Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT KANSAS.

The ignorance of some eastern newspapers concerning material conditions in the west is pathetic. The ignorance is not so marked in the far east as it is in the middle east. In New York, for instance, the newspapers have a general idea that notwithstanding the severest drought in forty years, the west is what they call "middling" prosperous. The Ohio, Indiana and Michigan papers, on the contrary, are laboring under the delusion that the west, and especially Kansas, is in next to a starving condition. They have heard that the corn crop of the state was a comparative failure and for some reason they entertain the idea that when corn fails in the Sunflower state famine threatens. In Kansas of course all this is amusing now. The time was when a general corn failure in Kansas was a depressing disaster, and it is evident that the people of Indiana, Ohio and Michigan have the Kansas of the past instead of the Kansas of the present in their brains. They do not seem to realize that in the evolution of time Kansas has become a wheat state—the greatest wheat state in the Union, both in the quality and quantity of the yield.

The drouth of June and July is only a remembrance in Kansas, and the pity our eastern friends have for us is a joke. The value of the corn in Kansas on the first of September was probably greater than it would have been had the season been most favorable. There was probably as much old corn in the cribs of Kansas on that date as a full average crop in either of the sympathetic states mentioned would amount to and with this doubled in value there is no real reason why our middle-eastern friends should be so much concerned about our ability to meet the winter months. And it must be remembered that this year's crop was by no means a total failure. With the possible exception of Ohio, it is not improbable that the limited corn crop raised in Kansas this year is in excess of a good average crop in those states. With the present price for corn in Kansas it is not at all unlikely that the value, in dollars and cents, of the amount on hand is greater than the value of two prosperous average crops in Indiana and three full crops in Michigan. In truth it is the east and not the west that is entitled to sympathy on account of the comparative corn failure this year. Its people have to pay from four to six cents a pound more for its Kansas beef and pork on the block and from five to eight dollars a ton more for its Kansas hay. And the extra burden on them does not end there. It is only logical to assume that had the corn crop been good they would be paying from 15 to 25 cents less for their Kansas flour, for indirectly the shortage has a material influence on the tendency of wheat towards higher values. In individual cases the failure of the corn crop in Kansas—where farmers have no old corn and raised no new corn—the loss will be felt, but taking the state at large Kansas is about as well off as if the corn crop had been a good average all over the corn producing regions.

The 100,000,000 bushels of wheat raised by Kansas this year, reinforcing the profits made from the quarter of a billion bushels or so raised the three or four previous years have enabled Kansas people to look at the drouth of the past summer from a rather philosophical standpoint. And it would not be hard for the supreme intelligence of the state to argue that what our friends in Indiana and Michigan consider a disaster is nothing more than a valuable suggestion to Kansas farmers to so diversify crops as to have equal results in cash every year. Cash is what the Kansas farmer is aiming for and he does not care whether he gets it for pork made out of corn, alfalfa or even wheat. The raising of corn for the market is not his purpose; it is the raising of corn for the hog and for the steer, and if he can make just as good a hog or steer out of kaffir corn or alfalfa his dominant purpose is served just as satisfactorily. It is not what he can put in the crib that the Kansas man is troubled about, it is what he can put in the bank, and if the eastern newspaper men will read a few chapters from Mr. Morton Albaugh's report on the condition of the state banks of Kansas and Mr. Comptroller Dawes' report on the national banks of the state, they will see that Kansas has a front elevation to present to the wolf of winter that few states in the Union have.

Kansas will attend divine services on next Christmas day with better shoes, stockings, overshoes, underwear, pants, vests frocks, shirts, collars, mufflers and hats than any fifteen hundred thousand people under the sun; and on their tables will be more turkeys and accessories per 1,000 population than in any state in the Union.

INTOLLEABLE ARROGANCE OF WEALTH.

The desecrating hand of a money king has been laid upon a spot dear to the heart of all Americans. As if to show the power of wealth, John D. Rockefeller of the Standard Oil company has demanded for a golf ground no less interesting a place than "Sleepy Hollow," that romantic spot on the Hudson made famous by the pen of Washington Irving. Some time ago he invaded the peaceful region of "The Hollow" with his check book and asked the people to get out. Some unromantic persons were glad enough to take what he offered and migrate, but others protested that they were supremely happy in that quiet locality and did not intend to leave it. Mr. Rockefeller had set his heart on the scene of the Headless Hessian for his golf links, and knowing, as the righteous Mr. Walpole did, that man has his price, he increased his offers and succeeded in getting a deed to everything in the little hamlet save the famous old tavern in which Irving told stories and wrote. The tavern is owned by a stubborn Swede who says he will not give it up or leave for love or money. "We will see," said Mr. Rockefeller, as he proceeded to wipe the village out of existence. The houses, the churches, the stores and the schools have all been leveled to the ground and nothing stands but the tavern. And this must go soon; for the gritty old Swede can't hold out long with a tavern in a demense where trespassing is forbidden by a millionaire. It is only a question of time till the Norseman must take Mr. Rockefeller's check and move away from "Sleepy Hollow."

