

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

ANOTHER STATE CONVENTION FOR WICHITA.

The Eagle modestly suggested yesterday morning that we were hoping that the members of the Republican State Central Committee wouldn't forget that Wichita is the best convention city in the state...

The Democratic State Convention, which meets in Wichita in May will have upward of nine hundred delegates. But the Republican convention will be the largest ever held in the state.

The Republican State Central Committee and the Republican Kansas Day Club were present in full force at Topeka yesterday and last night, as were the candidates for state offices.

Governor—James A. Troutman, Topeka; H. E. Richter, Council Grove; H. B. Miller, Osage City; W. J. Bailey, Dalleyville; George E. Cole, Girard; A. E. Enright, Kansas City; John Seaton, Atchison; A. W. Smith, McPherson; Henry J. Allen, Ottawa.

Lieutenant Governor—David J. Hanna, Hill City; W. A. Cornany, Fort Scott; W. M. Glenn, Tribune.

Secretary of State—J. R. Burrow, Smith Center; Charles Harris, Emporia.

State Treasurer—T. T. Kelly, Paola; C. C. McCarty, Nortonville.

State Auditor—Seth G. Wells, Erie; W. G. Wilson, Belleville; Ed C. Culp, Salina; S. H. Kelsey, Atchison.

Attorney General—C. C. Coleman, Clay Center; J. S. West, Kansas City; H. J. Bone, Ashland; R. P. McCulloch, Anthony.

State Superintendent of Public Instruction—W. D. Ross, Okaloosa; I. N. Dayhoff, Hutchinson; Frank Nelson, Lindsborg; G. W. Kendrick, Newton.

Superintendent of Insurance—G. H. Lulling, Wichita; S. J. Osborn, Salina; Ellsworth Ingalls, Atchison.

Associate Justices—R. B. Welch, Topeka; H. F. Mason, Garden City; J. C. Pollock, Winfield; A. H. Ellis, Beloit; A. L. Greene, Newton; A. W. Cunningham, Emporia.

THE SENATE DISGRACING THE COUNTRY.

The United States Senate periodically disgraces itself, and the entire country. It is probably only a contingent of that body whose membership forget themselves, forget the hour and the place, still in that forgetting millions of their fellow citizens are made to blush and the standard of national self-respectability is lowered by just so much.

ADMIRAL KIMBERLEY DEAD.

Admiral Kimberley, retired, long in command of the Pacific station, and who was in command of the United States fleet at Apia, Samoa, at the time of the great hurricane in 1888, when so many vessels went down, and when he kept up the courage of the men of his own flagship while it was dragging its anchor and going to seemingly sure destruction on the reef, by commanding his hand to play, is dead. He died at his home in West Newton, Mass., day before yesterday.

Heart trouble is stated as the cause of his death. Admiral Kimberley had a long and distinguished service in the United States navy. He was born in New York, and appointed from Illinois, entering the naval service in 1846.

General Merritt denies that he ever said that the constitution was an antiquated document. This is the first time the constitution has fallen on top in a long time.

KANSAS AT THE ST. LOUIS FAIR.

The Topeka Capital gives a summary of the proceedings of a meeting there on Tuesday of the Kansas Commission for the St. Louis Louisiana Purchase Exposition World's Fair. At this meeting they decided to go to St. Louis to be there February 14 and 15, at which time they have been informed they can select a site for a new building.

given charge of the educational exhibit at the fair. They also asked that an appropriation be made for this purpose. The Horticultural Society of the state sent a delegation to confer with the committee, asking that the horticultural exhibit be placed in their charge.

DOWN THROUGH PECOS VALLEY.

The Pecos valley of New Mexico is said to be a wonderful valley in many ways, especially for its fruitfulness under irrigation by artesian wells. A number of Wichita traveling men have been reaching that valley by way of the Santa Fe's Panhandle route. Now the Rock Island reaches it by its Liberal-El Paso extension.

