

Daily Eagle

H. N. BURDOCK, Editor.

Kill Them Off by Open Order.

History fails to record the time wherein men first commenced to kill each other off in regular battle array, by charges in platoons, by regiments, brigades and legions. Those who have given the matter cursory attention are inclined to the conclusion that men began to do each other up long before they knew how to make a record of the fact. Of one thing the survivors of the race are certain, and that is that ever since the time when man learned how to write history he has done little else than fight. All history is but an unending record of battles. The names of only those who killed the greatest number in their respective eras are lauded in history. The more men these killed the more frequently do their names occur, and the longer do their deeds survive. Anything found in history aside from the wholesale murder of men is wholly incidental. Poets, painters and the like have survived in their works. Since the time before Moses lined up the Israelites for a charge on his enemies, civilized men have gone on mowing each other down in winnows. The more enlightened and the higher the civilization, the greater the slaughter of each other. It has been a bloody work, but one full of glory such as the Michael Angelo, the sculptors of the Athenaeum and the Mound and Pyramid Builders never attained. The only exceptions to this systematic slaughter of the centuries have been the savages. They have been on the kill, unquestionably, but they cherished the refined and scientific way most approved of and practiced by civilization for making rivers of blood. Savages in their efforts to exterminate the race and to rid the earth of the hateful presence of each other, hide out, scatter and secrete themselves. They last longer that way. As all that war is for is to kill the other fellow's fellows, it is coming to be seen that there is not so much sense in standing out in a compact line to be shot down by scores and legions, besides the numerous dead block the way and it takes too much time to bury the fallen. So the "open order" of the savage, or of every fellow for himself, is becoming more the vogue. San Juan Hill at Santiago was won by the "open order" over the Spanish phalanxes. The "open order" by squads, or the every-fellow-for-himself tactics of the Tagals is holding our army in Luzon at bay. Were the same tactics employed by our forces at Manila and fifty thousand American men turned loose, singly and in squads, to kill off every Tagal in sight, in fifty days there would be no Tagals left to see. But this would be brutal murder. Yet what is civilized warfare but an endeavor, to kill the other fellow and at the same time save your own bacon? Death is not less brutal or more to be dreaded coming from a firing line of Mausers than from the single ambushed shaft of a savage.

Colonel Piquart Coming Out on Top.

Loubet's new cabinet, which has met the test of endorsement, is a Dreyfus cabinet of course, but the anti-Semitic fanatics haven't begun to swallow the bitter dose which must be inevitably swallowed by them in the near future. Some of the highest and proudest of the French army will find themselves behind bars or there is no justice to be had in France. The release of Colonel Piquart, who made himself conspicuous in the defense of Dreyfus, was another bitter pill, and Piquart is getting together and publishing the proof of the innocence of the prescribed Jew, and that is another bitter prescription. Race prejudice is no doubt strong among the Franks, but a republic cannot afford to have a man sent to life imprisonment simply because of his racial blood. Piquart was arrested and incarcerated in a military prison because he had the courage to show that Esterhazy was a forger and a villain and because the army saw that Piquart's course would expose the whole Dreyfus conspiracy. The imprisonment of the high-minded and clean-handed colonel was an outrage, but he will be avenged. It seems but the more certain every day that the late president of France was either a weak or a corrupt man, probably both.

Potato Pingree Will Pull the Trusts.

The anti-trust bill passed just before the Michigan legislature adjourned defines as a trust every sort of combination of persons, firms, partnerships, corporations or associations which has the controlling of the output, price or transportation of any commodity for its object. Everything of this nature is made a conspiracy against trade, and all contracts or agreements made in violation of the act are to be held void in law and equity. Any person injured in business or property by violations of the act is entitled to recover two-fold the damages sustained. This measure is held to be more radical than the Texas or Arkansas anti-trust enactments. When Sherman drafted his anti-trust bill he found the difficulty to be to word a measure which in being effective would stand the test of the courts, a bill that in foreigning one class of citizens would not infringe upon the rights of all, hence he made it a measure forbidding any restraint of trade or commerce. The Michigan measure is said to have been inspired by Governor Pingree, who proposes to see that an honest effort is made to enforce it. The possibility, the danger of all these measures is in their proving so sweeping as to break of their own weight. It is going to be found a difficult matter to restrain the trust principle and not at the same time infringe on the rights of citizenship.

