Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

KANSAS MILLERS ON RECIPROCITY.

Kansas millers have the reciprocity idea figured out in a practical way. The question before them at their conference this week in Topeka was how will President Roosevelt's Reciprocity effect the wheat, flour and milling-interests of Kansas. They had all figured it out in advance and all were ready with an answer, and all had the same answer. The Kansas Millers association stands unanimous for Cuban Reciprocity. This action of the Kansas millers, who are Pops, Democrats and Republicans, constitutes another pointer that President Roosevelt was right when upon the defeat of the measure by the Senate he declared that "Reciprocity with Cuba is as sure as fate." The association resolved a prayer asking Congress to pass a bill reducing the tariffs between the island and the United States. More and more it is growing evident that without reference to the contention of the Beet Sugar Trust, or the Cane Sugar Combine, that the country without regard to party is with Roosevelt in his resolve to redeem McKinley's promise, not only as a matter of good faith, but as the righteous thing to do, and as being politically the wisest, and as the Kansas millers aver, financially the most profitable.

Touching the interest of Kansas in the matter it is the same as that of her wheat growers and millers. Kansas produces an immense surplus of wheat and flour and Cuba is near by, comparatively. As the Kansas City Journal succinctly observes there is no country in the world that can come to the United States and compete with either our flour or our wheat. The problem of the millers is not to keep out foreign competition, but to get a fair chance at the markets of the world. The transportation companies have made much cheaper rates on wheat than on flour. A number of countries which admit our wheat free have a tariff on our flour. If it were not for the higher transportation rates and the tariffs, American flour could go into every market of Europe and compete on a profitable basis. But no European country can send flour to the United States and compete with the home product. The millers have no more need of protection against foreign flour than Germany would have for protection against our sugar.

The millers need reciprocity in their business. They want the foreign tariffs taken off their product. Under our former reciprocal arrangements with Cuba our exports on breadstuffs to the island increased from $874,000 in 1891 to $3,512,000 in 1893. During the same period our exports of breadstuffs to nearly every country fell off. It is estimated that the demand of Cuba for breadstuffs will exceed $25,000,000 in a very few years. The Kansas millers are shrewd enough to see this point, and they adopted a ringing resolution in favor of Cuban reciprocity.

THE KANSAS CLAIM AND IRRIGATION.

It may be that the late action of Congress looking to the irrigation of the arid regions of the West on a large scale and in a systematic way may in a measure have some bearing on Kansas' water right suit against Colorado now pending in the United States Supreme Court, and for which case the attorney general of Kansas is now taking evidence. As to the profitableness and practicability of irrigation in a general way, and which humanity has utilized since the dawn of civilization, some writer says that those who look forward to the control of the great rivers of America and the use of funds supplied by the government for that purpose point to the fact that England has spent about $30,000,000 on the new Nile dams and other works for controlling the great Egyptian river and making certain the crops of the valley below, and that she has invested the sum of $380,000,000 for irrigation purposes in India during the last thirty years. A single canal from the Ganges cost $15,000,000; it has a total length, including tributaries and drainage cuts, of 2,910 miles, and irrigates over 1,000,000 acres of land. These works in India, costly and stupendous as they have been, are regarded by the English as a profitable investment. There are 6,000,000 acres of land under cultivation in the valley of the Nile, supporting a population of over 5,000,000 people. Mr. Elwood Mead, an irrigation expert of the United States government, estimates that the Missouri river and its tributaries, if properly controlled, will irrigate five times as much territory, furnishing an opportunity for the expansion of surplus population that will last the American people for a long time to come. No, these Westerners do not believe in the necessity of foreign islands as an outlet for American colonization; they point rather to their own expanses of unclaimed, cheap, rich land in a climate that is nearly perfect.

THAT FUNNY DEMOCRATIC HAPPENING.