The village cemetery also belongs to the man with money and in it rests the bones of the charming novelist. Mr. Rockefeller kindly says he will permit that one grave to deface his golf links, and he will probably keep his word until some day it will interfere with his ball, when he will very likely have it effaced.

Five hundred acres in all have been secured by Mr. Rockefeller and he is adding small patches to them every day. He has employed many men to make the earth smooth, and on a higher spot near by he will build a castle costing two or three million dollars, which he will present to his son John's future wife as a wedding present.

It will give pain to many hearts to see "Sleepy Hollow" disturbed. There has been no change made in it since the days that Ichabod Crane made love to Kathrine Van Tassel. And when the roystering "Bram" roamed o'er the countryside, greatly to the discomfiture of those good old Dutch dames who had no toleration for anything more noisy than their spinning wheels.

Wealth is wilfully arogant when it demands a place like "Sleepy Hollow" for its new fangled pleasures and if the Headless Horseman haunts Mr. Rockefeller when he visits his son, Americans will have no compassion for him.

A CHANGE IN SOUTHERN POLICY.

The other day in the white house Booker T. Washington, who came on invitation, had a long conference with President Roosevelt. The conference was significant. Walter Wellman says that some months ago the then Vice President Roosevelt had a long talk with Booker T. Washington in New York. Colonel Roosevelt asked Mr. Washington what, in his opinion, should be done to improve the outlook for the party in that section and to get it out of the clutches of the professional politicians and office hucksters who have so long ruled it. Colonel Roosevelt wantel to know what was best for the party and best for the negro.

Booker Washington's reply was that the best policy which could be abopted by the party leaders at the national capital was to turn down the old gangs and to appoint highly respected white men to federal offices—men who held the confidence of their neighbors and of the public in general; that such appointments should be made without regard to party lines; that if a man a community wanted for postmaster or collector happened to be a Democrat, that fact should not bar him from selection.

"If you want to build up the Republican party in the south and make of it something besides a byword and reproach," said Mr. Washington, "You must broaden it out. You must get the better element of the whites in it. That is best for the party and best for the public service. It is also best for the negro."

* * * * * *

The leader of the colored race in the south went on to explain to Colonel Roosevelt at that interview that at the present time and for many years past the Republican party in the southern states had consisted simply of two rival gangs of professional leaders and office traders. They claim to be able to deliver the negro vote and to fix up all the delegations to the national conventions. The only energy they display is in their rivalry as to which gang is to control and enjoy the emoluments. As a rule one is about as disreputable as the other. Neither represents the people of the south. Both are obnoxious to public opinion. They do nothing for the negro beyond giving out a few minor jobs here and there. They do nothing for the education or uplifting of the race, and by disgusting the whites with their rotton borough rule in federal affairs make it impossible for the party to which the negro belongs to have any real voice in public affairs.

Mr. Washington explained that he voiced these views to Colonel Roosevelt not as a politician, as he was not a politician and never expected to be, but because he had a most earnest desire to see a better state of things throughout the south than that which now prevails.

* * * * * *

Colonel Roosevelt was so much impressed by what Mr. Washington told him that he arranged for a visit to Alabama next November. He was going to Tuskogee to see the famous institute, and he intended to look into the social and political situation in the south for himself. Of course, the death of President McKinley changed all these plans. But Mr. Roosevelt did not forget the subject, and asked Mr. Washington to come to him for a conference. Hence the visit of the leader of the negro race in America to the executive mansion.

It is known that for a year or so President McKinley had been making inquiries as to the situation of the party in the south and had virtually determined to make efforts to reform it. He was at least prepared to do what he could. But he was handicapped by certain political considerations. Practical politics had enabled his friends to secure many of the delegations from southern states to the St. Louis convention of 1896. In this way some obligations had been incurred, and these could not be ruthlesaly disregarded. Within the limitations which inevitably surrounded him, Mr. McKinley did the best he could, and there is no doubt that had he lived a considerable improvement might have been expected in some parts of the south.

