Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

THAT TOPEKA TEAPOT TEMPEST.

Noses have been counted and a majority of the members-elect to the Legislature are found to be for Pringle for Speaker. If this is true, and there seems to be no doubt of it, Pringle and Joe Cannon seem to be in boats very much of the same pattern, and boats floated without their expectation or solicitation and in practically the same manner. Also if this is true why all this Topeka racket and tempest in a teapot. Curtis, the Topeka candidate for United States Senator, declares that he is taking no hand in the Speakership fight. Congressman Calderhead, another candidate for the Senate, denies all responsibility for Pringle but admits satisfaction, and Congressman Long says that he is entirely content that the Stanley-Bailey selection shall stand. As for Stanley, he asserts that he was only endeavoring to steer the Speakership contest clear of the muddle, with Bailey avowing that Pringle would act in harmony with the incoming administration. If there is, therefore, no conspiracy, no deep down plot to do up the "talon," why should the Topeka papers keep tipping up the lid of perdition, the while exorting the multitude to take a peep at the seething situation. The House will elect a Speaker. The mere suggesting of candidates cannot be made a crime, even a misdemeanor, while it would not relieve the Topeka agony if the Stanley-Bailey candidate were withdrawn, because of the open, notorious and accepted fact that a majority of the members have declared that Pringle is good enough for them.

GOVERONR STANLEY PROPOSES REFORM.

Governer Stanley is out in an interview in which he says that after four years' experience as the Chief Executive of the state of Kansas he concludes that there are too many officers, too many boards to do the business, too many men holding down places who have little to do. That is an old cry, old as the Commonwealth itself. But it is safe to say that every administration since the admission of the state has added to the number of officers. Politicians must have places for the push, and a big majority of every legislature is but a state assemblage of local politicians, rather than an aggregation of statesmen. The average legislator talks loud, and patriotically, protests and steadly appeals in behalf of the burthened tax-payer, the while preaching economy as with blazing eyes he demands reform. But all the time he is conserving his own little jobs and voting to create new positions—new places. State, county and municipal offices are ever being multiplied. This is also true of the nation. To howl over or against the abuse is viewed as buncombe, and in most instances is buncombe. The Eagle has in years past indulged in that pastime in pointing out that state, county and city affairs could be just as well administered by less than half the number of existing officers and at less than half the cost. But politicians, who are all office seekers and office holders, and neither the people or the newspapers decide these matters. If you will look the matter up you will find few if any instances wherein governors have vetoed measures which put more patronage into their hands by creating additional places. There are no doubt politicians living yet who remember the Eagle's old "state cow doctor" fight. It was said by one that "public office is a private snap." P. B. Plumb was credited with the invention of the expression. But the definition lacks in comprehensiveness. Political positions are personal grafts in all too many instances and he who cries out against the multiplying of them is as a rule viewed as a demagogue. Governor Stanley's proposed reform comes at the wrong end of the administration.

Jim Lane, probably the most unique, magnetic and successful politician ever boasted by Kansas, used to declare that every other Kansan is a practicnl politician and they all want office. The grim chieftain, if he should return, would find conditions unchanged with more candidates for the United States Senate than he ever dreamed of.

LONG TO GO UP HIGHER.

A Washington dispatch notes that Congressman Long of Kansas is to rise to a higher place on the committee of ways and means, the committee which has a greater influence in national legislation than any other. The Kansas City Journal declares that it must be gratifying to Kansas to know that she has a representative in Washington who is taking such a prominent part in the larger affairs of the country, and who has proved himself equal to the demands of his position. The esteemed is correct in its estimate, no doubt. All that the Journal says is not only true, but Long is comparatively speaking, in years and in service, a young man, the youngest man in service and in years on the ways and means committee. All of which proves to a demonstration that Mr. Long is well equipped for the promotion being urged by his friends, for a seat in the United States Senate.

THE DANGER OF YELLOW JOURNALISM.

Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford, in his Thanksgiving sermon at St. George's church in New York City, had some interesting things to say about the wrong and right sorts of journalism. He said:

"The chief danger threatening the life of this country today, in my judgment, arises in the unsatisfactory state of journalism more than from anything else. There are journals with immense sale whose one effort is to exploit the news of the country rather than to tell the truth. No lie is more misleading or vicious than a half statement or perversion.

