

THE GATE CITY PUBLISHED BY THE GATE CITY COMPANY

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Keokuk, Iowa ... November 23, 1914

ALL ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD. All along a country road the whirling leaves are borne. The dewdrops decked the valley and the autumn kissed the morn. All along the country road The gypsy winds were sweet, And, Oh, the dancing of the leaves Sent tingles to my feet.

A sedge lark rose with that quaint cry the sedge lark gives. t be Across the harvest of the corn a winged translucency. A partridge drummed on rising wing And a bunny skimmed ahead; All along the country road Went my heart comforted.

October came with all her smiles with August by the hand, And after them tripped merry June as if to join the band. What empires dawned in visions green, What Aprils lit my eyes As there I crowned my love the queen Of the rose of Maytime skies.

All along a country road the seer leaves flew and danced, And in and out between their shapes the sunbeams smiled and glanced. If such is autumn, sad and chill, Ah, let me lift my load Full many a mile in the soft sweet smile All along a country road. —Baltimore Sun.

NO PAPER THANKSGIVING DAY. Following the usual custom, there will be no issue of The Daily Gate City Thursday, November 26, Thanksgiving day.

We are a peaceful people, a christian people. Everybody admits it. Yet the nation's reputation is sorely jarred by an American back from Europe who boasts of having given cigarette coupons as real money to a Russian princess who befriended him.

An employe of a bank in Harlem, N. Y., swiped a package of \$9,432 from the bank and hid it in his cellar. Possession of the stolen was brought on nervous prostration, exposure, recovery of the money, and the jail. The moral is visible to all who need it.

George Fred Williams of Massachusetts, recently American minister to Albania, says the Albanians begged him to be their king. But George Fred ducked. He feared the honor might have obliged him to solicit funds from his old neighbors for the poor guerillas of the kingdom.

Owing to the failure of Americans to come across with the money, Italy is reaching for it by other means. Recently a fine of \$2,200 was imposed on an American steamer for not arriving on schedule time. No other medium of exchange, no other tourist, looks half as good to Italians at home as the American check and the man behind it. Great Caesar's ghost, how they grapple for both!

The area of California, 158,297 square miles, is approximately equal to the combined area of Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Albania, Montenegro, Belgium, and Turkey in Europe. The population of California, according to the latest census, was 2,377,000, as against 28,532,000 for the European countries named. Of California's total area, it is of interest to note that 70 per cent has already been topographically mapped by the United States Geological Survey.

Because of urgent demand, there will be two summer sessions at Iowa State college next summer for training teachers in agriculture, home economics and manual training, instead of one as in the past. The first session of six weeks will run from June 14 to July 23 and the second from July 26 to Sept. 3. Last summer nearly 700 attended; this year there is every prospect that the number will be doubled. The state board of education therefore deemed it advisable to authorize two sessions instead of one. That will accommodate more teachers and also make possible better work at the session.

MONEY FOR RURAL SCHOOLS. One farmer with a cheap automobile has more invested in that one piece of mechanism than the average rural community as a whole has in its public school plant; and the owner of the auto frequently spends as much on the upkeep of his one car as the community spends for the total maintenance of the school, including the teacher's salary. This is one of a number of significant comparisons brought out by the Hon. W. F. Feagin, state superintendent of education for Alabama, in a survey reported to the United States bureau of education.

To illustrate further the plight of the schools, Superintendent Feagin shows a dilapidated rural school in contrast with the handsomely constructed jail in the same county, costing several thousand dollars. "This jail," he says, "has sanitary drinking fountains, shower baths, clean floors, plenty of light, good ventilation, and is otherwise attractive. Could a person from the district in which this school is located be blamed for preferring the jail?" Naturally country schools make little appeal either to pupils or teachers, under existing conditions. Pupils drop out and teachers move. Out of 5,423 pupils entering the first grade in the schools inspected in the Alabama survey only 60 completed the work of the fourth year of the high school. Of the teachers, 76 per cent are holding their present positions for the first time. Of the remainder 18 per cent are teaching their second session in their first school, and only 19 per cent have stayed more than two years in the same place.

The Alabama survey was an attempt to provide a definite background on facts on which to base a campaign for improvement. The controlling purpose of the investigation was not to establish an opinion or theory, but to find out the truth. The survey was not made by outside specialists imported for the occasion, but by regular officials of the state education department, who selected three typical counties and personally visited the schools. The results will be used for definite improvement in the schools of the state.