* * * * * *

President Roosevelt is not bound by any obligations. He is absolutely freehanded. Already he has the sympathy and confidence of the southern people to a marked degree, and his friends represent him as being very much in earnest in his wish to institute a new policy. If he adheres to his ideals and follows his instincts, he will completely ignore all the old-time party leaders, the men who have been fixing up delegations and peddling out offices for many years. He will try to win the allegiance of a new class of men, Republicans, if they can be found of proper quality, and if not, then Democrats, gold Democrats preferred, but men of high class above all things.

If the president does enter upon this policy everyone in Washington will watch with great eagerness to see how far he carries it out and with what success. His admirers predict that he will push it through, and in time effect a political revolution in the south. Others, not so sanguine, wonder if the near approach of the political campaign of 1904, with threats of adverse delegations to the national convention, chosen by the discarded leaders, will not bring about a change of policy, if not of heart.

* * * * * *

The president has one appointment to make which in a measure brings up the whole southern question. The death of E. A. Webster, collector of internal revenue for South Carolina, a little more than a week ago, will force the Roosevelt administration to show its hand in the vexed political situation in that state. He was a typo of the very sort of leadership, through trading and manipulation, which has made the Republican party of the south a stench in the nostrils of most decent men. Webster's following, slender in numbers but many in audacity, will demand that they be permitted to name the successor of their late leader. Above all, they ask that Senator McLaurin, who is trying to build up a commercial Democracy, or what used to be called a McKinley Democratic party, in the state, shall not control the appointment. Senator Hanna's influence is said to be active in favor of the organization Republicans. President Roosevelt's sympathies lean toward the new regime.

The soldier who thought the president's tomb was attacked was probably having his first experience in a graveyard at night.

The island of Samar should be made an example of. This can be done by making it forthwith the most peaceful isle in the group.

Admiral Dewey is always on time in court. He has to hold himself to keep from getting there before breakfast.

There will be many a Custer in the Philippine islands before the country is civilized.

When the country goes after the anarchists it might also include the Katipunan.

Czolgosz talks only about his meals. He lives that he may live to die.

Caballos is the new insurgent leader. Funston should attend to him.

Colgosz has not asked for a spiritual adviser. And he will not.

THE POLICE REPORTER'S STORY.

"Some o' these fine days," said McDevitt, the police reporter, "I'm going to quit newspaper work, go to night school for awhile and then turn novelist. Anthony Hope, Conan Doyle, Hall Caine and these professional literary guys gimme a pain. I think it's about time for them to go way back and sit down. They must put in all their time making up plots. Write? Of course, they can write. Anybody can write. But they're shy on facts. I never could understand why a novelist should write fiction. There's no need of it. There isn't a day that the Chicago police stations don't turn up enough 'material' to make a good book. Most of it is never printed. There's libel laws, and 'old subscribers,' and space limitations, to say nothing of the editor's blue pencil. Most o' the 'eal good ones fall dead somewhere here between the libel laws and the copy reader, but they're true, just the same, and they're going to waste."

McDevitt rolled another cigarette and put his feet on the sergeant's desk as he resumed:

"For instance, a few days ago I wrote a paragraph, that's all, about an unknown woman who swallowed carbolic acid in a Clark street lodging house. She didn't amount to much, the neighbors didn't know her and nobody identified her. The matron took charge of her year-old child, and the mother got four lines in the suicide column and a grave in potter's field. That's not much of a story, is it? You see 'em in the papers every day.

"Well, now, let me tell you. Last September a young woman, about 20 years old, disappeared from her home in Wells street. Her name was Josephine. She had lived with her younger sister, Anna, and a brother, George. Their parents were dead, and the three young people worked pretty hard and maintained a comfortable home. Josephine had been employed in a book bindery and the others were factory hands whose earnings more than met their modest needs. Of course, we didn't pay any attention to the case till a Lincoln park policeman brought in an astrakan jacket and a hat which he had found at the water's edge near Superior street. In one of the pockets was a note which read, 'Good-bye, Anna and George. Forgive me. Josie.' That seemed to settle it. Anna and her brother were sent for. They identified the jacket and hat as those of their sister, and the case went on the books as a 'probable suicide.'

