

Daily Eagle

Last Friday's Demonstration.

The Sagasta Leedy Squadron sailed into Wichita and called out again. The pro-Spanish torpedo boat Simpson essayed the same thing, with the same result. This surviving crew of the old cruiser Calamity, having got into position, under the great fortifications which overlook the broad Bay of Wichita, and having turned their biggest guns loose on that first-class battle-ship Stanley, their biggest failed to puncture a plate, disable a gun or capture a man, opportunity, between dark and daylight, slid out of the harbor and out of sight. Their Pop guns had neither the requisite culture or adequate range. They are old muzzle-piece and out of date, and in no sense equal to either the rapid-fire breech-loaders which bristle on the decks of the Stanley or the thirteen-inch monsters found mounted on the impregnable Republican ramparts which guard the waters and defend and protect the many commercial and industrial interests which cluster along the waters and line the banks of the Great and Little Arkansas. Without a word of explanation from Captain Sagasta Leedy why he had scuttled the ship of state with a maximum freight-rate veto, or why he failed to protect the lives of the unfortunate inmates of the insane asylums from the murderous assaults of his partisan employes, or why he disbanded the militia and belittled a patriotic enlistment, and with no apology from his Spanish ensign, Simpson, for his insulting declaration that the war was rotten from beginning to ending, that McKinley is a weak man, and that if he, Elnest Simpson, were elected again he would oppose the president's policy, the battered and unseaworthy old calamity cruiser, with her flag trailing at half-mast, and her conning tower out of plumb and full of holes, sneaked off into the darkness of night.

Admittedly, and seriously, that it was not to be expected that the opposition would meet with much encouragement from a community which had so heartily and earnestly united in the effort to secure a home man for governor, still the Fusion rally of day before yesterday, at Griswold Park, must be set down as a dismal failure. With the Republicans and women left out of the count, the demonstration would have proved not only discouraging but pitiful. The family vehicles of the farmers were conspicuous only because of the memory of the former rallies of the Pop party. There were no parades or banners and no enthusiasm. Friday, the dullest day of the week for the city, seemed duller than usual. The crowd, such as it was, was simply quiet and respectful. The truth is, were Stanley's election not already conceded, were even the result next Tuesday a week doubtful, Wichita and Sedgwick county would still be found standing by their pledge in good faith. When the people of the county and city said they wanted a vote and hand in the control of the affairs and interests of the state, they meant it; and having succeeded in getting the nomination for one of their citizens they will stand by him in spite of the pleadings and demonstrations of a few who are personally interested, who individually are running for office on the Fusion ticket, or who in the re-election of Leedy would receive personal reward. These will control the minority, but that minority will prove insignificant.

A Preposterous Spook.

Ghosts are scary, but they were never known to hurt any one. Ghosts are, for the most part, conjured up for the benefit of children and simple-minded folk. The political preposterations of the Leedy camp are just now forking up the ghost of prohibition, with Stanley as the chief shade. He is made to figure as a hollow-eyed cadaver, whose jaws drop and joints creak at the sight of an empty beer stein or a jug of apple cider. Nothing but hydrant water or diluted milk is ever partaken of by the inhabitants of Wichita. By this bogey it is expected to drive the German vote over to a governor who doesn't believe that Wichita nor any city in the state can govern and regulate its own affairs. The only people heard from as desiring to revive prohibition are the fellows who want to be police commissioners under Leedy, and other Leedy strikers who are trying to convince the Germans that Stanley is a narrow-minded bigot. It won't work. Stanley as governor will be the last man to move for a re-opening of the metropolitan police commission question. The commissions have all been abolished and every city is running more smoothly and getting more revenue than under the commission rule. Besides, no man in the state has had a closer experience with the system than Stanley. He has been a commissioner himself and resigned because, he said, as he said at the time in effect, that to no man or set of men could crowd down the throats of an American community any summary law to which a large majority were opposed. The continuous expense of prosecutions under one class of extremists, as commissioners, and the distractions and divisions growing out of unending courts were no more satisfactory than the corruption and greed consumption of liquor was little effected one way or hounded under more liberal commissioners, while the aggressive other. Besides, all these surmises and threats of the Fusion leaders are without any foundation. Mr. Stanley has never intimated that he would reconstitute the commissioner system, and certainly there is no warrant for such a conclusion either from his acts in the past, and certainly no such warrant can be found in the platform upon which he is running. It's all humbug from beginning to end.

