

Daily Eagle M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

KEEP THE FORM OF THE MESSAGE.

The announcement comes that President Roosevelt's message to Congress is to be short in this, that it will omit the summaries of departmental reports, which it has been the custom of Presidents, since Washington, to prepare.

This does not mean that President Roosevelt's message will be brief. He will want to discuss and will discuss reciprocity, merchant marine, trusts, revenues, foreign commerce, Cuba, the Philippines, civil service, Isthmian canal, army, navy and interior affairs. But the departmental resumes will, it is claimed, be omitted.

We rise in defence of the old form of presidential message, the message with which we are all so familiar, filling column after column and page after page, running along with a tremendous prodigality of paper, space and ink and patience.

The old form of message has been lampooned without mercy. It has been claimed time out of mind that no one but the writer of it and the proof readers read it in its entirety. For years there has been a loud, ostentatiously general demand that it be curtailed. It has been designated a dreary, prolix waste of words.

Newspapers have interviewed citizens to demonstrate that only a very small percent read the message.

But the same newspapers continued to publish it completely. The reason they published it was because there was a demand for it. The man that asks information in regard to the progress of his country demanded it. There are thousands and thousands of men who found help in gaining broader, more comprehensive views of the trend of events, through this review of governmental policies from the authoritative source, and these will not be gratified by the proposed omission.

The men who form sentiment in this country and are competent to lead it, never neglected a presidential message. They read it as a duty. And President Roosevelt should not change its form.

PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION LAW.

The death of one President and one Vice President in office since the enactment of the Presidential Succession Law, in 1886, has set thoughtful men to considering how far that law would be effective in case an emergency should arise calling it into operation. In one respect, the statute as it now reads unquestionably needs amendment or further definition.

The statute names the members of the Cabinet, in order of their seniority, declaring that each shall, under certain conditions, "act as President until the disability of the President or Vice President is removed, or a President shall be elected." If the inability of either President or Vice President were temporary, there would be no problem; but the death of both would raise the interesting question. Who is to act as President in the interval between the election of a new President and his installation into office? If, for example, both President and Vice President were to die or become permanently disabled, and the Secretary of State were to assume the functions of the Presidency till the electoral votes were counted in the presence of the two houses of Congress on the second Wednesday in February, there would still be an interval of, perhaps, three weeks before inauguration, during which the new officers would be elected, but not actually President or Vice President; yet the statute cuts short the administration of the Secretary of State on the day the new President is elected. The President-elect could not act in the interval, for he would not have qualified, and, without additional legislation, and, perhaps, a Constitutional amendment, it would not be possible to set the inauguration day back to the second Wednesday in February. If once set back, the new date fixed for it would become the uniform date for the inauguration of Presidents, unless the Constitution were amended, because the limit of a President's term to four years is specifically expressed in that instrument.

A simple amendment to the statute as it stands, changing the phrase, "a President shall be elected," so as to read "a President shall have been elected and qualified," would settle the matter satisfactorily.

The case would be made even more difficult and troublesome if, after the election but before the inauguration, both President-elect and Vice President-elect were to die. The Presidential powers of the Secretary of State would have ended with the election on the second Wednesday in February, and when the 4th of March came there would be nobody to inaugurate, and the Secretary of State of the late administration would then assume the powers of President for another four years—a condition particularly embarrassing if the partisan preferences of the people had recently changed and the man latest elected President and Vice President were members of the opposite party from the cabinet then in being.

Before the Succession Law was passed, the statute providing for the accession of the President of the Senate or the Speaker of the House contained also a requirement that the Secretary of State forthwith proclaim and advertise the vacancies in the Presidency or Vice Presidency and give notice of a new election. This was with a view to installing a duly elected President as soon as possible after the national election. With the enactment of the new law all these provisions were repealed, and the matter left in its present awkward and unsatisfactory state. A movement will undoubtedly be made during the coming session to correct the defect.

Judge William M. Springer, who took a prominent part in the House when the present Succession Law was passed, says that the omission of any reference to the qualification of the new President was an oversight.

