... GOSSIP FOR HOME PEOPLE ...

WORD "NATIONAL" IS DROPPED.

While Professor Edmund Stanley of the Friends university was here he emphasized to friends that the new university would be sectarian to the point only that it would have a solicitous care of the moral welfare of its pupils and a keen purpose to develop the spirituality of the attendants along with their mental and physical betterment, the idea of the school being primarily to make better men and women, better citizens and Christians. He wished to have eliminated an idea which might prevail that the school was to be run solely for the education of members of the Friends society. And it may be new to some that the Friends have no religious forms which distinguish them markedly from the other protestant branches of religion. The chapel services will be much the same as those of any other educational institution. The curriculum will be the regular college curriculum with a preparatory course. Professor Stanley, who is now the head of the institution, is a splendid type of Amermerican citizen. He is broad of shoulder and mind, stalwart in muscle and brain. He is near the six-foot mark in stature with a strong, soldierly bearing, a gray moustache and gray hair, with spectacles, giving him the scholarly touch which his physique alone would not suggest. He was born in Indiana and has always taken a marked interest in public affairs. He does not think that a man can become too good to take a part in the direction of his country's destinies through the ordinary political channels.

He explained that the old Garfield was properly named the "Friends' University," not the "Friends' National University." The word "National" was dropped because the church nationally had not authorized its use. He pointed out that the Quakers had been among the foremost in college work in the United tates. John Hopkins was a member of the Friends' church. So was the founder of Bryn Mawr. Other Friends' institutions in the United States are located at Philadelphia, Richmond, Ind.; Wilmington, Ohio; Oskaloosa, Iowa, and the Guilford college in North Carolina.

The school in Wichita will open September 14. Necessarily a great amount of work must be done before that date and Mr. Stanley is a very busy man.

A HOSPITAL SUGGESTION.

The announcement in yesterday morning's Eagle that the new City Hospital will soon be ready to open was received with pleasure by the people. This hospital will be the most substantial, the most complete in modern appointments and accessories of any public hospital in the state of Kansas. There is one additional feature which the Eagle would like to urge upon the directory. To render the institution more comfortable to convalescents and more attractive and hospital like in appearance, a three-story corridor-porch, strong, wide, airy and roomy should be constructed along the entire front, ninety feet long and sixteen feet floor-space wide, supported by substantial columns and guarded by tastefully constructed railing. Such a corridor would mean comfort and health and relieve the building of its business block appearance.

FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

Most of the Friends in Kansas came from North Carolina preceding the civil war. They were abolitionists and seeing the inevitable conflict, withdrew from the south and moved northward, many reaching Kansas. Friends do not believe in war, but as one of them said this week, "when war is on we want to see the right side win."

BEST OF TALENT.

The Friends' university has decided emphatically on one thing. The heads of departments are to be the most skilled to be found anywhere. Only the very best talent will be employed. There will be a musical school and one of oratory and elocution.

WILL THEY COME WEST?

The local real estate men are looking for a boom right after the war. They say that the soldiers have all cut loose from home ties, just as they did in the civil war, and when peace comes will begin to hunt homes in the west and will come to Kansas and Oklahoma in droves.

WERE NOT A GIFT.

Things do not taste as good when they grow on your own trees. On the Fourth of July a man and his wife went home at night and found on the front porch a basket of fine peaches. They hunted for the card of the donor and couldn't find it. But the peaches were very fine and they ate them greedily. Later a member of the household appeared and explained that he had picked the peaches himself right there in the yard. They were off the same trees they had been visiting daily themselves, until they were tired of the very sight of the fruit.

BIG CROP OF WORMS.

There were a good many peaches created in Kansas this spring but for every peach which grew there was a worm to take possession.

WAS A STILL NIGHT.

For the first time in years the night of the last Fourth of July was very still and the paper balloons all sailed away without burning up. For years the paper balloon business in Wichita has been a rank failure. The wind would turn them over and set them on fire. Last Monday, however, all the balloons sailed safely away. The general direction of the wind was from the southeast to the northwest, but it was very gentle. Twenty or thirty paper balloons were sent up during the night.

MADE LEEDY LAUGH.

One of the things which caused Governor Leedy a good deal of amusement while he was in the city Monday was the fact that a Populist went up to him and told him he could not and would not vote for him. The kicker had hardly got away when a Republican have in sight and told Leedy he was going to vote for him.

WITH YOUR FOREFINGER.

When L. G. Whittier was a little boy an old man told him that the Indians could always tell the direction of the wind by sticking a forefinger in the mouth and holding it up, the side of the finger which immediately turned cool showing the direction from which the wind is blowing. Whether the Indians ever used this method or not, it is an absolute fact that no master how little wind is stirring it can be detected by wetting the forefinger and holding above the head.

