MAY SEE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

This is a Future Possibility Says Marconi, Who Thinks Telephone Connections Will Come Soon.

THEORY IS CORRECT

An Interview With Great Inventor Who Has Been Giving Time of Late in Perfecting Wireless 'Phone.

One of these days the head of a London business may step to the wireless phone.

"Ring up New York," he'll order. "Get my New York manager on the ether."

That isn't impossible. Guglielmo Marconi says so. Perhaps the New York manager is indisposed. Maybe he doesn't want to talk to his superior. In which case he may try to disguise his voice. But it wouldn't do him a bit of good.

"Ah, ha," the London manager would say, genially. "You little rascal, you. I see you!"

Imagine a Genial Londoner.

The one impossible thing about that imagined situation is that the London manager is represented as being genial. A further miracle of the etheric waves may come in the future. It may be that the New York manager is determined to abstain from conversation by wireless with his boss. It may be that he may hide behind the door. Even that would not help him. A further application of the etheric waves may penetrate that door and disclose the guilty shiverer to the gaze of his incensed master.

"We are now talking for short distances by wireless," said Mr. Marconi when I called upon him at Marconi house, on the Strand. "By short distances I mean up to 100 miles or so. Within another month or so this system will be working commercially. It is quite as feasible to talk for long distances by wireless as for short distances. It only requires the application of more power."

To Talk Across Ocean.

"Will the day ever come when telephonic conversation across the sea by wireless may be possible "

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Marconi. "I will go further. We will be talking by wireless from London to New York before we will be talking between the same cities by cable. Wireless telephony over great distances is a less difficult undertaking than is telephoning similar distances by cable."

Very recently there appeared the announcement of an invention by which it may be possible for the parties to telephone a conversation to see each other. The inventor declares the apparatus to be a comparatively simple one and capable of universal use.

Nothing Impossible.

"I see no reason to doubt it," said Mr. Marconi. "I have been too busy with my work for the wireless to pay much attention to it. But there is nothing inherently impossible in theory."

Mr. Marconi laughed. He has a singularly taking smile, this man who has made ether help carry our burdens. He sat with his back to the window in the great office in the Marconi house. This structure itself, by the way, is quite unlike any American business offices. It retains something of that guarded seclusion, that residential quality, which is so dear to the English heart. One steps from the roar of the Strand to a quiet hallway, almost cathedral like in its vaulting, and drawing room like as to its carpets. A commissionaire covered with service medals desires to know in what manner he can serve you. In the end one finds his way by silent lift to Mr. Marconi's office, to find a kindly, somewhat reticent, rather tired man willing to answer questions. He does not volunteer information.

Where Science Overcroaches.

"Let us hope that seeing-by-wire plan does not come into general use," said he. "One may have a very good friend who is yet a bore. Nowadays our good friend rings up and says that he wants to tell us a good story. We know by experience that his good story will be as long as the Sahara desert and as dusty.

"'Dear old chap,' we say to him, 'So sorry. But my wife is waiting at the door. Won't you—please—ring me up when I get home and tell me your yarn then '

"But if our good friend the bore, could look into his mirror and see us frown and shake a fist at him—well, we might lose a friend, possibly."

Just the same, seeing-by-wire may come. If it does come, seeing-by-wireless will also be an order of the future.

"We could certainly see by wire-

(Continued on page 9.)

OLDEST BANK IN LEE COUNTY

Keokuk Savings Bank, One of the Strong Institutions of Southeastern Iowa, Was Established in 1868.

ENJOYED BIG GROWTH

Official Make-up of Today is Not Far Removed From What it Was in Beginning—Johnstone is President.

The Keokuk Savings bank opened for business in January, 1868, and during its long career of service in this community its character has never changed. The official make-up of this day is not far removed from what it was in the beginning—the names of Johnstone, Davis and Connable being inseparably linked with the growth and progress of this bank and the material advancement of this city.