The Republican editors of the country will have a two or three days' run of fun over that incident in the Democratic state judicial convention, being held at Springfield, Missouri, last Wednesday. Some delegate spreading himself in a supposedly impressive speech accidentally, or rather in the absence of due reflection, mentioned the name of Roosevelt. Without stopping to think of results, the convention broke forth in a spontaneous cheer. The look of guilt and dismay that swiftly mantled each face as its owner fully realized what he had done was thoroughly enjoyed by the onlookers. Think of such a happening in a Democratic convention in the state of Missouri, where an admission of any possible good in the Republican party is low down treason. However the truth is that Roosevelt's manly honesty and vigorous veracity is winning the admiration and even the commendation of many Democrats as well as Populists. By this sign given out at Springfield there is evident hope for even Missouri Democracy.

FIRST NOW IN MOST IMPORTANT THINGS.

The people of Europe seem to have realized that the United States of America had become the greatest nation on earth sooner than the American himself. From twenty states with a population of 3,929,827 to forty-four states with a population of 76,303,387 not counting Indian possessions is a marvelous leap in 100 years.

The growth of our cities has more than kept pace with the enormous increase of the whole country. Of the ten largest cities in the world three of them are within the confines of the United States. New York ranks second, Chicago fifth and Philadelphia ninth among all the municipalities of the earth.

The total population of these three cities exceeds by more than a million the total population of the twenty states that comprised this nation at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Adequately to realize the magnitude of the figures representing the growth of the country requires more than a superficial glance. In fact, they are worthy of the deepest consideration.

Do you realize the true interpretation of these figures? It means that millions of people, chafing under the restraint imposed upon them by monarchial laws, ambitious to better their conditions in life, resolved to go forth to a land where freedom, in all that the word implied, awaited them. The exodus of emigrants was confined to no one country of Europe. Theirs was the courage of the Spartans, for it required brave hearts and true fearlessness to sever all ties of kinship and home, to brave the sea and venture a residence in distant parts of America where settlers were few and far between.

While some of our early statesmen foresaw a glorious nation, few, perhaps, ever dreamed that the beginning of the twentieth century would see the United States first in agriculture, in banking, in commerce, in railroading, in manufacturing and several other pursuits.

LIKE FATHER, UNLIKE SON.

The Lancet, the well known English medical weekly, has been inquiring into the question of the transmission of genius from father to son and has found that the sons of great poets are generally dull dogs. Poetic fervor is evidently a spiritual flame that burns itself out in the generation wherein it is kindled. Indeed, it often seems to burn out the very aptitude for paternity, remarks a Harper's Weekly writer; or is it that the poet is generally too poor to permit himself the delight of fatherhood? However it may be, many eminent English poets can never be accused of having "dull dogs" of sons, because they never had any sons at all. Cowley, Butler, Otway, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Phillips, Savage, Thomson, Collins, Shenstone, Akenside, Goldsmith, Grey, Johnson and Keats all died without leaving offspring, and Pope, Swift, Watts and Cowper were never married. Dryden's, Addison's and Parnell's descendants did not pass into the second generation, and the descendants of Shakespeare and Milton became extinct in the second and third generations. Sir Walter Scott's baronetcy expired with his son.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

Dr. Andrew M. Fairbairn's new book on "The Philosophy of the Christian Religion is divided into two main divisions, (1) the Questions in the Philosophy of Nature and Mind which Affect Belief in the Supernatural Person; (2) the Person of Christ and the Making of the Christian Religion. This latter section is again divided into three, on The Founder as an historical person, or Jesus as He appears in the Snoptic Gospels; The creation of the Christian Religion by the interpretation of the person of Christ and the Ideal of Religion. Dr. Fairbairn is of Mansfield college, Oxford, and he may fairly be acaid to be the leading theologian in England outside the Established Church. He believes that no religion can be known in its sacred books alone, or simply through its speculative thinkers and religious reformers; and of all religions the one that these can least interpret is the encyclopaedic aggregation of cults and customs we know as Hinduism. Hence Dr. Fairbairn realizes the force of custom and usage, of social convention and religious observance, the didactic and coercive power of a worship which can command obedience where its value is doubted, or even where it is denied and despised. He sees in Hinduism a religion which had an innumerable multitude of deities and an indescribable variety of worships, which had grown out of a simple and primitive naturalism that had no knowledge of these gods and rites, which had hosts of reformers who had yet only added to the mythologies and cults they had set out to purge and reform, and which still amid so many changes was conceived and described as one religion, and as continuous with that of the ancient Aryan men.