BELONGED TO LOS ANGELES.

There was a good deal of excitement in town last Monday over a report that five new street cars had arrived. The cars were on a freight train in the Frisco yards. They were beautiful cars, with double trucks and small wheels. But the rumor that they were for Wichita was a false alarm. They were made in St. Louis and were billed for Los Angeles, Cal.

WHO GOT THE MONEY.

In Wichita you often hear men talking about who actually made any money in the boom. The general belief is that the money made and retained was by men who played the boom for only a few weeks and then left town. One of the richest citizens of Michigan is said to have made his money in three weeks in Wichita. The biggest and finest business block in an Indiana town is said to have been erected by a man who made all his money in Wichita in less than a month.

A BIG REVENUE.

It is said that the present police force will turn in $1,000 over and above expenses to the city, August 1.

AN OPEN-AIR TOWN.

Every once in a while there is a spasm on the part of the police against merchants taking up space on sidewalks for display purposes. As a matter of fact, Wichita is a southern city. And like all southern cities, it would be nothing amiss if three-fourths of the business was conducted on the sidewalks. The town would be none the less pretty if the streets were regular bazaars.

JUST ABOUT THE SAME.

Jacob Balderson has been keeping track of the lists of dead and wounded at Santiago. The new guns make very little difference, he says, the proportion of the wounded to the dead being about what it was in the civil war—four to one.

MADE THE PAPER WINCE.

When Mrs. Lease was having trouble over the mortgage on her home the Chicago Tribune asked her by wire to telegraph a brief explanation of her side of the case. She at once sent the Tribune 1,700 words, and came near busting the paper.

WANTS LIQUID AIR.

Press Anderson is going to Omaha in a few days and says he will go on for the north for the summer. He thinks next summer will see almost universal use of liquid air and threatens to move into Minnesota if some method is not perfected for cooling things down here in the summer.

CATALOGUED CHRONOLOGY.

In the last year Wichita has had two cases of horsewhipping, eleven attempts at suicide, thirteen convicts sent to the penitentiary and four cases of insanity referred to the state asylum.

NOT SO HOT AS LAST YEAR.

Sam Hess says this summer is sea breeze compared with that of '97.

FARMERS' PROFITS ON MILK.

Manager Brown of the creamery company says the Wichita branch paid out nearly $7,000 to farmers for milk in June. The receipts of milk averaged for the month 25,000 pounds per day. The amount of money paid out to farmers from here for the year will be about $68,000.

WICHITA'S SUMMER SCHOOLS.

Wichita takes the premium for summer schools, having had nine in progress here during the month of June.

HOW MUCH THEY CARE.

There are not half a dozen people in Wichita, not twenty in Kansas, who can tell whether the congress just adjourned is the 54th or 55th.

STRUGGLE WITH STAMPS.

There is nothing so prevalent in Wichita now as the struggle with the revenue stamp. Every business office echoes with, "where's your stamp?" and its reply, "Have to put a stamp on that?"

BICYCLES ARE GOING.

As a vehicle of pleasure the bicycle in Wichita is on the retrograde. Horse-back parties are again coming into vogue. During the past few weeks of pleasant weather, and especially during the moonlight nights, there have been quite a number who have returned to what was the rage a few short years ago.

CHALEY JONES IS MODEST.

Charley Jones, the new chief of police, is the most modest chief Wichita has ever had. He carries his new honors with as little ostentation as it is possible to do commensurate with the duties of the office. His badge of office he keeps well concealed under his coat and he eschews the regular blue uniform and hat which is usually worn.

NUMEROUS PICNICS THIS YEAR.

There has been more picnics this year than ever before, when it is considered that during the early summer such a quantity of rain fell. Now that Wichita has several as handsome parks as grace any city, the picnickers are taking advantage of them to while away pleasant hours during the hot weather.

PADDY SHEA WAS HAPPY.

Paddy Shea was the happiest man in Wichita Friday night when his attorney, Mr. George Adams, informed him that the supreme court had granted him a new trial. He feels sure now that he will be acquitted and that his hoodoo of Friday has taken wings and flown.

FORMER WICHITANS TO PICNIC.

The Wichita colony residing in Kansas City, are going to hold a picnic there on the 20th. Mr. J. R. Snively and W. H. Kendle are the promoters. The idea of the picnic is to become better acquainted and to relate reminiscences. There are over four hundred ex-Wichitans residing in the city in the Sni Hills.

