

The Wichita Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, EDITOR.

LACKING IN BREADTH AND ALSO DEPTH.

Before the Kansas Republicans had given much or any thought about who would probably be Senator Harris' successor, before public sentiment had even started to crystallize on that question, Topeka had already settled the matter for the balance of the state.

Mr. Curtis is a very cute and very active little gentleman, true to his town and to his little crowd, but not big enough to take in all Kansas, or to comprehend its status and needs as a whole.

THE PACIFIC END OF THE ORIENT.

Is Port Stillwell destined to become the chief port of the Pacific coast of Mexico? A report of one of the chief engineers for that road so states, "Modern Mexico," an illustrated monthly magazine, published in the City of Mexico, in the July number contains an illustrated article on the Pacific end of Mr. Stillwell's road.

A colonist of Port Stillwell, writing of the timber available near the harbor, says: "We are having tables made for the dining-hall of a most beautiful Spanish cedar, which takes a polish like glass.

Whenever Bryan approaches a house to call these days a good many blinds come down and a good many doors go shut. Georgia the other day refused to put him in the Democratic platform.

Mr. Alvin J. Wilber, one of the representative men of the colony, settled on the "Mochis Farm" in Sonora, writes: "Port Stillwell is the natural cen-

ter of a region, 3,000 miles square, having more varied resources and productions than the United States can show in equal area. It can produce enough to feed the people of the United States and has a population about that of Colorado; has turned out more silver than Nevada or Colorado, and has more yet in sight than they; has mountains of gold, to use the excited language of our pioneers; has stone, iron, lime, coal, copper and all minerals; has great forests of pine and rare hardwoods."

HOW THE EAST TWISTS A STORY

The Rochester Democrat editorially furnishes a brilliant instance of how badly the east can twist a story. Recently the Eagle published a local story of a search warrant for an umbrella which all its readers will remember. Here is the preposterous story printed in New York.

Here is a story which indicates that Kansas, although saturated with prosperity, is not educated up to the usages of high society. In Wichita a wealthy lady gave a large party. After the guests were gone she missed her best umbrella. Desiring to get it back, she swore out search warrants on all the persons who had been present at the party and a constable visited the premises of each and every one of them on a hunt for the umbrella.

WHAT IS THE MONROE DOCTRINE?

The interminable discussion both of the history and meaning of the Monroe doctrine affords sufficient indication that it is a policy that is capable of great latitude of construction according to varying circumstances. Originally the doctrine was nothing more nor less than a notification to the Holy Alliance that the United States would not submit to any attempt to establish monarchical institutions on this hemisphere.

That George Canning, the celebrated British Minister, believed he had a large share in the Monroe doctrine was shown by his rather proud boast in the House of Commons: "I have established a new world to redress the balance of the old."

GAME IN INDIAN TERRITORY

Indian Territory, so long the paradise of the pot-hunter, will be put under a stringent game law if the Senate bill for fish and game protection in that region shall be approved in the House.

America is becoming a bogey-man to the world. After the eruption at St. Pierre some newspaper man stuck up on the ruins a little American flag.

Dewey says he had to fire on Manila and kill a few people to satisfy the honor of the Spanish governor. The sentiment is general that it was unfortunate the Spanish governor general was not amongst the few people.

J. Brisbane Walker says that Edison, who has been talking about a wonderful new motor, is no longer a genius, but a fake. Edison is not a fake, but a good deal of smoke has been curling around his dreams.

One of the reasons King Edward recovered was because the physicians didn't name a future day for the crisis, and then when that day was reached, move the crisis forward a few days more.

The steel trust is said to be making a profit of \$13,000,000 a month. No wonder when J. Pierpont Morgan happens to miss a million out of his pocket he concludes he left it in his other pants.

Johnny Reiff has been suspended from the Paris track because he slapped a French jockey. Americans abroad cannot be too careful about imitating United States Senators.

