Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

KANSAS WANTS SQUARE MEN HEREAFTER.

Square men and square deals are being demanded by Kansas these times. Legislatures bought up as a herd and county and other conventions dickered into nominating tricksters are passed. The people of Kansas have long since grown tired of the elevation of mediocrity or even the triumph of the fittest through "dealing in futures." As for the man who is not straight they want nothing of him politically. All this is encouraging not only in that it promises to raise the standard but to relegate the unworthy and mediocre. In speaking of the Republican nominee for governor the Topeka Capital well says that it pays to be square. W. J. Bailey has been prominent in business and public life in Kansas for many years. All these years he has been on the square. The campaign is now drawing to a close and his political opponents have brought forth nothing that reflects in any way on his integrity. And of course every one knows that if it were possible to dig up anything that would show his connection with skullduggery of any kind it would have been done long ago. This campaign is illustrating as no Kansas campaign ever did before that it pays to be square. It is a matter that is worth attention.

SENATOR HARRIS DISCOURAGED.

Upon his return from Europe Senator W. A. Harris declared it to be his conviction that Kansas could be carried for Fusion, or that at least the legislature might be saved if Fusion and he be re-elected. After looking the field over he made up his mind that the Big Seventh offered the best chance for a raid. If Long's stronghold in the Seventh was but loosened then there would be encouragement for the other districts. The Topeka Capital, having kept track of Harris' meetings in the southwest, summarizes them and declares that they have not only not been a success, but disappointing to Harris and his friends. He has visited a number of counties and the Republicans haven't stampeded as yet so far as anyone can notice. In fact, Senator Harris' invasion of the "enemy's country" has become a joke.

The first place Senator Harris struck out in the Seventh district was Lacrosse. He didn't do a big line of business there, for he had a crowd of only one-fourth the size of the one which attended a Republican meeing in the town two days before.

In Ness City he found the fusion forces in the midst of a factional fight. There are both Democratic and People's party candidates for the legislature in Rush county and each man wanted to preside at the meeting. Senator Harris settled the matter by selecting an outsider, but then action of any sort was hardly necessary, as there were few people to preside over.

Senator Harris hoped things would be better at Dighton, but such was not the case. The crowd there was so small that he got disgusted and did not go on to fill his engagement at Scott City.

The Republicans insist that they will elect more members of the legislature in the Seventh district than ever before and they say that the presence of Senator Harris in the district on a speechmaking tour won't cut any ice with majorities.

DON'T NEGLECT SO GREAT A DUTY.

It is both a duty and an obligation incumbent upon every citizen of a republic to cast his ballot at every election. Should a majority cease to vote the government would fall through corruption. Good citizenship requires that every man who is entitled to the privilege of voting shall exercise that privilege at every election. In a republic there can be truly representative government only when every citizen votes; only then can majority rule be fully assured.

It is clear, therefore, that it is the duty of every citizen to see that he is proporly registered in order that he may be qualified to vote. The movement for election reform by means of a fuller participation in the duty of voting has gained headway in various states. Not only has there been an attempt to purify the primaries, but in New York, notably, there has been an effort to encourage registration. The legislature, at its last session, enacted a law designed to put a premium upon the discharge of that important duty. This law provides that every registered voter shall be exempt from jury duty until every unregistered voter has been called upon. Furthermore, steps have been taken to call attention to the duty of registration. At convenient places in the cities are maps, showing the registration districts, and upon which is indicated the location of the booths for registration. By consulting the map every voter can easily ascertain where he must register, and the maps also serve to jog the memory of those who have failed to attend to the duty.

It is no exaggeration to say, perhaps, that half the ills of government are due to the negligence of voters who fail to do their full duty as citizens. This is something every citizen should think about. Register and then vote.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE AGAIN.

