Old Football

Rev. Bruce Griffith's College Souvenir.

An interesting trophy from the fields of many a hard fought foot ball game is in possession of Rev. Bruce Griffith, the eloquent pastor of the Reformed church here. It is a foot ball that was kicked by Lieutenant Worth Bagley, the first commissioned naval officer killed in the Spanish-American war. The football is the regular inter-collegiate Spaulding foot ball known to all foot ball men as a regulation pigskin. Mr. Griffith was for two years captain of the eleven of the Franklin-Marshall college of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and was at that time considered one of the best foot ball men in this country. The Franklin-Marshall college team in fact was one of the "crack" teams in the inter-collegiate association. This was in 1891 and 1892, the last two years that Mr. Griffith was in college. During that time captain Griffith's team played Princeton, Haverford college and Swarthmore, the two leading Quaker colleges, University of Pennsylvania, Bucknell University, La Fayette college, Lehigh University, Allentown, Pa., college, and the United States Naval Accademy teams and won nearly all the games. The game with the Naval Academy eleven, however, resulted in a victory for the navy boys. This memorable game was played at Annapolis, Md., on October 29, 1892. Arrangements had been made with the West Point eleven, but this was cancelled for some reason and a game was arrangtd with the Naval team. This was a great game and was witnessed by a tremendous crowd. It was a brilliant scene, hundreds of naval and army officers and their ladies being there in their gayest apparel. " The naval team," said Mr Griffith, in explaining the history of foot ball to an Eagle reporter, "was composed of the finest set of young men I ever saw in a foot ball eleven. They were noble manly fellows, courteous and gentlemanly, and fine athletes. Among them were Lieutenant Worth Bagley, of the Winslow, killed in the late war, and Ensign Cavanaugh, who was with Admiral Dewey in the Olympia at Manila. Both were noble young men, and types of physical and mental perfection. Lieutenant Bagley played end rush right in this game. Cavanaugh was captain of the navy team and played one of the guards."

The statisticians of the navy observed the course of the game closely. Naval officers are great mathematicians and every calculation and maneuver they make is based on figures and statistics. At a foot ball game they take notes of everything. Their object is to obtain by figures whether foot ball playing depends upon the individual development of the players, thus ascertaining whether or not the individual records of the men tallied with the score they made. They reason everything from a mathematical calculation. After the game every man of both teams underwent a physical examination. Tests were made on height, age, weight, clip, pull, back muscles, leg muscles, forearm, lung capacity and found the points to average 602. Mr. Griffith, the captain, played quarter back and the record given to him by the naval officers showed Mr. Griffith's record tobe 693, the best test of the twenty-two men engaged. The average age of the players was 22.4 years. The custom obtained in their foot ball teams to permit the captain of the team to select a ball as a trophy. Mr. Griffith selected this historic ball owing to its having been used in this great game and for the further reason of the game having been played on his birthday. And it might be mentioned here that two others of this game have become famous, one, J. W. Baker, of Lancaster, a class mate of Mr. Griffith was killed in Porto Rico while a member of the Philadelphia battery, and the other Paul Dashield, now Professor of chemestry in the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and chairman of the committee on foot ball rules, who are authority on all foot ball matters.

NEW WAY FOR BLIND TO SEE.

Dr. Herbert J. Knapp, a Brooklyn physician, has succeeded, without operation andb y the use of drugs alone, in restoring sight to eyes which have been for years totally blind.

Three remarkeable cures have already been effected. One man into whose eyes the light had not passed for twenty years is now able to see objects within a few feet. Another, a icted for ten years, is able to walk about the street and have the pleasure of seeing beauties in life and nature which he never even dared hope to look at again.

The cures credited to Dr. Knapp's system are more remarkable when it is considered thatno operations were necessary and that the patients were treated internally by medicines. Dr. Knapp will not reveal the drugs he uses. He says he has been at work fifteen years to discover remedies which will remove from the eyes of afflicted persons the causes of blindness.

His patitnts were visited by a World reporter and they are confident that Dr. Knapp will accomplish the miracle of restoring sight. These men submitted to various tests and a World reporter ascertained in each case that they were telling the truth about their affliction and cure.

"I cannot talk about this matter now," said Dr. Knapp. "It would be unprofessional to do so; besides I have not completed my researches. There is no secret about my remedy. It is carrying out the work, the foundations of which have been laid by some of the greatest specialists in the world. I have been at work fifteen years and when I have assured myself that I amon the right track the remedies will be fully set forth in the medical journals. I have every hope of accomplishing the task."

The three men cured by Dr. Knapp are at work every day in the Industrial Home for the Blind, on Gates avenue, Brooklyn. James Dimond, twenty-six years of age, was afflicted at the age of five. For twenty years he was so blind that he could not see objects placed right in front of his eyes. He could tell when he was in the sunlight. That was all.

