

Daily Eagle

M. H. MURDOCK, Editor.

Topeka Gets the Semi-Centennial.

By a practically unanimous vote Topeka was designated by the late incorporated board of directors as the place for holding the celebration of the semi-centennial of the territory's organization. No other city made any effort to gain the prize, and no other town was talked of, we believe, although Wichita seems to have been mentioned in a perfunctory manner. The organization being made up of Topeka men and wholly through Topeka influences, Wichita concluded that it would be time wasted to make any effort, or to offer any inducements in the way of facilities or money. And it would have so turned out. The president of the organization is Mr. Coburn, secretary of the state board of agriculture, a gentleman so tied up in Topeka and in his old home, Kansas City, interests that he will not send his monthly and quarterly reports to the Wichita papers in time for their appearance or publication simultaneously with their appearance in the Topeka papers. Kansas City papers, however, are accorded such advantage. This section of the state, or central south Kansas produces such a small per cent of the state's aggregate of wheat and corn and stock that it is presumed, no doubt, that the inhabitants of these sparse settlements are little interested. Some of us think differently, but Mr. Coburn is in the position to be the best judge of the matter. It is like the Past Mail steel, a matter of local interest and blind prejudice on our part, no doubt. The secretary and treasurer are also residents of Topeka. The Commercial club of that city pledges \$100,000 in cash. The legislature will be asked for as much more. There is talk of congressional aid, but congress has never contributed to a local celebration. Before things took the turn they did Wichita had concluded to enter the contest with a big bonus and twenty-five thousand cash for the board's preliminary expenses, but wisely concluded not to face inevitable defeat in a game where the cards were already packed. However, there is the full centennial, which is to come fifty years later. Some of us will not be here, but the fireworks and bands will be on hand just the same. Stanley will not be governor then, but some other Wichita man may be. Still, the semi-centennial will be quite an affair, no doubt, the biggest thing ever got up in the state by all odds. The show will last a month or two, or more, or maybe cover the months of the entire summer of 1904. It will probably be an exposition with grounds and buildings for agricultural, mechanical and live stock exhibits, and a succession of street fairs and carnivals combined, interlarded with state society occasions and conventions of various characters.

That Million Prohibition Pledge.

The national prohibition party, just adjudged, having named two straw men for their national ticket, claims that it polls one million votes. While this party bases its claims for distinction on grounds of high morality, it is not above tricks which would damn any other political organization. It offers to transfer this million of votes to any candidate for president whose party will put a prohibition plank in its platform. As the Eagle said yesterday, the prohibition party, nationally and as a state and local organization, has always been the aider and abettor of either the Democracy or of Fusion and always against the Republican party. This million vote dicker came of a suggestion of the Ram's Horn, one of the prohibition party's official organs, and they are to be pledged to Bryan if he sees it that a prohibition plank, or something winking in that direction, is put into the Kansas City platform. The effort will be in vain. Bryan will need that million votes, and will get them directly or indirectly, but this generation will be dead and forgotten before the Democratic party will ever be found forswearing its particular inspiration. However, if, under the stress of the heat and of Kansas City whisky, the Democratic convention should accept this offer of a million pledged extra votes, where is Mr. Woolley and Mr. Johnson to look for any votes? Again the question arises as to the honesty of this prohibition proposition and promise. Are not the managers of that party misrepresenting the facts and lying outright in claiming one million pledged votes? In 1891, after a bitterly personal campaign, the prohibitionists for the first time cast more than 100,000 votes. They had given Neal Dow in 1889 but 10,000, but St. John received 150,000, or 1 1/2 per cent of the total. In 1893 the prohibition vote rose to 249,000, or more than 2 1/2 per cent. In 1897 the prohibition vote, while 250,841 in numbers, sank relatively to 2 1/2 per cent. In 1899, when the great principles of protection and sound money were both at stake, the prohibition vote sank to 122,007, or barely 1 per cent. Only in 1888 has the prohibition party risen to the dignity of third place in the popular vote.