The Kansas Equal Suffrage association is holding its nineteenth annual convention, this week, in Topeka. When Kansas was admitted to the Union there was much discussion ever admitting negroes and women to the privilege of the franchise, but the bars of the constitution were put up against both. At the election of 1876 there were two amendments pending, one to enfranchise the negro, one to enfranchise women. At this election 11,000 men voted to enfranchise women and a few more to enfranchise the negro, but neither had sufficient votes to carry the amendment. However, the negro voted at the nexe election. In 1887 the Kansas legislature gave women municipal suffrage. This, however, does not effect women who live in the country. The legislature of 1892 submitted an amendment to enfranchise women. This came to a vote the year of 1894, but was again defeated by a large majority. The next legislature will be asked to submit another amendment.

KANSAS JUDGES ALL RIGHT.

The Leavenworth Times pays the following high and merited compliment to the judiciary of Kansas: "Just as the Times predicted, it did the Populists no good to take their test case to Wichita to try it before a Democratic judge. The judiciary of Kansas is not of the Missouri Democratic order, and it would have made no difference whether the case was heard by Republican, Populist or Democratic judge. The decision would have been the same as that rendered by Judge Dale of Wichita when he threw it out of court because he had no jurisdiction. Kansas judges are judges first and politicians afterward."

THE VOLCANIC SITUATION.

Friday morning's dispatches announce another volcanic eruption. Soufriere on the island of St. Vincent is belching out hot sand and ashes, later to be followed in all probability by fire and destruction. Old mother earth seems off. For many months conditions have not been normal on her surface, to say nothing of admonitions of inside perturbations. By many the extremes of weather for the past few months have been attributed to or connected with the eruption of Mt. Pelee, and during which time old, cold and extinct volcanoes have shown signs of life. So volcanoes and their moods are becoming matters of interest.

There are from 300 to 360 volcanoes on the globe. This estimate includes merely live volcanoes and volcanoes which within recent times have been in action. If we should count the many mountains scattered over the earth which show today signs of volcanic action in the more remote past, the estimate would have to be increased by many hundreds.

Volcanoes would seem to be arranged, with more or less symmetry, in belts circling the great oceans. A ring of fire surrounds the Pacific. Starting at the South Shetland islands, several hundred miles south of Cape Horn, a belt of volcanoes extends up the west coast of South America; from Alaska it crosses the Pacific along the Aleutian islands to Kamschatka; thence it follows the east edge of the Pacific through the Kurile islands, Japan, Formosa, the Philippines, the Moluccas, the Solomon islands, the North Hebrides, New Zealand, and finally ends in Mounts Terror and Erebus on the Anarctic continent. The volcanoes forming this great belt are in places ranged in chains as along the west coast of Central America and in the Aleutian islands; elsewhere they are separated by long distances, but nevertheless they would seem to have some connection with each other. Sometimes the lines of volcanoes surrounding the Pacific is very narrow, as in Central America, and then again it broadens hundreds of miles, as in the Western United States, where extinct volcanoes on the east edge of the belt are hundreds of miles from the ocean and distant from each other.

Within this great Pacific circle of volcanoes, 25,000 miles in length, are many volcanic islands: the Ladrones, the Hawaiian islands, with the famous Mauna Loa; the Galapagos, the Samoan islands, as well as the Tonga and Fiji archipelagoes, and many smaller groups. The coral islands may be also classed as volcanic, as they rest in great part in volcanic foundations.

Eastward from the circle around the Pacific a branch belt extends through Sumatra and Java. On the broken isthmus which ages ago joined Asia and Australia, are over 100 volcanoes, many of which are constantly belching forth mud, lava or ashes. This is the great focus of volcanic action of the earth.

Round nearly three sides of the Atlantic basin volcanic districts are scattered with some apparent symmetry. In the far north, Hekla and nearly one score others separate the Atlantic from the Anarctic ocean. Stretching from Iceland, from north to south, an irregular submerged ridge bears the volcanic mountains of the Azores, the Cape Verde islands, Ascension, St. Helena and Tristan da Cunha. On the west edge of the Atlantic are the volcanoes on the east coast of America. The volcanic belt of the Mediterranean shores is prolonged to the mountains of Armenia, and Western Arabia. There are said to be some volcanoes in Thibet and Manchuria.

Elisee Reclus has drawn attention to the fact that the great centers of volcanic action in the western and eastern hemispheres are at exactly opposite ends of the globe—are at antipodes with each other—and that these centers of activity are near the poles of flattening. They also flank, one on the west and one on the east, the immense circle around the Pacific.

