

Daily Eagle

H. N. HURDOCK, Editor.

A Blot That is Hard to Wipe Out.

There is trouble out in Utah and the name of the woman at the bottom of it is Cannon. They have woman suffrage out in Utah and also polygamy. The Cannon woman is a state senator and she has just had a baby. The charge is that she is a polygamous wife of President Cannon. The papers are printing the picture of Senator Cannon, and there is no denying her superior looks. She is both brainy and pretty. And so, presumably, is the baby, whose mother is a statesman, with a suspicion that the prominent candidate for the United States senate is both the husband and father. These surmises and rumors have led to subsequent arrests, and which, taken in connection with the fact that the trigamist Roberts, elected last fall to congress from that state, openly admits that he has more than two wives, and maintaining that he will take his wives to Washington with him, and that he will take his seat in congress, is arousing the press and pulpit, which are uniting in the demand that polygamy must be crushed. There is no doubt that polygamous marriages still hold good in Utah, as a religion, in spite of the federal laws to the contrary. The unseating of Roberts probably would be an unconstitutional act, and without precedent. But if he should be expelled there can be no appeal or redress. The congress made the mistake in ever admitting Utah to statehood, or that it did not postpone the admission until the plural wife contention had been expunged from the creed of the Latter Day Saints. It's the women more than the men of Utah who, it is said, hold to this doctrine and practice, polygamous wives being the strongest advocates of it. The holding of the doctrine by them on the grounds of religion and of conscience renders the problem a difficult one. However, this baby with a state senator for a mother promises to bring matters to a focus. An overwhelming majority of the people of this country hold that since the suppression of slavery no blot on the nation's escutcheon has been so damnably black as the Mormon marriage sacrament. It is viewed and deemed an outrage on religion, a moral obliquity and a legal wrong, entailing unmitigated evil to women, casting a shadow upon the lives of their children, marring the holiness of marriage, and tending to an undermining of the purity of all social relations. Utah was admitted to the Union upon the express stipulation that wife plurality would be abandoned, to which that people openly agreed, but it seems with a mental reservation to keep it up on the sly, or within the church. As it is as much a legal crime to have two or three wives in Utah as it would be to have such a number in Kansas, there is coming to the violators of the marriage law in that state trouble of a serious character. The penitentiary is going to catch some of them. The difficulty is, the penitentiary is not a moral reformatory. Those condemned will esteem themselves martyrs for conscience sake, and therefore fail to realize that they are convicts of a crime. It was hoped and expected that the "Gentle" majority, with the enlightenment coming of the public school system, would sink the iniquity, but the truth is, enthusiastic missionaries to Mormonism are found everywhere. There are two of these in South Kansas today. They were at Arkansas City only last week. Further, the fact that a man with three wives could be, and was, elected to congress only last fall by a majority of the votes of both the women and the men of his district, shows how strong is the hold of old Brigham's lecherous rose upon that people, whose benightedness is at once both their self-claimed enlightenment and a righteousness. The claims of the advocates of woman suffrage that with enfranchisement woman would right all of her own wrongs is not true of Utah, or otherwise polygamy is a wrong which is liked by the Utah women. However that may be, polygamy is not liked by the men who represent the unenfranchised women of this country at large, and its open advocacy must cease, as also its open practice be discontinued, even if the federal prisons of the west must be filled with convict Mormons, for conscience sake, or what not.

The Fateful Hate of the Jayhawker.

The Kansas man, born of woman, is of few days and uncouful of trouble; he cometh forth as a kissing bug and is forthwith squelched; he anon gets into politics, is elected governor, has the swell-head and forgets his own town; he plans to do good to his fellow-brother and turns preacher, when verily some fellow-sister springs a scandal on him; erstwhile he exalteth himself on the editorial tripod and essays a greater enlightenment of mankind, only to have his glib doused and to finally find himself a bald-headed convict occupying a very circumscribed corner of the vestibule to eternity; he would be a shining light to virtue, but Mr. Satan is ever discerned obstructing his pathway with a sinister grin on his horns and an extra kink in his tail; his days are filled with temptations, most of them wearing petticoats, and his nights are crowded with bugs and chiggers and other numerous and anonymous annoyances which wire screens fail to exclude; yet again he concludes to stand a candidate for honor and the push does him up, leaving him the empty honor of an unpaid debt-bill for beer consumed by the enfranchised gals who voted for the other fellow; he passes the civil service examination only to receive his certificate after all the places have been filled by the less deserving and the incompetent; along the years of his labors and close economy the bank takes a sudden notion to bust and the impecunious son of his loins is found practicing at the bar—for something to drink, or holding down the monotonous beat of a cop; all the while the railroads discriminate against him in freight rates, and the New Jersey trust knocks out the pins of his plant, leaving him dreading life and his mother-in-law, and fearing death and his wife, until his breath ceases to come and go, and the wind being out of him, where is he? Man born of woman! We recall the name of only one who was not so born, and he was fuller of more misery than anybody.

