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Keokuk, Iowa, Sept. 1, 1910

Thought for the day: What's the use of borrowing trouble when all of us already have enough of our own?

A counterfeit \$1,000 bill is abroad in the land. Members of the Illinois legislature would do well to take notice.

Some of the papers are now complaining that Flint, Mich., exceeded the speed limit in increase in population.

Japan has annexed Korea and changed its name to "Chosen." The Japanese are nothing if not euphemistic.

A colored preacher in St. Louis recently prayed for "Republicans and sinners." That includes the Democrats, all right.

Kalamazoo has grown 61.6 per cent in the last ten years, which shows that the Kalamazoos haven't been idle by any means.

Thus the Burlington Hawk-Eye: "Two high authorities—God and Roosevelt—declare me ought to be honest and fight corruption. Let us all heed the admonition and try to be good."

As far as observation goes, the announcement of William Jennings Bryan that he would not be a candidate for the presidential nomination in 1912 failed to produce a ripple anywhere on the political sea.

The Sioux City Journal observes that "so far, that bad man Ballinger seems to have escaped suspicion of having set the fires." There's no telling, though, how soon that accusation will be brought against him.

"What," asks an esteemed exchange, "has become of the old-fashioned woman who in peach-canning time, always put up a few jars of branded ones for Grandpa?" This is the first intimation Grandpa has had that she isn't still on the job.

Love-making in Greenland must border mightily closely on a capital operation. When a swain there undertakes to tell his sweetheart "I love you," he has to say: "Unifroed-eindrianaerifronajungulrigujak!" In this country such a word would be a distinct impediment to marriage.

Up from the Missouri woods through the columns of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat comes the story that at a recent camp meeting the minister discoursed at length on "A Dark and Endless Hell;" at the conclusion of the sermon the congregation started singing: "Tell Mother I'll be There."

The Republican nominees for congress in this state met with Judge Prouty in Des Moines Tuesday evening and resolved that Iowa Republicans should do their fighting with each other at the primary and not at the polls. It would be more to the point if their constituents would meet and so resolve.

The Illinois railroad commission proposes that the rates and charges made by express companies which now yield excessive returns upon capital actually and necessarily employed in the express business should be reduced to the basis which should bring a fair remuneration on a fair value of the actual property employed in the business.

The Cedar Rapids Republican states an indisputable fact when it says: "Every one is trying to use Colonel Roosevelt to serve his own ends. Every man with a hobby, every man with an ambition is after the services of the colonel."

Probably no one knows it better than Colonel Roosevelt himself. He is a good judge of men and motives and could hardly fail to recognize such a patent fact.

Grocery staples, on the whole, are lower now than they were twenty years ago, the general impression to the contrary notwithstanding. This is conclusively shown in a booklet just issued by a Chicago bank, in which are given prices of seventy grocery staples compiled by W. M. Hoyt & Co. Of the seventy articles enumerated from baking powder to tea, only twenty-nine show increases, while forty-one show decreases. For some reason or other there is a large amount of misinformation abroad concerning the cost of the necessities of life.

A New York paper compares Colonel Roosevelt to a comet. Probably because he flies high and it is uncertain where or what he will strike.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR WAR.

Considerable attention is being given to the article by Professor James of Harvard in the August McClure's on "The Moral Equivalent of War." After stating with much sympathy the arguments advanced by the militarists, he sums them up in "fear of the emancipation from the fear regime." Still he believes in the ultimate reign of peace, and he can see that war is due to finite motives and subject to prudential checks and criticisms.

In place of military conscription of the youth, he suggests that there might be worked out a system of conscription "of the whole youthful population, to form for a certain number of years a part of the army enlisted against nature." Thus, he thinks, the injustice might be evened out, sturdy ideals inculcated and "no one would remain blind as the luxurious classes are now blind to man's real relation to the globe he lives on." By letting all choose from among the various hard manual occupations, and by serving a period in them, the gifted youth might get "the childishness knocked out of it." And it would tend to preserve in the community the solid and manly virtues.

AT THE HOME OF BURNS.

