Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

New York's Cankering Influence.

A distinct hurt to the life and morals of this nation is the latter-day domination of New York City. New York City is wicked, wicked with the vices which simulate respectability sufficiently to be popularly permitted, sufficiently concealed to bring suggestive guffawing approval from the calloused interpreter, and an uneasy smile from the virtue which in abhorring evil dreads conviction of prudishness.

Boston used to dominate the country with her ideals. With the literary Jumbos of the land located there, with New England furnishing statesmen of marked power around about, Boston, so long as her ideals could boast a measure of substantial practicality, led the nation with a restraining and beneficial Puritanical rein.

But New York is now the literary center. Its newspapers undoubtedly lead public sentiment, and, what is more, its sensational newspapers, not the conservative ones.

The other evening the Union League club of Brooklyn gave an entertainment, the men below at tables, the wives and sisters above in the galleries to witness the good cheer. Part of the evening's diversion was furnished by a vaudeville company. Among the company was Violet Dare, a pink and white star of astounding grace and beauty of limb. She appeared in a very short skirt, in black stockings held with pink bows. Some of the wives and sisters gasped a little and quickened the pace of their conversation. Violet disappeared and re-appeared, in a still shorter skirt, the pink bows now fully revealed and pronounced. There was applause from the diners. There was a stilling quietude in the gallery. Again a disappearance and a reappearance on the part of Violet Dare, and the third time with a greater brevity of skirt than before. Only the more sap-headed men applauded. The gallery was suddenly, indignantly emptied, and the older men at the table hissed.

You will find in New York columns devoted to intrigue, liaisons and engagements. In a New York theater a French importation, Anna Held, is singing a song entitled, "I Would Like to Have a Photograph of That," in which is related the experience of a married man who, feeling lonesome, makes an engagement through a newspaper column, and meets with a fair blonde, who raises her veil, while he falls over in a fit, and Miss Held would like to have a photograph of that. The woman who raised her veil was his wife. The music of the skit is furnished by Reginald De Koven, one of the nation's leading composers. The words are by a leading librettoist.

The galling circumstance in all this is that New York dominates the country, in setting our fashions, out literary standards, our dramatic ideas, and, heaven help us, maintains the largest churches in the nation.

As Boston can no longer prove equal to a mental fruition capable of putting forth more than a mystic religious creed, a fake cure, or an Atkinsonian political spasm, we must despair of a return to the leadership of Boston, and, until we find another metropolis of greater morality to follow, hope that the great vigorous virtue of the United States will resist the cankering influences of Gotham.

Importance of Colonel Pilcher's Victory.

Colonel Pilcher's defeat of the Boers at Orange river last Monday is probably the most important event which has yet transpired in the Boer-British war. By strategic movements he put to flight a considerable body of entrenched Boers, at the head of mounted Queenslanders and Canadians. The importance of this action does not lie principally in the success of it, for it is an insignificant skirmish, but in the fact that it is the first triumph of English arms, and was the work of the men from the provinces.

Following this will come a general flattering exploitation of the English provincial military, to the exclusion of recommendation of home military bodies. The Canadians will believe that the success of the war rests with the gallantry of the Canadian corps, the Australians will insist that it is the prowess of men from the baby continent that is turning the scales in Britain's favor. This sentiment, which will be carefully and enthusiastically encouraged from London, will quickly coalesce the provinces all over the world into a staunch unity for British success.

Such a consummation has seemed necessary to British safety during the past few weeks. The only thing which holds Great Britain together is the prestige of imperial might, the feeling of the provincials that it is good to belong to a great nation. Successive defeats by a nation considered small and insignificant, meant, if not segregation of the several parts of the British empire, then at least a dissatisfaction which would have amounted to distinct and eventually fatal weakness. India is not far from the brink of revolt. Volunteering in Ireland today is practically conscription. The French element in Canada is restive. Cape Colony is dangerously near insurrection. But when the cry goes around the world that imperial Britain owes her salvation to the provincial military, the provinces will grow in pride and cohesion, and as Colonel Pilcher has taken an initiative which will be followed undoubtedly with similar feats, all chance of the great empire's resolution is removed from the range of possibilities.

Chicago's Great Drainage Canal.