MANY NEW TRAPS.

It is wonderful how many traps are being used in this city. A person can stand on one of the main corners and see scores go by. This has only been the case within the past few years. They are especially adapted for family use and consequently that probably explains the number in use here, as Wichita is essentially a family city.

THE CURRENT BELOW.

Down at the Rock Island water tank is a resort which might properly be designated as "Weary Willies' Cafe." It is an eating station, or hotel for tramps. It is to the road knight who takes a rod berth, what Fred Harvey's dining hall is to the man who buys a ticket and rides in the chair car. And it is as busy a place, for every riffle of the current below takes a stunning here. Every day twenty or more tramps drop in here from the different roads, goes to the "trough," get a "reg," and if it chances to be late in the month, he gets his "mug chiseled," his "face scraped" or his "brooms set back." All this means that he gets a lunch and a shave. His lunch is generally a piece of "punk," some "bolo" and a smear of the "black,' or bread and bologna sausage and coffee. When they get these materials is not known, nor how, but they always have something to eat. They make their coffee in an old black can that's never in sight except when boiling or used for drinking, and generally they all drink from this same can, passing it around from one to the other or "swinging the tap."

They catch the water dripping from the tank and make a lather and shave standing up. None of them ever stay longer than the second train after his arrival and very rarely that long. There is a constant stream of the coming in and going out, carrying on a miserable predatory and wandering existence, one half of which is dirt and the other half is contempt from the rung above.

A THOUGHTFUL BOY.

A Wichita boy at Camp Chickamauga writes that he is circulating a petition among the volunteers, trying to raise money for those at home. He says a Wichita mother has written to the boys that the people at home have to work hard, suffer with the heat, and some have been compelled to deprive themselves of fresh vegetables and fresh fruits because of the dull times. In addition to their usual work, some one in every family has to do the chores that were the volunteer's duty when at home. The volunteers are responding nobly to the call.

THE NEW BISHOP.

Many of the Catholics of Wichita are interested in the consecration of Father J. F. Cunningham, of Leavenworth, to be bishop of the see of Concordia, which will occur in September in Leavenworth, and it will be a big event in Catholic circles. It will occur on a week day, so that church people from all over Kansas can attend. The ceremonies of consecration must be performed by three bishops, and Bishop Fink will be one of them. It will be a rare musical event, and the choir of St. Benedict's will be invited to sing. Father Cunningham was at one time a student at St. Benedict's.

COMRADES AND FLIES.

Strange and incongruous attachments sometimes grow up among animals of widely differing types, and often the picture is a very pretty and interesting one. In the east part of town is a finely bred Jersey cow which is followed around all day by a bantam rooster, who spends all his time catching the manifold collection of flies on the beast. When the cow lies down in the shade the bantam supinely takes his place on the mansard roof of the animal, and complacently catches bugs, always with one eye cocked on the switching tail which he has become expert enough to dodge adroitly. The two are inseparable companions, and the cow bellows hysterically when by some chance her little friend is missing.

CAN'T VOTE FOR STANLEY.

Father Thomson, the patriarchial and venerable father of the Thomson brothers of this city, bade good bye to his children and many respecting friends last week and went back to Illinois to end his days with his only daughter. This gentle and grand old man, with his kindly smile and quiet courtly mein, will be missed by many. He is, above all, an earnest adherent of order and good government and uprightness among those who are in high station, and to his sons and friends here he expressed it as his keenest regret clear up to train time that he must leave Wichita without a chance of voting for Stanley.

HEAT HARD ON SPRINGS.

One well known jeweler in the city, who is a recognized expert among the profession as a specialist in the mechanical contrivances of a watch, said one day last week that the breaking of main springs this season was far heavier than ever in his career as a watch repairer. He said farther that the months of May, June and July were the worst in the entire year for the breaking of main springs, that it was always expected during these months this class of repairs would far exceed any other months. This season, however, he said, the number of watches coming into his shop for main spring repairs would register at least four to one of any year in his experience. Machinists in wagon work say that it is the winter season when buggy springs mostly break. The fininess of temper of the two would seem to account for this variance.

WANTED 'EM SECOND-HAND.

A little girl who once lived in this city was very fond of babies. She often asked her mother where to get them and was always put off with some light reply. One day a baby came in the neighborhood and the little girl saw Doctor Rentz coming out of the house. This she reasoned was the man who brought the babies, so she determined to ask him for one. As he passed, she looked up into his face and asked if he would give her a real live baby. The doctor replied that he was afraid not as they cost too much.

"How much do they cost?" asked the child.

"Oh, five or six hundred dollars," replied he.