The record of this bank stands as a monument to those who in those early days laid the foundations and whose wisdom, prudence and business acumen have made its name a synonym for strength and security.

The Keokuk Savings bank is the oldest savings bank in Lee county, yet it recognizes in this no claim to superiority, nor that age signifies progress, but day by day in its routine of business transactions it strives to maintain both the reputation and the traditions of its past and with what success may be judged by its established place as a financial institution. Its growth has ever been steady and uninterrupted— a growth coincident with that of Keokuk.

Bank Has Strong Officers.

There have been times of national stress during the corporate existence of the Keokuk Savings bank, some in the far past and others of more recent memory, but it has pursued the path of safety ever holding a steady course.

The present officers, A. E. Johnstone, president; H. L. Connable, vice-president; F. W. Davis, cashier; and H. W. Wood, assistant cashier, have the experience of many years of successful banking to guide them and with a complete banking equipment feel assured that the record of the past justifies their faith in an auspicious future.

The directors are men of affairs and devote their time and energy to the upbuilding of the city and have ever been in the forefront in things of public weal. The five directors include A. E. Johnstone, H. L. Connable, F. W. Davis, B. B. Jewell and B. L. Auwerda.

The business man has ever found its officers and employes obliging, helpful and capable in solving their many problems.

The saving man has secured here the assistance necessary for his financial growth to a broader outlook.

Acts as Trust and Administrator.

Realizing the importance of safeguarding the interests of beneficiaries of estates, the bank is fully prepared to act as trustee or administrator and may be made executor of a will, eliminating the factor of death in naming a friend to act in such a capacity.

For all that is included in the term bank, and it means more now than it could have meant in former times, the Keokuk Savings bank is prepared to act with the requisite power, the expert judgment and the careful consideration of the rights and needs of its clientele.

RAISE GIVEN THE CONVICT

Five Cents an Hour is to be Added to the Salaries of Road Workers.

AMES, Iowa, Aug. 28.—The twenty men in the convict road making camp at Ames are to receive a raise of 5 cents an hour in wages as the result of their first week's showing at the Iowa State college.

They started work at 20 cents an hour with the understanding that if the showing was satisfactory they would be raised. State Highway Engineer MacDonald has already announced that they will be paid at the rate of 25 cents per hour starting this week. As yet the men have not started on the road building proper, they being kept busy on a number of smaller jobs for the college proper. During the present week, however, they will tackle the job of oiling dirt and gravel roads and begin cutting the north road through the college campus.

The men are enjoying the freedom from restraint and are taking hold of every job to which they are put with a will. Adams, the guard with the men, is virtually losing his job as guard and becoming merely timekeeper for the bunch.

—Read The Daily Gate City, 10 cents per week.

A. E. Johnstone, President
F. W. Davis, Cashier

Howard L. Connable, Vice President
H. W. Wood, Asst. Cashier

CAPITAL---$100,000 SURPLUS---$100,000
UNDIVIDED PROFITS---$65,000

KEOKUK SAVINGS BANK

KEOKUK, IOWA

Does a General Banking Business---Interest Paid on Time Deposits and Savings Accounts---Boxes for Rent in Our Safety Deposit Vault---Open Saturday Evenings from 7 to 8 O'clock : : : : : : : : : :

DIRECTORS:

A. E. Johnstone F. W. Davis Howard L. Connable
B. L. Auwerda Ben B. Jewel

The Late Cy Warman

Sketch of Life of Author of Sweet Marie And His Last Poem.

NOT LONG AGO there appeared under "Pen Points" in the Los Angeles Times a statement to the effect that Cy Warman had been wrongfully accredited with the authorship of "Sweet Marie." True, says the writer, the poem, of itself, is "not much" as far as poetic merit is concerned—yet it is beautiful in sentiment and soulful inspiration—but it "caught on," and from a monetary viewpoint it was "very much such."

