GOSSIP FOR HOME PEOPLE

DID THE BIRD KNOW?

E. T. Allen was one of the first men in Wichita to predict that there was to be a long dry spell this summer. In June he discovered in a ditch, which in heavy rains carries an immense amount of water, a bird-nest. The nest was built in a spot, which in case of a heavy rain, meant its sure destruction. Mr. Allen when he saw it said that the mother bird knew what it was doing and that there wouldn't be any big rains until the birds hatched out and were big enough to fly. And it hasn't rained yet. The birds have hatched and are still all mouth, but their feathers are coming in in good shape and everybody who knows about them wishes they would get out in a hurry and let the rain come.

SISTER OR SWEETHEART

The other evening a motorneer was sailing along on one of the lines in the hot sun, when a pretty young woman with a pitcher and a tumbler hailed him and he stopped. She handed him a glass of ice water. He thanked her, turned on the electricity and went on. The passengers on that car are still wondering if she was his sister or his sweetheart.

WHITE WINGS ALL RIGHT

Everybody seems to be satisfied with the White Wings, the street sweepers. They are getting the dirt up off the pavement in good shape and keeping the streets as neat as a pin.

HE WANTS FOUR HORSES

A man hands a suggestion into the Eagle that Fire Marshal Walden put four horses instead of two on the long hook and ladder truck. He says that four horses would make quicker time and that it would be easier on them.

SAW THE VESUVIUS

When Harry Piper was in Boston last month he found that the Vesuvius was in port and he proceeded to go aboard and examine her. The Vesuvius is the dynamite boat which during the war with Spain did an immense amount of "coughing" but no damage in particular.

HIS OBJECTION TO IT

When Lieutenant Frost was asked the other day if he wanted to go back to the Philippines, he said he didn't. Asked why he replied facetically: "It isn't a white man's country."

WANT NONE OF IT

A great many of the fellows who had determined to go after firms, since they have heard of the trophie of registering at El Reno, have backed out.

VAN DUYN'S COMMENTARIES ON GALL

The popular belief that a good natured man can stand the heat better than anybody else is a fiction. Fred Van Duyn, of the Manhattan hotel is as good natured a man as can be found anywhere, but nobody in Wichita kicked harder on the heat of Thursday more than he did. He took a seat near the ice cooler all day and threatened to sandblast all corporations when the telephone bell rang. At night he planted himself on the corner in the precise and exact path of a southern zephyr and felt good enough to tell a reporter for the Eagle some hoodoo stories. His theme was gall and his commentaries on the subject were better than Caesars. "One day, during the street fair," he said, "a man who has $10 to every cent you and I have came into my hotel at dinner time with his entire family and walked up stairs. I thought he was going to the dining room and thought nothing of it until I happened to go up to the parlor. What do you think I saw? That man and his wife and family were sitting down on my parlor floor. They had half a ham, two or three glass jars of milk, some coffee and fruit spread out before them and were feasting on it. They brought the things to town with them and seemed to think that a hotel is for that purpose. Now, people, you don't think that was gall. That was only one instance of Kansas Nerve. I could tell you a hundred like it. If a hoss fiddle doesn't go to heaven for being perfect with such people, I will always think he ought not to go to the other place."

SOUTHERN SCENES IN WICHITA.

A typical southern plantation scene was witnessed on North Fifth avenue Sunday. On the south side of a negro cabin two venerable looking old fellows, clad in Prince Alberts, plug hats and spectacles, were arguing religion, while in front an old mammy was feeding ice cream, with six or seven kids standing about with their fingers in their mouths, looking anxiously at the freezer. A young woman was leaning over a fence, with dangerous eyes fastened on a gay sport who had stopped to ask whether he could get in on the ice cream feast. It was a scene of much simple happiness.

EAT SPARINGLY AND OFTEN.

A Wichita man has discovered the secret of keeping physically healthy and comfortable during hot weather. He says he has. He eats about ten times a day and only about a bite of a meal each time. He says he learned the trick from birds and other starved animals who eat a whole lot at a time during the winter, while they eat but little at a time during the summer, and eat that little often. He has tried it during the last few weeks and hasn't suffered from the heat.

FARMER INVENTED NEW DRINK.

Farmer Doolittle looked at the mercury in the Kansas News stand a few days ago and then rushed in and invented a drink. It is made of cream and common water, and Farmer says it is a dead shot on keeping a person cool. He put a lot of his friends up against it and they were seasick for twenty-four hours afterwards. John Swede calls it the "Doolittle cocktail."

COOLEST PLACE IN WICHITA.