"Democracy must ultimately succeed, for democracy and Christianity are one, but democracy as a political experiment in this country may not succeed at all. Democracy as a government has failed before, as Mr. Lecky ably proves, and may fail again, but though this country and that country fail, the principle of democracy must ultimately win, for it is God's truth.

"The one thing that threatens our democracy in this country is the perverse effort to spread before the people not the truth itself, but the truth garbled, distorted when it suits the purpose of the paper, absolutely suppressed or perverted. Two parties to a struggle by this method are each slandered to the other—any wicked, lying subterfuge adopted to make excitement, to arouse curiosity, to heat passion, and so to make a paper sell. The authors of this sort of journalism are the worst public enemies in the land. They are injecting poison into the young and healthy veins of a great people. Millions have been spent in colleges, and millions in libraries, and the money has been well spent. Sure as you live, the time is at hand when far-seeing men will come forward prepared to spend millions in placing the truth, so far as it can be ascertained, before the people of these United States— the truth about politics, the truth about finance, the truth about art, the truth about business—a true statement of the news of the world, not to bolster up a cause, not to make a fortune, not to push a party, but the truth for its own sake, because the cause of humanity, which is the cause of democracy, can live by nothing else than the truth. And be sure of this, the majority of the people of this great country respect the truth, want the truth, and would make sacrifices for the truth."

THE MACEDONIAN COMMITTEE.

The stories of the awful barbarities practiced upon Macedonia peasants by Turkish soldiers were to have been expected. They have followed inevitably the recent uprising against Turkish authority in that part of the Balkan peninsula, and were doubtless anticipated by those who planned the revolt.

Those Macedonian agitators are wild and ignorant men, but they know how to appeal for sympathy throughout Christendom. The Macedonian committee is constantly planning ways and means of arousing the ferocity of the Turks and leading them to the commission of atrocities. More than once the murder of Mohammedans has been resorted to by the Christians, in the certain belief that they would be followed by reprisals so horrible that they would attract the attention of the powers of Europe.

Indeed, it is generally believed, if not admitted, that the kidnapping of Miss Stone and her companion by brigands was planned by the Macedonian committee, with the express purpose of getting a ransom which should be turned into the revolutionary fund, and that was the principal reason why the missionaries were averse to the taking of any steps to punish the brigands.

It is to be regretted that political considerations stand in the way of the solution of the Balkan problem, as it should be solved by taking from the Sultan every bit of European territory over which he exercises dominion.

THERE IS ANARCHY IN CAPE TOWN.

There is a complete reign of terror in Cape Town, and the city is reported to be overrun with desperadoes and by men made desperate through lack of work, lack of money and lack of food. The war left many of these, but since the close of hostilities adventurers have flocked to South Africa by every steamer despite the efforts of the British government to prevent any immigration except of men who had at least $500 with which to support themselves until they could settle down in employment. The papers disclose this deplorable state of affairs, murders, robberies with violence, assaults and housebreakings taking place daily, but, according to a correspondent in the Cape Times, only a tithe of what occurs actually appears in print. Within the space of a few days he tells that two murders and three murderous assaults were committed, none of which appeared to have aroused any notice or comment. The first was an old man, who earned his living by selling wild flowers. While returning home with his small purchases of groceries, he was set upon and murdered. A little girl who sold cakes in the streets was attacked in the some way and succumbed. An unknown man was attacked and left for dead. A soldier, who was supposed to have his war pay about him, was literally hacked and butchered, and now lies in a precarious condition. The last case was one which the writer saw with his own eyes. Two men were beating the life out of a third under their feet with a thick iron bar. But for the vigorous interference of the Cape Times correspondent, the man would have been killed in a few minutes.

THERE IS THE GOLDEN MEAN.

Some of the bitter condemnation of corporations, which are combinations of capitalists, comes from men who are ardent believes in trades unions. Some of the most radical and unfair denunciation of labor organizations comes from men who are builders and managers of huge combinations of capitalists. It is hardly necessary to say that such hostility counts for very little with the moderate men, when its sources are balanced, one against the other. Corporations may be either good or bad, though trusts are mainly evil, especially unless sharply watched and held well under restraint. Labor unions may work good or ill, though their net effect has doubtless been beneficial to labor. In both cases the imperative thing is that the men in control shall be reasonable, fair and law-abiding. This is the doctrine of the President. It is good Republican belief. More and more, it is gaining favor in the country as a whole.