W. E. Dauchy, chief engineer for the Rock Island, who recently returned from a trip over the new lines between Liberal and El Paso, is responsible for the statement that by February 5 trains will be running through to the latter city. The work upon the long connecting link between the lines of the Rock Island in Kansas and the railroad systems of Texas has been in progress for more than a year.

Several weeks ago the Rock Island announced the completion of its part of the work, the building of the new road as far as Santa Rosa, N. M. There has been some delay in the work of the El Paso and Northwestern in laying its part of the tracks, which extends north from El Paso. This is by far the shorter section of the new track. The work of the Rock Island upon the Liberal extension, as it is used to be called when the work commenced a year ago this month, has been very rapid.

The companies building from Santa Rosa, N. M., are parts of the Rock Island system, although organized under individual charters. The track through from Liberal will be at the disposal of the Rock Island for all sorts of traffic and will doubtless become an important thoroughfare for travel into the great southwest.

The Rock Island has already issued advertising matter telling of the natural advantages of the Pecos valley in New Mexico. Santa Rosa, the present stopping place of the Rock Island, is located in this valley.

A COUNTY SYSTEM OF FREE MAILS.

Free rural mail delivery grows more popular every day. In growing more popular it will approximate more nearly self-paying. The policy is being modified to the extent that it is to be made a county system, to the end that all the inhabitants of a county shall be put in daily touch with their county seat or principle market center so far as may be. A special agent with one or two assistants lays a county out into a network of rural routes. Every farm house is supplied with mail and all a farmer has to do is to put a mail box in front of his house.

But two counties in Kansas have secured the county delivery. In McPherson county there are twenty-three carriers. They cover 628 miles and supply 11,500 people with mail. The average daily trip of one carrier is twenty-eight miles. There are usually two or more carriers to each route. Colonel H. J. Ormsby, superintendent of rural free delivery, has been in Sumner county making arrangements to put county delivery in operation there.

Summer is one of the big counties in the state and it will take fifty carriers to deliver the mail. They will be under the civil service, and the average pay will be \$600 a year. It will take six weeks to complete the service. There are thirty-three towns in the county and it is the routes among them. The postoffices not on a railroad and which are supplied by star routes will be discontinued.

THIRTY PIGS IN THIRTY DAYS.

A club has been formed in Chicago which has for its purpose the reduction of some of the surplus pork in the Windy City. The club is known as the "Pig Club," and to be eligible for membership it is necessary to have an avowed fondness for pork. The president of the club is Ferdinand Dunnebecke, president of the Melrose Park Savings Bank, who states that meetings will be held each week, when pork, and no other kind of meat, will be served. "Between times, too," declares the president, "we will eat no other meat than pork." The great fault with an organization like this is founded upon the frailty of human nature, which is prone to become tired of anything which it has too much of. Unless new members can constantly be secured, it is to be feared that the club will have but a short existence.

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN AS A SAVAGE.

Some Englishmen do not seem to know any more about Canada than they do about the United States, and their ignorance of the manners, customs and geographical divisions of America occasionally reaches the ridiculous. At the time of the Queen's Jubilee in London, a lady of rank gave a garden party and invited to it a number of Canadians visiting in the metropolis. She wrote them a gracious, informal note, which closed by requesting them to please come in their native dress. This must have rather spoiled the pleasure the strangers would otherwise have felt at the courtesy of the aristocrat, for the thought must have occurred to them that she wished to have a few "aborigines" to display at her function to add to the gaiety of the occasion.

EXCITEMENT IN FLUNKYDOOM.

Fashionable circles in England were greatly excited by the fact that King Edward recently wore a frock coat with deep velvet cuffs turned up. The members of the fashionable set promptly hastened to their tailors and ordered coats of the same character, arguing that the King was the arbiter of fashion and had decided upon a new style of coat. Now that the coats are ordered, they have discovered to their chagrin and sorrow that the King was wearing an overcoat of medium weight and that they jumped to conclusions too soon. If the incident demonstrates to Englishmen of fashion the folly of imitating every whim of the King in such matters, it will not have been in vain.