LITTLEFIELD EQUIPPED FOR A FIGHT.

"The truth is," says the New York Evening Post, "as a careful study of the Trust bill show, that animal may be called an estivating instead of a hibernating species. It sleeps peacefull the summer through, caring not for the loud cries of its assailants on stump or platform. But when the winter comes, with an actual bill in Congress, like Mr. Littlefield's of this year, then it napperts all teeth and claws, and by the time the Trust gets through with that bill, its own father would not recognize it." Mr. Littlefield is an able Congressman. He had not been in harness a whole session before he demonstrated to the members of the Committee on Ways and Means that he knew more than the did. He is a man of strong and independent convictions, and with the ability to enforce them without getting read out of his party. Good lawyer, too. He would seem to be just the man to "tackle" the trusts.

"JUST AS SURE AS FATE."

If anyone imagined that the war between the Beet Sugar faction and the administration—the latter backed by a majority of the Republicans in Kansas and apparently by an overwhelming majority of the Republican masses and the party press—would end or begin to die away upon the adjournment of Congress, the name of that credulous person must be written into the list of those who "imagine a vain thing." Instead of substiding that war, "now truly thundering, awaits the gale." Mark Hanna was a true prophet when he said in the Senate last Monday: "My opinion is that we shall hear from the people in unmistakable terms. It is the policy of the administration today, as it would have been of Mr. McKinley had he lived, to treat Cuba as a ward and friend."—Washington Post.

THE WORK OF THE BILLION DOLLAR SESSION.

Apart from the regular annual appropriations for the support of th government, the actual and practical legislative accomplishment of the session just ended may be summed up in the reciprocity bill, the Philippine Tariff bill, the bill for civil government of the Islands on the British and Dutch (islands) plan, the Anti-Oleomargarine bill, the Permanent Census Bureau bill, the renewal of the Chinese Exclusion laws and the repeal of the Spanish War taxes. As for the Nicaragua canal project and the Irrigation bill, they both belong in about equal degree to the program of the two political parties. The repeal of the Spanish War taxes was made under public pressure when it could be no longer delayed.

IMPORTANT TO KANSAS HOUSE OWNERS.

The Supreme Court of this state has rendered a very important insurance decision. The Court holds that where an insurance policy does not provide for a reference and the policy becomes void when a house is vacated and a subsequent clause does not validate the policy and then if the house should burn down after it has been unoccupied the assured cannot recover on the policy. In other words, to make a policy hold good there must be a vacancy permit attached to it at the time it is vacated.

SHE DID NOT LIKE DOGS.

Being a dog, Roger asked no questions of the man who had brought him from the city to this white, vine-streaked villa by the forest river. He was a city dog, but, after all, his home was and must be the man's home. The man had raised him from puppyhood, had nourished and caressed him, loved him, talked to him, made of him a companion and confidante. Therefore, he had been content, happy, proud, to sit with him in the creaking, rushing, swaying train which brought them into the woods, to follow through the dust, between the wind-shaken trees, the carriage that had carried him and his bags to the white hotel that sat looking down from the thicket on the hill upon the murmuring, green waters of the river.

And the days which followed were glorious, undreamed of days for Roger, because he spent them hunting in wild, vine-hidden places, or sitting by the man as he fished in the swift running waters, or lounging about the house, where there were no other dogs. But at last one night, when the moon was coming over the trees, he saw the man come down the stairs with a girl and followed them, but the girl, who was very beautiful, screamed when she saw Roger following close at her heels, and the man, with anger in his voice—a new note that hurt the dog—shouted:

"Go back, you rascal! Go back!"

