

WHY NOT KISSING

On Federal Officeholders in the Convention.

JOB BURTON DIDN'T GET

Kansas Men and Their Political Strivings.

(Special Correspondence of the Eagle.) Washington, Dec. 23.—There is no occasion, after all, that President McKinley is opposed to federal officeholders being delegates to the national Republican convention of next year.

A Kansas City paper has had a series of daily stories to the effect that during the meeting of the national committee in this city, the president threw out the idea that no officeholders of the government must be in the next national convention. The paper in question has been usually kept pounding away on this proposition, and some things it has said have been rather misleading.

Mr. Cooper of Wisconsin, member of the house, has next to the finest committee on the floor—that of the national committee on rivers and harbors. Judge Hooker of New York was chairman. Judge Hooker resigned to accept a New York judicial appointment, and it was naturally expected that Cooper would succeed to the chairmanship. He did not.

Mr. Cooper was on the Pacific railroad committee. The committee made a certain report. Mr. Cooper was against it. Speaker Reed asked Cooper not to sign this minority report; Cooper did it. Mr. Reed asked him not to speak against the majority report; Cooper did so.

Senator Bailey and Congressman Bailey concluded they could put in the holiday vacation in no better way than going to Kansas and mingling with plain, common people; their conditions, so they declare, are no better and probably will not be back for ten days. The other members evidently consider their fences well constructed and in no need of repair, for they will remain here.

Cyrus Leland, national Republican committeeman for Kansas, United States pension agent for Kansas, and close friend to the president, has gone home in a happy frame of mind. He has often been in Washington and always on political business, but he probably never accomplished so much as he did on this trip. To begin with, he wanted to confer with the national leaders about the campaign of next year; to get and to impart pointers. He was successful in all this, and was good news to Kansas which pleases the leaders. Again, he wanted Mr. Long on the committee on ways and means, and was considerably instrumental in securing that end. Then he was insistent on the confirmation of Andrew J. White to be supervisor of census for the first district, and that was accomplished, despite the protests of Mr. Curtis. Once more, he was too friendly toward Mr. Burton and the latter's Indian attorneyship boom, and had to do with the snubbing of that. Then he was treated courteously by the president, kindly, of course, by Senator Hanna, and altogether, felt quite pleasant when he left here.

Governor Stanley and wife are here. The governor came on to attend a meeting of certain governors of the country who had been designated by President McKinley to assist in the commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the government. The meeting has been postponed, however, until some time in January. Several other governors are also here.

Congressman Long has received a large number of letters and telegrams of congratulation, following his selection as a member of the house committee of ways and means. It is believed by all to be a big thing not only for Mr. Long but for Kansas.

John Powers of Newton has left for home. The move for rural delivery around Newton is well inaugurated, and bids fair to be successful.

There is a good deal of talk in Leavenworth and around this corner of the state about the remarkable success of old Jim Legate, the well-known Kansas legislator and lobbyist, here. Stories are told that Legate has a good thing cooking the palm of Spain for further testimony from the United States in account of sums expended by her in Pacific improvements in Cuba. As a matter of fact, while Legate is here and has been for some time, he hasn't any particularly good thing to say in the way of Kansas progress to that effect is treated here as being a good joke.

Speaking of Legate brings reminiscences of 1868. The old man has rounded out some twenty-two years in service in the Kansas legislature, in both branches. He was a member of the legislature in the '60s down to Mississippi, and was an adherent of Jeff Davis in those antebellum days. He came to Kansas and has been here or less prominent ever since. His last legislative service was in 1898, the session of which Bureau was a member, and during which he was elected speaker. His wife is Mrs. Legate. But the old man has been known on account of his legislative career. There are some ahead of him, or rather, were none, until recently, in that line, in Kansas. The old man is now here, visiting Kansas in his old age.

Continued on Third Page.

HER LIFE A ROMANCE

Remarkable History of Mrs. Sadie Blackstone

WHO NOW SUES HER SON

For Money to Afford Her a Decent Subsistence.

