

THE GATE CITY

PUBLISHED BY THE GATE CITY COMPANY

C. F. SKIRVIN, Manager

DAILY MAIL. One year, \$1.00; four months, \$0.75; six months, \$0.90; one month, \$0.15.

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. Hollins & Co., 60 Main street, Ward Bros., 60 Main street, Depot News Stand.

Keokuk, Iowa, Dec. 21, 1910

It is confidently anticipated that the attendance at the Sunday schools next Sunday will break all records.

Christmas is becoming saner and happier every year. Less and less frequently is it referred to as "Xmas."

A scientist who tried to hypnotize a dog was bitten by the animal. Now and then things even up all right in this old world.

A new card game, popular in England, is called "Dabbit," along with the explanation that many Englishmen have chronic colds.

In advertising its attractions and advantages Iowa should not forget its splendid December weather. California would do well to look to its laurels.

It is very evident that the public schools are not what they should be. A Gate City reporter spelled "Binghamton" with a "p" the other day and a sign in New York reads: "Mark tortiel soup."

In Long Island a man who drank sixteen glasses of whiskey and then ate a peck of claims keeled over dead. A man who couldn't control his appetite for claims any better than that didn't deserve to live.

Timely parody on a popular poem: It's easy enough to be pleasant. When life flows along like a song. But the man worth while is the man who can smile when he's wedged in a Christmas throng.

As a tree is known by its fruit it is utterly absurd to believe there are any irregularities in the weather bureau at Washington, as asserted by a discharged employ. Just note the kind of weather we have been having right along.

With the circuit court of Adams county, Illinois, grinding out divorce cases at the rate of twenty a day the Galesburg Republican-Register is not surprised that Quincy wants a divorce from the Central league. It says the divorce microbe has affected even the fans.

In reproducing recently a combination of figures devised by a Harvard professor The Gate City suggested that there would be no objection to trying it on the piano. The always kind and thoughtful Burlington Hawk-Eye accords praise to this paper for its considerateness in not suggesting that it be tried on the dog.

Some people are making the mistake of supposing that the Red Cross Christmas seals can be made to take the place of stamps in sending matter through the mails. The seals issued by the Red Cross society are simply intended to take the place of the ordinary Christmas seals and "stickers" such as have been in use for some time, and are intended to be used in addition to the postage stamps. They are without value on letters and packages except as their purchase aids a worthy cause.

State Senator F. L. Maytag is strongly in favor of repeal or amendment of the tax ferret law and such revision of the taxation laws as will make tax ferreting unnecessary. He said in a recent interview:

"I am fully convinced that one reason why many persons have left Iowa is the tax ferret law. They are persons whose property is in form to be easily moved or who have their money loaned out, and they go away rather than submit to the ferret system. Of course they know they can go elsewhere and not pay taxes they move on."

"A Plea for the Pessimist" is the title of a clever bit by Frank M. Bicknell, a Des Moines newspaper man, in the December Lippincott's. The author tells the story of an ex-Christian Scientist who when asked why he had relapsed or backslid or become unchristian scientific, confessed to having tired of being "so damned happy all the time." Mr. Bicknell goes on to say:

"If there were no pessimists to balance the too buoyant optimists, how long would the human race last? The pessimist may be overcautious, but the optimist is over-credulous. The optimist trusts in Providence, the pessimist distrusts everybody and everything. The man who didn't know the gun was loaded was an optimist—he's dead; the one who feared it might go off whether it was loaded

or not is a pessimist—he's still alive."

The executive committee of the Iowa State Manufacturers' Association will meet at Des Moines December 29 to devise ways and means of fighting extreme legislation in Iowa on the subject of employers' liability. Incidentally the committee will consider: Regulation of sales of goods in bulk; a commission to systematize taxation in Iowa; creation of the office of state fire marshal; an adequately equipped railroad commission; a system of industrial education in public schools; systematic improvement of highways. These are all important subjects and worthy the most careful consideration.

GOOD YEAR FOR BANKS.