The Calamity Campaign Fund.

If the Pop party has rendered itself more conspicuous by any one bold move than another, it has been its bold assault upon corporations. The cry "Down with the combines" ever reiterated on the stump by Pop orators and filtered through calamity sheets by Pop editors has caught many a vote of the prejudiced. Documentary evidence fell into the hands of the Republican state central committee on Friday which proves beyond any doubt that the Populist managers have been bleeding corporations for campaign funds. They have been using not only for railway managers, but for brewers, insurance companies and other corporations, including the great Pop octopus the Standard Oil company through which company's offices the facts first leaked out. Wichita has always been united. That is its reputation the state over. A little, nearly majority for Stanley in this county will not do. It must be big.

Yes, Leedy is a trait friend of Wichita. Why did he wait till his election got near to say so? Where is that \$21,000 Bufo Cane says he owes Wichita? The election will gratify one of two of Wichita's citizens—W. E. Stanley or Colonel Toler. This doesn't happen to be Colonel Toler's year. Stanley is a Wichita man. With you and every other citizen he is interested in the increased prosperity of this town. Another large wad of money will soon be added to the city treasury by the major of Wichita—a Republican mayor.

The Leavenworth German Vote.

The Tribune, of Leavenworth—the German paper—"Deutsch-Amerikaner Indosier Stanley fuer Gouverneur." The Tribune is a conservative paper, not Republican—being disgusted with the outrages perpetrated by the Fusion partisans at the Insane Asylum at Topeka, has not only come out against the entire Fusion ticket but heartily endorses "that liberal and broad-gauged man, W. E. Stanley" for governor. On September 16 the Tribune announced that it had the best of authority for stating that the Germans of Sedgwick, Reno, Harvey and adjoining counties who knew Stanley personally knew him to be a liberal man in every respect and that they would support his candidacy as against the nominee of Fusion. On October 22 the Tribune, after publishing an article setting forth the flagrant indecencies committed by Leedy's appointees, such as burning a poor negro's feet and the like, denouncing the other acts of inhuman treatment accorded many of the unfortunate patients confined therein, came squarely out advising the Germans of Kansas in the name of humanity and decency to vote for Stanley.

Queen Wilhelmina and Her Prussian.

A brief dispatch from Amsterdam says: "The engagement of Queen Wilhelmina to the Prince of Wied will shortly be announced." This bit of news sounds harmless enough. The average reader will ask: Who is the Prince of Wied? And not finding an answer will conclude that the capricious young queen has fallen in love with some obscure nobleman. Yet on this proposed union may hang the fate and independence of Holland. German statesmen and German patriotic societies have recently openly declared that the first step toward the new policy of imperial expansion must be the acquisition of Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg. Dutch statesmen have long realized this danger. Little Wilhelmina was brought up to look upon Germany as a hostile power. She was carefully taught the languages of the Netherlands, Flemish and Wallon, and can speak French and English fluently, but German was not allowed a place in her studies. Everything was done to guard against any possible future alliance with the country of the grasping Hohenzollerns. The announcement of her engagement to Prince Wied means that all these precautions have been in vain. Prince William Frederick Herman Otto Charles of Wied, the eldest of the house, lives in Rhineland Prussia, is a prince of the German empire and has a hereditary seat in the Prussian senate, and is the grandson of Princess Wilhelmina of Prussia. The question arises at once: What powerful influence has been able to overthrow the accepted policies of old King William and his advisers? It is hardly conceivable that love has meddled with politics, though the Prince of Wied is but twenty-six years old, a handsome lieutenant of William's ornamental Uhlands. The prince is the queen's own cousin once removed, his mother being a niece of the late King of Holland. The match bears the marks of Prussian intrigue and behind it probably lurks a story of court influence and diplomacy that would furnish interesting material for an Anthony Hope.

Thanksgiving.