The coolest place in town is said to be the alley on the east side of the Zimmerly building. A breeze plays there all the time, and fat men love to haunt it, take off their hats, fan the south and fan themselves. The colored man who shines shoes there had a big thing last week, as men were very willing to give up a dime for a seat in the draft for ten minutes.

QUEER WAY OF LIGHTING A CIGAR.

A hard smoker was coming down from the stock yards one night recently in a street car. He wanted to light his cigar, but no one had a match. The motorneer took his punch and touched it to the current of electricity. The contact produced sparks, the smoker applied his cigar to them and got a very successful light.

BABY SWALLOWED THIMBLE.

Ed Welch, foreman of Kellogg's ready-print house, has a little son twenty months old that needs watching. A nice little fellow he is, but a little too fond of metallic lunches to suit his mamma. After dining on a box of buttons Sunday, ten of which he swallowed, he tackled her thimble for dessert and had it in his mouth when his father picked him up by the heels and tried to shake it out of his mouth, but the effort was in vain. The little fellow swallowed it. Mr. Welch says he doesn't know how many keys and nails the boy has swallowed, but they do not seem to hurt him in the least.

HOTTEST PLACE IN WICHITA.

The hottest place in Wichita has been discovered. It is in the immense building of the Western Planing mill, on the corner of St. Francis avenue and First street. In that building there is a room where the lumber is seasoned and it is the hottest place a man has ever seen outside of actual fire. It is built over the immense steam boilers of the factory. Even the members of the hot air club couldn't remain in that room for more than a minute at a time.

KEEPS HIS FINGERS BUSY.

Will McFarland, the Associated Press operator in the Eagle office, hits the keys of his typewriter 185,000 times every night, or an average of about 16,000 times an hour. This is a big lot of work for ten fingers to do during these hot nights, but he gets fat on it. Imagine, during the same thing over day after day at the rate of 16,000 times per hour.

EXCITEMENT IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Mr. H. A. Bliss knows more about the church history of Wichita than the average church-goer. He says that the biggest church sensation that ever happened was the day Rev. Dr. De Lew dropped apparently dead in the pulpit of the Episcopal chuch. He was pronouncing the last words of the benediction when he dropped in the floor as if he had been struck with a hammer. Mr. Bliss had his fingers on the keys of the organ ready to play and was about to strike a note when the minister fell. For a little while the thought that their pastor had dropped dead froze the blood of the audience. Mr. Bliss ran to the rescue of Dr. De Lew's and found him alive, greatly to the relief of the congregation.

JEALOUSIES OF EARLY DAYS.

There used to be social gossip of a rare and spicy nature in the early days, as there is now. There also used to be jealousies among society women, as there is at this time. Nearly thirty years ago, Wichita had a handsome young woman and when she went to parties it began to be remarked that she never, or scarcely ever, took a seat. The women circulated the report that she was mashed on her shape, and the jealousies went so far that the community took sides and a row was threatened. The real fact was that the lady always wore a stiff silk dress and refused to wrinkle it by sitting in a chair.

ADONISES OF EARLY DAYS.

When an old timer was asked yesterday who were the handsome men of early Wichita he did not have to think long. The pronounced Adonises of Wichita of the early seventies were David Ross and E. S. McGill. David Ross was an exceptionally handsome young man in those days and many a girl in town had her cap set for him.

HOW TO TEST FLOUR.

J. E. Howard of the Union Mills showed a reporter for the Eagle yesterday how to test flour. He has a pair of little scales and weighed two kinds of flour with them, putting exactly an ounce of each in bowls. He then had a glass tube in which he measured water and made a dough. The flour that absorbed the most water was the better flour. When the dough balls were made, he said the best flour is in that big one. He tested flour made of Kansas hard wheat and Pillsbury flour and found it to be superior. A barrel of other flour will make from forty to fifty more pounds of bread than flour made from the common soft wheat.

WHAT HE REMEMBERED

"Brownie" of the railway mail service says that the thing which lingers longest in his memory in regard to the review of Sherman's army in Washington in 1865 is a certain old man who stood in one place all day and yelled out just one thing. After Brownie's regiment had passed in review he stationed himself at a point to watch the rest go by. Right opposite him was this old man and every time a regiment appeared he yelled: "Hurrah for the Thirty-second Ohio," waving his hat and growing red in the face. Ever since Brownie has been wondering if the old man thought the whole thing was the Thirty-second Ohio.

PAT HEALY'S LUCK CHANGED.

During the boom Pat Healy was one of the wealthiest men in town. With the collapse he collapsed, too. For a long time he was poor, but he never lost his nerve and good nature. About a year ago luck turned in his favor and ever since then fortune has smiled upon him. Everbody will be glad to see him get to the front financially, because he is a good fellow, loyal to Wichita and deserves it.

JOHN LIKES THE SHIRT WAIST.