The annual report of Lawrence O. Murray, controller of the currency, tells a story of prosperous conditions for the banks of the nation. During the last fiscal year the resources of the 7,000 national banks grew to approximately \$10,000,000,000, and on September 1 their loans and discounts had reached the total of \$5,400,000,000, a new record. They, together with all other banks in the country, making a total of 27,000, have a combined capital of \$2,000,000,000 and individual deposits of nearly \$16,000,000,000. The latter have doubled in a little over a decade. Four actual national bank failures marked the year and eighteen insolvent banks made settlement. The net earnings of the national banks were over \$154,000,000, from which dividends were paid at the rate of more than 10 per cent, a total of \$105,000,000. There were 113 national banks in voluntary liquidation.

IOWA'S OPPORTUNITY.

As there are no more cheap farming lands in Iowa, and the prosperous farmers do not care to divide up their farms, the Burlington Hawk-Eye points out that the only way left to induce additional immigration is to increase in manufactures. And to that end cheap power is essential. "Factories in close proximity to coal mines would be one solution of the problem were it not the commercial and transportation facilities must also be considered. It is not often that the coal mines are at the commercial centers, or on the best lines of transportation." Wherefore this is said, with the Keokuk and Hamilton water power in mind:

"Electricity generated by water power and conveyed to the best points in the state for manufacturing industries offers the greater inducement, and to that source capital will naturally turn."

"The poller of the state should be to conserve and foster the water power of all available streams in Iowa. Here is a source of widely distributed force to which can be given greater commercial value. The big water power at Keokuk will soon demonstrate that fact, to be followed by the development of similar sources of wealth on the Des Moines, the Iowa, the Cedar and other local streams. The project of making these water courses navigable looks to be largely visionary, with some possibilities but not many probabilities; but the feasible proposition is demonstrably possible and has in it the elements of enlarged industries, increased population and an improved home market for farm products. That is an object worth striving for."

A Poor Champion of River Improvement.

Warsaw Bulletin: Thursday of last week, during the meeting of the National Rivers and Harbors congress in Washington, a committee of forty from the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterway Association, headed by its president, W. K. Kavanaugh, of St. Louis, waited upon the President in the interest of the project. It was unfortunate that Mr. Kavanaugh was chosen spokesman for the party, since only recently, in the deep waterway convention at St. Louis, he went out of his way to criticize the President for his attitude toward improvement of the Mississippi. The speech was wanting in good taste and certainly lacked in diplomacy, and then to have this same man present the association's committee to the President was just a little more than a man even as mild mannered as President Taft could stand. Addressing the chairman of the committee, he said:

"Mr. Kavanaugh, I was on the bench long enough to learn that it is the duty of a judge to listen to the testimony of any man, no matter how much he may have been abusing the court at the corner grocery."

The rebuke was deserved, but the friends of the President could have wished that he had administered it so as not to have given offense to other and innocent members of the committee, for having said this much the President walked away.

As to Kavanaugh, it is rather pretentious on his part to be taking such a conspicuous position in the fight for improved navigation. As president he is at the head of a corporation which has hogged the river front of East St. Louis, the Wiggins Ferry company controlling all the steamboat landing places, and no boat can touch at one of them without a permit. Here is the largest city on the Mississippi between Memphis and St. Paul, excepting St. Louis alone, and yet it is on no steamboat's schedule and has no steamboat communication with the outside world save through the consent of the Wiggins Ferry company, at the head of which is this man Kavanaugh, who presumes to criticize the President because he insists on employing reasonable, practical, business-like methods in the policy of developing the waterways. Kavanaugh got simply what was coming to him or at least a part of it. He is a poor champion of river improvement.

LAFE YOUNG'S GREAT SPEECH

Full Text of Masterly Effort of Iowa's New Senator in Favor of the Policy of Preserving America for American Products.

(Concluded.)

