

THE GATE CITY PUBLISHED BY THE GATE CITY COMPANY

G. F. Skirvin ..... Manager

DAILY BY MAIL. One year.....\$3.00 Four months.....\$1.00 Six months.....\$1.50 One month.....25

THE GATE CITY is on sale at the following news stands: Hotel Keokuk, cor. Third and Johnson.

Keokuk, Iowa, .....Feb. 27, 1913

RESTRAINT OF TRADE. "Oh, what's our country coming to?" the trade restrainer cried.

"We keep attorneys who should know how far we may proceed— How far it may be safe to go in satisfying greed;

"We've got to have another deal, that's getting very plain; Why, even now, when we appeal it sometimes is in vain;

St. Louis policemen are demanding an eight hour day. St. Paul laundries are utilizing parcel post for deliveries.

Paris plans to spend \$35,000,000 in dismantling its fortifications, pulling down walls, filling up moats and laying out the avenues bordered by sites that will be sold for building purposes.

Dr. Mary H. Fulton, who has been spending the last twenty-eight years in Canton, China, returned to Philadelphia the other day. She is the dean of a medical school and is teaching the Chinese women modern methods of surgery.

William Plumer Fowler, the new chairman of the Boston licensing board, is out with a slam at a sacred American institution—the stand-up bar of saloons. He would abolish the bar and the "perpendicular drink," and rearrange thirst enormously so that the thirsty could sit down and talk over their "oddies.

GETTING BETTER WORK OUT OF OLD SOL.

Mild cigars and strong cigars, all from the same seed, is a new accomplishment of the sun. Our old friend is a chemist who knows what to do when he is given certain elements to combine.

A plant is a wonderful chemical laboratory, directed by the sun. Professor Glamician gave selected soil food to similar tobacco plants and the sunlight operated these natural laboratories to turn the food into more or less nicotine.

Photochemistry is the technical name of the science of the chemical changes produced by light. So far its great practical use has been in photography, but its application to the old problem of taking energy from the sun is the new note which promises more than all before.

"The great problem now," says Professor Glamician, "is how to fix solar energy through suitable photochemical reactions, to use the photochemical processes that hitherto that hitherto have been the guarded secrets of the plants."

If a plant can fix solar energy without any lenses or steam boilers, using only chemical operations, cannot man fix solar energy by imitating the chemical processes with laboratory apparatus? To discover the plant's methods means infinite labor.

Once the scientists thoroughly understand the chemistry methods by which these tobacco plants accomplished their wonders, the start will have been made on a series of marvels. At the present day the accepted method of controlling plants is to select seed with great care, to breed a plant through generation after generation, to cross different plants.

The Italian professor himself suggests that here is a cheap source of light, heat and power, if photochemistry keeps its promise. Plants might be grown which would be adapted to give out a large quantity of useful gas when burned, just as coal will now.

Coal tar has been the wonder of the present generation, for chemistry has taken from it hundreds of commercial products to replace expensive vegetable, mineral and animal dyes and drugs of older days.

The real goal, Professor Glamician thinks, is fixing the energy of the sun, although on the long road new ideas are sure to be found at every hill and turn.

On the Sahara desert alone enough solar energy is received every day to equal 6,000,000,000 tons of coal. So he suggests that some day out on our desert wastes there may be great forests of glass tubes, wide-spreading factories under glass roofs, industrial communities without smoke—the victory of the tobacco plant.

Never say that London newspapers are not enterprising! The London Chronicle of February 1 published a sketch of William J. Bryan, "America's new secretary of state," which sketch was based on the president-elect's "announcement."

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

BY HON. N. E. KENDALL, of Iowa

Upon the Life and Character of Hon. E. H. Hubbard (Late a Representative from the State of Iowa) Delivered in the House of Representatives Sunday, February 9, 1913.

The speaker pro tempore. The clerk will report the special order of today. The clerk read as follows: Ordered, That Sunday, February 9, 1913, at 12 o'clock m., be set apart for addresses upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. Elbert H. Hubbard, late a representative from the state of Iowa.

Resolved, That in pursuance of the special order heretofore adopted the house proceed to pay tribute to the memory of the Hon. Elbert Hamilton Hubbard, late a representative in congress from the state of Iowa.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his public career the house at the conclusion of the memorial proceedings of this day shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the clerk of the house communicate these resolutions to the senate.