As the Leavenworth Times observes, and which is but straight truth, "It is well known that the prohibitionists have drawn their strength almost entirely from the Republican party, and whenever their vote in any state was greater than the difference between the two great parties that state has usually gone Democratic. It was so in New York in 1884, in Connecticut and New Jersey in 1888, and in Indiana in 1892. In fact, the efforts of the prohibitionists in the close northern states have uniformly aided the Democratic party, which in those states has never done anything for the cause of temperance. These are facts which temperance Republicans who may feel inclined to vote the prohibition ticket should remember. But the great issue of expansion is this year before the people, and the Republican settlement of the currency and tariff questions must also be maintained. Hence this is not a good year for the prohibitionists, for thinking men will not waste votes on their candidates when vital questions of national honor and prosperity are to be decided.

It May Be a Long and Bloody War.

If Chinese civilization was in any sense a modern one, or up-to-date even in the sense of antecentennially ruled Russia, the Celestial Empire with its four hundred million people could easily defy the armies of the combined powers of all the earth. All of the combined armies of the world do not number one-tenth of the fighting forces of China. They have never been enumerated. There are too many of them to count and can only be estimated. If as many Chinamen were killed off, equalling in number the armed men of all the other powers, they would not be missed, so great is their number and so vast the territory covered by them. General Stahl, general in the Imperial German army, who has been investigating conditions in the Orient, says that in his opinion the powers have started in upon a long, bloody conflict. In the end the Boxers would be disbanded,

but the sacrifice of life would be appalling, for the movement was spreading like wildfire throughout China's vast territory. The south was also about to take up arms and his information was that the uprising in the south was very grave and of great dimensions. The southern Boxers would join the north, and vast mobs of fanatics would have to be contended with. They would be insufficiently armed at first, but enormous quantities of arms were being constantly smuggled to them, and owing to the countless herds of fanatics and the vast territory covered they could for some time defy the whole world.

General Stahl added that the hostility between Japan and Russia was a serious complication in the present crisis as it would interfere with the unanimity of feeling between the powers which was absolutely necessary at this time.

Little of Feminine Beauty.

The average Boer woman is of the masculine type, big and brawny, but having, as a rule, no beauty except that of ruddy cheeks and a look of health. Here and there in the Transvaal one comes across a handsome Dutch girl, but generally the women have little of the fresh and simple beauty of their kindred of northern Europe. Dress does not add to their attractions, their gowns generally being of some cheap print, and their bonnets of a hideous poke shape. Boer women have a strange fear of the effect of the sun on their complexions, and very often they are pale and pasty-looking. It is funny to see how a Boer woman will shade her face, and even put her hands under her apron to protect them when she goes out into the sunshine.

Celestial Language and Names.

War having educated the world up on South Africa, everybody is now on account of war wanting to know all about China. If there shall be a real war of duration in China, a year hence more will be known of the inside of China by the outside than has been known in all time past. The papers have already been filled for two weeks past with interesting facts about the Celestial Empire.

The word Yang means "ocean," the name "son," and the name Yang tsze Kiang, which the Chinese applied ages ago to their greatest river shows that they did not mean to depreciate its importance. Some writers say that the early Chinese believed their largest river contributed more water to the making of the ocean than any other stream in the world, and so in the name of the river they conveyed the idea that the ocean was its son. The name is often erroneously translated the Blue river.

Pekin has not always been the capital of the empire, but Nankin, a city far to the south, was long the seat of government; and, as the name Pekin means "northern capital," so the name Nankin means "southern capital."

"White river" is the meaning of Pei Ho, near whose mouth are the forts just seized by the powers.

In some books and maps we see the words "fu" or "hien" added to the names of many towns. These words are not a part of the names, and some of the best atlases omit them, for they lengthen the name and make it more formidable to the foreigner. Fu means the capital of one of the departments into which a province is divided; in other words, it is the residence of the official at the head of the department. Hien signifies one of the districts into which a department is divided, and when attached to a place means that the official in charge of the district resides there. It is better to omit these merely political designations. When we have more intimate dealings with China and better knowledge of the people and their country we shall have uniformity in the spelling of China's place names, and know what these names mean; and we shall see clearly that these names show considerable imaginative and descriptive facility, and that they are really helpful in the study of Chinese geography.

A Democratic Imperialist.