Within a few miles southwest of Chicago is a divide between the valley of the Mississippi and the basin of Lake Michigan. Chicago, by an outlay of $33,000,000, pierced, Tuesday, this divide, causing the water of the Chicago river, which has gone into Lake Michigan, to run into a tributary of the Mississippi river. Hitherto Chicago has polluted Lake Michigan, from which it took its drinking water, by sewage. Now the sewage follows the new canal down through the divide into the Mississippi valley. It is to be used also after a while for a ship canal.

It is interesting to know that the practicability of this canal was seen over two hundred years ago. History gives precedence for the suggestion to Pere Joliet. In August, 1674, he wrote: "We can easily go to Florida in boats and by a good navigation. There would be but one canal to make, by quiting only one-half league of prairie, to pass from the Lake of the Illinois into St. Louis river." And by this he meant the identical cut that has been made by the trustees of the sanitary district of Chicago. The same suggestion has been made by scores of men since the time of Joliet, but it is only fair to give him the credit of having broached the subject.

Throughout the early days of the century the idea of a waterway between the lakes and the Mississippi was constantly brought forward. At that time the object aimed at was purely a commercial one. In 1818 William Darby wrote: "No doubt now remains but that the Chicago and Illinois rivers afford by far the most eligible natural connection between the northern and southern waters of the United States. If the people of the United States ought ever to unite in opening any channel of communication, it is that by the Illinois river and Lake Michigan. If the various points from St. Louis to Buffalo were united by commercial facility a numerous population would be the immediate consequence."

The feeling in favor of such a canal as is now an accomplished fact cropped out at intervals in the most unexpected places. C. F. Hoffman, a New York editor, visited Chicago in 1833, and writing to the Knickerbocker Magazine, said: "There is one improvement to be made, however, in this section of the country, which will greatly influence the permanent value of property in Chicago. I allude to a canal from the head of Lake Michigan to the head of steam navigation on the Illinois, the route of which has been long since surveyed."

The first step looking towards the construction of a canal was taken away back in 1816, when a treaty was negotiated with the Indians, whereby the latter ceded to the government a strip of land about twenty miles wide extending through the Desplaines and Illinois valleys from Chicago to Ottawa. This grant, containing 9,911,411 acres, was ceded for a trifle, on the understanding with the aborigines that a canal should be built, and that it should redound greatly to their benefit, but few of them lived to see even the old Illinois and Michigan canal.

In 1825 the legislature incorporated the Illinois and Michigan Canal association, and granted it extraordinary privileges. When the construction of the canal was finally assured, western immigration received a great impetus, and the population of Illinois was nearly doubled in five years. But the actual construction of the canal was delayed many years, and no less than forty acts were passed by the legislature relating to the subject. The formal opening of the Illinois and Michigan ship canal took place on April 22, 1848, and was celebrated with much rejoicing. Its total cost was $6,537,254.

For years congress was urged to build a practical ship canal between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, and the matter was agitated in almost every state in the Union, but all to no effect. The representatives from Ohio and Indiana were the dogs in the manger, they taking the stand that the project was for the benefit of a single state. The scheme received a little impetus during the civil war, and one bill presented authorized the construction of a ship canal for the passage of armed and naval vessels from the Mississippi river to Lake Michigan, "and for no other purposes," but nothing came of it.

Europe's Loss of Coin.

The Imperial Bank of Germany is not alone in issuing reports that show retrogression. The cables assert that the metal stock of the bank is 71,000,000 marks less than a year ago. Nearly every bank shows a similar condition, and the most discouraging feature for them is that the decrease is chiefly in the gold stock, while often there has been an increase in the holdings of silver. The decrease has, however, not been a matter of a recent development, as seems to be the general impression. On the contrary, the European banks have been losing ground steadily for at least five years. The Bank of France shows a decrease in monetary stock during that period of $12,000,000, while the note circulation has increased nearly $100,000,000. The German bank has lost $70,000,000 of its coin and has issued $26,000,000 more of notes. The Italian banks have increased their circulation $12,000,000, but have $3,000,000 less in their vaults. The Russian and Austro-Hungarian banks show increased monetary stocks, but these are exceptional cases, accounted for in the former instance by the industrial conditions and the accumulation of a large reserve by the government for emergencies, while the capital invested in the latter has been much increased. Even the Bank of England's reserve has fallen $23,000,000, with $15,000,000 more notes in circulation.