"Well," she said after a few moments though, "haven't you got any second-hand babies?"

The doctor was very sorry he was out of them.

This same little girl is now married and living in Chicago, where she has two children.

NEXT THING TO IT.

A "formerly of Wichita" lady now residing in another town is a great admirer of this city. On several occasions she spoke highly of Wichita and her new friends wondered at her continuing infatuation with the place. One day she was asked if she really thought so much of Wichita and to the surprise of the questioner she replied: "Why, it is my idea of heaven just to live in Wichita." And the idea is almost right.

THE BULLETIN FACE.

During these days of reputation-making scientists we learn that nearly every fad leaves its effect on the face. There are tennis faces, bicycle faces, camera faces and others too numerous to mention, but the latest is the "bulletin face." Since the beginning of the war and the displaying of bulletins by the newspapers, nearly every man you meet is showing symptoms of having a "bulletin face." In some respects it is worse than any other face on the calendar. Its chief characteristics are squint eyes and open mouth. So many men are in the habit of reading every bulletin posted that their faces habitually wear that squinty expression. Many examples of this latest freak may be seen any day in front of the Eagle office. To some people its effect is worse and causes them to carry their chin elevated at an angle of 99 degrees.

HOT STUFF CLUB.

Wachita has always been noted as a club town. Clubs of every sort flourish and new ones are being organized every few weeeks. Some time ago there was a club that had for its purposes nothing beyond having a good time. Its membership was limited and their meeting nights irregular, but they generally got together two or three times a week, and it is said that at these times the flow of wit and good fellowship has never been surpassed. It is not in existence at present, but the rules and regulations were lately discovered and in a way are quite curious. They are as follows:

1—Hours, 12 m to 12 m. Liable to fine if sleep is taken at night.

2—Fine of one "all-day-sucker" for non-appearance daily.

3—Two censures equal to a fine.

4—Thou shalt not work—anyone can work.

5—Matches and the dead must be taken good care of.

6—Sawciety guys absolutely barrrred.

7—Everything to be done while we are resting.

8—Colors—Indigo blues.

9—Long-Suit—Something to eat.

1—Any member refusing eatables disbarred.

11—"Onery" Membership Test—Devouring oysters with sugar.

12—No member can dance with an outsider more than five successive times.

13—Members not allowed.

A STANLEY DOG.

There is a dog in this town that can evidently reason and reason well. More than that he is of a political turn of mind, and knows just how things are coming out this fall. His master, after commanding him to sit up, puts a ballot on top of his nose and tells the dog to vote for the winner in the gubernatorial contest. On inquiring whether Peffer will be the winner or not, the dog puts on such a sorrowful expression that the spectators almost weep, but he doesn't drop the ballot. Next asking Leedy's chances, the dog shakes his head negatively as much as possible without displacing the paper. But on the mention of Stanley's name, the clever animal immediately drops the ballot and shows by all the signs of dog nature that he believes in Mr. Satisfy's election. If there is any position at the state capital suitable for a dog, this one should get it.

OUR BEAUTIFUL PARK.

City Engineer Jackson compliments the Eagle with an accurately drawn blue map of the city's new park. Each returning delegation of citizen-inspectors are unstinted in their praise of not only the beauty of the place, of its many artistic features, but astonished that with such a small outlay of money so much could have been accomplished. Not counting the Griswold addition and the bridge which must yet be constructed, Wichita has already the most attractive park of any city in the west. Of course nature had left little to do so far as trees and running streams are concerned. The Big river runs hard by, skirting the south side of Griswold, and the Little river winds in and out and around the entire length of the grounds. The underbrush having all been removed, shade and grass and water, the first requisites for all public grounds, abound. The drives are splendid, the picnic and other embowered retreats delightful, and the racing track complete. The flower plots, circles and squares are tastefully arranged and very attractive. The boulevard drive, which winds in and about, including the track, is some three miles long and skirts the Little river for almost the entire distance. Engineer Jackson's plan makes it possible, as Mayor Ross demonstrated the other evening, for a team to start in at the west end of the Oak stret bridge and transverse the entire drive, leaving the park at Ninth street without doubling back. There is a mall to be added soon. The Little river offers very fair boating now, but with a piling-obstruction or other slightly raised dam the park will afford the finest piece of boating water to be found in the state for at least as far north as the Thirteenth street or the Twenty-first street bridge, distant from the Big river two or three miles. Of course it is only a question of time when the public spirit of the county commissioners will concede the Griswold plat, after which the park can be entered at four different points from the east side, the residents of West Wichita reaching the grounds by the way of the Second street bridge and through Griswold park, or by a new bridge across the Big river. Everybody is now anxious to see the enterprise completed, the dam, the additional bridge, Griswold annex and all. This done and within five years the resort will be famous in this section of the state. If Mayor Ross had accomplished nothing else during his administration, the enterprise he has shown and the success he has attained in giving the city this splendid and accessable park will result in the recalling of his wisdom, foresight and energy with pleasure by the people.

