The Wichita Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, EDITOR.

A CLEAR TRACK AND ROCK BALLASTED.

In affording a glimpse of the ways of a city's growth, Wichita, with her long lead of increased population over other Kansas points, gives, as a type, interesting material for study. Within the past fifteen years southern and western Kansas, and Oklahoma have produced an element, large enough almost for a class, of town-builders. The world over towns have grown, from the natural causes of proximity to raw material for manufacture, from the concentration of population in crowded districts, from harbor advantages, from the necessity of centrally located distributing points, and on the frontier the necessity of outfitting points. But the Kansas town-builder and his product the Oklahoma town-builder has been, not a man to choose from likely cities of assured growth, but a prophet whose pride was to select from the raw prairie an incomparable site and whose life's joy was to develop his city. Citycraft became something of science. As the town-builder gathered a group about him, as small victories were won and great obstacles overcome, the affection developed for the embryo metropolis, was one of the mighty things of this western country In western Kansas men fought for it, warred for a huddle of unpainted shacks which made up their town, the apple of their eye. No Kansas town ever won except through running the gauntlet of relentless rivalry. Towns have given their half to get their first railroad, and half of what was left to get their second. The first railroad was secured to keep a rival from securing it, the second to save the town from the monopoly of the first, the third to hold the other two level, and, if a fourth, the fourth, with the hope of breaking up the pooling arrangement of the other three. There is a distracting history in this succession. In almost all cases the second railroad ruined the profitable wagon-trade and business waned. The third may have caused an influx of population, which the town's development did not warrant, and brought on a relapse; the fourth a boom in realty values which brought on a collapse.

But the town which never got its first railroad died; the town that never got its second stopped in growth; the town that never got its third, let the rival who secured it, outstrip it in the race.

There must come a time in the life of every growing place when values, based on anticipation, will deflate. It is an hour of travail and affliction. The lurch to ruin is violent and maddening. But it is in the making of a city, and if there is no surrender of faith, if the town-builders mount on the ruin of things, to reach for other advantages, recovery slowly comes. The upgrade is over calumny, the conservatism of fear and dead faith.

But the recovery is permanent, when it comes; the formative period developed all the perils and inflicted all the penalties. Today Wichita has reached the top of the long, hard grade and is on level country. Her rapidly growing population, her thickening industries, her place, first and foremost in the southwest, her undiminished courage, the recognition of her importance by the great lines of transportation are evidence, not only of this, but also promise that the track ahead is clear and rock-ballasted.

CRADDOCK AND HIS CURE-ALL TRICKS.

The art and artfulness so far manifested by the Honorable Bill Craddock, the nocturnal citizen of Kansas, who is running for governor of the state, impresses one, as the campaign progresses, with the fact, or at least with the thought, that all the best talent has not been discovered or gobbled up by the cure-all patent medicine companies. He has a knack of playing on subjective minds that would do credit to Flint the hypnotist and a way of prescribing a cure for body politic ills that would be worth a fortune to the gentleman who writes idyllic testimonials for Swamp-Root. He says, and says it quite often, that if he is elected governor of Kansas he will cut the taxes of the citizen "in two in the middle" the very first year he is at the helm of state, leaving the impression, of course, that he will wipe out taxation altogether during the second year of his reign. The plan is to make the railroads pay half the taxes; his plan for the second year is, probably, to make the railroads pay all the taxes. This argument has a wonderful influence over the fellow who doesn't pay any taxes, but the fellow who does pay taxes and who, by reason thereof, understands the problem, is not swallowing it. He realizes that the railroads, through the courts, would have something to say concerning this plan of running a state at the expense of one class of property.

Mr. Craddock, like all gentlemen who understand the value of buncomb knows that its nature is weak before controversal argument and when Willis J. Bailey invited him to hold a joint discussion on the subject he very wisely declined. He didn't decline because he was necessarily cowardly but because he was very foxy; for he knows full well that when Bailey or any other man would throw the light of reason upon his theories he could not maintain them or a moment before a Kansas audience.

It is sometimes hard for us to believe that Craddock understands the powers and duties of the office to which he aspires. He seems to think, judging from the way he talks, that he has something to do with the assessment of the property of corporatins. As mayor of Kansas City, Kansas, practically the only place in the state where the evasion of taxation by corporations is flagrant, he ought to know from experience what little influence the governor of the state has compared with the board of county commissioners. Leedy, when he was governor, tried to interfere in the matter of the evasion of taxation by certain packing houses at Kansas City and was laughed at by every sensible man in the state who understood the situation.

