



FOOLED A. BROTHER, EDITOR.

How The Chicago Morning News Got Its Press Franchise.

CHICAGO, May 15.—That The Chicago Morning News now enjoys the benefit of an Associated Press franchise is due to the shrewd work of its former editor, Mr. Medville E. Stone.

"Tell you what I'll do, Stone," he remarked. "If you caught Storey to sign that paper The Tribune will consent to your having a franchise."

Mr. Stone went away and Uncle Joe turned to his business manager, who was present, and remarked with one of his dry chuckles: "Guess that settles him, Cowles. If he goes in The Times building old Storey will have him thrown out."

Then Mr. Medville poked his grip sack and went to New York with peace with all the world.

Next day The News hustler invaded the sanctum of The Times. He rushed through the managing editor's room and bolted into Mr. Storey's private den without permission or introduction.

The western journalist looked up with a frown.

"Who the devil are you?" he asked.

"My name is Stone. I worked for you once."

Mr. Storey brightened, and the frown disappeared. He stretched out his hand in welcome and exclaimed: "Why, of course, of course, Leander! I ought to have remembered you. But I was deep in thought, my boy, deep in thought. What can I do for you?"

The situation flashed over the visitor's mind in an instant. He had heard as a rumor that Mr. Storey was failing mentally. He now was sure of it, for the old gentleman had mistaken him for a favorite employee of former years named Leander Stone, who had experienced religion, abandoned daily newspaper work and become proprietor of a denominational weekly.

"Well, Mr. Storey, a paper devoted exclusively to church affairs doesn't seem to prosper, and I want to publish a little news also. Now if I can get an Associated Press franchise I will be all right. Mr. Hering and Mr. Nixon have consented, but Mr. Medville will not sign unless you do."

"How now, eh? Give me that paper," and down went "W. F. Storey" in the bold, peculiar hand so well known to heads of departments on The Times who failed to do their duty and received the "red hot scorings" for which their chief was noted.

"There," he said, handing it back, "now go and make Medville put his name below mine. The old cuss always has to follow me, even in writing his name. Glad you dropped the gospel line, Leander. Give the people the news, and give it to 'em with ginger in it. They'll love it, my boy; they'll love it."

Mr. Stone escaped as quickly as he could. He flew by Managing Editor Snowden like a streak and in two minutes was heading for The Tribune office.

"Where's Mr. Medville?" he asked on entering.

"Gone to New York," Mr. Cowles replied.

"Well," was the comment, "you'll do just as well. You heard our conversation yesterday. You know the agreement, and I want your signature to this document as representative of The Tribune company."

Mr. Cowles demurred, but in the end consented, and by midnight Mr. Stone had paid his cash and secured his franchise.

"I've done something," he remarked to his chief lieutenant, "that'll make old Joe Medville's heart sore. I've given my consent to Leander Stone's purchase of a press franchise."

"Do you mean the man who was just here?"

"Yes."

"That wasn't Leander Stone. That was Mr. Stone, of The News, who has been abusing you day and night for the last six months."

Eyes and countenances say that this intemperate nearly effected Mr. Storey's permanent cure, both mentally and physically. He forgot his harness, and pranced about like a caged wild animal. He forgot the slight paralysis of his tongue, and cursed in the choice, copious and cultured manner of whom he chanced to gaze, and threatened to make the elevator boy managing editor. The gust passed, and he bowed his head and wept.

It was a pitiable spectacle of a strong man in his dotage. CHARLES ALLEN.

An Irreverent British Subject.

That was a queer experience which Queen Victoria underwent the other day as she was being driven from the railway station to Windsor castle. An elderly female broke through the police cordon and rushed after the royal carriage shrieking out that she "must speak to the old woman."

The unfortunate stranger was arrested and locked up on a charge of intoxication, but her majesty's nerves received a shock from which they did not recover for at least twenty-four hours.

Senator Hearst and His Horses.

Senator Hearst is extremely devoted to his horses and, besides his racing stable, of which he will have thirty representatives east this season, he keeps five noble animals in Washington. Four of them, two blacks and two bays, he drives alternately to his carriage, while the other is for his personal riding.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The Standard Oil king, John D. Rockefeller, was a newspaper reporter a quarter of a century ago.