CURLY KIRK ON SPANIARDS.

Cocoanut Hill, via Guantanamo, July 1, via Kingston, July 1, via Key West, July 2, via Newton, July 4.—This is the first letter I have written since I went down to Oklahoma and joined the Rough Riders. At Guthrie where I enlisted I cut a cane out of a piece of black-jack as a souvenir of Oklahoma. At San Antonio, where I learned to ride a horse, I got a brick out of the Alamo to remember Texas by; at Mobile, where we stopped for awhile, I bought a big sea shell to remember Alabama by; at Tampa I got a bamboo cane to remember Florida by.

So last week I proudly pressed my aristocratic foot on the blonde sands of this blasted country with five souvenirs and a thirst that dried the juice out from around my knee caps.

I stepped out in front of the company, and, striking a position like Columbus on the postage stamp, said in a loud, commanding voice: "Cuba is took."

I was mistaken. I was awfully mistaken. There wasn't a Spaniard in sight. It was natural for me seeing nothing but sand and mountains and sea, to grab those souvenirs to my breast and say it, but I've taken it back.

Cuba is not took. She is a long way from being tooken at this hour.

There was a big gang of soldiers here stepping high in the sand and feeling that Cuba was took, just as I did. They a I know different now. We had it demonstrated to us. That night I slept under a cocoanut tree. I was gently reclining on the fine sand with my finely chiseled features turned upward in the silver light of the tropical moon, dreaming of home, when a stray ordnance mule with the pareasis and fleas, walked up to that cocoanut tree and began to rub his sides. I was calmly sleeping, the breath coming with regular pulsations from my thin, patrician nostrils, while I clasped in my arms the souvenirs I had collected in order to hand down to posterity some idea that valor was not dead nor courage canceled from the Kirk family. It was a grand sight. Around me lay a great army splashing the white, moon-lit sand as with great blotches of ink. The moon, full and argent, rode on in majestic glory. Down the beach the breaking waves hissed and hissed again, while far out at sea rode the great steel navy, glinting and glancing with multi-colored lights like a big freight yard on a dark night. Above me the cocoanut tree waved its long arms as if in benediction of the scene—and that old mule kept on rubbing his worthless and diseased old skin.

I awoke and lay there in sweet serenity gazing upward. I did not see the mule. I was not thinking of mules. I was thinking of war and its glories. I was thinking how, on such a night as this, Alexander, in his bare legs, had lain on the fields of Macedonia; how Caesar, with drug store cord wrapped around his calves, had slept under the same moon in Gaul; how Napoleon and Ed. Little had camped, like me, on the shores of the Egyptian sea and listened through the long night to the low swish of the restless waves and the loud crash of profanity from a captain from Ft. Sill who had just been bitten by a flea.

It was war that made the world, I argued. It is the Alexanders, the Caesars, the Napoleons and the Kirks which has made this world what it is. And again, grasping my souvenirs to my bosom and wondering if Alexander ever collected any on his expeditions, I was about to turn over when that mule gave a hunch and a cocoanut came down.

I was on my feet with a wild cry of alarm. I didn't know about the mule, and I didn't know it was a cocoanut. I knew something had struck me on the head. I felt my head. It was bleeding. Grasping my souvenirs. I fell back against the tree with my life ebbing away. I leaned against the tree and thought of all my old friends, all the bad things I had done in my short life, including fifty cents I borrowed from Dave Leahy last Christmas. Dazed as I was I could see men crowding about me and flashing a lantern in my face and asking what the matter was.

"Come," I heard the captain say, "what is this row about?"

"I've been struck by a bomb," I gasped. "A Spanish bomb."

"Bomb, nothing," said the captain. "What you got all over your face?"

But just then I saw the black ball on the ground and I yelled:

"Run! There it is! It just hit me! It hasn't exploded yet!"

The captain took one look at it and stepping majestically back a few feet, said:

"For heaven's sake! Somebody throw water on it quick."

Well, just then it all dawned on me and I knew it was milk on my head and not blood, and the bomb was a cocoanut, so I walked up to the bomb and picked it up and then I saw the mule and realized the whole scratching operation and I let that old nut fly with a gun cotton push at that mule. He let out a wild bray and the whole Second Massachusetts rushed to arms and stampeded over us. In trying to keep my feet I grabbed off the sword of a Massachusetts captain, and the next morning after the riot had quieted down, I added that Massachusetts sword to my other souvenirs just as a reminder of the night.