But the condition in America is entirely different. The associated banks of New York have nearly $50,000,000 more specie than five years ago, and the aggregate holdings of cash in the national banks of the United States has increased 40 per cent.

The Way to Settle It.

At last there is some hope that the Sampson-Schley discussion will really die out. Senator Wellington of Maryland, one of Rear Admiral Schley's staunchest friends, will agree to the adoption by the senate of a resolution giving the thanks of congress to Rear Admiral Sampson and Schley, in the order named, for the victory over Cervera's fleet at Santiago. When the bill reviving the grade of vice admiral comes up, the two S's will be nominated for the grade by the president.

There is nothing on land or sea that Lord Roberts is afraid of except a black cat. We have furnished the British with mules for this war, and if the Boers will give the word, we can also stock them up on black cats.

On the stage in London the other night, Lilly Langtry wept real tears, the cause being that she had just said good-bye to her husband, who was off for the wars. The tears being real did not affect the audience.

There is hardly a probability that Cornish poisoned Mrs. Adams, but he is a man of low mentality and his hounding of his enemy, Molineux, whom he wants to hang, is a sorrowful spectacle.

John D. Rockefeller bids fair to surpass the Rohtschilds. The Vanderbilts and Goulds he can crush at will. He is worth $315,000,000, and, it is asserted, is master of the money market of the world.

Professor Metchnikoff claims to have discovered a serum which will baffle old age. But that is nonsense, of course. Death is still back of the home plate, waiting to take all of us hot off the bat.

"Capt." Leary of Guam has found that peonage is contrary to the Constitution of the United States and has knocked this Spanish style of slavery galley-west. Leary is a brick.

Ingalls thinks that Tom Reed was forced out of the speakership. It was fortunate for Reed's opponents that this discovery is made after Reed is out beyond recall.

The New York man who shot his wife in mistaking her for a burglar is crazed with grief. Compared to a revolver, a burglar is a safe thing to have in the house.

Pilcher does not seem to be a Baron, or a Lord, or a Sir, but he can fight. Great Britain will probably reward him by permitting him to kiss some duke's hand.

The British lion is getting over the notion that he is a locomotive. He is becoming feline and is creeping up with cushioned paws on the Boers.

Chicago is now virtually on the Gulf of Mexico. The gulf wouldn't come to Chicago, so Chicago cut a canal connecting with the gulf.

In the east John D. Rockefeller is accused of purposely causing the Christmas panic on Wall street. The newspapers are lashing him.

Up to date, Oom Paul has not returned that British gold he captured as an evidence of bad faith, before he sprung his ultimatum.

In New York the Molineux trial has run so long that no audience now attends. A sensation, to be a sensation, must be rapid.

It cost Chicago $33,000,000 to make the Chicago river flow up-stream, but Chicago paid the sum and has the result.

Noticeably, the awful exhibitory powers of the English hollow square are not cutting much figure just now.

Colonel Pilcher is cutting his way through the Boer lines, and Great Britain is happy.

The Last Act.

Fifille Beautencourt danced on the table before fifty of her dearest friends, and they drank to her with great acclaim.

"But you haven't let us in the secret yet, Fifille," said they. "What does this farewell mean? Is there to be a succession of them? Or are you, by a possibility, about to be married? You, who have refused five millions in your time, speaking by the aggregate? Come, Fifille, it is impossible for a woman to retire when she is making more money with her feet than the cleverest make with their heads! Maybe you have developed a conscience—eh? Is it that you are about to enter a convent? Are you going to be penitential—in black tights? Tut! Fifille, it is childish of you to be saying farewell without giving any reason for it!" So went the composite speech of many companions.

Fifille smiled gravely. Then she took her tiny lace handkerchief and moistening a bit of it rubbed at the rouge on her cheek. She held up the incahnadined muslin to the contemplation of her guests.

"I shall never put any paint on my face again as long as I live," said she. "But the reason for it you would hardly understand. It is not remorse, for I have nothing of which to repent, save venal sins, of course. And those I have confessed. It is not love, for I let that go by a long time ago. It is not age, for, as you see, youth has not yet forsaken me."

The diaphanous snowy petticoats fluttered like a humming bird's wing, and about the svelte body drifted a scarf light and wayward as a morning cloud.

