

THE GATE CITY PUBLISHED BY THE GATE CITY COMPANY

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Keokuk, Iowa ..... Nov. 7, 1911

Hang up your "early shopping" sign.

No women on the McNamara jury yet.

Omaha will soon be on the postal savings map.

The only safe way—pull the Republican lever.

Doubters, chalk it up—Yuan Shi Kai came back.

No matter what the temperature, boost for Keokuk.

"Hand me my hat" cries the infant Chinese emperor.

The President certainly smoked them out of Pittsburg.

Uncle Sam is the drum major for the march of commerce.

President Taft found Chicago the city of the square meal.

It seems Brooklyn still has people getting hurt in folding beds.

World history is being written in big letters over in China just now.

The yellow peril, it appears, has come, but to China, not to America.

Now, then all aboard for Christmas with a brief stop-over for Thanksgiving.

When is a pawpaw good? asks a correspondent. Seldom, outside of Missouri.

The men responsible for the wheat ring might ask how it could be called a corner?

It is certainly a mean man whose enemies will not speak kindly of him after his death.

At any rate, Mr. Morgan has not yet been accused of financing the Chinese revolution.

By the way, when was it that folks were supposed to be so excited over Canadian reciprocity?

There would be far less fault-finding if people would put themselves in the other fellow's position.

We may all feel safe now that the United States navy has been duly inspected and reported sound.

But you cannot make Wall street believe that Steeg trust prosecution was merely a Hallowe'en joke.

There is no hope for Hoboken, N. J. Its doom is sealed. All four candidates for mayor are Democrats.

All right, Jack Frost, we now know you are still able to do business at the old stand when you really feel like it.

Many a hearty laugh Porfirio Diaz must be having over the old century-intrenched powers in China and Turkey these days.

In the curriculum of life most people find themselves conditioned in two most important branches, patience and sympathy.

Miss Ida Tarbell, who claims to know all about finance and the trusts, may be accused yet of maintaining a monopoly of her knowledge.

The year's score to date stands: Aviation victims, 102; Alpine, 115. The man with the scythe hasn't much trouble getting the higher-ups.

The anti-suffragists' declaration that the home calls for woman is irrefutable, however righteous and urgent woman's suffrage may be.

Radicalism seems to be running out to its logical ends in California, where a socialist has all but been elected mayor of Los Angeles and may yet be.

Hatmakers show a surprising lack of foresight in decreeing a reduction of the derby crown, just as a presidential campaign is canning caloric in the distance.

The moment that 13-to-2 score was in everybody could pick the world's champions, but picking the next Democratic presidential nominee is the real puzzle.

"Alimony," remarks a California judge, "is somewhat in the nature of easy money." Husbands thrown in the discard and paying for it will scent the aroma of suckerdom in the judge's epigram.

An Ohio spinster who went into a clairvoyant's den and was plucked out of \$500 tried to kill herself by jumping into a bear pit. The animals sniffed at the meat and passed it up. Too soft.

The trusts insist that all they ask is an equal break with the other fellow, but they know very well that if that were all they had ever got they could not have developed the strength they possess.

A New York woman, run over and severely injured by an automobile, secured a verdict for \$14,390 against the owner of the machine. That will grip the speed clutch of the defendant for a while.

Captain William E. Miller of Carlisle, Pa., a civil war veteran of '76, enjoys the distinction of being the only soldier upon whom the government bestowed a medal of honor for disobedience of orders.

A supplementary Thanksgiving proclamation by Dr. Woods Hutchinson announces that mince pie is an "easily assimilable poly-saccharid carbohydrate, of high caloric co-efficient." Have another helping?

Dr. William Robert Brooks, discoverer of the Brooks comet, has a score of twenty-five comets, all well regulated members of the family, unversed in the tricks that made Mr. Halley's wanderer contemptible.

Appalling obstacles to the popularity of jury service loom up in the state of Washington. Three women in a recent panel appealed to the court to prohibit their nine associates from smoking in the jury room.

Dr. Sargent of Harvard explains that, in advocating trousers for women, he does not propose to deprive men of their nether garments. Bully for the doc. Such generosity helps to swell the debt mere man owes the profession.