Mr. Craddock is giving the people of Kansas some very hot air.

WORK FOR THE SCHOOLS.

There is work for the schools to do, as the census bureau's latest report shows. And, surprising to relate, it is not in the big cities where foreigners congregate, so much as it is over the country.

It appears that in cities of 25,000 or more population there were about about six men of voting age out of every 100 who could not read or write. In the cities of that class are concentrated most of the foreigners in the United States, who have come across the Atlantic recently and are least Americanized. Indeed, the proportion of foreign-born to native-born inhabitants is very much greater in the large centers of population than it is in smaller towns or in the country at large.

But in the United States, outside of cities having not less than 25,000 inhabitants, there were about thirteen men old enough to vote, out of every 100, when the census of 1900 was taken, who could not read and write. The proportion of illiteracy was more than twice as great in the country and the small cities as it was in places of not less than 25,000 inhabitants apiece. There were about 2,228,000 men of voting age who were unable to read and write, taking the entire country as a whole, and of that large number more than 1,949,000 lived in small cities or villages, or formed a part of the rural population.

In great centers of trade and industry, where foreigners swarm, the proportion of illiterate men was lower, by far, than the rest of the United States. There is no doubt that the same difference applies also to women old enough to be expected to read and write. The broad fact is too big and plain to be blinked or glossed over.

The explanation lies, of course, in the very high percentage of illiterates in the colored population of the South. There the blight of slavery is still painfully apparent among tthe older men, and there the conditions created by slavery and war have so greatly delayed and obstructed the development of educational facilities for the children of Negroes, that vast numbers of young and old illiterates are found.

GROWTH OF LONDON.

The phenomenal growth of London is not likely to be checked during this century. So thinks the Daily Mail which points out that already many workers in London live twenty miles distant, and that in a few years they will perform the journey of thirty miles in less time than they now require for half that distance. By 1940, the population of what is known as Greater London will exceed fourteen millions, a veritable city-province. This extension of area and population will be brought about by electric railways, tramways and automobiles. The Mail says that London has more elements of permanent greatness than New York. It has no competitors. All this the Mail says while frankly admitting that New York will probably become the world's capital for high finance, but "London will long retain as one of its leading local industries the conversion of private businesses mining claims, patents, etc., into stock companies."

Our English contemporary urges that, unlike New York, London "does not depend on its commerce for its growth.

Four-fifths of the population of London, as the census shows, are dependent not on industries, but on the continuance of London as one of the leading ports of the world and as the capital of the empire. London, besides being the world's market for wool, tea, coffee, sugar and one of the chief markets for wheat, the undisputed commercial capital, a vast emporium, is the political city of the empire.

It is the city to which all civil servants, soldiers, naval men, statesmen who have served in the colonies and dependencies turn in the days of their retirement. The class and their dependents form a vast population in themselves. London is the one social center of the kingdom and the empire; the city to which all traders and merchants, whether in Manchester, Glasgow, India, Australia or Africa, come to spend the evening of their days.

So long, therefore, as London remains the lodestone of the empire it will increase.

Mary MacLane after looking at the pageant at Newport said it was so false, so cruel, that beside it, "the Universe shrinks into a damnable little thing, and the souls—there are no souls." Mary should get out and look at the North Star.

It is true as the president says that when good times come, some feel it more than others. And when bad times come some feel it more than others. But the man who feels the good times least is very liable to feel the bad times most.

It is always the endeavor of the New York papers to surprise. When Remington killed himself everybody expected the New York papers to go after the Van Alens. The New York papers knew it and took the Van Alens' side.

The three Colorado gamblers who are to be tried because they knew a bank cashier had stolen the money they were winning, by listening intently, can hear throughout the country, long and enthusiastic applause.

Roosevelt says that all the people ask is that the cards be not stacked. And there is a pretty general feeling that Pierpont Morgan and others are operating an ace-factory under the table.

The Nelsons, Mrs. Fair's relatives, are to accept $300,000. This isn't much, but it will warrant them in adopting a family crest. A good one would be a sucker on an azure field.

The careful observer has probably noticed that neither Mr. Fitzsimmons nor Mr. Jeffries permitted the public to be bored by a repetition of the protestation of innocence.

The New York judge who holds that a sandwich is not a meal, has probably gone up against the kind they sell in Kansas that are wrapped in tissue-paper.

