

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

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A PRAYER. Teach me, Father, how to go Softly as the grasses grow; Hush my soul to meet the shock Of the wild world as a rock; But my spirit, prompt with power, Make as simple as a flower; Let the dry heart fill its cup, Like the poppy looking up; Let Life lightly wear her crown, Like the poppy looking down; When its heart is filled with dew, And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be Kind and patient as a tree; Joyfully the crickets croon Under shady oak at noon; Beetle, on his mission bent, Tarry in that cooling tent; Let me also cheer a spot Hidden field or garden grot— Place where passing souls can rest On the way and be their best. —Edwin Markham.

A Buffalo paper advertises for a "boy with a bicycle to open oysters." Ever see a boy opening oysters with a bicycle?

Burbank has grown a seedless prune, and now the newspapers are demanding that he produce a prune-less boarding house.

There is always something to be thankful for, even in politics. There were very few spellbinders on either side in the campaign just ended.

A popular periodical is advertising what it calls a "Hell number." Quite appropriately it will make its appearance as soon as the election returns are known.

A new record for distance transmission of wireless messages overland was made a few days ago when the mountain-top station at Butte, Mont., received a message from the sending station at Washington.

Speaking of the useful auto, a Bushnell paper reports that one day last week a farmer came into that place with a farm wagon tied behind his automobile. The wagon needed some repairs, and this was the handiest and quickest way to bring it to the shop. That wagon probably went faster than it ever did before. The Bushnell paper says its rattle could be heard all over that part of the country.

The Burlington's October traffic broke all high records. The previous biggest month was last September, and the third best month was October, 1909. Burlington officials find traffic keeping up well. Their budget, however, is suspended for several weeks more. They have plenty of rails strung along the track for necessary work, and do not urgently need anything except coal cars, of which every western road is short. The Burlington's total wage advances this year, including engineers, conductors and trainmen's advances pending, aggregate \$2,700,000.

"Is Iowa Boosting Chicago?" asks the Dubuque Times-Journal, to which the Cedar Rapids Gazette makes prompt and truthful reply as follows: "That's just what it has been doing. And if the boosting continues, the result will be the dismantling of the interior packing plants. And then Iowa farmers who raise hogs will be completely at the mercy of the trust packers. This is a plain statement of fact. "There are a lot of Iowa papers that are 'logging' to beat the band for the Chicago packing houses and against the Iowa packer. And they think they are doing the Iowa farmer a favor. If they only knew it, they are working directly against the interests of the Iowa farmer."

Worth remembering as a part of the record of the campaign just ended is the statement made by Senator Root in New York concerning the Republican nomination in 1912, as follows: "If Mr. Taft continues to make as good a President as he is making he will be the natural and inevitable candidate of his party in 1912, unless one thing happens—that the people of the United States shall repudiate the administration of Mr. Taft by such a crushing and overwhelming defeat of his party that it will be apparent that Mr. Taft can not be elected." Further, the senator said that a Democratic victory in New York would more likely turn the next national convention away from Taft and toward Roosevelt, or "to one of the far more radical leaders who are now looming up on the political horizon in the north and middle west."

Senator Root brought no direct pledge from Roosevelt, but his words were felt to be inspired by his friendship with the former President. Dr. Henry Smith Williams in an exhaustive paper for the November Century, entitled "Advance of the Water Wagon," finds numerous evidences of a change of sentiment toward the whole question of intoxicating drinks. He figures that there are now about 40,000,000 of our population living in at least theoretically "dry" territory, considering the areas of local option and the state-wide prohibition. He finds also that the growth of this sentiment is not sectional, but general. He asserts that the liquor men have been forced on the defensive all along the line.

A BLOW AT TECHNICAL DELAYS.