A year ago a thick coating covered Dimond's cornea and shut out all light. Dimond heard of a partial cure by Dr. Knapp, a little girl, who was totally blind. He went tothe Eastern District Homoeopathic Hospital and received a small bottle of white pellets from Dr. Knapp whith instructions to take three every three hours. What happened is best told by Dimond:

"It was the happiest moment in my life when on Aug. 7 I rolled myeyes upward and found for the first time in a year that light entered. The sensation was beautiful. I felt as if I had never before used my eyes. On Aug. 1 I was treated by Dr. Knapp for the first time. Then my eyes seemed solid in my head and I could not move them. First I began to feel that the eyeball was freer. I could move it around. In a few weeks I could distinguish the size of objects.

"Then colors came to me. To think that for twenty years I could not tell white from black and then suddenly to feel that all the beautiful colors of the rainbow could be seen—that was splendid! Do you blame me for praying for Dr. Knapp every night? I am confident that he will cure me."

A copy of the World was placed in Dimond's hands. He said:

"I can see that type is the blackest.

"That is a handkerchief you have in your hand.

"You have folded it up.

"That is a note book you have taken from your pocket. It is about this size."

Dimond held up his hands and laughed as happily as a child.

"I am working every day caning chairs out in our factory. I will bring 'Gene' Bailey in . He has been going to Dr. Knapp and he can tell you what he has done for him."

The man who for twenty years had been groping in darkness rose and walked about with the confidence of one with perfect sight. He walked around chairs, opened and shut doors and went down a flight of stairs without the groping and uncertain step of the blind. Dimond led the way to the workshop where Eugene Bailey was at work. When asked about his affliction and Dr. Knapp's treatment the young man said:

"I have only been going to see Dr. Knapp about a month, but in that time I have noticed a great improvement in my sight. Ten years ago I became totally blind. I could not distinguish any object and could hardly tell day from night."

Bailey was put through the same tests and distinguished a handkerchief, note book and other objects held four feet from his eyes. Bailey can see out of the right eye only. The left he lost through an accident ten years ago.

Frank Quevedo is another young blind man who hopes to have his sight restored by Dr. Knapp. He claims that great improvement has been made and that his eyeys now "feel better." Quevedo was for years unable to see objects placed at more than af oot from him. He can now distinguish the size and form of objects fifty feet away.

From reliable medical sources the World obtained a description of the cases.

James Dimond was for twenty years a sufferer with leucoma. The cornea of the eye became gradually covered with a heavy coating, through which the light could notp ass to the eye. Inflammation set in and finally made him totally blind. Dr. Knapp's object was by administering medicines to remove the inflammation, and reduce the thickness of the coating over the cornea so that light rays could reach the retina. As the effect of the medicines increased, the coating became thinner around the deges and finally light penetraed and Dimond's sight was partially restored.

Eugene Bailey is suffering from an old case of iritis. His treatment was totally different from that given Dimond. Dr. Knapp refuses to say what drugs he uses, but says he treats his patitents homoeopathically with drugs which are well known to the medical world and have been in use for years.

Dr. Knapp is a short man, about forty-five years of age. He was born in Greenwich, Conn., and came to New York to study medicine. He was graduated from the Homoeopathical Medical College in 1884, and soon after stared to practice in the Eastern District of Brooklyn. He built up an extensive practice. For ten years Dr. Knapp has been the attending surgeon of Hahnemann Hospital and the eye and ear specialist of the Eastern District Homoeopathic Hospital.

MARK TWAIN'S EARLY POLIT: S.

Mark Twain, the Buffalo Express says, was once the editor of that paper, and being called upon to comment editorially upon the Republican state convention at Saratoga in 1869, the political editor being absent, he wrote as follows:

"Under the proper heading will be found the telegram from the state convention announcing the nominations. As the political editor of this paper, Mr. Larned, is absent attending the convention, and as I do not know much about politics and am not sitting up nights to learn I shall discreetly hold my peace.

"I am satisfied that these nominations are all right and sound, and that they are the only ones that can bring peace to our distracted country (the only political phrase I am perfectly familiar with and competent to hurl at the public with fearless confidence—the other editor is full of them); but being merely satisfied isn't safe enough. I always like to know before I shout. But I go for Mr. Curtis with all my strength! Being certain of him, I hereby shout all I knonw how. But the others may be a split ticket or a scratched ticket, or whatever you may call it. I will let it alone for the present. It will keep.

"The other young man will be back tomorrow, and he will shout for it, split or no split—rest assured of that. He will prance into this political ring with his tomahawk and his warwhoop, and then you will hear a crash and see the scalps fly. He knows all about these nominees—and if he don't he will let on to in such a natural way as to deceive the most critical. He knows everything—he knows more than Webster's unabridged and the American Encyclopedia—but whether or not he is perfectly willing to discuss it.

