

Wichita Daily Eagle

Worse than Brutes.

There lives at Twenty-first and Arkansas avenues an old man named William Thompson and his family, consisting of a wife and several children, among whom is a son, Bob, about 25 years of age. On Monday night the family got into a row over some matters pertaining to the title to the property where they live, which, it seems, is in Mrs. Thompson's name.

The son, Bob, knocked his father down, who, by the way, is 60 years of age, and then kicked and stamped him in a brutal manner, the old lady in the meantime standing by and encouraging the young brute to kill his father, handing him a club to beat the prostrate man with. A neighbor who had heard the disturbance happened in just in time to prevent the using of the club. The police were sent for, but as no one would make complaint no arrests were made.

Mrs. Thompson told one of the policemen that she was endeavoring to serve the Lord and was wholly sanctified, and that she would be willing for them to arrest the old man and lock him up for fear he would murder the family.

We think the state authorities and humane society might be able to do a little missionary work in this neighborhood.

AMUSEMENTS.

BUCKING WILD.

Thanksgiving day matinee and night, "Running Wild" will be given at the Crawford Grand. "Running Wild" is a three act comedy, replete with live fun, original songs and music, and is intended to make those laugh who never laughed before. Many will enjoy the privilege of a holiday tomorrow, if you desire to laugh yourself and see others laugh, see "Running Wild."

THE MIKADO.

Was given at the Crawford Grand last night by the Carleton Opera company. The principal parts were all well taken. Mr. Carleton, however, being too ill to appear in his character of "The Mikado." Clara Lane as Yum Yum, to use an expression frequently used by her in her part of "Nanook" the night previous, was "too sweet for anything." Miss Clara Wisdom, though suffering from a severe cold, did well as "Katsushu," without doubt the most hideous character ever seen in light opera. Mr. H. C. Blake as Nanki-Poo and Mr. J. K. Murray as Pooch-Bah, were good. The hit of the evening, however, was Ko Ko by Mr. C. A. Bigelow. The audience was so much interested—a mere handful to what it should have been, notwithstanding the Mikado being on, but if appreciation and hearty laughter can make up for number, the company may feel highly complimented, the laughter was genuine and hearty (and mostly from the ladies). A great mistake was made, however, in putting on the Mikado, and to this alone may be attributed the small audience, still it is very discouraging indeed to the manager to bring in companies like the Carleton, who should have been greeted by a good house even in the Mikano.

THE COURTS.

COMMON PLEAS.

Boynett Furniture Co. vs. A. L. Steele & Son, verdict for plaintiff \$2,500.

H. Gehlhaugh vs. E. L. Cone, verdict for defendant.

James Hart vs. Wm. Mathewson, on trial.

PROBATE COURT.

Marriage license issued to Orin C. Harron and Miss Nettie Minhoff; Samuel Burges and Miss Francis Q. Hinton; E. L. Strickler and Miss Lydia Midy; H. C. Southwell and Miss Laura C. Fisher.

DISTRICT COURT.

L. M. Steven vs. E. G. Rohenstein; judgment for plaintiff for \$2,500.

Riverside and Suburban R. R. Co. vs. Frisco R. R. Co., on trial by jury.

Cases assigned for Dec. 1, 469, 467, 471, 474, 475, 478, 481.

Dec. 2—special.

Dec. 4—487, 488, 489, 491.

Dec. 4—487, 488, 489, 491.

Dec. 3—491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498.

Dec. 6—499 to 506.

Dec. 7—507 to 510.

Commencing with Dec. 9 there will be a call of 55 cases.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

W. E. K. O. P.

Wichita Division No. 2 will meet at Castle hall on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in full regalia. Dress, as this is our general meeting.

BY ORDER OF.

F. S. HOTCHKISS.

Sir Knight Capt.

MASONIC.

Elmo Lodge of Perfection No. 9 meets this evening at the hall, East Douglas avenue, at 7:30 o'clock.

E. GOLDREIB, V. M. D. A. MITCHELL, Sec'y.

WICHITA LODGE NO. 2, A. O. U. W.

Will give a social box Thanksgiving night at their hall on North Market. All the A. O. U. W. members and friends invited. Good music and pleasant evening assured.

On Friday evening, November 25, the music department of Wichita University will give its eighth recital. A musical charade, "Music in High Life," and vocal and instrumental selections, will be rendered by pupils of the department.

Regular meeting of Peerless lodge No. 271, A. O. U. W., at the old hall, come early, work in both degrees, after which an adjournment to our new hall in the old court house for social and good time.

S. DUKINS, M. W. E. L. SWENNER, Recorder.

An Apt Epit.

