Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

SINGLE STATEHOOD AGAIN.

The proposition of the majority of the Senate Committee to make of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory one or a single state will precipitate a big fight in Congress and engender an exceedingly warm opposition in Oklahoma. The territory in its original entirety would make a state as large as Kansas with a million of inhabitants and give it four Congressmen to start with. The Indian Territory is as large as the state of Indiana and Oklahoma territory is about the size of Ohio. The interests of these two were almost identical at one time if different in character, but at present they are far separated. Flynn and his coadjutors have secured from Congress very many advantages and values that cannot be had for the Indian Territory. Free homesteads and school lands are incompatible with Indian ownership. While the citizens of the Indian Territory are government wards, Oklahoma has been the government's pet and favored child. Everything about that Oklahoma has ever asked for has been granted. The Indian Territory is rich in minerals and timber, in streams and soil, but with all its advantages in natural resources it is burthened with the Indian and his cross bred children and with their inalienable claims and unending demands. The inhabitants of the Indian Territory are non-progressive; the people of Oklahoma enterprising beyond estimate. They are optimistic plungers with a faith in their country and future unsurpassed. The territories as a single state would be Democratic. Quay of Pennsylvania declares that he can defeat the recommendation of the committee in the Senate and pass the Omnibus bill. It is however intimated in some quarters that the object of the new single statehood bill is to defeat the admission of any of the territories at the present. The new bill provides for two Federal districts and courts and also that the Indian section shall provide its quota of school lands. But a very few days will decide the matter for this session at least.

THE DEMENTATION OF A SHATTERPATE.

We beg leave, of our Kansas Democratic friends, to suggest, nay urge, in the good name of the state that hereafter, in their state conventions, they steer clear of fusionists in their selection of candidates. We have no objection to these Democrats manipulating the gullable Pops, but don't name any of them for office. That Fusionist Craddock, whom the Democrats nominated and voted for, may not be a rogue, as the Missouri court held, but he is a dead easy lunatic. He is too crazy to be dangerous. This Craddock is solemnly announcing that he wasn't beaten at the last election but simply counted out by corrupt Republican returning boards. Think of a sane man in conjunction with such an assertion. Holding his declaration to be true but that in any legal contest he would be turned down by a onesided Republican supreme court, this ass of all ears and no brains announces that he expects to head the Democratic state ticket in Kansas two years hence. In his own language: "A quicker and more certain way will be to submit the question to the people themselves two years hence. This will be done and I have absolute confidence that the verdict will be in our favor."

When it is recalled that this ex-Missourian lost every county in the state save five, lost Democratic counties with Fusion election boards, and lost the state by upwards of forty thousand votes, such talk would rattle the inmates of an insane asylum. It can't be impudence. It is downright wild-eyed mental dizziness, the demonstration of a crack-brained shatterpate. The same judges of the supreme court will be sitting two years hence except in the case of the single Populist who is to become a corporation attorney. For anything else there will be thousands of fewer Pops to do the vindicating act. Craddock if not eccentric but frantic. Too much political pabulum has made him mad.

SOLDIERS' HOME VOTE CONTESTED.

The vote of the soldiers at the National Home at Leavenworth is being legally contested by two or three local Democrat candidates who were defeated in Leavenworth county by the Soldiers' Home vote. These voters are almost solidly Republican and they defeated the Democrats by several hundred when if they had not voted the Democrats would have been elected. The soldiers voted in pursuance of a recent state law. The contests are filed separately, but are identical in their contentions. Several reasons are given why the Soldiers' Home vote is illegal and should not have been counted. It is alleged, in the first place, that the law giving the veterans the right to vote at the Home is unconstitutional, and that it conflicts with section 3 of article 5 of the constitution of the state of Kansas. It is further alleged that the law is void because it is class legislation. Following each of the notices is a list of the names of all the old soldiers who voted at the Soldiers' Home, and whose votes are alleged to be illegal.

A NEW CABINET OFFICER.