Mr. President, there is another branch of my theme that I approach with some reluctance. I have been a Republican a long time. I have never had any occasion to repent, but my heart is greatly touched sometimes when I hear Republicans say, "Yes, I am a Republican, but I am a progressive," a kind of an apology for being caught with the gang. "I am a Republican, but I do not work at it much; I am a progressive." I want to say to these progressive brethren that you have got to come back to your father's house. (Laughter.) I am the keeper of the ark and covenant of Republicanism; it is my mission to communicate the truth; and when you have found that in the other chamber the seat of William McKinley is to be filled in the next Congress by a Democrat; and when you find that in the same house the seat once occupied by James A. Garfield, for the first time I believe in the history of the district, is to be filled by a Democrat, these circumstances should give you pause. I want to say, if there is a progressive here who wishes to recant, I will see him after the meeting is out. (Laughter.)

They say it is a question of schedules. Do you know that a glib-tongued orator could make any schedule written by the Angel Michael in Heaven look like thirty cents, if you gave him time enough to study and play upon the words therein? They used to say that in Ohio there was a man by the name of Frank Hurd—I do not know whether he is now living or dead, but I presume such men never die—who, when he had an audience of farmers in the state of Ohio, could take the tariff schedules and make them so ridiculous that the good agriculturists were prepared, then and there to go from the schoolhouses and the churches and boil Republican leaders in oil out of very indignation. He was elected to congress about every other term on that doctrine. You can not elect a free trader twice in succession any more than you can find a man who advocates a low tariff defending a low tariff when that tariff is in operation.

I do not now recall having read in history where any party ever defended a low tariff. Our Democratic friends are worried now as to what they are going to do, because the south is getting to be nearly as selfish as we are. Every man in the south, including the distinguished senator from South Carolina (Mr. Tillman), whose seat I have this day invaded, has voted for the protection of his own southern people's interests.

The Democrats are going to have trouble, but they are used to it. (Laughter.) There is one thing I like about a Democrat—he never thinks when he is whipped. I heard Champ Clark say the other night that steadily every two years for 16 years he had told Uncle Joe Cannon he was going to have his place and never arrived until now. Now he denies the mule story and the Pennsylvania avenue proposition. In fact, the Democrats are trembling to know what to do. They had this country at one time, all branches of the government, and they are not in a hurry to try it again.

I met Col. Bryan on a train the other day. This shows the picturesque character of our friends, the Democrats. Col. Bryan and myself are neighbors and friends, I said, "Colonel, just in proportion that you progress toward fitness for the Presidency just in that proportion your chances of getting it disappear. (Laughter.) When you were a dangerous man you had a chance. Now that you are conservative you are told you have none." As the Gridiron club illustrated the other night, they would not even consider William Jennings Bryan. Our Democratic friends, when they had both branches of congress, were afraid that by some means they would lose one of them, and finally they did; in fact, they lost it at the first opportunity the voters had, and the Democrats are going to lose on this proposition. It was not schedule K that lost the house. Schedule K is popular in Ohio, where sheep are and where woolen mills are. The cotton schedule did not do any harm on election day. They ignored the cotton schedule in Massachusetts. They thought they had that riveted down and they would fight to get something more.

I say the schedules can be torn to pieces any time, anywhere, if an orator is out with them alone before an audience and nobody is there to call attention to his sophistry and his inconsistency. A man never comes out to Iowa to talk about the farmers' schedules. When he comes to Iowa he does not talk about the agricultural schedule. What does he do? He says, "Iowa is the best agricultural state in the Union," and he commences lambasting somebody else and some interest a thousand miles away. "Oh," but says my "Old Subscriber"—one of them—"Iowa has grown in wealth, has a larger per capita of wealth than any other state in the Union; her farms are selling for from \$100 to \$200 an acre, but," he says, "the census shows that Iowa is the only state in the Union that has lost population."

I say, "My friend, we have not lost any politicians." (Laughter.) I have an idea that if these two circumstances were evened up we would be

better off. I admit that Iowa has lost population, and I am not going to be mean enough to say that it is because we have had ten years of uninterrupted political activity, although I have had some such opinion as that in my mind in the nighttime. (Laughter.)

