

Wichita Daily Eagle

A REPORTER FOR A DAY.

REMARKABLE APRIL FOOL EXPERIENCE OF A YOUNG BROKER.

Shows on the "Street" as a "Hoodoo" and a "Jonah." He Becomes a Reporter and Strikes Blows by the Merest Chance of Fortune.

Business was dull at the offices of Mr. John Quarles, broker and general commission merchant. Business was not only dull, but it was bad. Indeed, to tell the truth, there was no business at all.

Quarles stood on the floor of the exchange. He was essaying work entirely new to him and felt nervous. One thing he wished to conceal, for a time at least, and that was his connection with a newspaper.

For his part the broker felt that the ticker tape through his hands, glanced at the quotations and listened helplessly to the rush of feet along the hallway.

John Quarles was a hoodoo. All thought so, from the president of the exchange down to the smallest messenger boy.

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There was no chance to protest or query. Boomer's lips were as white as parchment, and without saying a word he knew why. Quarles soon found himself seated in a restaurant opposite his friend.

"How's business, John?" "Not very good."

"Keep your seat in the exchange?" "Yes."

"Want a place on the elevator?" "What to do—run the elevator?"

"No, elevator would break down first trip; will give you job to write daily review of stock market; pay you \$40 a week; more if you're worth it; come round to-morrow for contract and report for duty. What do you say—yes or no?"

"Yes, but I'm afraid."

"Never mind your afraid. If you don't suit in the street I'll try you on some other line. If no good, bounce you. Nobody says longer now; he at the shop 10 sharp, good day."

Quarles thought he'd better go home. It was sufficient to meet one man a day with the vitality and snap and energy of Boomer. So in the evening, he was detailing to the "old lady," otherwise his pretty and affectionate little wife, the story of his engagement as a reporter.

Now it chanced that on the morning of the same day—March 31 to be exact—another man was idly fingering the ticker tape in his private office, and between clicks, looking out upon the sullen street. This man was not a hoodoo.

"I rather think," chuckled the great speculator, "that it's about time to put on the screws."

For some weeks the bears had been "having fun" with one of Irvington's pet stocks. When nothing else occupied their attention they would hammer down Mohawk for the sake of annoying the "old man," as they dubbed the king of the street.

quately repurchased it on buyers' option at ten days. The bears placed their cash stock on the market, and it was privately rebought by Irvington's agents.

Many of the sellers' options were about to mature, and the "old man," therefore, this afternoon of March 31, stood ready to "put on the screws." Mohawk was capitalized at 50,000 shares of \$100 each. Irvington had 48,000 of these in his hands, yet he held the agreements of speculators to sell him 65,000 shares at 98 cents on the dollar.

The "old man" dropped the tape and rang the bell. His chief clerk entered. "Mr. Bryan," said Irvington, "tell our men to jump on the boys with both feet at 11.30 to-morrow. We'll give the street something to remember April 1 by. I'm going home. Good day, sir."

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LODGE ROOM GOSSIP.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM THE VARIOUS SECRET SOCIETIES.

Something About the Official Career of Kate J. Willats, Grand Secretary of the Order of the Eastern Star—A California Woman Who Has Earned Prominence.

The gentler sex are received into the membership of some nine or ten secret societies, says The San Francisco Examiner. The number of women that have joined them run away up in the hundreds, and, having aside the prejudices that do exist against them as members of fraternal organizations, it must be conceded that the enthusiasm manifested by them for fraternal work, the good accomplished and the sustained effort on their part to keep up a high standard of excellence for the societies that they owe allegiance to, constitute a large credit entry on the fraternal ledgers. From their ranks have come women who, as officials, have attained great prominence in fraternal circles.

One of these women is Kate J. Willats, grand secretary of the order of the Eastern Star. The lady has those qualities of mind and heart that have endeared her to a very large circle of people, both in and out of the fraternal societies. She was elected to her present position eight years ago. In 1889, she was elected unanimously, and such has been the case every succeeding year.