Assurances were given at an open meeting of the craft that only 6,000 of the 42,000 hotel workers in New York City accepted tips. The job is so thoroughly well done by the 6,000 there isn't an opening for the others to butt in.

Champion Jack Johnson and Dr. Cook are painfully convinced that some sections of the effete old world is utterly unresponsive to the thrills of the box office uplift. Johnson was touched with a \$50 fine in London and Cook is nimbly sprinting away from the Danish boot.

The last run of the season on Home Run Baker's schedule is from Philadelphia to Trappe, Md., where the Bakers have a seventy-eight-acre farm and where hunting is extra good. "My wife and I are country bred," Mr. Baker explains, "and we will never get over it."

A notable optical cure is reported in Chicago. Trial, conviction and dismissal of two police inspectors who were color blind shattered the goggles on the remainder so that now they see clearly where the tiger and the kitten hibernates and are diligently pulling devotees of these animals.

Andersen, the assistant keeper of the lighthouse at Fire Island Beach, Long Island, says advertising pays. He advertised for a wife, because he had no opportunity to move in society and capture one in the usual way. His reward is a beautiful French widow, only 19 years old, and with only one child. Thus one little word "ad" brings cheer to a lonely spot.

Ninety-four thousand persons paid good money to "see what beer is and how it is made" at the brewers' expositions of the goods were sampled. 100,000 glasses of mineral water, 75,000 cups of coffee, 25,000 cups of tea and 15,000 bottles of pop were put during they would do the most good. During the last round of the celebration, 200 persons gathered in a nearby church and solemnly prayed for the salvation of the thirsty crowd.

Elegy Written on a Country Road. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day. The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.

The plowman homeward rides, and on his way, He gaily toots his auto horn at me. —Chicago Record-Herald.

The boast of limousine, and much horsepower, And all that engine and magneto spell Await alike the inevitable hour— The paths of speeding leads you to the cell. —New York Mail.

Here lies his head upon his lap of earth. A youth to fortune and to fame unknown. The auto hit him for all it was worth. And then sped on and left him there alone. —Houston Post.

Happily some hoary headed swain may say: "I saw him when he passed and noticed him. He seemed to want to hurry on his way. I got his number and will turn it in." —Chicago Record-Herald.

Full many a breath of putrid gasoline The summer breezes o'er the landscape bear. And though the motor car I have not seen, The odor tells me that it has been there. —Milwaukee Sentinel.

Pestering the Elect. Cedar Rapids Republican: "Secretary Wilson says he, too, is a churchman, and he seems to be inclined toward the brewers' section"—such is one sneering comment on the man who is at the present time, we believe, the most distinguished citizen of Iowa in public life. Mr. Wilson may be sneered at by any little newspaper, but he has carved a career and achieved a record that places him in the forefront. Until he came there was no agricultural department of the government in Washington that was worth mentioning. He made it and he will leave it to a successor a fully equipped department, competent to carry on the great work of agricultural promotion and development. Mr. Wilson has been the genius of it all and when he is dead and gone, as soon he will be in the course of nature, many columns of eulogy will be bestowed upon him and his labors.

As to the sneer that he is not a consistent churchman, that is the smallest of all sneers. Mr. Wilson has grown gray in the church of his birth. No man has a right to sit in judgment on his christian conceptions. They say against him that he sat with brewers, who are regarded as sinners, in the course of what he conceived was a public duty and a governmental courtesy to the guests of the nation. In one of its great international conventions. But Christ himself was accused of sitting at table with publicans and sinners and he reproached the self-righteous, the men who boasted they kept the letter of the law scrupulously, saying "that the publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you."

We have been discussing during the past week in this city the reason why more men do not find their ways into the churches. We are not experts on such subjects and we have no desire to sit in judgment on others, but we have often thought that one reason why there are not more men in the churches is the fact that men have set up all sorts of standards in churches, standards that Christ himself never dreamed of. They have not left men free enough. They have not left enough to their own judgment, their own sense of propriety. They have set about them petty rules and regulations and restrictions that many men will not and cannot endure. One church says you may not play with cards, another that you may not take a drink of any liquors, another that you may not dance and some are on the verge of saying that you may not smoke. All these are petty things, non-essentials, inconsequential, interferences with personal consciences and private opinions and they tend either to drive men out of the fold or to convert them into arrogant hypocrites.