But our farmers have sold their farms at \$100 to \$200 an acre and have gone to Wyoming, to Minnesota, to the Dakotas, to the great Northwest, and to Canada. Because they bought farms at one time at \$5 an acre and kept them until they were worth \$200 an acre they want to repeat the same operation. Thus they sold their costly farms to go away and buy cheap ones, later to sell at a high figure.

I am not going to be cheap enough here this afternoon to say that these political doctrines, which I call here, have had anything to do with our loss of population; but I do say that we are going to pay more attention to business in Iowa in the next two years than to politics. I notify you of that. We are bidding for factories; we are bidding for industries; we want to bring the factories still closer to the corn producer.

I heard a southern man at a banquet not many months ago describing a field of white cotton under the southern moonlight. I was a number or two behind him, and I described, as I wish I now could, an Iowa cornfield on the first of August of any year—with corn as high as a man's head, creaking with all its velvety greenness in the ripening heat and over the glowing earth of the fast-passing summer. If there is any spectacle in the world more beautiful to the man from the corn country than acres of corn thus waving in August, I have not yet learned about it.

Old Dick Oglesby, one of the princes of the prairies from Illinois, described our great product. He said:

"Ah, corn, the royal corn, within whose yellow heart there is of strength and health for all nations. Corn never put disease into an animal or a man. It is the cleanest food that grows. It makes muscle, bone, and blood."

So we hope for a continuance of an undisturbed home market for the products and the result of corn.

While ago I was saying—and I will now conclude—that some Republicans blush and apologize for their party. I do not do so. I visited some of the public schools in the city of Manila and I had my patriotic blood stirred when I heard the little brown boys and girls in English words telling the story of William Tell and Gessler to their teacher. I said, "Bless the country that can do a thing like this; that has the money to do it. I heard in another place little brown boys and girls telling the life of Lincoln as a flatboat man in Illinois. Who is not proud of Lincoln? Every man is. Lincoln typified in his strength the trees of Indiana that his boyhood knew; in his breadth the prairies of Illinois that gave him maturity; and in his soul the best that ever lived. They were telling the story of Lincoln, his humble birth, his early struggles, his manual labor. What did that have to do with the lives of those people? They were learning that a man could be a man and yet work with his hands, something unknown in the Far East. They were learning that caste could be broken down or a man could be a man or a that," and they cited Lincoln with Rial, their own Washington, a poet and a patriot, shot on the swamp in the harbor, which is now a park, called the Lunetta—Rial, who wrote the night before he died an immortal poem. With this man they classed Lincoln.

In the next lesson recited by these little Filipinos I heard the story of William McKinley, of Ohio, whose father was a foundryman. McKinley, who had been a private soldier; McKinley, who had come from the humble walks, was used as an object lesson to the boys and girls 10,000 miles away in another part of the world, but under our flag. I said to myself, "No matter what men may say about the Grand Old Party, it certainly did a great thing by giving this nation Lincoln and McKinley (without enumerating intervening names), names which will live in the memories of Americans forever."

Mr. President, I recall that September day when we buried McKinley. I was here in the rotunda of this capitol when the body was lying there. All was silence in that great rotunda. Round about were evidences of the progress of American civilization coming from the brush of the painter. Over on the left were the representatives; on the right were the senators; in another place the supreme court; in a proper place the representatives of the Army and the Navy. The members of the diplomatic corps, representing nearly all the nations of the world, were also there. In the center, wrapped in the old flag, which he had followed down the Shenandoah Valley, was the body of the dead President. At the head of his coffin stood a bishop. Around him the choir prepared to sing, and from the open windows there came the strains of McKinley's favorite hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee." Amid that great spectacle the head of a free people lay dead.

There was a wait. No one knew

why; but finally through the outer entrance there came a lithe and stalwart American in all the strength of his young manhood, with the tread of an Indian. Thus came the new President, called to take his place unexpectedly at the head of a great nation.