A Pleasant Kiss and Wise Counsel.

Editorial allusion was made the other day by the Eagle to Kipling's estimate of America as set forth in his book "From Sea to Sea." In the same book he gives a glowing description of the American girl, one of whom he subsequently married. His estimate in being flattering is a show and very correct, the light in which he views her being new and strange to him but well understood by the American girl. "As to the maiden," he says, "she is taught to respect herself, that her fate is in her own hands, and that she is the more stringently bound by the very measure of her liberty so freely accorded to her. Wherefore, in her own language, she has a lovely time" with about two or three hundred boys who have sisters of their own, and a very accurate perception that if they are unworthy of their trust a syndicate of other boys would probably pass them into another world where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. And so time goes until the maiden knows the other side of the house—knows that man is not a demigod nor a mysteriously veiled monster, but an average, egotistical, vain, gluttonous, but, on the whole, companionable sort of person, to be soothed, fed and managed—knowledge that does not come to her sister in England till after a few years of matrimony. And then she makes her choice. The golden light touches eyes that are full of comprehension, but the light is golden none the less, for she makes just the same sweet, irrational choices that an English girl does. With

this advantage: She knows a little more, has experience in entertaining, insight into the business, employ and hobbies of men, gathered from countless talks with the boys and talks with the other girls who find time at those mysterious conclaves to discuss what Tom, Ted, Stuke or Paek have been doing. Thus it happens that she is a companion, in the fullest sense of the word, of the man she weds, zealous for the interests of the firm, to be consulted in time of stress and to be called upon for help and sympathy in time of danger. Pleasant it is that one heart should beat for you, but it is better when the head above that heart has been thinking hard on your behalf, and when the lips, that are also very pleasant to kiss, give wise counsel."

The Army Canteen Question.

The editor of the Kansas City Gazette, a Presbyterian of the strictest sect, in commenting upon the resolve of the Pittsburg Presbyterians to carry the canteen question up to President McKinley and his cabinet, says that "through the efforts of organized temperance workers all over the country the anti-canteen law was passed. The attorney general was asked for an opinion on the law and decided that the law only prohibited the sale of liquor by a soldier in the service of the United States, but that a civilian could maintain a canteen in military camps and sell liquor. The announcement of this was followed by protests from temperance people all over the country, and a great deal of influence was brought to bear on the attorney general to induce him to recede from it, but he stood pat, and has referred the question to all regular army officers, nearly all of whom reply that canteens are good things; they prevent worse dissipation outside of the posts, and compel moderation in the use of intoxicants. It is very like the question of prohibition in Kansas, which is weaker, inasmuch as Kansas is not under the military control which makes it possible to regulate the habits of the soldiers."

Those Pretty Japanese Women.

Sir Edwin Arnold and other male Anglo-Saxon writers who have had so much to say in behalf of the superiority of the femininity of the Japanese women, of their gentleness and devotion, of their sweetness and docility towards man, have failed to tell of another side of their characters. Mrs. Archibald, in her "Intimate China," describes them as being debarred by curiosity. She says that "the women flock around and beg me to take off my gloves and my hat, that they may see how my hair is done, and the color of my hands. Then some old woman is sure to squeeze my feet, to see if there is really a foot filling up all those big boots; for, of course, all the women here have small feet—that is, they have them bandaged up, and astonishingly well they get along upon their hoof-like feet. They are very friendly, and bring out chairs and benches before their doors, and beg us to sit down, and offer us tea, or, if they have not got that ready, hot water. But the children cry with terror if I touch them or go too near; and one little boy in a school we went into simply trembled with fear all the time I stood near him to hear him read."

What and How Much May Be Done.