The writer had a letter from "Cy" soon after he arrived in New York City. He said that the little poem, such as it was, had been set to music by Raymond Moore and published by the Manhattan Publishing company, on the financial basis of thirds. At the time of writing sixteen weeks had passed since the publication of the song, each of the trio having received $16,000 as his pro rata of net receipts.

As there are many persons who still have a warm place in their hearts for the sweet, simple, sentimental ballad "Sweet Marie," they will be somewhat interested in a brief sketch of the author who crossed the great divide April 7, 1914.

Cy Warman was born in Greenup, Ill., June 22, 1855, and was educated in the public schools. He was "brought up" on a farm and lived the life of a farmer until 1880. In 1879 he married Miss Ida Blanche Hays, and the year following they left the farm to take up their residence in Denver. Cy began work as a railroad man; first, in the shops, then as fireman, and finally as engineer.

He gradually developed the poetic tendency, his mind ever harking back to the time when, in the little country schoolhouse, he astonished even his friends on "commencement day" by reading an original poem entitled "The Last Day of School."

After working eight years on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, he settled in Denver as editor of the Western Railway. Four years later he went to Creede, Colo., and took charge of the Chronicle. In 1893 he visited New York and was greeted as the "Poet of the Rockies."

He used frequently to write me, saying: "Keep your eye on a corner—poet's corner of the New York Sun." He was a great admirer of the noted editor of the Sun, and when his child was born he named him Dana.

At the time of his leaving the Denver and Rio Grande, he wrote of the incident that caused him to leave. One night, being greatly exhausted from overwork and long hours with little or no rest, he fell asleep while on duty with his hand upon the throttle. But his faithful old engine thundered on. Fortunately, there was a clear right-o'-way on one of those long stretches where stations are very far apart, and his fireman did not attempt to disturb him or break the silence, thinking his head was lowered in a meditative mood and yet he was "onto his job." Cy said that when he awakened and realized what might have been, he was so near a nervous collapse that, fearing another repetition, he decided to abandon the road. I cannot forget how feelingly he spoke of his engine, that great, powerful, pulsating iron horse, and yet as gentle as a child. But now he and his friend must part when he could no longer trust himself with his hand upon the throttle.

Until the time he went to New York he confined his writings almost wholly to poems, but finally turned his attention to short stories. The first of these was published in McClure's. Thereafter his rise as a story writer was quite marked.

One night he rode from New York to Chicago on a locomotive, and the next day he wrote "A Thousand Miles in a Night."

After spending some time in Europe and in the Orient, gathering data for his magazine articles, he returned to th's country and lived a year or more in Washington, D. C., after which he established himself in London, Ontario.

His first wife died in 1887, and in 1892 he married Miss Myrtle Marie Jones of Denver. It was she who was the inspiration of his song "Sweet Marie."

The last poem, which I give herewith, was wirtten in Philadelphia, but a few weeks prior to his death. You will readily observe a prophetic strain throughout the poem—a sort of prescience of his "going away."

Cy wrote this poem while at the Bellevue-Stratford, and it was read by him before the bureau of commercial economics of the Philadelphia West Branch Y. M. C. A.

As a poem it is far superior to the one upon which his fame rests. There is something in it for all of us as each day brings us a day's journey nearer to "life's terminal."

WILL THE LIGHTS BE WHITE

Oft, when I feel my engine swirl,
As o'er strange rails we fare,
I strain my eye around the curve
For what awaits us there.

When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown at night,
I look along the line to see
If all the lamps are white.

The blue light marks the crippled car,
The green light signals "Slow."
The red light is a danger light,
The white light, "Let her go."

Again the open fields we roam,
And when the night is fair
I look up in the starry dome
And wonder what's up there.

For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die.

Swift towards life's terminal I trend,
The run seems short tonight;
God only knows what's at the end—
I hope the lights are white.

A Long Felt Want.

Omaha Bee: Before Luther Burbank quits he ought to breed us a self-exterminating dandelion