For now more than a generation has Thanksgiving been a national institution throughout this country, while as a religious festival it dates back over two and three-fourths centuries, to its first celebration by the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. In the early days of the planting of church and commonwealth on this continent, when a sterile soil began to yield its bounties to the often famished settler, it is pleasant to recall that the little community used to delight in giving public expression to the spirit of thanksgiving, which has now grown into a mighty custom over the entire republic, after the annual harvesting of the fruits of the earth. From its antiquity among our people, as well as from its general significance, there is no religious tradition more interesting, or that ought to be dearer to the hearts of the people, than that of giving thanks, on a day especially set apart by the head of the nation for public blessings and for nature's bountiful gifts vouchsafed to it. It is, moreover, the day on which we are accustomed as a people to draw together in family reunions, which keep well knit the bonds of kinship and attune hearts, often sundered by discord, to the universal note of harmony and common rejoicing. The occasion, so fraught with pleasant memories to the present generation, was long in settling down to its now fixed season of celebration, and though it comes close to the Christmas festival, some of the happiest features of which Thanksgiving Day has appropriated, it already has traditions which hallow it to the nation and to all classes and conditions of the people. The present year, it is hardly necessary to remind the reader, furnishes, by its large measure of peace and plenty enjoyed by every section of the nation, abundant reason for national thanksgiving. In the joy of the coming festival the grateful heart will therefore not be unmindful of the benign Source from which, as the familiar Doxology reminds us, "All blessings flow."

Does Leedy know a single one of Wichita's needs? No. Does he know the names of fifty business concerns in Wichita? No. Is he interested in Wichita's welfare? No. Leedy is a politician. All he expects of Wichita is for it to line up behind his friend Colonel Toler and vote for him. It has come to a pretty pass when the opposition can find nothing against Stanley but the silly charge that he is not a friend to his home town, and nothing for Leedy except that Presidential, who says the people of Wichita are dishonest, is for Leedy.

The Republicans of Wichita have always been generous with the opposition. Lovell ran away ahead of his ticket in the race against Farmer Smith; the police force under a Republican mayor today is non-partisan.

John Breidenthal believes it would be better for Kansas if Wichita were wiped off the face of the earth. He says the people of this town are all dishonest. That is his only argument against Stanley.

Governor Leedy knows who is making the fight for him in Wichita. If the Populist Argonauts want it proved again, Leedy will come down here this week and Colonel Toler will go all through it again.

In event of Leedy's re-election the power at Topeka will be Colonel Toler. He and his followers are the only men making a fight for Leedy here, and Leedy knows it.

The people of Wichita are going to give the state of Kansas an illustration on municipal unity which will be an event talked of in Kansas politics for years to come.

The argument that Breidenthal is making against Stanley is that he is from Wichita. If Breidenthal had his way, Wichita would be wiped from the face of the earth.

Of course Leedy doesn't think much of the home pride idea. He has no home pride. He was elected from Leroy, and he hasn't been in the town since.

Wichita has always been united. That is its reputation the state over. A little, nearly majority for Stanley in this county will not do. It must be big.

A Rough Diamond

"Oh, Miss Elsie, Miss Elsie, the bank has been robbed! Twenty thousand pounds gone, miss! And poor master escaped being present at a marriage. The dead man was a bachelor, and the young girl that his spirit would wander companion in the world of shades, relatives had secured the countrywide for a dead man to marry to him and a low voice spoke her name. She knew it at once; it was her good-for-nothing brother's." "Why are you here again, Harold?" she cried. "But he is away, Elsie," the young man answered, breathlessly. "Girl, you must help me, just this once. I promise solemnly never to worry you again." "No," she replied, "I won't help you. Harold," his sister said, bitterly. "I can not help you, I say. We are all ruined. The bank has been robbed!" "Has the bank really been robbed?" "She told him what she knew, he listening impatiently. "I must have money, girl," he burst out. "I don't possess a single farthing, either!" she persisted. "What is the matter, Harold? Why is it so terribly necessary for you to have Blackmore tonight?" "Uncle will be coming back to see about the bank, Elsie," he muttered queerly. "I must not find me here." "No," she would reply, "the bitterness of his return. What could she do? 'I have it!' the desperate brother suddenly exclaimed. "Elsie, this news about the bank robbery is still exciting. The editor of the Blackmore Times would give you any sum of it."

But Elsie would not see it in that light for a long, long time. It was not until the night of the 23rd that she saw the grim necessity of the case, not until he had forced her to plainly understand the consequences if he did not have money at once, that she finally consented to go to the editor of the Blackmore Times. Harold Maitland had a smart, cunning tongue; on this occasion he had indeed used it well. As he prophesied, the editor of the Blackmore Times had called on the editor of the Blackmore Times, making public the robbery. That exclusive news sold by Elsie Maitland on the previous evening to the editor of the Blackmore Times had caused an appalling run on her uncle's bank. The doors were opened at last; the crowd surged in, presenting checks to the full amount they had deposited in the bank. The bank acted as if it were the gold came over the counter in their direction. At noon Elsie and her uncle drove up to the front entrance in an open carriage. All the way along they had seen the hideous posters announcing the robbery. "How did they get the news?" John Rivers kept repeating. "Elsie, child, how did they get the news? It is a mystery to me. If only I could have been kept from them another twenty-four hours I could have weathered the storm." "Poor Elsie's heart ached. As a yet Elsie had told her uncle who supplied the news to the paper. For hours she sat in a little room over the bank.