"The conditions found are by no means peculiar to Alabama," declares Dr. Claxton, U. S. commissioner of education. "They can be duplicated anywhere. In Tennessee a few years ago, for instance, inquiry revealed that in several counties the cost of the county jail was greater than the total cost of all the school houses in the county, and in more than half the counties of the state the cost of court house and jail together was greater than that of all the school houses, while in a majority of the counties the average annual salary of the teacher was less than the cost of feeding a prisoner in jail.

This Alabama survey is conspicuous because it is a carefully drawn picture of the traditional public indifference to the problem of adequate support for schools in rural communities. We still spend much more for luxuries—even harmful luxuries—than we do for education. Until a community spends at least as much for education as it does for any one of the material necessities of life—food, clothing, and shelter—it is not doing its full duty."

APPRECIATION. The Youth's Companion makes an earnest plea for an "appreciation league" and the idea is most worthy. Probably you have complained to the floorwalker or department superintendent when a salesgirl has been inattentive or discourteous. Have you ever gone to the floorwalker or department superintendent to say a word for the salesgirl who was exceptionally attentive and anxious to please? asks the Companion.

Very likely you have written to the general manager of the electric road when a conductor rang the bell too soon or did not notice your signal to stop. Have you ever written to tell him about the conductor who is always courteous and obliging?

If you think one act necessary at times, is not the other fair and generous? Are kindness and courtesy always to be taken for granted in small business relations among strangers, or are you readier to find fault than to express appreciation?

A man in an Ohio city has founded what he calls an "appreciation league." Its members agree to "report" employes who are considerate and courteous, to emphasize the amiable things that people do, to watch more keenly for virtues than for weaknesses and faults. The league is an informal organization; you can become a member by beginning at once to practice its principles. A simple idea? Yes, but if it could spread from ocean to ocean, what a wave of kindness and courtesy would sweep over the land!

FOREST NOTES. The town forest of Baden-Baden, Germany, yields an annual profit of \$5.25 per acre, or a total net profit of nearly \$67,500.

Outside of its use for fence posts, black locust finds its principal utilization in insulator pins and brackets for telegraph and telephone lines. One hundred shade trees will be planted by the Massachusetts forestry association in cities or towns of four population classes which win prize contests for excellence in street tree planting. The Russian government has placed an embargo on all kinds of lumber, to prevent its exportation; walnut lumber, including Circassian walnut,

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much prized by American furniture makers, is specifically mentioned.

Experiences with forest fires on the national forests this year show that automobiles, where they can be used, furnish the quickest and cheapest transportation for crews of fire fighters. Motor rates are higher than those for teams for the actual time employed, but the total cost per distance traveled and in wages paid to men in getting to fires is much less. The time saving is self evident; trips which ordinarily require two days time by team have been made by automobile in a few hours.

The December Strand Magazine.

Several important articles dealing with the European war appear in the Strand magazine for December. Conan Doyle contributes an interesting and valuable paper which he entitles "The War: A Statement of the British Case." This article clearly and convincingly explains exactly where Great Britain stands in the present European imbroglio and should be read and digested by all, whether they are pro-German or in favor of the allies. Saint Nihal Singh supplies the first of a series of extremely interesting articles entitled "Our Friends the Fighting Rajahs" and gives us some intimate character-studies, anecdotes and personal impressions of the Indian princes who have placed their armies, their services and even their jewels at the disposal of Great Britain in her hour of trial. Another article which will be read with special interest deals with Lord Kitchener. The series of papers entitled "How They Broke Into Print" reaches No. 5, the contributors being Montague Glass, Louis Joseph Vance, Mary Stewart Cutting, Emerson Hough, Irvin S. Cobb, and others. The fiction includes stories by some of the best writers of the day.

The Democratic Reversal.

Mary Sullivan in Collier's: It is idle for democrats to try to get comfort out of the returns. The vote in the main was a vote against the democrats. What moved the individual voter was the wish to register an anti-democratic vote. In all the places where the democratic reversal was greatest the cause was the tariff, Pennsylvania, with extremely good democratic candidates for the senate and for governor, polled the smallest democratic vote since 1880. It was fear about business. A large part of the public has got the idea that the administration regards business with a feeling that is much like a definite antipathy. It is not too much to say that very many business men have come to feel like men under a shadow. Corresponding to that, the workman

The Passing of Our "Bob"

From the Burlington Hawk-Eye.