Resolved, That the clerk of the house be, and he is hereby, instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. Kendall's Address. Mr. Kendall. Mr. Speaker, standing by the open grave into which the remains of his only brother were about to be committed, the most persuasive orator of our day, perhaps of any day, solaced the agony of his tortured heart with this philosophy:

Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, when eager winds are killing every sail, dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar a sunken ship.

The mortality record of the sixty-second congress has been unprecedented in the parliamentary history of the republic. Six senators and nineteen representatives have responded to the final roll call in this capitol, and have been transferred to augment the uncounted quorum in the world invisible.

The death of Hubbard was certainly unexpected, but we can not be sure that it was untimely. He was so completely equipped to live that he was perfectly prepared to die. The inexorable messenger who can not be denied beckoned him apart just when the inducements to life were most alluring, just when the possibilities of service were most expansive, just when the approval of friends was most unmistakable.

He was a man of extraordinary modesty. His political career was signalized by singular prosperity, but with vanity he was wholly unacquainted. He enjoyed the unbounded confidence of his electorate, and he had been commissioned and re-commissioned as the representative of a sovereign commonwealth in the most distinguished legislative assembly in the world.

He had no partiality for public life, because he comprehended how capricious is the approbation of men and how puerile are the preferences which the most fortunate can secure. He was devoted to wife and children and friends and friends, and he contemplated early retirement to his home, and to his library, and to his profession.

He had a fine appreciation of art, whether expressed on canvas or in marble. He would stand for hours engaged in Saint Gauden's marvelous

convictions. He would not accept a measure simply because it was proposed by the organization, nor resist it simply because it was favored by the opposition. It is not difficult to define the political creed to which he subscribed. He was a republican, but always with him partisanship was subordinated to patriotism. He was determined that his party should become and continue the progressive party of the nation. He knew that it was instituted not to make men rich, but to make men free, and he insisted that it must never renounce the exalted impulse which Abraham Lincoln lived and died to communicate to it.

He believed that in this democracy equality of opportunity must be sacredly preserved. He believed that the people of this country, white and black, rich and poor, great and small, must control it absolutely in all its departments. He believed that in the adoption or abrogation of organic compacts, in the enactment or repeal of statutes, in the designation or displacement of officials, the electors themselves must be the ultimate authority.

He believed that in this age of arrogance and wealth the helplessness of the weak must be protected against the aggressions of the strong. He believed that every citizen in the land must be assured an untrammelled ballot for the nomination of his party candidates, so that the real preference of the rank and file of the voters shall be reflected in the results. He believed that the constitution must be made a potential force in governmental life, cheerfully recognized and universally respected, by the removal of every unnecessary impediment which interposes between the people and its amendment after fair deliberation.

His life was open, unobscured, obvious. He intended no evil, and he was therefore reluctant to impute evil even to those who willfully misrepresented him. He endured the criticism, much of it misinformed, some of it malignant, which all successful men are compelled to encounter; but it never aroused his animosity or disturbed his composure. He never provoked a controversy, but he never surrendered a conviction. The opinions he entertained were formulated for his own government after serious consideration, and while he never attempted to impose them upon his associates, he would not relinquish them no matter how bitterly they were assailed.

He was a man of extraordinary modesty. His political career was signalized by singular prosperity, but with vanity he was wholly unacquainted. He enjoyed the unbounded confidence of his electorate, and he had been commissioned and re-commissioned as the representative of a sovereign commonwealth in the most distinguished legislative assembly in the world. But he always esteemed the distinctions conferred upon him as opportunities for useful achievement in the public interest, and he remained throughout what he was originally—a simple, sincere, unaffected gentleman. And he was a natural gentleman. I knew him intimately for a dozen years, in public station and in private life, in his office and in mine, in his home and in mine, and my intercourse was informal, even familiar. I never heard him utter a word in conversation that would be offensive to sensibilities the most fastidious, and I believe he never conceived a thought that might not have been published, without propriety, in any presence.

He had no partiality for public life, because he comprehended how capricious is the approbation of men and how puerile are the preferences which the most fortunate can secure. He was devoted to wife and children and friends and friends, and he contemplated early retirement to his home, and to his library, and to his profession.