"When he gets back he will tell you all about these candidates as serently as if he had been acquainted with them 100 years; though, speaking confidentially, I doubt if he ever heard of any of them until today. I am right well satisfied it is a good, sound, sensible ticket and a ticket to win—but wait till he comes. In the meantime I go for G. W. Curtis, and take the chances. MARK TWAIN."

HAS LIVED A CENTURY.

A great many Wichita people know Mrs. Mary Stewart of Mulvane, who will be a hundred years old next Wednesday. The Mulvane Record says of her:

"Mary Mulholland Stewart was born in the north of Ireland on February 14, 1800, and consequently will be 100 years old next Wednesday. Her husband was "Jack Stewart, the sailor," and followed the sea all his life. He died in Philadelphia fifty-three years ago of yellow fever. Mrs. Stewart came to America in 1832, with her children, lived for a time in Philadelphia, and afterwards settled in Logan county, Illinois, where she resided until 1872, when she came to Kansas. She returned to Illinois a few years later and in 1887 came to Mulvane, where she has since resided with her son James.

She was the mother of eight children, four of whom are still living: James, of this city; William, and Mrs. Margaret Hays, of Kenney, Ill., and John, of Waco. Mrs. Stewart has a medal presented her husband by Queen Victoria for saving lives on a wrecked man-of-war. This medal she prizes highly, and indeed she may. Mrs. Stewart never had any serious illness and she still retains her faculties. She is slightly deaf and blind, but nothing to compare with many people half her age. She has a splendid appetite and eats three square meals a day. There are in the Stewart home here four generations: Mrs. Stewart; her son, James; his daughter, Mrs. McClelland, and her baby. The family will not celebrate the old lady's birthday at all, as too much company excites her.

"If Mrs. Stewart lives to the beginning of the year 1901, she will have seen three centuries, the 18th, 19th and 20th. We doubt if a similar case exists in the United States."

In South Africa

Wichita Boy Says the Boers are Right.

Mr. A. Fishbaugh, who went from Wichita to the Spanish war, and then to South Africa, writes of the war as follows:

Bulawayo, Matabeleland, Dec. 12, 1899. Dear Father: I received both of your welcome letters this evening. Was so glad to hear that you had sold out and gone to Kansas, for I feel sure that you can do better there than anywhere else. You can always find something to sell, and then, too, you will be near your relatives, which will keep you from getting the blues.

It made me homesick to read about your visiting Nettie and eating watermelon and going hunting. How I wish I were with you! It has been so long since I was there and I would like so much to see Nettie and Bessie and to go hunting with you. Sometimes I think that I will try to save enough to go to the World's Fair at Paris next year and then come back to America. If I do, I will come right out to see you and not keep putting it off like I did last time.

When I leave there, I never want to see this country again, for I am always full of fever and of quinine. There is nothing like the climate of the States to brace a man up and make him feel that life is worth living. Although I have been doing well considering the hard times and conditions here.

Yes, the war has made things very bad here and we are cut off from the south. The Boers keep the railway and telegraph line torn up and everything has to come by wagon from Salisbury, 300 miles north of here. All the mines are closed down for lack of supplies. Then, too, there are many miners here from the Transvaal. Business is paralyzed and many skilled workmen are in distress. So I found that the best thing I could do was to inlist for the war. There is very little chance of my seeing any fighting for I don't think the Boers will come up here. In the mean time, the government is paying my expenses and something besides, although it takes a good deal of my pay for extra provisions. The English criticise our commassariat, but I can tell them that in the war we got better food and more of it than they give their men.

I am getting very tired of it. They keep us on the jump all the time—mounted manuevering,sham battles, doing guard and polishing up our saddlery and buttons. A short time ago I was fined for cursing an officer, but it was worth all it cost me. The English are too d——d conceited and arrogant, and it would serve them right if the Boers gave them a good licking.

Last July I joined a prospecting party going to Mashonaland and spent three months in the wildest part of Rhodesia. Was working for wages most of the time so I didn't loose anything by it, though the others did. We shot lots of big game and Ithoroughly enjoyed the trip. One morning I shot a buck that was nearly as big as a three year old steer. We often had to keep big fires going all night long to keep the lions away.

We saw a big game hunt by about 10,000 niggers. They spread out about twenty feet apart and rounded up the game for miles. The only weapon they carried was the Knob Kerrt, a club the shape of a sledge hammer. They can throw them a hundred yards. They kill all the birds that fly up, too. One little buck broke through their lines, and when he came past me I threw a club at him and stunned him. He weighed about twenty-five pounds and his meat was fine.

Well ,at last accounts, the Boers are giving the English hell down in Natal The poor devils are fighting for their homesand everything that is dear to them. They are expert marksmen and born fighters, so it will cost the English a great deal more than itis worth to steal the Dutchman's country. The only people who will be benefitted by the war are the capitalists who have already made great fortunes there, but they were not satisfied—they wanted the whole hog.