In his message to Congress the President strongly urges the creation of a new cabinet officer to be known as the "Secretary of Commerce." Why not append "and of Industry?" Commerce and Industry go hand in hand. Out of commerce and the industrials spring the trusts. Transportation is an important element of commerce. For the regulation of transportation the Inter-State Commerce Commission was instituted and localized. Logically therefore the proposed new department would have supervision of commerce in its foreign and domestic relations, of corporate industries, and of water and railroad transportation. At least it should be empowered with such supervision. As being directly connected with the commercial interests of the country the census service would become a bureau of the new department of state. Commerce and the industrials hold all there is of the unsettled problems of capital and labor, of material supply and demand and of the long and short haul recognition. This latest or newest department of state might easily and logically therefore become the greatest and the most important.

GENERAL SMITH SHOULD BE REINSTATED.

There is a strong demand, as it also seems widespread, that General Jacob H. Smith, "Fighting Jake," should be reinstated on the active list. The Washington Post voices this demand in very direct and emphatic language, yet language which will be assented to very generally. It is the truth that Smith is a plain soldier man, who has given his whole life to the service, and whose only idea from the first is to "find the enemy and smash 'em." That may not be the theory of super-modern warriors, but it is the theory on which our great captains have proceeded, from U. S. Grant down, and it is particularly well adapted to the purposes of real war. General Smith has been retired before his time—through a misapprehension, we feel sure—but it is not too late to restore him to a position which he has honored most conspicuously.

We have no wish to go over the case again. Its salient features are already sufficiently familiar to the country. What we suggest is that General Jacob H. Smith be put back upon the active list and left there to take his turn in orderly and honorably retirement. His conduct since he returned from the Philippines has been admirable in every way. It has been as admirable, in fact, as was his conduct on the islands. Out there he was the incarnation of war. He did his duty—did it cheerfully and thoroughly. If there was anything wrong about the war itself certainly that was no fault of his. He did not make the war or dictate the lines upon which it was to be prosecuted. He had his orders and he obeyed them to the best of his ability. Returning, after long and arduous service, he was met at San Francisco by the announcement of his untimely transfer to the retired list. With every right to expect reward and commendation, he received, instead, only reproof and degradation. He has set up no complaint, however. He has organized no political cabal to agitate his grievances, nor yet posed as a martyr to catch the popular eye. He has, on the contrary, conducted himself with simple and self-contained dignity, which entitles him to all praise. We doubt whether, among all the generals who have won fame and received reward in connection with the Philippines, there is any who really deserves more sympathy and admiration than General Smith.

The President could do nothing more just or gracious than the act we have suggested. Under any circumstances, General Smith would not have more than about a year of active service, but at least he is entitled to that, if loyalty, devotion and courage entitle an officer to anything.

A LONDON UTILITY FOR GIRLS.

One of the most prosperous corporations doing business in London is the Aerated Bread company, which recently declared an annual dividend of 42½ per cent. These enormous profits do not come, however, from the sale of bread or buns or cake over the counter or by delivery to customers, though the concern was organized for that purpose. It now has in every quarter of London where there can be any trade, eating houses where luncheon can be served quickly and where the most expensive dish is not more than sixpence. In these eating houses the waiters are all young women, who dash upstairs and downstairs and from the kitchen to the customer, and make themselves as happy as they can through their persiflage between themselves and those whom they are serving. For their work these girls receive the munificent pay of ten shillings or $2.50 a week, or rather the balance of that after one shilling and sixpence is taken out for the meals they eat. In some establishments of the same class in Brooklyn a few years ago the girls who did similar work were compelled to begin their day's labor with prayer. It is not stated that this is a custom in the shops of the A. B. C., as the places are known, but they must wear a uniform of a black dress with white apron and a flat cap something like a doily, and must dress their hair in a certain manner which, while becoming to some of them, is what is called "wretchedly horrifying" to others. At the meeting at which the chairman of the board of directors made the announcement of the big year's profits to the stockholders, one of the latter questioned if it would not be possible to advance the pay of the girls by two shillings a week. The chairman's reply was as follows: "Why, bless your heart, the girls do not want more pay. We can get twice as many as we want at ten shillings. The stores are regular matrimonial agencies. Young fellows come there for their meals, get acquainted with the girls and before we know it take them away from us and marry them. We give every girl a wedding cake, and it almost keeps one man busy all the time making and baking them." The reply was conclusive and the stockholder sat down speechless, if not satisfied.