Doctor—The trouble with you is that you don't take enough exercise. Take more.

Blinks—Thanks. How much do I owe you?

Doctor—Two dollars. Here is your change. Much obliged. Heigho! I don't feel very well myself.

Blinks—You take too much exercise, doctor. Take less. Two dollars, please.

Street & Smith's Good News.

Avenge a Slight.

Tommy Livermore (at his brother's wedding)—I reckon when he finds that he'll wish he invited me along with the rest.—Judge

How He Won Her.

Jack (who has popped)—It takes you a long time to decide.

Sally—I know. And I've about concluded to wear a dem-trean of white chiffon over white silk, and have no bridesmaids.—Judge

MYSTERIES OF THE SAUSAGE.

Some of the Ingredients Which go to Make Up That Popular Article.

Of all articles of diet the sausage is most mysterious. Concerning the manner in which this interesting comestible is produced very little is known. It is simply necessary to consider the market price of animals and to do a little darning thereupon in order to perceive that the more ordinary grades of sausage sold cannot by any possibility be composed in a manner that would be pleasant for the consumer to understand. When you buy the product at eight cents a pound you imply a recognition of the fact that the manufacturer can hardly make a profit save by employing for his purposes materials fairly termed refuse, even if he does not set traps for stock in the cellar and on the back fence.

The forequarters of the steers used are the parts selected for the purpose, for the reason that the meat from that part of the animal is found to produce better sausages than the hindquarters, though the latter are frequently employed also. Of the hogs all parts are utilized except the ribs, which bring a good price for chops, and the part of the hog known as "heavy yard"—that is to say, calves weighing 250 or 300 pounds is made use of entire.

The first thing to do in the manufacture of the sausages is to kill the animals and cut them up. Each beast so treated, in the case of the pig, is separated into the "carcass" and the "fifth quarter." The fifth quarter consists of the head and feet, the entrails, the brain, the heart, the liver and the lungs. For many of these things most people would have no use, but there are plenty of customers who like the beef or hog brains for frying, and even the lungs for cooking in two or three styles. Tripe, which is the lining of the stomach, goes in with the fifth quarter.

The carcass remaining after the fifth quarter has been removed is divided with knives and such portions as are to be used for sausages, after remaining in the icebox for some days, are cut from the loaves and chopped into a fine hash by machines with many knives that go up and down ever so fast. After being made into hash in this way the meat is put back into the icebox, and after a second cold seasoning is chopped again.

Next it goes to the mixing machine. There are endless numbers of recipes for making, no two sausage makers using the same proportions of materials or the same seasoning. Some sausages are made entirely of pork, while others are of beef alone, but the ordinary kind are a mixture, frequently half and half, of beef and pork together. The operator in charge of the mixing machine manages this according to his formula and at the same time puts in the seasoning—salt, sweet marjoram and all sorts of spicy things.

Now it only remains to put the sausage meat thus prepared into the "cases," as the butcher calls them. These cases or skins for the sausages are the coverings of the intestines of steers, sheep or hogs. They are sometimes so long that a "case" taken from sheep will stretch occasionally nearly the length of the Center market, having been wrapped up in convolutions in the animal's body. A machine specially invented for the purpose fills these long intestinal tubes one at a time with sausage meat, forcing it in from a cylinder filled with the stuff, while others are of beef alone, but the ordinary kind are a mixture, frequently half and half, of beef and pork together.

When this has been done it only remains to tie the little knots of twine about the sausage tube a few inches apart, and the product is ready for market. German sausages are called because they are manufactured after recipes that Germans approve of, are not ordinarily divided into lengths. The speckled appearance of hog sausage, which is composed of beef only, is caused by the fat that is mixed with the meat. Blood sausage is so called because it contains not just beef or pork blood but two parts of meat.—Washington Star.

These Two Dollar Bills.

A young married man named Johnson, in Chicago, who was drawing a liberal salary, told his devoted wife that every \$2 bill that came to him should be hers for pin money. Gradually Mr. Johnson's wife began to promise, and began to promise to help out the popular young fellow. If he owed their friend anything, they invariably paid him in \$2 bills. Finally they got to borrowing from him on purpose to liquidate in this way, and still unsuspecting, Mr. Johnson continued to allow the \$2 to flow into the willing lap of his better half.

Finally the cashier of the firm that employed him learned of the generous promise, and he, too, entered the conspiracy, and the next day handed Mr. Johnson a roll that staggered him. Every dollar of it was in the denomination of "two's."