The next day I was called up before the general of our division, Lawton, and he said to me in a cruelly sarcastic way that when the proper time came he would recommend me to McKinley to be sent to Madrid to get up panics in order to weaken the Spanish government.

Three days after that at 4 o'clock in the morning we were ordered out and I knew it meant fight. I had a row with my captain.

It wasn't my fault. I went to him as a gentleman and asked:

"We are going into action?"

"Get back in line," he roared.

"Will we camp here again?"

"Take everything you've got. Get back in line."

"Can I take these souvenirs?"

"No. Throw that rubbish away. Get back in line."

I then stepped out in front, half facing the boys and half facing the captain and raising my fore finger on high I said:

"Gentlemen and American citizens. We are here this bright, tropical day to fight for freedom. We have come down here to make Cuba libre. The libreer she is the more Curly Kirk is satisfied. But, hark to me, citizens and soldiers, shall we resign, shall we relegate, shall we ambuscate all our rights? What is there in this war for me? What, I say? Nothing but souvenirs and an honored name to hand down to posterity, a posterity that has never done anything for me that I know of. The time has come when we must strike for liberty and our hearths (I never had a hearth in my house, but that was oratory). Friends, brothers, arise and stand by the God-given American right to protect, at all hazards, souvenirs. I demand, yes, I absolutely demand that I be granted the privilege of taking three souvenirs with me."

The captain glared at me one big red glare and turned on his heel and I stepped back into line.

Pretty soon we were in it. We were advancing. Somebody told us we were going to El Caney. I never heard of the place but I wanted to see it. In the trees it was all right. The trees helped us stop the bullets. But occasionally there was a kind of cow pasture between the clumps of trees and then it was—well several degrees worse than Texas. I never wanted a cyclone cave so much in my life. I would have even traded those souvenirs for one.

I had my souvenirs wrapped together and tied with the sword on top and the Mobile sea shell and Alamo brick dangling below and making the captain, even when the bullets were zerrerring around his head, look back at me and glare. Finally we got lined up behind a sugar house and I was re-arranging my souvenirs and trying to figure it out why I hadn't been killed when a Spanish shell hit the sugar house and tore it all to pieces.

Rapidly picking myself up off the ground I said in a stentorian voice that was full of dust and old sugar:

"Cuba is not took."

Well, just then the derned Spaniards come down on us with a rush. I got out. I had business down the coast which was urgent. I wanted to call on Commodore Schley. I had run a hundred yards when an awful thought struck me. I had forgotten those souvenirs. I turned back with a look of awful sternness lighting up my otherwise peaceful features.

"Back," said the captain.

"My souvenirs."

"Damn your souvenirs," said the captain.

But I didn't back. I saw a hump-shouldered Spanish galoot pick up those souvenirs and put them under his arm and walk away.

Ten minutes later we got re-inforcements and went up again and we drove 'em back. But the Spanish thief had taken those souvenirs and gone back into Santiago.

I fought like a tiger to get into the town the next day and get 'em, but we couldn't make any headway.

To cap it all, that Massachusetts captain came over to our camp tonight and traced his sword to me. He says he will sue me as soon as we get a government established down here.

Next week we are going to take the town and if I don't find those souvenirs my name isn't CURLY KIRK.

WICHITA TEN YEARS AGO.

Cole & Jones moved into the first floor of the Zimmerly building.

Harrison and Morton's nomination was ratified. W. E. Stanley presided at the meeting.

Wichita had a bowling club. The members were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mershacher, Misses Etta Jewett, Sadie York, Allie Suits and Messrs Harry Green, Paul Ozanne and F. P. Chandler.

George W. Clement went to Cincinnati to attend to the Wichita exhibit at an exposition there.

Miss Julia McKim entertained her friends at her home on North Lawrence avenue.

The McMahon patrol was consolidated with the Metropolitan police and arrangements for alarm boxes over the city were made.

Aboua this time the Eagle contained an article saying that after the Virginius affair President Grant planned to land 50,000 troops in Spain and take Madrid, because, said the Eagle, "Grant knew the American navy was not able to cope with that of Spain."

The Wichita and Suburban dummy line announced that a man could ride eighteen miles over its tracks for fifteen cents in fares.

Billy McKee was dog catcher then and after making a big catch some one opened the door of the pound and let all the canines out.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hudson, a son.

A woman on North Water street took laudanum because of her husbands' infidelity. She didn't die. Her name was withheld.