John McDonald, the veteran mail carrier, is mashed on the government shirt waist. He says it is the proper thing and that the kicking dudes in the service back east don't know what they are talking about. "Now, look at my waist," said John to an Eagle reporter. "The air gets in here in front and goes around and around and various with the body, making summer life a continual round of pleasure. Now, if you wear a shirt, the galluses keep the air from circulating and the result is that you are hot."

SUBLIME ART OF AUCTIONEERING.

Judge Arnold says that the people generally know but very little about the sublime art of crying an auction sale. He says an auctioneer must have a good eye and be the judge of human nature. If he is a hypnotist, so much the better. Many a time when he is almost ready to let the hammer fall, he takes a glance over the crowd and usually finds a few men who are susceptible to influence. "Did you say the fifty?" he would ask one, and then he would say: "And you the seventy-five? and the seventy-five I have. Who makes it a dollar?" By this time rivalry becomes keen. The first man might have said "the fifty," but when the second man says "seventy-five" the first man says to himself: "I haven't said the fifty, but that snooser over there has taken it for granted that I have and outbid me. Well, I guess I'll make him sick of it," and these men will get mixed up in an auction sale. The judge says that good times are better for the auctioneer than hard times. After a good rain is the best time to cry a sale.

HIS NUMBER WILL BE 113.

The man who has bee writing pipe dreams about "The Woman in Black" ventured over to the postoffice again last night and met her mysterious ladyship. She talked to him directly for the first time, or at least he says sh did. The boys told him that he was "bug-house," but he took eight kinds of solemn oaths that he was telling the truth. He told her that he was going to Oklahoma to take a claim and asked her to make him a prophecy. She was very gracious, and after spending considerable time reciting to him with fearful accuracy the sins he had committed during the week, said: "You will draw the number of the first telephone that will call you up tonight and you must be at El Reno on August 6 or you will lose it. When you select your land close your eyes and place the point of your pencil on the map. Select the quarter section upon which the carbon rests, and while you will be disappointed at first it will make you a rich man. Follow my advice and fear no disappointment. Beware of a man with black side whiskers. Listen not to his voice." Eagerly he listened for the telephone to ring. Number 113 called him up first.

DON'T JOSH THE COAL MAN.

This is the season for joshing the coal men. Everybody who passes a coal office peeps in and shout: "How would you like to be the ice man?" The coal men smile and say nothing. Very few people know that this is a season of big trade for the coal men. A reporter for the Eagle did not know it until he dropped into the Kansas and Texas Coal company's office a few days ago and had a little talk with Ben Churchward. It was learned that the threshing machines at work all over the country use up an immense lot of coal every day, and then there are three ice plants that require a great deal of heat to make ice. The fact is that the coal companies are behind with their orders, something mighty strange when one considers the season of the year. The bulk of the coal produced every year is not used by individual consumers; on the contrary, only a very small proportion of it is. Don't laugh at the coal man, nor ask him how he would like to be the ice man.

SHE IS MAD AT HIM

The other day a Wichita man was greatly disgusted because his shirts, through neglect, were not starched by his wife. He didn't say anything to her but that day he went to his grocer and had sent to the house $4 worth of starch. His wife hasn't spoke to him since.

WICHITA'S BUSINESS CENTER CHANGED

Colonel Joe McCoy says that a picket fence made Wichita where it is. In the early days the cattle crossed the river about where the Douglas avenue bridge now stands and meandered northward along the river where the town then was—about where ex-Mayor Ross' residence now is. William Greiffenstein started a store where the Kansas National bank now is and ran a fence down to the river bank. This caused the course of the center trail to be changed and Wichita became established around Greiffenstein's store.

GYPSY BAND AT WICHITA

A band of Gypsies have been in town during the week en route to Minnesota to crown another queen. They crown more queens than any other people on earth if they could be believed. Of course they don't crown queens, they simply make that an excuse for their presence in the community, and also for their begging and fortune telling propensities. Gypsies never come to Wichita without saying they are going somewhere to crown a queen. The Gypsies are queer people who are seemingly without a definite origin. Some claim that they came originally from India while others say they came from the region of the Danube.