"Marry," he said, as he met her at the door, "I've got to break my promise with you, for the government at Washington has come to print any money except in two dollar bills. Gold and silver have gone out of circulation entirely. Nothing left, if you will believe me, but copper and \$3 bills. I'm sorry, but I must break my promise, or else go into bankruptcy. Can't we compromise the matter in some way, for instance, by my giving you regularly \$20 a week? That compromised.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Razors Made of Broken Bottles.

Mussel shells were, till lately, used for razors for the removal of hair, till the important discovery that a fragment of broken bottle is far more effective. Such is the case with those three islanders of the Andamans, who operated in this rough fashion on two escaped Indian convicts whose lives were spared, as they were considered desirable "young men," fit for a tribal alliance by marriage. When afterward rescued these foolish transients described their sufferings under the ceremonial laceration of the terrific and of long duration.—Exchange.

John the Baptist in Stone.

In 1665 some quarriesmen in Italy burst open a slab of marble both sides of which contained an image of St. John the Baptist, covered with the skin of a camel. Everything was true to nature, with a single exception—the saint had only been provided with one leg and foot. How, when or upon what pretext the Turks were allowed to gain possession of the wonderful relic, the writer's authority fails to state. It only adds that the miraculous problem is now in the Temple of St. Sophia, at Constantinople.—St. Louis Republic.

Jack (who has popped)—It takes you a long time to decide.

Sally—I know. And I've about concluded to wear a dem-trean of white chiffon over white silk, and have no bridesmaids.—Judge

WHY WOMEN GROW OLD.

KATE UPSON CLARK GIVES SOME VALUABLE INFORMATION.

The Fact Is That Women Do Not Grow Old So Rapidly as They Used to, but There Are Still Thousands Who Lose Youth All Too Soon.

[Copyright by American Press Association.] From time immemorial it has been asserted that women grow old far faster than men. A woman at 40, it is said, passes. A man at 40 is often handsomer than in youth, and his feelings are as fresh as at 25.

"The cases are reversed nowadays," remarked a brilliant woman at a social gathering recently. "Women are just beginning to live at 35. They scarcely attain to their belleeship till 70."

This was, of course, only a clever mot, but it could not have been made had it not been true that women were never so strong, so healthful or so happy as at present and here. They never understood so well the truth of the poet's saying:

The richest of all lands is we, And ruddy health's the richest mine.

The reason is because they have never had so much freedom as in the nineteenth century, and there is no land where this freedom is conceded so generally as in our own favored America. Freedom, in the true sense of the word, agrees with men and women, as it does with everything that grows.

But though this is true of the women of the highest culture, of those who may be called the representative women, the fact remains that there are still thousands and thousands of their sisters who are growing old long before their time. They are aging at 30; stupidly homely and uninteresting if not chronic invalids at 40; infirm at 50, and deaf, blind, or halt, perhaps dead, shortly afterward. These women may be well to do and fairly educated. They are often pious. They mean well, but they do not know how to bring things to pass. They would like to keep their youthful feelings and enjoy life at 40 as they ought to far more than at 20, but they do not know how. Very likely they do not think such a thing possible.

These women constantly adorn the outside. They apply vaseline to their wrinkles, and their crimping pins more assiduously than ever to their hair, as they see the creases and the silver threads gathering. Poor simonist! Your genuine clever woman knows better than this. She knows that you can no more beat back age with these flimsy devices than you can cure a skin disease by outward applications, or than a comet can be stopped by a paper ball. She knows that if the inside be right women will look well, as Mr. Ruskin says in ways of which they have no conception.

The New York correspondents have been lately enlarging upon the growing part which physical exercise plays in the lives of modern society women. It is the latest "fad" among this class—and it seems likely to have come to stay—to take sedulous care of the health and to develop the muscle.

The thoroughgoing, intelligent society woman of today has found out that there can be no permanent beauty without health, and also that intellect and activity are absolutely necessary if she would make herself a light in the "best circles."

Consequently our fashionable dames are attending to the body and the mind as never before. Their lives are as the mind as possible to those of their dead-and-alive prototypes of twenty years ago.

In the first place, if a woman would preserve her youthful strength and beauty she must eat regularly and plentifully, but not too heartily, of nutritious food. Our fashionable women are most substantially fed. Their food is not always of the most digestible character, but at least the pie and the doughnuts, which have slain or stultified their thousands, are excluded from their bill of fare, and the multitudinous cake of the country districts is also falling into desuetude among the best people in our cities.

In the second place, exercise is the order of the day among grand dames. They not only ride, drive and practice with dumbbells and fencing gloves, but they are walking in the open air more than ever before. They act upon Emerson's saying, "When you have worn out your shoes the strength of the sole leather has gone into the fiber of your body."