The point of greatest interest visited by Howard A. Burrell in his pilgrimage of Scotland was Ayr, the home of Robert Burns. On the way thither he was treated to the sight of oceans of ferns, and he concludes that the Creator must have had pleasant thoughts when he made ferns, and so he must have enjoyed himself first-rate in bonnie Scotland. "The hills were fringed and ventured to their tops, as in our Vermont. The biggest, most velvety and variegated pansies I ever saw were in Scotland, the loveliest things ever invented, and gorgeous roses from May to October." Burrell records it as his verdict that on the whole Scotland did him more good than any other country, though Ireland is beautiful, too, and funny besides. "Pat," he writes, "with his delicious brogue, quick wit and irrepressible humor and warm-heartedness withal was a sweet boon. Everywhere in these isles Beauty is an asset, and worked to the limit on the tourist."

In Scotland all speak of the loved poet as Bur-rus, with a caressing burr. An electric road runs out two miles from Ayr and the "Twa Brigs," that Burns sang, by beautiful homes embowered, to the poet's humble birthplace, and farther to the Alloway Kirk and the Burns monument and two gardens close by "The Brig o' Doon." Burrell says of the surroundings in a letter to the Washington Press:

No wonder Robert was a poet—so exquisitely beautiful a region would clasp wings on the fancy of the most prosaic man. The Doon is the loveliest river in the world, I do believe. The old arched stone brig is closed to vehicles, but pedestrians walk over it, if perchance, they may thus get a wee bit nearer to Robert. The coping stone along the parapet on either side is closely covered with names and initials of lovers of Burns, cut in with knives. A pin-point could not be laid on a vacant space. Really, that is the most touching memorial, finer than the triangular monument and the superb one and a quarter acre garden and the sunken garden bordering the Doon.

It was over this brig that Burns made drunken Tam O'Shanter ride in a thunder storm at midnight, the witches after him, out of the Kirk, after him in full chisel, his white mare's tail coming off in the clutch of a beautiful bar-legged she-witch, as her feet rested on the rump of the beast. I have the series of illustrations of that poem, that I will show to the lovers of Burns. Coming out of the place where sit, in coarse sand stone, the statues of Tam and Souter Johnny, the pigeon-toed shoemaker, their faces jolly glasses in hand, and the statue of the landlady of "The Jolly Beggers." I talked with a young and an old Scot, keepers of the garden; it was fine to see and hear the old one chuckle as he recited lines from Tam. They have all got Robert by heart, even my Scot peasant farmer, who said, in his delicious brogue, "There's nae man in Scotland since Bur-rus. He was nae weel thoct of when aleeve, but 'is muckle made of new." On, ay!"

In answer to my question—"I never saw Scott, or Tammas Carlyle, haith o' them honest and verra clever men." I find that Scott's personality was everything and still is that, while Burns' personality goes now for absolutely nothing—his poem and song pictures are all in all, read with delight by all classes of Scots, most of whom know nothing of his history, nor care to know, as for them his poetry runs the whole gamut of the emotions of the heart. He sings to and for them, his a disembodied voice.

Burns' clay, thatched biggen, how pitiful it is. Such a pathetic shelter for a genius so fine, it mists one's eyes to look at it, to think of it, to stand within its two sorry rooms. Two more rooms seem to have been added to it, one a byre for cows—the wooden stalls remain. All thro' the floors are of large flat stones; the rough pole rafters show, on which the straw thatch was laid. In a hole in the kitchen wall Baby Robert was born. No throne looked so good to me as that pitiful nook. No other cradle so pathetic, save the manger at Bethlehem. But divine genius struggles thro' all sorts of untoward obstruction.

To that cottage, in 1878, came Robert G. Ingersoll, and wrote a short poem on Burns, in the very tilt of the other Robert's muse. It is very sweet indeed. It will flood

any one's eyes to read it on the spot that inspired it. It was framed, and hangs on the wall, and incloses the Colonel's photograph. Printed slips of the verses are sold there, James Russell Lowell's poems on Burns is also framed, but it is not near as fine as Ingersoll's.

Well, I felt as if I had been consecrated in those surroundings. Going there was a real pilgrimage. It was the holiest place I have been in, whether in Constantinople or Damascus or Cairo mosques, or in the ruined colossal pagan temples of Baalbec, Athens, or Rome, or in Jerusalem Holy Sepulcher (which is not the place at all), or St. Peter's, or the Vatican in Rome, or St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey in London, or elsewhere—Burns' home, and it alone lit the lamps of love and pity in my heart, and if all that was not religion I know not what religion may be.