"I, who am not suspected of philosophy, leave the life I know for philosophic reasons. I wish to observe for myself how real people live—not mimic people like ourselves. None of you has ever discovered it, but as a matter of fact I am not stupid. I do not propose to remain here till you pity me. I am not going to hear any of you saying: 'Poor old Fifille,' when I get too stiff in the joints for this."

She poised like a butterfly on a flower, and it seemed as if she were about to disappear through the beflowered ceiling of the room.

"Brava! Brava! Exquisite! Encore!"

But the famous dancer bowed somewhat sadly, and, excusing herself, she quitted the room for a short time. When she reentered she was clad in a severe brown traveling suit. A plain toque covered her straight, brown hair—her own hair. There was neither red nor white upon her face which nature had not placed there. In her hand was a little traveling bag.

"Adieu, adieu!" she cried. She ran from one to the other, shaking them by the hand and kissing them. She wept, too, and gave little reminders of old times now to this one and now to that. Before they could realize it she was gone. They never any of them saw her again. They never solved the mystery of her disappearance. It was a nine year's wonder. It was a thing to talk about at mututinal suppers—those weary, noisy meals that ended with the dawn. But out of the many guesses hazarded no one guessed the truth—and it never occurred to any one to believe what the danseuse had told them.

Up in Maine there is a certain coast town that looks down from bluffs upon the sea and across sloping meadows to a wide and wayward river. The fields are old and have been worked too long. The wharves are rich in old tales, but the vessels that tie up at them now are comparatively few. Everybody knows everybody else, and the people have so married and intermarried that when a family party is given it is difficult to avoid inviting the whole village.

Into this community there came one day a woman whom nobody knew. In spite of the modesty of her bearing and the quietness of her attire she had obviously the manner of cities about her. She bought a cottage for herself and furnished it with simplicity. The ladies who called could find no fault with the few pieces of china, nor with the moderation of the decorations. Everything was in good taste. Everything betokened a comfortable condition of the purse. Nothing spoke of opulence or extravagance. At first the callers talked of themselves—the town, the social life, the old traditions, the historic spots. They were frank and confidential. Then they exacted a return. They endeavored to probe the mystery of this woman's life and to find why she had come among them. They were prepared for some concealment. It had been agreed on all hands that the woman was a mystery and was likely to remain such. But they met with a surprise. There was no concealment. The premiere danseuse told them her story from beginning to end and made them sympathize with it, too.

There was, indeed, a covert envy in the attitude of some of these women toward her. The easy manners, the charming address, the inimitable grace of movement—they had never seen the like and they coveted the lady these possessions. It would not be true to say that they felt perfect confidence in her. They felt a deep interest in her; she fascinated every one she met, that had been her custom from time immemorial. It had, in fact, been her profession. But the good ladies waited with some apprehension for the time when the dancer would give them a disagreeable surprise. She was sure, they felt, to outrage the conventions some time. They were not prepared to say that they would blame her; it was a thing to be expected.

But the months went by quietly. Fifille Beautencourt went her way without untoward demonstrations of any sort. Sunday morning, garmented in black, she knelt at early mass at the church upon the hill—the church with the holy cross upon its steeple. She invited neighbors to dine with her on that day and walked abroad in the afternoon with little children, or read by her pine fire, or beneath the shade of her veranda. Weekdays she arose early, directed her small domestic affairs, and then busied herself with the unpretentious charities she had started. One was a small day nursery for the children of the women who worked in the fish packing-houses. Another was a home for the widows of sailors. Another was a circulating public library—an enterprise of which the community thought so well that it presently gave her its assistance. She had calls to make, too. She soon accumulated a number of friends and she interested herself closely in their doings. She had a genius for remembering birthdays, and lost no opportunity of making a fete. Particularly when the boys and girls were home from school at the holidays did she make merry. The town had never had so much gayeties—had never enjoyed itself so much. In fact, much talent was discovered among those who had hitherto been looked upon as commonplace. It appeared to be Fifille Beautencourt's especial talent to develop others. She discovered them to themselves.

She sent one boy away to Rome to study picture-making, and it was her pleasure to instruct a number of aspiring young girls in French.

The spirit of joy seemed to have departed. All her tenderness and tolerance were remembered, all her simple, affectionate, almost humble ways. And with her death rumors of her former greatness began to reach the little town. Then it was realized what a celebrity had been entertained unknowingly all those quiet years.