The United States supreme court has ruled that a man's rights are not violated when a jury trying him for murder is allowed to separate and read the papers during a trial. Similarly the court sustained the lower jury in having refused to send the jury out during arguments on the admissibility of evidence. The highest court also ruled that the requiring of the accused to put on a coat said to have been worn when the crime charged was committed was not the same as requiring the prisoner to testify against himself. These rulings are all in line with the popular demand that courts of appeal do not make use of mere technicalities to upset verdicts or delay punishment. They were made in refusing to interfere with the sentence of life imprisonment imposed by the federal circuit court of western Washington upon J. H. Holt, convicted of having murdered Henry E. Johnson in Fort Worden Barracks. At the same time, in rendering the decision, Justice Holmes said that the "more conservative course is to have the jury out during the discussion as to admissibility of evidence." Still, he thinks the trial judge was right in assuming that men intelligent enough to try the case would be able to decide on the evidence admitted only.

SERUM FOR INFANT PARALYSIS.

At Springfield, Ill., where an epidemic of infantile paralysis has prevailed for some weeks, two child victims of this terrible malady are said to be recovering through the use of a new serum. They are the daughters of Congressman Lowden, and the treatment is administered by Chicago specialists. The state board of health will make further tests before officially indorsing the new treatment. In an article in the current Collier's, Hutchins says that it has been recently shown to be caused by an organism so small that it can pass through the finest bacterial filter. Experiments on monkeys in the Rockefeller Institute have enabled Dr. Flexner to isolate this minute and invisible but living creature. That it lives is proved by the fact that extremely small quantities of the virus from one suffering with the disease will carry infection through an indefinite series of animals. They have propagated the virus now through twenty-five generations of monkeys and as many removes from the original human virus, and in the words of Dr. Flexner, "the activity of the virus for the monkeys has increased rather than diminished." It is further said that it is now certain that many children have the disease without any resulting paralysis and, while these pass unnoticed, they are capable of conveying the disease as effectively as those in which paralysis occurs.

THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY.

For amazing quickness of growth into huge figures of business, the industry of making automobiles and their fittings is without parallel in history. It has been only a few years since the manufacture of motor cars was commenced. This year there are being produced in the United States cars and their accessories to the value of nearly half a billion dollars. By 1905 the industry had acquired a respectable start. The tremendous strides have come within the past five years. The official figures, printed in an article in the Review of Reviews, tell a wonderful story. In 1905 there were only 101 concerns manufacturing automobiles; now there are 280. The number of cars made in 1905 was 28,400; in 1910, 185,000. Value cars manufactured in 1905, \$55,000,000; in 1910, \$240,000,000. Amount of capital invested in 1905, \$85,000,000; in 1910, \$275,000,000. Capital invested in accessories in 1905, \$23,000,000; in 1910, \$175,000,000. Persons employed by automobile manufacturers in 1905, 15,000; in 1910, 140,000. Number of agents selling cars in 1905, 800; in 1910, 7,600. Employees of selling agents in 1905, 2,000; in 1910, 38,000. Employees in trades supplying parts and accessories and deriving direct benefit from the auto business in 1905, 60,000; in 1910, 1,500,000. These figures are huge, but are still inadequate unless one considers the collateral industrial activities that go with making 185,000 motor cars with a cash value of \$240,000,000.

This does not mean merely so many machines at such a price, bought and driven over country roads and city streets by so many proud car-owners or their chauffeurs. It means that the making of these cars involves the importation and manufacture of vast quantities of metal, rubber, leather, wood, hair, silk, wool and glass, and the making of many accessory articles which the luxurious automobile owner of today deems absolutely essential to his pleasure and comfort though he knew nothing of them ten or twelve years ago.

AUTOS FOR RURAL CARRIERS.