Hekla, in Iceland, and Mauna Loa, in the Hawaiian islands, simply pour forth masses of lava that flows like molasses. Vesuvius and Mt. Pelee, on the other hand, represent the explosive type of volcanoes, to which also belong the volcanoes of the Andes and of Mexico.

THE HUTCHINSON NEWS ESTIMATES IT.

"The result of the suit brought to secure a place on the ballot for the Populist ticket has resulted just as the Democrats hoped it would. It was because they hoped and expected such an outcome that they insisted on the Populists withholding their nominations until after the Democratic ticket was completed at Topeka by the nomination of the candidates "recommended" by the Populist convention. It was for this reason that the Democrats insisted that the Democratic ticket should be filed first and thus give it under the law the right of priority in case the courts should decide as they expected and but one ticket be placed on the ballot. The Populists have been flim-flammed by the Democrats at every turn. For the first time since the organization of the Populist party it has no ticket in the field, it has an organization in name only, one that is subservient to the Democratic leaders and by the treachery of its leaders the Populist party has ceased to exist. The leaders in the several counties were cognizant of what was to be the outcome when in every county with but three exceptions the county ticket was filed as Democratic. The Democratic leaders have accomplished the end which they sought when they first approached the doors of the Populist party as a suppliant asking for the few crumbs that might fall from the Populist table. The Democratic party has accomplished the complete overthrow of Popalism and the decision of Judge Dale of Wichita gives the Democrats the verdict they wanted. The Democratic party has been given the divorce with alimony."

PADS FOR THE MANLY HIPS.

The latest bulletin from the London tailors says men who would be stylishly dressed during the fall and winter must have small waists and padded hips, says the Chicago Record-Herald. The announcement is said to have caused general consternation in swell circles. As far as the padded hips are concerned, most of the gentlemen who consider it their duty to regard the tailor's fiat as law are not worried. Anyone can have padded hips if he is foolish enough to want them; but the small waist is a wholly different matter.

The exact language of the pronunciamento from the tailors is: "No man can hope to be stylishly attired if his waist does not taper triangle fashion from the shoulders."

"It is singularly unfortunate that the wording of this order cannot be slightly changed. If it were said that the waist must taper triangle fashion to the shoulders a majority of the very genteel gentlemen of this country might be in fashion without the help of a pad of any kind. As it is there is likely to be a great deal of quiet, patient suffering among those who yield to the tailors' dictates.

What a pity it is that a free people must thus be given over to martyrdom by a few London tailors, who probably see in the fact that King Edward has become quite thin since his illness a chance to inaugurate a style which shall effectually block the schemes of those vulgarians who have been planning to have last year's suits sponged and pressed for further use.

THE OLD FIREMAN'S STORY.

It was at the fire chief's convention, and the crowd of old gossips had huddled over into a corner of the hotel parlor to swap yarns. They told new ones about fire cranks in various cities and about some of the famous fire-going characters of the eastern cities, and the old man Cameron, who was never east of the Mississippi river before, but who can't keep away from fires and firemen, though he's past 60, told this one:

"Old Chief Timmons would a been 100 years old now if he'd a lived. He never was a chief, not even a captain, but he had been a good fireman in his day, and everybody in Frisco had heard of him. He made his reputation in the old days before hard drinking was a crime, and I guess he saved about as many lives in his time as any of 'em. Well, after they fired him off the department in every town in California, and along the coast, from Puget sound to San Diego, he came back to Frisco and got him a loft in the alley about ten rods from Six's enginehouse.

"He used to loaf around the house most all day and half the night, waiting for the gong, and somehow or another he managed to keep pretty well keyed up on red liquor all the time. He wasn't a bad old fellow to have 'round, neither, for he knew how to make hand balls, and he had more tricks of fixing up harness on a pinch than any man I ever saw. But he got four or five of Six's fellows into trouble on account of letting him ride on the truck, and finally one night he was thrown off on his head and pretty near killed. It took him a year to get over that, but the minute he was able to hobble 'round with a cane he showed up at the fire. He didn't care how far away it was. Just so it was a big one he'd manage to get there. Then you ought to see him! He hated fire worse than the devil hates holy water, and it was just the fight in him that sent him to every blaze of any account for nearly ten years.