EUROPEAN NATIONAL BUDGETS.

A writer in L'Economiste European has been compiling statistics showing the increase during the last decade in the annual budgets of the nations of Europe. In 1891 the sum total of all the budgets amounted to $3,667,000,000. By 1896 this figure had advanced to $4,551,500,000, and in 1891 had assumed the enormous proportions of $5,512,000,000. For this increase military expenses are in no small degree responsible. The price of military efficiency advanced from $322,500,000 in 1891 to $1,575,000,000 in 1901. In 1891 France and Russia combined voted $221,000,000 for this purpose, and the nations included in the Triple Alliance $291,000,000. In 1901 the former had increased this sum to $420,690,000, and the budget for the Triple Alliance had risen to $591,000,000. No wonder Europe desires peace at all costs!

AMERICAN SURPLUS BEING INVESTED.

Among the significant news items of the day in Europe are announcements of American investments in industrial establishments of large size and much importance. It is only a few years since that sort of international business was all on the other side, but though foreign capital is still seeking opportunities for profitable employment in the United States it is being offset, more and more, by investments of American money in Europe, South America, Canada, Mexico and Central America, even in China and the East Indies, which will contribute a large income, growing bigger every year, to swell the wealth of the American people.

OUR OLD WORLD A LITTLE SHAKY.

Professor Milne, the famous English seismologist, says that our tremulous old globe has an average of 30,000 earthquakes every year. Many of these shocks are local, but the important earthquakes propagate a series of waves through the world in all directions. In brief, the "solid earth" is a mere figure of speech. There are places down in Guerrero where the crust of the earth is almost continually in agitation. But what most interests us all is when the final readjustment of seas and continents is to take place. And is it right that our New Thought friends should be adding to the sum total of vibrations?

A SICK MAN'S HOLIDAY.

When he had registered his name in the hotel book he turned around to survey the scene. These great hotels by the south seas are apt to be very gladsome places in the winter. The Matagorda was no exception. The lobby and the tributary halls were crowded with gayly dressed men and women. A Spanish orchestra was playing "La Paloma" from some sconce in the walls. Staring about him in eager anticipation of the days that were at hand, Hampton saw a fair face and a pair of radiant eyes staring at him. He looked over his shoulder to make sure that he was not mistaken. Nobody was behind him, and, with a few steps forward, he made sure that the hesitant smile and the bright eyes were directed at himself.

"Don't think me bold," she said, dropping the mantilla from her yellow hair as he came up. "You don't know me, of course—i—I'm Hilda Farnham—O—ah-h. Miss Farnham. Harry has talked of you a thousand times. He talks of no one—nothing else.

"It's dreadfully kind of you to—to—" he hesitated.

"To recognize you?" she laughed. "I couldn't help it. I'd have known you among a thousand. Mr. Hampton, this is my friend, Miss Potter. She knows Harry—and if she doesn't know you it's not because we haven't talked about you."

Miss Potter, who was tall, queen-like in dignity and poise, but with a most womanly sweet face, gave him her hand, blushed gloriously and said:

"Yes, Mr. Hampton, we've been talking about you. Hilda and I were schoolmates, you know. Harry worships you—but I guess you know that—he's been writing of nobody else lately, at least so says Hilda, and we've been expecting—at least we knew you were coming. You don't look like an invalid." This is they swept out upon the veranda to watch the winter moon shimmering in the tropic sea.

"Oh, I'm not ill, he laughed, "and if I were this reception itself would have cured me. I just came down for a rest. I'm tired out, you know; one may work too hard; it—ah—you're both very kind to hail me in this bonny way."

The tears were in his eyes, for he was an impressionable man, full of tenderness unexpressed, and furtive, like most shy men. Furthermore, he was not handsome, a man unnoticed of ambitious women, sensitive, responsive, generous, "a man's man," wise in his day, lonely, making the best of his own gray world, and therefore neither sad nor gay.