Robert Jones Burdette, soldier, journalist, author, lecturer, preacher, passed away at his home at "Sunnycrest," Pasadena, California, at two o'clock Thursday afternoon, November 19, 1914.

We call him "Our Bob," because he was, and so recognized by the press and the great reading public. He began his career as a humorist upon the Burlington Hawk-Eye and was known far and wide as "The Burlington Hawk-Eye Man." He was pleased with the designation, took pride in it, and later in life secured a place for his son, Robert J. Burdette, Jr., upon the editorial staff. "I have a whim," said Mr. Burdette in a personal letter, "to have my son begin his newspaper career upon the same paper that his father did."

But while the writer, who was associated with Mr. Burdette upon the editorial staff of the Hawk-Eye looks back with pleasure upon those happy days of beginnings, and will ever cherish their precious memories, it is with sadness that he has come in the closing days, forty years later, to the task of recording the passing of his old-time friend and associate. The occasion demands the pen of Burdette himself to portray the emotions, the joy of reminiscence, the sorrow of the parting. Poets, authors, preachers, philosophers, and the wisest of earth have essayed tasks of similar character and occasion, yet the portrayal always falls short of desire and effort. The most indescribable phases of human life are the most real. Drummond has said, love is the greatest thing in the world; and so it is, but neither pen nor brush has ever done it justice. We pause at the verge of the grave, across which and into the far beyond the vision of faith wings its flight, but we cannot measure or weigh or estimate faith, friendship or any of the qualities of the soul. We mourn; that is well and natural. We lift our faith to a higher pinnacle, and that is better.

When Mr. Burdette came to Burlington to take up his work as city editor of the Hawk-Eye, its readers began to take notice of a change of atmosphere in the local news columns. The news was still there, but it was dressed up in a new garb, a quaint, and yet natural enough style. It no longer was a prosaic record of events. Glints of humor began to appear among the reporter's paragraphs, and when news was scarce, imagination met the demand for "copy," not the fiction that deceives, but the draft upon the imagination that is oftener nearer the truth than the staid, orthodox recital of facts. For Burdette's writings were based largely upon observation, personal experiences, people he met, the events of the day. These were the seed that fell in fertile soil; genius developed the growth.

Soon Burlington began to laugh. Here was something new in standard newspaper work. A few frowned; frowned because it was an innovation. What is new must be wrong. But after awhile the critics discovered under the humanizing influence of Burdette's fun and pathos, that they themselves were innovations; newer than their fathers and grandfathers, and that they needed the harmless spice of Burdette's humor to brighten and make more human, and therefore more useful, their lives.

Discovering early the real talent of the young man, Mr. Frank Hutton, the editor and publisher of the Hawk-Eye, soon promoted Mr. Burdette to the dignity and enlarged opportunity of a regular editorial writer and later as managing editor, a position he held until he began his career in the lecture field. While engaged in that more profitable, but more arduous pursuit, he continued to correspond for the Hawk-Eye under the pseudonym of "Roaming Robert."

Both his editorial writings and his correspondence were largely quoted by the press of the United States and Canada and gave the Burlington Hawk-Eye a more than local reputation. In 1877 Mr. Burdette's first lecture was published in a volume issued by the Burlington Publishing Company, an organization formed by citizens for that purpose. The title was "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache,

and Other Hawk-Eyetems." It included a number of short sketches and "squibs" that had been published in the Hawk-Eye. The book bore this inscription: "To Frank Hutton, Editor-in-Chief, and My Associates on the Hawk-Eye, in happy remembrance of our pleasant fellowship this volume is inscribed."

The preface was characteristically Burdettish: "The appearance of a new book is an indication that another man has found a mission, has entered upon the performance of a lofty duty, actuated only by the noblest impulses that can spur the soul of man to action. It is the proud boast of the profession of literature, that no man ever published a book for selfish purposes or with ignoble aim. Books have been published for the consolation of the distressed; for the guidance of the wanderer; for the relief of the destitute; for the hope of the penitent; for uplifting the burdened soul above its sorrows and fears; for the amelioration of the condition of all mankind; for the right against the wrong; for the good against the bad; for the truth. This book is published for two dollars per volume." R. J. B.