In view of Prof. Atwater's assertion that two and one-half ounces of alcohol may be taken by a man daily, without injurious effects, the question has arisen how large a quantity of various beverages may be drunk before the limit of safety is reached. Prof. Duff, of the National Provisioner's laboratory, has given some information as to the quantities of different beverages which contain two and one-half ounces of alcohol. Here is his list: Ordinary cider, two quarts; hard cider, one quart; Jager beer, two quarts; wies beer, five quarts; bock beer, one to two quarts; Scotch ale, a pint and a half; London porter, two pints and a half; English ale, two pints and a half; claret, one pint and a half; Tokay, a pint and a quarter; Malaga, a pint and a quarter; port, a pint and a quarter; sherry, three-quarters of a pint; Madeira, three-quarters of a pint; Rhine wine, a pint and a half; Catawba, a pint and a half; brandy and whisky, three small whisky glasses.

Kansas Money on Deposit.

The statement of the condition of state and private banks in Kansas on March 18 shows a total deposit of \$23,049,050.62. The statement of the condition of national banks in Kansas on April 5 shows a total deposit of \$24,014,276.37. Grand total deposit, state, private and national banks, \$47,063,326.99. This is an increase of \$2,500,000 over the grand total of a year ago.

Dreyfus has never been told that it is the army which hates him. He thinks it is the army which has demanded his re-trial. After being cleared Dreyfus can amuse himself for a long while reading the back files of the newspapers.

McKinley hates to make that call for additional troops. Without the call the Filipino war is simply part of the Spanish war; with the call it becomes a separate war. But the call should be made.

From the appearance of that state convention at Louisville, it is still apparent that O. F. C. Taylor and John Crow, while not present, manipulate Kentucky politics entirely too much.

General Miles is so afraid that General Oils is not running that campaign correctly that it is a wonder he doesn't suspect the rations which are being doled out in Luzon.

Queen Victoria has reviewed 18,000 of her men and thinks them superb. There is probably too much hypocritical talk of peace at The Hague to please this sensible old lady.

America is the only country in the world where a portion of the citizens, while their country is at war with a foreign nation, sympathize with the foreigners.

Oils should be given a quantity of men sufficient to keep the Filipino conjurers out of the minds of Americans. A great many people at home are uneasy.

Brest tried to act like Paris and completely failed. Paris is the only community in the world where a crowd of humanity actually gets froth on it.

Loubet's cabinet is going to be able to keep its feet. Loubet, the peasant president, gives signs of being one of the great men of the century.

The Transvaal is small, but England can not overcome her by talking froth. Even infants feel a certain safety in a froth of threats.

The Kentucky Democratic state convention could easily pose before a kitescope as a meeting of the French chamber of deputies.

A scientist says that if all the birds were killed man would soon cease to exist. But he would get his fill of cherries first.

It is plain to be seen that England is going to try a lot of gorgeous bluffs on Oom Paul before she cocks her revolver.

The carina has another girl baby. But the car should cheer up. Grover Cleveland was once discouraged himself.

Jeffries has a couple of pretty sisters. It is a singular thing that in the past pugilists have been short on sisters.

A California judge has admitted a graphophone into his court as a witness. This is waxing it to the defendant.

Jeffries says his fighting colors will be red, white and blue. His opponents' colors will be black and blue.

About the safest bet on the boards just at present is that the Missouri train robbers will break jail.

In speaking to Kansas City, Missouri, Roosevelt called Funston "our brave Fred." Oh, heavens!

Ingalls says Napoleon was the biggest liar that ever lived. Napoleon is dead.

Mildred's Unseen Acquaintance.

"Mildred! Mildred! Come here, child! I have a bit of news for you from your Aunt Sara's cousin, Whitney, as she stood in the hall of an old colonial house at Princeton, Mass., and scanned the pages of a letter which she held in her hand. Immediately a little creature of about eighteen summers half slid, half skipped down the long staircase and stopped at the foot, with one hand still resting on the balustrade. "Well, mother, what is it?" she said. "Your aunt has sent you a kind invitation to spend the season with her in Boston, and there enter society under her chaperonage," returned the mother, smiling. "How delightful!" cried Mildred, her brown eyes sparkling with joyful anticipation and her black curls dancing on her forehead; "but when am I to go, mother?" "Probably in a week or ten days," replied Mrs. Whitney; "that will allow me sufficient time to furnish your rather pratty wardrobe and drill you a little in town manners."