Teller says he doesn't propose to be bullied-ragger by anybody, and then proceeds to try to bully-ragg everybody within reach. This is usual the art practiced by the bully-ragger.

General Funston says he does not believe in subjuncting the Philippines by sprinkling them with rose water. It would be an awful waste of an expensive toilet article.

General Merritt denies that he ever said that the constitution was an antiquated document. This is the first time the constitution has fallen on top in a long time.

General Funston criticizes the Senate. And if the Senate doesn't like it, the Senate can lump it.

Santos Dumont remained by the air Tuesday for forty-five minutes. Gravity didn't call him down.

Tillman and Teller seem to be cyclone specialists in the Senate.

General Funston has gotten over the desire for reelection stage.

FOR NELLIE'S SMILE.

From the famous publishing house of Fitz B. Ford we have their new advance sheets of the great historical novel, "For One Sweet Smile From Nell," by E. B. Barker Smiley, a serial in the "Wichita Daily Eagle." Nellie Gwynne has been told by an old gypsy that she will smile upon a certain great man, and that from that day she will live in the world. Nell thinks the matter over and decides that she owes it to herself to have as many great men as possible around her on the day she smiles for the first time. She therefore sends word to Louis XIV. of France, Cardinal Richelieu, Henry of Navarre, Cesare Borgia, the Duke of Alva, Peter the Great and Oliver Cromwell to assemble at a certain place on the coast of Bohemia and there compete for her smile.

She goes to Charles II, and tells him personally that she will smile upon him if he will promise to accompany her to the place agreed upon and contend against the others for her favor. Now we proceed to the place in which the great contest takes place.

"It was drizzling rain and a grayish vapor hung over the world, as if myriads of spiders had been spinning webs that enveloped everything. The Duke of Alva was leaning against an abandoned pigsty, carelessly rolling a cigarette, while Cesare Borgia paced nervously up and down the sandy shore of the bay."

"Why so restless, cousin?" said the duke, striking a match upon his beautifully wrought sword hilt and turning his back to the wind in order to shield the little flame he held up to the cigarette.

"Don't bother me. I'm thinking," Cesare replied, and resumed his nervous pace.

"A moment later Peter the Great and Louis XIV. rode down the winding road from the forest at the left, their bedraggled plumes drooping dismally as they came."

"My kingdom against your own," cried Louis, "that I will win the lady's smile this day."

"I'm no gambler," Peter answered, "but I'll tell thee, brother, what I'll do. If I don't win the lady's smile I'll let thee take my boots to put upon thy valet."

"Agreed," cried Louis, "and I'll give thee the jeweled collar that I wear to put upon the neck of thy valet."

"Richelieu and Henry of Navarre arrived at a heady pace, and the duke was dismounting and Cesare, coming up from the shore, proposed that while waiting for the English party they induce a game of billiards. He had allowed a few acorn up his sleeves while the others were not looking.

"Agreed," cried Louis. "Get out the chips."

"The duke had opened his satchel and was searching for the jeweled collar in which he carried his poker outfit when Peter pointed toward a gayly decorated yacht that was steaming up to the dock, and said:

"That's them now."

"And it was as he had guessed. Charles ran lightly down the gang plank as soon as the vessel had been tied up, and having spread his scarlet overcoat upon the landing, called:

"Come, Nellie, the boys are waiting."

"The duke, who forth fair Nell Gwynne, and as the great men on the shore beheld her a chorus of 'Ahs!' ascended from them."

"Hold!" cried Nell. "I forbid any quarreling here today. Gentlemen, you have come to win my smile. The contest must not be anything but friendly. If you kill one another with swords you've done it to do it friendly, or if it's a foot race or a fist fight it's got to be done friendly."