"How selfish we must seem—we women," said Miss Potter, turning her great eyes down upon him as she led the way to a bench in the remote shadows of the veranda; "we who never work, who never worry. Now, look at us, Mr. Hampton, what do you suppose we've come here for? Just to play, that's all. We've come for excitement to the same place in which you look for rest. Surely either you or we have come in vain."

"Oh, no," he said, feeling, somehow, rejuvenated in her beautiful presence, and sensing in his wide nostrils the perfume of her hair. "Oh, no. Things go by contrast. The stir of life at these winter resorts, the pageant of color and gayety, the wind-driven, cloud-spangled sea—these, I dare say, are 'excitement' for you. For me, and for men tired as I am of the strife, the envies, the toil, the uncertainties of the workaday world, these are only diversions that I see without seeking, pictorial panoplies that amuse without weariness, panoramas of a life in which I am but an observer bearing no part. They have a new meaning in that I am to see them with you, and with Miss Farnham, but—but they shall not weary me—under the circumstances."

And so he and Miss Potter drifted away into that elusive realm of dreams and ecstasies where danger lies, and when a man called Eckstorm came and led Miss Farnham away, and they were left alone, Hampton could have cursed when his cough seized him and the chill night air clawed at his throat and made his voice hoarse and vague.

"You'd better go in, Mr. Hampton," she said, kindly, "you're not acclimated yet. I—we'll see you in the morning. Go now—Harry would never forgive us if—if we didn't look after you."

And he went in, saying nothing, for indeed the asthma had seized him literally by the throat, and he took his key from the clerk at the desk and went upstairs, seeing nothing but a glorified face with dark, smoldering eyes, hearing nothing but the sound of a voice that was all music, all promise, all prophecy.

He looked at his key and said to the boy, "Sixty-one." It had a bath room attached and he went into it, leaving the main room dark. He was stripping for a plunge in the warm water when he heard voices in the room through which he had just passed.

"Like him?" sneered Miss Farnham; "how could a woman like a ghost? I wish Harry hadn't sent him! He's anaemic, looks like a death's head. I bet he'll die on us."

"Fie, fie, Hilday," came the sonorous voice of the woman whom he had begun to worship, "don't abuse him. He does look sickly, I admit that, but he's a gentle, imaginative chap. Poor fellow—how tall do you suppose he is?"

"Not over five feet seven."

"Oh, you're mistaken. I stood as close beside him as I could without actually touching him, and he's five feet nine if he's an inch. I rather like him."

"Good, Amy!" laughed the other. "Go ahead! Win him! He won't last long, that's one consolation, and—well, if he isn't rich he soon will be. He's a demon for work."

"He has nice teeth—did you notice, Hilda?"

"And a well-articulated—er—skeleton," laughed the affianced of Harry.

"I'll bet he's generous, though! Doesn't care for money, or expenses, or anything like that. And he is a good talker, Hilda! Did you hear him when he thanked us for our welcome? I really believe there were tears in his eyes!"

"Oh, go ahead! Make a hero of him! But don't go too strong on the tears. They all do that, and as for talk, they just remember it out of books. Harry recites poetry to me and tries to make believe he made it up. But he's healthy, anyhow."

Poor Hampton, now locked in the bathroom, heard all this. Then the voices faded, the light went out, there were a few smothered sentences and at last utter silence.

But the next morning, when Hilda Farnham and Eva Potter left word for him to join their claiming party, the clerk told them that he had gone away. And they did not see him again.—John H. Raftery.

Newspaperr Waifs.

"The bride looked like a queen." "The groom looked like the deuce."—Judge.

"She calls that her football coat." "Why?" "Because it has a full back."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Village Swain—"Lovely moon, ain't there, Sally?" Sally (re-visiting her home)—"Nuthin' to what we see in town!"—Punch.

Miss Thirtyodd—"Sufferin' fed the audacity to propose to me last evening." Miss Twentyseven—"Indeed! And when is the wedding to take place?"—Chicago Daily News.

Margaret—"Have you any plan or system for being an agreeable guest?" Katharine—"Yes, indeed! I always go home a day or two before my hostess expects me to leave."—Puck.