DECLINE OF THE CONTRIBUTOR

Everybody is noticing that the papers are not printing as many "contributions" as they did some years ago and few if any, outside a newspaper office, know the reason why. The contributions have diminished materially in every office, for the reason that people don't like to send stuff after having other stuff turned down. It is safe to say that within five years a man must be a writer of great ability if he gets his contributions printed. There is no conspiracy in newspaper offices against contributions, as some are inclined to believe. Contributions don't get in because they are not written legibly. Since the inauguration of type setting machines excellent penmanship is a necessity. Printers can't waste valuable time in trying to read poor writing, as they did when they worked by hand. The machinery is going all the time and printers must keep up with it. The poor writer is not the enemy of the editor as much as he is the enemy of the printer and business manager. A printer is supposed to set up a certain amount of matter every hour and if he falls below that he is apt to lose his job. When time is lost, money is lost and it is to prevent the loss of money that many contributions, poorly written, are consigned to the waste basket. Those who write for the press should use plenty of paper and above all, they should leave plenty of space between their lines so that the editor can have room to supply or correct words. Nobody thinks of leaving a margin at the head of the article while many write their own heads in a manner entirely at variance with the "style" of the paper. They do not know that a certain number of words are required for a certain style of heads and that only a certain number of letters can be used in the line. The linotype machine will prove to be a great factor in the improvement of handwriting. Before the typesetting machines came into use any old kind of writing would go, but now many reporters and writers lose their jobs by reason of their poor manuscript. There is too much time lost in trying to make out their imperfectly formed words and letters. In many newspaper offices, for this reason, no one will get a job in the reportorial or editorial rooms unless he can operate a typewriter. The quickest route to the waste basket is by poor handwriting.

HE WILL PRACTICE LAW

Judge Tucker says he is not going to Oklahoma to take a claim, but to practice law. The judge exhausted his homestead rights in Kansas by taking a claim in the western part of the state. When he goes away an old landmark will have disappeared. He is not unadapted to a new town, for all his mature life has been spent on the frontier and many are the times he took a hand in regulating desperadoes, when they attempted to take or shoot-up Wichita when it was a village. He will make a success in Oklahoma.

HE WILL LOCATE AT LAWTON

It is safe to say that Wichita will lead in some of the professions of the new towns in Oklahoma. Within two years the leading physicians at Lawton will probably be Dr. E. J. Bonham, formerly of this city. Several years ago when the Eagle began taking the full Associated Press reports, Mr. Bonham was sent here to handle it and remained for a long time. Every spare hour he had, he studied, never reading anything but valuable, scientific information. He had a great turn for physiology and such things so much so that he finally concluded to become a physician. Five years ago he went to a medical college and the general and special information he had already secured enabled him to graduate in three years. Since then he has been taking post graduate courses and now he is reputed to be one of the best read physicians in the west. Dr. Bonham is a man of considerable wealth and will make considerable investment in the new town. He was one of the most popular and likable Associated Press men Wichita has ever had.

"TICK" BUSINESS IS INCREASING

The doings at El Reno incident to the opening of the Kiowa, Comanche and Wichita reservations are a big thing for the Western Union office in this city. Thursday and Friday alone over 2,000 messages were sent from, relayed or received here. This means that about 400 messages were sent each day by reason of the registration at El Reno. The normal business of the office is 400 messages per day, an increase of several hundred per cent more than it was four or five years ago. The telegraph business is increasing every year. The changing and improving condition of business is such that the telegraph is rapidly taking the place of the mails.

HOTEL LOSSES ARE HEAVY

The theft of some silverware from a Wichita hotel a few days ago was not strange considering the fact that crime is very common in eastern hotels. There detectives have to be hired to watch people and very often innocent parties are placed under embarrassment on account of it. It is estimated that there is forty per cent of the tableware of a large New York hotel stolen every year causing a loss of thousands of dollars.

HARD TO LOSE A HORSE

Mr. Weideman, former owner of Edith W, made an offer of $50 a few days ago for Jack Davidson's "Jack." It was refused. It is pretty hard for a lover of horse flesh to part from a good horse. This is especially true if the horse suits one.

HOW HE CAME UPON IT

Governor Stanley was telling the other day how he happened to come upon the parole system by which a convict is given his liberty. One day after he had had numerous applications for pardon a woman called on him and wanted her husband taken out of the penitentiary. He had stolen a cow from a packer. Governor Stanley could not see his way clear to pardoning the man and said so to the weeping woman. Finally Governor Stanley said: "How do you know your husband would provide for you and your children if he was out?" "He was always a good provider," said she. The incident stayed with the governor all day and all night. He wanted to get the man out, and yet he thought it wasn't justice to the state to cancel the law's penalty and its effort to protect society. But the wife and children needed a provider. The governor went to the statutes and studied them. He found that a governor could grant pardons on such conditions as he thought best. That word "conditions" caught his eye. He concluded that he could conditionally pardon convicts. He worked out the plan and announced it. Curiously the first applicant to appear was the wife who had brought the suggestion up. The packer from whom the man stole the cow promised to give the man employment. He was pardoned.

Governor Stanley is prouder of the parole system than anything else he has instituted since he went into the governor's chair.