No Bicycles in Kansas.

There are very few bicycles in Kansas, or otherwise the returns of the assessors are misleading. Sixty-one counties fall to return a single wheel. Wyandotte county, which joins Kansas City, Missouri, returns only three wheels, and Sedgwick county but a few. Trusts may be taxed out of existence, as Ingalls suggests, but bicycles, it turns out, are safe from any such process. If the assessors had correlated all the bicycles in this state it would have been seen that Kansas has paid millions of dollars to eastern manu-

facturers for wheels, which are in all states and degrees of serviceable condition and unserviceable dilapidation. Sedgwick county returns but a few wheels, yet there are thousands of them owned in the county. The money which has been put into the wheels which may be seen in either of the parks during the Sunday afternoon concerts would be sufficient to build a business block, or blocks of cottages. Had the wheel never been invented Kansas would have had millions more of money in bank or in property which now lines the coffers of the wheel trust. Wheels are an expensive luxury, expensive in purchase, and more so in maintenance. After a "century" or two they are a continual expense for repairs and are soon wrecks. A buggy or wagon will go on for a year for every week of the life of a bicycle. Bicycles would be cheap transportation at an average purchase price of ten dollars, taking one year with another, and they have got to come down to such a cost in the near future or they will be abandoned as a fad, except as a plaything for girls and boys; that, or they will have to be more substantially constructed and with punctureless tires. If the authorities will enumerate or designate "bicycle" on their blank assessment sheets the next returns will show that Kansas has fifty thousand wheels.

Whip Them With Natives in Detail.

The determination of the Tagalos to bushwhack and then run is going to make serious work for the regular fighting of an organized army. There are hundreds of thousands of natives of the archipelago who are in no way identified with the Tagal insurrection, thousands of whom would like no better fun than fighting Aguinaldo's forces by their own methods or tactics. All they want is an invitation to do so with assurance of plenty to eat. Why not employ native troops to whip Aguinaldo, taking no account of the time? The Tagals can't last forever. A military correspondent of the London Spectator thinks the operations in Luzon will not be long drawn out in any event. He does not believe that 100,000 men will be any more effective against Aguinaldo and his forces than 10,000 would be. He declares that "the idea current in American newspapers of raising 100,000 men and 'crushing the rebels once for all' is a most foolish one. Such a force would only cost millions and accomplish nothing. You can not maneuver 100,000 men in a tropical forest, or feed them, either. Ten thousand regulars, well led, steadily reinforced from home, and aided by 5,000 native auxiliaries, will do the work much better, if only it is once understood that the work to be done is to establish and protect a government in each district occupied, a government intent on restoring order."

Wheat Production and Population.

C. Wood Davis' statistical deductions on wheat production and increasing population were correct, and the world is coming nearer the time every year when the force of figures will be realized in higher priced breadstuffs, that is, wheat will be relatively much higher than it has been for years. A day's labor, or its value, instead of buying two or three bushels of wheat, will not buy more than one. It is estimated that the "bread-eating" population will need during the coming year 2,300,000,000 bushels of wheat. The best estimates are that total production for the same period will be 2,300,000,000 bushels. In spite of the largely increased crops harvested during the last few years the demand, due to increased population, has increased even more rapidly. It is no longer possible to accumulate great stores of wheat and carry them over from one season to the next.

Great Gold Exports From South Africa.

South Africa is now shipping about \$2,000,000 in gold to Europe every week, on the average. That means a total of about \$100,000,000 a year. And herein will be found lodged the secret of the Utiandians' unrest and England's anxiety to seize more of South Africa, including Krugerland. Such figures make the gold yield of the South African mines one of the great export crops of the world, so to speak. It exceeds the value of all the Indian corn shipped to Europe from the United States in one of our best years. It equals the value of a good year's export of wheat, although not the figures reached a few times in the history of the United States. Our great exports of petroleum products fall far below the value of the African gold shipments.