"He had a son who ran a pretty good boiler shop down near the water front, and that's where he got his money. Anyway, the older he got the drunker he kept, and after a while he got to be such a nuisance that the young fellows in the department would turn him over to the police the minute he showed up at a fire. He always insisted on being right on the edge of the fire. He had no more fear of falling walls, explosions or such dangers than a healthy kid has of a ball game. Us older fellows had a tender spot for 'Chief' Timmons, and when he sneaked through the lines we always let on like we hadn't seen him. We all knew how it hurt him to miss a fire and we knew that he wouldn't last much longer, anyhow.

"The night of the Baker-Bayliss dry goods fire in Market street, the biggest one for years, Timmons didn't show up at first, and an old pipeman named Gilligan said I had just begun to talk about him. We were standing with our backs to the fire about forty paces from the wall, and we had to yell to make ourselves heard. I don't ever remember hearing such a noisy fire, for the big mill-built building—it was eight stories high—was a shrieking howling volcano of rushing fire by this time. A high wind was blowing in from the ocean, the by-streets and alleys were choked with people watching the fire, the steamers were snorting and whistling and the chief—a young, strong fellow, too—couldn't make his voice heard twenty feet away.

"Out in the middle of the cross street next to the burning building perhaps thirty feet from the wall the Skinner truck was standing with its extension ladder reared almost perpendicular, and on the top pinnacles with a nozzle playing into the fourth windows was Schwartz of Fourteen's. The straight wall of massive granite towered above him, but nobody noticed that there was a crack in the angle of the wall at the top, and that the heavy east wall was slowly detaching itself from the south wall. Then poor old Timmons, his clothes torn and dirty, very drunk and excited, came crawling under the ropes. We saw him go up to the chief, touch him on the arm and with a wild, terrified look in his eyes, point upward at the top cornice above Schwartz. I ran over so as to get in line with the east wall, and then I knew what old Timmons meant, for I saw the ponderous wall of solid masonry leaning inch by inch from its supporting angle. The chief saw it, too, and, raising his trumpet, bawled at Schwartz to come down.

"He might as well have kept silent, for the firemen at the top of the ladder, staring into the fire, was oblivious of all sounds and sights except the howling bedlam of blaze and wind and the deafening roar that rose from the granite streets below him. We all tried to attract his attention, but nobody had the nerve to attempt the ladder. Gilligan made a motion as if he would go after him, but the chief dragged him off and sent him to stop the steamer that was pumping Schwartz' stream. We knew that if the water quit the poor devil would come down, or at least look down to see what was the matter. But Gilligan couldn't get through the crowd quick enough, I suppose, and the gap in the leaning wall was widening every second.

"Schwartz couldn't have seen his danger even if he looked up, because he wasn't in line with the widening crack, but east of it, and anyhow the fire and smoke that came belching through the windows above him shut out his view of the top. Well, sirs, you should have seen your old Timmons. He would scream at the top of his voice at Schwartz, then run to the truck and shake it, and once he made a sudden, desperate rush to go up himself. The crowd in the adjacent street was now aware of the danger and the rush to get away choked up the streets, blockaded the scattered firemen and added panic to the disorder. It must have been then that Timmons got away from the policeman who was lugging him off, for the next thing I knew he came running down the east sidewalk, just under the wall, with a fireman's ax in his hands. The next minute he was striking fiercely at the line of hose, and in another there was a geyser of water that drenched and half blinded us all. Schwartz looked down then, and we all waved and gesticulated like lunatics at him. He straddled the shafts of the high ladder and slid down in the nick of time, for just then there was a tremendous report, followed by the crash of timbers, the grinding of rocks and showers of bricks and stones. The earth actually shook from the weight of the fallen mass, and when the dust and ashes and smoke blew away we ran back. The granite blocks of the street had been driven down more than a foot by the heavier masonry that had fallen.