Erwin Booth telegraphed no allusions to or conversations about J. Wilkes Booth from any source in his hearing.

Professor George Ebers, the Oriental scholar, has blue eyes and blonde hair and

beard and looks decidedly Teutonic. He is a paralytic, but does a great deal of work.

Mr. George Payne, state coachman to the queen, has recently retired after fifty-three years spent in the service of her majesty and a previous period in that of William IV.

The body of the late Junius S. Morgan, who died at Monte Carlo and was buried at Hartford recently, was conveyed from Monaco to Havre by a special train at a cost of \$8,000.

Gen. Caprioli, Bismarck's successor, is a bachelor who exhibits no fondness for the fair sex. He is a strikingly handsome man, and bears a strong resemblance to Bismarck in height and physique.

The author of the "Passion Play," M. de Harancourt, is a marquis of undoubted nobility. He was one of the four nobles of Lorraine before it was annexed to Germany, who were dubbed the "Quatre Chevaux."

Frank Jackson, of Sampsonville, Erie county, Pa., can place his arms against a wall and reach 7 feet 11 inches. He has remarkably long arms. Jackson is six feet high. The best reach heretofore on record is seven feet.

Hiram Powers' studio in Florence, where he worked so long, remains just as he left it. His widow is still living, a by no means aged personage, and his son, Nicholas Longworth Powers, is at work in the old place, doing almost as well as his father.

Ferdinand J. Dreer, of Philadelphia, has presented to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania a collection of 9,000 autograph letters and reliquary curiosities. The collection embraces letters of revolutionary interest and the signatures of distinguished men and women of the last 130 years.

Gen. Fremont is living on Staten Island in great retirement. But he is apparently good for many years yet. His form is erect, and his eyes have the same flash as when he crossed the Rockies and wrote those enchanting reports which, scintilla true as they are, have all the freshness and vigor of romance.

Dr. Hans Von Bulow has written the following sentiment in the visitor's book at the Casino, New York: "There are but two places in the world where I have found and realized the dream of theatrical model performances, Bayreuth, for Wagner's music dramas and the Casino for Offenbach's burlesque operas."

Lord Roscher has become the possessor of the original drawing of Punch's famous cartoon, "Dropping the Pilot." He is, by the way, said to be a great admirer of two men, Napoleon Bonaparte and Bismarck. He disapproves the methods of both, but admires their aims. He is, moreover, the one as a soldier and statesman and the other as a statesman.

When M. Saint-Saens disappeared so mysteriously from Paris recently he went to Las Palmas, where, under the name of Dr. Charles Sannois, he passed himself off for an Englishman. His identity was at last discovered because of his musical performance. He ran away thus simply to get rested and restore his health, and in this he succeeded.

Dr. William Moon, of Brighton, England, the wonderful blind man whose affliction has been the cause of innumerable good deeds, will shortly be married, through his promoting the circulation of books printed in embossed type, was recently presented with a handsome chiming clock, a clock for \$1,250, and a testimonial. The occasion was the fiftieth anniversary of his work on behalf of the blind.

FACTS ABOUT GLUE.

The tensile strength of a square inch of solid glue has been found to be 4,000 pounds.

The strength of common glue for coarse work and to stand the weather is increased by adding a little finely powdered chalk.

In gluing up work the surface should be made perfectly clean, smooth and dry, and the glue should be applied as hot as possible.

Glue is obtained by boiling down the horns and sinews of various animals, the older they are the stronger being the glue produced.

Glue dissolved in skimmed milk, in the proportion of one pound of glue to two quarts of milk, is said to resist moisture with great effect.

Good glue should be very hard in the cake, and when held up to the light should be of a transparent, yellowish-brown color, free from cloudy or black spots.

With glue which had been frequently melted, with occasional additions of fresh glue and water, the adhesive power was reduced from 350 to 500 pounds to the inch.

A glue for outside work is often made by grinding as much white lead with linseed oil as will just make the liquid of a whitish color, and strong, but not too thick.