Five weeks after this episode we find our little heroine in great Boston City, not, however, as we expected, in the height of society, but in St. Margaret's private hospital, enjoying herself about the chairs of the nurses, and in the drawing-room. But I have not told you how she came there. Shortly after her arrival in the city, Mildred was suddenly taken ill and was ushered off to the hospital, where she underwent a serious operation, and at the time of which we are speaking was lying on her back, unable to move, but still bright and lively and talkative. The sister superior had gone away for a few days and therefore the nurses had to break his in a broken voice and blue eyes would probably have to remain in the hospital for some time to come. As soon as Ruth left the room Mildred smiled as joyfully and clearly as a boy. Directly there came a reply from across the hall. Then she called "hallo!" as before the voice answered "hallo!" Then gradually short sentences were exchanged, and at the end of a day or two the couple were carrying on a lively conversation.

One day when Miss Whitney's uncle called to see her he told him of her so-called neighbor and asked him to go and take a peep at him. He did so, but upon his return to Mildred's room, could not find the man he had been told of. He was brown; whether he was dark or fair, and therefore her curiosity was not satisfied. However, this happy state of affairs was not to last long, for you remember the sister superior had gone away for only a few days, and the few days having recurred between the two friends were brought to an end. The hall no longer echoed with whistles and bright eyes, and in a few weeks, which seemed months to her, our little heroine left the hospital without even a whispered good-by to her lonely companion.

One evening, about two months after Mildred's recovery, Uncle Fred knocked at the door of her room and jokingly told her to look her sweetest at dinner, because he had a friend to dine with them, and he wanted this gentleman's first impression of everything, even the little niece, to be a good one. "All right, Uncle Fred," she replied, "I will be glad to see you for that," replied Mildred. Dinner was served at 7 o'clock sharp and Mildred, much to her uncle's displeasure, was allowed to enter the room. An old man entered the room who could be described as a stout, middle-aged man, with a look of passionate yearning. At this point Uncle Fred burst out laughing, and Mildred, for the first time since she had entered the room, recognized him, but if you're not going to recognize him, I will have to tell you."

"No, do not," Mr. Elliott, said the young man, "I'm mistaken, addressing Mildred, "if I had whistled or called hallo! as you entered the room you would have recognized me more easily. Most likely you are looking at me with amazement settled on her face, but she held out her hand to Mr. Marshall and murmured some words of friendly greeting."

"Ha! Ha! Millie! I knew more about your young man that day than you gave me credit for, did I not?" cried Uncle Fred. The next June we find Mildred in the train on the way back to her old home in Princeton, but not alone. She has chosen Anthony Marshall as her companion, not only for the journey home but with her parents' consent for the rest of her life.—Boston Post.

Cigarettes and Crime.

(From the Youth's Companion.) The relation of the cigarette to crime was the subject of some startling statistics presented before the National Conference of Charities and Corrections at Cincinnati. Of the boys in the Illinois State Reformatory between the ages of ten and fifteen, 62 per cent were cigarette smokers, and 81 per cent so addicted to the habit, at the time of their conviction, as to be termed "cigarette fiends" by the court. The superintendent who compiled these figures asserts that the cigarette works tenfold more injury to the boy under fifteen than do intoxicating liquors and that in no other one factor starts him on the road to criminal life. "While it is true that not every cigarette fiend becomes a criminal, the fact remains that the habit is acquired through evil associations; it involves demoralizing deception on the part of the boy at home; and by enfeebling health makes the lad an easy prey to temptation. Professor De Motta, of Bryn Mawr, visiting a tobacco house in Brazil, noticed a black but smoking pipe, and into the vat of tobacco about to be made into cigarettes. Upon asking what it was he was told, "Tum, molasses and opium; to give space to the cigarette. These are specific facts, which admit of no controversy. Deductions therefrom can be easily made by every reader."

Faith and Works.

(From the New York Tribune.) A little girl told a friend who was visiting her father that her brothers set traps to catch birds. He asked her what she had to say to that. She replied: "I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds." "Anything else?" "Anything else," she said, "I then prayed that God would prevent the birds getting into the traps, and as I had heard about faith and works, I went and kicked the traps all to pieces."

Uesle Bill's Ideas.