W. Bourke Cockran sometimes has dreams, himself, it seems. "The right of the United States to take territory is conceded," he said to the Yale law school graduating class. "The annexation of Canada is not only possible, but probable. The annexation of Mexico is not improbable, nor that of South America an impossibility, nor the annexation of a part of China so fanciful as that of the Philippines would have been thought three years ago." Imagine the effect of this on Erving Atkinson!

What Russia's Promise Means.

If Russia keeps faith with the other powers interested in the fate of China, it is certain that there will be no wholesale partitioning of the Chinese empire at present. That point is made clear by the declaration of the Russian government that the troops sent to Pekin or other places in China will not be used for any form of territorial aggrandizement.

If Russia means this, and acts accordingly, the power which is best able to use military force in China, and is most likely to dominate vast areas in that country will not take the lead in any scheme of dismemberment. If so, no other nation can well attack the integrity of the Chinese empire, further than to demand naval stations or commercial concessions.

Non-political papers have a hard time. Two years ago the Chicago Times-Herald refused to support either the Republican or the Democratic candidate for governor, saying that both were bad men. This year both parties have nominated very clean men, and the Times-Herald is supporting both.

It is immaterial what kind of campaign McKinley makes personally. He will be elected. Of course the hotel keepers at Canton would like the old campaign over again, but they may not get it.

The Boxer difficulty in China may be greater than any one suspects. If Europe knows what she is about she will either set out of China or put a force in the country adequate to the situation.

It is announced from China that Russian prestige has been greatly injured during the recent fighting. Russia should take some soap and a tooth brush and scrub her prestige off.

The Democratic platform makers are now working on the problem of making the financial plank read free silver to the western Populists and gold standard to the eastern Democrats.

The Chinese government has finally decided that this little frolic of rapine and bloodshed has gone far enough, and has issued an edict to the Boxers to quit it and go home.

The prohibitionists did not nominate a man from New York for vice president. Evidently they have given up all hope of carrying that state.

Another rumor that Andrew is safe has been denied. By 1900 these rumors will cease, as Andrew will be dead of old age by that time, any way.

Bryan is liable to get on the train during the convention and go down to Kansas City. It is mighty hard for Bryan to miss a spurge.

Speaking of jobs, about the poorest place on earth is missionary in a foreign country where the people know what a missionary is.

With an oceanman flopping over flat from exhaustion, there is something brutal about a boat race, too.

J. Reiff and L. Reiff, of Wichita, Kansas, continue to win victories in the horse race line in England. There is no doubt that they are the best of the breed.

Lord Roberts has his General Miles. Some one has started a hospital scandal on him.

Seymour has been relieved, and feels that way now.

The Truth About Tobias.

It took Hanora quite a time to find out the truth about Tobias. Not that Tobias could ordinarily be considered a mysterious individual. In fact, he was precisely the reverse. From the cool dawn hour in which he rose to go forth and drive the team for Twist & Taffeta, of which firm he was treated employee, until his return at 6.30 to the modest flat where his sister—and supper—awaited him, his life was a clean and commonplace affair, and of no special interest or importance. His nights, if less exposed to the arc lights of public scrutiny, might as well have been so. For Tobias had prepared and referring to the same in admiring terms, he was wont to remove his shoes as unceremoniously as the fact that he was well-dressed upon the chair "bernan," light his pipe, drink the solitary bottle of beer which Hanora permitted him, and read the morning and evening papers until his austere sister who ruled his abode suggested "a decade," and turned the lamp low by way of a salute but quite sufficient hint.

Tobias was 30-plus five. He had a milk-white skin, pale brow, a supercilious nose, and a smile of such quality, soft, soothing, anologic, that it explained his love for his fellow-men in general and for Hanora in particular. In fact, he was the only love that had ever been known to Tobias. He had never been guilty of that form of highway robbery known as coquetry. Not that he was unacquainted with the art of a woman's quick perception and adroit defense, but he was not the kind of man who would appropriate the purse of one who walks her way and suffer incarceration. And she knew also that one who professes himself an unappropriated man, a cultive heart not only goes free in the sight of the law, but glories if she will in her role and in the magnitude of her triumph. Tobias had never been guilty of whether she had preferred maiden timidity to the exultation of matrimonial life, or whether she had preferred to be back to the truth about Tobias. On one memorable midsummer eve he devoured Tobias without protest. Hanora knew he had been frank, and she was glad to see the French look she set before him, instead of his regulation rattle and rasher. This was her second husband, and she was not to be deceived. He was a good brother, but alarming double when presented with vials for which he possessed an aversion.