A Long Hard Journey.

Macomb Journal: Today some fifty little wreaths started on a long, hard journey. The first tap of the bell of the public schools throughout the city found the above number ready and waiting to "start to school," all smiling and anxious to take up a trip of which they know so little.

As yet the blocks, chart, "their letters," numbers and the primer, with its bold assertions that, "This is a man," is new and strange to them. Reading, writing, arithmetic and spelling, almost unheard of; grammar, English, geography, total strangers which they must meet and almost form a speaking acquaintance with, before they enter on another part of the journey that will be as new and welcome as the present.

"Entering the High School" will bring with it more questionable friends. Algebra, Latin, geometry, physics, chemistry, will afford the same sort of entertainment and disappointment that the "Three R's" did a few years before. And then with Caesar, Cleo and Virgil the same little folks of today will be equipped to take another start and those who have been able to follow "the line of the least resistance" will be off to college.

And there, after an indefinite stay of four years or more, and after forming a passing friendship with many things, which we less fortunate ones have never met, out "little folks" will be ready (maybe prepared) to take that last start of all, the "start in business."

And we can only hope that they will make each lap of the race, round each turn of the track and enter the homestretch with the same pleasant anticipation and with as broad a smile as shown on their faces this morning when they clustered around the school steps awaiting the "first bell."

Why Some Towns Grow.

Pocahontas Record: The reason why some towns grow is because there are men of push and energy in it, who are not afraid to spend their time and money to boom the town. They erect substantial buildings, organize stock companies and establish factories, secure railroads, work up public improvements and use every means in their power to locate in their city. Wherever they tell of the advantages of their city, they write about them in every letter, they send circulars and newspapers to all whom they think they can get to visit the city and when any one visits them treat him so kindly that he falls in love with them and their city at once. It is enterprise and everyone pulling together that makes a progressive town and don't let the fact escape your memory.

To hear every person saying something pleasant about its people and its interests is the surest, quickest way to make a town attractive to a stranger. One of the best ways in which to make a town attractive with that sort of attraction that will draw other people to it is for every man and every woman to have a pleasant word for the people and the town generally. Talk up your town if you have others come to you. Talk up your town if you feel an interest in it, and have its people feel an interest in you. There is no better way to do it. And many a time one little word of unpleasant reference to something that does not exactly suit you as to that matter will turn some good man's influence away from your town and even drive him away. At your own fireside, talk up your town. Among your neighbors talk up your town. When you come in contact with strangers, talk up your town. Talk is the most potent agency ever set in motion for helping your town.

The Practical Wife.

She cannot cook, she cannot sew, She cannot even knead the dough; She cannot scrub, she cannot bake, Or make the plainest pastry cake; She cannot dust, she cannot sweep, Or make a bed that's fit to sleep; She cannot mend or patch my pants, Or sweep the porch or water plants. But playing bridge she makes things hum, Which nets us both a tidy sum. —Buffalo News.

A Bad Risk.

Detroit Free Press: "That life insurance agent left your office in a hurry."

"Yes, I told him that I was going to take up aeroplaning."

The Face on the Stamp.

George Washington, whose face serene Upon the postage stamp is seen, Might sometimes lose his look of pride If he knew what was mailed inside. —Washington Star.

THE EDITORIAL PAGE What It Is to the Modern Newspaper and Its Readers Is a Much Needed Feature.

Victor Rosewater, Editor Omaha Bee, in an address delivered before the class in journalism of the University of Missouri:

Around the editorial page are entwined all the great names in our journalistic hall of fame. It is as editor—as the responsible controller primarily of the editorial page—that our most famous journalists have earned whatever of reputation each has achieved. If we want to know what are a paper's political principles, if we want to know whether its ideals are high or low, whether its hue is yellow or only saffron, we turn to the editorial page. And yet when we try to turn to the editorial page, to what page shall we turn? By what token shall we recognize the editorial page when we see it? Will we find it labeled with that name with a formula of the ingredients and pure food registry number, or will we have to identify it ourselves by its taste, or smell or feeling? When the editorial page constituted one page out of four, there was, at any rate, less chance to go astray than now when it constitutes only one page out of 16, or 24, or 96 pages.