AN EDITOR IN A LION'S CAGE.

Editors in Germany have their troubles too. A chief editor in a lion's cage is the latest sensation at Frankfurt-on-Main. The gentleman in question is Herr Muller Herrfurth, the editor of the Frankfurt Sun, a member of the Town Council and a well known sportsman. The Frankfurt papers last week informed the public that Herr Muller Herrfurth would make the Saturday evening performance especially interesting by entering the lions' cage with Miss Marguerite, who performs every evening in the hippodrome with her waves trained lions, and there open and drink a bottle of champagne, as he had hoped he would do. The result of this announcement one may imagine. The great hall was full half an hour before the commencement of the performance. Miss Marguerite, with her lions, was to be one of the last "turns."

At last the great moment arrived. Herr Muller Herrfurth, a stout man of middle size, entered the hall in full evening dress with top hat and patent leather shoes. All eyes were turned towards him. He walked up to a seat reserved for him and sat down. In the meanwhile the curtain rose. On the stage stood the large cage in which the several lions waited their mistress. The latter soon put on her appearance, armed with a tremendous whip. She stepped quickly into the cage and put her pets through all their usual tricks, jumping through hoops, drilling, etc. Then, after firing off a pistol, she left the cage, and disappeared behind the cage, while the lions and its occupants remained visible.

The audience now began to grow impatient and shouts were heard: "Turn him out!" "He has made a fool of us!" "His lion!" etc. At once, however, the manager stepped up to the footlights and said: "Ladies and gentlemen: The great moment has come, and Herr Muller Herrfurth will carry out his wager." Turning to the latter he added, "Herr Muller Herrfurth, if you wish to win your bet, please step up. Miss Marguerite will make you acquainted with your friends." Breathless silence prevailed. The journalist left his seat with the words, "I am ready," and stepped on to the stage with erect bearing. The lady met him, he gallantly kissed her hand and then entered the cage. A little table had already been placed inside covered with a white cloth. On it was a bottle of Veuve Cliquot, and near it were two chairs. Miss Marguerite opened the bottle and signed to the gentleman to advance.

The excitement among the public had reached its height. Herr Muller Herrfurth coolly opened the cage door and walked in. He took hold of the bottle and filled both glasses, while Miss Marguerite chased the lions about. Then, holding his glass of sparkling wine, he stepped into the middle of the cage, and, turning to the public, said: "I empty this glass to the health of the courageous lion-tamer." The latter clinked glasses with him and both drank. The public was now in a frenzy of enthusiasm, shouting "Long live Muller!" "Bravo Muller!" etc. Miss Marguerite next asked the journalist to take a seat. Both sat down, the gentleman filled the glasses again, while Mademoiselle coaxed the largest lion to come near her. He stalked up majestically, gaining full of curiosity at the stranger. Herr Muller bent towards him and stroked him. Other lions came slowly up and were all likewise petted. The journalist then lit a cigar and handed the burning match to his neighbor, who lit a cigarette with it. The glasses were again filled and clinked, and emptied to the health of the audience amid deafening cheers, and the performance was ended.

THE SEXES IN THE CENSUS.

There are in the United States 1,815,097 more males than females. Still, when it is considered that the total population is 76,303,337, the excess does not seem so great. On the whole Nature manages the business very well, indeed, and that the percentage of males continues to increase is not due to any error on her part but to changes in the social system. It was obviously well, at an earlier stage of human society, that more males than females should be born, since in wars and in dangerous vocations peculiar to men the excess would be killed off. Wars, however, have almost ceased, and labor-saving inventions have enabled men to evade many of the former dangers of their employment. Besides, in recent years women have entered into industrial pursuits with men, and are subject to the same dangers. In the matter of factory fires and explosions they really run more risk than men do. The natural state of society is war, and when we abolish that and when we minimize the dangers in many ways we must expect that each succeeding census will show a greater excess of males. However, in noting the increase of population from 1800 to 1900 we find no great difference in the relative numbers of the two sexes. The increase was 6,744,179 males and 6,489,452 females.