We fuss and fume and we dictate and lecture and scold and somehow the world gets the idea that the churches are narrow and bigotted and christianity is the loser thereby. Christ himself when he called the little publican down from the tree and sat at meat in his house afterwards, admitted him to his church without any such conditions, upon the simple declaration that he intended to lead an honest life and do right by all men, and doing right by one's fellow men means to love one's neighbors as one's self. And the momentous question of what the Lord requires of men is answered by the scriptures by the love of mercy, the doing of justice and the walking humbly with the Lord.

There is no spirituality in petty persecutions. The average man when he gets what they call religion nowadays is apt to turn immediately to the work of regulating the conduct of others, instead of beating his own breast and crying out his own unworthiness. The men and religion forward movement will be a failure in influencing men unless it grasps some of these ideas which the world has of religion.

I Used to Think. I used to think the circus bills Were true in every tint and word; I watched them with unnumbered thrills

And pulses feverishly stirred; The head thrust in the tiger's jaw I thought to see the lair and den. It made me quiver with strange awe— But I was somewhat younger then.

I used to think that fluffy girl Who rode bareback about the ring Was fair and real from toe to curl, And oh! so delicate a thing. I thought the heavens must have split, And dropped her in this world of men

To bide a wee, small hour and flit— But I was somewhat younger then.

I used to think the pink soubrette Was very sweet and young and fair; Eighteen or so, right soon—not yet. I thought the curls of golden hair Were nature's gifts o'er beauty strewn

Such loveliness was past my ken, It held its eminence alone— But I was somewhat younger then.

I used to think the heroine Who wore the gingham in the play Got, for the travail she was in, Five hundred dollars every day; It read it on the bills and heard That soon it would be raised to ten. What awe and wonder in me stirred! But I was somewhat younger then.

I used to think the author's book Sold in the hundred thousand class, And with fine reverence I would look To catch a glimpse as he might pass;

I thought a million souls like you, Hung fixed upon his dripping pen. I read it in a book review— But I was somewhat younger then.

I used to live upon a sphere Much like to this and yet—absurd! For truth stood out so bold and clear In all I saw and all I heard; But it—or I—has changed. And you? For we were so much younger then. —J. W. Foley in New York Times.

All Paving Getting Cheaper. Marshalltown Times-Republican: The effect upon prices for various forms of street paving caused by the competition of concrete has been evidenced again this week by the letting of a contract in Des Moines for asphalt at \$1.65 per yard. Heretofore prevailing prices for asphalt have hovered around \$2 per yard and for brick paving some times higher than that, but the day is rapidly passing when any street paving will exceed \$1.50 per square yard in cost, as concrete at \$1.10 to \$1.40 per yard is found to bring the price of other forms down to a cost basis or put them out of business in the competition.

The letting of a contract for a pavement at Manchester, Iowa, at \$1.16 per yard, so near like bituminous, which has cost in excess of \$2 per yard, that it is difficult for one to distinguish the difference, and the drop in the price of asphalt at Des Moines is indicative of the progress in price decline on the cost of street improvement which is now going on.

It is at Sioux City that some of the cheapest concrete pavement has been secured, prices at times having been as low as \$1.10 per square yard, and it is here that concrete has been laid in a single course mixed one, two and four without taking the extra precaution of putting a separate wearing surface, and it is interesting in this connection to note what the mayor of Sioux City says regarding this pavement in a special article, which he has prepared for the illustrated industrial edition recently published by the Sioux City Journal.

Regarding street improvement he says: "Many blocks of streets have been paved, and the paving of even more blocks contracted for. The council early gave the closest attention to an investigation of the best and cheapest methods of paving streets not devoted to business purposes, and finally decided upon concrete as satisfying both requirements better than any other material. The contracts for a large number of blocks on cross streets were let during the past winter and the work was begun early in the spring.

The work was done by the contractors in such a manner as to satisfy the closest inspection, and there is no doubt that the question of securing a cheap, durable and satisfactory paving for residence streets has been solved in Sioux City. So well satisfied with the new paving were the property owners and the council that a still larger amount of it was ordered and is now being laid. There is good reason to believe that much of this paving will be asked for in other sections of the city in the near future."

