

Daily Eagle
M. M. BERDOCK, Editor.

Why Wichita Wants Stanley.

How rapid, how wide and deep, has been the sweep of the current of events of the past week. No nation and but few people were left untouched by the influences which make and remake governments, which build up and pull down human interests and institutions. The whole world has been on the qui vive, from Pekin to Jherico, from St. Petersburg to Chicago. An Empress Dowager, having dethroned her own King, secretly marries a subject; a monarch of modern and progressive government assumes the role of a crusader; the Sultan of Turkey loads a Christian woman down with jewels; England and France stir up embers which have smoldered since the battle of Waterloo, while the President of the greatest of all Republics has been moving about among the greatest of all peoples assuring them of a divinely dedicated destiny for America.

If in this unusual whirl of events Kansas has been overlooked by the outside world she still remains the central state of the Union and her people, in resolving to hold onto the Philippines on the one side and the West Indies on the other, have not neglected to consider their own political interests.

Quick to resolve and as quick to act, another political revolution is on in Sunflowerdom, seemingly more sweeping than the one which wiped out in a single campaign the boasted 30,000 Republican majority.

The people of Kansas are going to stand by their own interests, by their own convictions of right without regard to the political aspirations of individuals. There is but one way in doing this, and that is in sustaining the national administration by voting the Republican ticket. To vote any other ticket, whether Prohibition, Free Silver, Democratic or Populist is to vote to reverse a most successful national policy and to repudiate that which has been won.

So from every corner of the state comes the word that hundreds of Democrats and thousands of Populists, who were old time Republicans, are announcing their determination to vote for Stanley and the entire Republican ticket, and the President will find on the morning of the 9th of November that he has another state, Kansas, backing him and his Paris commission in the demand that the yoke of oppression be not again placed on the necks of the people who for so many generations have bowed beneath the tyranny of Spain.

In the great change taking place in Kansas her principal commercial city finds a new opportunity to advance and make more solid her present interests, and more sure her future as a market and trade center. The Governor of the state is to be one of her own citizens, a man who knowing her necessities and deservings and who will conserve both. That Stanley will stand by Wichita no one who knows him or of his intimate connection with all its enterprises and ambitions of the past can for one moment doubt. In expecting him to stand by his home city it is but fair that his home people should stand by him. The fact that his election is conceded should cut no figure or prove an excuse for a Wichita man to vote against him. Every man who has a home in Wichita, and who has a business here, or who expects bigger things and better opportunities for himself when Wichita shall number 100,000 people, should vote for Stanley. The vote of this city and county should be so overwhelming for him that, however great his majority in the state, he never could get away from the obligation that a well known eminent vote of his own home people would impose.

Every Wichita man should as certainly vote for a Wichita governor as he should eat his dinner when hungry, make an honest dollar when the opportunity affords, or protect his own home. And this is Wichita's opportunity. The man who denies it does not know enough to spread a sail to a favoring gale. Wichita is the only city in the state that has no state institutions. Why? Ever since the organization of the county it has been paying thousands of dollars annually into the state treasury with never a dollar coming back. Why? Wichita at a time when her fortunes were waning because of an opposition her people could not overcome in the absence of political power, asked the nomination of a Wichita man for governor. She was refused. Why? We do not have to answer. Every man of intelligence and observation knows why.

The Wichita man who in failing to see the new life that is coming to this city, and who does comprehend the advantage of possessing a power which will hold corporations to a decent regard for their promises and obligations, may vote for a man for governor who is identified with the old political pocket interests of this state, which have always antagonized the interests and ambitions of Wichita, but such a man is more controlled by his partisan prejudices than he is by his desire for a home for his wife and bread and butter for his children.

Wichita wants but the one influence, she lacks but the one power to set the wheels of great grain elevators to turning, to add to her packing plants, to vastly increase her live stock market, to double her woolens trade, to increase her manufacturing interests by a multitude of five, and to send her along her course of destiny as the greatest commercial city between Denver, Galveston and Kansas City, and the exercise of which influence and power will prove detrimental to no other town or city in this state, and that is in the political influence and power which is lodged in the hands of the chief executive of the state in forcing railway corporations to live up to their obligations and to the spirit as well as the letter of the law.