The old story is up that Poe plagiarized "The Raven." There isn't anything in it. The poem is a collaboration. John Barleycorn supplied the nerves in the piece.

Mary McLane, the Montana freak, says that society women are mostly bow-legged. Mary, if she can't think of startling things, doesn't hesitate to invent them.

Even though the coronation didn't occur Edward, when he gets well, can wear that Panama hat of his own feel that it cost almost as much as the crown any way.

Old man Gomez will soon run through that \$25,000. And then he will bob up again and want the earth, with a quit claim deed from J. Pierpont Morgan.

After all the talk, Congress did not pass an anti-sharshack law. The fact is Congress doesn't believe that law can reach them.

Mme. Teresa Carreno, the greatest living woman pianist, has just married in Berlin a very brave man. He is her fifth husband.

Having been governed awhile the Filipinos rather like it and are hunting around for their consent.

The washerwomen of an Ohio town have formed a union. They are demanding a sixteen-hour day.

WHY SADIE QUIT MUSIC.

The Quinns lived in Loom street, and were very proud of their daughter Sadie, because she worked in a department store and had "style." Most of the other grown girls of the neighborhood were employed in "shop and plan, article, plan, clerical and garden truck in their Sunday hats. Sadie, on the contrary, eschewed all tawdry imitations and made a point of "simplicity."

Sadie Quinn had a lead pencil in her hand at the store all day, and she was glad to discard it each evening and aim higher. Not having as yet hit upon any particular social excellence or affection to "aim" at, she just did her best at "general results." She got a regard with a higher collar than anybody's. She wore fuchs and had extension soles on her "boots." She called them "boots" every three months she changed, and was glad when she read in the Ladies' Froisside Guide that frockies were fashionable and "hips" de trop. She had the former and lacked the latter. And yet, in spite of all these advantages, Sadie was dimly conscious that she was "an immature cipher" when it came to scoring with the men.

In the meantime she wasn't much help to her mother, who was a Mrs. Quinn, and who had a management to the corner storekeeper, was announced Miss Quinn couldn't make up her mind whether to wear her old oxidized silver belt and give the bride a present, or buy a new bauble and get her mother to make an angel cake for the festivities.

It was then that a fortuitous thing happened. Jerry Quinn, who was an older over at the power house and Sadie's younger brother, brought home a stranger named Harry Blount, who said Jerry was "looking for board and board." Would Mrs. Quinn "board him?" She looked him over, needed the money, and thought that she would. But first she must consult Sadie. That young woman, being at the moment deeply absorbed in a paper-covered novel which she was holding "upside down," was sitting in a dark corner of the parlor, gazing over the prospective boarder, who, all unaware of her presence, sat abstractedly by the window, with his feet and hands lighting up his face, in a broad-shouldered, swarthy young fellow, with frank, dark eyes and a lot of oily black hair. He looked what Jerry said he was, a machinist.

"Excuse us a minute, Mr. Blount," said Mrs. Quinn, as she touched Sadie's shoulder and beckoned Jerry. They went out together in the back yard and sat upon the wash-bench to "talk it over." How much would he pay, would he carry his lunch, had he a steady job? These were the things Mrs. Quinn wanted to know. Did you know, does he think he can keep a boarding-house and where "did he usta live?" were the questions Sadie asked. But Jerry answered them all satisfactorily, and Harry Blount was quickly advised that he might come. Before 8 o'clock he had brought his old leather trunk, a paper telescope, and to Miss Quinn's great joy—a guitar case. They helped him to place his stuff in the second story front room, and when he was alone, he closed the door and sat on the stairs to discuss with young Jerry, with frank, dark eyes and a lot of oily black hair. He looked what Jerry said he was, a machinist.