"But Timmons—poor old Timmons! Whether he stayed purposely, or whether he was too drunk to know just which way to run, I don't know, but there wasn't a sign of life left in his wasted body. Schwartz sat down on a rock and cried like a baby, and we all liked the new chief better when he said: 'He knew what to do all right. He cut the hose, didn't he? Well, that's what I ought to have done.'"—John H. Raftery.

Log Cabin Philosophy.

(From the Atlanta Constitution.)

De long lane is sho' ter turn some day, but w'en it do it mos' ingraciffy make de wagon turn a somersault.

De new kick de milk ever kase she ain't got no sense; en folks start roun' en cry 'bout it kase day in do some fix ez de ow.

Dey ain't no marryin', or givin' in marriage in heaven; en I reckon dat's why it's said ter be such a peaceful place.

Trouble don't last forever, but it makes folks hop lak dey never had de rheumatism whilst it is keepin' comp'ny wid 'em.

Everybody Happy.

"I suppose," said the plain citizen, sarcastically, "your convention was perfectly harmonious?"

"Out where?" replied O'Flynn, "we all went to it lookin' for a fight, an' we had plenty av it."

Helped to Hurt a Little.

"What do you think ought to be done with the trusts?"

"I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "Heaven knows, I've done my best to make 'em give up some of their money."

SOME ENGLISH PLACE-NAMES.

The methods of the present day tourist and the maps that satisfy his needs are answerable for the neglect of a good many points of interest which happen to lie away from railways and main roads. Among these may be reckoned a great number of place-names in out of the way regions, interesting from their bearing on local history and character, sometimes picturesque, sometimes quaint and humorous, sometimes—for those who like to puzzle over derivations—a veritable treasure trove. Maps (except, perhaps, the large scale ordnance) take little notice of the greater part of these names, which are, even at the present, more oral than literary. Any one who explores an English county thoroughly by byways and cross-roads in touch with the people and the life of the fields, will find the nomenclature of farms and cottages and of these vague areas indicated by such words as "street" (without a house in it), "corner" or "end," a curious subject, with side lights both instructive and entertaining.

Those who have journeyed from London to Brighton by road will probably have noticed, with an amused conjecture, the hamlet of Pease Pottage that lies a little south of Crawley. It is a sample of a great class of names in which Sussex in particular among the southern counties is rich. Within a few miles' wandering from the main road at this point the traveler will find such singular titles as Catstalls, Bedlam street, Smock alley and Roundabout; and if their oddness should rouse his curiosity, he will find plenty of material either for serious derivation or for merest puzzledom of guesswork. To begin with, there is a large number of names which show traces of local history, either on the surface or under a light veil of dialect or the corruptions of time. "Pryern" is unmistakable evidence of a monastic foundation. A little consideration will show that Monkey lane points to the same conclusion and has nothing to do with "our arboreal ancestors." Priest hawes and Bedelands are sufficient indication of church ownership, probably of a chantry. Bridgeland was, no doubt, a messuage charged with the upkeep and repairs of neighboring bridges; Pest house goes back to "isolation" in far-off epidemics, perhaps to the black death itself; Tithebarn and Old Workhouse recall vanished methods of ecclesiastical and parochial government.

The frequent occurrence of such names as Tanyard, Forge, Fulling Mill, in out of the way places, where the trades themselves have long since disappeared, shows how "decentralized" life was two or three centuries ago, when even the little villages by no means absorbed the arts and crafts of the time. In the Weald of Sussex and Kent a whole family of names remains to mark the great iron working industry which reigned there before coal replaced wood for smelting the metal; such are Cinderbanks, Furnace Hill and the numberless "Hammers" (the stamps that crushed the ore.) Another type of name relates to the law; here we find a sixteenth century mansion, sunk to the uses of a farmstead, with something of its story in its name Jelature; Copyhold, Peculiars and Possession House are of the same order; Townfield is, of course, ager publicus, and the very common name Scotland denotes the fields that paid the "scot," which survives in our phrases, "scot free" and "scot and lot." Mere identification by some natural peculiarity is responsible for a host of immemorial titles: Kixes, Nettlebed and Burdocks tell of the weeds some early farmer wrestled with; Camomile Cross, Iron Pear Tree and Green Trees are instances of the class; the last a little indefinite, one would think, in a county that is still the most thickly wooded in the kingdom. Whiteralls and High Chimneys rather suggest a lack of imagination in the name giver; Burnt House remains in almost every parish as a reminder of the fires that were so frequent when thatched roofs were commoner. Perhaps the largest source of names is the cognomen of the builder or (so shortlived is fame) of some later owner. Hence come the countless apparent plurals, in reality possessive cases—the Backsalls, Tomsetts, Brookers of the great South Saxon septs, and others quaint enough, some of these), the Chalts, Scarps, Froyles, Dapps, Malliens, whose descendants seem to have vanished from the soil.