Washington advises say that Postmaster General Hitchcock, in working out his economy plan for the rural delivery service, has no intention of reducing the number of carriers now in the service. Mr. Hitchcock knows how members of congress and other influential government officials and private citizens feel about lopping off the heads of employes of his or any other executive department. However, the postmaster general is convinced that economy would result by the introduction of light automobiles where the roads are good and the general region is level. He believes one man thus equipped could cover several times as much ground as a man with a horse and do it in less time. A Washington dispatch says in reference to the matter: "Such a plan would have to be confined to new routes for the present because of the protests that would follow changes calculated to retire a lot of rural carriers. The law limits the salary of a rural carrier to \$900. Few carriers would be willing to purchase automobiles for this pay. They now provide their own equipment. Efforts to obtain an allowance for the care of horses and equipment has failed. "Mr. Hitchcock's idea is to have the government provide the automobiles. Congress would have to amend the existing law, and undoubtedly would be slow to do so, especially if the change looked like an effort to retire a lot of carriers. The postmaster general, however, hopes to be able to try out the plan in the near future."

THE CURRENT MAGAZINES.

Features of the November Review of Reviews are an up-to-date illustrated survey of the automobile industry in America by E. M. West; a review and conspectus of child-labor legislation by Owen R. Lovejoy; an article on "Infantile Paralysis: A Menace" by John H. Huber, M. D.; and an account of the remarkable campaign being conducted in New Jersey by Dr. Woodrow Wilson, illustrated from photographs specially taken for the Review of Reviews. In the November 10 Story Book, Capt. Leslie T. Peacock tells a startling story in "The Amazing Photograph of the Major's Wife." J. C. Plummer tells the story of an incident in the life of Capt. Porter, vouchered by the author to be the latest man in history. Stacy E. Baker writes the prize-fight story entitled "The Fight With Fogarty." There are two stories of high (or low) life in the metropolis, one "The Other Man's Wife and Her Husband," by E. E. McQuillan; the other "The Lavender Organdie," by Annie Hinrichsen.

A short story that should be read and pondered is "The Education of a Husband" which Svetozar Torjoroff contributes to The Red Book Magazine for November. "The Fear," by John H. Ranson is a novel sort of airship tale. "The Trail's End," by Percy M. Cushing is the story of a sheriff's pursuit of a criminal over the ice. Other contributors are: Earl Derr Biggers, Nevil G. Henshaw, Sophia Chandler, James Henry MacLafferty, Gertrude Brooke Hamilton, James J. Carroll, Bourdon Wilson, Edward Boltwood and Walter Jones.

At this exact moment houses are being renovated, wardrobes being replenished and Christmas in a measure anticipated. Added to this bit of great holiday of .banksgiving now almost upon us, and we realize that there is need of counsel and suggestion. The November Woman's Home Companion seems to take all these points into more than careful consideration, and presents to the public a remarkable magazine, which besides being rich in itself gives a most vivid promise of what the Christmas issue will be.

Among the stories we find the beginning of "The Admirals' Niece," an absolutely charming novelette by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Mary and Jane Findlater and Allan McAuley, "True Love," a serial story of the stage, reaches a point of great interest in this issue. "Buried Gold" by Richard Washburn Child, is a distinct departure from the ordinary short story, and "Squiggles Turkey," by Ralph H. Graves, is the sort of Thanksgiving tale Dickens might have written had he been an American. Besides these there are many other excellent stories.

With the November number The Century celebrates the close of its fortieth year, laying emphasis upon its relation to American art. From the first this magazine has paid special attention to the development of its art features. Thus it happens that a file of this magazine gives an accurate view of the progress of the illustrator's art in this country. The Century is a pioneer in this department, and the interesting series of pictures called from its files and reproduced in the November number bears eloquent testimony to what this magazine has done toward securing the pre-eminence in art enjoyed by American periodicals today.

The marvelous power of analysis, the gift for vivid and picturesque description, evinced in such novels as "The Garden of Allah," has given to the work of Robert Hichens a quality scarcely possessed in the same degree by any other contemporary writer of fiction. The appearance of the first instalment of a new novel by Mr. Hichens in the November Century is, therefore, a matter of deep literary interest. "The Dweller on the Threshold" is the title of Mr. Hichens' story, to appear in six parts, and in it the reader finds himself in that vital atmosphere created by certain characters in the clerical and philosophical world of London who are absorbed in psychological investigation. The story is intensely human in its interests and concerns itself with phases of life which are attracting a marked degree of attention just now.