And as Roger stopped, his tail slinking and his head very low, the man picked up a clod and struck him as that Roger sneaked away a few paces into the shadows, and then, unseen himself, followed the man and the girl as they wandered away to a moonlit knoll above the water and sat whispering there unaware of the two loud eyes watching them from a dark copse in the timber.

But Roger was glad again the next morning, for the man struck him as if to make amends, and he followed his master about all morning, charging through the long grass before him, circling about through the woods, barking at the killdees, darting at grasshoppers and shouting furiously at the strange, shining, leaping creatures that the man lifted from the water at the end of a long, thin string.

But in the afternoon the man and the girl walked out again together, and Roger was scolded again and driven off with a stick. Her blue eyes darted at him as if he were some wild beast, and her pretty lips did not smile till he had crawled away under the lattice of the veranda. Watching through the stems of the trees, he saw them walking toward the river, and when they had mounted the skiff and the man had lifted the girl into the cushioned seat astern, Roger came skulking out of the hedges, pleading with his eyes and promising to be a good dog if they would but take him—riding on the swift, shining water. But the girl gave a sharp little screech, and the man yelled:

"Go back, you rascally cur!"

They pushed their boat away into the current, the man at the oars, and the girl, laughing now, and trailing her white hands in the water, sitting opposite. Roger, crouching and pouting, ran along the marsh of the river, watching his master till the boat swung in at the opposite shore, where a row of tiny, white closets peered from among the willows. Into them went the man and the girl, and presently came back to the water's edge, their white limbs gleaming in the sunlight, their faces radiant with happiness, their laughter ringing across the river more musical than the voices of wind and water. Roger saw them go hand-in-hand into the shallows along the bar, dashing the water into fountains, plunging like great fishes, disappearing, shouting, playing. At last the girl went slowly back to the little dressing room and the man struck boldly out into the stream. Roger saw him coming and barked a welcome. He thought his master was coming across and his dog's heart was singing again that the man only screamed as if in anger or pain, and sank deeper into the water till Roger could only see the dim flash of his long arms and legs beneath the surface of the rushing river. And he ran again along the shore watching his master sweep away by the waters till at last he could see nothing but the green and yellow ribbons of the deeps, running like a mill race that, secret, crouching and purring, snarling among the rocks like some great cat jealous of its prey.

Roger stopped and waited, but the man did not come up out of the water. The sun swung low above the western hills and the blue cranes came skimming from the darkening east, but Roger sat and watched alone by the river and wondered. Then through the darkness he saw men with lanterns and long poles in their hands come down the river in boats, trailing ropes through the water and murmuring mysteriously among themselves. Roger did not understand, but he felt the pressure of some incomprehensible horror, and, howling as he went, he wandered back to the white villa on the hill. There, under a beech near the veranda, he found the man's garments, his cap, his shoes, and about them, muttering, a group of men and women. But the girl was in the parlor, her pretty face quite pale, her blue eyes very bright, telling some story in which his name, the man's name, came very often. But presently all of them, men and women, wandered away by twos and threes, in groups, and the girl walked out into the garden with a strange young man. Roger saw them, arm in arm, go slowly into the arbor, and then a song their voices singing a merry ballad, and their laughter made him believe that, after all, perhaps all was well and that his master, would soon come back singing and laughing.

Then he saw the torches come like a sad procession up from the river, and, going to meet them, saw the man pale now and very silent, lying on a great plank, his long arms trailing the grass. Roger slipped in between them and barked for joy, but there was no sign of recognition from the man though the few times the girl, dropping hands with someone, kicked him away.

Roger was puzzled by this queer transformation of the man who had been always so splendidly alive. "Go back, you rascal!" and the harsh words and curts of the past few days were no longer a mystery. Roger knew somehow that these were but the words and the deeds of the girl snarled spoken by the man. The man he did not understand, but the crime was plain enough. She did not like dogs. Roger would have only met a kick or a curse now, but this merciless vengeance that utter silence, that sleep in the cold, of humanity and environment, that great silken scorn of the girl as she stood above the man stretching with scared and sick unbelieving eyes! What had made the man do this thing?