Her first connection with the Eastern Star was as a member of Golden Gate chapter, which she joined in 1871. On the organization of the grand chapter of California in 1876 she was placed as a delegate from Vallejo, at which place she was living. She has the honor of being the first grand lecturer of the order, subsequently filling the offices of grand president and grand treasurer up to the time she entered upon the duties of her present position. Mrs. Willats moved to California in early childhood, and her career as a fraternal official has been that of a tireless worker in several societies besides the Eastern Star. The Woman's Relief corps is proud to call her a member, and she has taken high rank as a member of the American Legion of Honor and the Chosen Friends.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

Henry Grady's Name on the List of Deaths. The name of Henry W. Grady appears in the February list of deaths. He was a member of Lodge 345, of Atlanta, Ga., having joined July 19, 1878, at 39 years of age, and had paid \$283.

The February assessment notice contains 144 deaths. The deaths by pneumonia included 23; consumption, 16, and heart disease, 15. Two are reported as lost in the Johnstown flood, one of whom had paid \$253.20 and the other \$16. Only one death by suicide appears, of one who had been a member for two years and two months and had paid \$213.10. The highest amount paid was \$699, by a member 52 years of age on joining. The smallest sum was \$4, by a member in Tennessee, who joined Dec. 2nd of pneumonia Dec. 27, twenty-two days from date of initiation. One other paid \$5, who was accidentally killed by an engine eight days after admission.

Five of the deceased were half rate, and the benefits to be paid on the entire number amount to \$283,000. The total sum paid in by the deceased' foots up \$29,385.05, an average of \$204.68, and their average time of membership was 10 years. Twenty-five, including three half rate, were admitted between 20 and 30 years of age, and had paid a total of \$10,322.50, an average of \$410.90; and their average time was 6 years 9 1/2 months; 57 joined between 30 and 40, paid a total of \$10,322, an average of \$184.22, and their average time was 6 years 9 months; 69, including 1 half rate, were between 40 and 50, paying a total of \$13,864.55, an average of \$199.69, and average time 8 years 9 months; 13, including 1 half rate, were between 50 and 55, and paid a total of \$6,970, an average of \$537, and average time 9 years.

The appeal issued by the supreme officers in behalf of Mrs. Harriet Dawes produced the sum of \$1,300.75 from 628 lodges. Massachusetts contributed \$133.30; New York, \$149, and Texas, \$124.

During January and December, 1889, there were 97 dispensations in Massachusetts, against 429 for the whole year. There were also 22 final withdrawals during the same two months.

There has been an unusually large number of deaths in the Massachusetts lodges recently. From Jan. 25 to Jan. 27 inclusive, seven deaths were registered at the grand lodge office.

Past Dictator R. E. Foster has been appointed adjutant at the Soldiers' Home, Chelsea, Mass. He will still retain his position as financial reporter of Highland lodge.

A. O. U. W.

Assessments of 1889 in the Different Jurisdictions—Other Items. Supreme Recorder M. W. Sackett, of this A. O. U. W., has prepared a table showing the number of assessments levied last year in the different jurisdictions—the various states and Ontario. In California there were 23 assessments. Tennessee had the largest number, with 115. Next comes Ohio and Kentucky with 61 each. Oregon and Washington together had 35. Kansas had the smallest number with only 11. Pennsylvania had 27; Indiana, 38; Iowa, 16; New York, 21; Illinois, 19; Missouri, 19; Minnesota, 16; Wisconsin, 21; Michigan, 16; Ontario, 12; Massachusetts, 12; Texas, 20; Nevada, 28; and Nebraska, 8. Total number of assessments for the year were 491, and the average number for the respective jurisdictions was 10.16.

The supreme lodge relief fund for 1889 has been raised, amounting to \$77,700. Tennessee and Ohio are the two jurisdictions to whom the relief is to be paid. The sum due to each member is 15 cents. There will be no call sent to the subordinate lodges in New England, but the amount will be paid direct from the beneficiary fund.

Illness continued nine lodges during the year 1889.

For the entire country the gain in membership last year was about 15,000 and the death benefits paid in the same period amounted to about \$1,000,000.