An Austrian paper accuses Roosevelt of shaking his bony fist at Great Britain. This is a mistake. Roosevelt's fist is meaty and has freckles on it.

The Western Union's change in Chicago, hiring girls instead of boys for messengers, is a stunning upper-cut to the dime novel and cigarette trade.

Secretary Shaw says that customs officers are not considering a jog of whisky as "wearing apparel." Still it could be turned into night-caps.

If the Navajo Indians are really starving, the average citizen can't see why they don't sell some of their blankets to J. Pierpout Morgan.

Sara Bernhardt is writing a novel entitled: "The Sadness of Growing Old." It is autobiographical, consequently a historical novel.

If it had been intended that any man should swim the English channel he would have been equipped with fins and gills.

Russell Sage says his heart beats for the laboring man. His only regret is that he can't charge them so much per beat.

A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE.

We had arrived at one of those occasions on which it becomes necessary to reason and argue with one's mother to an extent which would be decidedly burdensome were not a great principle at stake.

"We don't see why we can't go," was the text of the complaint, and, being unversed in the polished arts of oratory and persuasion, we sat down on a convenient plant-stand and kicked viciously at the flowerpots which our mother had placed on the floor.

Our mother looked at her young sons, one six, the other eight, and wondered whether her first yielding would start them on the swift road to perdition. It seemed unreasonable to us that she should not have known that we, who had never drank a drop in all our lives nor smoked anything stronger than corn-silk and dock, would surely not become wholly dissolute. To be sure, only the day before, I had climbed over the fence into a neighbor's back-yard to play at a wheel of chance, clutching in my hand a bank and savings of thirty cents, and had returned after an hour's play disencumbered of my savings, my bank filled in exchange with winnings of home-rolled cigarettes. But our mother did not know this, and, all things considered, our reputation for morality should have been high with her.

I may as well state that the matter was quite as much one of principle as of privilege. That justly famous drama "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had come to town, and our modest entreaty was that we be allowed to become a part of the audience. The matter appealed to us only in a secondary sense, quite remote from the fact that there were two Topsys and a pack of ferocious, trained bloodhounds, whom we had seen in the noon-parade and knew to be billed to chase our sainted Eliza across the pinewood river of Bob Wilson's stage with all the verisimilitude of treading on real ice-cakes. Up to this time, the delights of the stage, aside from performances of trained dogs and the amateur representations of Miles Standish and Hiawatha, both of which, though good enough in their way, were admittedly the thinnest sort of substitute for what we regarded as the real drama, had been a closed book to us. All these marvellously heroic melodramas, these bedizened women posted in spectrum tints upon the cast wall of the Central drug-store, even the fascinating blackface wit of minstrelsy, were matters of which we knew only by hearsay. Neither had their enjoyment been vouchsafed to our elder sister, nor to our elder brother, until he became of an age where he was put to the stupid task called college, and was allowed to go out by himself in the evening. Our determination now was to make a test case, on a matter of personal liberty which threatened to undermine the very foundation theories of our freedom.

"Everybody else lets their children go," said James, convincingly, but not with the fire which once characterized our stubborn ancestor who clamored loudly for liberty first and then, if necessary, death. Ah! That was part of the difficulty, I feared. James was too lukewarm. I almost suspected him of wanting to quit the whole business and go back to gambling for smokers' articles. I even suspected him of cowardice in the face of having to see the person who was to take the part of Uncle Tom brutally beaten and flogged to a dying condition, as we were informed by the city newspaper that he must be.

Such was the fallibility of elder-brotherly judgment. To think so base a thing of one so truly brave as James was indeed a grievous error, as I soon had occasion to find out. But when my mother thought of these things and then looked at her six-year-old, perhaps there were tears in her eyes. Perhaps not. It is so hard to tell what one's mother will do under such circumstances.

However, the victory was won. Else we would have retired from the conflict with life but an empty future for us, the afternoon to be filled with brooding thoughts of constitutional liberty, our hearts to be black with the remembrance that whole rows of playmates, whose parents did not take their inalienable rights, would be watching wide-eyed—we could only guess what.

It was pleasing to think that this was not to be; and we galloped off to the opera house, waving our quarter-dollars, sobered a little withal at our uphill fight.