He had a fine appreciation of art, whether expressed on canvas or in marble. He would stand for hours engaged in Saint Gauden's marvelous

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER. Makes Home Baking Easy. Gives nicer, better food than baker's. There is no baking powder like it for hot biscuit, hot breads and cake. Made from Pure Grape Cream of Tartar.

representation of "Grief" in Rock Creek cemetery, and he once confided to me that, after all the pictures in the Corcoran gallery, he returned instinctively again and again to view with awe and reverence Vela's majestic statue of Napoleon, in the upper corridor, and Michael Angelo's wonderfully impressive figure of the Pieta near the entrance.

His literary discrimination was acute, cultivated, critical. Shakespeare he knew and cherished as a friend. Kipling was often in his hand. Browning was always on his table. Dickens was like one of the family. Tennyson was a constant companion, and the last time I saw him in Washington he concluded our interview by reciting with dramatic effect that solemn masterpiece, "Crossing the Bar."

Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me, And may there be no moaning of the bar When I put out to sea.

Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark, And may there be no sadness of farewell When I embark.

For though from out our bourne or time and place The flood may bear me far, I hope to see my pilot face to face When I have crossed the bar.

I can not suppose that he had a premonition of the approaching end, but as he finished there was the shadow of a tear in his eye and the suggestion of a tremor in his tone. He paused a moment, abstracted in reverie, and then began repeating that immortal poem of Leigh Hunt's:

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!) Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace, And saw, within the moonlight in his room, Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom, An angel writing in a book of gold; Excording peace had made Ben Adhem bold, And to the Presence in the room he said, "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head, And with a look made all of sweet accord, Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

And with a look made all of sweet accord, Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord." "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so," Replied the angel. Abou spake more low But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then, Write me as one who loves his fellow men." The angel wrote and vanished. The next night It came again with great awakening light, And showed the names whom love of God had blest, And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

He finished, and we clasped hands in a final farewell. I shall remember him always as he appeared that last afternoon—gentle, serene, hopeful, courteous, radiating the delightful urbanity which endeared him to all. Within the month he had "crossed the bar," had seen "his pilot face to face," and had been written "as one who loves his fellow men."

Save the Sailors. [United Press Leased Wire Service.] WASHINGTON, Feb. 27.—Every oil burning ship in the navy will be equipped with an oxygen life saving apparatus from now on. Secretary of the Navy Meyer estimates that at least ten lives will be saved through their use each year.

For Council of War. [United Press Leased Wire Service.] DELAFIELD, Wis., Feb. 27.—Carlos Madero, brother of the slain president of Mexico, received a telegram from his brother Evaristo, a student

at Cornell, asking Carlos to meet him there during the Easter holidays for a family conference. Young Madero did not know just when he would leave for Ithaca.

Was Former Star. [United Press Leased Wire Service.] ST. LOUIS, Feb. 27.—Police Sergeant Michael Drissell who was catcher for the St. Louis Browns when the team won four pennants in the American Association, died at his home here. Drissell was 45 years old. He had been out of baseball since 1885.

Impatience. Some people become discouraged because Opportunity doesn't respond whenever they whistle for it.

Children Poorly? Go To Your Doctor. Talk with your doctor about Ayer's non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla. Ask him if he prescribes it for pale, delicate children. Ask him if he recommends it when the blood is thin and impure, and when the nerves are weak and unsteady. Ask him if it aids nature in building up the general health.

INSURE IN THE IOWA STATE of Keokuk FIRE LIGHTNING WIND Phone 160

SUPERIOR SERVICE In Every Department enables us to attend to your banking needs promptly and efficiently. The willing co-operation of officers and employes make this institution a safe and satisfactory depository for your savings. State Central Savings Bank Corner Sixth and Main Streets. CAPITAL \$200,000.00. SURPLUS \$200,000.00

The Man Without a savings or checking account is like the man without reserve power. He is "all in" all the time. If you have never enjoyed the keen pleasure that comes with having money in the bank, try it. One dollar starts a savings account in this bank. Keokuk Savings Bank

The management of the KEOKUK NATIONAL BANK Endeavors to procure a progressive policy, to be liberal in its treatment and to adhere strictly to the legitimate lines of banking. 5 PERCENT INTEREST ON TIME AND SAVINGS DEPOSITS