Pennsylvania is the solitary Eastern State which reports an excess of males. It is fourth in this respect, with 166,967 more males than females. California is first, with an excess of 156,000 males; Minnesota second with 113,556, Texas third, with 109,090. As the population of Ohio is greater, the percentage of difference is much lower. Except Pennsylvania all the states near the Atlantic coast have an excess of females, Massachusetts coming first, with 70,398. An interesting revelation of the census is that there has been a falling off in the relative increase of the negroes, the increase of the whites throughout the entire south being 21.4 per cent and of the negroes 18.1 per cent.

THE SMALL CORN CROP.

The condition of corn, now that the crop can be definitely measured, is known to be the worst on record in the United States, at the same time of year. The yield of that grain will apparently be more than 600,000,000 bushels under a good average. The rise in the price of corn has largely offset the decrease in the yield, for those farmers who have corn to sell. But as the change in market value has almost stopped exports the higher prices have to be paid by other Americans, and the general effect upon the country is far from being the same as that of a large crop sold at moderate or even low figures.

The very great reduction in the yield of corn is directly felt by meat buyers, who have to make good the increased cost of fattening cattle and hogs. The railroads which run through the sections, where the bulk of the corn crop is grown find one of the principal sources of business reduced very sharply. Merchants in corn States cannot expect quite such trade as they might have enjoyed if the crop had been of normal size.

The fact that notwithstanding these conditions the railroad earnings of the country are showing fine gains over the big business of last year, while trade in good in all parts of the country, is sufficient evidence of the breadth and depth of the nation's prosperity and its recent progress in the accumulation of wealth. It is especially clear that the corn-growing sections of the west have gone far toward paying farm mortgages and amassing a comfortable surplus for just such a bad harvest as that of the season of 1901.

It takes more than one deficient crop to affect seriously the business and general welfare of the American people in their present industrial, commercial and financial state.

Bessie Kaywood of Chicago and Walter Henry are in love. Her guardians think the boy is after her money. She went to Europe. Henry followed. Her guardians have now had her sent home. Henry follows. Love will find a way but the steamship way must be expensive.

The bankers of the country are coming to the opinion that the country needs a strong central government institution like the Bank of England. All bankers are agreed that our banking system is no system at all.

The Boers occasionally win a small victory. But the skirmishes are of no importance. The Boers only hope is for England to have trouble with some great power.

Mollinex is back in New York again, to go through the same old sweat. If Mollinex is innocent he has a long account against circumstantial evidence.

Bob Evans says the Texas isn't getting fair play in the naval inquiry. Still the Texas, after dodging out of the Brooklyn's way, did a whole lot.

The best opinion of the world is that the payment of the ransom for Miss Stone is establishing a precedent which will prove dangerous.

There is no assurance that the United States will obtain Miss Stone after the ransom is paid. There is no honor in Bulgarian bandits.

Travis can pound that pill around the meadow with a broom stick better than anybody in America, which is something.

Tammany is preparing for the fight of his life. It always does. Tammany doesn't take any votes for granted.

The doctors are agreed that President McKinley's heart was not able to make the fight it was called upon to make.

The President's message will be short. It will omit the usual departmental resumes. And that is gratifying.

FRIVOLE AND AMARYLLIS.

"I am going to the Astor library this very minute, and the next time Mr. Van Schaak comes to see me he will not go away and tell that horrid story of Nell Netham, that I am a pretty little featherhead." Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I had only said to any one else in the world but to that girl, who still wears four-in-hand ties and big sleeves, as Noah's family did when it came out of the ark, and I should know this year's style of sailor hat from last year's!

And so she had herself off to the Astor library. Amaryllis was looking very sad when Frivole arrived. She didn't have Frivole's rose and cream complexion or Frivole's merry laugh. But Frivole didn't appreciate her hesitations that morning. The first thing she did was to begin to sob.

"Frivole, dear, what is it?" "Oh, nothing, only I wish—I wish I could have a little wrinkle in my forehead like you, and then people would say I thought sometimes."

