

Daily Eagle

H. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

MUST CROSS THE OCEAN.

The way to save life, in this conflict, is to terminate it quickly. The first thing to have done was to have harrowed Havana from the face of the earth. If that was deemed to be an unnecessary destruction of life and property, the next thing is the destruction of the fleets of the Spanish navy, the only instrumentality by which Spain can continue a war against this country. President McKinley having experienced all the horrors of war and appreciating its destructive forces, proposes, no doubt, a policy which shall confine the fighting to the sea. He has issued another call, but that does not mean that he is going to throw these raw recruits into hand battles, but rather to be prepared to hold what we get, and to stand off those foreign robbers who show such a disposition to grab for a division of spoils. When Spain's fleets are found and sunk Spain is done. She will be "hors d'combat." With her squadron out of the way there remains no longer any menace to our merchant marines or any way in which Spain can disturb us. There are but three fleets in the Spanish navy, outside of torpedo boats and the like, which are useless away from harbors. Dewey has sunk one of these squadrons and Sampson and Schley are after another whose doom is inevitable. The strongest of these Spanish fleets is still at Cadix, viz: the Pelayo, the Carlos V., the Cardinal Cisneros, the Victoria, the Lepanto, the Numancia, the Alfonso XIII., and three minor cruisers. Two of these vessels are obsolete. Two others are to be added, but they are the line-steamers bought of the Hamburg company, which cannot count in a great naval engagement. With Cervera's fleet dispatched there would remain only the problem of getting the Cadix fleet to accept a challenge to fight. With the other two squadrons at the bottom of the sea the chances are that our combined fleet will be compelled to cross the Atlantic for the only opportunity of finishing up the job. Having disposed of two of the fleets, we cannot afford to wait forever for something that will never happen. With two fleets destroyed Spain will not risk the third and last one in hostile waters. In the end, therefore, it seems to us that a trip across the Atlantic with a mighty squadron is inevitable, and when that time comes, which may be very soon, Dewey ought to be here to command it. The soldiers we shall have dispatched to Manila together with the fleet already there can hold Luzon and the Philippines; with Havana dismantled and Cervera's fleet sunk, a few thousand soldiers backed by torpedo boats in its bays, can hold Cuba, and the only way to end the war will be to cross the Atlantic and at the mouth of the Mediterranean under the very shadow of Gibraltar, give all Europe such an exhibition of American prowess as those cynical spectators will not soon forget.

JERRY REDIVIDUS.

And now Jerry Simpson, the Pop prophet, having fallen down in his forecasts of events, is seeking to save his pie and bacon by demanding an appointment to the colonelcy for the only remaining regiment Kansas will probably be permitted to raise. This pensioner of a ninety-days service, who swears that he is an invalid, wants to lead men to battle in a war which he declared could never happen, and against which he voted. Seeing inevitable defeat, he hedges on something sure. He swears to the commissioner of pensions that his stomach has gone back on him, that his liver has flunked, and that his kidneys are sorely out of whack, and all through a ninety days enlistment in which he saw no service. Evidently, however, his gall remains intact. As for his cheek, that shows for itself. If he does not hold on to both his place in congress and the colonelcy, it will be because he can't. The chances are that he will. That is the Pop idea of patriotism. The Pop politician's phylactery reads: "Get office and get plenty of them while you are about it." Leedy may be afraid, but he is more afraid of losing a re-nomination for his present position. Tom Fitch promised Leedy the Seventh district on the other deal. But Jerry lives in the Seventh himself, or did from the time he left Canada until sent to congress, except for the ninety days allotted to for which he will draw a pension for the remainder of his life. It pays to be born in Canada and to run as a Pop for office in Kansas, and draw a pension, to say nothing of the cinch on a colonelcy which nets \$44 per month. Reductio ad absurdum? Not much. What of this is not history is of official record, in the pension department, at Washington, and sworn to. The Pop party may peter and Leedy, its leader, flunk, but serry-mander, thy name is Jerry, Colonel Jerry Simpson of Malden Lodge.

SOON TO COME.

It at last looks very much as if Havana, with its castles, forts, and batteries and mines, is to be specially bombarded. The government of late has not been taking the public into its confidence as to its campaign plans but there are movements which cannot be kept secret. Troops are being forwarded to Cuba. As soon as a sufficient number have been landed they will, no doubt, be entrenched in the rear of the city. With Cervera bottled up by two or three gunboats, or otherwise disposed of, the combined fleets will suddenly appear off Morro and Punta, when the ambient air of the bay will be filled with flying missiles. Tons of iron will go hurtling across its waters and jagged pieces of ponderous shells go sailing everywhere. There will be hot old times in the capital of Cuba. Fortresses will go down and earth-works go up. It will be inferno with

A Happy Result.