In the earlier specimens of newspaper art we used to locate the editorial page by finding the flagstaff—the publishers' announcement telling us that the periodical had passed muster with the postmaster as entitled to be carried in the mails at deficit-producing rates of postage, that while the subscription was invariably payable in advance, no paper would be stopped until arrears were fully liquidated; and that communications would be welcomed but would be relegated to the waste basket unless accompanied by stamps for return. But in these progressive days, the flagstaff is no longer a dependable guidepost to the editorial page—in fact, in many papers the flagstaff has been made a footnote instead of a headline, and in some it no longer appears as such in any form. Big print, capital letters, full-faced type, wide measure—anything to attract attention away from the flaring headlines—may be notice of the sacred presence of the editorial page through which the paper's entity itself addresses the readers. These, however, are the exceptions, rather than the rule—generally speaking, the editorial page may be discovered midway between the pole and the equator and identified without the use of a sextant by the aroma of the contents and the absence of objectionable advertisements.

What then distinguishes the editorial page? The natural answer is that it is the style and tone of what is printed on it. It is the paper speaking to and for the readers. It is the editor's interpretation of and comment on the current events reflected in the mirror of world happenings held up by the modern newspaper. The editorial page is the page where opinions, conclusions and inferences are freely indulged, where advice is offered and warning signals given, where instruction and guidance are permissible, where public sentiment is voiced and molded. Reporters are strictly enjoined to omit inferences, conclusions and opinions and let the plain unvarnished facts speak for themselves, but this prohibition does not apply to writers who contribute to the editorial page.

Another distinguishing feature of editorial composition is presumed to be the license that permits the use of the editorial "we." According to the dictionaries, the plural pronoun is used in the singular by reigning royalty and editors in order to express themselves impersonally and avoid repetition of the egotistical "I." The editorial "we" therefore is the insistence of equality with kings and emperors and of a retiring modesty possessed by every editor that shrinks from intruding one's own personality upon others.

But not even an editor, in his sovereign capacity would dare to lay down any but mere general rules to govern in editorial writing. It is an axiom, however, that for English-speaking readers, only plain, simple English should be used. Writing a letter to a young man who had asked his advice on an article submitted, William Cullen Bryant, then editor of the New York Evening Post, said: "I observe that you have used several French expressions in your letter. I think if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall a single instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I have found a better one in my own language. "Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short one will do as well. "Calla spade by its name, not a well-known oblong instrument of manual labor; let a home be a home, and not a residence; a place, not a locality, and so on of the rest. When a short word will do, you will always lose by a long one; you lose in clearness; you lose in honest expression of meaning, and in the estimation of all men who are capable of judging, you lose in reputation for ability. "The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a

BY saving one dollar the possibility of acquiring hundreds becomes real and the best reason for saving now is, the older you grow the less you can earn. It's the dollar deposited now that bears interest at the Keokuk Savings Bank

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

NOTICE! Saving depositors are requested to present their pass books at the Savings Department of this bank in order that interest due September 1st, 1910 at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, may be credited therein. The State Central Savings Bank Capital \$100,000—Surplus \$200,000 CORNER SIXTH AND MAIN STREETS.

there is no such thing as standing still. Is the editorial page to shrink in size and importance, and sink out of sight? Is the newspaper to cease to serve as a forum, and more particularly as a guide and critic? Or are the editorial opinions to permeate the news and be spread over all the constituent elements of the paper, making the whole paper an admixture of views and news inseparably combined? I frankly say that I do not think the editorial page will be crowded out—at least not until some agency better adapted to the work is developed which is not yet in sight. We will continue to undergo journalistic evolution—the editorial function is legitimate and must be exercised as long as the average newspaper reader is indisposed, unable or unfit to digest the chronicles of current happenings and form the sequence of cause and effect for himself.

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THE PONY EXPRESS. Fearless Riders and the Dangers and Hardships They Faced. Perhaps the most picturesque figure on the old trail was the pony express rider. The overland stage proved too slow for mail and express in its flight from the Missouri and the Pacific. True, it had cut down the months of the old or team to twenty-five days, and still there was a clamor that the east and west be brought closer together, and it was done. The pony cut the time to ten days.