J. F. Sullivan of College Hill celebrated his 58th birthday. His guests were Rev. Phillips and wife, J. C. Rutan and wife, D. J. Chatfield and wife, J. D. Hutchings and wife, S. D. Pallett and wife, R. F. McLean and wife, J. C. Jones and wife, Miss Jones, Miss Agnes Sommers, Mrs. Sommers and Miss Lottie McLean.

Harry Hill took to Buffalo, New York, one hundred Indian ponies to sell to the youth of the effete east.

Frank R. Van Tuyl succeeded F. W. Waller as paying teller of the Wichita National bank.

J. D. Caldwell resigned as a member of the school board from the First ward, having removed from the city to Australia.

C. C. Chivington, ex-member of the city council, died at his home on Oak street.

C. C. Arnold, owner of the famous horse "Pat Arnold," died.

Howard Friend was erecting a big business block on the West Side.

It was assured that Wichita was to have a woolen mill and a factory to make the two-wheel Madden binder and chain mower.

Mrs. M. E. Lease made her first Fourth of July speech at Leon.

Mrs. Florence Myrtle Waynick, wife of Mr. A. G. Waynick of the Wichita Commercial company, died.

Judge J. R. Shields made the address Fourth of July at Riverside park.

The great regatta of the Wichita Boat club, one of the biggest things of its kind ever given in the west, took place on the Little river on the Fourth of July. The banks of the river were lined with the swell people of the southwest.

A Valley Center motor car loaded with children from the German M. E. Sunday school going to Valley Center to a picnic on the Fourth ran into a buggy and injured Mr. William Kassell, Mr. John Kauffman, Mrs. Kauffman and Miss Hummelke.

The West Wichita Hose company came out second at a firemen's tournament at Anthony.

There was a big Fourth of July celebration at Fisher's Grove. J. S. Carson made the speech of the day there. The feature was a Calithumpian parade.

This year Wichita had the biggest Fourth of her history. There were scores of dances, speeches and entertainments. Thousands of dollars were spent on fireworks.

ON THE BIG LINERS.

The following story was given to the Eagle by H. C. Lockwood, a resident of this city who has made several trips across the Atlantic on some of the fast mail steamships, concerning the discipline aboard English and American passenger vessels as compared with that aboard the vessels of French lines:

"The sinking of the French liner La Bourgogne in thirty minutes and the loss of several hundred lives contrasts very materially with that which would have been the case, had the ship been officered by an English or American crew, if any lives would have had to been sacrificed under the same circumstances, not a woman or child would have been reported among the lost, the discipline aboard the English and American trans-Atlantic steamers are only equalled by that in the navies of those two countries.

French officers and sailors in the merchant service have a reputation for recklessness, lack of discipline, an utter disregard for their personal appearance and with the exception of the officers of the higher rank, the men are not even rated with the Spaniards as sailors.

"France does not have the laws and penalties governing the navigating of ships sailing under her flag as this country and England do. Most of the officers of the English trans-Atlantic steamers are naval auxiliary officers subject to call for service at any time in the British navy.

"The officers and crews are drilled daily, aboard American and English trans-Atlantic vessels, they have a fire drill and water tight compartment drill known as the collision drill. Each officer below third assistant chief and chief engineer has a boat's crew under his charge, the crews are known by the number of their boat and either port or starboard side of ship, such as Starboard No. 1—and Port No. 2. The crews of the water tight compartments are drilled to go to certain compartments upon a signal from the chief steward. The assistant steward is second in command of these crews—the fire drills are kept up while the ship is in port, collision drill is performed on the day preceeding her sailing as the men are not usually aboard very much of the time when the ship is lying alongside of her wharf. These drills are not optional with the steamship officers, they are rules laid down by the law and admiralty which has a board to investigate all accidents and collisions to ships sailing under the English flag.

"The first signal given by an officer to his crew in time of collision is, "close all bulkhead compartments."