New York, Dec. 23.—The Herald says: "Mother Against Son" is a drama being played today in Norwich, Conn., and the general opinion seems to be that Mrs. James de Trafford Blackstone, in the autumn of life, is having more storm and stress than usually falls to the lot of woman. Twice divorced, and after 30 years remarried to her first husband through the mediation of their son, she now finds herself, so she claims, thrust out of her home by that same son.

"Traff Blackstone, as he was familiarly known, died in this city, of paralysis, at his winter residence, No. 119 West 87th street. He was supposed to be a wealthy man, but it is said his personal estate totaled only \$40,000, which unpaid bills far exceed this sum.

Lorenzo Blackstone, the twenty-two-year-old son, was made the executor of his father's estate, and is said to be straightening out affairs by paying bills out of his own abundant means. After Mr. Blackstone's death, contrary to the general expectation, it was found that he had only a life interest in his father's property. The bulk of it went to the grandson absolutely, and the executors of his grandfather's estate turned over the fortune to him.

It is to Lorenzo Blackstone that his mother is now appealing through the courts for a portion of the estate, as she had her days in peace. And if over sunshine and shadow were blended in the life of woman it is in that of Mme. Blackstone—as she was better known of late years.

Lorenzo Blackstone now lives in the house where his father took his mother as a bride about 21 years ago. He has recently married the daughter of Captain William Caruthers, at present post master of Norwich.

His father, James de Trafford Blackstone, was the son of Lorenzo Blackstone, a wealthy manufacturer of Norwich, Conn. The author of "Blackstone's Commentaries" was his great-grandfather and the founder of the house of Blackstone, was one of the first settlers of Boston. Old Lorenzo Blackstone was one of the New England manufacturers who came in on the flood tide of prosperity that followed the war. The family came originally from Bradford, Conn. One brother of his older generation, Timothy Blackstone, went West.

James de Trafford Blackstone was graduated from Yale in 1868. He was one of the original members of the Travelers' Club, which was merged into the New York Club, and an original member of the New York Jockey Club. He was also a member of the Algonquin and Essex County Clubs of Boston, and of the Kiltomagh Araunam and the Norwich Club of Norwich, Conn. He was a director of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, treasurer of the Toteoket Mills and the Ocean Water Power Company, and secretary of the Waterkanan Manufacturing Company.

But now, when his estate is hopelessly bankrupted, it is said that he spent more freely than the great mills could make it.

In the heyday of his young manhood he owned horses and a stud, and made frequent excursions to New York. In one of his visits he met Miss Sarah A. Whitaker, who, under the name of Lillian Osborne, was a stage favorite. She was playing Libby Dean, the ingenue part in the "Mighty Dollar" with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, at the Park Theatre. This young woman was a niece of Mrs. Frederick P. Earle.

Miss Whitaker was born in Halifax, in 1854, but spent her childhood in Springfield, Mass. She was a bright and accomplished young woman, proficient in music and painting, and had a crowd of admirers.

Blackstone proposed to her, she accepted and they were married in New York. Mrs. Blackstone retired from the stage and they made their home in Norwich. For a few years all went well. He had an honored name and money; she had wit, beauty and cleverness. In 1878, as was born, called Lorenzo after his paternal grandfather.

This rumor had it that the brilliant couple did not get along as well as they might. In Dec., 1877, Mrs. Blackstone left the Norwich home, and went back to her relatives in New York. The child was retained by her father. In this time the heart had left, but the mother and child drove to Wallingford and escaped to New York a few months later the courts restored the boy to his father.

STRAIGHT VS. SWING

George Siler on Old and New Fighting-Styles.

ARGUES FOR THE STRAIGHT

Modern Boxers Scarcely So Clever as Old-Timers.

Chicago, Dec. 23.—George Siler writes: "Are the fighters and boxers of today cleverer than those of twenty or thirty years ago?" are questions that have been put to me times without number during the last five years, and to which I've answered that in some points they are not, in others, they are not.