Amaryllis rang for tea. "It is unnecessary, Amaryllis." And she rubbed her handkerchief into a ball and dabbed each eye.

"I want to be sensible and serious, and don't know how to do it, and I want to be like you!" And such a picture of appealing misery the silver teapot had reflected very hard.

Amaryllis looked horrified. "Mr. Van Schaak, the awfully clever one, who writes books and is a lawyer and is going to congress and all that, you know—well, he called once in awhile, and he said I was a feather-head. Oh, what a dreadful word!"

"And you try to please this gifted creature," said Amaryllis, dropping a lump of sugar into Frivole's tea. "Suppose you read some. Take up a course of reading on Dolly and the war of 1812. War makes good small talk these days, and if he is going to congress—" "It sounds very hard to comprehend," the ambitious one, "but I'll try."

"That's right, dear. Now I'll confide in you. Frivole, I want to be frivolous." "Oh, Amaryllis!"

"I'm tired of being learned. I want to know how to be attractive and pleasant when people are tired as well as when they are not, and ready to listen and argue. I want to be like you. Now, tell me how. You never weary people or tax their faculties or upset their nerves, and I am anxious. You and I need."

"Oh, talk nonsense and wear pretty dresses, and when you are there is and just cut your hair all over! I think you are awfully foolish, though. I don't know much about anything else, but mamma always had a first class hair, and I think you would not be half so nice if you were frivolous, Amaryllis."

"So they parted. It was fragrant and softly gloomy in the languid music room, and Frivole, looking rather white and anxious, sat bolt upright on the piano stool.

She was about to begin "studying literature" and "improving her mind." Kings and queens were to her as so many puppets. Pacifism and civilization were to her as so many shams. It was a novel position for Frivole, and when Mr. Van Schaak was ushered in he was surprised.

He ran into the hall to meet him with some absurd welcome which he heard, misunderstood and analyzed as charming. She didn't laugh and shake her hand vigorously and then sit down with cloud of fringe around her and chatter to him.

Alas, she did nothing of the kind! He shook her from a scene of carnage when she entered and she raised two brilliant eyes and a flushed face from her book, advanced with intense suffering depicted on every feature and, wringing his hands, said:

"Oh, Mr. Van Schaak, how glad I am to see you! Wasn't it perfectly dreadful about poor Mary Queen of Scots?" It was very unkind of her, but Mr. Van Schaak went away to the mountain next day. He declared that his nerves were completely shaken up.

Amaryllis shook the silver tea bell meaningly and Frivole allowed two meandering tears to caress her pink cheeks.

"Well, it is a consolation anyhow, Amaryllis, to know that you were not a success."

"Thanks," said Amaryllis. "What did they say when you tried to be like me?"

"Well, I don't like to seem rude, Frivole, dear, but the family wouldn't listen. They simply ignored me. The girls all said I turned into books. You remember Dolly in the book, who talked about her baby as a landed proprietor and wished she could be a Christian martyr, so that her fingers would curl up like hags when they burned her at the stake?"

"Then my laugh—you know you laugh all the time, Frivole—well, my laugh never got so unkind of me, and I was in a case which father brought from Egypt, and they all concluded that I was hysterical and had better take a vacation."

"Poor Amaryllis! I'll see you with my my gray frock come home."

"And what did Mr. Van Schaak say after you tried to open the conversation?"

"Say? Why, he almost fainted, and well—I don't think he appreciates clever, intelligent women. It all depends on what one is used to, I suppose."

And then they drank some more tea. —Buffalo Review.

Her Dolls Had Measles. An amusing story is told of Queen Wilhelmina when she was quite a little child. Her majesty was not allowed to share dinner with the other members of the royal household, but was permitted to make her appearance at dessert and plate herself beside some particular favorite.

One day she sat by a courtly old gentleman after eating some fruit the little girl turned and gazed up at him. Presently she exclaimed: "I wonder you're not afraid to sit next to me."