Not even when we were seated in two of what by courtesy were called the opera chairs, well up in front in the pit of Bob Wilson's minute theatre, did we scent disaster. Nothing lessened the breathless anticipation in which we sat, grinning nervously at our friends about us We watched the curtain, on which a rock was vainly attempting to climb a waterfall, and we did not try to conceal our displeasure at the tardiness of the stage manager. I know not which of us was less communicative. It was an important moment and no time for small talk.

For the lines and occurrences of that first act I must refer you to one who has looked on dispassionately—but not to James or myself. This I remember: that at the lifting of the curtain, or soon thereafter, came a woman, not over strong-looking and dressed in calico (which is ever the raiment of the victim of misfortune), and after her a short time a strong, coarse man in rough boots, with a look of infinite cruelty on his face, wearing a flannel shirt, and carrying in his hand a long, ugly knife.

At the back of the stage, and not far from where stood the slight figure of the woman, a small, square wooden window swung open on its hinges and revealed a ghastly darkness, which had been arranged, no doubt, as a cunning device to hide the stage machinery within, but which materially aided the realism without. Little did I pride myself as a theatrical critic (having little reason), but the horrid significance of the thing was all too plain. The frightful suspense of wondering whether it was through that dishonest-looking window that the foaming bloodhounds were to come—brutes capable of bounding over the footlights as easily as not, in lieu of gaping water—seemed at once a point where dramatic taste—even melodramatic taste—was sadly at fault.

"Is this cowardice?" I thought to myself.

One look at James was quick assurance to the contrary, for not one trace of fear did he show, and was I two years his senior? James, on the edge of his chair, with eyes all agape, was watching the manoeuvres of the heavy villain. Evidently it was only in the realization that such scenes as these were not for children of his tender years that I grew horror-stricken at the situation. Now the flannel-shirted villain drew close to the defenseless woman and ran his finger bloodcurdlingly along the edge of his barbarous knife! "Aha! You shall taste this knife!" he cried in horrid villainy.

It was at this point that I plucked James gently by the sleeve and muttered something in his ear.

"Why, I will if you want to," he answered, with dutifully concealed regret.

"I think we'd better," I said.

Alas for liberty! All the way home Jimmy never admitted that he had been dragged away by force of brotherly authority. James, indeed, was always wise for his years. Our mother looked grave, and also smiled. One would have gathered, almost, that she was glad then that she had let us go. But what she really thought, it would be only useless to conjecture. We never did. We never could tell what she meant when she smiled that way.—Josiah Dwight Whitney.

Woman's Enduring Charms.

(From the Philadelphia Ledger and Times.)

A writer in one of the periodicals calls attention to the fact that women keep their looks much longer than they did. The woman of forty, even of fifty, is not so old as the woman of thirty a few generations back. The Juliet of today is not fourteen, but twenty-five at least. Heroines of novels of the formerly popular age are now at a premium. The young woman in a play is never the centre of interest or sympathy. Generally, she is a raw, almost ludicrous specimen of silly girlhood, and is represented as barren of all those attractions which the married woman double her age possesses in such dangerous measure. This particular writer seems to think that this is a purely modern development, and it is, to a great extent, but the young beauty did not have it all her own way in old times; witness the power of Cleopatra. The fact that men begin life so much later—in Nelson's time boys went to sea when they reached the ripe age of six—accounts in part for the domination of women who are no longer young.

Admiral Cervera's Quiet Life.

The Madrid correspondent of the Beglin Tageblatt contradicts the story of the poverty of Admiral Cervera and his neglect by Spain. According to the writer the Admiral is living at Puerto Real, an ancient town near Cadiz, where he is "loved and respected by all." He often goes over to the arsenal at San Fernando, near by, where he has many friends, and also to Cadiz to spend the day at the headquarters of the Captain-General. His relations with those politicians still at the helm, who imposed on him the impossible task to break out of Santiago, are naturally rather cool, but he receives regularly his vice-admiral's half pay, which, with his own private means, is sufficient for his necessities

FUN OF THE WORLD.

A beautiful young lady, a member of the smart set, went into a Newport drug store and asked the druggist if it was possible to disguise castor oil.

"It's horrid stuff to take, you know. Ugh!" said the young lady with a shudder.

"Why, certainly,' said the druggist, and just then, as another young lady was taking some soda water, he asked if she wouldn't like to have some too. After drinking it the young lady lingered a moment and finally observed:

"Now tell me how you would disguise castor oil?"