The Apple Coming Back. Kewanee Star Courier: The red apple of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana, together with the green and golden ones, have been making sensational profits for owners of irrigated farms the past few years. One single acre, in many instances, has yielded more than the average income in the United States.

Now something is happening that might have been foreseen. The old states of New England, the Middle Atlantic and Trans-Allegheny regions are planting thousands of apple orchards.

Why not? They used to produce all the apples they consumed. The climate is favorable, the market at home. There is no reason why great numbers of people should not be profitably employed in this industry.

We expect to see a dozen north-

eastern states covered with the bloom of apple trees in the next few years.

\*\*\*\*\* BELFAST. \*\*\*\*\*

We are having rainy weather again, when we were expecting snow instead of rain.

Mrs. Ellen Moline returned home Sunday after visiting one week with her son, Harvey Moline and family.

Mrs. Belegen is visiting relatives in Croton this week.

Miss Norma Peters is visiting friends at Croton.

Miss Hazel Grant is visiting relatives at Croton over Sunday.

Mr. John Johnson has a very sick horse.

Miss Verna Spencer visited Charley Wells' folks Saturday.

Miss Lena Albers is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harold Moline.

Miss Emma Nelson is sick with pneumonia again.

Mr. Peacock was in our vicinity one day last week.

They are holding revival meetings at Athens, by Rev. Rice. It will hold on another week.

There will be a sale at Marie Wilson's this Wednesday, the eighth.

Andrew Anderson and family and Perry Moline and wife called on Harold Moline and family Friday evening.

Misses Ella Nelson and Bertha Anderson, Harry Nelson and Perry Anderson called on the Surena girls one evening this week.

Homer Deheart attended church at Athens Saturday evening.

The Hallowe'eners surely visited the Croton school house Hallowe'en night.

Miss Ella Nelson attended church at Athens Tuesday evening of last week.

Miss Nora Deheart visited in this vicinity last week.

Mr. Robert Nelson made a business trip to Athens last week.

Miss Lella Grant called on Francis Brodsky one day last week.

Mr. Kerg Saltzaver and Fred Grant sold some sheep to Mr. Brodsky last week.

Miss Lella Grant visited in Athens Sunday.

This year seems to be a potato failure for everybody is buying potatoes.

Mrs. Sam Wells was a Keokuk caller last week.

\*\*\*\*\* DONNELSON. \*\*\*\*\*

Mrs. Sarah Wilson has returned from a week's visit in Fort Madison and Denmark.

Mrs. Geo. Kirchner was an over-Sunday visitor in Farmington.

Mrs. K. M. Taylor and daughter, Marguerite, returned home Friday morning from a two week's visit in Moundridge, Kan.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Barnes and daughter, Winona, left for La Crosse Thursday evening for a several weeks visit with Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Barnes.

Mrs. May Tempel of Keokuk was an over-Sunday visitor in our city, enroute home from a short visit in Ottumwa.

Miss Lama Gibson of Marshalltown is visiting home folks.

The Misses Etta Taor and Alma Bank were Keokuk visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Sam Reflor was an over-Sunday visitor in Burlington.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. Made from grape Cream of Tartar, absolutely free from alum. For sixty years American housewives have found Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder a guarantee of light, pure and wholesome food.

MANY CHANGES IN THE WEATHER. An Unsettled Week With Some Snow In Progress for Next Few Days. WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 7.—Pronounced weather changes throughout the United States are predicted by the weather bureau in its forecast for the week just issued and which also announced that western Europe is in the grip of a severe storm.

New Colds. Bad enough, to be sure. But old colds are worse. Better stop your fresh cold at once. Never hesitate to ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Use it or not, as he says. He knows.

The State Central Savings Bank. There is practically but one place where small sums of money can be put to work, and that is in a Savings Account. It is also the best possible place to accumulate a Reserve Fund for hard times and Old Age.

We Grow Wise Through Experience. Let the young profit by the experience of those in position to advise. As age creeps upon us, if we have not saved, we spend much of our time wishing we had money. Take our advice, start saving today.

Keokuk Savings Bank. 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.

Be sure to Insure your property in the Iowa State Insurance Co. The Old Reliable. Fire Lightning Cyclones Windstorms. H. R. COLLISON, City Solicitor.