Everybody in the room turned at the sound of the childish treble. "On the contrary, I am but too pleased and honored to sit next to my future queen," replied the old general. "But why should I be afraid?"

Assuming a woe-begone expression the little queen replied: "Because all my dolls have the measles—they're all of them down with it!"

No Cause for Mortification. "It was very kind of you," she said, "to send me your book of poems. I enjoyed reading them so much."

The scolding lady had pushed back the long, wavy hair from her forehead and replied: "I am gratified to hear you say so. Which of the poems do you like the best?"

"Well, I think I rather like that one beginning 'Sunset and evening star, and one last look for me and my love'."

"Oh, I'm afraid," he interrupted, "that you're not so confused with Tennyson. However, it isn't surprising. In many ways his work resembles mine."

Utterly Sordid. (From the Washington Star.) "So you won't spend any money endorsing libraries?" "Certainly not," answered Senator Sorghum.

"Don't you think that education better be a man for the comprehension of his duty as a voter?" "Yes, sir. The duty of the voter is to elect me and my friends to office. And a man that gets wrapped up in books is liable to forget about the duties of a citizen and go ahead and vote as he pleases."

No Vacant Lot for Her. (From the Boston Herald.) He—Luring, I love you. Will you not make me happy by marrying my humble lot with me? She—Is there a nice little house on the lot, Henry?

One Infallible Rule. "What's the first requisite of a partner?" "That he belong to your party."

SEEN THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK.

The personality of Robert A. Van Wyck has come to be measured by extremes, says the Evening Post. Ask his friends what they think of him, and you will be regaled with scintillating epigrams, and you will be told that he is a man of superlatives will be forthcoming. He will be characterized as capacious, irascible, and of ruffianly temper. This is an estimate which takes the middle course. No man says: "Oh, Van Wyck's all right; he's good enough," with an "I suppose" tacked onto an "I know." Nor will he damn him with faint praise, nor vice-versa. He either swears by the Mayor or—at him. And the Mayor is serene through it all.

Go to see Mayor Van Wyck, and you will come away with a decided opinion of the man. The opinion will depend greatly upon your attitude. If you take up his time with something which is of far more interest to you than to him, you may come out of the Mayor's office dissatisfied, but not angry. If you go as an "interview," and you will come away empty-handed. Go to see him concerning something in which he is interested, either personally or officially, and if you have not been rebuffed, you will come away with a remembrance of a warm, pleasant man with a smile that will remain in your mind's eye for a long time.

The mayor is intolerant of any one who wastes his time. He is a busy man, whose office is a place of business, not one of polite amusements.

In his outward, visible aspect, Robert A. Van Wyck is a small man, somewhat below the average of men in general. He is well-dressed, and you will like the word, Tammany considers him "dapper," "natty," or "nobby," according to the strictures of the particular district. It is true that the Mayor does make concessions to fashion and sometimes even wears a white-striped lining to the collar of his waistcoat. As these are not much in vogue below Fourteenth street, "Tim" Sullivan and Martin Engel are not one with the Mayor in this detail, however much they admire him.

Why the Mayor wears it, or, for that matter, why any man ever wears it, is among the long list of things unanswered. The white strip is the one tie that binds the Mayor to the average citizen.

The most eloquent attribute of Mayor Van Wyck is his dignity. It is upon him, maybe a bit heavily at times, even when he laughs and smiles, that the tenacious to the point of irritability. If there is one thing you must bear in mind, it is that the Mayor neither over-looks nor condones anything that impinges upon his amour propre. When he is sat upon the bench this trait was evident from the first day. Since then he has, from having had to receive and talk to so many kindred, grown a bit suspicious, and it is not rare for him to see a slight where none exists.

He is studious in defence of his official power, and the sacrosanct meetings of the board of estimate and apportionment in his office have arisen from just such man's-hand clouds. It is no far cry from such a meeting with the Mayor, and the frown comes like a summer storm, thunder and all. And it passes as quickly.

