming is not easy work. It is a man's job, and it is not to be recommended as a vocation for women. To make any considerable amount of money out of a year's farming requires hard work, good judgement and close economy. This Massachusetts woman has prospered because she attended to

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MONTROSE.

The annual reunion of the Reorganized church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is to be held at Montrose, Iowa, beginning next Friday, July 29, and holding over August 9.

Montrose and Nauvoo are old landmarks of this church and it is of especial interest to members of the church to visit them. Many visitors from various parts of several states will likely be present.

In 1844 the church was broken up when the two leading men, Joseph and Hyram Smith, were killed. It was reorganized in 1852-1860 by men who were leading men in the church before 1844, among them now are the sons of Joseph Smith. The church has ever been interested in the promulgation of what was publically taught by Joseph, the Prophet.

Among those expected to take an active part in the preaching at the reunion is a grandson of the prophet, Elbert A. Smith, a son of David A. Smith, J. W. Wright, an apostle in the church, is to be present, as well as many other able exponents of the gospel of the Bible.

Quite a crowd is expected, campers and boarders. All are welcome. All are invited. Preaching each night during the entire 10 days and services morning and afternoon during that time.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Platt and daughter of Lincoln, Neb., have been visiting their relatives here. Mrs. Platt will be remembered as Miss Tillie Worthington, who was born and reared in this city.

Miss Mable Brown of Summitville recently visited her cousin, Miss Hazel Hancock.

Mrs. Crista Saylor was visiting the Purdy family at Warren Monday. Parties here who are making good in the shell industry are finding pearls valued at \$100, and \$300.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson and little daughter Marie, of Quincy are guests at the Bowen home this week.

Rev. Tarow, wife and mother have been enjoying an outing on the island gathering pond lilies and fishing for the finny tribes.

F. Armentrout will be enroute to Chicago Monday, in the interest of the National Canning Co. Several from this vicinity have been consulting an occultist at Keokuk. Joseph Younk and family of Arkansas City, Kan., are at the parental home of S. G. Younk. Montrose is quite metropolitan with the numerous touring cars passing daily.

A New Kind.

A trained nurse garbed in her long triple-cape street uniform of cadet blue overheard two children commenting upon what it might mean, when one exclaimed confidently: "Oh, I know; she's a widow of a mail carrier."—De lineator.

Death Rate Among Armies. The average annual death rate among the armies of the world is nine in every 1,000.