The internal adhesion of the fibers of a piece of Scotch flax or jute dry and seasoned was found to be 562 pounds to the inch; therefore, with fresh made glue the wood would have parted before the glue.

Marine glue is made of one part of India rubber, twelve of mineral naphtha or coal tar, gently heated and mixed, and twenty parts of powdered shellac. It is then poured out to a slab to cool, and in using must be heated to about 250 degrees.

A glue said to be proof against both fire and water is made by mixing a handful of quicklime with four ounces of linseed oil, boiling to a good thickness, and drying on tin plates in the shade. It is rendered fit for use by boiling over the fire in the usual way.

Glue should be broken up in small pieces and stored in cork for three hours, and then heated up with a little water until of a uniform consistency and just thick enough to run freely off a brush in a continuous thin stream, without breaking into drops.

Ordinary glue can be rendered insoluble in water by adding to the water with which it is mixed a small quantity of bicarbonate of potash; the exact proportion must be ascertained by experiment, but for most purposes one-fiftieth the amount of glue will be sufficient.

According to experiments made by Treddgold, the adhesive force of fresh made glue, cementing together two pieces of dry ash, when being left for two days or more, was found to be 715 pounds to the square inch, and the pressure being applied gradually, and the surface separated being found on examination to be not entirely covered.

ROYAL FLUSHES.

Queen Christine, of Spain, is 31 years old. She is said to be the most popular queen the nation ever had.

BEAUTY WITH BRAINS.

SOME NEW YORK WOMEN WHO ARE BOTH WISE AND WINSOME.

One Writes Books, a Second Edits a Paper, and the Others Hope to Achieve Success on the Stage in Various Roles. How They Live and Look.

(Copyright by American Press Association.)



MARQUISE CLARA LANZA.

In selecting half a dozen New York women of acknowledged fairness of face and intellectual vigor I thought first of the Marquise Clara Lanza, a well known woman of the world, the heroine of a romantic marriage and the author of half a dozen clever novels and innumerable book reviews and letters on current topics. In a sunny, second story room in one of the brown residences on the streets running close to the upper portion of Central park I found her. She is a decided blonde, indeed, her fluffy hair, lying in short, boyish locks against forehead and neck, could scarcely be a paler yellow, her skin of a more unvarying pallor. She has lovely eyes, of a rare, bluish gray, and regular features, but her charm lies chiefly in the nobility of her expression, her sympathetic, breezy manner and a refreshing lack of affectation. It is much in these days of artistic postures to meet a woman as simple and winning as this young matron.



QUINA VASCO.

Literature with her is neither a fad nor a makeshift to kill time. There was nothing of caprice in her appearance or surroundings. She was seated at a large writing table, as modestly business like as a lawyer who is blessed with a multiplicity of briefs, and quite alone except for a Chinese dog of most alluring ugliness, which "shivered and shook" on a mat at her feet. In this dainty library she the marquis writes systematically from 10 until 1. For breakfast an egg and a cup of strong coffee are all she finds necessary for the support of an active imagination and a plump, shapely body, but to use her own expression, she "lets all she can get at luncheon." Her last book, "Evelyn's Transgression" is a realistic study of the artistic bohemia side of New York life, drolly and amusing, and abounding in exquisite sea pictures of chance bits of city life and coloring.

For absolutely flawless beauty few women in New York can compare with Quina Vasco, the young society woman who, strictly speaking, makes her debut in the fall in the stock company of the Madison Square theatre. Her photograph gives but a meager idea of her tropical, brunette loveliness. Her Greek profile alone will



MME. DE FONTENILLAT.

attend the critics' pens travelling eastwardly. As if nature had not been over loving in giving her a face of such bewildering beauty, she is tall, exquisitely rounded, slanting, and graceful as a young palm. Her manner is in keeping with this attractive ensemble, her voice of liquid and penetrating sweetness. Withal she has undoubted talent for the profession she has chosen. This promise in cold black and wild, wavy tresses, whereas it is only the simple truth.