Eighty-two members died in 1889, and at the close of the year there was sufficient money in the treasury to pay all death claims.

In Iowa, Highland lodge, No. 574, report the largest membership. The last yearly report credits them with 218 in good standing Jan. 1, 1890.

Ontario shows the largest gain of any jurisdiction, according to the latest official figures, having made the grand addition of 80 in one month.

Appreciated Sympathy. "Why are you gone, my poor fellow?" asked the valley of the valley of the valley. "I was so sick I can't get out, but why say—Blessed."

Why Mrs. B. Lost her Mind. Mr. Benedict—What! Alone, Miss Per? Let me take you down to supper. Miss Per—Really, you should not deprive yourself of the pleasure of taking Mrs. Benedict down.

Mr. B. smilingly—No pleasure at all. I assure you.—Lawrence American.

HURTING A STRANGER'S FEELINGS

He Did What He Promised and Tried to Lift It.

There were probably a hundred people in the old island house in Toledo when a tall, thin man, who might have been 40 years old and did not look to weigh over 40 pounds, who had a rope harness on him, passed around the waiting room and said: "I am going to give an exhibition of strength outside the building, and shall expect the small sum of a dime from each looker-on. I am going to attempt to raise a dead weight of two tons."

All the men and quite a number of the women went out, and enough townspeople came down to make a crowd of three hundred. The thin man passed around through the crowd and took up a collection, and he must have had an average of ten cents for every one present. When he had pocketed the money he approached several large gristmills lying in a heap and chained together and announced: "Ladies and Gentlemen: I thank you a dead weight of 2,000 pounds. I shall attempt to lift it."

An iron log in the harness was hooked into the chain slinking the gristmills, and the thin man began to straighten up. He was encouraged and applauded by the crowd, but the strain he put out would not have raised fifty pounds. He kept at it three or four minutes, and then unhooked and backed off, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, it's no use; I can't do it. I have tried and failed."

"See here—this looks like a fraud!" exclaimed a man who had chipped in a quarter. "Oh, don't say that!" sorrowfully replied the thin man. "You all saw me try."

"But you let us believe you could lift 2,000 pounds!" "Well, I was in hopes I could. I really wish I could, but I don't believe I ever can."

"That's pretty damn thin!" growled red whiskers, "and I'm a good mind to give you a taste of my law."

"Oh, please don't! I tried my best, and when a man has done his best such talk hurts his feelings. You don't know how badly I want to lift 2,000 pounds."

"I believe you are a fakir."

"A fakir! Hear him, ladies and gentlemen! Because I am as strong as a dry horse he calls me a fakir! This is too much! I am used to adversity, but this breaks me."

And he sat down on the 2,000 pounds of gristmills and went like a child—wep until the crowd scattered, and he could get up his \$30 without being kicked.—New York Sun.

A Modest Man.

A thin, careworn looking man, having a pencil and tablet in his hand, called at a house on Second avenue the other day, and said to the lady as she opened the door: "Madam, I am canvassing for subscriptions for a poor family. Will you put your name down for a small sum?"

"Is it a worthy family?" "Yes, indeed."

"Do you know them personally?" "No, madam."

"And they are really in need?" "They certainly are."

"Very well—I'll give you a quarter."

She put her name down and handed him the money, and he had reached the gate when she called him back and said: "Madam, I am canvassing for subscriptions for a poor family."

"Exactly, madam. It is my family, but modesty forbade me to say so. I am not one who seeks to push himself forward, though I would doubtless get along better if I was. Thank you, madam. I know the family, and I assure you it is all right—all right!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Trade Combination.

"Why don't you go to work?" she asked of the tramp.

"I'm a working lady."

"No matter for that, mum, I'm a-working as a traveling agent for a soap firm. I'm the 'Before Using' card, and my partner around the corner represents the 'After Using' end of the combination. Thank you, mum."—Philadelphia Times.

A Mean Man.

Jarrett—Peterson is absolutely the meanest man I ever met. Do you know what that fellow did when he was married?

Jarrett—What? Declined to be the minister.