"Why, madam, I just gave you some——"

"Why, gracious me!" exclaimed the young lady, "why, I wanted it for my sister."

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Of a certain bishop, famous as about the plainest man in England, the Liverpool Post tells this tale:

One day as this homely parson sat in an omnibus he was amazed by persistent staring of a fellow passenger, who presently unburdened himself as follows:

"You're a parson, ain't you?"

"Well, yes; that is so."

"Look 'ere, parson, would you mind comin' home with me to see my wife?"

Imagining the wife was sick and needed assistance, the clergyman at inconvenience to himself went with the man. On arriving at the house the man shouted to his wife to come down stairs, and, pointing to the astonished parson, said, with a grin of delight:

"Look e 'ere, Sairry. Yer said this mornin' as I wur the hugliest chap in England. Now, just yer look at this bloke!"

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"What were you doing at the time of your arrest?" asked the magistrate of the prisoner.

"I was waiting."

"Waiting for whom?"

"Just waiting."

"What were you waiting for?"

"To get my money."

"Who from?"

"The man I was waiting for."

"What did he owe it to you for?"

"For waiting."

"I don't know what you mean. Explain yourself."

"I thought you knew I was a waiter in a restaurant."

"Oh!" gasped the magistrate.

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Speaking of hospital children, a New York physician, in an account of his work with them, says:

"One little fellow, whom I knew very well, had to have some dead bones removed from his arm. He got well and perhaps thought I had a good deal of interest in him, although I was not conscious of showing him extra attention. The morning he was to leave he sent for me. When I reached his bed I bent over him. 'Well, Willie,' I said, 'we will miss you when you are gone,' and afterward, 'Did you want to see me specially?' The little fellow reached his hand up and laid it on my shoulder as I bent over him and whispered, 'My mamma will never hear the last about you.' Could any one express gratitude more beautifully."

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One of Senator Quay's party, while in Florida, went alligator hunting, and, as often happens with the uninitiated, he got lost. It was near night and he was at a loss what to do. Presently he met a man riding a cow.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Miami?"

"Well, I recken hit's about two whoops," the man answered.

"Two—what?"

The man seemed to take this as challenging his veracity, for he looked questioning at the palmettos and prickly pears beside the path, then began to scratch his head.

"P'r'haps hit may be a smitch furder," he admitted; "but I 'low hit ain't moren' two whoops an' a holler."

A Monster Topaz.

(From the Naples Leader.)

An interesting story of a valuable topaz now in the possession of Signor Nicola Carelli, comes from Naples. The topaz which Signor Carelli brought back from Brazil some years ago, is so large that it is said to weigh over two pounds. A Neapolitan artist, seeing the stone, begbeg to be allowed to engrave the figure of Christ on it in Cameo. The work is now finished, and Signor Carelli has been looking for a purchaser. The value of the jewel is, however, so great that even the Pope himself, to whom it was offered, could not afford to buy it. Finally (says the Italie), a committee has been formed at Naples with the purpose of buying the jewel from its present owner by public subscription, and offering it to Leo XIII. as a jubilee present. It is to be hoped, therefore, that this wonderful treasure will be seen by visitors to the Vatican Museum. Signor Carelli declares that there is no other such stone in the world.

New Words From South Africa.

(From the Westminster Gazette.)

In the army, at any rate, if not in common speech, the late war will have its memorial for many a day to come in the form of several additions to the soldier's vocabulary. An exhausting field-day, with its marching and countermarching, will certainly be called a "trek," and any shady veranda beneath which the heated Tommy finds shade will probably be spoken of as a "stoep" than anything else. Then to "commandeer" will serve as a useful euphemism on many occastons, while it will only be necessary to say a certain officer has been "Stellenbosched" to convey to the veterans of South Africa a wealth of suggestive meaning.

But an Irish peasant the other day gave utterance to the most picturesque application of a word which has become common property through the war. A seal has been committing thefts out of a salmon net, and Paddy had come out to watch for the thief with a gun. In due course he appeared, and a shot was sent in his direction. It was a miss, and a bystander offered the explanation that if the marksman had aimed a follower, he would have been successful. "I was on him sure enough," replied the son of the Green Isle, "but he De-Wetted me!" Here is a verb as worthy of addition to the dictionary as that which owes its origin to Captain Boycott.

Old Will of Prince Unearthed.

(From the London Daily News.)