There was a stir in New York society about a year ago when Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's sister wedded M. de Fontenillat, during a holiday in Europe. The marriage, like so many others between American belles and impoverished foreigners, was a failure, and now Mme. Julia de Fontenillat never sees her wretched husband. She is bent on carving a fortune in the way her talents direct, and will soon be seen behind the footlights. Mme. Fontenillat is her master, and he considers her a most promising pupil. In delicate comedy Mme. de Fontenillat is strikingly good. Following the example of most society women who step almost from the drawing room to the stage she will appear in a new play, specially written for her. She has a character face, what artists are fond of calling a "type," and theatrical people a "fine stage face." A profusion of silky, golden hair

Contrary to precedent, "Emily," said the congressman sharply to his daughter, "that young scoundrel of a Hankinson must have here again last night. These two easy chairs are uncommonly close together. Your night after he have put them back in their places after he left."

"Father," replied the imperious young woman, "I arranged the furniture of this apartment last evening to suit myself. If you don't like it you can replace it as it was before. It is not the province of the wicker party to make a rearrangement."

And she swept haughtily from the room.

JOURNALISTIC ETHICS.

WALTER WELLMAN WRITES OF THE CODE OF THE PROFESSION.

It is Unwritten, but Every Self-Respecting Experienced Newspaper Man Knows It and Follows It—Some Instances of Good and Bad Journalism.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, May 15.—Is there such a thing as newspaper ethics? This is a question which a series of events have brought to the front in Washington. First, a number of the ancient and proper senators thought the newspaper men had no right to send out accounts of the proceedings of the senate in executive session, and they had an investigation which cost a good deal of money and resulted in a fine old farce. Then there came up the Cleveland-Dana episode in New York, which all the newspaper men and the man of Washington took the keenest sort of interest in. Finally, the press gallery committee, composed of newspaper men and elected by newspaper men, concluded to discipline a young correspondent who had made the mistake of sending out a brutal dispatch about the habits of a distinguished statesman. Perhaps nothing would have been thought or said of this incident but for the peculiar circumstances surrounding it. The scene was laid at the funeral of Senator Beck in the senate chamber.

According to the dispatch the statesman in question, who was a member of the funeral committee on the part of the house, staggered into the chamber, fell into a seat, sat there in a dazed condition, staggered out of the chamber when the ceremonies were concluded, fell in passing down the steps, and fell again on the railway station in attempting to board the train. This would have been brutal even if true, but it was false. While the committee of newspaper men in charge of the press gallery do not feel called upon to pass judgment on the truth or falsity of news sent out by gentlemen who enjoy the privileges of the gallery, nor to act as press censors in any sort of way, they have felt it their duty to inform the public that the corps of correspondents, of whom they are the official representatives, do not endorse newspaper invasion of private life.

Here we have the best of answers to the question and conclusive proof that there is such a thing as newspaper ethics. Journalism is a distinct profession, as is every other profession, and it ought to have its unwritten code of morals and practice. Its members are brought into intimate relationship with individuals daily in connection with important matters, and often with matters of delicacy as affecting reputation and peace of mind. The relationship which a lawyer bears to his client, or a doctor to his patient, is no more intimate or important than that which a journalist bears to the man whom he interviews or of whom he writes. If there are codes of ethics for the lawyer and doctor, there should be similar codes for the journalist. The journalist should know the morals of his profession, the amenities of his business, should always feel his responsibility and appreciate the dignity of his position, and should be able to have his unwritten code of morals and practice. Its members are brought into intimate relationship with individuals daily in connection with important matters, and often with matters of delicacy as affecting reputation and peace of mind. The relationship which a lawyer bears to his client, or a doctor to his patient, is no more intimate or important than that which a journalist bears to the man whom he interviews or of whom he writes. If there are codes of ethics for the lawyer and doctor, there should be similar codes for the journalist. The journalist should know the morals of his profession, the amenities of his business, should always feel his responsibility and appreciate the dignity of his position, and should be able to have his unwritten code of morals and practice. Its members are brought into intimate relationship with individuals daily in connection with important matters, and often with matters of delicacy as affecting reputation and peace of mind. The relationship which a lawyer bears to his client, or a doctor to his patient, is no more intimate or important than that which a journalist bears to the man whom he interviews or of whom he writes. If there are codes of ethics for the lawyer and doctor, there should be similar codes for the journalist. The journalist should know the morals of his profession, the amenities of his business, should always feel his responsibility and appreciate the dignity of his position, and should be able to have his unwritten code of morals and practice.