From bicycle to aerial supremacy is the road traveled by Glenn H. Curtiss, according to an article by Augustus Post in the November Century. The career of this "flying man" is a fascinating one. His passion for speed became an absorbing one at an early period of his life, and in its practical development must carry inspiration to those who are interested in great human achievements. Not Postoffice Business. Burlington Hawk-Eye: Postmasters are frequently asked concerning the character and business standing of citizens which ought to be obtained through the commercial agencies and other business channels. The parsimonious inquirers sometimes omit even a postage stamp for the reply, probably expecting the postmaster to furnish the stationery, perform the

Three Views of Woman

Rev. Dr. Frank Crane in the New York Independent: There is a good deal of clamor for woman's rights. But the trouble is that she is shamefully neglecting to use the rights she already has.

There is a good old custom of complimenting woman on the noble and beautiful influence she exerts. As a matter of fact, she is a tremendous moral coward and needs to be told so.

Woman is to blame for almost all the evils that afflict society. It is time to stop paying her pretty compliments and to give her a good allopathic dose of truth.

Of course, they will resent it—some of them—for there are heady, termagant women as well as egotistical men, who cannot suffer the "faithful wounding words of a friend." But then there are also wise and sincere women, who are glad to get an honest criticism; and it is for their sakes I write.

There are three ways of treating a woman.

First, there is the Byronic way, which is to set her up on a pedestal and address her as a queen, faultless, made only to be worshipped and served. She is told that her mission in life is to "sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam, and she shall have strawberries, sugar and cream." She is to do nothing with her lily white hands but to have them manicured. She is to clothe her fair body in the silks and furs we buy, hang round her neck the pearls we give her, and ride in our automobile. All of which sentiment is well meant enough, on our part, while the fit is on and the fever unslacked, but all of which is also untrue, unreal, hollow, dangerous and consequently can be turned in a minute into contempt and loathing should the man's vanity and egotism from which it springs, receive a jolt.

A woman is a fool to want such adoration, for it puts her on an utterly impossible throne, an elevation from which she is certain some day to tumble. This mad deification is a quite usual prelude to divorce.

Second, there is the oriental way, which consists in regarding woman as a beautiful animal created for man's pleasure, "a little better than his horse." She is considered frail, to be guarded, never exposed to temptation. She is to be kept in subjection, either locked up in a harem, as among the Turks or browbeaten back to her knitting and her children, as among the English. She is distinctly an inferior person, not to be reckoned with in the serious business of life. In the east those who hold to this creed regard her as created for man's amusement; in the west, as destined to bear children, run the house and see that the socks are darned. She is never to be talked to about your business affairs. You are Lord and Master, with a big L and a big M.

Some women like this sort of thing, to be bossed, babbed and bullied, to be looked up with fawning eyes to a broad shouldered master, to speak of him admiringly as a Real Man, also pronounced with a capital R and M.

Now, there is a third way for a man to deal with a woman. It is to treat her, not as a deity and not as an inferior, but as an equal. Just as good as you, and no better than you ought to be. Just as bad as you, and no worse than you may be. Not to be looked up to, nor down on, but to be looked at level in the eye.

Women of class one a man adores. Women of class two a man craves. Women of class three a man likes. Take your choice.

Woman is man's equal, no more, no less. But while she is only equal, she has a certain peculiar advantage or leverage with the world which a man has not. Putting forth a moral force equal to man's, she can affect twice as much with it. She sits on the long end of the teeter board.

And having this superiority she cannot evade the blame for using it cowardly and selfishly.

To explain. The world's curse is money madness. And why, pray, does the man sap every ounce of his strength to get money, if not for her to shine with? He is straining every nerve to "get on," so that she may have her servants and ride in her motor. He does not go to church, he has not time to read informing books, he is kept ignorant of art and music, he is deliberately plucking his own soul clean of every adorning grace, and turning himself into a money making machine that only plays golf enough to keep itself from breaking down.