"Fraise God," whispered Mrs. Quinn, opening the door. "It's the Kerry dances." And now his voice, a light, melodious and tender tenor, was added to the music of the instrument. Sadie went out into the front yard, but she was back in a moment with "He's playing in the dark." Officer Casey, who had walked that beat for four years, dropped in next to ask, "Who the devil it was playin' the fiddle?" And thereafter, every evening, always in the dark, Harry Blount, the machinist, played the guitar and sang, and it came to pass that everybody was glad they knew the Quinns because no such music as their boarder made had ever been heard in Loom street. It was then that Miss Sadie, quite captivated with Jerry, decided to "take piano" from Miss Kelly, the music teacher. But Blount was not so easily won over by the insidious diplomacy of Miss Sadie. Neither awkward nor bashful he would never consent to play "before" anybody. Friendly to a degree, silent without gaucherie, confident with boldness he would do anything to please the Quinns except play "before" them.

One night when they had urged him over-much he said: "All right, but you must put out the light." And then, in the dark, sitting near them in the parlor, he played and sang on the guitar, and his voice was quite good. But he had betrayed his secret, and Sadie, eager for a glimpse into the fastnesses of his very soul, set about finding him out. Miss McAtee, at whose house Harry had boarded, and who had reasons of her own for disclosing the facts, told Sadie all she wanted to know.

"I seen him practicing one night," said Miss McAtee. "He was studying some opera by note, and he had to have a light. Oh, yes, he plays by note, and he learned himself, too. Well, you can see him." He asked him to come out and arrange his legs together, and he opens his mouth, and makes faces, and looks like he was a-going to have a fit. It gave me the horrors just a-looking at him, and I never want to hear him play again. Funny, ain't it? He ain't such a bad looking feller, either, only when he's a-playin' the guitar.

That was enough for Sadie. She had now a grip on Harry, and she meant to use it if necessary. Meanwhile she was yearning for the day when she, on the piano, and he, at the guitar, would play together. She began to attend concerts, the comic opera, and carried her roll of music with her every day to the store. But one night, having been detained the music-teacher did not come until after supper, and when she walked in Blount was in his room, as usual, playing the guitar.

"He plays well," whispered Miss Kelly, taking off her lace gloves, and sitting on the piano stool in the dark, "his voice is singularly true and sweet-sounding," and after listening silently to the serenade for a few minutes, the pianist's fingers began to stray mechanically over the keys. An obligato, faint and far at first, then gaining power and feeling as the singer sang on in the dark above her, came from the piano. When the piece was finished the teacher sighed, and said:

"I don't think I ever heard anyone—at least I never heard a man sing quite so—"

"Then Harry came in, and, being the stranger at the piano, said: "Oh! Excuse me! Was that you playing?" I thought it was Miss Quinn, perhaps, and I wanted to thank her." But Mrs. Quinn and Jerry, who had been sitting out in front listening to the little concert, came in and asked for more "duets," and Blount agreed. "If they would put out the light," to try a few more ballads with Miss Kelly's accompaniment. Miss Sadie, who was all this time consumed with a fierce and overmastering hatred for her teacher, turned pale-green as she saw the strange, fascinated manner in which Miss Kelly and Harry Blount regarded one another. The teacher was pretty and young. The young machinist stood by the piano, very close to the player-toe close, though Sadie, as she turned down the parlor lamp and set gazing her lip as he commenced to sing. But she did not hear the singing, as long as the malignant voice which sang in her ears, "Turn on the light! Turn on the light!" She fixed her eyes on the piano, and, how Miss Kelly, Harry, would appear to the fascinated teacher if he should appear of a sudden, contorted, grinning, "going into a fit," as Miss McAtee described him. He might stand on his head for all she, Miss Quinn cared. She loved him and he might twang the guitar with his toes without jarred her determination to adore him and to have him for her own. But Miss Kelly! The elegant, nurtured, "stuck-up" Miss Kelly! Why set turn up the light?

It was in the midst of the most telling passage of the "Origin of the Harp" when of a sudden the room was flooded with yellow light.