Here in Washington, however, where journalism is at its highest state of development in America, and that means in the world, I am happy to say that the ethics of the profession, this unwritten law, is constantly becoming better understood, and year after year is better respected. It is not enough that a Washington journalist must be a gentleman, as journalists everywhere should be—he must have a sense of honor that is keen and vigilant, not simply as a matter of policy, but of temperament and training. The days of bushwhacking journalism, of "fake" journalism, of extreme partisanism and personal journalism, and of boys all of mad dog journalism, are at an end in the Capital City. And being at an end here means simply that they are rapidly coming to an end the country over, for Washington journalism is a reflex of the journalism of the nation. It draws its inspiration and its men from the provinces, and needs, moreover, constant renewal of the energy that comes from the rural press and the men that press has graduated into the wider field.

Journalism as seen at Washington has its ethics, but I do not feel competent to tell what that code of ethics is. Probably no two working newspaper men would describe it alike. But there are certain cardinal features of it known to us all, and of these we may speak. One of them is violated by the man who is journalistic and the discipline of his fellows. The private lives of men and women are taboo subjects in the newspaper practice of the capital. If this were not so, and we all felt ourselves licensed as free lances, thousands of hearts would ache. Probably there is no place in the country where the private lives of well known persons offer such shining marks for criticism and exposure as here. I can count at a moment's notice at least a score of members of congress who live in a certain sense double lives—men who have both wives and mistresses.

If we were to tell what we know and make it a business to find out the things which we now only suspect plenty of gray heads would hold high would be humbled. Even women of the fairest fame would suffer. Luckily these are not legitimate subjects of newspaper writing. The press is constantly growing more just and more generous. It knows how to shut its eyes as well as to keep them open. I doubt if in our time another public man met the fate of poor Riddleberger. That senator was anything but a drunkard. He was simply a drinking man who occasionally let his head. When intoxicated he was ugly and willful. There are a dozen men in congress today who have the same fault, but the press deals forbearingly with them. Had it been more lenient with Riddleberger he might have met a more happy fate. But he was picturesque. The press set upon his first escapade, painted it in lurid colors, gave him a reputation which at that time was distasteful to him, and fell under the weight of obloquy thus thrust upon him. Being given the name he went in for the game and finally died of chagrin and a broken heart.

Newspaper men at Washington, as elsewhere, must keep consciences. This is one of the unwritten laws which is well understood and almost universally respected. Public men are not afraid to trust the writers. For instance, I called one recent evening on the speaker of the house. A conversation arose incidentally about some public men and measures, and the speaker talked very frankly, as is his wont. He criticized me of his own party in his characteristic savage fashion, but without reserve. He saved no request that this conversation be considered a private one—he instinctively knew that it was private and would not be printed or repeated. I could not have created a mild sort of sensation by reporting what the speaker said, but of course I did not. This brings us to another phase of modern newspaper ethics. A man must know that he is being interviewed for publication. The gentleman of the modern press does not get his interviews clandestinely. All conversations are understood from the circumstances or by express agreement to be for type or private. It is in applying this rule that one of the chief sources of trouble arises. The newspaper man is often puzzled to know what was intended for publication and what was not. That was the bone of contention in the Cleveland article in New York city. It is often the bone of contention in less celebrated cases. I am proud to say for the correspondents of Washington that the public men here find little cause of complaint in this regard. The political journalist, as a rule, not only respects confidence and is intrinsically honorable, but he exercises fine discretion in winnowing the proper and printable from the private.

Eavesdropping is also tabooed. The self-respecting journalist of these times will not hide himself away in closets, or glue his ear to keyholes. Rare stories are told of the manner in which big news has been obtained by these means, but most of these tales are of the old days. The good senators thought the Washington correspondents must have some such means of securing executive session secrets, but they were egregiously mistaken. The modern journalist will not eavesdrop, but he will deceive. He will not open another man's letter, but he will play a trick upon the other man if the man does not watch out.