Accomplished Under Taft. Philadelphia Press: The chief basis on which the Republican party has a just right to ask for a majority in the next house is the work done in the present house under President Taft's leadership. The leading measures were proposed by him and in many cases drawn by his cabinet. Last March, when conservatism and delay seemed likely to prevent any legislation, it was President Taft who insisted that the pledges of the Republican party platform be fulfilled, and carried his point. Little would have been done but for his demand, and but for his aid the western senators who now criticize him would have returned home empty handed from a fruitless session.

A Just Tribute. New York Sun: As the American people see William H. Taft striving manfully and wearily in the face of malicious representations of howling self-seekers cloaking their ambitions under specious public pretense, of selfish factions and of job friendships, as the American people see Mr. Taft so striving and so beleaguered, we are mistaken greatly if they do not judge fairly and honor as he deserves the able, upright, modest, patient, just man and statesman, whose one fault or misfortune is that he has no genius for crooked words or work, and no object but to do his duty competently, without flourish, swagger or intrigue.

LURAY, MO. There was a large attendance from Luray at the chautauqua every day during last week. Miss Mable Yager of Kirksville, Mo., is here visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Jones, and her aunt, Miss Snowe Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Ogden and two children of New Winsor, Ill., are here visiting the former's sister, Mrs. James Shore, and his mother, Mrs. Ogden, who makes her home with Mrs. Shore.

Arthur Bramble and wife returned home from a three weeks visit with Mrs. Bramble's parents in Iowa.

Clarence Guthrie and family of Wyaconda spent Sunday in town visiting relatives.

Misses Snowe Jones and Mable Yager, her niece, sent from Friday till Sunday evening visiting relatives at Winchester.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wallace spent all last week at Kahoka talk in the chautauqua.

Those who were personally acquainted with the famous pony express of those days could never forget the intrepid rider who braved all perils, for a few cents, intent only on the speedy delivery of his precious mochila to the next hardy horseman. Hard and fast he rode over mountain and plain, across scorching desert and icy snow, through sunshine and rain, past friend, away from foe, to the final achievement—the safe delivery of his charge.

Forty fearless horsemen in saddle riding west, as many more riding east—and this novel but useful enterprise was in motion. For two years the pony express carried messages of business and love across 2,000 miles of western mountains and plains, over a country peopled with a hostile race, destitute of cultivation or development, through a region wild, desolate and little known.

It was in 1859 that the pony express was established. The route, briefly stated, was due west from St. Joseph to Fort Kearney, up the Platte to Julesburg, thence, by Fort Laramie and Fort Bridger, to Salt Lake City, thence to Camp Floyd, Ruby valley, the Humboldt, Carson City, Placerville and Folsom, to Sacramento and San Francisco by boat.

The intention of the pony express was to carry letters only and not more than ten pounds at a trip. It was decided that the safest and easiest mode of carrying the mail was to make four pockets, one in each corner of the mochila, a covering made of heavy leather for the saddles and generally used by the expert Mexican and Spanish riders. The mochila was transferred from pony to pony and went through from St. Joseph to San Francisco, the pockets containing the mail being locked and opened only at military posts en route and at Salt Lake City. These precious letters were wrapped in oiled silk to protect them, but even this precaution sometimes failed. Rivers had to be crossed; horse and rider swam together.—W. C. Jenkins in National Magazine.

Grew Too Tall. "I recall a case of genuine bone-headedness, mixed with enthusiasm, that cost a great many people a bunch of money," said an oil operator. "It was during the time when a big strike meant a drop in the price of oil. The foreman of a drill crew had been instructed by the employers to use a code in the event of oil being found. If it was a big flow he was to wire, 'Pine trees grow tall.' If, on the other hand, the flow was small, 'Pine trees grow small.' Was to be the code message. The drill struck a gusher, and the following message was sent by the ivory topped individual: 'Pine trees grow tall as hell, and she is flowing all over the derrick!' Of course there were a number of men about the exchange who could understand telegraphy, and the consequence was that the price of oil dropped about \$2 a barrel in a few minutes.—Louisville Times.

—Read The Daily Gate City, 10c per week.