Jarrett—Fee the minister! Why, sir, the usher took up a collection at the wedding!—Life.

Two Motives.

Greer—I have always believed in fair dealing. My motto in life has been "Live and let live." Can you find one that will beat that?

Soap Manufacturer—Yes; I've got one that lays all over that. My motto in life has been "None other genuine."—Judge.

Human Nature.

She—Indeed, it's not so easy thing for a girl to get a husband. He—Why, a pretty girl can make her choice of four out of every five men she meets. She—But it's the fifth that she wants.—Life.

The Decorative Craze. Put away the little old hat that our darling forbids fall would decorate it with devices queer and quaint. Hide the dust on the wall, and like-wise the garden hose from them with the fly and the rose. Wash the dishes in the morning with the wooden chopping block. To connect the morning's heated bed with the next morning's bed, use the wooden chopping block. To connect the morning's heated bed with the next morning's bed, use the wooden chopping block. To connect the morning's heated bed with the next morning's bed, use the wooden chopping block.

Queen of Spain.

María Christina, the widowed queen of Spain, who rules as regent during the minority of her infant son, has a kind heart. Upon the death of the sister of Castelar, the Republican leader and orator, the queen, knowing how close was the intimacy that had existed between them, sent the following message by the president of the council: "Tell Señor Castelar that I forget that he is the head of the Republican party, to remember only that he is a national glory, a great orator, an unrivaled artist, and that I share his sorrow as a Spaniard and as a queen."

A Spanish poet waded war against the queen's regency so bitterly that at last he was tried, condemned and exiled. Being dependent on his pen for his livelihood, his wife and children left behind were soon reduced to poverty. For their sake he solicited the queen's pardon. It was granted at once and he returned to Spain. He then begged the favor of an audience that he might express in person to the queen his gratitude, and was graciously received by her for a few kind words, the queen suddenly said: "You are not very rich, senior; literary men of genius rarely are, and you have a large family, I am told."

"I have six children, your majesty."

"Six? I thought you had more."

"From that day," writes the author of "Cosmopolitan Recollections," "the three daughters of the poet were educated at the regent's expense, under her own personal supervision, and scarcely counts one loyal subject more."—Youth's Companion.

Women in the Treasury Department.

There are a greater number of clerks employed in the treasury than in any other department, and more women are at work there than elsewhere. A Miss Douglas was the first woman to be given a position. This was in 1851, Secretary Chase, during Mr. Lincoln's administration, having been the first officer to suggest the appointment of women. Miss Douglas was put to cutting money, and handled the scales so well that regular appointments were made in 1869. In 1864 congress passed a bill raising the amount to \$400. But soon after this a machine was invented for cutting the money, which made it unnecessary to employ manual labor. Time the ladies were given the work of counting money, and led were employed in this way until the fractional currency was discontinued, and these women were gradually discharged until only about forty now remain.—Cor. New York Press.

Great American Collections of Orchids.

The most extensive, select and valuable private collection of orchids in this country is that of Mr. F. L. Ames, of North Easton, Mass.; it is worth about \$300,000. Mr. W. S. Kimball, of Rochester, has a collection worth about \$125,000, and the collection of Mr. Everett C. Johnson, of Albany, is probably worth nearly as much. Among other gentlemen who have large and choice collections of orchids are Professor Marsh, of New Haven; Mr. John Eyerman, Easton, Pa.; Mr. Charles Drissell, Philadelphia; Mr. D. Brown, St. Louis; Mr. H. Drayton, New Orleans; Mr. E. T. McFarland, Cincinnati; Mr. W. H. Chadwick, Chicago; Mr. De Witt Smith, Lee, Mass.; and Mr. Hicks Arnold, of New York city. Besides these, however, almost every one who has a greenhouse grows orchids more or less.

Among commercial florists, Fitcher & Mandel of Short Hills, N. J., have the largest and most valuable collection in the country; it is worth considerably over \$100,000.—New York Sun.

Too Old to Learn New Tricks.