The subject is an old one and I may also state almost, therefore, still I believe a few remarks on the subject with the boom boxing has at present will not be an error. I will say that there are a hundred to one more professional and amateur boxers today than there were twenty or thirty years ago, and as this is an age of progression, the boxer of today ought to be more scientific than those of years ago.

"But are they?" that's the question. The present day boxer will naturally say: "Of course, we are." Ask him to admit that some are, but how many? We have Corbett, McCoy and Fitzsimmons as the cleverest of the heavyweights, and with Jeffries, Maher, Hughlin, Armstrong and Sharkey fighting in the finer points of the game, following them.

The first three named have the science of the sport down to a fine point, as has Tommy Ryan, George Dixon, McEvers, Jack Root, Young Griffo and a score of others in the various weight divisions I have mentioned. But of the hundreds of boxers before the public in the United States, how many really clever ones are there? Few I am forced to admit.

I am not, I wish it understood, attempting to belittle the present day boxer and laud to the skies the old timers, as there were but few high class boxers in the last decade, still there were more, considering the scarcity of boxers, than there are in comparison to the numbers in the game at present. In fact, the average was greater.

I've followed the game closely since 1868 and I've seen all the clever boxers perform since then, and I might say a few years before that date, and have noticed the changes. In olden times, or to be more explicit, the boxers, up to the time John L. Sullivan revolutionized the pugilistic world, by knocking out his opponents with right or left hand swinging blows, depended upon winning their contest by straight arm hitting, and usually the left, reserving their right for a finisher should the opportunity present itself.

The boxer of today with few exceptions like Sullivan, depend upon pulling down the long end of a purse by landing left or right hand swinging blows on the jaw or some other vital spot that may send their opponent to the floor for ten seconds. Some—yes, a great many—succeed in doing the trick, but how many, Oh, how many fall? It's a case of swing, swing, swing. If you land, all right; if not, swing again. You may be more fortunate the next time, and that appears to be uppermost in the minds of the majority of the present day fighters.

I've witnessed hundreds of contests during the last decade, and in not one in ten did I see a boxer with a good straight left or right hand punch. If one did present himself he was always admired for his beautiful straight left lead and it was common talk to hear the spectators remark: "That's a corking good left that fellow has." "Did you ever see such a straight left?" etc. Now if a good straight left hand is something to be admired, why do not the fighters cultivate their left or right, as the case may be? A straight lead, whether it be with either hand, reaches its destination quicker than swing blows, and as landing a blow within the shortest space of time possible is the most important point of the game, why not learn to hit straight?

The object of all fighters is to score as many blows or points as possible, and such being the case the shortest route to the points of attack is, of course, the better. Therefore, the object of delivery can be reached much quicker with a straight lead on account of the distance the arm travels than can a swinging blow, which, as every scientific boxer knows, is compelled to travel at least twice the distance.

The natural impression of a boxer who swings is that he can deliver a more forcible blow by that method of delivery than he can by hitting straight. That might be the case should he land, but how many swinging blows, simply on account of the time it takes to reach its destination, are avoided either by blocking or ducking under them?

If, as a boxer will admit, a swinging blow has more effect than a straight arm blow, why then, why do not the fighters in ten, why do not the fighters? Why not try a few straight leads? While I am forced to admit that a boxer can get more steam behind a swing, the question is whether those straight left hand punches, that land are not equivalent to ten swings, only one of which lands. It's points scored and labor saved.

In olden times—that is, twenty or thirty years ago—a swinger was considered a "strumpet" and a clever boxer would generally force a swinger to swing, then shift his head and catch the blow on his head, and up would go the swinger's hand, with knuckles and sometimes nose broken.

HER PAINTINGS

her paintings have been engraved and reproduced in various publications in this country.

During this period she had many admirers—artists, authors, a Russian prince who followed her on one of her visits to this country. Later she never married.