Sadie, reflecting terror, shrieked, "I felt a mouse!" but her eyes were on Harry. She saw a quick tremor pass over him as his big body straightened up. She saw his brutish face turn brown with furious color as he strove to conquer the spasmodic twitchings of his handsome features. But she felt like fainting when she heard him sing on, stronger, sweeter, better and his flashing eyes turned from her to the accompanist. And after Miss Kelly had sung a few minutes, she came up to play with Harry. Miss Sadie, vaguely remembered his having said something about "getting over his light shyness," and adding as he handed Miss Kelly out the door, that he believed he "could sing even in broad daylight with such an accompaniment."

And thereafter he sang and played oftener and better, but never in the dark. Sadie has "quit music" and gone in for ping-pong.

His Sympathetic Nature. (From the Philadelphia Press.) "Well, I'm glad this rag-time music is getting out of date," remarked the business man. "I'm sure it gave me indigestion."

"The orchestra at the restaurant where I took my lunch always played it, and I couldn't keep keeping time with my jaws."

FUN OF THE WORLD.

Representative Warnock of Ohio, was recently trying a case in which a woman was on the stand as a witness. "How old are you?" asked the attorney, who was questioning her. The woman hesitated. "Don't hesitate," suggested the lawyer, "the longer you hesitate the closer you will be."

The elder Gethorn was extremely sensitive to interruption of any sort. Seeing a man in the act of leaving his box during the delivery of one of the actor's best speeches, he shouted out: "Hi, you sir, do you know there is another act?" The offender was equal to the occasion, however. He turned to the actor, and answered, cheerfully: "Oh, yes—that's why I'm going."

The Pioneer tells a story of a rat which on one occasion was caught on a ship and thrown overboard. A seagull was floating by the side of the ship. Immediately there ensued a battle royal and the rat strangled the seagull to death. He then sat upon the carcass of the seagull, unforlited its left wing to catch the wind, and, working the right wing as an oar, set sail for the shore.

"After all, the other fellow's customs aren't so woefully absurd in comparison with our own, when we come to view them in the right place. A sailor, from an American ship, was watching a Chinaman placing a dish of rice by the grave of a departed friend. "When do you expect your friend to come out and eat that?" asked the sailor. "Some time your frim come out to smother flowers you puttas on your graves," answered the heathen Chinoo.

The Missouri papers are telling this story of Mark Twain's recent visit to that state. A crowd gathered at a railway station to meet him. A little boy knew that somebody was coming, but he did not know Mark Twain from Hossie Francis. This kid perched himself on top of a freight car, where he could see what happened. The train rolled in, and as Mark stepped off the people became excited, and shouted, "Here he is! Here he is! The kid on the box car thought that a great criminal had been caught, and shouted, "Get a rope! Get a rope!"

The patience of fishermen who really love the sport is the theme of many stories. One is told by a man who, traveling on foot through a part of England, came upon a solitary fisherman, who looked as if time and the world might pass away without disturbing his content. "Have you fished long in this stream?" asked the traveler. "Eighteen years," was the calm response. "Get many bites?" was the next question. "The fisherman scarcely turned his gaze from the red in his hands. "Five year ago in this very spot I had a fine bite," he answered hopefully.

A woman from some rural district of New England was taken to visit an art museum. In one of the rooms the attendant pointed out a collection of beautiful old vases dug up at Herculaneum. "What?" exclaimed the woman. "Dug up?" "Yes, ma'am." "What out of the ground?" "Yes, ma'am." "Just as they are now?" "Oh, they've been cleaned up a bit, but they were found about as you see them."

With an incredulous shake of the head, the woman turned to her companion and said in a whisper that was loud enough for the bystanders to hear: "He may say what he likes, I don't believe they ever dug up ready-made pots out of the ground."

They are telling a story in Washington about the new Secretary of the Navy, says the New York Commercial. Mr. Moody was riding on one of the Boston surface cars, and was standing on the platform on the side next the gate that protected passengers from cars coming on the other track. A woman—a Boston woman—came to the door of the car, as it stopped, started to move toward the gate, which was hidden from her by the man standing before it.