The rustic sense of humor, and in particular a sarcastic attitude toward anything a little outre in one's neighbors, has produced a large crop of jeering nicknames which have stuck and will stick longer than many a more solemn appellation. Foremost among these comes "The Folly," which is to be found in every parish, generally with the perpetrator's name tacked to it for the humorous obloquy of the ages—"Beard's Folly," "Nye's Folly," just because the one indulged in a pinsty of pretensions disproportionate to his dwelling, and the other thought it good to adorn his gable-ends with stucco castellations and pinnacles. Sundry "Castles" deride here and there a too ambitious architecture in cowhouse or stables; Noah's Ark seizes an obvious resemblance; Little London pokes fun at a hamlet of four or five cottages; World's End suggests a solitude too much even for Arcadia; Mount Neddy is surely a parody on the Mount Pleasants of an earlier period. When all such sources as these are explored, there is a great remainder of names whose quaintness seems to be beyond a guess. A knowledge of local history unravels some clews; Jacob's Post, for instance, turns out to be the memorial of a Jew who hung in chains on Ditching Common for the murder of a whole family in 1786. But what historian can reconstitute Poker's Hole? Who was Hopkins, and what was his Cranky? Who, that knew not Homer or "Q" was the founder of Troy Town? What is the reference in Smokejack Farm? One might spend a lifetime over "Notes and Queries" in deciphering Bagpiths, One O'Clock, Wazzed, Bamblidies, Butterbox, or Honeycrock. Though we do not find the smallest touch of poetry in the materials of our search, and not very much of such picturesqueness as is suggested by Beggars' Bush, Clearwaters, or Ladymeads, and though the invasion of Prospect Cottages and Bellevues goes on apace, yet these who weary of Lessen terminology, of Junctionroad, Kensrealdscresent, or Khartoumgardens, W. S. W., may find some refreshment in a ramble among the place-names of the Weald.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Why Seamstresses Don't Marry.

(From the Louisville Courier-Journal.)

The sewing girl is out of the way of getting a husband. She does not come in contact with men in her work, as other girls do, and with so little time for anything but her work she does not make the acquaintance of marriageable men. The very nature of her employment excludes men from her society during her working hours. Her associates, and even her employers, are almost invariably of her own sex. No class of women are more deserving of good husbands than are the women who make their living with their needles. They are equally modest, refined and correctly. They do not hunt husbands, and, being so withdrawn from the daily lives of men, husbands do not usually know of them.

The Lion of Lucerne.

(From the London Chronicle.)

A great deal of anxiety is felt in the country through the discovery that one of Switzerland's chief historical monuments—the Lion of Lucerne—is threatened with destruction. The Lion, which was chiseled from the solid sandstone rock by the Swiss artist, Ahorn, in 1821, commemorates the massacre of the Swiss Guard during the French revolution, and as a work of art is unique.

It is situated in rather damp surroundings, above a pool in the glacier garden at Lucerne, and the water has trickled through the sandstone, which threatens to crumble, and thus destroy the statue. An expert has been examining the rock, and by his advice it has been decided to cut away the surrounding rock and isolate the "Lion."

Can You Blame Her?

(From the Chicago News.)

Mrs. White—Hazel! Ah wish yo' was lak dat Mari Price.

Mr. White—How am dat?

Mrs. White—Jlad plenty of dust en wah-active.

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