It is indeed a hard task to instill the latest fads of fashion into the every day life of the old timer who likes the old ideas best and who hates to break away from them. It was a Michigan lumberjack millionaire who sat down to his dinner table long ago and noticed the absence of the good old silver cator that had graced the center of the board for years and years. He could not see it anywhere and he asked his eldest daughter what had become of it. "Why, papa," she said, "you know that cator is not used at all nowadays. Small bottles are placed about the table instead." For a few moments the old gentleman regarded his stylish daughter sternly. Then he said: "You just ring the bell there and order up the cator. I've been used to a cator all my life and I'm too old to make a fashionable change now." The daughter saw that there was no help for it, so she ordered the servant to get the cator into the ring again.—Chicago Herald.

Lamb Talks Wordsworth Down.

How rarely he pardoned Wordsworth's claims, based on his having that "other poet" might have equalled Shakespeare if they cared! "Oh, here's Wordsworth says he could have written 'Hamlet' if he had had the mind. It is clear that nothing is wanting but the fact and the fact can be well again. This does not exactly sound with the present views. Looking around his stage he discovered a lot of mackerels which he thought might easily be converted into oaks.

"How much for mackerel?" he asked.

"Five dollars a lot," replied the merchant.

"Well, if you had no objection, I'd like that lot for your subscription."

"All right, mackerel," said the merchant, "but you're welcome to anything in the store to the amount of \$5; but though mackerel are famous for making a man fat, I wouldn't advise any other man with me if I were you."—Lancaster Journal.

THE WICHITA OVERALL AND SHIRT MANUFACTURING CO., MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF Overalls, Jeans, Cassimere and Cottonized Pants; Dark Lined Coats and Vests; Fancy Flannel and Cotton Overalls; Canton Flannel Undershirts, Drawers, Etc. Factory and Salesroom 139 N. Topeka, Wichita. Correspondence Solicited.

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When ordering state WHAT form is wanted. RED MEN.

Past Sachem William H. Barkley, of Fort Hunter, N. Y.—Notes.

Among the prominent Red Men of New York state may safely be classed Past Sachem William H. Barkley, of Schoharie Tribe, No. 125, Fort Hunter, N. Y. Bro. Barkley was first to agitate the question of starting a tribe of Red Men in Fort Hunter, his native town—and when Schoharie tribe, No. 125, was organized, he was elected its first prophet. He has been repeatedly elected prophet for the tribe time. His belongs to no other organization except the Red Templars, and is undoubtedly a rising Red Man.

The order throughout the great reservation is in a very prosperous and enthusiastic condition. The Great Council of New Jersey has gained 80 members the past great year.

Many of the chief's leagues in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and elsewhere are circulating propositions to take out chapters as the growth of the tribe has been so phenomenal that the great council for trial of the national league.

Not Good for Shingles. Parson Brown, who finds a joke, though it be at his own expense, is fond of relating his experience in circulating an subscription paper for the purpose of raising funds to "single a church. Among others he called on an merchant who was a liberal man where the chapter is presently, in the present instance he subscribed \$5. Shortly afterward the merchant, having had occasion to pay out all his money that day, informed the merchantman of the fact and invited him to call again. This did not exactly sound with the present views. Looking around his store he discovered a lot of mackerels which he thought might easily be converted into oaks.

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Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars. COLORADO SHORT LINE. The Shortest Route to St. Louis.

5-DAILY TRAINS-5. KANSAS CITY TO ST. LOUIS. Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars. Free Reclining Chair Cars.

H. C. TOWNSEND. TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful excess, early decay, watery weakness, loss of memory, etc., will find a reliable remedy in the celebrated "WILLAMANTIC SIX-CORD SPOOL COTTON." It is the best food for the weak, and strongly recommended to all aches, pains, and aches of the SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

34 Union Square, New York City, Aug. 31st, 1889. After a series of tests at our Elizabethport factory, extending over a period of several months, we have decided to use the WILLAMANTIC SIX-CORD SPOOL COTTON, believing it to be the best thread now in the market, and strongly recommend it to all agents, purchasers and users of the Singer Machines.

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