This matter of newspaper ethics is sometimes very intricate and difficult to understand. The public may not be able to understand why a journalist, who would condemn listening at the key hole of a committee room door, could hire an employe of the government printing office to steal a copy of the president's message for him, but I can understand that, though I am not going to try to explain it. I would not listen at a key hole, but I would hire a printer to steal a message for me, providing the message was worth it and the printer did not come too high. Journalists have gone out of the business of stealing president's messages, but they are still eager for tariff bills. The public is already familiar with the manner in which the McKinley tariff bill found its way prematurely to the press.

A Pacific coast correspondent borrowed the copy of a member of the ways and means committee to write a paragraph from, and copied the whole bill with a force of six typewriters. That, in my judgment, was fair journalism. So was the scheme set up by a couple of bright correspondents to get an advance copy of the Mills tariff bill when the public mind was filled with curiosity concerning that measure. They knew Mr. Mills had a copy of the bill from the printing office, and that therefore the bill was in type. Their plan was to telephone the foreman of the printing office about 5 o'clock in the afternoon by the Capitol telephone that Mr. Mills wanted a dozen more copies of the bill sent to his house at 8 o'clock that evening. When the messenger arrived at Mr. Mills' residence with the package of bills one of the conspirators was to be in hiding near the door. He was to have a small package in his hand. The conspirators thought that when the messenger rang the door bell and the servant came and opened the door there would be a fine opportunity to do business. The man in waiting was to rush up just as the messenger left, ring the bell again, and when the servant came to the door in her hand, the conspirator was to hold out his little package and exclaim: "I have left you the wrong package. This is the one that belongs to Mr. Mills," and grabbing the bundle from the servant's hands beat a hasty retreat, as if trying to overtake the wagon, which by this time would be rolling down the street. In the package which the conspirator was to leave in exchange for the more precious one was to be some bills and reports, which Mr. Mills, even if he were in the house and locked them over, would not be suspicious of, as, of course, he had not expected any copies of a tariff bill and would not be suspicious of trickery. The printing office would be satisfied that it had done its duty, and next morning two enterprising journals would contain the Mills tariff bill in full, telegraphed by their agile correspondents.

The scheme did not work, for the simple reason that the printing office could not print the bills, and hence could not deliver them into the hands of the unsuspecting servant girl. It was a pretty plan, and I am sorry it did not work for it was good journalism. The true journalist will not look in another man's desk for the biggest piece of news in the world, any more than a military commander will violate a flag of truce, but your good journalist will lead his enemy into ambush when he can.

THE WICHITA EAGLE

M. M. Murdock & Bro., Proprietors.

PRINTERS, BINDERS AND BLANK BOOK MFRS.

All kinds of county, township and school district records and blank. Local blanks of every description. Complete stock of Justice's dockets and blanks. Job printing of all kinds. We bind law and medical journals and magazine periodicals of all kinds at prices as low as Chicago and New York and guarantee work just as good. Orders sent by mail will be carefully attended to. Address all business to R. P. MURDOCK, Business Manager.

J. O. DAVIDSON, President. T. H. G. FITCH, Secretary and Treasurer. W. T. BAROCK, Vice President.

DAVIDSON INVESTMENT COMPANY.

PAID-UP CAPITAL \$300,000.

DIRECTORS—John Quincy Adams, John C. Derst, Chas. C. Wood, G. A. Walker, Thos. G. Fitch, John E. Sanford, W. T. Buckner, W. E. Stanley, and J. O. Davidson.

\$5,000,000 LOANED IN SOUTHERN KANSAS. Money always on hand for improved farm and city loans.

Office with Citizens Bank, cor. Main and Douglas, Wichita, Kan.

SCALE BOOKS! SPECIAL.

Our Scale Books are Printed on Good Paper.

PRICE LIST:

Single Book \$ 75
Three Books \$ 2 00
Six Books \$ 3 75
Single Book by mail, prepaid \$ 85

Address THE WICHITA EAGLE, Wichita, Kansas.