THE FRATERNAL LOYALTY OF WORKINGMEN.

Official reports from the headquarters of the United Mineworkers of America state that the contributions made by miners for the support of the strikers in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania amounted to more than $2,500,000. Other labor organizations gave largely for the same purpose. Contributions were made by wage-earners in all parts of the country.

Without this help the miners of the hard coal fields must have been beaten long before the mine owners consented to submit their differences to arbitration. Lack of the bare means of subsistence would have made that result inevitable. The contributions received from workingmen who had only their earnings to draw upon kept the struggle going on until at least a partial victory was won by the miners.

This is one of the many illustrations of the loyalty of workers in the trades to one another in time of trouble. In that respect union miners set an example which is seldom followed by business men. If capitalists were obliged to give as much, in proportion to their means, as workingmen do for the relief of associates in distress they would feel grossly injured and imposed upon. It is like the remarkable generosity of the poor toward the poorer, whenever there is special need of help for the unfortunate and the destitute, and, indeed, at all times.

It often seems that to have much is to stimulate the desire for more, while to be forced to manage the obligations of life with slender resources is to learn to part with even a share of the modest resources possessed when there is a call which touches the heart of charity or appeals to the fraternal sense which is so strong among those who labor with their hands in the industrial arts and trades.

BOTH A POET AND A PHILOSOPHER.

Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, is now an old man and fortunately a relatively rich one, going to his lovely home on to some Texas land where oil was struck recently. He said in Washington the other day: "My fortune is not great. It came to me accidentally. All our misfortunes come to us accidentally, and this piece of good was certainly an accident. Although I am not rich, I have enough to make it unnecessary for me to stop and consider whether it is advisable for me to ride on a street car or walk when I prefer to take a car. It is a very comfortable sensation to come into some money unexpectedly. A man develops a great independence very suddenly. Oh, sometimes me from lecture managers and different committees which gobble over governments. It has made it possible for me to follow my work at my own pleasure."

In his interpretation of Julius Cæsar Mansfield does realize the effect of Cæsar on the stage. He leaves the impression that Cæsar is a great man, as the ghost of Cæsar usually looks corrected and subdued.

All the gold in Montana is not taken from the earth. In cases of emergency they walk into the bank. It is waiting the time when the north wind becomes a cold wave and the cold wave becomes a blizzard.

KICKERS AND KICKS.

There is a story in my mind—perhaps you know it, but I'll tell it, anyway.

Once upon a time there were two frogs. They fell into a jar of milk. The jar was high and the milk was deep, and there seemed no way of escape.

"I guess we're done for," sorrowfully concluded the Easily Discouraged Frog, "and we might as well lie down and die now as later on."

"Maybe you're right," replied the Hopeful Frog, "but I intend to keep on kicking in the meantime."

So, buoyed up by the spirit of the Hopeful Frog, the two kicked all night, and in the morning found no difficulty in making their way out of the jar—for the kicking had churned the milk into butter!

The moral is obvious, isn't it?

I told that story to a discouraged friend of mine the other day. He pondered unwillingly over it for a space and then delivered himself of the following:

"That's all right. I believe in the kicking process. I'm kicking now—but I've kicked so long without results that I guess it's a jar of buttermilk I've fallen into."

The moral here is also discernable.

But don't you think because the first kick or two doesn't bring the butter, that you are doomed to kick unseen.

Even if it's only buttermilk, there are chances that the disturbance you raise will attract attention and that some indignant housewife will hastily assist you into freedom.

We're all born into a world of milk. It almost seems to me, which needs to be churned if we are to surmount our difficulties by success.

There are several kinds of kickers in this world.

There are the diligent kickers, the intelligent kickers, the kickers who kick on principle, the kickers who kick anyway, the kickers who waste all their strength on footballs and the kickers who are too lazy to kick, but would like to to.