Give my best regards to all the relatives and write me all about everything. Tell Nettie that I will write soon.

Your devoted son.

W. A. FISHBAUGH.

The envelop bore three two pence and one half penny postage stamps issued by the British South African Company. The post mark on the front could not be made out. On the back it had been stampd at some place in Rhodesia, again at Durban and finally at Wichita.

HUNTING OLD BOOKS.

A class of persons who do not often trouble the world at large with their peccadilloes are old book collectors. Now and then one flashes into public view in an auction sale of his collected treasures, or the gift of them to a public institution; but these occasions are infrequent. As a rule the old book collector shrinks back into the modesty of the dustiest corners of old book stores. Satisfied that he cannot become a bookmaker, he is content to dwell, as it were, in the shadow of literature by book collections. The scanty patronage of musty volumes is sufficient for his browsing.

Drop into an old bookstore with a good-sized stock of frayed literature, at any time, and you will find a shoal of collectors making the rounds of the faeded shelves. They nose along sniffing here and there for things in their line. Not by their apparel are they distinguishable. Some wear new clothes of the latest cut, others very old clothes, of no cut at all, one might say. Some are neat and clean shaven; others frowsily bearded and not models of neatness. A composite picture would be an extraordinary union of features, but it would have one or two things typical of the class—peering eyes and an abstracted air. The true old-book collector seems to see heavily laden book shelves everywhere, even in the open air.

"Bad habit?" echoed a bookdealer, who was asked about it. "I should say so. It's a disease, and no cure known for it. I always point out drunkards and book collectors as hirrible examples to my children. Of course, book collectors are mostly decent, and some of them are men of education; but if they're poor when they begin collecting htey'll be poor at the end.

"See that man?" nodding his head at a rather poorly-dressed personage whose eyes were running overt he book shelves. "He's only beginning,y et he has come all the way from Allentown, Pa. He may find two or three books in his line before he goes back. He'll pay fifty times more for them than you or any other sane person would. Then there's his railroad fare and the cost of his living here. It's a pretty nice price altogether to pay for tree of four old books that have to be handled like glass to keep them from falling to pieces.

"New York and the New England States contain more old book collectors, I guess, than all the rest of the states put together. The west has a good many, too. And they are just as keen in the hunt for books i ntheir line as we are to sell them. They keep posted on all the old book stores in the country to its uttermost ends. Oh, they follow all lines. One man in Jersey City collects everything on apples. Any kind of in formation is gladly received. I have known him on one occasion to have got a book entitled "Apple lossoms" and found out later that it was a novel. Of all the addle-pated fellows I know of, I think the collector of books on eggs is the worst, although I have on my catalogue collectors of early cook books, children's books printed sixty years to one hundred years ago, books on tea and coffee, on Iceland and on Ireland, on old trials, on oranges and on witches. There is Americana, Shakespeareana and all other "anas," New Yorkana, Jerseyana, Georgiana, Indiana—I was going to say, meaning works about the Indians. Some men collect books about the revolution, some about the war of 1812, some the Mexican war. Lincolnana are now very popular.

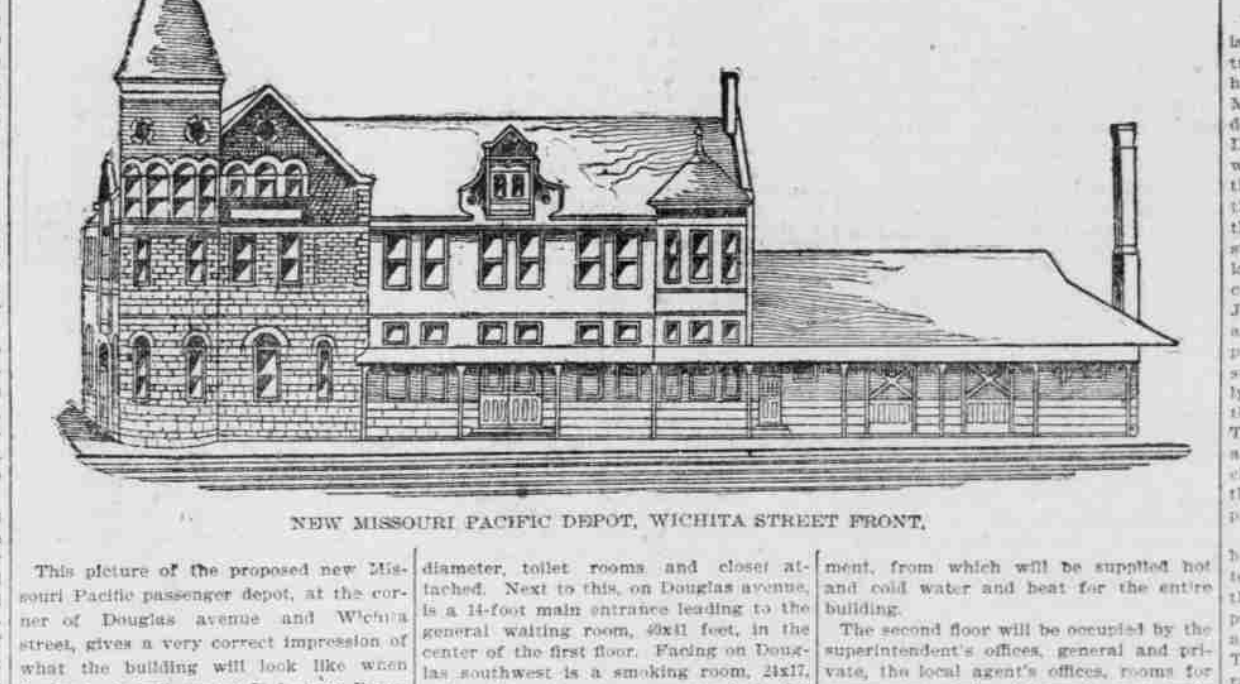
"To give you an idea of what it costs, all these books are high-priced. Here is an old cook book that doesn't look to the ordinary book-buyer worth 5 cents. You see it is marked $1.50, and that's a rather small price. There is a book entitled, 'Indian Primer, of the First Book by Which Children May Know Truly to Read the Indian Language.' And 'Milk for Babies, Boston, MDCCXLVII.' How much would you pay for it? Not 20 cents surely, to learn the Indian language, and about 'Milk for Babies,' but I could get $25 for it."