Frederick the Great's brother, Prince Henry, after the death of the former, lived in melancholy state at Rheinsberg, about which (in Prince Henry's time) M. Lavisse has not a little to say. German historians admire the sunset of his life, and some of them, in describing it, fail to see how harsh and close-handed he could be in his dealings with those under him. M. Taburnel has discovered a curious document in searches he has been allowed to make in the archives of the Hohenzollern family. It is a document that cannot be refuted, namely, the will of Prince Henry. No detail respecting his funeral, for which he gives minute instructions, is left out. A list of the clothes in which his dead body is to be dressed previous to laying out is to guide his chamberlain. Only one person at a time is to watch beside his body. The body is to be carried down the yellow marble stairs, and the chamberlain is to tell the members of the gentlemen of his household that "Prince Henry on his deathbed felt grateful to them for their good services, and hoped they would befriend each other so long as they lived. In mutually assisting each other in times of evil fortune and trouble they would prove that he had not faded from their memories." A similar message is left for the finder-servants.

The will reads like the instructions to executors of an old martinet who wanted to pose as a hero worth of having Plutarch for a biographer. In German reigning families they give more thought than in most others as to how their bodies are to be dealt with when they die. One rarely sees outside of German palaces suites of rooms always closed out of respect for their former inhabitants. The rooms locked up at Windsor and Balmoral after two deaths that greatly affected Queen Victoria show the Germanism of her sentiment. I do not remember in any country of Latin origin seeing royal apartments being thus closed, save at Madrid, and this was owing to the Queen Regent being Austrian. Victor Emanuel II. deserted after the death of his wife the rooms in which he lived there at Monzoniert, but they remained open, and he liked his daughters when home from their convent school to play in them.

Fellow Feeling.

(From the Baltimore Sun.)

"You're an astronomer, are you?"

"Yes."

"Shake! I'm a theatrical manager. I wonder if you have as hard a time finding new stars as I have."

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

Now that Luther has been left out of the Katy route there seems to be nothing left for it to do but to protest.

A Texas negro with a gun is always dangerous—outside of Texas. It was one of them who killed Davis at Guthrie.

Mrs. Justice Galbraith has presented a gavel made in Honolulu to the worthy matron of the Eastern Star at Oklahoma City.

Judge Doss of Shawnee went to Sulphur Springs for his health and left 40 times more flesh over there than Shylock demanded of Antonio.

Those people down in Chickasha who for four days thought they were citizens of Oklahoma, but weren't, know now how they would feel if they were Bill Cross.

The editor of the Enid Events says that the alleged colonization of Thomas City was simply an excursion and—incidentally—a fake. Mr. Purcell says he was there.

The Enid Echo gives another weekly reason why it can't be Democratic. "The Democratic party," it says, "is too volatile and erratic and the business world distrusts it."

Texas fever ticks, according to Dr. Allen ,have employed horses to take them into Oklahoma. The first thing Oklahomans know the Texas ticks will be coming in on bicycles.

Walter Furley of Lawton donned a pair of brass knucks, locked his young wife in a room and made a fierce pugilistic attack of several rounds upon her. He was fined only $30.

Oklahoma might know better than to send Casebeer up to Kansas for safety, even though they put him in the pen. Sheriff Hesser of Payne county has been informed of his disappearance.

Herdlaw Johnson will have to make his race for sheriff in Roger Mills county on crutches, having broken his leg. It often times happens that misfortune increases one's speed in a political campaign.

"Owing to the size of the city marshal, only two arrests have been made this summer at Renfrow," says the Tribune. The stature and heft of that city marshal, to an outsider, are still very indefinite.

At Oklahoma City Thursday a colored man got thirty days in jail for being too poor to provide visible means of support and a white man was fined $1 for beating a woman within an inch of her life.

H. M. Brandt, a Kansas creamery man, has given it as his reason for locating at Garber that a first-class paper is published there. He has bound himself to the heart of the Sentinel man with hooks of steel.

The "remains" of the Dover band held an inquest on itself Monday night and while it decided that it was dead, it manifested faith in resurrection by employing a music professor in Kingfisher to put new life into it.

A. J. Miller who practiced law in Missouri so long ago that a shotgun was more of an essential than a law book has located at Ingersoll to spend the autumn in a country maintaining more cordial diplomatic relations with heaven.

The editor of the Garfield County Democrat after having exhausted the only two charges ever made against McGuire—that he is a Republican and observed his oath of office in prosecuting criminals—now lays up the fact that nails are worth $2.25 a keg against him.