Not unlike Mark Twain, Burdette often lends his readers up to surprise; sometimes through pathos to a sudden glint of humor; and at other times through humor and laughter, suddenly debouching upon a plain of more serious thought and wholesome conclusion. In all his wit and humor there is a marked absence of the coarseness and irreverence which some humorists have seemed to regard as essential, or at least permissible. The cleanness of Burdette's writings will strengthen the permanency of their popularity.

Mr. Burdette had a charming personality; genial, sprightly, bubbling over with the pleasantries of life. He was a fine conversationalist, and had an inexhaustible stock of anecdotes, good stories and funny personal experiences which he used with prodigality and always with remarkable pertinence to the subject of conversation. His demeanor was natural, unaffected, and his very nature gave the impression of good will and good fellowship for all who came in contact with him. His fun was never forced; he was like the little boy who was reprimanded by the teacher for whistling in school. "I didn't whistle," said the lad, "it whistled itself."

When Mr. Burdette first started upon his lecture tours, still making Burlington his home, he returned frequently. His entrance in the editorial room upon such occasions was the spontaneous signal to the staff to drop all work, no matter how pressing, to greet the wanderer. A moment more and there was an epidemic of laughter as he related some of his experiences on the road, on the lecture platform, or the train, or at the station or a hotel. He was quick to discern the humorous or ridiculous side of anything and everything. As the Pasadena dispatch announcing his death quotes him: "Burdette died with the conviction that there was not only just as much fun in the world today as ever, but a great deal more—because," as he said, "there are more people in it, and people are the funniest things on this side of the grave."

After awhile Mr. Burdette removed to Bryn Mawr, Pa., where was located a fine school which he wished his boy to attend. And from there he covered the lecture field, and wrote for the press and wrought out, in part, his subsequent career as author and preacher, and philosopher of the bright side of life, even amid the sorrows that come into every life and to every fre-sighted. The citizens of Burlington, who had so deeply enjoyed Mr. Burdette's fellow citizenship regretted his removal but followed him with their best wishes, rejoiced in his success and never ceased to claim him as a Burlingtonian. And "Bob" reciprocated the good will of a city full of friends and treasured the memory of Burlington as one of the happiest periods of his life. And now we find, with Hood,

"There's not a string attuned to mirth But has its chord in melancholy."

Goodbye, Bob!

down the line is quite generally filled with fear of the loss of his job. The dislocation of family, the disturbance of ways of living caused by the loss of a job, is in most cases an individual tragedy. Nothing but the fear of this tragedy accounts for the hundreds of thousands of members of the democratic and progressive parties in Pennsylvania, who, well knowing Penrose's record nevertheless voted for him. It was merely the tariff. It was a certain apparent defiance and distrust on the part of the administration toward business under circumstances where sympathy was more called for. In fairness it must be said that much of this resentment toward the administration was misdirected, that much of the present disturbance of industry was caused by the war. But it is also true that the country feels that the present administration does not have a sympathetic attitude toward business as now organized.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ruhs are rejoicing over the arrival of a son since November 5.

Mrs. H. C. Christner was a Keokuk caller last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Vogel were in Carthage last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Koehler have moved into their new home.

Misses Mamie and Sadie Mulch were home visitors from Quincy from Saturday until Monday.

The Fairview school pupils are

planning a program and box supper to be held at their school soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hoffendick visited with relatives here Tuesday.

Mrs. Ray Webster enjoyed a visit from her mother, Mrs. Orth, of Missouri.

Mr. O. D. Wallace is on the sick list this week.

There was a shooting match at the farm of Henry Brickers November 20.

Thanksgiving will soon be with us—let us all be thankful for what we have and that we reside in the United States instead of Europe.

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Searching for Poisoner. CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—Search along the North Shore district exclusive apartments for a woman they believe can tell them how Nicholas T. Burns, wealthy marine supply dealer, came to die of cyanide of potassium poison, was continued by the police today after two days of fruitless investigation. Mrs. Eva Clemons, a pretty brunette, who was questioned by the police, said that she had not seen Burns since two weeks ago when she took a taxicab ride with him. The landlord of the rooming house where she lives today confirmed her statement that she was in her room and that no one visited her on the night Burns' body was found on Sheridan road.