"Louis bowed low, and the others followed his example, after which the contests began. Borgia and Henry of Navarre opened with a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match, which continued for half an hour, but no apparent advantage on either side. Then Cesare, getting one of Henry's fingers in his mouth, bit it off, and was ruled out of the match for conduct unbecoming a gentleman."

"The next round was between Alva and Peter, who were to climb two greased poles. It became apparent at once that Charles' side-stopped, landing lightly on the experience as a shipbuilder here served him in good stead, and at the end of twenty minutes he was at least three feet higher than his competitor, who feeling that his case was hopeless, gave up."

"Good for you, Pete," cried Nell, clapping her hands as the car sailed down. But alas! Peter's triumph was of short duration. As he struck the ground his sword again became unmanageable and in some way caught his coat, ripping it up the back and jabbing him so badly under the left arm that he had to retire."

Louis and Charles then took off their coats and squared away. Lou felted and Louis side-stopped, landing lightly on the neck a moment later. Lou then took for the law, but was nearly stopped Charles getting back with a heavy left corner on the nose. Lou was puffing, but game, and tried to kick Charles on the shins. He fell short, and the bell rang, with both men sparring for wind. In the second round Charles started to throw a lightning bolt and soon had his man on queer street. Lou's wind was bad, and after receiving a right jab in the throat he exhibited signs of grogginess. Halting a moment later, however, he made a swing for the jaw, but was countered and went down in a heap when Charles landed on the left ear."

"As the English king straightened up he ran forward, kissed his skinned knuckles, and smiling merrily, said:

"This day you have won my favor in fair fight. Come, let's go home and be happy."

"As their yacht swung away from the dock she stood on deck laughing merrily and thinking that endless joy was to be had."

"All, poor girl, she forgot in the excitement that Cromwell had put in an appearance."—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Hogg Lacks No Interest.

Ex-Governor Hogg of Texas, says that his interest in the Democratic party is unabated. Inasmuch as Mr. Hogg has disposed of \$2,000,000 worth of oil holdings to an octopus, it will be interesting to observe if the party's interest in him continues unabated.

Hardly the Ideal Spot.

The author of "To Have and to Hold" has gone to a hospital to rest. Of course this is better than going to a tinner factory, but still hospital surroundings are not exactly what the average person would choose for mental and physical recuperation.

Makes Little Difference.

First it was "buddled oats," then "buddled cats," and now the latest revised edition of the London Times makes it "buddled cats." When a poet gets to calling the fellow creatures hard names typographical mistakes are excusable.

His First Hit.

"How did you win your first literary success?" she asked.

"By writing four lines of poetry which made the girl I was in love with at the time so angry that she jilted me. Her father lost his money less than three months after we were to have been married."

The Toe as an Index.

The toe as an index of the social position of the individual is the subject of a new book by a certain man who stepped on a gentleman's toe, and very soon afterwards three men stepped on his toe.

Uncle Sam's Popularity.

The newspapers give us a new idea in telling how friendly they have always been to the United States. Great Britain, for instance, never had a war with us since 1812.

THE SPARKS' JANITOR.

"Eliza," said Mr. Sparks on the night of the day that they moved into their new flat, "this apartment life is worse than one of Dante's circles. I'll make just one more move before I die and that will be to a house in the suburbs."

Just then the front door bell rang. Henry Sparks stammered over two trunks, his daughter's bicycle, barked his shin, brushed his toes and finally reached the door. There in the hall stood a young woman, comely and strong looking. "In this place you want a girl?" asked the young woman.

A sudden joy flashed into Henry Sparks' heart. "Yes," he said, "come in. We've just moved; we're all upside down here. Look out for the boxes."

Then Mr. Sparks, the way into the diningroom and turned the caller over to his wife. "Yes, we want a girl," said Mrs. Sparks; "we've just moved in, and may be you don't want to stay now, you see how things are and what cleaning is to be done."