While the Shawnee Herald carries Bill Cross' name under the union label at the head of its columns, Bill Cross carries Swafford Brothers' overalls—made by scab labor—through Oklahoma with him. Consistency is a jewel, but Democracy is not its exemplification.

That Indian Territory man who promises to eat the congressional record if anybody shows him in it where Dennis Flynn has done anything for his people has adopted an unique method of committing suicide. He must have an Oesophagus like a little rattlesnake if he can survive it.

A country dance was given at Bramin a few nights ago from which three fights have resulted, the local Methodist preacher being involved, with great fistical honors, in one of them. The origin of the trouble was the arbitrary social ruling of the floor manager. A floor manager at a country dance can cause more trouble than anybody if he undertakes to adjust the social distinctions and merits of a crowd.

About fifty citizens of Norman received telegrams from Jim Maguire of Lawton Sunday last bearing a strange message. It read "Isaiah 9:6." Every recipient of a telegram hunted up his bible and turning over to the book, chapter and verse read: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given and his name shall be wonderful." The message is characteristic of the bright Maguire who says all things neatly and tersely.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

There is a general feeling in Kansas that Jessie Morrison will beat Mrs. Maybrick out several years.

One of the strange things in the action of Baldwin is that he doesnt, like Bryan, write a book and entitle it: "The First Battle."

There has been so much rain in western Kansas that the buffalo grass is rotting—a sort of dandruff on the curly head of earth.

That Emporia man who told his wife to learn the piano and then deserted her, shows what the sober second thought will sometimes lead to.

Next winter will be a terror. The mocking birds which are timid, have already lit out from Kansas. Their early departure always means a hard winter.

Ellis county is the only stalwart Democratic county in Kansas. The Democrats whip both the Republicans and Populists. A large Russian population is responsible.

It may not be generally known but the heavy rainfall in Kansas this summer was a special arrangement of the Barnemeyers to fill up their Cheyenne Bottom Lake in Barton county.

"It is a wonder to me," said the street corner expounder, "that the Populist party lasted as long as it did considering the kind of cigars the Populist candidates in their day gave out."

The highest sunflower reported in Kansas this year is from Harvey county, 17 feet 8 inches, but a man down in Sumner county is getting ready to spring one that is nineteen feet and is growing hard.

It has been found in Topeka that there is no law against throwing dead animals in non-navigable streams. But there is probably a law against damming up any government stream with a mule or a cow.

"If," said the Kansas farmer as he gazed out over the long waving second growth of grass on the pasture, "if I ever get to Nebuchadnezzar's fix I hope it'll be in a year like this and not like last summer."

Possibly it is disquieting to the Curtis forces to think that if the legislature should stand half and half and the dead-lock had to be broken by the drawing of lots, Chester would naturally get the long straw.

"My town here," said the Coloradoan proudly to the Kansas tourist, "has an elevation of 3,900 feet. You haven't anything to compare with that in Kansas, have you?" "Well, not exactly," said the Kansan, "but my town in Kansas has an elevator of 39,000 bushels capacity."

Credulity increases with prosperity. "Ten years ago in Kansas," said a faker one night this week, "half of my audience believed that an such thing as a tape-worm existed. Now, in selling my medicine, I find that practically everybody, who hasn't got enough money to go in for appendicitis, is willing to agree to having a tape-worm."

In a Preston home recently a Baptist and a Methodist minister were entertained. The feasts at dinner consisted of chicken and ham. The Methodist minister took ham only and as the dinner progressed and the Baptist minister took his third helping of chicken, the hired girl in the kitchen fell with a trayful of dishes. "What on earth was that?" exclaimed the host. "I don't know," said his wife, "unless it is another tradition breaking."

In Kansas prairie chickens may be killed between August 15 and October 1, doves and plover, between July 15 and September 15, and quail in the month of December. It is unlawful, to kill at any time, patridge, grouse, pheasants, red birds, mocking birds, bluejays, turtle doves, blue birds, or orioles, except that the owners of orchards may, for the protection of such orchards, kill orioles and bluejays at any time. This is the prairie chicken season. Large, robust men buy fifty-dollar guns, spend fifteen dollars for shells, ten dollars on railroad fare, $50 doctor bills for rheumatism caught sleeping on the ground but never get to see one. Once in a long while a farmer boy who has waited for fifteen years to see one kills a prairie chicken. The equipped hunter never sees