So, in gratitude for the joy she had given them and for the good will she had shown all her life among them they gave her a public funeral. The sons and daughters of Puritans went, and the people who had moved down from the North, and the old people, forgetting ancient prejudices. They buried her on a high hill overlooking the sea. It was bleak there, and there was only a plain white cross to mark her resting place. Nothing could have been more out of keeping with the Fifille Beautencourt of the old days, she who had been compacted of motion and laughter, of color and music and joy. But the people who had her there loved her well, and the story they told of her and her life among them was the prettiest of all the stories.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

The Guthrie Capital believes that Oklahoma can and should have cotton mills.

The close of the old year in Oklahoma saw several weak retail firms go under.

Judge Keaton thinks that the expansion idea is in conflict with the constitution of the United States.

Judge McAtee has moved a ten-room house from Caldwell to Enid, and it is now in course of reconstruction.

The Tigers, football team of Arkansas City, now claim to be the champions of southern Kansas and Oklahoma.

Dan Peery claims that nearly all the Bohemians in Oklahoma are against the Republican party on the expansion issue.

Dennis Flynn and A. H. Classen of Oklahoma City, in high collars, attended the New Year's reception at the White House.

The excursion of the Memphis wholesale men will arrive in Oklahoma City over the Choctaw January 9, and will remain for the day.

Henry Bond, a saloonkeeper at Enid, has fallen heir to $1,000,000, an Irish estate. He came from Belfast. He better lasso the money at once.

This evening Governor and Mrs. Barnes give a reception for Mr. and Mrs. Carl Klavighorst. The invitations read "to all the friends of the groom and bride."

About the only thing that Judge McAtee has in common with the Democratic party nowadays, to a superficial observer, is the fact that he was born in Maryland.

The inmates of the federal jail at Guthrie wished their jailor on New Year's "many happy returns." He was kind enough not to wish them back the same thing.

Major Stout, the new agent at Darlington, has arrived and the goods of the government are being made over to him, a transaction which will consume about twenty days.

General Metcalf of the Twentieth Kansas has assured Rough Rider Johnson that a considerable part of the Kansas regiment will attend the Rough Riders' re-union in Oklahoma City, next June.

The young men of Guthrie have drafted resolutions with the new year that for a twelve-month they will "buy the girls gum, dance the darlings and guarantee them a good time all this year."

It is announced that the operation on the deformed feet of little Bessie Nash of Chandler, in a St. Louis institution, was successful, and that the little girl will have perfect use of her feet hereafter.

Probate Judge Asa Jones, who refused to get out of bed to marry an eloping couple at Oklahoma City, will not be exiled from the territory. He has put up the plea that he was suffering terribly from the toothache.

George B. McFarland, vice-president of the Free Homes League of Custer county, has called a meeting at all the township school houses in that county for next Saturday, at which will be opened "Free Homes Letter Writing Schools."

In a plea for free homes the Manchester Journal gives a touching picture of the poverty of its part of the Strip shortly after the opening. But a narrative which tells of bare-footed children, ill-clad in the middle of winter, is likely to make a good many of the Journal's readers wince. There are a good many discomforts in every pioneer's life, but he forgets them at last and in most cases it is a difficult matter to get him to recall them.

Arapahoe Bee: C. B. Wood, Roy Davis and Ernest Peck went on a wolf hunt Christmas. They found a den and dug for a short time, but not being full-blood Irishmen, soon became tired. Then they shot into the den, and after the smoke cleared a little ventured to peer in, and were sure they saw two glistening wolf eyes snapping back at them. A regular British-Boer bombardment was immediately opened up on that den and kept up until their ammunition was about exhausted. A cautious reconnoissance in force was then made and the two wolf eyes were found to be two gun-wads that had lodged close together when the first shots were fired into the den. The boys are still showing symptoms of their nervous excitement.

Along the Kansas Nile.

There will be a total eclipse of the sun in Kansas on May 28, from 6 a. m. to 8 a. m.

Henry Allen, the private secretary of the governor, suggests James Troutman for United States senator.

W. A. Bardwell of the Brooklyn library says the most called-for book at that institution is "In His Steps."

Miss Flo Henlen of Herrington, Kansas, was given, as a Christmas present from her grandfather, a check for $100.

Chicago's new drainage canal is deep enough to float ships, owing to the fact that no Colorado irrigationists are located on its banks.