With McKinley died the old era and the animosities of a great war. Under his leadership the men in gray had found themselves again in the blue. During his Presidency the country had a union of hearts and hands, as well as a union of the constitution and laws. Like Lincoln, he died at the end of a great epoch, facing duties so discordant and alien to his heart and soul that he could not have met them. His work was done. Though he had been a soldier, McKinley was a man of peace. There will come after him no man who was a comrade of his in arms. They, too, are passing. McKinley was their dead.

The distinguished mourners soon welcomed the new President. His entrance was quick and stalwart. He could scarcely have known the new duties that were to come upon him. He was to meet new conditions and contend against new evils. He was to attempt to convince the business world of the evils of selfishness. He was to beckon all of his fellow-citizens to a higher political plane. The nation will forever bear the marks of his almost eight years of presidency under the most strenuous conditions. Not only the nation, but the world has and will honor him.

At the end of a third period we have in the White House another man of peace, of the McKinley type and from the old McKinley state. He is a Republican and the son of a Republican. Trained as lawyer, judge, cabinet minister, and as an executive in the Philippines, and of undoubted courage and possessing a clearness of thought and range of vision worthy of highest admiration, he is today discharging the duties of his great office with rare devotion and is winning the affections of the people. The people believe in him; they trust him. His heart is right. His head is right. Fearlessly he goes forward with his work. The only living ex-President must have had our living President in his mind when he said, "I am in favor of radical measures carried out by conservatives." This description is unerring. Our Republican President calls all Republicans to the support of the party. He demands sanity in regard to the tariff. He asks for a tariff commission and the consideration of one schedule at a time. Thus he hopes the tariff agitators may be satisfied and that the country may not be shocked. Under his orders the federal statutes are being courageously enforced. He has the motto of Grant: "Let no guilty man escape." He deserves the support of his party. He will finally secure it. No party can afford to discredit such a President.

Mr. President, I speak from the seat occupied by the distinguished senior senator from South Carolina. It was from this seat, or the seat assigned to the great South Carolina senator in the old senate, that more than sixty years ago, John C. Calhoun proposed that this Republic should have two Presidents, one from the north and one from the south, and that either President could veto the work of the other. This is what the great Calhoun called an effort at peace. It was to prevent war. The enfeebled condition of Senator Calhoun made it necessary for the speech to be read by the Senator from Virginia. Calhoun never appeared in the senate again. He did not avert war. The strange thing about it now is that so few great Americans living 60 years ago had the slightest vision of the future in this land. Not a man towered high enough to see a nation of 100,000,000 people, all at peace under one flag. Nor did there arise any prophet to say that in 1863 slavery would perish, and that in 1910 the south would be happier, richer, and stronger than ever before. This is, indeed, a nation worth living for, worth dying for. I hope there may be no lowering of the flag of protection, for protection has made thrift, education, growth and advancement possible. We should now have an era of peace in the business world, and the opportunity should be given them. The motto of the immediate future should be "More business and less politics."

KAHOKA, MO.

N. Gregory, living east of town, while returning from Kahoka to his home on Monday evening, was quite severely injured. His team became frightened and ran away, throwing Mr. Gregory to the ground. Assistance was near at hand and the injured man was conveyed to Dr. J. R. Bridges' office. An examination disclosed a dislocated shoulder and some severe bruises about the head. He was unconscious for some time after the accident and it was first thought he had sustained internal injuries. He is now getting along as well as could be expected.

F. N. Boyer has sold the Kahoka

The Famous Rayo

Is the Lamp of Real Beauty because it gives the best light of all lamps. The Rayo gives a white, soft, mellow, diffused light—easy on the eye because it cannot flicker. You can use your eyes as long as you wish under the Rayo light without strain.



The Rayo Lamp is low-priced, and even though you pay \$5, \$10 or \$20 for other lamps, you may get more expensive decorations but you cannot get a better light than the low-priced Rayo gives. A strong, durable shade-holder holds the shade on firm and true. This season's new burner adds strength and appearance.