"Really, it is better although much costlier, to buy books on one subject than miscellaneous works, if the purpose is to part with them. Let a collection on any subject be advertised and it will draw men from all parts of the country. And institutions will buy such collections in order to fill one department, whereas they would not touch a library of miscellaneous works, although it might contain better books, because there would probably be duplicate works on their own shelves. I know a man who made two collections of books on Indians and disposed of both very easily and, too, advantageously. Who wants works on Indians? Well there are about fifty men in this country who are collecting works on Indians. Advertise an Indian book for sale and you have bids from all of them; sell a stock of such works and they will all attend.

"The collection of books on Indians of Thomas W. Field, of this city, was a famous one. John Gilman Shea, of Elizabeth, N. J., made a gift of a very valuable collection to Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. Lenox Library and Smithsonian Institute have celebrated collections, and E. E. Eyre, of Chicago, has a fortune in such works on his shelves. What makes Indian books particularly valuable is the fact that the race is becoming extinct. They have already become extinct, practically, in the East, and those books which contain information gained by personal observation of Indian customs and habits in communities in this state, say, are worth a great deal, for there is now no opportunity, and never will be again of getting such knowledge."

—

The church people talk a great deal about the Devil and Sin, but the opportunities for being wicked in Atchison are very rare. A man is on a tear if he has a drink of whisky in a drug store, and then sits in front at the theatre when girls kick higher than their heads.



NEW MISSOURI PACIFIC DEPOT, WICHITA STREET FRONT.

This picture of the proposed new Missouri Pacific passenger depot, at the corner of Douglas avenue and Wichita street, gives a very correct impression of what the building will look like when finished. It will occupy 79 feet on Douglas avenue and 140 feet on Wichita street and will be two stories high above the basement. The building will probably be of white stone. Facing to the southwest on Douglas avenue is the ladies' waiting room, 24x17, with bay room 11 feet in diameter, toilet rooms and closet attached. Next to this, on Douglas avenue, is a 14-foot main entrance leading to the general waiting room, 40x41 feet, in the center of the first floor. Facing on Douglas southwest is a smoking room, 24x17, with toilet and wash rooms attached. Off the general waiting room is the ticket office, next to the platform on Wichita street. North of the ticket office is a baggage room, 33x29, and beyond this the express room, 33x23. From the baggage room a stair will lead down to the basement, from which will be supplied hot and cold water and heat for the entire building.

The second floor will be occupied by the superintendent's offices, general and private, the local agent's offices, rooms for commercial clerks, telegraph and train dispatcher's offices, roadmaster and assistant engineer. The building will be a pretty and imposing structure, a credit to the great road that is building it and to Wichita. Work will begin, it is thought, in about thirty days.

Opera Manager

Tells of Queer Pranks of Actors.

One of the oldest theatrical managers in the United States was in Wichita several weeks ago and his reminisences are interesting owing to the prominence of the "stars" that he mentions from personal contact with them as a manager, and also because portions of his stories date back so far that his reminiscerce is history.

Mr. Max Zollner was here as manager of Morrison's Faust company. He is a large fine looking man, of German extraction, as his name would indicate. He is well preserved now and for the thirty-five years that he has been a theatrical manager and undergone varied experiences he does not look his years.