Indeed, there are few famous products of any country which furnish so great a surplus for exportation. Australian wool does not equal the gold of Africa. Neither does the wheat of the La Plata valley, in South America. The cotton of the United States is one of the few exceptions. India has no such export staple. Russia seldom beats the figures for South African gold with any one product of the czar's vast empire. The gold exported from South Africa, nearly all of it from the Transvaal republic, more than equals the total value of the tea and silk combined which are sold to foreign countries by the Chinese.

San Francisco gave the returning Oregon soldiers a rousing reception. A good many things are forgotten in a rousing American cheer, and the Oregon boys have forgotten for the time, the mosquitoes, the bullets and creature discomforts of Luzon.

The Venezuelan commission is still listening to Sir Richard Webster's long distance speech. Mr. Webster has at last struck the present century and is coming on with the swiftness of a crippled snail climbing a steep hill.

Chauncey Depew says that McKinley would rather send 300,000 men to the Philippines than to spend \$500 in "squirring" Mr. Aguinaldo. This country is just a little above the tactics of Sharkey and Jim Corbett.

Aguinaldo calls his colt republic "delicate flower of the east, scarcely eight months weaned from the breast of thy mother." Aguinaldo may be smart, but dandelions and daisies do not get their food that way.

Thirteen deaths from lockjaw have resulted from blank cartridge pistol wounds in New York alone since the Fourth. The blank cartridge pistol should be prohibited.

One millionaire in New York says one of the maxims to observe in getting rich is "Not to talk too much during business hours." How about the ministers?

Aguinaldo is sincere in one thing: He thinks we helped him lick Spain. "Mr. Elephant," said the rooster, "come over here and help me pull up this tree."

Aguinaldo is one of those fateful of bubbles which he calls speeches thanks the anti-expansionists of America. And they probably feel repaid.

Gomes will soon begin to realize that the hardest job on this earth is to get that flag with the stars and bars on it down.

Aguinaldo voices his love for Spain. When his rebellion collapses and Aguinaldo, if he does escape, it will be to Spain.

Spain wants to buy back her captured war-ships. Spain's pride still manages to carry a little steam.

Dewey has reached Suez. Mr. Camara of Spain may thank his stars that it isn't a year ago.

Aguinaldo may not be much of a warrior, but he has a deadly aim with a rhotacism.

The Face on the Canvas.

It was at the meeting. The curtain had fallen upon a contest of face and the house was darkened for the biograph. Two girls sat in the left hand box, chatting together. "Look at that!" said one. "I dreamed of muddy water. I kept dreaming of it all night long. It came on and on, rolling up to my feet. The waves were big, turbulent, threatening. I was afraid."

"A sign of trouble," murmured Florence, "that is, unless it cleared. Did it clear?"

"No, it didn't; but what difference did that make? Do you believe in dreams, and signs, and wonders, and all the rest of it?"

Florence pressed the tips of her gloved fingers against her mouth to conceal a yawn. "Not necessarily," said she. "Why did you hear from Arthur?"

"He wrote me a quick change of subject. Arthur was Mabel's soldier sweetheart. I haven't heard from him for ages, but he wrote me last week, but he was not with it. Perhaps he stopped somewhere to rest. It is a wonder they didn't all die of it."

"Then, under her breath, she added, 'I hate that dream of muddy water.' 'I thought you didn't believe in dreams,'" said Florence.

"I don't, but—"

She was interrupted by the appearance of "Me and Jack" upon the canvas. There was a ripple of subdued laughter as the little girl fell from the ropes into the water, the dog swimming coolly off and leaving her there.

Picture after picture was then presented. There was the naval parade, the warships passing up the Hudson, the yachts skimming swiftly in front of them, partially obscuring the view of the sailors who stood like white statues along their decks; next Hobson walked leisurely down the deck of a little cruiser; then a review of the troops at Tampa was announced.

"Perhaps it is Arthur's regiment that is to be reviewed!" whispered Mabel, clasping her hands ecstatically together.

There was a drum beat, and before a dim vision of white tents the troops passed in review.

"Their faces look sad," said Florence, "as they walk as if they were tired to death."

A white dog, the mascot of the regiment, occupied the center of the canvas for a moment, followed by a piece of paper floated along behind. Then came a row of six stalwart men.

The man in front suddenly turned his head, and looked back over his shoulder at Mabel. His eyes were hollow and sad. Intense weariness was stamped upon every line of his gaunt features.

Mabel looked eagerly forward. She said to Florence, "Look, Florence! Look, it is Arthur!"

In a moment the face was gone from the canvas, and others had taken its place, the drum ceased to beat, the review was over, and the canvas was dark again.

Mabel hurriedly gathered up her belongings, her fan, her handkerchief, her opera glasses.