"I'm not afraid to work," said the girl.

"I saw your advertisement," was the answer. "Here it is," and the girl pulled out a copy of the morning paper, Mrs. Sparks took it. "Mercy," she exclaimed, "that's the advertisement of Mrs. Scatchin's. How could you have done that? You came to the wrong apartment."

"Well, I like the looks of this place, anyway, and I'll stay."

"Here," said Mr. Sparks, "won't it be a case of false pretenses if we keep her?"

"By a jiffy, I'll send Mrs. Scatchin the price of the advertisement in an anonymous letter. 'To have and to hold' is a good motto in a case like this."

"That girl Rosa, who stumped into the Sparks' flat that evening day night, was a dream. She cooked things to a turn, she was willing; she didn't have a cross word in her vocabulary; she didn't care to go to balls or to the theater, and she was plump and good-looking. The Sparks' family life was ideal."

One morning as Mr. Sparks was leaving the building he went to the office he met the janitor, who was coming up from the basement leading a child with each hand. Mr. Sparks had barely noticed the janitor before the janitor, something in the man's bearing struck him and turning, he said: "William, you've been in the service."

"Yes, sir," said William. "I put in five years in the Fourth cavalry."

"I can tell a regular minute I clap eyes on him," said Mr. Sparks. "I put in a good many years myself. You have two fine children, don't you?"

"Yes," said William, assentingly, and then Mr. Sparks said "Good-by."

That night when Mr. Sparks reached home his wife said: "The janitor came up today and washed the windows. I didn't think it was part of his work, but he said it was all right and insisted. He told me that he used to be in the regular army and that he knew you had been in the service, too."

"That's it, Eliza," said Henry, "an old soldier likes to do things for another old soldier. He washed the windows because we had those hard dust spots on the panes. Nothing like it. He must be a good, steady fellow, for he has a wife and two children. They have a flat in the basement."

Mr. Sparks met William quite frequently after this. William always saluted. If he happened to be standing in the hall, Mr. Sparks would come to "attention," clicking his heels together the while and saluting like the old campaigner he was. Almost every night, when he was resting, Mr. Sparks would tell Henry of some new bit of attention on the part of the janitor. "He came up and went all over the plumbing today," he said one night. "He said he wanted to make sure there weren't any sewer gas in the place. I suppose he fears for the health of his wife and children. He spent an awful long while in the kitchen examining the pipes there. He said they would need attention for another day or two. I was afraid he would interfere with Rosa's work, but she said she didn't."

"There, it's just as I told you, Eliza," said Mr. Sparks; "this janitor doesn't want to see the family of an old soldier suffer. I'll give him a box of cigars to-night. Eliza, this is the finest kind of life. Never talk to me again about taking a suburban house. Here the best girl that ever worked out stumbles in on us by accident, and we get a janitor who serves us as though we were magicians. We'll just drift along in this flat in this Eliza atmosphere until either we, Eliza or William die. It's great."

Things went on this way for two months. Henry Sparks told five real estate agents to quit looking up a country home for him. "You can't beat the combination I've got right here in the heart of Chicago," he said.

He told his wife one day that he must give William another box of cigars, because, although he was an old soldier, he did not do the idea of having the man do so much work for simply the sake of sentiment. "I gave each of his children a quarter this morning and I gave his wife a dollar the other day, but that's not enough to do for a man who spends most of his time making your life happy in a flat."

That night Mr. Sparks went downtown to do some work. He didn't get back till 1 o'clock. He slipped off the shoes at the door so as not to awaken his wife. He passed into the hall and feeling hungry, he went back through the diningroom with a mind and appetite bent on exploring the kitchen pantry. The door leading into the kitchen was shut. In his stocking foot Mr. Sparks made no noise. He opened the door quickly. The kitchen gas was burning. From the far end of the room came a clicking noise. William, the janitor, was standing at attention, with his heels brought sharply together. As the man jumped to the ground a soldier, Mr. Sparks saw that one of his arms had just dropped from its position of embarrassment about the waist of Rosa, the maid.