How much longer could it go on? "No," she said, "John Rivers said that he ought to be dearer to the hearts of the people, than that of giving thanks, on a day especially set apart by the head of the nation for public blessings and for nature's bountiful gifts vouchsafed to it. It is, moreover, the day on which we are accustomed as a people to draw together in family reunions, which keep well knit the bonds of kinship and attune hearts, often sundered by discord, to the universal note of harmony and common rejoicing. The occasion, so fraught with pleasant memories to the present generation, was long in settling down to its now fixed season of celebration, and though it comes close to the Christmas festival, some of the happiest features of which Thanksgiving Day has appropriated, it already has traditions which hallow it to the nation and to all classes and conditions of the people. The present year, it is hardly necessary to remind the reader, furnishes, by its large measure of peace and plenty enjoyed by every section of the nation, abundant reason for national thanksgiving. In the joy of the coming festival the grateful heart will therefore not be unmindful of the benign Source from which, as the familiar Doxology reminds us, "All blessings flow."

According to the Amritza Bazaar Patrika, when a Burmese husband and wife were to part the woman goes out and buys two little candles of equal length, which are made especially for this use. She brings them home. She and her husband sit down on the floor, and placing the candles between them, she lights them simultaneously. One candle stands for her, the other for him. The one whose candle goes out first rises and goes out of the house forever, with nothing but what he or she may have on his or her person. In the opinion of one debater it sometimes led to immorality. Even ladies rode it. As a rule, the use of bicycles was declared against.

From 6 o'clock yesterday morning until 6 o'clock in the afternoon, says Monday's Atlanta (Ga.) Journal, Rev. John Power sat up in a tree on Dagwood avenue, near the Equitable Building, and watched the parade of the Georgia Legislature. He was surprised to hear a man talking from a tree, and when they stopped to listen they ascertained that he was delivering a sermon. All day long he talked from his perch, and when the parade went, but at no time did he fall to have a large congregation. Finally Patrolman Kitchens put a stop to the preaching.

A Paris correspondent says: The Eiffel Tower is having several coats of paint in view of the 100 exhibition. At the present moment of writing the Eiffel Tower is still in the paint mill of the primitive red, but it is to pass through many nuances as the political opinions of M. Rochefort, and like that general language, to finally assume a rich blue color.

An interesting relic, consisting of the actual silk underwear which was worn by King Charles on the day of his execution, is shortly to be sold by auction in a well-known auction room in the West End.

At a Fair, or in the gathering, had a few days ago at Barnersmore, County Denbigh, resolutions were adopted regarding the rural district council to be conducted in meeting in Gaelic, and to employ only Gaelic-speaking officials.

The biggest prize yet given for a bullock dog has just been offered by the Black, considered by experts to be one of the finest of his kind, the amount paid being \$300. Last year Mr. C. Meyrick, the actor, gave \$250 for Champion Ironbuck.

"Hypnotic" J. Franklin Brown died in San Francisco a few days ago. Some months since he was given by a mob leader a dose of "hypnotic" blood-poisoning followed and caused the man's death.

Cast Steel Billiard Balls. Manifests of defeat: When you identify candidates proposed that you may not nominated this year, and hope you will be nominated another year when things look more favorable for your party. You can hear that among Kansas politicians. Political associates, which is supposed to have significance, but which has none whatever. Child-like belief that the way the gamblers are betting is the way the election will go, this belief being based on the dream that a gambler has visionary powers beyond that of the ordinary individual. Remember that on election day no one was exempt somebody loses.

Quaint News of the World.