"What are you about?" asked Florence, "the thing is not half over."

"I can't help it," said Mabel. "I must go now. The heat in here is stifling. I must have the fresh air."

Outside she trembled so that Florence took her arm.

"If I saw you," she said, "I should be glad I saw him. Why did you worry so?"

"His eyes were hollow and sad," she murmured, "and his cheeks were thin. He looked so tired, so dead! Oh, Florence, suppose he is ill, suppose—O, remember my dream!"

"I thought you didn't believe in dreams," said Florence.

"I don't, I don't. Who but an idiot would believe in such rank foolishness—but you can't help thinking—"

By the time they reached the house Florence had coaxed the girl into something like her old gaiety. She laughed at a bit of her nonsense as they ran up the steps together.

They passed into the hall. On a table lay a letter. Mabel took it up and held it between her forefinger and thumb. It was a dozen postmarks disfigured the face of it, upon which there was no stamp.

Florence took it from her. "I will open it for you," said she.

Mabel sank upon her knees on the carpet. She remained there trembling, her white face clasped between her slender, bloodless fingers.

Once more she looked at the face on the canvas, the weary limbs dragging languidly along, the hollow eyes peering straight into hers in all the address of a last farewell.

For before Florence could read the contents of the letter—her heart had guessed the truth.—The Criterion.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

The plot of the Hennessy cemetery has been lost and the city clerk is advertising for it.

When a man in southern Oklahoma was bent out on a tool, he calls it a "five bottle time."

Bill Walker has parted company with Geronimo and the other Indians. Bill has his fill of taking up the red man's bur-

The editor of the Hennessy Clipper roasted a delinquent subscriber until he came in and settled. This is unprecedented.

Judge Springer, Judge Townsend and Congressman Little all tell the people of the Indian Territory that single statehood is inevitable.

Dick Plunkett thinks Sharkey is a great man. Dick offers to let him and Dick will have to send an ambassador to Jeffries and make his peace.

The Atchison (Kan.) Globe says that a family of heirs up there is in a big quarrel over a farm in Oklahoma. The paper does not give names.

Some of the new trees put out in orchards this year didn't have any leaves on them in mid-July, and the farmers who bought them are hot.

The authorities in Oklahoma should take clubs and go out gunning. The summer months seem to be the favorite time for hot-tempered men to tote guns.

J. H. Johnson of Starrington Creek, Roger Mills county, presented the editor of the Cheyenne Sunbeam with a rash sixteen inches in circumference, the other day.

In case the next congress makes Indian territory an organized territory the fight for the capital will be between Muskogee and South McAlester, so those two towns think.

William Nelson of Myrtle has a bugle picked up on the battle field of Santiago, July 1, 1898. It is made of tin and is very crude, probably having been manufactured by the Cubans.

Oklahoma is coming to know the people of the Osage nation better every year. The names prominent in the Osage country are now familiar in many Oklahoma towns. In due time the Osages will thank their stars they were not detached from Oklahoma.

In all contest notices in Oklahoma wherein it is alleged that a man has been absent from his claim for six months it is also stated "that said absence was not due to his employment in the military or naval service of the United States during a time of war."

Major Crozier is discouraged, and may give up his great work among the Sac and Fox Indians. He hears that Paris has announced that the corps must go, then he has just met the Indians, and the Indians to wear them as a distinct step towards civilization.

The Indian is a simple creature in some things. Ordinarily he will hold a dollar till the magic screams. But the other day a band of Tonkawas passed through an Oklahoma town on their way to visit the Caddos. They bought a number of watermelons about the size of coconuts and paid 30 cents each for them.

One of the Fourth attractions at Hennessy was a dozen coyotes in a cage in which sat an almost naked young colored boy, painted with brown stripes. The boy was armed with a stick, and a cooling chemical resembling ammonia. This he would pour on the backs of the coyotes, which would let up in the air and scream, to the immense delight of the crowd.

Edgo is the gentle, graceful way in which the baseball editor of the Pond Creek Herald writes an account of a game with a visiting team: "It takes a great deal of nerve to mention the Wellington boys in this column, on account of his being devoted to baseball. They are actually worse than Macford, and that's saying a great deal. Anyone who witnessed the Kansas Mitts on the Fourth, as they are called, in wondering amazement at the superb playing of the Pond Creek boys, will agree with us when we say that the K. M. haven't any more idea of baseball than the average Pop has of politics. In contrast to their fretting and fumbling was the almost glittering game played by the home team, Pennypacker pitching a good game with the exception of a hit in the seventh and then, Wellington's bunch of Weary Wills quit the game in the eighth inning, with the remark that they 'had 'nuff.' Score, 20 to 7. Umpire, Bozeman."