The greater a man's temper becomes the easier it is to look it. A woman may be a poor marksmen, but she generally knows how to throw a hit. The young man with money to burn generally loses what glowing prospects he may have had. Some men who were the architects of their own fortunes would never have had one if they hadn't balk on sand. Keegan's Baby in the Wind. (From the Atchison Globe.) Nothing looks quite so girly as a table full of dirty dishes.

May Help Populists.

(From the Washington Post.) A physician has supplied a West Virginia man with a set of calver brains.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

Charley Hunter of Enid thinks Roosevelt will be president some day. Captain Houston, who led the Rough Riders of Oklahoma, now lives in Georgia. Oklahoma City is thinking of requiring gates at prominent crossings of railroads. That interview against Flynn seems to have left Judge Scott's steam chest empty. A. C. Towne, the Alva editor, last week tackled a stealer. It bucked him off and broke his arm. A colored orator at Guthrie speaks of the free silver issue as one "that ceased more sudden than it came." Taylor's live oak barn at Edmond burned the other night. He had no insurance and his loss is close to \$5,000. As soon as you pass out of Oklahoma into the Chickasaw nation you begin to run across Alamo restaurants. Mischeer of Oklahoma City thinks that if Grimes can not get the supervisors, Flynn and Grimes will indorse him for the place. The town in Oklahoma which is to have the next Rough Riders' reunion has not yet been determined. It cost Las Vegas \$100 to entertain her guests. Bill Grimes is now working about the supervisors of census. Bill is working in his wheat fields and when the time comes will get the appointment. There is a story down in the Chickasaw nation that a man there once got so drunk he went to the polls on election day and voted for a Republican. It is reported that one of the yellow journals of New York will soon take a hand in the Flynn-Barnes fight with a big write-up of the whole matter. Upon arriving home Governor Barnes was no doubt surprised to find that about eighteen different newspapers had been appointed governor in his place during his absence. Postmaster Clem White of Tecumseh has been arrested on a charge of perjury. The controversy is over evidence White gave in a trial some months ago, as a witness. The word honkatonk, applied in Oklahoma to dance halls, is said to be in imitation of the cry of wild geese. But the geese of the air are wiser than the men who frequent the resorts. Judge J. H. King, formerly a land office official at Fort Smith, is accused of bribery in connection with the Lynch case of Ponca City, says the charges are false and he will ask an investigation. The government is about to begin some of these days will break up the trading at Indian posts. This is sure to come, probably soon. The authorities at Washington think the credit system among the Osage Indians is bad, and may before long insist on the red man entering into cash transactions only. The truth about the Jester matter at Shawnee is this: Jester killed a boy named Gates twenty-eight years ago, and changed his name to HHL. The other day he decided to get married. His sister, Cora, Jester did not want him to marry and told the authorities who HHL really was. Gates, a brother of the person murdered, now one of the richest men in the nation, insists on Jester being prosecuted.

Enid Wave: Sly Oberlander says he loves to raise sugar cane. He has raised considerable cane in his time, but he loves sugar cane the best on account of the saccharine matter it contains; making fine taffy for his large herd of Hereford jack rabbits. It also makes him a sort of a hereditary relative of the great American sugar trust. In driving around the country the other day we noticed Oberlander's sugar cane field; it was doing real well; doing all its own farming. An old hen, with a brood of quite small chicks, was scratching around on top of it; it is planted as thick as the yellow hair on a saffron-colored dog's back.

Along the Kansas Nile.

When the bullet struck Funston's hand it splintered his field glasses into thousand pieces. Governor Stanley's investigating committee of three put in a bill for \$23.47. Mrs. Stanley's share of this was \$4.25. It is said that Ingalls rather likes the idea of being congressman from the First district, but demurs at having to fight for it. Coghlan did not cause as much excitement in pushing the Kansas as did Roosevelt. But Coghlan has no press agent. Evidence in a trial at Emporia the other day came out in which it was shown that it took \$2,000 to start the Emporia Republican. There is only one man in Kansas who can run faster than a Filipino, and that is a Kansas hobo when he hears the call of "barber hands wanted." Many of the Kansas Populists think Bryan will be elected president on his second race, because of a subtle sympathy people feel for the man who has been defeated. The Ottawa Republican, the paper edited formerly by Henry Allen, Governor Stanley's private secretary, rebukes Stanley editorially for not spending more time in the executive office. Two hundred of the Kansas boys have been sent home from Luzon sick. There have been weeks there when apparently the only cheerful moment the boys had was when they were writing letters home. Attorney General Godard holds that under the present law those who have been inmates of the Hutchinson Reformatory can not have their rights as citizens restored. Ex-convicts from the penitentiary may.