The Mayor is most methodical. He reaches his office at five minutes after ten o'clock every day, and for an hour devotes himself to his mail and his post-breakfast class in the morning. This does not mean that he is unapproachable at this time, but it must be an influential visitor or some (to him) very important affair to bring him out. The visitor who succeeds in getting the Mayor at this time is generally standing first on one foot and then the other at the doorway leading to the inner private room. Then, out bustles Mr. Downes, the Mayor's secretary, with word that the Mayor will see Mr. X. in a moment. There is a pause in affairs. Downes rattles papers on his desk—their contents like the faint rattling that precedes the entrance of the hero or the villain—and presently the Mayor appears. Invariably he has his eyes closed, and he looks as if he had just wakened up. He smiles, changes the glasses to his left hand, greets the visitor with his usual "How do you do," and he knows him at all, and then waits for the other to begin. It is distinctly not a part of the Mayor's method to ask a man what can be done for him. It might mislead the visitor, besides it would not be according to the art of self-defence.

The visitor talks while the Mayor looks "dead" through him, holding the eye-glasses up and down and now and then rubbing them nervously with his handkerchief. Without his glasses the Mayor would probably fare no better, for they seem so much a part of him. Always at one point the Mayor adjusts the glasses. They go far down on his nose and serve no purpose at all, unless he reads, because he looks this way so much before one has finished wondering why they do not tumble off, the Mayor whips them off and begins rubbing them again.

After a few minutes have served to decide the Mayor whether or not to continue the conversation with his visitor. If the Mayor is bored he shows it in every line of his face, every impatient bit of "business" with the glasses, and presently he turns away, saying, "I do not see that I can do anything for you," while the visitor glances at his watch and thinks of the private hallway he reached the Mayor simply exits, leaving the visitor still expostulating. And perhaps all this time Mayor Van Wyck may not have uttered ten words. The other man has quite exhausted himself.

If, on the other hand, the visitor is according to the Mayor's estimate, worth the time, he is conducted to the Mayor's desk, asked to seat himself, and he may have sat for an hour. The Mayor's desk, by the way, is a most curious affair. It is not large and has no imposing litter of books and papers. It is not to be compared to Secretary Downes's tower of Babel, which is a most imposing structure and things. It really seems as if the Mayor goes to the wrong desk.

The friends of Robert A. Van Wyck make no attempt to recognize his much described ill-humor with their own view of him. They simply say that those who do not know him may accept him as the Mayor. Next morning the Mayor's conversation over the action of the Bar association tonight, which is to decide upon the eligibility of the Mayor as candidate for the next term of office. There is certainly to be a fight over the Mayor's name when the committee on judicial nominations reports upon him and the other candidates. But it is said that neither the Mayor nor his friends are greatly concerned, whatever may happen. He never has shown himself desirous of any one's good opinion, save, perhaps, Crokers.

When one stands before the Mayor there are certain things which group themselves into a background and refuse to disappear in the light that beats upon him. Among these spectacles are the flaming job, the deer in rapid transit, the appointment of Police Commissioner Murphy, the glowing watchword, "Devery is the best chief of police New York has ever had," the order Downes issued on November 4, 1900, directing city police not to allow the "tactics and methods of intimidation" of State Superintendent of Education McColligan—an order that was direct provocation to violence—the scene at the French ball, where Robert A. Van Wyck was arrested for disorderly conduct, and so on and so on, and a half score of heros, which he sits at one's elbow and won a championship (what?), which "Taddy" Downes, is with and then I'll come through to you. (From the Buffalo Review.)

And with these come the remembrance of Van Wyck's declaration to half-mast the City Hall flag when England's queen lay dead, and his vituperative treatment of respectable visitors and groups of citizens who have called at his office on various occasions.

A Lottery. (From the Buffalo Eagle.) First Prize—\$100,000. I believe in a man waiting to be long before getting married. Second Prize—\$50,000. I believe in a man who reports in haste.

One Infallible Rule. "What's the first requisite of a partner?" "That he belong to your party."

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- ( ) "A Puritan's Wife"—Max Pemberton.
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- ( ) "Face to Face"—Robert Grant.
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