In the third place, no one can keep her youthful looks who does not sleep at least eight hours on an average out of every twenty-four. It is true that the women of society are often sitting at midnight from one ballroom to another. But, on the other hand, they breakfast at noon after such dissipations, and often deny themselves a mattress or an afternoon nap in order to take a needed siesta.

No one knows better than our astute society woman that the bewitching lights in her eyes and the dimples around her mouth, to say nothing of her complexion and of her quickness at repartee, will be hopelessly destroyed unless she takes abundant sleep, and that as regularly as she can possibly get it.

Her baths, too, are made a scientific study with the society woman, while they are too often neglected or improperly taken by her less intelligent sister.

In the point of dress only the society woman lags behind. She not only wears low necked party dresses in winter, but her clothes are usually very heavy and so tight that she looks as though she had been poured into them; but the college bred women who are thronging into our "best circles" are going to revolutionize this matter. The false standard cannot long be maintained under their keen scrutiny that the "trimness" of a woman's waist is worth more than the disposition and freedom of the internal organs, upon which the brightness of her mind, the richness of her complexion and all her freshness of feeling depend.

By fifty years more this matter will be remedied, as the matters of diet, bathing and exercise have been; for "a breath of will blows eternally through the universes of souls in the direction of the right and necessary," and women will not always think the raincoat more than the body.

A woman at 50 should be like a well preserved man of that age, just in the mellow prime of her life—gracious, philosophical, charming, free from aches and pains and ready for the travel and the social pleasures which the leisure of 50 should allow. The flightiness of youth, its crudeness and rashness all

past, the working alliances of middle life, the bearing and rearing of children, the close economy necessary for most people in order to educate their offspring, these all past also, the woman of 50 should be entering upon her happiest and most beautiful decade. Whether she shall be or not is to be decided by constant attention to those trifles in daily living which most women deem it "fussy" to consider. But if they had a fair constitution to begin with, and if they have only eaten and slept and bathed and exercised and clothed themselves properly, they may be still young at 60 or 70.

Kate Upson Clark.

FANNY EDGAR THOMAS.

Sketch of a Woman Bookkeeper Who Has Become a Famous Writer. With one first effort Fanny Edgar Thomas took a front place in the advancing army of women writers, and in five short years she has achieved a name that many might envy.

She was a young girl with ambition to earn her own living and be independent, and to that end took a position in a tiny Chicago store at \$4 a week to keep the books, address circulars, etc., and those who know her now would hardly believe



FANNY EDGAR THOMAS.

the brave struggle she made. She took a room high up in a pleasant house on the lake front, and paid so much rent for the sake of refined surroundings that she had to limit her diet to crackers and water, but she made her own dresses and was so prudent and saving that she made a good appearance on that paltry sum.

One night she was looking out of her window and watching the drawbridge with its light gleaming in the midst of darkness, and she turned to her tiny table and wrote a little story, which she called "The Turned Bridge." This she persuaded the printer who did her editing work to print for her, and she paid him by instalments. She bound the tiny pamphlets herself in Manila paper, fastened by bits of ribbon, and then set about getting it before the public.

She, who had never had a lesson in drawing, made a dozen sketches of "The Turned Bridge," and all around the edges of the cardboard she wrote such sentences as these: "Read 'The Turned Bridge' Employers look after your little bookkeepers." "Bookkeepers, see the portrait of your employers." "The Chicago young man may see himself on" such a page. "Short to read, long to remember," etc. These placards she managed to have put in windows all around, and one she got into a prominent publishing house. The proprietor returning from his lunch, seeing the crowd and finally the placard, sent for a copy of the book, and when it lay in the palm of his hand he burst out laughing. But Miss Thomas sold her whole edition of 1,000 copies, and might have sold ten editions if she hadn't been too inexperienced to know that she could have gotten out a new one.

"This little venture was followed by 'The Poor Little Girl,' which is full of the pathos of the cold loneliness of a loving young heart who tries to follow Right through all temptation, and this opened the way in the Chicago papers and now every channel is open to her.

Through this book Miss Thomas made the acquaintance of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and they are great friends. Miss Thomas has taught her little music and now she is a brilliant pianist and she has developed her beautiful mezzo-soprano voice until it is a delight to hear her sing. She has also taken up French, and speaks it quite fluently. She makes her own dresses, which are always picturesque and becoming, but she never allows a gown to cost her over \$15.

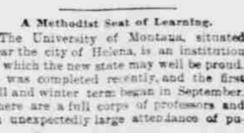
Fanny Edgar Thomas she now signs her name, but when she began writing she used the numbers 6-5-30, and she now uses them as a monogram, and intends to put them on her carriage when she shall keep one. Miss Thomas is rather tall, beautifully built, graceful and cordless. She has a thick head of almost black hair, fine dark eyebrows and lovely blue eyes, full of sympathy and kindness. Her highest ambition is to lead a life spiritually beautiful and beneficent.