PEACHES LOOK SICK

The peach trees in Wichita are full of fruit. During the past week the peaches got to look about as sickly and wan as it is possible for peaches to look.

NO SUNFLOWERS THIS YEAR

There are no sunflowers to speak of in this vicinity this year. The sunflowers usually get their start in June during the wet season. They don't need rain in July. Moisture is necessary only to start them. If the moisture is delayed until July they will start then. But they haven't had the rain either in June or July this year and they are not growing, being so small as to be indistinguishable from other weeds.

LETTER FROM HIS SWEETHEART

The following is a genuine letter from a Wichita negro in the Kansas penitentiary to his sweetheart, who lives in this city:

"My Dear Sweet Leanna:

"I have been undergoing the past three weeks a genuine siege of intolerable suspense and unbearable anxiety all because I have not heard from my prospective bride, my own Leanna.

"My condition has almost reached the crisis of enlisting the offices of a Knight of the Surgical Art, but as my indisposition is confined more to the mind and heart, I require more ministering consolation of the Divine than he of the Aesculapian persuasion.

"O, Leanna, why do you not answer my letters of recent date?

"I continually hear a faint whisper applied to my articular organs, which plainly asks: 'How long, O Lord, how long?' My dear strawberries and cream, do enlighten this addled burden of my heart by writing me a long letter interspersed with a plenitude of pertinacious heyslep to your lord and master, Othello—he of the dark skin—but the whiteness and purity of whose heart would make the lotus leaf wilt and the jessamine leaf pale into nothingness.

"Now my sweetness, I can only write once each three weeks and I have sent you two or three letters without having received one in return. Why this delay? Have your affections waned, or does your rheumatism prevent you from writing, or have you listened to the siren voice of some other charmer, who, should you heed his advances, would lead you to certain ostracism, shame and desolation forever and forever more. "By the eternal," to borrow from old hickory, I have still a keen edged razor for carving purposes. No, Dear Leanna, I was carried away by sentiment and I know you will appreciate this flight of facetiousness. But truly, My Dear Bunch of Grapes, write and let me know what you are doing and when I may expect an answer from your ladyship.

"Well, Leanna, I am getting along as best I can living on the medicine of hope, a prisoner's tonic, and by the way I have inaugurated a curriculum of liberty and research and diversion and I am now reading Shakespeare, Ruskin, Darwin, Lubbock, and a world of classics and scientific works and expect when released to brush up against such men as Tom Reed, Talmage, W. J. Bryan, Murat Halstead, and Dr. Mary Walker.

"I have completed my literary excursion of the Bible and can wrestle with the 'Story of the Cross' in such an exegital way as to relegate the exploitations of Spurgeon and Beecher to the shades of the continuous night.

"Farewell, my darling Leanna, and write at once."

WHERE WHISKY IS ADVERTISED.

Sam Hess has received "The New American," a paper published at Manila. It is especially interesting to Kansans who are not familiar with liquor advertisements in the papers. Two of the five advertisements on the second page are eulogistic of whisky. The same proportion is maintained on the third. All of the fifth and practically all of the fourth are devoted to the merits of American whisky. The leading advertisements on the seventh page is in the interest of poker chips. Lager beer cuts a big figure on the eighth page. The ninth is given up to cigars and cigarettes and the tenth to steamship lines. If a visitor to Manila finds where he can follow out the suggestions of St. Paul it is because he fails to read the New American.

CASH HENDERSON'S EXPERIENCE.

Friday night Cash Henderson had an annoyin gexperience while he was sleeping, or trying to sleep. He drew a bed out near an open window to find fresh, cool air, and settled himself down to have a good sleep. For several days before that several stories of tarantulas were told in the neighborhood and when Mr. Henderson sought his bed he had them in mind. He thought of the possibility of a tarantula coming through the window. It soon became a possibility. He then thought he heard something like a tarantula singing: 'Whar is you? Whar is you?' And then he thought he saw the little tarantula eyes gleaming at him. He was much excited. He began persuading himself that it was all imagination and had about succeeded when he heard something walking at him. He had read the story in books when he was a youngster that the best way to act under such circumstances was to play possum, and he held his breath as if he was dead. He remained that way all night, not knowing where the tarantula was, and fearing to move lest he be stung. When daylight came he made a visual survey of things and spied a grasshopper taking a nap on his bedpost. The grasshopper is dead now.

WHY COWSKIN WAS NAMED.

There are a great many queer names given to the small creeks around Wichita and some seem to be without reason or purpose, but one of the most striking of these is the cowskin, based on these very facts. It was named through circumstantial evidence. An old settler tells the circumstances under which this stream received its apparently meaningless name.