Mr. Zollner started on his theatrical career selling programs at the Italian Opera in New York. Tickets at that time sold from $1.50 to $2.00 per ticket and "we saw better opera then than we do now at $25 per ticket," said Mr. Zollner to an Eagle man. "My first experience as manager was with a German opera company. The manager had been taken sick," said he, "and having been about the New York opera houses in various capacities and positions, I was offered the place as a substitute during the manager's sickness. The company was to play at Philadelphia on the following day and no bill or advertisements were out. Every one was excited. The owner of the company was distracted. I reached to Philadelphia that night and always having been a friend of the newspaper fraternity, succeeded in getting the papers to hold their presses until I could write a page ad for the morning paper, it was then 3 o'clock a. m. I succeeded in advertising the show the next morning in so startling and they told me, original manner, that the owner of the company was so pleased with it that I was permanently engaged, and that is how I got to be manager."

Mr. Zoellner was next with the Vienna Ladies Orchestra. He was manager for Paulina Lucca, the great singer. Speaking of her, Mr. Zollner says she was a very nice woman, but very close in money matters. She was little. At one time she was engaged by a Philadelphia manager who, besides paying her an enormous sum for her engagement, agreed to also pay her hotel bills and her washing. One day Paulina went to Whitmore's, then the best confectioner in the city and ordered a big bill of the most expensive candies and directed the proprietor to "send the bill to the Academy of Music."

The manager was furious, but in the end had to pay the bill.

"Italian singers are a queer lot," said Mr. Zollner. "The great tenor Brignali would never attend rehearsal. One time he took a sudden streak and gave notice that he would not sing that night. He was the star of the company and widely advertised. He was the attraction. We coaxed and begged, but to no purpose. Threats would not move him. He simply wouldn't sing. Our second tenor, S. Lotti, was a carpenter by trade. He came to me and said he would sing the part and thus help us out. He had studied the part unbeknown to us all. However, we were desirous of not disappointing the audience for we had a phenominal sale of tickets. We had not seen Bregnali all afternoon andh e didn't come to supper. About an hour before curtain time I made one more effort to locate our eccentric friend and found him in a saloon drinking beer and helping himself to free lunch. I merely announced that Lotti would sing his part that night. Brignoli looked incredulous, then surprised. Suddenly he emptied his mug, finished his sausage and rushed to the theatre, getting in a few minutes before the performance began, and outdid himself and sang like a bird.

"Paulina Lucca did the same thing. She said she had sore throat, and could not sing. The circumstances were the same. Clara Louise Kellogg, then still unknown to fame but full of promise, was with the company. We informed Paulina that if she would not sing Clara Louise Kellogg would sing her part. A few minutes after she called me up and said her throat was much better and that she would sing, and she never did better in her whole carrer than that night."

Mr. Zollner was manager for Theodore Thomas for several seasons. At one time at Central Garden in New York, the receipts were $10,000. Theodore Thomas is a great lover of Wagner music. Although Boston is a great city for Wagnerian music there was a time years back when it was not. Thomas educated Boston in this direction. Boston liked Thomas very much, but they did not like Wagner. Great crowds came to hear his splendid orchestra, but when a Wagnerian selection was played they would hiss it. Thomas put more Wagnerian numbers on his program until the audience revolted. They hissed and howled. Finally Thomas stopped short, laid his baton on the stand and announced that when they got through with howling he would proceed with his Wagner. "I am going to play Wagner and if you don't like it leave," said Thomas. " Thomas won the day and today Boston people can't get enough of Wagner."

"Then I was with Jonascheck for sev. She had diamonds valued at $150,000, and would not trust them even with her husband. They were intrusted with me at times to be placed at some jewelers with this advertisement: "That these diamonds will be worn by Jonascheck tonight in such and such a play." The necklace had 300 diamonds in it. I had put it on taken the time to count the diamonds on and on taking it back she missed three or four. She would not allow it to be exhibited for a time. She slept with them under her pillow and gave them to me in the morning tobe exhibited. She was the busiest actress I ever knew, always working. If she was not studying she was writing; if she was not writing she was knitting, and she was never idle and she never disappointed an audience. One time we carried her out of her sick bed so as not to disappoint the audience. She played Mary Staurt that night better than she ever did. This was an actress whom I admire. In my opinion there never was an actress int his or any country who is worthy to tie her shoes. She was in Wichita in 1878 and rang in a hall near the Eagle office. Tickets sold for $2 a seat, but there was never a murmur. She made thousands of dollars and had she kept her money would have been worth hundreds of thousands."

Mr. Zoellner was once manager for Hans Von Bulow, once the world's greatests pianist. ullow could not be persuaded to play popular music and except in larger cities the public could not understand his highclass music. He once played in Chicago to a large German audience. The Illinios Staats-Zietung, Washington Hessieg's paper, the following morning, in their criticism, spoke highly of his work, but suggested that Von Bullow would do well to intersperse some popular music in his program. That night Von Bullow began his concert by playing the Marseillaise, the war song of the French Revolution. This insult the Germains of Chicago never forgave and he played to empty seats the balance of the week.