Along the Kansas Nils

The town of Troy, after a violent scene in the council, has decided to tax the landlords \$8 a month each.

In the history of Kansas the state has had no year when the oats crop equaled that of the present season.

Triby, the negro who was hanged by a mob at Alma, is getting better, and will recover. He probably was glad he was cut down in his youth.

By the way of putting coppers on the eye-lids of the story that is going to remove to Kansas City, Major Hood is improving his Emporia home.

Ada Patterson, the best known woman newspaper writer of New York, is not from Kansas, but the next thing to it. She comes from Riverport, Nebraska.

The kissing bug has reached Kansas, and the jokes about it will cease. No man who has been bitten by one of these venomous little insects will write a joke about it.

There are a good many straight old Republicans in Kansas who believe that the newspapers which publish John J. Ingalls' Republican speeches should head the column with a skull and cross-bones.

Albert Lenze of Abilene took passage on Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse at New York, July 4. On July 10 he was in Germany, having participated in one of the quickest runs ever made across the Atlantic.

The Missouri sheriff who visited Shawnee in the Jester matter, when he returned home told the people that Shawnee was an awful tough feller and that all the officers of the law paraded around with guns strapped on them.

The story that Cy Leland trembled like a hunk of jelly in a thunder storm when he heard that Joe Hudson was to get back on the Topeka Capital, is too beautiful to be lost. A jeweler should set it in a ring and present it to Leland.

Ingalls thinks the war in the Philippines is foolish and extravagant, but that it cannot be criticized with impunity. The war in the Philippines is all right, and the men who are raising about it will be hunting explanations a year hence.

State Auditor Cole is a gentleman who is not afraid. Haskell, the state architect, put in a bill for \$2,500 for "part payment of his services for drawing the plans of a \$3,000 chemical building at Lawrence. Cole took his pancake label and turned the bill down.

A Kansas editor, of Moundridge, whose breakfast didn't digest, has written an appeal to the Philippines to join the land of freedom, where, among other things, we have in congress a man with three wives and lots of men in the penitentiary for having two wives.

Geo. Innes & Co. Remodeling Sale

Goes merrily on. We need room. Special prices like the below is the surest way of getting it. Choice of any Calicoes, 3 3-4c a yard. Four-quarter Unbleached Muslin, 5c a yard. Black Leather Belts, 9c. Washable String Ties, 5c. Thirty-six inch Dotted Curtain Swiss, 10c. Full size White Quilt, 59c.

Special Saturday C. R. Bailey's celebrated Talcum Powder—equal to any made; tomorrow at 9c a can.

Earp's Semi-Annual Clearance Sale

of Fine Shoes...

Everything in Summer Footwear will be sold regardless of cost. We will carry no goods over—they must go.

Those \$3 Ladies' Low Shoes, made of Robert H. Foerderer's Vici Kid in black and tan, all this season's goods, all sizes, up-to-date styles. You can see them on display in our north window. Your choice now, \$2.

Our \$2 Low Shoes, now \$1.50. Our \$1.50 Low Shoes, now \$1. Many pairs of small sizes, made of Robert H. Foerderer's Vici Kid, choice now, 75c.

Ladies' and Children's Slippers for 50c. Robert H. Foerderer's Vici Shoe Polish, the 25c size for 10c.



Wichita-Kansas 126 North Main.

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Just look at those Bronze, Green and Turquoise Reds—simply beautiful and cheap—

...From 50 Cents Up

Prepare yourself to see a surprise in Lamps. The Lamp men have been here—the styles are out of sight. I have a few on hand from last purchase; will sell way down.

J. E. Caldwell, 132 North Main.

one buys his own tombstone. Kansas is the only state in the Union where men will lean up against a saloon bar and every man pay for his own beer. If Prohibition killed the treating habit in Kansas it has not been in vain.

Two Kansas men had journeyed many a day and at last, under a single starlight, they were camped in the middle of Sahara where the waste floor of the desert stretched to the unbroken circle of the horizon. Of things that grow or breath or sound these two and the two women said: "That reminds me of a story." He then looked cautiously over the desert, and, saying, "I guess there are no legends present," continued with his story.

John Reister. A pathetic story came from Yates center of a man who made from a life-long sacrifice for the woman he loved, with a deity and self-sacrificing rarely met with in real life. The man's name is Leonard B. Reister. He died