Bobby—"Did God make that new baby, pa?" Pa—"Yes, Bobby." Bobby—"Say, pop, about what does he charge for a kid like Jimmy?"—Detroit Free Press.

She—"Those souvenir performances are a good idea. They give one something to remember the play by." He—"But I think, as a rule, I'd prefer having something to forget it by."—Brooklyn Life.

Teacher—"And what is the color of the ocean?" Tommy—"Blue." Teacher—"Can you give a reason for this?" Tommy—"I guess it's 'cause the mouth fish's in it ain't just color."—Philadelphia Press.

Even the craziest old bachelor wants to know whether it's a girl or a boy the minute he sees the baby.

Every man would like to be a genius, but few can afford it.

BAILEY AND BEVERIDGE.

W. E. Curtis, in his letter to the Chicago Record-Herald, from Washington, says:

An impression prevails that the Hon. Joseph Bailey, of Texas, will ask the senate of the United States for re-enforcements in his fight with the Hon. William L. Penfield, solicitor of the department of state, but his friends advise him not to do so. Penfield has stated in the public prints his opinion that Bailey is an ass and a liar, and that Bailey is aware that he is a liar, although he does not charge that Bailey knows he is an ass. Bailey does not know everything.

A year ago or more one of Bailey's constituents got into trouble about a gold or silver mine down in Mexico, and applied to Ambassador Clayton, who declined to help him, and reported his reasons to the secretary of state. The constituent appealed to Mr. Bailey, and the latter demanded the removal of Clayton. The secretary of state referred the matter to Solicitor Penfield, who sustained Clayton. Bailey attacked Penfield on the floor of the senate, and Beveridge, being Penfield's friend and the representative of his state, replied that Bailey's language was unwarranted. When the senate adjourned Bailey grabbed Beveridge by the lapels of his coat and shook him fiercely, demanding a retraction and threatening to kill him. Beveridge was rescued by Spooner and others, smoothed down his ruffled plumage and behaved as a gentleman should. Bailey blew off steam in the newspapers and renewed his attack upon Penfield. The latter wrote a communication, which was furnished to the press associations and appeared in every paper in the country, reviewing the case and declaring in as many words that Bailey lied, and knew he lied intentionally, in his speech that day. He added that Bailey was an ass, and did not know any better than to act that way.

As Bailey had shaken Beveridge for merely suggesting that his statements were unwarranted, it was naturally expected that he would eat Penfield alive without ketchup, but he did not do anything of the kind. He refused to be interviewed and returned to Texas without vindicating his honor. That was last June, and he has made no motion toward Penfield since. He is expected to do something soon. It will probably not be in the nature of personal violence, but the thunderbolt will fall in the form of a whereas and wherefore and resolves presented to the senate of the United States, and demand Penfield's removal for insulting that immortal body by saying that one of its members is a liar and an ass. Bailey regards this as more important than tackling the trusts or revising the tariffs, and will demand an extra session to attend to the matter if it can't be attended to at this. He will have a difficult time passing such a resolution, and if it did pass something would happen at the White House that would hurt Bailey more than Penfield's letter. That interesting paper was read and approved by the secretary of state before its publication, and it was afterward approved by the president of the United States in the following words, to-wit:

"I wish Penfield hadn't called him an ass, because we ought to show respect to the senate, but the rest of the letter is all right."

Hence, if Bailey wants to get rid of Penfield he will have to abolish the whole administration. His friends are advising him to let the matter drop and not to go around looking for any more trouble.

The Pacific steamship companies have complained that the government ought to patronize them instead of sending its own transports to the Philippines with freight and soldiers. They have contended that they could do business a great deal cheaper than the quartermaster's department, and with this patronage assured would be able to give lower rates to the public on general merchandise, and thus build up the export trade. Secretary Root talked the matter over with the president and concluded that it was only fair to give the merchant lines a chance, so a month ago advertisements were published calling for bids for the transportation of troops and supplies between San Francisco and Puget Sound ports and the Philippine Islands. Only one general bid was received. Several agents for tramp steamers offered to carry freight at low rates, but the Boston Steamship company, which has four steamers of 2,000, 5,000 and 7,500 tons, sailing from Seattle once a month, was the only line that took any notice of the advertisement, and its bid was reasonably low. Without considering the transportation of the mails, the government would have saved about $40,000 during the last four months if it had given its business to the Boston Steamship company at the rates offered instead of sending its own transports, but if it had paid for the mails at the usual rates there would have been considerable loss. Therefore, taking everything into consideration, it would be no economy to give up the transport service and patronize the Boston line.