When Buellow was in Stubenville, Ohio, we could not secure a house. One was offered for $300. I hesitated, then took it and advertised all over the country. They came in crowds. One countryman was heard to say, "What is the matter with that, for heavens sake will that fellow ever get through tuning that piano?" He was playing "Moonlight Sonata," "We do not like that kind of music, ask him to play 'Star Spangled Banner,' or something of that kind."

A delegation from the audience came to me to ask Von Bullew to play certain selections that they had written on a sheet of paper. I told them to go up and ask him, I would not. I suggested that if they valued their lives that they had better not do so either. They reflected a moment and wisely decided not to ask him. Mr. Zoellner is an entertaining talker, and has been in Wichita several times. He was with Darkest Russia for several years and last year with Sidney R. Ellis playing Bonnie Scotland.

ACTED AS SUPE.

The distance around the world in miles is twenty-five thousand and when one has traveled that distance he is considered as having made a remarkable trip. Mr. and Mrs. Jepson, friends of Mr. Cash Henderson of this city, who were with the Darkest Russia company the last week will have traveled a greater distance than this when they return to New York in the spring. Mr. Jepson is the owner of the show and his estimable wife is the stage manager of the company, the only lady in the theatrical profession in this country who occupies this position. Mrs. Jepson is also an actress of high ability and plays the wife of the commisary of police, who as a stage villain plays so well that she gets herself most heartily hated before the performance is half through. At the Crawford theatre on Tuesday night she was roundly hissed and hooted at by the gallery in her character, which by the way, is one of the highest compliments that can be paind to an actor or actress.

Mr. Jepson has been in the theatrical business as manager since he was nineteen years of age. The first company that he managed was James Hill's company, playing "Deacon Crankett," years ago. This is the man who made Denman Thompson of the "Old Homestead," famous. In the cast of Mr. Jepson's first company were James O'Neil, a great star of the present time, and such men as Ben McGintey, E. J. Bulkley, Harry Etting, who have all since became great actors. This was also the first company to use what is known as "56 sheet stands" drawn by the artist Mat Morgan. This is the largest size bill board advertisement. Mr. Jepson is a delightful gentleman and an enjoyable conversationalist. His present company have played "In Darkest Russia," a fascinating play, over five hundred times, but it is interesting to know that this company rehearses daily this play, which ought certainly, one would think, to be familiar to them. Mr. Jepson explained that this was done for the purpose of correcting little errors that creep in owing to the frequent playing of the piece which has a tendency to make the performers a trifle careless. Should a company never rehearse from the time they begin playing at the opening of the season, by the end of the season the play would hardly be recognized as the same production.

Mr. Jepson and his company, of which he is very proud, began this season at New York in July and will close early in June, and have by that time have been on the road 42 weeks, covering a distance of twenty-five thousand miles, and will have played in every section of the United States.

ED HOWE'S PHILOSOPHY.

One vice gathers others like a rolling snow ball.

Nearly every man believes that drug store whisky is better than jean whisky.

Men are so scarce that a man who talks of getting divorce can always find women sympathizers.

The average man thinks he is gallant to women when he orders a boy in the room to give the lady his chair.

In Atchison, if people want to have an unusually gay social time, or take pills, they put it off till Saturday night.

When women hear a man say that he was up in the night with some one who is sick, they agree again that all men are liars.

When a new family moves into a neighborhood, it is regarded as a valuable acquisition if the furniture wagon shows a step-ladder.

An Atchison man is worth eight hundred thousand dollars. His fortune is not in cash: it consists of a right to manufacture steam pianos, purchased of an agent last year.

We have noticed that when a child has a smart mother, it is often quoted as saying smart things: in short, we believe that mothers make up the smart things credited to children.

When people come as far as a thousand miles to visit in Atchison, of course they can stay several months, but there is considerable indignation when a guest from a point less than fifty miles away, stays a month.

—

The test of good mince pie is that it can't keep the night after you eat it.—Atchison Globe.

Lost in Mail

Money, Jackknives and Fishhooks are Found.

From the report of division superintendent of the railway mail service sent to the Wichita office there seems to be no end to the articles which people will send through the mails and the careless way they are addressed, and then be surprised if on some occasion the article in the package should become lost. Every year the merchandise and money found loose in the mails amounts to thousands of dollars. It is very rare indeed that the owner can ever be located and the money eventually reverts to the government and the merchandise is put in the storerooms of the postoffice department to be held until it is either sold or otherwise disposed of.