One afternoon—and it was a lovely afternoon, save for the sultriness which characterizes most of the days when Hattus is in the ascendant—a day-booking and well-dressed young man, with bowed head, wending his way toward Warring, a thriving New England village, when he heard some one exclaim: "Well, I declare! I had no thought of this meeting you!" Raising his head, he saw not far away a young lady—no one but her—and knew that she must be the speaker and that he was the person addressed. A mere glance at her was sufficient to assure him that she was an absolute stranger. As he drew nearer she smilingly remarked: "Though I easily recognize you of course you do not know me. My name is Hattie Ashton, and I am glad to meet you!" extending her hand toward him. Confident that she had mistaken him for another person, he immediately decided not to correct this impression, cordially grasped her hand, and said: "I need not be pleased to meet you."

WHY WHEAT IS HIGH.

"As good as wheat in the mill" is an old proverb with a distinctive meaning just at present. And it's not all war, this extra price of wheat, nor Leedy's corner, nor Armour's prediction. C. Wood Davis' former figures come nearer telling the tale. It is a case of demand and supply, of increased number of consumers and a shortage of production. The wonder is that the rise should have been so long delayed, but that is simply because it was not known how short the crops would prove in India and Argentina. The war has little to do in "boosting" prices, though with most people it is the sole reason for the excitement, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. Supplies, both here and in Europe, are the smallest for many years, notwithstanding that the United States had a crop of about 575,000,000 bushels in 1897, and that this has been marketed very freely. According to Bradstreet's and Beerhohms' estimates, there were on May 1 only 24,090,000 bushels of wheat in this country and Canada. This was 17,000,000 bushels less than one year ago, over 49,000,000 bushels less than on the same date in 1896 and 56,000,000 bushels less than in 1895. In Europe the situation is equally significant. In a comprehensive review of the market the London Statist of April 23 said that it was difficult to see whence could come supplies to reconstitute the exhausted European stocks until harvest. London ordinarily carried 2,400,000 bushels, but then it had only 680,000. In Germany the stocks were the smallest for thirty years, and for the continent, especially France, was buying much more largely than had been expected. The late sudden advances were because the world had suddenly awakened to the facts of a shortage. A few months ago, when the Indian and Argentine crops were ripening, it was thought they would easily relieve the scarcity. These crops have been a distinct disappointment. The Statist puts the Indian yield at only 248,000,000 bushels, of which only 32,000,000 would ordinarily be available for export. The high prices will draw more, and the Statist estimates the exports at 40,000,000 bushels. Three months before Argentina expected to ship 40,000,000 bushels, but it turned out that only 24,000,000 bushels were available, of which 16,000,000 had already been shipped. As European import requirements have averaged 7,344,000 bushels a week since August 1 last, and as the shortage is just being made so manifest, it can be readily seen what a vast amount will be required from now until the new American crop is available. It is safe to say that at least 8,000,000 bushels a week will be needed, and as Russia seems unable to furnish much, if anything, dependence must rest chiefly upon America, India and Argentina. The Statist well observes that if anything should happen to the 1898 crop, famine prices would result, since the world's invisible supplies have run down much more rapidly than the visible. The Statist estimates that the winter wheat crop of the United States this year may reach 400,000,000 bushels. About 390,000,000 is the accepted guess. The spring wheat may easily bring this up to 600,000,000. The chances are that it will be worth a dollar a bushel. As corn, oats and rye must sell somewhat in proportion, such prices mean unbounded wealth to American farmers and people.

Sampson should make that Moro Castle at Santiago come off the perch.

Austria has sent two warships into Cuban waters. We may have to sprain Austria's neck yet.

The insurgents in this war are an unknown quantity, but they are probably nearer 2 than 1.

If old Neptune declared neutrality and Sampson had to get to shore, he would smash Cervera double quick.

In a good many respects war resembles a game of checkers. But the advantage is with checkers, which is bloodless.

Cervera's only hope was to run. But owing to the rigid state of the ocean he probably couldn't get up and dust.

The situation at Santiago is that Sampson can not go in and Cervera can't come out. They may have to draw straws.

Poor old Montijo, over at Manila, is to be coaxed maternal for cowardice. Montijo put up a good fight. Spain is rattled.

Perhaps by delaying reasonable battles, it is the plan of Spain to kill off large numbers of inland Americans with suspense.