"Other side, please, lady," said the conductor. He was ignored as only a born and bred Bostonian can ignore a man. The woman took another step toward the gate. "You must get off the other side," said the conductor. "I wish to get off on this side," came the answer in tones that concealed the official into momentary silence. Before he could either explain or expostulate Mr. Moody came to his assistance.

"Stand to one side, gentlemen," he remarked, quietly; "the lady wants to climb over the gate."

"Have you ever had any experience in handling high-grade pottery?" asked the importer of an applicant for a job. "No, sir," replied the applicant "but I can do the work all right."

"Suppose," said the merchant, "you should accidentally wash a valuable vase, what would you do?" "I would put it together carefully," replied the job-seeker. "And set it where a wealthy customer would be sure to knock it to pieces again."

"Consider yourself engaged," said the merchant. "And now tell me where you got on to the trick of the trade." "A few short years ago," answered the other, "I was in the 'wealthy-customer class.'"

A bishop was traveling in a mining country and encountered an old Irishman turning a windlass which hauled up ore out of a shaft. It was his work to do this all day long. His hat was off and the sun poured down on his unprotected head. "Don't you know that the sun will injure your brain if you expose it in that manner?" said the good man. The Irishman wiped the sweat of his forehead and looked at the clergyman.

"Do you think I'd be doing this all day if I had any brains?" he said, and then gave the handle another turn.

Jealousy and Virtue—Two Prides. (From the San Francisco Bulletin.) There is a little jealousy in all persons, and especially in all women. It springs from deep love which always desires to be first in the affection of the one beloved. A lover, whether man or maid, who is not susceptible to occasional twinges of jealousy is not truly in love.

While jealousy, considered with reference to its origin, is not an ignoble emotion, it is frequently abused in its outbreaks. A father is sometimes upset with jealousy because he imagines that his wife loves the children more than she loves him. Mothers are frequently jealous of the husbands or wives of their daughters or sons. Wives become jealous of the sisters or mothers of their husbands. No one is immune against the little green hermit of jealousy.

Generally the tears or frowns of jealousy are swept away with a few kind words and a caress, but there are some unhappy persons whose jealousy is chronic and who make themselves ridiculous and annoying by their fits and storms of jealous passion. The jealousy of such persons is beyond reason. Indeed, it is a form of mania which begets every sort of violence.

Pride is the strongest controller of jealousy. The theologian reckons pride among the seven deadly sins, but as a virtuous act of pride is at the bottom of much of the meritorious action of the world. Pride is the root of most bravery, fortitude, courtesy, magnanimity, generosity, charity, perseverance, patience, longanimity, humility and industry. Pride is the essential spirit of thorough breeding, and in spite of being enumerated among the deadly sins, pride is not connected with torpor.

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

The statisticians are figuring that 30,000 votes will be cast in Oklahoma this fall. The Indian Territory has 26 pupils in the Territorial University at Norman. It will have five times that many five years hence.

The Democratic members are figuring that Mr. Hensley at El Reno has become sufficiently quiet for them to approach the crater and see what an earth is the matter. The Indians appear to have finally given up that misty dream about entering the Mexico in a body. They must have grasped the fact that the white folk were willing.

By August 10 the street car rails at Oklahoma City will be down and by September 1 the power house will be completed. The line will be in operation before election day. No one has been able to verify the story that Bill Cross once ran for Congress down in Arkansas. Bill himself isn't ordering the drays to bring up information on the point.

A Oklahoma City policeman guessed wrong and searched a citizen for a concealed weapon, which said citizen didn't have, and the policeman is being investigated by the council at the earnest solicitation of the citizen. The Populists of Nowg county having agreed to be swallowed by the Democrats, the fact strikes Leslie Nihilack like a great white light that those Populists "are to be commended for their broad and statesman like view of the political situation."