Then, of course, there are people who don't kick—there who are too timid; or who sit upon this mundane sphere with a noble resignation, believing that if Fate intends them to move Fate will do the necessary kicking; or those who view with a laugh the world and its doings.

But at present I'm talking about kicks and kickers.

The diligent kicker generally gets what he wants, because he makes himself so disagreeable if he doesn't. The other fellow gives in to keep the peace. When the diligent kicker gets home in the evening his dinner is steaming hot on the table at the moment desired—but his family hates him, as a rule. He kicks at the office until the office machinery runs like clockwork, but he incurs the ill will of his clerks. If he's a clerk he kicks until his salary is raised—if he isn't "fired." The diligent kicker obtains his ends usually, but he isn't loved.

The intelligent kicker knows when he is in milk or buttermilk, and he governs his kick accordingly. Moreover, when there is nothing to be gained by kicking, he is wise enough to keep the peace and enjoy life. He never kicks without a definite purpose.

Not so the kicker who kicks on principle, or the kicker who kicks anyway.

The one who kicks on principle may be a pretty good sort of fellow when the mania isn't upon him. He is the kind who refuses to give up his nickel to the conductor when he can't find a seat. The principle is all right, and if his fellow beings would join their kicks to his on the spot, there might be resultant good and we'd have a better street car service. But as a rule he is ridiculed for a fool, and has to pay up or get off the car.

The man who kicks anyway is something we have got to bear. He can't help it. It's in the blood. You might as well try to cure a mule. He never gains anything by his kicking unless it's an accident. He is in all walks of society. He would die if he couldn't kick. It's only mental relaxation.

The man who is too lazy to kick, but would like to, is generally the man at the foot of the ladder. He's the man who says "Aw, what's the use?" He never amounts to anything.

There is another class of kicker—the man who stands in front of a stone wall and bruises his toe impotently against it. There is unthinking labor striking without intelligence, and here are the unreasoning discontented. The man who kicks at a stone wall is to be more pitied than despised. He needs help, and, for the good of ourselves as well as of him, it should be given him.

And, again, there is the one who vents his righteous wrath kicking at the atmosphere when he should be operating upon something solid. Oh, I know that kind—too intimately to take a pleasure in volable discourse concerning it. Lots of us have courage to punish the air in the bosom of our families—presenting a mild and meek countenance when in the presence of the hated but powerful object of our kicks.

Many good laws are the result of strenuous "kicking."

Don't waste all your "kicks" on little things. The big ones can stand it best.

Most men attain success through their own kicking, but there are some who need to be kicked into greatness. Many great names would have been lost to the world if a good kicker hadn't been behind the dreaming poet, the lazy musician, the happy-go-lucky artist, the drunken writer.

A rude is respected from the rear, but that doesn't prevent us from hitting him over the head.

A man who doesn't occasionally kick is overrun by his neighbors, his fellow clerks and employers.

Never kick at a man who's down—he may get up again.

Kick to create an interest in yourself. Kick for justice. Kick for amusement. Kick for courage. Kick for principle. Lie on your back and kick with four feet, if necessary, for self-interest. Kick yourself when you deserve it. But don't—don't kick gratuitously for mere recreation.

And, whatever you do, don't allow yourself to be a general kicker.—H. K. Wesley.

Youth and Age.

(From the New York Sun.)

How old must you be to be called "old" in that young country, Gopherland? A Great City dispatch to the Minneapolis Times tells of the premature of Hon. C. H. Britton who, "though in his fifties," took the bull by the horns when it attacked him. Mr. Britton "threw the bull and held him down until help arrived." Bully for Britton, the bull-thrower! But see what a stronger title some wrestling on the Minneapolis Times gives to this labor of the town Hercules! "Aged Man Throws Bull." Is a man in his fifties regarded as aged in Gopherland? In these parts a fifty-year-old or sixty-year-old is in the middle middle class. Whatever be the shifting scale of age in the east and west, our lumbering town-bred poems to be pretty well preserved for an old, aged man.

Uncle Joe's Loaves and Fishes.

(From the Hartford Courant.)