Jerry Simpson will go to Cuba as a colonel. His head is level. He will never be to Washington as a congressman again.

Spaniards believe that water in which a wedding ring has been dipped will cure sore eyes. Their gingers need an application.

Governor Leedy will now have another colored and a half to name. Counting Ed Little as three, this makes six and a half colored for Kansas.

About four weeks after peace is declared, the world will probably be shocked by the announcement from Spain that no Cadix fleet ever existed.

The War as a Spectacle.

Writing from Key West, a correspondent in the New York Evening Post says: It is as if one were looking upon a grand and dignified exhibition of what vaudeville halls call the "war-grap" to journey now to the line of the Cuban blockade. One starts out interested still in the reformed primaries; but though he may have read with-out emotion of the disbandment of the Thirteenth and looked uninterested upon the departure of militia men to Camp Black, he soon falls under the spell that is exercising itself upon the nation, and nothing is of any concern to him any more except the war and its progress. At Washington it begins to influence his thoughts; at Hampton Roads he may have been excited by the morning and the flying squadron serve to make it appear that to be a civilian is to be strange and conspicuous; and when in the midst of the revel a gun's booming stops the music, and in a dramatic and call the naval men to their ships for an unknown duty. "Take a good look glass with me," says a young friend, in uniform; "now, good-bye—give me a cigarette—we'll meet inside of an hour." He was surely means nothing save a chance to do noble things and be rewarded delightfully. That impression remains, and down further, in Virginia, passing through a little city, one sees men marching, banners flying, and hears a band playing; then the train stops somewhere in Georgia, at a junction, and blue-coated troops, filling many cars, pass by to Chickamauga or perhaps Mobile. They are cheered by the gathered townspeople; everybody is in a mood which a cheer relieves. Further on some stalwart regulars from a western fort are caught up with; they are rather serious, as if there were some business ahead of them; they are brown faces and dusty cannot give a grimmer turn to one's fancy. Presently it is militia again—Florida troops going to Tampa. All the women of the town have turned out to see them, and they are wearing light white stuffs and pretty hats; but the scene is not gay. There is not much talking; anyway, one doesn't hear it, for over-riding a crowd of people, a young white woman in black, holding a very white handkerchief in her two clasped hands.

Nearing Tampa it seems that a huge tide of people is coming from all the country to the tip end of Florida, where it is met by a reef—the president's policy—that intercept it for a moment on its way to Cuba, and makes it boil with impotence.

There is more repose at Key West, less of the pomp of martial activity. In the harbor several warships frowning in their war paint, and in the hotel numerous officers with stars on their sleeves, few women, but many correspondents in dress suits and sun helmets, are all that suggest unusual times. In any New York street car you will see more newspapers, and in any New York home you will hear more excited than here. There is a remarkable reticence about everything that has just happened, because each correspondent communicates what he knows to his editor, and then tries to forget it so that his editor will get some information. But the prize-master of a recent capture, or the officer of a torpedo boat which has been in action, and war is again attractive beyond all the concerns of peace.

Then one sails out on a despatch-boat some evening, and at dawn comes on deck to find that the blockade has been reached. From every direction warships approach, black smoke from their funnels showing how quickly they are trying to overhaul us and see what business we have there. A bundle of the latest papers, a copy of the news from Dewey, or Sampson, or Schley, makes us welcome as exchange they have little to give it has been a stupid day, with no incidents. Nothing can be much duller than keeping a peaceful day.

Next day an attempt is to be made to land munitions of war for the insurgents, and our yacht lies drifting in the channel at Key West until the expedition starts. It seemed a very serious undertaking; and although riding ill-managed (going close to shore all the way after sighting Havana, and allowing the Spanish to telegraph alarms ahead), it made a spectacle. Two boat-loads of regular soldiers went ashore and sent out pickets; in a few minutes there came a shore party, quick, continuous firing, and there was a sensational moment when it was felt that after all the little landing force must be after all in the bushes. Two warships send broadside after broadside into the bushes, just beyond the bushes, and back come rifle bullets near enough to make their whistle heard. Our men come running out, every one sound on his legs as though he had been at rifle practice. But they had, they said, lost twelve men on the Spanish Coast Guard dead or wounded on the ground behind them.