It has been discovered that the law providing for the location of a new insane asylum does not appropriate money for the purchase of a site and unless Parsons donates her site she will not get the institution. A Union veterans' union has been formed at Emporia. The organization is one of Union workers who propose to take leading and organized action in politics. The Emporia Union is against McKinley and will boom Roosevelt for president. It is a singular thing that Kansas banks and Kansas newspapers cannot be successfully run by one management. And up to date there has not been a single instance where a Kansas newspaper went bust in trying to tide a bank over.

There is always in Kansas at this time of year a howl for harvest hands, and three weeks later a story to the effect that men have been deceived into going into western Kansas where there was no work for them, and where they are starving. These two things are features of every Kansas summer. The man who stood more abuse and ridicule because of Kansas than any man who ever lived died near Philadelphia last week. This was Smedley Darlington. He discovered "Kansas investments," and when Kansas was passing through a collapse, creditors who proposed to take time between amputating Kansas and Darlington. The difference was that Darlington was on the ground and had to face the howl of the hordes. He never lost faith in the future richness of Kansas, and it was too bad he did not live to see his judgment in the state affirmed fully, as it will be. John J. Ingalls on Napoleon: "Napoleon Bonaparte was the incarnation of modern democracy. He was the typical representative of the might and majesty and measure of the nineteenth century. He was not only the supreme military genius of history, but he was the best legislator, the most generous politician, and the biggest liar that ever lived. His resources were inexhaustible, his capacity boundless. He was equally at home negotiating treaties with vanquished monarchs or settling the accounts of Josephine's milliners. Nothing was too great or too small for his consummate power. For daring, audacious, practical effect upon human institutions and society he stands easily at the head of the natural or titular rulers of mankind."

Geo. Jones & Co. Have You Been laying money away for a rainy day? Today you have a chance to spend it. Umbrellas, the \$1.75, \$2 and \$2.25 kind, at \$1.19. They are good for rain or sunshine. Two Great Specials for Friday. See north and south windows.

Silk Waist Sale For Less than the Price of the Silk by the Yard. These Silk Waists are as handsome as ever came to town; two dozen of them in plain taffetas, plaid taffetas, corded silks and faconnes. They are made of crisp, rich silks that ordinarily sell at \$1 to \$1.25 per yard. You know how many yards it takes to make a waist. You know what dressmakers' charges are. Not many Silk Waists that you see are made as pretty as these. We begin selling them today, and until all are sold— Choose \$2.98 Each. These Waists are worth \$5.00 to \$7.50. Ladies' White Aprons. A Bargain in Keeping With the Times. These white Aprons are made of white India linen, in liberal widths. Nothing skimpy about them. They are handsomely finished with an open work border. Machine made work in imitation of Mexican drawn work. As soon as possible. Choose 15c Each. The crowds at the 9 Cent Sale. Continue to show their appreciation in an overwhelming way. This will positively be the last week of this great sale. We would like to know that every lady in Wichita had been here before it closes. Boston Store.



"Ripans Tabules worked a wonderful change in me in a short time. In a few weeks after beginning to take them I was completely cured of a very bad case of dyspepsia and heart trouble of two years' standing. Before taking the Tabules everyting I ate caused me great suffering and miserable, bad feelings. I am a Justice of the Peace in Mt. Holly, N. C."

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, 716 West Tenth Street, Kansas City, Missouri. By the recent consolidation of the Kansas and Missouri Institutes, we are enabled to maintain one of the largest and best appointed Keeley Institutes of the great system administered by Dr. Keeley's Gold Remedies for the cure of Alcoholism and Drug Addiction. Under the same management that has for eight years conducted the Keeley Institute of Kansas. This is Not a Joke. "Small have to charge you for instead of \$ cents for the preparation, \$1, on account of the way tax." "And how much is the way tax?" "What is a confidential friend meant to be divided? When he takes you apart, 'Two cents a bottle.'"