Along the old Santa Fe trail a cowboy performed a very common ceremony, the skinning of a cow. But he hung the hide up on an old dead tree. Whether he forgot it or left it there on purpose is a matter of conjecture. Anyway, Billie Griffenstein, while hunting buffalo, found that identical hide on that tree and decided that he could find no better name for the creek.

STORY OF LOST SPRINGS.

Last week a couple from Lost Springs, Kansas, were in the city and met one of the old trailers who became very much interested when Lost Springs was mentioned. With a squint of his eye and a puff at his pipe, he asked in a rather high cracked voice: "Did you ever know how that there place was named? Well, you see that's right on the trail over which your father and I used to hoof it. Well, we had jolly good times there, I tell you. But evil goes everywhere, and it follows the trail. We all settled down there for there was a nice spring of fresh water real handy. Well, now, mind you we were living there in peace when one of those agents of the devil came into camp. Well, of course we didn't have to buy of him, and we didn't till we had to. You see it came about in this way. One day when one of us went down to the spring for a bucket of water the thing had disappeared and the ground was as solid as a rock. Well, we held a meeting and decided the dum thing had just sank into the ground and that was all there was to it. Well, I didn't say anything about the saloon man. He grew terribly rich, and was the head man in the colony thereafter."

THEY WANT SHORTER HOURS.

The clerks in the Wichita stores are about to renew the agitation of shorter hours during the hot weather in addition to vacations. To an Eagle reporter they outlined their grievances this way: "We would like to have an extra half hour at home durng the morning and a half hour during the evening. This and about two weeks' vacation every summer would make us about right to do business the remainder of the year.

BURGLAR OFFERED HIM A JOB.

Angus McMurchy came down from Chicago Wednesday to attend the funeral of his brother and met Finlay Ross. Finlay is something of a Scotchman himself, although he was born in this country, and they become fast friends. After talking a long time about the West Highlands Mr. McMurchy told Mr. Ross his business. He lives in Chicago and is an expert regulator of safe locks. He said that a noted burglar offered him a big salary once to travel with him and give him the combination of safes.

YOUNG MEN OF THE LAW.

It is one of the fictions of every town that boys raised in the town must go away to succeed in the professions. That, for instance, if Jimmy Smith, a boy known to everybody, went to college, came back and flashed his shingle as a physician and surgeon. Nobody would patronize him. That they would say "what does Jimmy Smith know about medicine? That this is not all fiction is not altogether untrue, but at the same time there are professional men in Wichita who are succeeding notwithstanding the hoodoo of being practicing in the town in which they were raised. In the law Vermilion Harris, George Alexander, Young Jim Cody, Henry Hettman, Earl Blake, Earl Evans and others are coming to the front in splendid shape, while in the medical profession no young man is succeeding among the strong men of his profession better than Dr. Jones, whom everybody knew six or seven years ago as Archie Jones. Dr. Walter Minnich is another example of the success of a professional man in his native town.

Young men, with this hoodoo against them, and for other reasons, usually have a hard time making a start. This is especially true of the lawyers. They usually begin with collections and manage to live four or five years in this way until they drop into a practice of large proportions. Since 1896 probably thirty young lawyers have started in Wichita and they came in at a fortunate time. Previous to that collections were hard, but in '97, '98 and '99 times became good and collections became easy. One young lawyer told an Eagle reporter yesterday that when he was almost despairing a few years ago he received a bunch of bills against farmers for collection. Times had picked up and the farmers paid promptly. The young lawyer made $100 for his trouble which gave him fresh hope and a new start. He now has a good little practice that brings him in from $1,200 to $1,600 per year. Inside of ten years the men who will control the big law practice of the town will be the boys raised in Wichita.

One of the old lawyers told an Eagle reporter that the future of young men in the law is dark. His advice to young men would be to stay out of it. He says that the trusts have a more disastrous effect on the legal profession than on any other class. Heretofore when there were many independent business enterprises many lawyers received fees from them, but now that they have combined they hire their own lawyers on a salary and they do all their business. You would be surprised to know that one of the town hired out to a big firm a short time ago and more so when you learn that he gets only $60 per month, he giving them his entire service. My advice to young men is not to embrace the profession of law."

WICHITA TEN YEARS AGO.

Miss Tillie Mack entertained the T. and E. Piano club at the home of Mrs. George Dold.

George C. Gardener and Miss Josie Mellinger, both formerly of Wichita were married in Chicago.

Miss Monta and Eva Dunbar entertained at their home on East Third street.

One of the unusual things of the year was high water in the Arkansas in the middle of July.

Bishop Ninde preached at the First Methodist church in this city.

The Republicans called two conventions that year—one for the nomination of a district judge—the other for the nomination of county officers.