For twenty-five years has Wichita waited for the opportunity to assert herself as a political factor in the affairs of the state to which she has contributed so much and got so little; for twenty-five years has she held her own against Missouri river influences, jealousies and railway and corporation politics; for twenty-five years patiently bided her time, conscious of her superior environments as a center of population and trade; for twenty-five years built and maintained her own institutions and enterprises, confidently anticipating that turn in events which should afford her people and their enterprises the equal chance to which their location, facilities and importance entitled them.

The time has at last come around, and the opportunity is here and at hand—the time November 9th, 1899, the opportunity the ballot box, the instrument W. E. Stanley, the captivating, whole-souled Wichita, as chief executive of the state.

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There Is No Other Question.

There is but one issue to meet, determine and settle on the 9th day of next month, and that issue is the same in Kansas, in Massachusetts and in Alabama. The sole question is: Shall we stand by the war with Spain or, by repudiating it, reverse all that has come out of it? Shall we haul down the flag or keep it there? The Democratic party may bewail imperialism, and Populist protest against the policy of acquisition and annexation, but there stands the responsibility, imposed by Omnipotence upon this nation, and it must be courageously met or cowardly interverted. Neither the President or people sought a war with Spain, and when finally the fight was forced there was no thought of territorial acquisition. But upon the other hand every intelligent American citizen knows that the President's declaration distinctly declared that it was not for territory but for humanity. What has followed was seemingly more the pre-determination of Providence than the calculations of man. What God has wrought man can destroy only at his peril, or put off at his own disadvantage. Therefore the sole question, the only issue, is shall we stand by or reverse the record of the achievements of the past five months.

Of the 181 members of Congress who voted for the revenue bill to prosecute the war, all were Republicans except six Democrats. Not a single Populist voted for the measure. Yet it is being dinned into our ears by Jerry Simpson and his supporters that the Democrats and Populists forced the Republican party to take up the cause of Cuba. A vote for a Republican candidate for congress is a vote of approval of the wise and patriotic course of President McKinley; a vote for the opposition is a vote of disapproval. The proposition is plain.

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Held for His Own Murder.

It is all arranged for tomorrow," said Mrs. Lattimer-Wynee, as she and her husband took their seats at the dinner table. "You cannot be serious, Kate, you, a married woman with two children, going to exhibit yourself in that way before a crowd of loafers? And in that dress, too!" "Well, the dress is a little unbecoming—that the worst of it. But as to exhibiting one's self, that's all nonsense. Isn't it a woman's business to exhibit herself? Don't we all exhibit ourselves when we go to a drawing-room?" Mrs. Lattimer-Wynee was decidedly clever than her husband, and kept him, on the whole, in a state of subjection. "You really look to have the chance," the friend of Mrs. Fyfe—that our Captain, you know—said that, on present form, I hadn't much claim to a place on the team, but that, as of two or three weeks ago, my friends gave me a trial. O, wasn't it good of her?" "And your going to allow a lot of cads to criticize you, and perhaps call out 'Go it, Tommy,' as they did at a ladies' football match the other day. Ladies, indeed! It's positively disgusting!" But Mrs. Lattimer-Wynee only smiled. Still, if she could have foreseen the terrible calamity that was about to befall her she would, no doubt, have related. But who can foresee the future?

Those who were living in Clapham, at that time, cannot have forgotten the extraordinary sensation that was excited by what was called the Clapham mystery. And the scene of the mystery was not a drawing-room. It appeared that the various rooms in the upper story were in the hands of the painters and painters. Mr. Lattimer-Wynee occupied temporarily the library or study, and in the morning, as he was passing the door of the study, while his wife slept with the children on another floor.

Nothing occurred during the night to disturb those who slept upstairs. But when Mrs. Lattimer-Wynee awoke in the morning and proceeded to call their master they were unable to rouse him. The door was forced open. There was no sign of Mrs. Lattimer-Wynee, but there were various indications of a desperate struggle.

