Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

A GOOD-HUMORED LEGISLATURE.

Judging from the newspaper accounts and reports from visitors, none of the members-elect who have arrived in Topeka is the least bit excited. The members are now arriving in large numbers, and it was predicted that great excitement would follow their appearance.

The member, having arrived, is detected through the weaving strata of tobacco smoke by the newspaper men, withdrawn from the buzzing crowd and asked his choice as to speaker and senator. A surprising number frankly state their purpose as to both. There is less mystery, less qualifying whisper, less portentous wink, less evasive reticence than has been evident at the beginning of a senatorial contest in Kansas for years.

There is no evidence of passion anywhere among the men who will elect a United States senator. George Martin, of the Historical society, competent to testify, deposes: Up to date he has not caught in the lobby one flash of profanity, a thing he records unhesitatingly as without precedent in the state. He should also note for future reference that to this hour no one has been seen to grab the left ear of a neighbor and spray a heavy secret into it, dramatically in full view of the whole gathering. There may be secrets passing, but they are spoken audibly with safety, for since the old days decorum has grown and the subtle power of this new etiquette makes the abstracted and innocent third party halt ten feet away, where he used to pause two feet away and give a facial imitation of a deaf man.

Judging from this kindly atmosphere, the gods will have, in destroying the man whom they have made mad, the active assistance of a majority of that legislature. Judging from the published interviews of the members, the picturesque fit Topeka has had over Mr. Pringle's candidacy has proved neither endemic, epidemic nor contagious. Clearly Mr. Pringle will be elected. The candidacy with the least promise in it is that of Charles Curtis, and this candidacy from the first has emitted the most highly colored snorts of anger. Palpably it is a legislature which is not to be affected by that method.

There can be no question that this business of electing a United States Senator will be accomplished with the utmost good humor and with notable composure. The man who loses his temper will speedily feel something lift beneath him. It will be the top end of a concealed toboggan.

This is as it should be. The elements which enter into legislative equipoise and rationality are the same elements which will select a man for the senate who will be an honor to his state.

FOR METHODIST MINISTERS.

The proposition to raise a fund of $5,000,000, the income to be used for indigent Methodist clergymen, will probably be acted upon at the next meeting of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Coming so soon after the completion of the $20,000,000 thank-offering, the suggestion of additional millions has attracted wide attention. The $5,000,000 fund was conceived by the Rev. Dr. Edmund Mills, secretary of the thank offering committee, which collected the $20,000,000.

Dr. Mills' labors required him to visit every conference from Maine to Oregon, and he was greatly impressed with the sacrifices required of Methodist ministers stationed in sparsely settled communities in the west.

"It is cruelty of the church to abandon men who have given their lives to its service," says Dr. Mills. "The public should understand that not only do the clergymen receive small salaries in the far western conferences, but their churches are so poor that they can contribute nothing to a conference fund for worn out clergymen. For a university man to put forth his best efforts far removed from the comforts of civilization for $300 a year is a manifestation of the highest type of heroism."

Turning to the minutes of the Colorado conference, which embraces mining, farming and grazing communities, Dr. Mills pointed out specific instances of meager incomes received by clergymen. Some of the salaries paid by Colorado Methodist churches are as follows: Brighton, 20 members, $250; Julesburg, 103 members, $570 and $60 parsonage; Black Hawk, 14 members, $265; Pleasant View, 40 members, $312; Greeley Circuit, 25 members, $200; Lafayette, 32 members, $300; Louisville, 51 members, $450; Waldon, 23 members, $123; Cripple Creek Circuit, 30 members, $384; Granada, 30 members, $500; Lamar Circuit, 44 members, $300; Springfield, 71 members, $200; Alamosa, 61 members, $145; Buena Vista, 48 members, $410; De Beque, 59 members, $250; Del Norte, 36 members, $360; Plateau Circuit, 32 members, $300.