The Valhalla club gave a lawn fete at the home of Miss Clara Jeerie, No. 1702 South Lawrence avenue.

His neighbors gave W. A. Hart a surprise party in celebration of his thirty-first birthday.

Mrs. Coler Sims was entertaining Miss Dora Rowley of Topeka.

Al Clark, a fireman, left to locate in Detroit. He is now in the Klondike.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Keenan, a boy.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Gluck entertained. Their guests were Misses Frances Richmon, Blanche Fechheimer, Ruth Hirsch, Pauline Wallenstein, Beatrice Rich, Sadie Kaufman, Belle, Della and Hannah Goldberg, Gertie, Millie and Gussie Hays, Ida Joseph and Messrs. Herbert Levy, Dan Shott, Heine Herman, Julius Herman, Jesse, Will and Simon Katz and Edwin Gross.

An unusual feature of the summer was muddy streets in July.

W. E. Stanley was out on the streets after a severe illness.

The jasperite contractor in the federal at their home on East Third street. courts sued Wichita for his pay. Wichita

Mr. Mark Oliver bought the interest of Mr. Shellenbarger in the city mills.

George Tankersley, aged nine years, give him the horse laugh.

D. Diamond Mitchell went to New England to enter Yale.

The board of education was in some sort of a huff because the city council didn't give them rooms on the first floor of the city building and consequently rented rooms in the Sedgwick building.

The creditors of Corner & Farnum held a meeting and selected W. S. Corbett as receiver.

The Wells, Fargo and the Adams express companies formed a joint agency in Wichita with A. T. Payne in charge.

Miss Harriet Johnston entertained for Mr. Dan Walker of Butler, Missouri.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Parks were visiting in Michigan.

Miss Fannie Darratt of 221 South Osage avenue entertained. Her guests were: Miss Etta and Maud Brown, May Hinman, May Brown, Norma Moore, Flora and Ada Parkhurst, Dille Alberson, Kitty Hill, Flossie and Pearl Bennett, Virgie and Rhoda Carnie, Jessie and Grace McConnell, Letha and Nora McKee, Minnie Ramsey, Hazel McFarland, Mamie Perell, Pearl Craig, Minnie Brewster, Fern Randall, Pearl Farmer, Bennit Farmer, Clara Riger and Master Walter Stippich.

H. T. Allen returned from the territory where he had been helping allot the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians.

Married, Mr. Charles Brecken and Miss Blanche Dresser, Reverend C. C. Woods officiating.

Vermilion Harris was hurt in a motor engine in Marion county.

M. W. Levy, W. E. Stanley and David Dale left for a fish in the mountains.

Sol Schlesinger who kept a pawn shop on East Douglas avenue accidentally shot himself.

Ben Hartough, for many years a resident here, died.

Miss Grace Johnson entertained at her home on 322 East Douglas avenue. Her guests were: Misses Beede Allen, Mabel Ayres, Grace Young, Evelyn Imboden, Josie Getto, Bessie McNeil, Mollie Ross, Mary Wilson, Carrie Winants, Florence Richter, Ethel and Stace Neiderlander, Coral Harris, Hattie McClung, Stella Green, Clara Bide, Lillian Lewis, Mamie Lewis, Jennie Smith, Nellie Jones, Ola Coon, Daisy Lynch, Emma Johnson, Jessie Kendle, Margie Knorr, Mabel Titsworth, Sullivan Walker, Gladwell, Matthews, Alice Payne, Ellen Taylor, Helen Fisher, Myrtle Lee, Gertie and Millie Hays and Miss Haas and Messrs. Wallace, John and George Parkinson, John Waller, John Davidson, Amos Burr, Charles O'Neal, James Bide, James Fleming, Albert Hyde, Lee and Roy Corbett, Earl and Kenneth Fassett, George Rose, William McFerran, Lewis, Hill, Lewis, Rutan, Pierce, Chatfield, Stevenson, Levy, Knorr, Matthews, Adams, Lortmer, Coon, Woodworth, Kramer and Mitchell.

Thomas Breen and J. C. Clark announced a labor day picnic.

Mrs. J. J. Hutchings of Winterset, Iowa, was visiting the families of E. T. Allen and J. D. Hutchings on College Hill.

Vegetable venders were arrested for not having licenses.

Miss Rosa Oliver of Omaha was visiting Miss Angelina Herring of 424 Scott Topeka avenue.

W. R. Frazier, U. S. Hougland, Fred Mancourt, Willard Boone, E. E. Bleckley and E. J. Rogers were over on the Whitewater fishing.

The Populists and the Democrats were as usual fussing about fusion.

The police department warned property owners to trim their trees.

The Germans of the city organized a singing club called Arion des Westens.