"To the officer on duty within call from the flying bridge, a command is given—"strip the boats—both of these orders are carried out and reported back to the captain on the bridge; some of the vessels have a record of stripping the boats and closing compartments in 60 seconds, but this is when all preparations have been attended to, for an exhibition drill. The air tight compartments aboard a vessel are supposed to be sufficient to keep one of these large iron ships afloat for hours, unless the ship should be cut in two, when in this case the two parts would keel and founder. During the month of June 1884, I made a trip to Europe on the steamship Aurania of the Cunard line, this company has never lost a life in over fifty years of trans-Atlantic service. When the Aurania was six days out from New York fog settled around the ship and lasted two days. Captain Helms stood on the bridge of the ship during the 48 hours, never trusting the ship out of his hands, coffee and rolls were served him on the bridge, every assistant officer is called upon to do extra work, a double watch is placed on duty during these trying times aboard ship, the fog horn is kept blowing at intervals of one minute, a warning to vessels to keep well off, the ship is barely kept moving, the speed being reduced down to just sufficient to keep her in the trough of the sea, every precaution is taken for the safety of the passengers and ship, these are the details covering the duties aboard a well disciplined ship, which has for a master a thorough naval officer, no hazardous risks are taken, no race-horse speed is thought of, every man is at his post or is ready to go to it at the first command.

"It was on this eventful trip that I had an opportunity to witness a ship's crew in action, to "save ship" as our vessel, in spite of all the vigilance of officers and crew, was caught in a current and cast upon the rocks, three miles off the southeast coast of Ireland, the first notice of danger came from the lookout on the port bow, who called out to the Captain, "breakers ahead Sir, breakers ahead off port bow"—bells were heard jingling in the engine room, signaling the engineer to reverse engines, crews rushed to the boats, canvass was ripped away, the boats were lowered even with the rail of the deck and everything made ready to cast off as soon as loaded with human freight, the compartments were all closed tight by this time. The officer in charge of each boat stood by and shouted, "stand back men, the women go first"—other officers, with sailors in squads, patrolled the deck allaying the excitement by telling the passengers to keep cool and not get excited, saying, "you will all be taken ashore," men were taken by the arm or shoulders and pushed in line, back of the women, adding at the same time, "stand there, or I will place you under arrest." This is all done in less time than it takes to tell it. Superior officers are armed and if a man disobeys orders or does anything to cause a panic he is very liable to be shot and this is considered justifiable and recognized according to the laws of navigation on the high sea.

"Had there been competent officers and drilled men aboard the French liner no such loss of life could have occurred, water tight compartments would have been closed, boats lowered, and the indescribable panic mentioned in the dispatches, would have been averted, the grossest piece of reckless seamanship ever heard tell of is the fact that the La Bourgogne was allowed to race through a dense fog at her top speed of eighteen knots.

"In the advancement of nautical science and ship building art, such catastrophes are rendered all but impossible, and it is a serious question whether proper precaution in running the La Bourgogne under the conditions reported would not have, if not actually avoided, at least greatly diminished the loss of life in this instance.

Hamilton Fish, who was killed at Guasima, was one of the most accomplished horsemen of his regiment, and through his prowess as a rider he saved the life of a little child when the troopers were in camp near San Antonio, Texas. The entire regiment, while drilling, was ordered to charge. As the five hundred cavalrymen were dashing down a hillside a ragged little Mexican lay scampered out in front of the column. Hamilton Fish saw the danger, spurred his horse ahead of the others, and, while galloping at full speed, picked the youngster up with the dexterity of an Arizona plainsman.

A student in a western college recently used Representative Cousin's speech on the sinking of the Maine as a commencement declamation and carried off the first prize. His competitors recited Senator Lodge's speech on "Harmony" and Speaker Reed's "The Conquest of Fear."

The star speaker at a temperance convention recently held in Green Bay, Wis., was ex-Governor Peck of Milwaukee, who found placed upon the table for his refreshment a beer mug, filled with water. "It was a warm day," said Mr. Peck, afterward, in telling the story, "and there were flies. One had lighted unceremoniously on the water in that mug. I saw him as I lifted it, and did the most natural and humane thing I could think of—blew him off the water. Well, they cheered for five minutes; and now I suppose you couldn't persuade a Green Bay man that anybody from Milwaukee could take a drink—even of water, at a temperance convention—without first blowing off the foam."

Emperor William is an overworked monarch. Last year, according to a report issued by the chamberlain's office, the Kaiser received 1,876 immediate reports, gave 791 decisions, and signed 867 cabinet orders, appointments and other documents. Besides these, there were 30,000 documents and over 16,000 letters and telegrams addressed to the Emperor which he never saw.

An enterprising bachelor of Old Orchard, Me., having decided to enter the matrimonial state, but having not yet selected his helpmeet, recently built a small cottage and nailed upon the side nearest the road a shingle bearing the inscription, "Wife Wanted." This advertisement has already attracted several applicants, none of whom up to date has qualified to fill the vacancy.

One of the correspondents at Chickamauga says that the Kansas band was the first one to think of playing, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," and that tears fell thick and fast while it was performing. "We know the Kansas band had been hastily gathered together," is the comment of the Kansas City Journal, "but had no idea that it was as bad as that."