One of the windows was open and below between this window and the bed the floor was strewn with pieces of the heavy chinaware belonging to the wash-room. More ominous still, a closer inspection revealed blood stains on the carpet.

It almost seemed as if even Inspector Bickery, detective, would for once be baffled. But at last his patience was rewarded; a sweep made his appearance on the scene and informed the police that he was passing the house in the early dawn he had seen a man, shabbily dressed in a gray suit, stealing from the premises.

The inspector's small eyes twinkled with satisfaction as he listened to this statement. The mere fact that the criminal wore a gray suit did not seem much to go upon, but Inspector Bickery felt sure that it would be enough for him. He would track that gray suit to the remotest corner of the earth.

The next morning there was in all the papers a long account of "The Clapham Mystery." A well-known detective of the Stock Exchange had been surprised by burglars when asleep, and after a desperate resistance had been murdered and the body carried off.

But the investigation having been entrusted to Inspector Bickery, that famous detective had already made an arrest on suspicion. He had succeeded in tracking one of the most notorious thieves of the East to a small boarding-house on the coast of Queensland, and had captured him. He had engaged as cabin boy on the St. Paul, bound from China to Australia with Chinese emigrants. She also struck on a reef off the northeastern coast of Queensland. Officers and crew got away in the boats, not troubling themselves about the Chinese passengers, and in their haste forgotting the cabin boy, who was subsequently found by the blacks in a dying condition in a cranny along the rocks. They nursed him back to life, fed him, treated him well, and in fact made him the pet of the crew. He had been identified by her as belonging to her husband.

The evidence of the servants and the sweep (who swore his identity was taken) and then Mrs. Lattimer-Wynee made her appearance. At first the evidence against him was that a watch and chain had been found upon him which had been shown to Mrs. Lattimer-Wynee and which had been identified by her as belonging to her husband.

"What, Harry," she cried, "is it you?" "What is the meaning of all this?" asked the magistrate, glancing at Inspector Bickery.

"Beg pardon, your Worship," he stammered. "I mean to say..." "I am Mr. Lattimer-Wynee and I am curious to know why a gentleman may not leave his own house early in the morning without being arrested. I ask what crime I have committed?" "Your conduct is most reprehensible," said the magistrate.

"Prison me, your Worship," said the prisoner. "I have done nothing. I have simply been passive in the hands of Inspector Bickery." "And what was your object in paying such a favor," asked the magistrate, glancing down his indignation.

"Well, I had two objects. The first is a private one, with which I will not trouble your Worship. The other was to see how far the cleverness of a London detective would go. Now that I have got one of them to arrest a man as his own murderer, I am satisfied. I think I have established a record."

Wild White Man.

Apropos of the marvelous story told by Lewis Ross in the Fall Mountain Gazette has this to say concerning white men who have lived among the natives of Australia as one of themselves. The first record of wild white men was William Buckley, a sailor of Macleodfield, and at the close of the last century a soldier in the Fourth or King's Own Regiment. On December 24, 1802, in company with six other sailors, he was involved in an attempt on the life of the Duke of Kent. He was sentenced to transportation for life and taken out in a convict ship to the Antipodes. During a brief stay at the head of what is now the harbor of Melbourne he contrived to escape in company with two other convicts. The latter, however, was never ascertained—how Buckley was subsequently questioned as to his fate he was exceedingly reticent and discovered that he was a case of cannibalism.

For the next 32 years Buckley led the life of a savage, hunting, fishing, and fighting with the tribe that adopted him. He does not appear to have taught the blacks anything or raised them in any degree in the scale of civilization. He simply became one of them as he adapted himself to his new environment in every respect—perhaps his best and wisest course under the circumstances. When he saw a white man, he would show a white face for the first time after the lapse of more than 20 years. On that day the pioneers of the city of Melbourne landed from their little schooner and Buckley advanced to meet them, his hair by this time being but little superior to the tresses of the savages around him, but the newcomers noticed the comparatively light color of his skin. He tried to summon some English words from his store of his memory, and at last succeeded in articulating the word "bread." He made himself very useful as an interpreter between the whites and the natives, and his services were frequently called upon. The blacks, when his story reached London