R. P. MURDOCK, Business Manager.

When ordering state WHAT form is wanted.

L. C. JACKSON

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of

Anthracite and Bituminous Coal

AND ALL KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIAL.

Main Office—112 South Fourth Avenue. Branch Office—133 North Main Street

Yards connected with all railroads in the city

Oklahoma Blanks. Deeds, mortgages, etc. (Nebraska forms) for Oklahoma, for sale at this office. Address The Wichita Eagle, Wichita, Kan., 147 1/2

Frisco Line to St. Louis and the East. The best, quickest and most direct line from Wichita to St. Louis and all principal eastern, southern and northern cities.

The Frisco line runs two daily express trains from Wichita to St. Louis without change, equipped with Pullman palace sleepers and free reclining chair cars. No other line does it. Close connections in St. Louis with depot with solid vestibule express trains, without change, to Chicago, Louisville, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. The popularity of this line being universally acknowledged by all railroads, all passenger trains of other railway lines entering Wichita from the north, south and west arrive in time to connect with the Frisco line fast-express trains to the east.

If you cannot purchase through tickets routing via Frisco line from your starting point, it will pay you to purchase tickets in order to secure the advantages and comforts of this line.

For further information regarding rates, time, connections and through reservation of sleeping car accommodations, call agent, 122 North Main street, at Douglas avenue union depot.

Blank charters and all kind of legal blanks for sale by THE WICHITA EAGLE, Wichita, Kansas.

One of the best evidences of the superiority of Imperial and Tally Ho flour is that inferior brands are represented "just as good." They are not. Don't be deceived.

DOCTOR PURDY, Surgeon, Oculist and Aurist

154 N. MAIN ST., WICHITA, KAN.

The doctor gives special attention to the treatment of all diseases of the EYE, including the scientific adjustment of glasses to correct imperfect vision.

CATARACT removed and sight restored to many who have been totally blind. GLASS EYES straightened in one minute.

SOFT EYES cured without the use of caustics or other harmful agents. ALL EYE AFFECTIONS carefully selected and applied.

DEAFNESS—All curable cases of deafness promptly cured. GLASSES—Only those who have had a thorough training should attempt to fit glasses, lest they do the patient more harm than good. Myopia, hyperopia, headache, vertigo and seeming stupidity in children are due to defective vision and are cured at once by the application of proper glasses.

Doctor Purdy has achieved a successful little less than phenomenal as a general surgeon, treating with great success deformities, club foot, curvature of the spine, hip joint disease, white swelling, diseases of the bone, cancer, ulcers, aneurysms, old sores, hair loss, facial blemishes, skin and blood diseases, etc. Syphilis absolutely cured. Doctor Purdy was late professor of surgery in the Wichita Medical College and surgeon to St. Francis Hospital, having relinquished the above positions in order to devote his entire time to his specialties.

N. B. Superfluous hair, facial blemishes, moles, etc., removed by electrolysis. Correspondence solicited. Consultations free.

K. F. PURDY, M. D.

Keep This for Future Reference. The Fort Scott, Wichita & Western railway Missouri Pacific Route is the only running solid trains through from Wichita to Kansas City and St. Louis, leaving Wichita at 9:45 p. m. you arrive in Kansas City next morning at 7 o'clock Pullman palace sleeping and free reclining chair cars through to Kansas City and St. Louis without change. Remember if you go via the Fort Scott, Route you are not dependent on main line connections at Junction Point, but you go right through on solid trains. This is the only route where main line runs through Wichita. All trains are made up here and run through solid to Kansas City to St. Louis, it is the shortest line by forty-eight miles and two hours the quickest. Two trains daily to St. Louis and all points east. Ticket office 122 North Main street. Depot corner Second and Wichita streets.

E. F. HAZLEY, Passenger and Ticket Agent, 127 North Main street, Wichita, Kan. H. C. TOWNSEND.

G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

—Bottom Traveller.

THE WICHITA EAGLE

M. M. Murdock & Bro., Proprietors.