"The brother and sister used to come around the station every day after that for nearly a month. I got pretty well acquainted with them, and every time a 'floater' was reported, I'd go over to the morgue with George or Anna to see whether it was Josephine's body. It seems she had some insurance, they owned the house they lived in and both of them were considerably wrought up about the settlement of their sister's little estate. They never seemed to be able to give an adequate reason for Josphine's suicide, but it wasn't long before I had satisfied myself that it was the old, old reason.

"They showed me half a dozen pictures of her, and I could see that she was pretty. She had had a sweetheart, a big, low-browed teamster who remained friendly with them after her disappearance. He professed to be mystified about her suicide, but I knew better, and I didn't like him. His name was Jarret, a bull-necked, vulgar giant with a lot of low cunning who was forever loafing around the North Clark street saloons.

"The lake doesn't give up many dead bodies in winter, and I lost track of this case until along last April, when the corpse of a woman was picked up in the river near Harrison street. Next day the papers said that it had been identified as the body of Josephine Blank, the young woman who had drowned herself off Superior street the preceding September. I met Jarret on the street a few days afterward and noticed the crape band on his hat. He told me about identifying the remains and how difficult it had been.

"'Georgia an' Anna don't believe it was her,' he explained, 'but I'm sure. Y' see, Josie had a birt'-mark, a moley wart on her ear, but it was gone, wore off by de ice an' waves. Dey wasn't much left of her clo'es, an' nobody 'ud a knowed her 'f it hadn't a bean fur de ring, de 'ngagement ring on her finger. I giv' it to her—we was engaged, y' know—an' so it was me identified her.'

"His eyes twinkled as he thus clinched his argument, and I was walking away more than distrustful of him, when he called me back.

"'Hey, dere, Mack,' he called, 'ain't ye goin' t' treat?'

"'For why?' I asked.

"'Me an' Anna is goin' to be spliced nex' T'ursday.'

"I told him I hadn't the price, and went away trying to forget the whole business. Just imagine a big brute like that marrying the little sister of the poor suicide after helping to collect her insurance, I suppose."

"Is that all?" growled the desk sergeant, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"That's the last I heard of them till—well, I guess I'd better not tell the rest. I may be wrong, you know. But I've got a guess coming," mused McDevitt.

"What is it, Mack?" said the sergeant, coming closer, interested in spite of his hardening years of experience. "I'll keep it dark. What's your guess?"

"I got a hunch that this woman who swallowed the carbolic acid in Clark street Wednesday nights was——"

"Josephine?"

"Yep!"

"But wasn't she drownded?" asked the puzzled sergeant.

"No, she just had to disappear, you know."

"And what makes you think this was the other wan?"

"She had the wart; she looked like the photographs."

"Ah, fiddle, Mack, you'd be a troublesome copper. Is that all?" Sure they're hundreds o' women wit' warts."

"But Jarret's picture was in her album."

"Oh, that, indeed," said the old sergeant shaking his head slowly, and then adding: "I say, Mack, wudden that make a fine story if 'twas only in high life?"—John H. Raftery.

Sayings of Late P. D. Armour.

Good men are not cheap.

Capital can do nothing without brains to direct it.

Hope is pretty poor security to go to a bank to borrow money on.

A "sit-down method" won't do a minute in this age of aggressiveness.

An indiscreet man usually lives to see the folly of his ways, and if he doesn't his children do.

A man should always be close to the situation, know what he is doing and not take anything for granted.

There is one element that is worth its weight in gold, and that is loyalty. It will cover a multitude of weaknesses.

When you are striving to do that which is right be courteous and nice in every way, but don't get "turned down."

The man who wants to marry happily should pick out a good mother and marry one of her daughters; any one will do.

I will always risk a man if he is in the dark and knows it, but I haven't much use for a man who is groping around in the dark and doesn't know it.

No general can fight his battles alone. He must depend upon his lieutenants, and his success depends upon his ability to select the right man for the right place.

You can't tell a good man by looking at him, nor can you tell by his reputation; you must winter with him and summer with him, year in and year out, before you know him.

There are many men who are much better as clerks than as interested partners. If you give them power it spoils them. Many a good man has been spoiled by taking him as a partner.

New fields are opening all the time, and it is necessary to be very, very aggressive. If young men will confine themselves strictly to regular business, and not speculate, they will get along all right.

(From Town Topics.)

Mrs. Henpeck (scornfully)—I don't intend to live with you any longer. I shall get a divorce.

Henpeck (humbly)—I wish, my dear, you would get me one, too.

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

Spencer will be incorporated as a city early in the spring.

A rich lead find is reported from the vicinity of Romona.

A telephone line between Altus and Vernon has been completed.