This comes via the North China Herald: A Shiensi missionary who went to conduct a funeral the other day narrowly escaped being present at a marriage. The dead man was a bachelor, and the young girl that his spirit would wander companion in the world of shades, relatives had secured the countrywide for a dead man to marry to him and a low voice spoke her name. She knew it at once; it was her good-for-nothing brother's." "Why are you here again, Harold?" she cried. "But he is away, Elsie," the young man answered, breathlessly. "Girl, you must help me, just this once. I promise solemnly never to worry you again." "No," she replied, "I won't help you. Harold," his sister said, bitterly. "I can not help you, I say. We are all ruined. The bank has been robbed!" "Has the bank really been robbed?" "She told him what she knew, he listening impatiently. "I must have money, girl," he burst out. "I don't possess a single farthing, either!" she persisted. "What is the matter, Harold? Why is it so terribly necessary for you to have Blackmore tonight?" "Uncle will be coming back to see about the bank, Elsie," he muttered queerly. "I must not find me here." "No," she would reply, "the bitterness of his return. What could she do? 'I have it!' the desperate brother suddenly exclaimed. "Elsie, this news about the bank robbery is still exciting. The editor of the Blackmore Times would give you any sum of it."

In checked, like so many umbrellas, while their mothers pursue the elusive bargain from counter to counter. A small boy is detained to stand guard over a number of his mother's umbrellas. While the infant has not been asked for an opinion, but the mothers are enthusiastic in their approval. In Brooklyn the checking system as applied to ladies has appeared as a new term. Brooklyn is being developed as the City of Churches, the new development is naturally along the ecclesiastical line. Rev. Dr. Willey, of the Nostrand Avenue church, is the originator of the scheme, and the mothers are once more the gainers. A large room has been fitted up with hammocks and crabs, perambulators and toys. Here a volunteer committee of young women meet every Sunday morning, and here the mothers, who would otherwise be kept at home, leave their babies, while they themselves attend the regular church service. The plan is a novel one, and promises, and deserves, to be popular.

The Queen, says the London Mail, has just had plans prepared for a number of dainty little tea-houses, which are to be erected during the coming winter in the grounds and on the more extended drives about Balmoral. Spots with lovely views of the mountains are being selected, and have been chosen by the Queen herself, and on these they will be built. Each will have a "parlor," a dressing-room and a tiny kitchen. There will be a hand with pins woven from the straws of straw, and the roofs are to be quaintly thatched with heather and fastened with bands of the aneavy birch tree. The cottages will be finished in May.

Will not you, a Populist, concede that Leedy would be stronger today, if he had not called McKinley weak? Will not you, a Populist, concede that Leedy would be stronger today, if he had not killed the maximum freight rate law? Will not you, a Populist, concede that Leedy would be stronger today, if he had not virtually disfranchised, and barred from enrollment, part of the state militia? Will not you, a Populist, concede that Leedy would be stronger today, if he had not appointed such a baby-powdered pos as Ed. Little to a high place in the army? Will not you, a Populist, concede that Leedy would be stronger today, if the Democrats had received a square deal on the Populist ticket? Will not you, a Populist, concede that Leedy would be stronger today, if he had not attended to the military appointments, the ranks of the men already holding office? It is apparently John Breidenthal's belief that no good can come out of Wichita. Remember this two years hence, when you are wondering over the popularity of Governor Stanley.

Along the Kansas Nile.

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Southern Kansas Business Men.