The memory of her boy was with her. With all her art and study and the attractions of the butterfly life she led, back to see the growing youth she had tried to carry away in 1878. In 1886, she found him a student at Yale, where her father had been graduated, and some of the old tenderness that had never been crushed out of the heart of either "Traff" Blackstone or his first wife, as was later proved, began to well up once more. With the lapse of the flying years there had come a wish to see again and hear the boy she had loved and who had courted her nearly twenty years before. Then the wish to be near her stalwart son was strong, and so it came about that in May, 1897, Mme. Blackstone, of Paris, came back to New York, very quietly, and established a studio at No. 41 Madison square.

It was inevitable that she should meet her former husband some day, face to face. And what of Trafford Blackstone? He, too, had had his troubles. In the early eighties a woman, who said she was Mrs. Annie Rich of New York, visited Norwich looking for her son, who she never married. She found him in the city, and he had his house and his office until she learned that the day before her arrival he had left for Boston.

She kept the wires busy until she learned that he had sailed for Europe. Then she left Norwich, but only for a few days. She was in London, and copied from the London dailies the announcement that Mr. De Trafford Blackstone and Mrs. Annie Rich had been married in St. George's Church, Hanover square. A few months later Mr. Blackstone installed in his home in Broadway, New York, the second Mrs. Blackstone, who lived with the Park Church, devoting much time to charity. She died in 1894.

Even while the second Mrs. Blackstone was occupying the home that once was hers, Mme. Blackstone, of Paris, went to Norwich, to see her son. The boy was not in the city, as he had sailed for Tommy Ryan, George Dixon, McEvers, Jack Root, Young Griffo and a score of others in the various weight divisions I have mentioned. But of the hundreds of boxers before the public in the United States, how many really clever ones are there? Few I am forced to admit.

With his second bereavement, Trafford Blackstone settled down to a quiet existence. He had gone to the city, he had married, and took it as his business well preserved man, with just a tinge of gray hair that set off his florid complexion.

Meanwhile the former wife and mother was keeping the studio in Union square. Well, what might be expected, happened. With young Lorenzo out of college, and calling all the time either upon one or the other of his parents, there was a silver line between the two hearts that had never really been sundered. It is said that the lad brought about the reconciliation. Twenty years apart, they met again and greed to re-marry. The testimony of the man in the case is good right here. He said on the 21st of February, 1897:

"We have agreed to forget the past. Mrs. Blackstone, who was and is to be, will give up her studio here and fit up another in our home in Norwich, Conn. She will devote her leisure to her art, and our son will participate in bringing about our reconciliation."

At this time they were both stopping at the Waldorf. The following Tuesday they left for Philadelphia, where they were remarried by the Rev. R. S. Blanchard of St. James' Episcopal Church. Our son was partially instrumental in bringing about our reconciliation."

At this time they were both stopping at the Waldorf. The following Tuesday they left for Philadelphia, where they were remarried by the Rev. R. S. Blanchard of St. James' Episcopal Church. Our son was partially instrumental in bringing about our reconciliation."

At this time they were both stopping at the Waldorf. The following Tuesday they left for Philadelphia, where they were remarried by the Rev. R. S. Blanchard of St. James' Episcopal Church. Our son was partially instrumental in bringing about our reconciliation."

At this time they were both stopping at the Waldorf. The following Tuesday they left for Philadelphia, where they were remarried by the Rev. R. S. Blanchard of St. James' Episcopal Church. Our son was partially instrumental in bringing about our reconciliation."

At this time they were both stopping at the Waldorf. The following Tuesday they left for Philadelphia, where they were remarried by the Rev. R. S. Blanchard of St. James' Episcopal Church. Our son was partially instrumental in bringing about our reconciliation."

At this time they were both stopping at the Waldorf. The following Tuesday they left for Philadelphia, where they were remarried by the Rev. R. S. Blanchard of St. James' Episcopal Church. Our son was partially instrumental in bringing about our reconciliation."

STRAIGHT VS. SWING

George Siler on Old and New Fighting-Styles.