The Shawnee Herald charges that Bird McGuire is the "dynamic leader" of Dennis Flynn. There is nothing in this bold and bitter charge. Dennis Flynn had one of those things in a bag in his farm in Logan county, but it caught the cholera from the hogs and died. Three-fourths of the abundant shooting that takes place in the Indian Territory occurs in connection with dances. The territory appears to occasionally produce a man whose idea is that a man cannot fully enjoy the dizzy mazes of the dance until he is so full that the ball room floor tips up at both ends and bulges out in the middle.

This is the season of the year when the Oklahoma dandy who excuses himself while he goes into the next room to tie his shoe-strings, does not tie his shoe-strings and never intended to. On the contrary he sits and single-minded ambition is to scratch the daylight out of a chigger. In the University of Oklahoma there are 30 Methodists, 61 Methodists, south, 56 Baptists, 6 Presbyterians, 6 Christians, 4 Congregationalists, 6 Cumberland Presbyterians, 2 Episcopalians, 2 United Brethren, 2 Unitarians, 1 Catholic, 2 Friends, 1 Lutheran, and one of the Church of Christ, one of the evangelist church, one Dunkard, one Fatalist and 47 who have no church preference.

Here is a chance for Bill Cross to go to the rescue of a poor cow who is in trouble. Mr. Goodwin publishes this card in the Shawnee Herald: "I have taken up on my new place in the northwest part of town known as the Satterfield place, one reddish-brown cow, brown along the neck and sides and red on back, white spot in each flank and between forelegs. This piece of rope around her neck and had on rope halter."

The other day at Lawton Colonel Hawkins evenged a man named John Jones and the first thing Hawkins would to him was: "Now I warn you not to try to escape as you did from the Chickasaw officers. I know your record and you will get hurt if you try it." Then John Jones said: "Well, I don't know all officers shoot wild and look alike to me." With that Jones wrangled loose and sped away. But that isn't all there is to the story. Hawkins put a bullet into Hawkins's hip and stopped him.

The Elid Eagle has an item which shows that dining innovations do not pass over in legislation. A man appeared on the street three the other day and begged passersby for a nickel. Each, of course, asked him what he wanted the nickel for. A bright idea struck the man. He would tell the truth. He did not say that he wanted it to buy a sandwich, or to get medicine for his sick wife, or to purchase a cake of soap. Talking his roll firmly on the immortal truth he replied, "I want to buy a glass of beer." And not a soul would give him a nickel.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

Kansas has become so prosperous again that summer no longer occurs. It has a "heated term" which drives people to Colorado. "My opinion," said the corner arguer, "is that this whole Cuban respect controversy is a impost is a tea-pot." "You mean a sugar-bowl" put in a bystander.

One of the reasons the Kansas "what good" was both that it protected this project, that Kansas has learned to buckle a kicking strap over the hind end of her fractious expectations. A little item in a Kansas paper: "In last evening's paper we stated that cards were indiged in at Miss Murray's party. This was a bad mistake, the amusements being games and music."

In the town of Meade a young woman, Miss Laura Daniels, has set up in the business of making mourning-tennis-stones, and is prospering. This is another case where a woman has the last word. If there are any politicians beating to the lake on top of Mr. Anthony at this time who are particularly fond of Charles Curtis, they will wish their next salary and rest for the bottom of the Colorado. A man named Schwartz writes back to Billina from Nemo that off the Abakian coast the ship passed an iceberg which went to pieces with a crash while he was looking at it. The Kansas man, wherever you put him, is a warm article.

It has slipped up on them so many times, that this year in Kansas there will be farmers who will remark, "after the corn has thawed, silted, filled, matured, made 60 bushels to the acre, and is in the bin!" The corn crop may pass our pretty well.

Mrs. Nation has joined the "Kewee" circle in Chicago. And all who know Mrs. Nation will understand what has happened when some day the "Kewee" circle will have a few preliminary run-ins, spontaneously combusting out of all windows, doors and up through the chimney on top of Mr. Anthony at this time who are particularly fond of Charles Curtis, they will wish their next salary and rest for the bottom of the Colorado.

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