Once a Rayo User, Always One. Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

Give The Children Something Substantial

For a Christmas present. Start a Savings Account for them and begin early to instill in their minds habits of thrift and economy. This bank encourages savings by accepting deposits in any amount, allowing interest at the rate of three per cent, compounded semi-annually.

The State Central Savings Bank

Officers: WILLIAM LOGAN, President. C. J. BODE, Cashier. GEO. E. RIX, Vice President. H. T. GRAHAM, Asst. Cashier. J. F. KIEDAISCH, Sr. Vice Pres. H. BOYDEN-SLUOD, Asst. Cashier

The management of the KEOKUK NATIONAL BANK

Endeavors to pursue a progressive policy, to be liberal in its treatment and to adhere strictly to the legitimate lines of banking.

3 PERCENT INTEREST ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS

No matter what a man's wealth, influence or experience, he will never be able to give a remedy for "lost time."

The earliest opportunity is usually the best. You can not start any earlier to begin to save.

We invite you to make the start now at this bank.

Keokuk Savings Bank

DIRECTORS—A. E. JOHNSTONE, F. W. DAVIS, B. L. AUWERDA, BEN B. JEWELL, H. L. CONNABLE.

Roller Mills to C. L. Baldwin. The business will be continued under the management of efficient men.

Last Friday while playing with a number of small companions, Berney, little son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Butler, was shot in the eye by an arrow. The injured lad was taken to Keokuk and the report is that there is little chance of saving the member.

Grover Bogguss has accepted a position in a butcher shop at LaHarpe, Ill.

Ben E. Turner is at home from his school at Galesburg to spend the Christmas holidays.

A baby girl was born last Friday to Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Butler, of Kahoka.

Hiram Tolman has returned from St. Louis much improved in health.

Graydon Harkness spent last Saturday with Memphis relatives.

The case of State of Missouri vs. James Colvin comes up for trial at Edina Tuesday on a change of venue from Clark county. A large number of witnesses have been subpoenaed, and a number of lawyers from here are in attendance.

Mrs. J. A. Whiteside was taken to a hospital in Hannibal Sunday. Relatives believe she will speedily recover. She has been in poor health for several months.

While returning home with a load of wood last Friday, Rolla Hodges was thrown from the load and sustained a fracture of both bones in one leg. He managed to unhitch the horses, wrote a note and sent it home by the animals for assistance.

The home talent entertainment at the opera house last Friday evening for the benefit of the band was largely attended, and the boys gave a fine entertainment.

Miss Gertrude Arnold departed Tuesday for Pawnee Rock, Kansas.

The death of Judge Burgess of the Missouri supreme court, which will place that tribunal in the hands of the republicans for the first time in 45 years, puts a "crimp" in the contest

5% TO 6% First Mortgages—Gold Bonds

Restricted to Loans on Improved Chicago Real Estate. Conservative, dependable and desirable. Write for complete lists. BENJAMIN KULP, Mortgage Banker First National Bank Building, Chicago.

started by the democrats to oust republican state officials elected at the recent election. Clark county democrats who "contributed" to the lost cause will please take notice.

Mrs. E. F. Scott is somewhat improved.

W. W. Felker of near Williamstown shipped five registered Berkshire hogs to California and two to Texas by Tuesday's express. The express charges will be about \$80. The animals brought a fancy price.

LEE COUNTY MEDICAL SOCIETY

Lee County Medics Expect to Have Record Breaking Session—Making Elaborate Preparations.

The eighteenth meeting of the Lee County Medical society will be held Wednesday, Dec. 28, 1910, at 3:00 p. m., at the Commercial Club rooms, Fort Madison, Iowa. An excellent program, consisting of six chief numbers, will be carried out. The doctors of the county will be well cared for by the committee on arrangements and entertainment, which consists of Drs. C. O. Wilkens, A. F. Phillpott and I. W. Travers of that city.

The profession are looking forward to a meeting which shall be far-reaching in its instructive effects and one which shall still further advance brotherliness among the doctors.

A Horse on Hubby. Curiously enough, when a wife buys a pony coat it's a horse on her husband.