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WATER HERE GOOD, SAYS DR. DIMOND

City Physician Argues That Keokuk Gets as Good Water as Any Other City.

MAKES FREQUENT TESTS

Twice a Week Law Compels Him to Examine Water to See if Bacteria is Removed.

Good water is an asset to any city and Dr. C. A. Dimond, city physician, figures that Keokuk enjoys such an asset.

The question of good water is important to every city and Dr. Dimond has been safeguarding our interests along this line. He says the water in Keokuk is as good as that to be found in most of the cities along the river.

An ordinance compels the city physician or physician on the board of health, as he really is, to make a careful examination of the water twice a week, or if the water is bad to make it oftener. He must test for alum and bacteria. A test of the raw water is made and then of the filtered water. The ordinance requires that 96 per cent of the number of bacteria be removed providing there are 1,200 bacteria in the raw water. If under this number in the raw and not over 125 in the filtered water, the ordinance give a 98 per cent test. The figures above are all given with a cubic centimeter as a unit of measure of the water.

The local company is now using chlorine to purify the water and much better results are being obtained. Often, however, there is too much chlorine in the water with a resultant bad taste.

CIGARETTE DEMAND HIGHER THAN EVER

Knocking the Habit Has Had Little Effect on the User.

Edison is the latest to protest against the use of cigarettes. He sums up against it as productive of brain dulling. He is controverted by appeals to examples of cigarette smokers like Robert Louis Stevenson as to effect on the brain. Individual examples, of course, in things of this kind can amount to little. It is a medical fact, for example, that the steady use of alcohol is deleterious. But individual examples of centenarians who have been steady users are easily found, while the sturdy health of other examples is beyond dispute. It is so with tobacco. The race may some day do without both, but the "awful example" argument is never very strong.

The argument against cigarettes has gone on for more than a generation, in which time their use has constantly increased. Years ago it was said that cigarettes contained opium and that the habit was not a tobacco habit, but an opium habit. This made not the slightest difference in the steady growth of the habit. As a matter of fact, there was no opium in cigarettes. That was a tale like those got up to frighten children. Cigarettes were and are made of tobacco. Indeed, perhaps the greater part of them are made by the smokers themselves from tobacco of their own choosing. And, while there is no disputing about tastes, the claim is strong that the cigarette affords a milder "smoke" than other forms of the indulgence. What explanation, then, is to be given for the hostility to this form of tobacco using and the prohibition of it by so many large concerns? It is probably because cigarette smoking is so incessant.

As a rule a pipe or cigar smoker, or at least the latter, will smoke one cigar and then allow an interval in which the lungs and system recover before another assault—for whatever kindly words one be disposed to say about the genial habit of tobacco smoking it cannot be gainsaid that it is an assault on the nerves. Now, with cigarettes this is so mild, the tobacco is so delicate, and there is so little of it to the "load," that one cigarette follows another until the cigarette smoker is smoking pretty nearly all the time. This, despite the mildness of the "dose," subjects the system to a constant strain.

The very mildness of the cigarette also induces an inhaling of the smoke to throw it directly against the delicate passages of the lungs. In no other form of smoking is the inhaling process indulged in. This increases, of course, the effect of the nicotine. In these two things lie all the indictment that can be brought against this form of the tobacco habit—its almost constant indulgence not allowing time for recovery, and its application directly to the deep, respiratory passages. But when it comes to a steady tobacco smoker like Edison railing against it, it looks something like a pot-and-kettle affair.

HOTEL ROCKING CHAIRS EMPTY

New State of Affairs Discovered at Fashionable Hotel by a New York Reporter.

TOIL WITH NEW DANCES

Sidelight on Dance Craze Which is Now Sweeping the Country—Music From the Phonograph.

One afternoon a solitary reporter, glum with the usual dearth of topics which seem to thrive to unimportance under the sultry sun, climbed languidly aboard a dirty yellow trolley car and rode a jerky ride to one of the Brooklyn beaches. It doesn't make much difference which one; except in unimportant details they're all very much alike.

"I shall mount the porch of that big white hotel," said the reporter, "slak into a rocking chair, sip a lemonade, and study woman. In a rocking chair on the porch of a summer hotel she is quite at her best. Mornings she is cranky, and in the evening she is coquettish. Only in the afternoon can one see her in all her post-meridian simplicity."

But he, poor fool, little knew whereof he spoke. He mounted the porch, it is true, but it was a long time before he found a rocking chair. It seemed as if the winter storms had blown them away. There were some, to be sure, placed about in uninspiring positions, but these were idly rocking in the breeze.

"Most interesting," said the reporter, just as reporters never do, and taking out a well-known and mythical note-book and pencil, he approached the desk of the hotel. A long-haired clerk with a short upper lip was busy hanging keys up on wriggly hooks.

"Pardon me," said the reporter, politely, for he had forgotten himself under the spell of the clerk's horned spectacles. "I have observed a most interesting social phenomenon in the disappearance of the rocking chairs from your expansive porch. Can it be possible that the rocking chair fleet has become mere driftwood? Heretofore woman's greatest summer pastime has been to rock, read and retail polite scandal. Has this delightful old custom—this distinctly American manifestation of the social spirit—become utterly defunct? And the cause if you please?"