She was like Tobias, which the owner declared "said little, but done a devil of a heap of thinkin'." She thought a good deal in those days. When Tobias had been a friend to her, she had been a friend to him to dinner, she thought more than ever, albeit she possibly said less.

"To be bringing a man here for a man's quick work," Tobias said of a man might be now Tobias?

"Straight as they make 'em!" promptly responded Tobias. "He drives the truth." "He's a good man," he said, "and he's got your raspberry roll—that he hasn't, Hanora!"

He did bring his friend. And to tell the truth, Hanora looked exceedingly well. She had given her old black silk skirt a "dip," whatever that mysterious phraseology may mean. And she wore with this a shirt waist of softest lawn, which she had bought at an abstruse figure, because it was one of the smaller sizes. This she had dully and delicately laundered. Not that she was the only dower. She would bring for a gift to him she would.

But the household art show up in Tobias' particular interest. Tobias never thought treacherous Tobias, with a glow at his heart, had any man such a sister, and if it were not for the—here he broke off in a gasp of indignation, which made him temporarily oblivious of the merits of the raspberry roll. "You ain't eat a bite!" avowed Hanora.

Tobias made a sweeping gesture across his Adam's apple. "Clear to here!" he declared with delicious mendacity.

After supper they went into the parlor. Hanora played on the organ, and sang, too. In a sweet thin little voice, she sang the "Maiden's Prayer." Tobias, addressing Tobias Ryan, when they parted on the sidewalk. "Ain't—ain't—himself," there any was a—certainly?"

"Niver a wan!" returned Tobias. He felt so guilty upon his return he could hardly make the proper response to the "decade" which Hanora was "giving" him. He did not come home until he unlocked the following night—not yet the next.

It was not until Hanora found a rose in the buttonhole of his coat and a little lace trimmed handkerchief in his pocket that her direct doubts were aroused. But even those Tobias explained away. "Says the flower cost nothin'! Hanora, 'twas for in a lush it was passed. And the handkerchief was on the sidewalk. I thought be like you could make use of it."

He was rapidly becoming a beautiful liar. A week later he refused to go out with Hanora and Tobias on account of the night being damp. He had rheumatism, he said. So his sister and his friend went to the theater and Tobias settled himself to the composition of a letter and fervent letter, the accomplishment of which necessitated frequent reference to the pocket dictionary he had bought for this purpose. To make a long story short—and it was not such a long story when all was said—Hanora married Dennis Maguire. Tobias was desolate—disconsolate. He might go to live with his sister, but he would not do that. Yes, he might go to live with them after awhile. For the present he would take his meals at a restaurant until such time as he could be done with the furniture—and so on.

All through her wedding journey, which lasted full three weeks, it troubled Mrs. Maguire to determine what was the matter with Tobias. She told her new-made lord at least his evening absence, his ill acceptance of distasteful vials, his abrupt and eager hospitality toward Dennis Maguire, and the rose and the handkerchief. It was not until she had returned to Chicago and went out to the flat where she had been passed her years of more contented that she really discovered the truth about Tobias.

For the flat into which she had herself with her latch key, was altered, decorated, furnished. There were curtains or great swags at the windows. There were a lot of flowers on the table. A canopy hung in a gilded cage, and—what was the best of it—there was a piano. But on the sewing machine! Such a frivolous hat—old chiffon and daint! Hanora turned quite faint. "Could Tobias—"

"O," cried a radiant little creature flitting out of one of the Pullman car apartments which serve as bedrooms in modern flat houses, "did you know any one was here. Take this chair. You are Mrs. Larch, I know. Tobias said the wife of his friend in the shipping department was out. We are not really fully settled yet. Our wedding was quite a surprise to our friends, but ready we had been considering it for some time. I was in the kitchen, you know, and he came acquainted with Mr. Ryan while at the store. But it seems he had an old maid sister living with him, and having a gift—though doubtless some of them are kind enough, I suggested to Tobias that it would be better to marry her off if possible before she was too old. I told Mrs. Dennis Maguire that I had given up and stated my disappointment."