There are seven divisions in the railway mail service in this country. During the month of January alone 317 separate articles were found in the mails of the second division alone and it is by no means the most extensive one of the seven. The principal articles lost are sums of money generally under $1, which people send loose in envelopes. The money soon breaks its way out of the envelope and is found loose in the bottom of the mail sack. It is difficult to decide which letter the money came from, it being often impossible to do this, and as a result the money is turned over to the postoffice officials and by them forwarded to the department at Washington.

Mail clerks are able to tell many amusing tales of the curious finds they have made in mail sacks. There have been found loose in the mails nearly everything from a needleto a dynamite bomb. Oftentimes live animals such as frogs, toads and the like, turn up in the mails, having broken out of the boxes in which they were being shipped.

Among the articles enumerated in the list issued by the Second Division Railway Mail Service for the month of January may be found nearly enough merchandise to start a good sized country store and fill the till with cash.

The clerks found among other things, five butcher knives and nine pocket knives. Some were new, while others had evidently been used and were in a slightly damaged condition. For what sanguinary purposes these were sent through the mails is unknown.

Jewely also went astray. The most valuable things lost were two genuine diamonds, while several "Klondike" or spurious gems also lost their way, but naturally occasioned no great loss. Spoons seem to have the greatest faculty of becoming lost. No less than forty-three spoons were found in the mails of this division of the mail service during January alone and this was only an average month. One thimble, four watch chains, two watches, one locket, two gold rings and three jeweled stick pins turned up without an address or an owner.

Several hundred dollars in all was found in the different mail sacks. The largest individual loss was $50, while the smallest was a one-cent piece. Whenever a lost article is turned in, the date of the find, the name of the clerk turning in the property and the road he runs upon is recorded in order to assist the discovery of an owner if possible.

The list issued contains among other articles stated as lost, the following: Box of ointment, baggage check, college calendar, fountain pen, bill of goods, empty box (damaged), package labels, two latch keys, two Eureka companions, small brass key, leather toilet set, two pairs of dice, Quo Vadis, pack of trick cards, poultry marker, razor strop, harmonica, bicycle saddle, rubber dater, spirit level, silk dress, box red pills, plug of tobacco and four flies.

WICHITA SOLDIER'S CHRISTMAS.

Mrs. A. W. Marshall, of Hunnewell, sends the Eagle the following letter from her son, Fred, who is now in the Philippines, telling how the boys spent Christmas. Fred enlisted from Wichita.

Angeles, P. I., Jan. 1, 1900.

My Dear Father and Mother:

We are still at Angeles, as you see. I have not got that Xmas box yet, but guess it will come some time soon. It ought to be in Manila by this time. Are you all well? I am still well, although I was a little sick a few days ago, but not to amount to anything. A little quinine fixed me up.

The 24th of December we started on a night march (part of three companies) to surprise a town off about nine or ten miles, where there were supposed to be some scattering insurgents. We started at about 12:00 or 1:00 o'clock at night, got to the town (Magalang) quite a while before daylight. The Major in command of the expedition was ahead a few rods when a shot was fired. He came back on the gallop, ordered us into a skirmish line and to lie down. We formed a long skirmish line and advanced though the town. My end of the line extended to the north and out of town into the rice fields where we waded through mud and water from ankle to knee deep. We only got two insurgents and one rifle. The rest made one of the swiftest "get aways" you ever saw. No one hurt on the American side at all. This was my nearest experience to a battle so far. We left there about 1 o'clock p. m., of the 24th, and made a long detour to a small town (Mabalacat), got there about 5 or 5:30 that night. Tired? Well, I guess we were tired, having marched between 25 and 28 miles since 1 o'clock in the morning, and carrying 100 rounds of ammunition, rifle, haversack and mess kit. Well, that night (Christmas eve), we slept in a large Catholic cathedral, which was somewhat old and a little the worse for wear, but my haversack made an elegant pillow, and I haven't slept better in a long time than I did that Christmas eve. I hung up my socks (to dry), and when I got up I found a spoonful of sand in each one and they were in need of a washing. I guess I can't lay it to Santa Claus so much as to my wading the rivers and rice swamps the day before.

This is the warmest New Year I ever saw. We are all hunting the shade and staying there, except the boys who have to take in the natives who have no passes, and they come back sweating like they had been running a race. We are an outpost today, and as there have been some rifles smuggled through the lines lately, we have to search every bull cart that goes through the lines. There are part of three companies here now. The rest of the regiment is scattered all over the island. I have no idea where they all are. Some are away off down on the south line, some up as far as Dagupan and Subig bay. I am at post number 1 on the railroad, and trains run past here to Dagupan twice a day now, a train just passed now and there was a real live white woman on it. I couldn't help staring at her. It looked so good to see a white woman once more. She is the second one I have seen since I arrived on the island.

Well, I guess you will have gotten two or three of my letters by this time, and as there is nothing more of importance, I will close this time. Am looking for mail tonight. Love to all. Your loving son.

FRED.

Manila.