There is nothing more appalling to me than the ignorant, sap-headed, stupid, doltish thing the American business man is.

The career of this "flying man" is a fascinating one. His passion for speed became an absorbing one at an early period of his life, and in its practical development must carry inspiration to those who are interested in great human achievements. Not Postoffice Business. Burlington Hawk-Eye: Postmasters are frequently asked concerning the character and business standing of citizens which ought to be obtained through the commercial agencies and other business channels. The parsimonious inquirers sometimes omit even a postage stamp for the reply, probably expecting the postmaster to furnish the stationery, perform the

ness success is making of himself. Go to the clubs and listen to the talk. When it is not the tiresome iteration of his business deals it is sport—dog, boat, prize fight or theatre. If you want to mingle among people who care for civics or religion, art, travel, literature or any of the building sciences you have to go to the women's clubs. To an intelligent person the average man is an unmitigated bore.

Our wretched capitalistic era is not so horrible in its failures that people the slums and gaze red-eyed from the third gallery down into the boxes as it is in its male successes, who sit in the boxes.

Women could stop this in a year if they wished. Let them quit playing at precedence, outlying, outdressing, outpurchasing one another; let them turn their hearts unto life and its real values; let them show their husbands that the fine house is a burden and the luxuries heaped on them are smothering; let them leave dazzling robes and silver plate and jewels and perfumes and endless divergence to the harlots whose nature it is to crave these baubles; let them do this, and the men will unconsciously form themselves after their pattern.

The had woman never does much harm; it is the good woman who is deadly. For it is the wish of the good woman always that leads man. There are thousands of good women, nice girls, young brides, who spend every morning putting about the apartment and every afternoon chattering over tea at Mrs. Vere de Vere's or playing bridge at Mrs. Maurice Calwalloper's, or attending a matinee, and who look forward to just such a life, rising over in social circles playing bridge at more and more exclusive houses, idling away their days in more and more exclusive inns, and thus they are molding their husbands into business dolls.

Let women quit delighting in what money brings, and then, and not till then, will men turn from money madness.

Ruskin says that if every good woman would refuse to wear anything but mourning so long as there is a war anywhere in the world war would cease.

Joe Cannon would never keep his grasp on power, no insurgent would ever insure, military gentlemen would never swagger in gold lace, the school grind would not dig and the school loafer would not shirk, the clerk would not fix his necktie, the person would not grow eloquent in his sermon, the musician would not perform, and the clown in the circus would refuse to do his stunt if somewhere there were not a woman's eyes and a woman's smile.

O woman, we want your praise, your approval. We want it, deep in our hearts, more than we want anything else in this world.

It is you who have the apples of Freia, which keep the world young. Without your favor the world grows gray and hateful.

For you we will lie, steal, rob, burn, murder, betray. For you we will pray, control ourselves, love, be good and kind and clean and useful.

For you we will be great. For you we will shrivel and degrade ourselves.

For you we will go to heaven. For you we will go sinking to hell.

We may keep our cities dirty, ill-governed and unwholesome because you would rather we would keep on making money for you and "minding our own business," than that we should "meddle in politics."

We have hideous dives, loathsome alcohol shops, houses full of white slaves, because you'd rather we wouldn't bother with such things; because we see that your heart is happy and your face smiling as you tend your babies or ride to the banquet or the dance, and you are not at all disturbed by the human hells that infest your city nor the strangling cries of them. If you would weep and pine as long as such things are, such things would no longer be.

We are poor things, after all, we men. We can only climb to decency, let alone to God, helped by your eyes.

Have you heard the lines of Coventry Patmore?— O wasteful woman, she who may On her sweet self set her own price, Knowing he cannot choose but pay, How she has cheapened paradise! How sold for naught her priceless gift, How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine, Which spent with due respective thrift, Had made brutes men and men divine!