If "Uncle Joe" Cannon gets into the speaker's chair of the house of representatives he will be the first man reported to be a millionaire to occupy that high office. Mr. Hanna came pretty near to million mark, but probably did not quite reach it. Mr. Reed, of Maine, he resided in a very large and richly furnished house, but he also owns "farms," where tobacco and hops are raised. A correspondent speaks of him that he is credited with having "landed more swamp lands and ceiled in soft berths in the different branches of the government service than any other five men in congress."

Lock and Dead Cats.

(From the New York Tribune.)

Professor Loeb, of Chicago University, having discovered that dead cats and dogs can temporarily be restored to life by injecting into their veins solutions of sodium and potassium, the cat may now safely enjoy more than nine lives, and the proud of every dog having his fly now or hereafter have half a dozen more to spare, with little prospect so far as the public weal is concerned, but from a scientific and medical point of view in the highest degree interesting.

Nearly every man can be another his conscience without taking lessons.

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

Shawnee is rejoicing over the new statehood bill. Shawnee has designs on the permanent capital.

The Rush Rustler has gotten into the yearling class in Oklahoma. The second volume was begun last week.

The Washington correspondents have it that the proposed new state of Oklahoma will have a Democratic majority of 25,000.

Quay is still confident that the omnibus bill will pass the senate. Quay is a shrewd fellow, and he probably knows what he is talking about.

Delegate Rodey, of New Mexico, thinks that the report of the statehood committee was intended to kill all statehood legislation for this term of congress.

The story was true, after all, that Bill Cross was out of line with the national Democracy. The attitude of the party in congress, on the statehood bill, proves it.

In the report of the Claremore convention sent to the Associated Press, D. C. Lewis was given the credit for being the most distinguished Oklahoma Republican present.

Rev. North Winston, pastor of the Macedon Baptist church at Guthrie, was murdered in the rural districts of Logan county last Saturday. One Fred Brown is suspected.

Burglary has never been so general in Oklahoma as it is now. Even Uncle Sam is not exempt from it. In fact, the postoffice safe seems to be a favorite object of attack.

It is said that Bird McGuire is courting a contest on the theory that a recount would make his majority larger. It probably would.

Tom Doyle, of Perry, was elected president of the Claremore statehood convention. Tom will be a big "Injun" if the two territories are fused into one state.

The fellows who reason logically and practically down in Oklahoma are not staying awake at nights thinking about statehood. They do not believe there is any probability for it soon.

Bill Grimes has discovered that Bermuda grass sown in alleys improve their appearance wonderfully, and will ask the city council of Kingfisher to experiment with it.

Joe McNeal has resigned from the presidency of the Guthrie National bank, and Former Judge Frank Dale succeeds him. Mr. McNeal's interest was to a large extent purchased by J. N. Perry and A. N. Edwards, of St. Louis.

Pat Oats, sheriff of Woods county, has been seen monkeying about the probate judge's office looking at marriage certificates, and the supposition is that something will happen pretty soon. It has always been a surprise at Alva why such a good-looking man should remain a bachelor.

Draper, who caused the North American, of Philadelphia, so much trouble with his White Buffalo story, worked at Ardmore for some time and set type on the Tahlequah Arrow. There is where he got his wonderful imagination, and not in Wichita. He also was at one time side partner of Col. A. J. Blackwell which explains the great stories of prophecy attributed to the Colonel some years ago.

The Courier at Ponca City is advocating the improvement of the park there. The Courier itself is probably not aware of the full measure of the good it is doing. He who advocates a good park is doing a service the value of which cannot be confined to his generation, for it will extend to future generations as well. God loves an advocate of shade, grass and fresh air.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

Will White calls Charlie Curtis a hoodoed josh, and he calls him that in no joshing way, either.

The Prohibition vote in Kansas was larger than the Socialists' vote. The vote of Sedgwick county was larger than both of them put together.

The Emporia College football team will either have to go into the hands of a receiver or into the bankruptcy court. At the end of the season it is $100 in the hole.

Don Brownfield, who was found guilty of perjury in the Morrison case at El Dorado, is well known all over Kansas as the proprietor of a medicine show and several castles in the air.