The next day they took the man away, but Mr. Bill and old Roger, though he followed them to the door. They would not let him into the train, and he ran back again, and when he saw the girl looking at the girl who laughed and sang as Roger could when Master was by. When they drove like crazy and he knew that there was no answer to his problem, he dashed down the river to the place where the crowd had been, the crowd that had carried the man, and, jumping in confusion, sniffed down among the bare spaces from many strangers and villagers.

The man about the woods and fields of the countryside in the autumn thought he saw a tall figure, standing like a boy, at play. Across the meadows all day in the cool, cool woods, from where he could hear the sleep of voices stirring in the white villa on the hill opposite. He heard even the laughter, but the girl's voice—ringing and so far away—and again saw the current, just as the man had done, swirl and as the skiff had crept, was seen many times. Coming, during the hours, beckoning and pleading that he was endeavoring to take away from the girl and from the man whom he neither understood nor feared.

Rules for Summer Resorts.

Impromptu dinner for three—Invite a friend.

Charming wife out for permission to use the family car—Don't.

Young daughter should accept the head waiter and all the bell boys in town in advance.—Life.

HOOLIGAN OF ALL NATIONS.

(From the London Globe.)

The origin of the term "Hooligan," used by the contemporary press, and now apparently firmly established as a convenient nickname for rowdyism and ruffianism on the part of youths and young men, is wrapped in obscurity, though various explanations are forthcoming. One account states it to be derived from the blundering of a policeman in describing a gang of juvenile delinquents and their leader, "Hooley's gang," while another traces its origin to the antics of a pair of knockabout artists, the Brothers Hooligan, who several years ago had a great vogue at the low-class music halls. There is yet another and more plausible theory of its being originated with a song which was widely popular with the Australian "larrikins," and of which the first verse run as follows:

"There's a family living near us—
The Hooligans
Always in some terrible fuss—
The Hooligans.
Never known to tell a lie,
They'd sneak yer teeth and say 'good-by.'
They could drink the Carlton brewery dry
Could the Hooligans."

Then comes a rowdy, rousing chorus:

"Yah! the Hooligans,
Yarro-h! the Hooligans,
They are never quiet, no,
Always in some riot, so,
Yah! the Hooligans, etc."

Very possibly, however, "Hooligan" is only a corruption of the term "hoodlum," likewise a word of no definite derivation, which originated in California in the early '70s, in the slang of the ruffians themselves, and was applied to describe the young desperadoes of San Francisco, who were ready at any moment for the perpetration of any crime.

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Social scientists have reassured us with the statement that London Hooliganism has no criminal basis, but is a synonym for "animal spirits misdirected," which could and should be directed into proper channels. This is good news for those who are acquainted with the methods adopted by the "hoodlums" of California, the "Larrikins" of Australia," the "Bowery toughs" of New York and the nameless gangs of young youths who haunt the suburbs of Paris after nightfall, with all of which our Hooligans are often described as synonymous. The California "hoodlum" was a criminal pure and simple, who did not hesitate to make use of the pistol or knife when carrying out highway robbery. The authorities practically killed the species some years ago. The Australian "Larrikins," however, are quite another tribe, divided into distinct groups, though promotion from one to the other follows in the natural course of events. First, they are the "Larrikins," who are merely street roughs, and only partially organized in gangs, like our Hooligans; second, there are the "Push Larrikins"—the term "push" signifying a gang—who constitute regular secret societies. A gentleman who acted as solicitor to a "push" has enlightened us in the pages of Blackwood's Magazine about the methods pursued by these unscrupulous, well-organized, semi-criminal associations, which are said to be a relic of the old bitter convict spirit which originally sought expression in the formation of bushranger gangs.