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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

labor and pay the return postage as a matter of courtesy or a public duty. The postoffice department now orders that postmasters must not perform service of that kind, at least not officially, as it involves the government in difficulties not germane to its functions. The order will be a relief to postmasters who are often embarrassed by requests for testimonials or guarantees as to the honesty, reliability and financial or business standing of patrons of the office.

The Lion and the Lamb. Sioux City Journal: In his hurried visit to Iowa Colonel Roosevelt made stirring appeals for harmony. The messages he brought were no joke with him, and yet, if reports are to be believed, there were some to laugh. The loveliness of the New York campaign came to their minds, and it is understood some feeling was engendered to see that things should be comparatively good in Iowa.

The crowning effort of the colonel was at Des Moines, and very properly so, for it is the center of our politics. The speaking was diversified, but it all led up to the reserve spectacle at the Auditorium. The colonel came fresh from the chalet salute at the Coliseum, where the representatives of the cause of education were assembled, and where he abjured the teachers to stand for good citizenship.

The colonel entered the Auditorium as a conquering hero. The dignitaries on the platform formed, the most remarkable combination that has been assembled during the speaking days of this campaign. The dignitaries with one accord joined in the wild applause that greeted the star of the evening. There had been no previous contention or agreement as to who should sound the keynote. It may be, however, that Senator Cummins, being quick on his feet, led off. Governor Carroll was conspicuous by reason of his altitude. Judge Prouty looked gratified and grateful. Colonel Young had the appearance of beneficence. The smile of Harvey Ingham cast illuminating power far down the aisles.

In the period of waiting the gentleman named had exchanged expressions of forgiveness. They had indicated that they stood as one man for the grand old party. Figuratively speaking, the senator placed his hand in Carroll's and whispered that his Chicago-Marshalltown speech had been extracted without pain from the depths of his heart. In the same way, they turned to the expectant Prouty and said in soothing tones, "Bless you, our child; bless you!" In like manner, Lafe and Harvey drew as near as they could in safety to their toes to give interchange of opinion and injunction. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

It was an inspiring sight that met the gaze of the hunter. There really seemed little for him to do, for with his usual alertness he comprehended the scene instantly. It may have been a matter of regret with him that he had not heard the words preceding his coming, but the message conveyed from the shining faces with oneness of purpose was enough for a faunal naturalist. Congratulations, most of all, are due the senator. Without his leadership such an exhibition of harmony, such cheerfulness over an assortment of buried weapons, would have been impossible. And still the occasion could not have been provided had not the colonel, leaving the peaceful environment of his eastern home, flown thither to add the inspiration of his presence.

In Des Moines that night the word HARMONY was writ large.

Read the Daily Gate City. BOWEN, ILL. John Wesley Veach of Bowen died at Bartonville, Ill., Thursday, November 3. Funeral services were held at the Christian church at Bowen, Sunday, November 6. Interment at the Augusta cemetery. Mrs. George Cornelius, of Golden, was the guest of Mrs. Edward Bucklew and family last Sunday. Matthew Findlay, of Champagne, spent Sunday with home folks. Mr. and Mrs. Art McNeill are visiting relatives in Barry, this week. Mrs. Elizabeth Veach, of Clayton, attended the funeral of John Veach of this city Sunday afternoon. Eugene Murphy, of Mendon, was a business caller in Bowen last week. A. H. Worrell and family left last Tuesday evening for their new home in Latham, Kansas. Mrs. Eleanor Crear, of Stillwell, was visiting Ed. Buckner and family a part of last week. Charles Farwell of Huntsville, was a Bowen visitor Saturday. Dr. Whray and son, Tom, of Golden, were the guests of Art McNeill and family Sunday. Maysel Carlin of Chili, was the guest of Bessie Smith, Sunday. Charles Aleshire and family of Plymouth, were in Bowen Sunday. Miss Hazel Hecox, of Elvaston, spent Saturday and Sunday with home folks. Jesse Harper and family of Golden, visited in Bowen Sunday. Caleb Aaron and wife of Big Neck spent Saturday with E. J. Bennett and family. —Read the Daily Gate City.