The clerk reached out a bony arm, tapped three times on a big bell, wriggled the pen from his left ear and lighted a smelly cigarette. The reporter waited. The clerk waited. And then, all of a sudden, there was a loud zing-zing from somewhere near by, and the most wonderful music, inconsequential in itself, it is true, but delightfully deleterious, inspiringly insipid and marvelously malconceived, came hurtling through the air, breaking on one's ear-drums like the sound of a phonograph with a rusty needle. The clerk took a half-Nelson on the reporter and executed an unconscious genuflection that fitted not illy with the music.

"Inquirer after Truth!" he exclaimed, addressing the reporter as reporters are never addressed. "There you have your answer; an auricular answer. Large women, tall women, short women, women with necks like gazelles and those with no necks at all, women of grace and women of avuncular gesticulation! And each and all of them together with quite inconsequential creatures in tight-fitting trousers, were bobbing about, hopping, skipping, leaping, sliding, sticking out a foot here and withdrawing a silk-clad ankle there, bending an elbow at the beat of a drum and subduing the shoulders at the tinkle of a mandolin, palpitating, protesting, pausing, gasping for breath, toying with a bit of floor here and negotiating a wide expanse of it in one swoop there, mimicking, aping and then all at once becoming startlingly original, and at last leaning in a funk against pillar and post to gain courage for the next onslaught, while the banjo-player put in three new strings that he had broken in the charge.

Quite overcome with emotion, the reporter accosted a stout woman who was the contralto in a church choir in Flatbush.

"Tell me," he said, bowing, "for I am a newspaper man in search of 'copy,' what is the meaning of this strange performance?"

"Not a word!" coughed the stout contralto, trying to get her breath. "I never speak for publication. We professionals never do. What is it you want to know?"

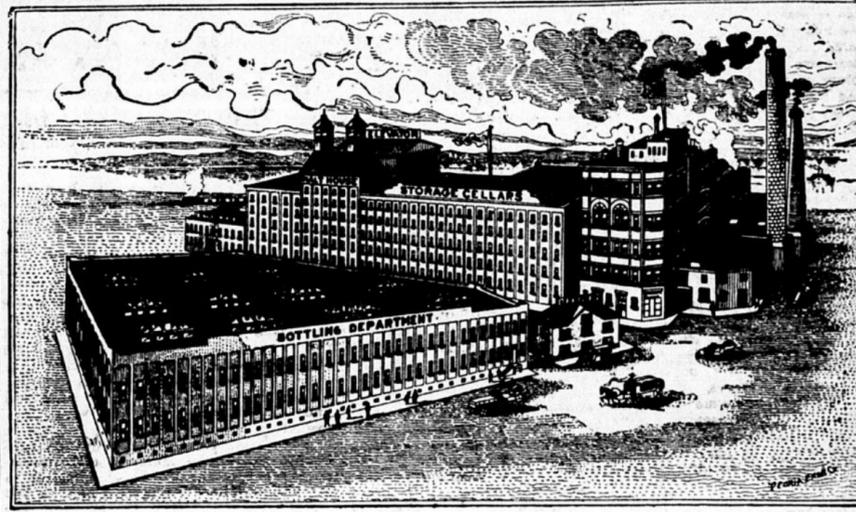
The reporter drew near and twirled his little mustache.

"I know you are not going to turn me down," he said, putting a 40-decent power sob in his voice. "I would lose my job and have to go to work for a living. Besides, although we have only known each other for three minutes, I have already discovered that you are unlike other women. The way you dance, your speed, your

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nerve, your naivette, your nonchalance, I might almost say your—

"S enough," murmured the contralto, touching those deep resounding chords of her lower register. "It's the dance craze, you know, what is called modern dancing, as opposed to the square figures and round dances I used to do when I was a—when I was somewhat more youthful, so to speak. I can't explain it. It has a fascination. It is so exciting and inspiring to twirl about to exotic music, and it makes you feel just a wee bit naughty, when you dance things spelled with an 'x' and other foreign letters. And besides—and I tell you this because I know you wouldn't breathe a word of it—I've been told it reduces flesh. Of course I've always been chic, but there are others not so fortunate."

"You are so svelte," murmured the reporter, as she powdered her nose with pink powder, which contrasts wonderfully with red.

"You can't expect us to sit in rocking chairs all afternoon with the maxixe calling our souls, can you?" she continued. "What are dollies alongside of dancing? How can you compare fancy work with the furlana. Or talk with tango? And as for scandal, well, dancing has taken its place."

"I agree with you there," said the reporter.

"Yes," she continued, "the rocking chair brigade has had its day. Its gone for good. I think it's part of the new freedom for woman, don't you? We are broadening so. We are becoming alive to our opportunities. The rocking chair was a great evil. We have abolished it. Throughout the land, in every hotel and boarding house, the phonograph and the piano

are lifting up their voices, and the old and young are lifting up their feet. It's a renaissance!"

"Excuse me for one moment," said the reporter, reaching into his coat pocket for his note book. "You will let me quote you on that 'renaissance' won't you? Just then the music went zing-zing again, and the waves started to boom against the breakwater. And here the story should end, without you ever knowing her answer. But the truth of the matter was that the reporter wasn't down at the beach to take notes at all. He went down to have a good time, having just expended a week's salary on dancing lessons, just as the contralto had spent her compensation for two sacred solos on Sunday for a maxixe lesson on Monday. And as it is impossible to manage a woman and a notebook at the same time, the story ends here.

Only Partially Settled.
Chicago Herald: Anyway, we are still at Vera Cruz as a gentle reminder that Huerta's abdication doesn't settle the whole Mexican question to our satisfaction.

—Read The Daily Gate City.