War continues to seem to one rather distant and not in the least terrible, until, getting back to Key West, a funeral is going on. "Bagley, you know, of the Winslow," we are told, "in a scrap at Spanish was struck by a shell from a Spanish gun-boat and killed, along with six men." Two of us enter the little church, and after the service walk with the rest past the open coffin. There the beautiful flowers and the air is full of their odor. Bagley's old we ever see Bagley ashore? We look and trace his name, and find this is our friend of a whilst game night before last, who left the harbor for Cardenas when we left for Cabanas, and whom we remembered, for his humor, which was always good humor, and made one like him. Looking upon him, we suddenly appeared in a different aspect; and so does peace.

The Cuban Junta here claim that while the news comes between Key West and Cuba are prohibited, valuable information to the Spanish authorities is constantly transmitted in the form of private despatches, which apparently refer to domestic and international affairs, which in some cases are so worded as to convey movements of the fleet, etc.

Considerable apprehension exists here that the Spanish fleet may yet re-appear for the present port. It has already taken in the Cuban cable cases. Many women are quietly taking their departure, as it is realized that should the Spanish ever get within the harbor no quarter would be given the place.

Remarkable despatch has been displayed in the construction of the new fort. The concrete work is completed, and the work of mounting the guns has begun.

High Lights.

Many a girl gets married too young because her mother is afraid she might not do so well next year.

Imaginary ailments are those for which we seek the doctor; every day complaints are cured at home.

When a woman gets too far along to be able to stop thinking about her affairs, she lies awake thinking she smells amine.

Woman is heaven's best gift to man, and it is a blessing that she should frequently be to chase him and make him take her.

A Grievous Defect.

A British paper journal complains of American books, because they will not allow of a ring marked in ink, but only in pencil. This defect grievously diminishes the value of books printed in America for a reader of his own books. The ink marking quickly runs.

Rarer Than Diamond.

Green garnets are more valuable than diamonds, because they are so scarce they are rare. They are of an unsurpassed fire, shade far beyond that of an emerald, and are very brilliant. On the other hand, red garnets are so common that they cost next to nothing.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

All honor to Bart Barnes, who gets scared and is courageous enough to own it. Senator Hunt of Perry has been appointed deputy clerk of the district court of Perry. In some parts of Oklahoma weeds are getting the better of corn because it is too late to sow. Colonel Yates of the Perry Enterprise has quit that paper and departed for new fields—not Cuba. James Shockey of Perry, who went into the Rough Riders as a private, has been promoted to corporal. The best letters from Cuba so far are those of Governor Barnes' sort. He writes just as he feels. With a big normal majority against them, the Republicans in Oklahoma this year have a hard fight. But they are going to fight. Harry Moore, a farmer of Noble county, has a pair of mares which are seventeen and a half hands high and weigh 300 pounds. While free homes is probably done for, the next delegate to congress from Oklahoma will have more to do than all his predecessors. The indictment against Fred Farrar of Perry for receiving deposits in the Richardson bank after it was marauded, has been dismissed. With a growing sentiment in favor of taking in the Philippines and Cuba, it is very difficult to make Oklahoma a state. The school house insurance department of the territory will discontinue. The officials cannot interpret the law passed by the last legislature. Things continue to advance at Oklahoma City. Even the dog catcher will get 25 cents a head for every capture, instead of 10 cents as heretofore. Two men assaulted Colonel Saunders of Shawnee with a sack filled with wet sand and the other with a tin of roboratory. He yelled and frustrated them. On Oklahoma editor recently filled up, played poker and lost \$10. He at once admitted his coat and sack and kicked the dog out of the man who won \$10. It is reported that Deputy Marshal Jerry Sisson has the outlaw Bill Scribbs bottled up at Wogsville, Woods county, has cut the cable and will starve Scribbs out. A Populist editor at Perry was arrested recently on the charge of stealing a little can of paint. The Republican editors came out and roasted the man who caused the arrest to a frazzle. It is pleasant to see the editors stand by one another.

The Shawnee News believes that McKinley is only making a bluff at war in order to carry the election this fall, when he will abandon the idea of high and up, \$50 pounds or more and must be ridden before the officers. I have a dark iron grey, and he is a good one. Several of our boys have been sick. There are five unable to report this morning. The water is very bad, and the weather being quite warm, it is very trying. We took a good run yesterday. They call it drilling—double time on skittish line, after which we had a fine quarter mile run. We were then halted and had an opportunity to rest. Our captain asked me now I felt, and I told him I would not mind it over. It looked more war-like here today. We had our guns loaded to us yesterday. The boys from New York brought two rapid guns with them, and I saw them used yesterday. They shoot 89 times a second; is just like clock work. I have a good one on Hunter. It seems he was out late and had no pass. While he was trying to escape the guards he came in contact with a barbed wire fence. The result is that part of his nose is gone. Just ask him if his nose is well yet.