"I am his sister," she said. "I don't know any secret," she said, "but I had kept my mouth shut. Take off your things! Ray is supper! There—there! You're sworn as a sister-in-law. I love you if you are honest. I will," she said, "I will."

Outlines of Oklahoma.

The Oklahoma City reunion will make the Las Vegas fellows feel blue. Just at present every Oklahoma town has at least two merry-go-rounds. Callahan, it is said, is still anxious to get that nomination for congress. Lenora Sears, the last Ashland Wilkes mare, will pace at Newark today against Minnie C.

There are a good many notices of farm sales in the Strip. The farms being sold at \$2,000. A lot of the bronchos broke loose at Oklahoma City the other day and kicked holes in the sky.

It is announced that the anti-Saloon league of Oklahoma has a secret service—a corps of spies—who visit saloons. Roosevelt will reach Ponca City in the evening this Monday, and will make a speech "just as the sun goes down." The End boys at Oklahoma City have this printed on their badges: "We are proud of today and we will not be sold." The Remington of Kay county, tells the Newark Journal that his wheat ran twenty-six and a third bushels to the acre.

In Kay county all the rival towns have been more than fair in advertising one another's Fourth of July and free home celebrations.

The papers at End this week have been full of people who buy postage stamps so that End's total sales may reach \$10,000.

In the northern districts of the United States where the drought prevails, literature on the Kiowa-Comanche country is in great demand. It would be awful if the secretary of the interior in setting aside those 400,000 acres to the Kiowa-Comanche country, would include the gold mines.

Gates, the man who is prosecuting Jester and who was "skipped" of the guns at Shawnee, recently lost \$10,000 in one sitting at Hancock in Park. The Ponca City Courier says to the voter: "The band wagon is about to pass; get on it. It's the one which leads to peace, prosperity and lavish plenty."

"This, I suppose," Tedy will say next week as the train stops at the depot of Ponca City, "is the regular crowd at the station." "Well, no," four citizens will explain at once, "this crowd is a little bit larger; almost everybody is out in the harvest field working." Judge Virgil Brown, in delivering a sermon at Newark last Sunday, declared that to be a musician and must practice music, not only believe in it, and that a man must not only believe in charity, benevolence, honesty, cleanliness and forgiveness to be a Christian, but he must practice these.

Kingfisher Reformer: Local buyers are paying from 30 to 40 cents for wheat this morning, according to quality. One firm in the city had contracted about 4000 bushels at 30 cents per bushel before the raise came, and a few lots have been raised at 40 cents since the raise. The wheat being marketed is in fine condition.

Samuel Farmer of Kay county, Newark, once lived in Maine and years ago while there conceived the idea of a profitable railroad. In this one section, another man took the idea, built the railroad and got rich. Recently he wrote to the Oklahoma man reciting the circumstances and enclosing him \$50 in the way of remembrance. End Eagle: Rev. Buchanan is a missionary to Japan, who has been in Midland for the past three weeks, will leave next Monday for Japan to resume his work. He is accompanied by his wife and two children. They made the trip here by way of San Francisco, and will return by way of Portland. Buchanan is a daughter of N. B. Crum.

Tom Ferguson of Watonga, is an admirer of Cy Leiland. In his paper he says: "The turning down of Cy Leiland by the voters of Kansas was a political blunder. We predict that Leiland will regain his prestige in the Sunflower state. The combination against him was composed of a crowd of fellows who have never done anything to build up the party, but were jealous of Leiland's prestige as a leader. They worked the 'ins' and 'outs' until they secured the temporary overthrow of the greatest leader that Kansas ever had. Those little incompetents who could not manage or lead anything were sore on Leiland because he was so successful. He was envied—nothing more. It will not be long, there is not a leader in the anti-Leiland crowd."

Along the Kansas Nile The Kansas headquarters at Kansas City will be marked by a big electric sign reading: "Eagle's Classified Want Columns."

At the Ottawa Chiquita next month Congressman Dooliver and Congressman Clark of Missouri, will debate Imperialism. The Aitchison Globe says that when a woman's teeth begin to get poor she discovers that it is not elegant to eat corn of the cob. Roosevelt would not consent to stop and make speeches in Kansas during his trip. He says that he didn't want his tour to have a political coloring.