ARGUES FOR THE STRAIGHT

Modern Boxers Scarcely So Clever as Old-Timers.

Chicago, Dec. 23.—George Siler writes: "Are the fighters and boxers of today cleverer than those of twenty or thirty years ago?" are questions that have been put to me times without number during the last five years, and to which I've answered that in some points they are not, in others, they are not.

The subject is an old one and I may also state almost, therefore, still I believe a few remarks on the subject with the boom boxing has at present will not be an error. I will say that there are a hundred to one more professional and amateur boxers today than there were twenty or thirty years ago, and as this is an age of progression, the boxer of today ought to be more scientific than those of years ago.

"But are they?" that's the question. The present day boxer will naturally say: "Of course, we are." Ask him to admit that some are, but how many? We have Corbett, McCoy and Fitzsimmons as the cleverest of the heavyweights, and with Jeffries, Maher, Hughlin, Armstrong and Sharkey fighting in the finer points of the game, following them.

The first three named have the science of the sport down to a fine point, as has Tommy Ryan, George Dixon, McEvers, Jack Root, Young Griffo and a score of others in the various weight divisions I have mentioned. But of the hundreds of boxers before the public in the United States, how many really clever ones are there? Few I am forced to admit.

I am not, I wish it understood, attempting to belittle the present day boxer and laud to the skies the old timers, as there were but few high class boxers in the last decade, still there were more, considering the scarcity of boxers, than there are in comparison to the numbers in the game at present. In fact, the average was greater.

I've followed the game closely since 1868 and I've seen all the clever boxers perform since then, and I might say a few years before that date, and have noticed the changes. In olden times, or to be more explicit, the boxers, up to the time John L. Sullivan revolutionized the pugilistic world, by knocking out his opponents with right or left hand swinging blows, depended upon winning their contest by straight arm hitting, and usually the left, reserving their right for a finisher should the opportunity present itself.

The boxer of today with few exceptions like Sullivan, depend upon pulling down the long end of a purse by landing left or right hand swinging blows on the jaw or some other vital spot that may send their opponent to the floor for ten seconds. Some—yes, a great many—succeed in doing the trick, but how many, Oh, how many fall? It's a case of swing, swing, swing. If you land, all right; if not, swing again. You may be more fortunate the next time, and that appears to be uppermost in the minds of the majority of the present day fighters.

I've witnessed hundreds of contests during the last decade, and in not one in ten did I see a boxer with a good straight left or right hand punch. If one did present himself he was always admired for his beautiful straight left lead and it was common talk to hear the spectators remark: "That's a corking good left that fellow has." "Did you ever see such a straight left?" etc. Now if a good straight left hand is something to be admired, why do not the fighters cultivate their left or right, as the case may be? A straight lead, whether it be with either hand, reaches its destination quicker than swing blows, and as landing a blow within the shortest space of time possible is the most important point of the game, why not learn to hit straight?

The object of all fighters is to score as many blows or points as possible, and such being the case the shortest route to the points of attack is, of course, the better. Therefore, the object of delivery can be reached much quicker with a straight lead on account of the distance the arm travels than can a swinging blow, which, as every scientific boxer knows, is compelled to travel at least twice the distance.

The natural impression of a boxer who swings is that he can deliver a more forcible blow by that method of delivery than he can by hitting straight. That might be the case should he land, but how many swinging blows, simply on account of the time it takes to reach its destination, are avoided either by blocking or ducking under them?

If, as a boxer will admit, a swinging blow has more effect than a straight arm blow, why then, why do not the fighters in ten, why do not the fighters? Why not try a few straight leads? While I am forced to admit that a boxer can get more steam behind a swing, the question is whether those straight left hand punches, that land are not equivalent to ten swings, only one of which lands. It's points scored and labor saved.

In olden times—that is, twenty or thirty years ago—a swinger was considered a "strumpet" and a clever boxer would generally force a swinger to swing, then shift his head and catch the blow on his head, and up would go the swinger's hand, with knuckles and sometimes nose broken.