The Arkansas City Traveler remarks that when Aguinaldo's mother asks: "Where is my wandering boy tonight?" the American officers at Manila do not all speak at once.

It is reported that Isaac Reed of Sumner county, whom Governor Stanley pardoned out of the penitentiary because he was dying, walked out of the prison the picture of health.

The opera house at Atchison took fire before the audience the other evening and the audience did not stampede. This is the greatest compliment ever paid to the people of Atchison.

There is a distinct sorrow in this state over the failure of the Wizard Oil company. The taste of Kansas' dramatic tastes was formed by the Wizard Oil company's street performances.

There were six snows in northern Kansas last December, on December 2, 11, 13, 24, 27 and 31. In 1898 the snows of the early winter came on October 17 and 22, November 21, 25 and 27 and December 2.

The anti-Leland organization of Topeka has hounced ames Smith as its secretary and elected in his place J. G. Wood. Regular quarters in an office building in Topeka are maintained by this organization.

John W. Breidenthal and W. M. Wallace of Kingman are making a fight on the re-election of J. H. Crider of Fort Scott as grand master of the A. O. U. W. of Kansas. The meeting of the grand lodge takes place next month.

John J. Ingalls, on behalf of the public, notifies present congressmen that the people want no platitudes. For a man who is still in mid-air from the last popular gift he got, Ingalls, you would think, would appreciate how safe a platitude is.

The Leavenworth Times has resurrected Longfellow's poem on Amalfi, the town whose principal hotel slid into the sea the other day. Longfellow fell in love with the place "where, amid the mulberry trees, sits Amalfi in the heat, bathing ever her white feet in the tideless summer sea."

Cyrus Taylor, a young man of Hutchinson, after returning from Chickamauga in 1898, tried to kill himself because a girl wouldn't marry him. He is now in the Philippines and writes home: "If I can find a girl here who will have me I will marry her and stay here. Of course, I'd rather have a white girl, but some of the natives are very sweet-looking girls."

The annual meeting of the Kansas Produce Shippers' association was held in Topeka Tuesday. Thomas Parker of Hutchinson was elected president, and G. C. Bowman of Topeka secretary for the coming year. The members present complained of the encroachment of the Kansas City packers on their business. They claim that the packers are gradually running independent buyers and shippers out of business by reason of freight rate discriminations. The packers are now buying eggs and poultry all over the state in competition with local shippers and, it is said, by getting lower rates from the railroads are able to pay better prices than the local men. As a result, the latter is being driven from the field. An effort will be made to have the roads correct this abuse.

In the Hutchinson Interior Herald one contributor declared that while he did not defend Roberts, still the old testament put no barriers up against polygamy. Another contributor, Tom Riddle, comes back in this style: "The offensive jealousy and animal pain of Sarah compelled Abraham to cast forth Hagar, Ishmael and his descendants, their hands against every man. To Abraham's progeny, through Hagar, comes Mohammed, a spurious messiah, to a spurious people, becoming a scourge of fire and sword for a thousand years, the greatest the world has ever known. The children born to David, from his numerous wives, became a torment and curse to him in his latter days. Reward, revolt and even incest, are recorded as incidents in his family life, and of David is represented as being a man after God's own heart. It is because he had the candor to own up, and be sorry for, his faults. Solomon is shown to be also because of his impartial justice, a quality rare in kings of those days. Jehoshaphat was right, and with the exception of wives and concubines were a curse of his race, and are held out to us as a warning against polygamy. It was permitted and punished."

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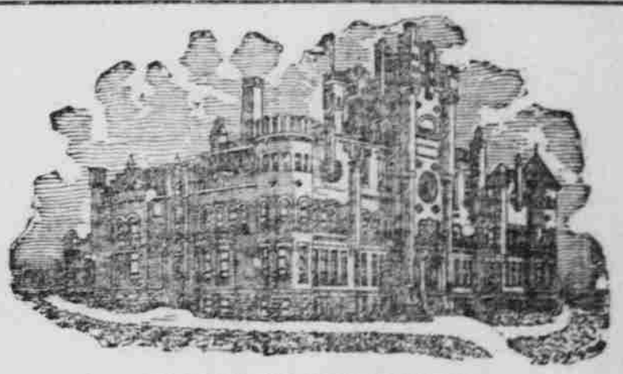

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