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Primarily the object of a push is to seek for amusement; it has its clubhouse where the members meet and dance, and in the summer its organizes picnics. The members of a push are not occasional criminals, for the majority earn their livelihood honestly enough, but it is a sine qua non that they may do just what they please, and if their animal spirits bring them into antagonism with the law, so much the worse for the law—witnesses will be terrorized, magistrate threatened, eminent criminal barristers engaged to defend, and the police officers responsible for the arrest or prosecution waylaid and assaulted, perhaps killed. Every push is governed by a "king," who is generally an individual of some position, a prosperous tradesman or publican, and five councillors. The "king," who is also the society's treasurer, is judge of all push offenses and awarder of penalties. First, the offender is stripped and unmercifully thrashed with the "rock," which is a stockinge filled with wet sand; second, he is waylaid some dark night and silently hacked to death by twenty members, including seven recruits, thus the whole twenty are equally rendered guilty of murder. The police are sworn enemies to the pushes, but to this day they are entirely ignorant of the interior organization of these societies, despite the efforts of specially imported detectives. Every large Australian town possesses several pushes, between which latter rivalry exists, and often comes to a head in pitched battles with sticks and stones. Some of the push's are of considerable antiquity—for example, the "Rocks" push, the oldest and most formidable gang, was founded as far back as 1841. All male youths above 17 who live in a push district are eligible of election. On public holidays the pushes affect an attire rather like the London coster or that of the stage cowboy.

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Like the pushes, the "Bowery Toughs" of New York keep up the fashion of a social club. But the toughs do not work. By day they loaf in the corner groceries and at night frequent the scene of the in wait for the play regulars. However, the last thing a tough will admit is that he is a thief. He dwelling his calling with the precision of a gambling. He does not steal, he "rounds" your money or your watch, and on the police returns he is a "speculator." By the aid of collusive enterprising saloon-keeper who has the temerity to refuse to chip in will have his store wrecked the first dark night—the toughs have their summer picnics on the Hudson or the Sound, and their balls in winter. The most notorious of these gangs are the "Montgomery Guards," the "Kitchen Gang," the "Hog Gang" and the "Gopher Gang," but there are scores of others. The Paris Hooligan is a particularly notorious person, both morally and physically. He is to be distinguished by a cigarette, which he carries behind the ear when he is not smoking, by a greasy silk, a striped jersey and bell-bottomed trousers. His weapons are the revolver and the knife. While they lead an adventurous life, they are not the dangerous characters for the states of Italy the Hooligans were left in peace but now that the assassins have turned their attention upon the Hooligans, the Hooligans are starting out on regular battle.

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Slang Candy.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

"It takes a vigorous and determined person to stay down town of a rainy three days," remarked a man who likes to study the ways of the time. "We have slang now—fine, strong, snappy, slang poetry, slang music, slang plays and slang art of various kinds.

"The latest slang contribution, how ever, is slang candy. Haven't you seen it? It is on sale at many candy stores. It is in the form of little candy sticks, the original diameter of toothpicks, and many flavors, sweetened with peppermint, sassafras, pineapple, etc. They are a very great favorite, I hear. Boys chew and suck it. We used to pass them around amongst ourselves when I was young and much bashfulness. But candy forever now was a thing we indulged in on occasions of such simple origin.

"The pink and white candy lozenges of the present day, however, is a degenerate. It is much smaller in size, although still wrapped, and the phrases stamped on the surface are from the slightly of another character of the younger people. The words you read now are the slang phrases you hear. Different ones, of course, are in vogue in different cities. My kind girl, the sweetest, purest, most, 'Dude,' 'Kid Lindy,' 'Gee whiz,' 'Dat's de ticket,' 'Dat's de Cousin Jimmy,' 'Dat's de Mark Twain,' 'Dat's de Dinkelspiel,' 'Dat's de Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' 'Dat's de Sherlock Holmes,' 'Dat's de Dr. Nansen,' 'Dat's de Dr. Cook,' 'Dat's de Dr. Dorian,' 'Dat's de Dr. Dorian,' 'Dat's de Dr. Dorian