The danger of swinging was exemplified stronger than ever last week, when Jack Moffat broke his left arm by swinging and landing on George Gardner's head in New York last Tuesday night, and by George Moffat meeting the same kind of an accident in his boat, with Gardner of the Star Tugboat, this city, last Friday night. These are two cases in one week showing the danger of swinging, and it is a wonder to me that such accidents are not more frequent. I would advise all boxers to learn to hit straight, and if they must curve their blows, to learn to keep their elbow as the "bow" and land with the knuckles instead of the forearm.

Captain Gridley's Mother

Restored by Peruna.

DEWEY'S FLAG SHIP OLYMPIA—CAPTAIN GRIDLEY, COMMANDER.

Mrs. Gridley, mother of Captain Gridley, who was in command of Dewey's flag ship, at the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Manila, says of our remedy, Peruna:

"At the solicitation of a friend I used Peruna, and can truthfully say it is a grand tonic and is a woman's friend, and should be used in every household. After using it for a short period I feel like a new person."

Mrs. Longstreet is the wife of the famous Confederate General, Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, the only living ex-Confederate officer of that rank. She writes to The Peruna Medicine Co.: "I can commend your excellent remedy, Peruna, as one of the best tonics, and for those who need a good, substantial remedy, I know of nothing better. Besides being a good tonic it is an effective cure for catarrh."

Mrs. Belva Lockwood, the eminent barrister, of Washington, D. C. is the only woman who has ever been a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. She is the best known woman in America. As the pioneer of her sex in the legal profession she has gathered fame and fortune. In a letter to The Peruna Medicine Co. she says: "I have used your Peruna both for myself and my mother, Mrs. Hannah J. Bennett, now in her 88th year, and I find it an invaluable remedy for cold, catarrh, hay fever and kindred diseases; also a good tonic for feeble and old people, or those run down, and with nervous straining. I desire, also, to say that it has no evil effects and produces no after depression."

Ask your druggist for a free Peruna Almanac for the year 1900.

boxer that ever donned a mitt, will shortly make his appearance in the squared circle again. Griffo went to the lead a couple of years ago, and since then nobody has given him a thought. He was dead to the world. He was not forgotten, however, by George Dawson, the Chicago Athletic Association's boxing instructor, who knew Griffo in Australia. He kept posted on the latter's behavior and learned recently that his countryman was rounding to and that with careful handling he would be as good as ever. I saw Dawson yesterday and he told me that Griffo was as good as ever. Furthermore, Dawson said that he was punching the left, wrestling, boxing and taking daily walks of at least ten miles. George has all the confidence in the world in Griffo's ability. Griffo hopes to match him with Jack Lewis or some other good local lightweight to box before the C. A. A. at its next boxing entertainment.

SENATOR FLYNN ACQUITTED

No Guilty Knowledge Established and the Money Was Repaid.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 23.—The selection in the case of the city of Pittsburg against State Senator Flynn and others for \$20,000 damages was handed down at the opening of court today by Judge White. The defendants were acquitted. The suit was in trespass and was based on the allegation that ex-Assistant City Attorney Flynn had loaned money to Senator Flynn. In his decision the judge found that the city had no claim against Senator Flynn and his firm. There was no current bargain made. It was not shown that Flynn loaned any money and if he did so loan it was repaid.

POPE LEO'S SENSE OF DUTY

Leads Him to Disregard the Warnings of His Advisors.

Rome, Dec. 23.—On the occasion of the ceremony of the opening of the Holy Door of St. Peter's tomorrow, the pope has decided to give the papal blessing on the altar of confession. The medical officers urged him to postpone the ceremony as endangering his health, but the pontiff replied: "Let it be danger. I will fall in the breach and have the satisfaction of fulfilling to the last my duties as a Catholic and sovereign pontiff towards God."

Small Landslide Killed Only Ten

Small Landslide Killed Only Ten

Woman's Nightmare Mother's Friend