There was a wonderful sight of hot air in the cold wave stories sent out from Kansas points Wednesday. Wichita saw nothing of it. The finest kind of Indian summer prevailed down here.

Cowley county isn't big enough to allow all the gas underneath it to come to the surface, and the result is that it is shooting out over the line in Oklahoma at a place called Achton.

Bill White says that Tom McNeal's conscience is so callous that he can strike a match on it. This is the first time in thirty years that anybody has said a mean thing about Tom McNeal.

That threatened contest is the only thing that has kept the name of Craddock before the public since the election. Now that he has a unfounded this contest his subsidence will be complete.

The appeal to Reason is jubilant over the claim that the Socialists cast 50,000 at the elections last month. That is about two to every 100 voters in the United States. Some people would jubilate over anything.

W. H. Craddock announces that he will be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor again, two years hence. When the political microbe once gets into a man it is mighty hard to eradicate it.

Before leaving for Washington, Congressman Calderhead, who was interviewed concerning the sensational matter by the Marysville News, said that he would trust his chances to the good sense of the members of the legislature.

Craddock's campaign expenses cost him, according to his statement, $3,000. That was $1,000 more than the salary for his term would amount to if elected. The figures do not look well for the author of the "Do Right" movement.

Senator Bob Findlay, of Riley county, is advocating the establishment of a broom factory at the State Reformatory to employ the inmates. Senator Findlay is in the broom-corn business, and he probably knows who has the inside in Sunflower.

A sensational evangelist at Chanute—Williams by name—has locked horns with the Elks by calling them an organization of boozers and further saying that there is not a moral man among them. The mistake the Elks made is that they noticed him.

The State Temperance Union is always an interesting study. It takes itself so seriously. It now sees a hobgoblin, of course—a great government growing in favor of its objects. The Hague has inspired it to formulate a solemn warning to experts to submerge the holy cause under an avalanche of temperance literature.

Topeka Capital: A queer story comes from Douglas county. Last week an inmate of the county poor farm was pronounced insane by a committee of Lawrence physicians, and sent to the asylum at Topeka. His affliction took the form of a belief that he was overrun with lice. This week the asylum authorities notified the Douglas county probate judge that the man should be returned; that he is not insane; that as a matter of fact, investigation showed he really is overrun with lice. It looks as though it is a horse on the commissions of Lawrence physicians.

It is said that correspondence has an evil, but there is at least the exception of one in the Rock Island company. The general superintendent of the Rock Island railroad has issued a life-time pass to Mrs. J. W. Holcombe, of Longton, Elk county. This goes to the correspondent of Mrs. Holcombe in writing a twenty page letter. A week ago Mrs. Holcombe discovered that a bridge on the railroad near her place was on fire and saw the smoke of an approaching coming around the bend. She hastened to the railroad and succeeded in flagging the train. Had she not stopped it the train would have gone through the burning bridge.

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Tomorrow Special Sale Wrist Bags and Chatelaines
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Tomorrow Special Sale Salt and Peppers
Another sale that involves a Christmas spirit is the offering of Baccarat Cut Glass Salt and Peppers, with genuine sterling silver mountings; 9-25-1000 fine; worth regular 50c set. Choice, per set, tomorrow..... 25c
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Tomorrow The ladies of the First M. E. church will be with us and offer for sale Cakes and Salads and other good things to eat—tomorrow.

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A complette line of the best makes for CHRISTMAS.
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Ingersoll Dime Wind Watch, a well tested time keeper, will make the boy happy..... 75c

In the Shoe Department
Ladies' Felt Lined Boots, now..... 50c
Ladies' Felt Lined Juliettes Today..... 75c

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Today we will sell 36 pairs Mens Holiday Slippers, velvet embroidered vamps, all sizes. Today..... 59c

500 Dozen Handkerchiefs

Note our splendid line of Holiday Handkerchiefs. We think we have the cream of the season's produce here, and are satisfied with profits that would look insignificant to some stores. We will sell today Fifty Dozen 16-inch Turkey Red Handkerchiefs at..... 2½c
100 dozen Ladies' Fine Colored Borders Hem Stitched, made of Sea cambric, today..... 5c
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