Mr. Sparks was horrified. He went back to Rosa when she was a "teen com" he had verbally lashed some bluecoat duty derelict.

"William," he said, in a voice of thunder, "how dare you! You're a scoundrel, sir!"

William's head went to his forehead in a flash. "How dare you?" he said, "I married your wife, Mr. Sparks," he said.

"Married?" was the stammering response; "how about your wife and two children down stairs?"

"That's my wife and she had her two little ones. She's been keeping house for me," said William.

Mr. Sparks growled and went Henry back into the room. "The next morning," he said, "I'll send you a bill for the damage done to your wife and children."

At the breakfast table, the next morning, Mr. Sparks and Rosa sat at the head of the table. "We're going to be married next week," Mr. Sparks said. "I'll send you a bill for the damage done to your wife and children."

At this bit of information Mr. Sparks' wife looked at him. "You look like a man who's been in the service," she said. "I've got a good idea of what you've done. I'll send you a bill for the damage done to your wife and children."

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Geo. Innes & Co.

Embroidery Sale...

Begins Monday, February 3d, and lasts all week. See the display in the north window.

A Splendid Chance For Students

A chance to win a good prize or earn good money—selling tickets to Ernest Seton-Thompson's Lecture on "Personality of Wild Animals."

Saturday Afternoon, February 8, 1902

Admission, all students in any school, twenty-five cents; all others fifty cents.

A choice of the following prizes will be given for the one selling the largest number of tickets:

FIRST PRIZE—\$50.00 in Gold. \$50.00 Iver Johnson Bicycle. May be seen at Schollenberger Bros. \$50.00 Gentlemen's Solid Gold Watch. Eight or Waltham movement.

SECOND PRIZE—\$20.00 in Gold or Fifteen Volume set of Chas. Dickens' Works.

THIRD PRIZE—"Wild Animals I Have Known," by Ernest Seton-Thompson.

FOURTH PRIZE—"Lives of the Hunted," by Ernest Seton-Thompson.

FIFTH PRIZE—"Biography of a Grackle," by Ernest Seton-Thompson.

SIXTH PRIZE—"Trail of a Sand Hill Stag," by Ernest Seton-Thompson.

All of the above books may be seen in the windows of the Goldsmith Book and Stationery company.

Tickets to be bought of O. A. BOYLE, of Rooms 1 and 2, Blitting block. All tickets unsold at noon February 8, to be returned and paid for. In the event of two or more persons selling the same number of tickets, prizes must be divided.

China at a Bargain

- One Haviland, Dec., 100-piece Sett, \$4500
One Haviland, Dec., 100-piece Sett, \$4000
One Puyat, Dec., 100-piece Sett, \$2500
One Austrian, Dec., 100-piece Sett, \$2000
Ten Semi-Porcelain, 100-piece Setts, \$1250

J. E. Caldwell's

130 NORTH MAIN.

RIPANS

I was miserable from head to foot and had no ambition, no appetite. My stomach and liver were in bad condition. I would have smothering spells of my heart. I received no relief until I began taking Ripans Tablets and then relief was wonderful.

AT DRUGGISTS. The Five-Cent Package is enough for an ordinary occasion. The Family Bottle, sixty cents, contains a supply for a year.

The members of the Keweenaw Woman's Club, at a recent meeting, started a movement to attract young ladies to the society. The club members have agreed to make their club's office attractive to the ladies, and for this purpose food and water will be set out for them, and small presents will be given for their protection.

The doctors are that illness, of the worst kind, can be treated by the use of Ripans. It was a friend in the days when times were hard, and in western Oklahoma when a friend was the shadow of a great work in a day.

Some women lay up because they lack purity in the body also.