A bank with a capital of $10,000 has been started at Asher, Pottawatomie county.

Seven hundred and twenty bales of cotton were ginned at Stroud during September.

Deer still roam about the Hog creek country, a short distance south of Choctaw City.

Charles Kelly, a colored man, was accidentally killed by a shotgun near Ripley, Monday.

Shoestring Smith is spoken of as very suitable timber for president of the reunion of the Smith family at Guthrie.

Hobart is reputed to have built over 200 houses since the opening, two months ago. This is quite a remarkable record.

Oklahoma City shows signs of becoming a metropolitan town. Public men are charged with boodling in paving contracts.

Dick T. Morgan has become a prominent resident of El Reno and started in in the right spirit by buying $5,000 worth of property.

Mrs. Claude Tyler was kicked twice on the head and once in the stomach near Edmond last week and, strange to say, has recovered.

Judge Burwell, of Oklahoma, has been invited by Judge Pollock, of Kansas, to participate in a hunting trip with nearly a dozen Kansas statesmen.

Leslie Niblack is posing as an authority on theology. He says that "religion pure and undefiled" is preached from the pulpit of the Dunkard church at Guthrie.

A negro in the Oklahoma county jail charged with murder recently wrote to his sister beginning with the sentence: "Dear Sister, I am well and happy."

Cy Leland, of Kansas, is about to resume diplomatic relations with Oklahoma. He will spend two weeks hunting in the territory beginning October 20.

Marvin Madlock, while toying with a shotgun at Lawton, accidentally discharged it and the entire load of buckshot went into the legs of a Texan named Moser.

Short order item from Guthrie: "Secretary Grimes issued a charter today to the Quick Lunch company of Anadarko. Bill and Ed Quick are the principal stockholders.

Delegate Flynn has selected an Oklahoman to succeed Postoffice Inspector Welk, who will soon be retired. Mr. Flynn declines to announce the name of the new man.

Rev. W. W. Slaughter, of Francis, was found with his neck broken on the road between Mangum and his home last Thursday. It is thought that he was jolted off the wagon he was riding in.

Granite has oil. The well is 160 feet down and the real thing is coming out of it. Granite has gas, too. There is no fake about either. The future possibilities of Granite are great. Look out for it.

"Colonel Cody, a well-known character about town in Tecumseh, was tried a few days ago for drunkenness, and his defense was that the officer who arrested him was drunker than he was. He was acquitted.

Freeman Miller says there is a large part of the Indian territory not yet ready for statehood and Oklahoma must wait for it. Mr. Miller will wake up some fine morning to find that Oklahoma isn't waiting for anybody.

The Oklahoma papers are of a forgiving disposition. They are all complimenting Lone Wolf on his unique eulogy on McKinley, published some days ago in the Eagle. It is remarkably easy for a kicker to get right with the people.

If the Messenger man isn't pipe-dreaming, Stroud has a peculiar family in which there are nine black children and three Albinos. The Albinos have pink eyebrows and a language of their own which their other brothers and sisters do not understand.

Assistant United States Attorney Scothorn has filed complaints against A. C. Drake and William Courtney, of Blackburn, for cutting walnut timber on the Osage reservation. Both gentlemen, upon being formally accused, exhibited a bill of sale for the timber from Agent Mitchner.

While peacefully pursuing the noble cullinary art in the kitchen of the Grand Avenue hotel at Oklahoma City Monday, Mike Goodman was struck over the head with an iron bar supposed to be in the hands of one Sam Beatty. It is feared that the wound inflicted will cause death.

Sheriff Otes, of Woods county, shot and killed Fred Reynolds near Red Rock, last Friday. Mr. Otes was looking for a horse thief and seeing Reynolds riding away from the Spurlock farm with some horses6 pursued him. Reynolds took two shot at the sheriff and the latter killed him. Reynolds was not the man that Otes wanted. Reynolds' brother was killed in a saloon brawl at Ponca City some months ago.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

The cattle in eastern Kansas are threatened with a disease called the black tongue.

J. S. Dean is to be United States district attorney. Tracey has withdrawn from the race.

The Topeka Capital thinks it was the intention of President McKinley to appoint Tracey.

Up to the hour of going to press Governor Stanley's nursery inspector had not got into action.

It is said that J. S. Dean is one of M. A. Low's most valuable lieutenants in Kansas politics.

All the political conventions in Kansas are asking congress to adopt means to suppress anarchy.