Dr. John T. Crosby of Arkansas City is now in South Kansas, where he was at a veterinary surgeon with a carload of Kansas mules. He was paid \$100 for the trip. The men who have even money to bet on Bryan are now appearing in Kansas suddenly and then disappearing again. They are waiters who are exorcised at the sight of bank bills.

Prof. Blackmar of the Kansas university, who is to try divorcing state institutions and politics, has begun organizing. The politicians do not think that Blackmar will hurt any one. It is the general sentiment in Kansas that the man at Mile St. Nicholas during the Spanish war can't hold a candle to the newspaper correspondent now stationed at Shanghai.

It is told that two politicians in Cowley county took whiskey to a county lawman primary and gave it out to the voters and the women of the township will prosecute them under the federal law. The Emporia Gazette says that Lyon county jail is such a horrible place that people keep out of it in horror, but that some new one will be built which will be so comfortable that there will be S. R. O.

The tale is told in the east that step mothers are not used any more in Kansas in gathering corn, for the ear gets so heavy that it pushes the stalk down into the ground and makes the ear worthless. In an instance case in Sumner county last week one of the bits of evidence brought forward to prove a woman's case was this: When the witness talked about the case he said that the name of said bit of corn was her farm.

Arkansas City Traveler: E. L. McDowell has to his jewelry store an aquarium containing a pair of paradise fish. Mr. McDowell has a pair of these fish recently, and has them in a tank of their own in his store. When the sun shines upon them they are of the most beautiful colors, and they are very nice fish. The other day the man who began the important work of building a new, and it is in itself a marvel. At the surface of the water there are numerous small bubbles, made and put there by the male fish. The female had no part in this work, and, in fact, was not even in that part of the tank during the work of construction. When it was completed the female was taken in next by the male and the laying of the eggs began. A large number of these eggs were deposited in the nest. As soon as she had completed this work the male fish drove her away and is now kept very happy here at a distance, at the end of the tank, and will do so whenever the chance is given him. He has also taken the responsibility of providing them and supplying them

Geo. Innes & Co.

Today's Millinery Bargains

Fine Satin Jumbo Braid Sailors, \$1 values, at 48c. Extra Fine Satin Split Braid Sailors, Knox shape, \$3 values, at \$1.69. Ladies', Misses and Children's Trimmed, ready-to-wear, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75 values, at 49c. Trimmed Dress Hats, were \$3, now \$1.50. Trimmed Dress Hats, were \$4, now \$1.98. Trimmed Dress Hats, were \$7, now \$3.50.

Fans Today

\$1 and \$1.25 Fans at 39c Today we will offer one hundred pieces of Fancy Silk Decorated Fans; some trimmed with lace, others with spangles. These Fans are worth in a regular way \$1 and \$1.25. An unusual trade happening enables us to offer them to you at the phenomenal low price of 39c. See south window.

Organdies Today

15c Organdies for 8 1-3c One thousand yards Organdie Imperial, a sheer, beautiful fabric. Real value, 15c per yard. Choose today, 8 1-3c. See north window.

Attention, Coupon Holders

Parties holding coupons good for the Medallions we are giving away must present them on or before Monday, July 2. It will be impossible for us to redeem any coupons after the above date.

Geo. Innes & Co.

RIPANS CURE DYSPEPSIA. A gentleman residing in Oregon, Wis., recently said: "For a long time I was troubled with dyspepsia. Having considerable hard work to do, if I followed the cravings of my appetite it was sure to result in those horrible distressing pains of the stomach. When in the most agony I would endeavor to obtain partial relief by some 'grandmother' treatment, which, if of any benefit, was to strengthen the imagination that the distress was a trifle less. At times I suffered intensely. It was while visiting my sister Cora that I was recommended to try Ripans Tablets, which I soon discovered were a blessing. I am never without them now, and I recommend them as a God-send to those troubled with dyspepsia."

Read the Eagle's Classified Want Columns.

If You Want To buy or sell a business.

If You Want A good situation—or 'help.'

If You Want To reach the business and trading men in the Southwest, you can do so through

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VIM VIGOR VITALITY FOR MEN. Marton Compound Pills... Read the Eagle's Classified Want Columns.