A man must be in love with his goods to sell them; he must be in love with his establishment to advertise it. The proposition that women do not read politics is a new one. The suggestion that men do not read advertisements. Men do. The effective advertisement is the one to the point. A general argument, in either of these, is not as effective as a particular one. It is well enough to remember that what you may regard as bragging in your competitor the public will look upon favorably as an enthusiasm. Anything which makes an advertisement timely makes it interesting. Every advertisement in the Globe is the work of a newspaper in its own words. "Advertisers know the paper that brings results," says a New York Journal; and the saying can be accepted unreservedly. It is true that the advertiser's success fails to come the same way as much in the advertising matter as in the medium; but as all papers are subject to the same conditions in that respect the general rule that the advertiser should be guided by the results is practically as fair as one can be desired. It is said of Phil May, the English cartoonist, that "he would draw a woman in a gown of red velvet and black and white would bring out the very features of his gown." In reality he first drew many lines in pencil; then he selected the lines that really told the story and linked them with ink. It was simple enough to understand after you once knew how it was done. This is as true of an advertisement as of a picture. It is the cutting out of the essentials that makes it strong and effective. Military hints from the Dry Goods Chronicle: Turned velvet is in the lead. . . . Machine-stitched veils are made in great quantities. Many results from high plucking, fiddo and ruffles are shown on our list. . . . For hats for second-best, your favor takes the place of those made of fancy brack. . . . Millions from No. 1 to No. 4, under glass, are sold in full velvet crowns, in various shades. . . . Down-crowned hats are generally made to contract into three-cornered styles. . . . The most popular and desired models are in the material employed for covering purposes. New specialties noted by the Dry Goods Chronicle: Fugate weaves in plain and twill. . . . New effects in plaid, checked and striped. . . . Men's Assorted ties in light colors for dress wear. . . . Small broties in black suits for Leedy XVI cents. . . . Kitt suits of new, checked blue and green checked. . . . Large oval ribbed stockings for evening wear. . . . Camer's hair and serge for morning street wear. . . . Hair-eyes of hand-made bordered with silk. . . . Tulle cape trimmed with ruffles of black velvet ribbon. . . . Quantities of cashmere in street, house and evening shades. . . . Show and Leather Gazette: Advertising is giving information to possible buyers about the goods you have to sell. It is to be a plain story in a simple, direct way. If advertisers would do this, they would learn to do without making overstatements or understatements, or filling their advertisements with a lot of rubbish that has no business there. How much more successful way. If advertisers would do this, they would learn to do without making overstatements or understatements, or filling their advertisements with a lot of rubbish that has no business there. How much more successful way. If advertisers would do this, they would learn to do without making overstatements or understatements, or filling their advertisements with a lot of rubbish that has no business there. How much more successful way.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

The joint debate came and went suddenly. Keaton doesn't want any more. Senator Doon, the Populist of Fort-walton county, wants to debate with Keaton. There is not a Rough Rider in Oklahoma who thinks Roosevelt will be beaten for governor of New York. According to Leslie Niblack, a popular song in Oklahoma is entitled: "Never Drive a Nail in Michigan's Plank." Before the campaign is over it is likely to be charged that Hankins is none other than a brother-in-law to Bagatza. A. R. Mueller is running for county attorney in Noble county, having been put on the ticket when Mr. Burnett died. Eugene Durkee at Guthrie has sued his wife in St. Louis for divorce because she refused to come to Oklahoma and live on a farm. No such fighting was done outside San Diego as is being indulged in in some of the county campaigns in Oklahoma. Some of those campaigns are simply terrific. After the election, whether beaten or elected, Keaton should take off his coat and throw the day-lights out of his campaign manager.

It is coming into fashion again to abuse Indian agents. Why? The agents, as a rule, do the best they can and an Indian is always a complainer. Mr. Shreveport is running for county commissioner in Kay county. That will make the hated little wader, if the printer can't find small type. The fight in many of the Oklahoma counties is so hot that a man has to go into the adjoining county to discover that it is still an Oklahoma county. Nobody should get so warm over the election that, if beaten, he will be so hot that he will not realize that Oklahoma is on a boom, and go to work for it. The counties that the campaign has taken place in Oklahoma are the form of county candidates of jumping up in the air and cracking his heels together when he heard the Maine was blown up. People who were present at Perkins when Flynn was elected in joint session, said it was a fight between Flynn, Grover Cleveland and Jim Corbett. Flynn literally showered arguments in on Keaton. Mr. Johnson, in speaking of Oklahoma counties, says that Keaton can not be placed as such; that Callahan has a stronger power over his audience at times. He claims Flynn as an orator, taking as a basis influence on an audience. Keaton made an awful break at Shawnee. There are two tickets in Pottawatomie county, and Keaton said it made no difference to him whether the Democratic or Populist ticket was elected. The Shawnee Chief bolted him forthwith. This is the only piece of campaign poetry to break down in Oklahoma. "To be or not to be. That is the question. Whether it is better to bear the ills we have, Or to strive for Flynn and end them."

The first Pecos train over the new Sapulpa arrived at Oklahoma City Thursday, at 12:30 p. m. The whistles from the mills and factories in the city blew loud and loud to celebrate the arrival. The object of the trip was to examine the track, with a view of securing it from the contractors. The passengers on board were: H. L. Murrell, president of the Oklahoma Construction company; G. M. Farnish, president of the firm of Johnson Brothers & Farnish, principal contractors of the road; P. W. Bond, assistant engineer; F. M. Hulse, superintendent of tracks; W. T. Smetten, road master; H. F. Dunn, traveling passenger and freight agent, and Charles G. Jones, president of the St. Louis & Oklahoma railroad.

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