The terrible word comes from Washington that President Roosevelt has a warm side for female suffrage.

Attorney General Knox refused to approve the appointment of Tracey for United States district attorney.

When John Dudley, custodian of the State house, retired, the State house employes presented him with a watch.

Senator Burton made a hard fight for his friend Tracey, a good deal harder than is usually made in Washington for appointments.

J. S. Dean, Senator Burton's selection for United States district attorney, is forty years old. This is liable to be a young man's administration.

There were probably several Kansas boys in the company wiped out on the island of Samar, as there are Kansas boys in nearly every company in the Philippines.

"The modest, loving, little violet may be all right, undoubtedly is, in the floral kingdom," remarked a Kansas statesman, yesterday, "but it would never get anything in politics."

The Populists and Democrats in Dickinson county have this year fused under the name Democratic. For the first time in ten years there will be no Populist ticket in that county.

The university authorities at Lawrence have decided to shut off boisterous conduct on the part of one class toward another. And that is good. The ruffianism of colleges has passed long ago to Lawrence.

Miss Hilda Clark, the Leavenworth actress, has recovered from the injury she received in a Denver opera house. The announcement of her engagement to Mr. Flower, of New York, has been made, but without authority from the families.

The Norton following is said to be divided in the choice for governor, and will let H. B. Miller and Harry Richter, the two aspirants, decide between themselves, the man carrying a majority of the Fourth district to be given the support of the whole following.

State Bank Commissioner Albaugh says: "I am opposed to the formation of banks with a capital of not $5,000. If there is a sufficient demand any place in Kansas to justify the establishment of a bank a capital of $10,000 should be required.

Boston Store
WALLENSTEIN & COHN

'Tis a Busy Week

A week filled with business and pleasure. With us it is mostly business. To those who are on pleasure bent, yet would not miss a chance of money saving on goods that "are right," we have many items of interest. Space will not permit of particular mention, though these will suggest.

Corner Room

The largest and best line of Ladies. Ready-to-Wear Goods of every description ever shown in the west.

Fur Capes, Jackets, Collarettes and Muffs, Tailormade Suits, Skirts, Cloaks, Silk and Wool Waists, Underwear, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Underwear of every description. We can suit you all.

Second Room

Silks, Dress Goods, Linens, Blankets, Linings, Jewelry, Hosiery and Domestics.

Third Room

Corsets, Ribbons, Umbrellas, Gloves, Fancy Neckwear, Art Goods, Laces, Notions, Toilet Articles, Chinaware.

Fourth Room

Gentlemen's Furnishings, Boys' Clothing, Shoes and Groceries.

Second Floor

Millinery, Carpets, Curtains, Rugs, Linoleums, Draperies.

"ALL PACKAGES CHECKED FREE AT THE BOSTON."

Free Demonstration

From 9:30 a. m. until 5 p. m. every day this week in our Grocery department, in the East room, BOSTON STORE FAVORITE FLOUR and MORNING GLORY COFFEE. Come try a cup of coffee and a hot biscuit with us, to test these articles and our friendship.

Boston Store
GROCERY DEPARTMENT
"PURE FOODS ONLY."

M'COMB BROS.
Wholesale Saddlery
Manufacturers and Jobbers of Saddlery
Carry the Largest and Finest Stock in the State of
Trunks, Grips, Valises, Suit Cases
Traveling Bags, Telescopes, Etc.

Which we sell at lowest prices. Visitors in the city during Carnival Week, are cordially invited to come in and see our immense stock. We'll be pleased to show you whether you buy or not. We know that our prices will interest you if you are in need of anything in our line.

401 East Douglas Ave.
Phone 347 Corner Topeka and Douglas

DR. A. L. JOHNSON, Specialist
Successor to the
Hovey Medical Association
Rooms 510, 511, 512 Winne Building, Wichita, Kansas.

Treats All Chronic Cases, Male or Female
Cancer and Tumor Cured By an Absolutely Painless Process. No Knife or Burning Plasters, and Cures Guaranteed.
Rupture Cured Without the use of the knife, or detention from business. Trusses fitted by an expert and guaranteed to hold, or no pay. Call or write.

Banquet and Table Lamps

19 barrels now in, or invoice, for RETAIL TRADE. If you want something just out, at prices that will suit you, we have them.

Our AUTOMATIC LAMP—
LATEST IMPROVED

Has proved itself to be the successful Lamp in the market. See them and try them.

J. E. Caldwell
130 NORTH MAIN.

The Daily Eagle Delivered 10c a Week