Along the Kansas Nile.

Palpably the clouds are put in Kansas skies this year for something more than scenic effect.

The greatest howl for harvest hands in the history of the sun-dusted state of Kansas is coming.

In all the Kansas "opera houses" the villains in the plays have already taken on a decided Spanish aspect.

It has rained so much in western Kansas that the bottom of the farmer's trouser legs bulge marly over night.

The Kansas regiment at San Francisco has been equipped with shoes. The boys will go forth all shod and come back well heeled.

Dick Howard of Arkansas City says he never knew a man trying to sell him a cock that the horse was over nine years old.

A Sumner county farmer has already hired two men and teams at \$5 a day. He will hire and board them in idleness until harvest.

Kansas people should not fret because the war doesn't sustain excitement. Fourth of July gets awful tiresome towards evening.

It is going to be fun to see, when the boom approaches and stock goes to its head, to the man "who wants no more booms," that man grab it.

There is every reason to believe that all of our Kansas boys after their experience in war will have to come home to substantiate one another's story.

Every Kansas farmer is interesting his boys in the lesson that if any time in the opaque future wheat goes down in price, never make a political roar about it.

There must be times when Jerry Simpson rebels mentally against the insane persistence in the public of holding a politician responsible for his predictions.

What some Kansas economist would like to know why business is so timid when it has no reason to be, as in every political campaign, and so courageous when there is war, is what?

According to all silver arguments, if we now had free coinage of silver wheat would now be nearly 100 a bushel, and thousands of its producers would be starving to death.

People who are interested in the study of moral perverses are trying to apprehend the man who robbed a Methodist minister at Kilauea of two pig-legged chickens on a Saturday night.

It would be the height of folly for the Populists to beat Leedy for a re-nomination. It would be repudiating his administration, and indefinitely would plodge the party anew to a maximum freight rate law.

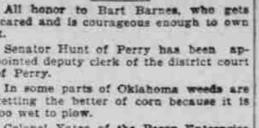
Atchison Globe.—The fact that the Topeka Capital, a strong prohibition paper, is favoring the nomination of Captain John Seaton, an anti-prohibitory, for governor, is causing considerable surprise.

The cloud of hard times, when it lifted in Kansas, found many carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, many professions in fact on farms, and it will be a hard thing to get them to return to their old vocations.

It will be a terrible day for the Populist orators in Kansas when the militia is all out to suppress people who are crying for bread on account of the high price of wheat. And this is not an impossibility, according to the New York Journal.

It would not surprise Jerry Simpson's nose appreciates it if the war with Spain is opposed that it will result in an enlarged standing army. This is Simpson's real opinion, and it would not hurt him to defend it.

Geo. Innes & Co.



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\$3.00 Trimmed Hats for \$1.50.

\$5.00 Trimmed Hats for \$2.50.

\$8.00 Trimmed Hats for \$5.00.

See them in our north window.

Other Saturday Snaps

Stationery snaps—Whiting's fine papers and envelopes, put up in fancy boxes. They comprise linen papers in bond, satin and rough effects, worth up to 40c box. Choice Saturday at 14c box. See south window.

A line of children's fancy printed Parasols at 25c.

A line of ladies' white silk Parasols, white enameled sticks, handles and frame, a \$1.25 value at 87c Saturday.

Two and three class ladies' Kid Gloves, in reds, tans and blacks, neat embroidered backs, a first class glove; good value at \$1.25, Saturday 97c.

One lot ladies' low neck, sleeveless ribbed Vests, an 18c value, at 12 1/2c.

One lot extra fine white lisle ribbed Vests, low neck, sleeveless, regular 35c Vest, Saturday 25c.

One lot ladies' extra fine drop stitch fancy Hose, black boot, fancy colored top, always 35c, Saturday 25c.

Greatest Yet

Fifty dozen ladies' fancy cut out Embroidered Handkerchiefs, a 19c value, all day Saturday at 10c.

Advertisement for Geo. Innes & Co. millinery and clothing, featuring Saturday bargains and various clothing items.

Advertisement for Chattel Mortgage Sale, stating "We are well satisfied with the success of our sale" and "CLOSED TODAY" to straighten stock.

Advertisement for Model Clothing House, featuring "GUY V. STEVENS, Agent" and "128 N. Main..."

Advertisement for Wells Miller, "Competition Completely Routed" and "Compare Our Prices" for various household goods.

Advertisement for The California Limited Santa Fe Route, "The Perfect Train" and "The Shortest Time" between Los Angeles and Wichita.