TABLES TURNED ON A JOSHER.

L. R. Delaney, the king "josher" of the Santa Fe system, ran up against Charles V. Ferguson recently and got the worst of it. When a real green chap comes to town Mr. Delaney is the first one to catch on to him. Recently he had one down at the depot who called on him to find where he could get board without of the first families of the town. Mr. Delaney happened to see Mr. Ferguson and he told the green young man that he was one of the first lawyers and society men of the city and had told him a few days before that he was very anxious to take in boarders, especially young men of good habits. The green young man approached Mr. Ferguson and fairly knock him off the Christmas tree by asking how much he charged for board. Luckily for the young man Mr. Ferguson saw Mr. Delaney grinning in the distance and guessed what was up. He saw the joke was a good one and determined to push it along farther. Presently Mr. Delaney went to to Carey hotel where was giving a dinner to some friends. After the party had taken seats at the table Mr. Ferguson called to the green young man and informed him that Mr. Delaney was very desirous that he should be in his party. Mr. Ferguson took him to the dining room door and showed him where Mr. Delaney was seated. The green young man smiled in, took a seat with the party and Mr. Delaney almost dropped dead when the clerk charged the young man's dinner up to him. He hasn't acted as a boarding house director since.

TRAVELING OVER THE PRAIRIES.

Charlie Hunter say that if people traveling in the new country keep cool heads on their shoulders they can avoid getting lost on the broad prairie. It frequently happens that men who ride through the plains keep going around with the sun describing almost a complete circle from morning till night. He advises them when they start out to understand the direction they want to take and then fix upon their minds some object on the horizon. When they reach that they want to pick out another object on the new horizon and so on till they arrive at their destination. When Governor Crawford passed through Wichita a third of a century ago, and got out on the southwest plains his command lost itself and kept circling about day after day, never getting any nearer destination until they adopted his plan.

WICHITA SETTLED BY "SOONERS."

Wichita was settled by "sooners," the same kind of "sooners" that have settled parts of Oklahoma. People had farms here long before the land was declared open for settlement. There were no "runs" or "lotteries" in those days and Charlie Cordaria settled on the claim that cornered where Parson Gilday's cigar store now is, on the southeast corner of Douglas and Lawrence avenues, without a struggle. He afterwards relinquished it to N. A. English. People guyed him for not taking land down along the river, "land that would be worth something," but he said he liked the claim he took best because he could stand on any part of it and see what was going on in any other part of it. There were great hopes for agricultural Wichita in those days. One man predicted that in five years people would be taking claims as far east as Chisholm creek and one man predicted that inside of ten years land would be so scarce that farmers would settle out on the hills, the college hill of the present day. This was considered a rather extravagant prophecy, but Charlie Hunter says that people soon were struggling with the soil out where the Country Club golf links now are.

RENO COUNTY BUFFALO HUNT.

In springing favorite yarns the Chicago Inter-Ocean says that Reno county has just paid off a $500 bond issue to an eastern firm, which cancels a debt made seventeen years ago to save the people of that county from starvation. This issue of bonds was made fraudulently, but the eastern investors, when they learned of the true condition failed to prosecute the offenders. The bonds were issued and sold by the county clerk, who said the money would be used for the accommodation of an increase in so is the number of school children. This seemed to be a pretty good sign that the county was improving and hence the investors in New York bit like the real fish they were all through the great Kansas boom.

In 1874 grasshoppers took all the crops while in the two previous years they had generally been charitable enough to leave sufficient to feed the furloughs through the winter. Thus the fall of 1874 found the Kansas nearly destitute and not a thing in their houses for winter. James Barclay, then county clerk, called a mass meeting and volunteered to spend his own money in going east to sell a $1,500 issue of school bonds if the people would vote them. They proceeded to issue them then and there. These bonds were sold for $1,500 and the money brought back to Reno county.

Like real Kansas rainbow chasers of early days, the people did not try to spend the money for flour or meat, but put it into ammunition. They were going to kill buffalo. Most of the inhabitants had never been west of their own county, but they thought buffalo existed in large numbers. So the whole male population, numbering then about 300, took guns in hand and started westward. After they had penetrated far into Oklahoma they sighted and killed a herd of fifty. As they were making for home with them a spell of warm weather came on and all the meat was spoiled. They managed to skin the carcasses and sold the hides for enough to pay for the ammunition used. Then, with only $700 of the $1,500 left, they started in to buying the necessities of life. The debt they had created did not worry them in the least, but the thrifty citizens of that county who came there later have worried a great deal over it of late and at last have paid off the buffalo hunt debt.

It is figured that 40,000 pounds of human flesh have disappeared during the hot spell—that each of 20,000 adults in Wichita has lost four pounds.