I forgot to mention that when "Money Mad" was played in New York the management had Mrs. Thomas' "Turned Bridge" republished as a souvenir of the play, which, strangely enough, is about the very same "Turned Bridge."

O. H.

A Methodist Seat of Learning.

The University of Montana, situated near the city of Helena, is an institution of which the new state may well be proud. It was completed recently, and the first fall and winter term began in September. There are a full corps of professors and an unexpectedly large attendance of pupils.



FRONT VIEW OF THE UNIVERSITY.

The arrangements for the accommodation of students of both sexes, both as to class and study rooms and living apartments, are said to be excellent. The university was built by the Methodists of Montana, and its president is Rev. P. P. Tower, a divine well known in the west.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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How Cats Fight Dogs. The mastery of herself which a cat shows when, having been caught in a position from which there is no escape, she calmly sits down to face the onsets of a dog, is a marvelous thing. Everybody has seen a kitten on a street doorstep attacked by a dog ten times her size, as apparently self possessed as if she were in her mistress's lap. If she turns tail and runs down the street she is lost; the dog will have a sure advantage of her. Even the bravest cat gets up courage enough to seize her on the spot he would be able to make short work of her.

"You dare not touch me, and you know it," is what her position tells the dog. But she is intensely on her guard, in spite of her air of perfect content. Her legs, concealed under her fur, are ready for a spring; her claws are unsheathed, her eyes never move for an instant from the dog; as he bounds wildly from side to side, barking with comical fury, those glittering eyes of hers follow him with the keenest scrutiny. If he plunges into the gutter to grab her, she is ready; she will sell her life dearly. She is watching her chance, and she does not miss it. The dog tries Fabian tactics, and withdraws a few feet, settling down on his forepaws, growling ferociously as he does so.

Just then the sound of a dog's bark in the next street attracts his eyes and ears for a moment, and when he looks back the kitten is gone. He looks down the street and starts wildly in that direction, and reaches a high board fence just as the cat's tail—a monstrous tail for such a little cat—is vanishing over the top of it. He is beaten. The cat showed not only more courage than he had, but a great deal more generalship.—Boston Transcript.

Saying "Good Morning." Just how to say it is what somebody wants to know. One of our impulsive friends, however, as it all her least was in it when she meets a man who is a mere acquaintance. Shall she be surprised if the next time he is a bit familiar in his mode of conversation? Another, in her desire to be dignified, gives a rigid bow that announces her acceptance of a pleasant acquaintance, and she is surprised when she meets him next he is chiding and decidedly unfriendly in his manner.

But what to do! You will have to set the happy medium. When you incline your head give a suggestion of a smile that means, "I know you," but we don't tell any more than that. It is the place where Women are said to have won battles by the sweetest bows given to opposing generals. One should be thankful that one is not in the midst of any great battle now, except that wondrous battle of life when a smile and a pleasant greeting do more to remove the student's blocks than the way of the weary wanderer than anything else.

The "good morning" is the beginning of every day of life, and my dear girl, to say it pleasantly is to open the golden door of a day and to make all the sunshine of life seem to rest upon you and reflect upon everybody else. It is making the day pleasant, and that is a great deal. Can't you work faster and find work easier when your heart is full of that liquid of love we call "pleasantness"? Just think it over. It is worth while.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Man Who Has a Cigar Collection. "A good dinner without a cigar is like a beautiful woman with one eye," says the Spaniard.

Every one knows what a cigar is and the use to which it is put. No one will deny its widespread popularity, although some question its beneficial effects upon the human family. Yet, while postage stamps, monograms and cigarette pictures have all found enthusiastic collectors, but one man has been found to face the many difficulties attending a collection of cigars gleaned from all parts of the world.

Capt. Mike Flaherty is well known in the tobacco world and has a wide circle of acquaintances among the pipe smokers, from whom he now and again receives a present of a queer looking cigar from some foreign land, and it was this decided him to commence his present collection, which now numbers about 150 varieties of cigars, about each one of which a quaint, interesting story might be told.—New York Telegram.

Single Bridesmaids. If I had to decide for my daughter whether in view of her greater happiness she should marry or remain single, I would prefer the latter.

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Getting Rid of Hair Scaliness. Scaliness or dandruff is a hard thing to rid the head of. It exists everywhere. No head is free from it. To get rid of it you need only use a small quantity of hair oil in the water you wash your head with, and that will relieve the scaliness.—New York Journal.

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