It is considered rather mysterious that none of the other lines offered bids. At the war department the opinion is expressed that their managers were asleep and did not hear about the advertisements, which as hardly possible, because they made the fuss about government competition and begged for the business as an encouragement to the merchant marine.

There is very active rivalry between the Hill and Harriman systems of transcontinental railroads—the Great Northern and the Southern Pacific combinations. Each has steamship connections with the oriental ports, and both are spending a great deal of money to get the trade. The Pacific Mail company, owned by the Southern Pacific people, has put two more vessels—the Korea and the Siberia, the largest ships afloat—into the service during the last few weeks, and has a third of the same dimensions building at Newport News. The Great Northern company is building four leviathans even larger than the Korea, at New London, and two of them will be ready for business in the early spring. So, you see, there will be active competition between the two syndicates from this time on, particularly as the present trade will not be sufficient to sustain their combined new fleets. These facts make it the more strange that neither company asked for the government patronage.

The California members of congress are a good deal stirred up about the matter and are demanding that the steamships that sail from that port should have another chance to bid for the business, promising to wake up their managers by the time another advertisement is printed, and the telegrams from San Francisco say that a company is being organized to buy and run the government transports. There is evidently an Ethiopian concealed somewhere about the woodpile, for the transcontinental railroads are too eager to get government traffic to knowingly let a chance like that slip by. J. J. Hill is now in Washington, and will doubtless have something to say to Secretary Root about the matter when the latter returns from the funeral of his father-in-law.

Mr. Hill anticipates an enormous trade with the Asiatic countries, in the near future, and is getting ready for it by consolidating railway interests and building a big fleet of ships. He believes that hundreds of millions of mouths in China are going to learn to eat our flour and provisions and that the development of that great empire will call for untold supplies of machinery and other forms of manufactured goods, as well as the merchandise that comes out of the ground. Hill is more conservative than he or general principles, and none is more sanguine concerning the future of the eastern trade.

Mrs. Goodsole—Johnny, are you going home now? Your mother's been looking for you all the afternoon.

Johnny—Yes'm, I know.

Mrs. Goodsole—Just think how worried she must be.

Johnny—Oh, she's near the end o' her worryin'. I'm just beginnin' mine.

Life might be one continuous round of pleasure if it were not for the day after.

Geo. Innes & Co.
"WICHITA'S LARGEST AND MOST POPULAR STORE."

Today Sale Wrist Bags and Chatelaines
Regular $1.75 grain leather Seal and Walrus Bags and Chatelains, with jeweled fastening and gun metal mounting; choice, today $1.25

Today Sale Salt and Peppers
Baccarat Cut Glass Salt and Peppers, with genuine sterling silver tops; worth, regular, 50c set; choice, today, set..... 25c

Methodist Pie
The ladies of the First M. E. Church are with us today and offering for sale Pies, Cakes, Salad, etc.

December 6
Just 18 more days until Christmas and, no doubt, you are already considering what to get for friends. Our beautiful line of new Christmas Neckwear, Mufflers (the English Squares, which are the ultra-fashionable this season), Gloves, etc., will quickly solve the question when you call at our new store and see the elegance of our Christmas lines. Also our handsome Suits and Overcoats would make most desirable remembrances.
We think you will enjoy looking through the new lines
Holmes & Jones
Dependable Clothiers and Furnishers
211 East Douglas Avenue

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BOSTON STORE

Pants $2.75 Sale
Today and Tonight Only
We Will Place On Sale All
$3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 Pants
...At $2.75...
These are all new goods, are marked in plain figures and come in all sizes.
Follow the Crowd Today
And Save from 25c to $1.25 on Your Pants.
Underwear Special
We will also place on sale today 50 dozen Men's Heavy Ribbed Winter Underwear.
50c Suit
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Wichita's New One-Price Clothing Store.
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Just as well have the best, it costs no more.
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