At Rifle, the Rev. Austin Crooks, a Boston University graduate, ministers to the wants of 100 parishioners for $500 a year and a $100 parsonage. Comparatively speaking, the Rev. Mr. Crooks has a desirable berth. At Evans, Colo., the Rev. F. D. Crook, a graduate of the University of Denver and Boston University theological school, receives $350 and $60 a year rent.

The Colorado conference appropriated $32 to minister to the needs of Pine Grove Methodists, who number one member, nineteen probationers and fifty-three Sunday school pupils. The situation is still open. An opportunity to acquire ministerial experience is offered at Vineland, which has sixty-two Methodists, and through the generosity of the Colorado conference has $39 available for a minister.

AN AMERICAN CONDITION.

The Springfield Republican shows how people in that cultured community, all peppered over with savings banks, literary clubs, etc., prefer to enjoy life as they go along, keeping up appearances. The only people, apparently, who make up the list of savings banks depositors are the well-to-do who hanker for fair interest and the working men and women. Our observant and philosophical contemporary says:

"It is not denied, however, that the mass of people in these times either prefer not to commit themselves to the possession of real estate, or are unable to acquire such possession. They choose rented homes instead of owned homes, commonly take out some life insurance as the sole protection of the family in the future, and then proceed to live up to their incomes, saving little or nothing. They become permanently identified with no particular neighborhood and frequently change their residence; and the endless devices of modern civilization to catch the pennies and nickels and dollars of the people, making what was a luxury yesterday a seeming necessity today, insidiously draw the average person and family away from saving and accumulation, and render it next to impossible. Small families are the rule, and to live up to the full standards of an age of comfort and luxury and diversion never before rendered possible becomes the supreme consideration. And so we "go the pace," each in his little or large way, as circumstances admit, with little thought of the future, intent on enjoying to the utmost the present, with its new and multiplying satisfactions of wants that multiply with the means of satisfying, and thus giving to the American life that feverish and selfish and heedless cast which is the remark of all who ever stop long enough to observe."

A SHROT-LIVED CRUISER.

The reported decision of the navy department that the cruiser Philadelphia is not worth the cost of repairing and should therefore be stricken off the available list surprised only those who have not followed the history of this vessel, which was laid down only fourteen years ago. The Philadelphia has only about ten years actual service to her record. When first in commission she rolled so deep that her original three steel masts with fighting tops had to be taken out. They made her top-heavy, and two wooden sticks were substituted. The Philadelphia was laid down at the time when Mr. Whitney was at the head of the navy department. It was one of his ideas that we were under the necessity of importing our engine designs.

The designs for the Philadelphia's engines were imported from England and then were "modified" so that the responsibility for her shortcomings, so far as motive power is concerned, cannot be definitely fixed. The ship early in her career became the subject of controversy in which Theodore Roosevelt made comparisons between her and the Japanese Naniwa, very much to the disparagement of the American craft, and Horace See, the naval architect, took up the cudgels in her behalf. Still, the Philadelphia did some good service, but not enough to wear her out. There are ships in the service now in active employment, like the much-discussed Dolphin, that antedate the Philadelphia, which therefore must be put down as possessing some fault of design or construction fatal to her continued efficiency.

Steel ships do not last so long as either wooden or iron vessels in the natural course of events. Iron is tougher and will stand more hard knocks, denting and twisting long before it will give way; and wooden sailing vessels have often forty years' service to their credit in all the rough work of the merchant service. In the old navy the wooden vessels, with all careful attention they received, were sprightly craft when past threescore. The Constitution, when she had been eighty years afloat, crossed the Atlantic, and at a very good gait. The schoolship St. Mary's, one of the fastest sailing vessels of her class, a record-breaker, still in useful service, is now in her sixtieth year.

The old sailing vessels escaped the "racking" of engines, which is responsible for the early deterioration of many steamers. The work of the best shipwright in the world may be ruined by lack of harmony between engineering and construction. Short lived as steel vessels may be, there must be something radically wrong in a cruiser whose career from laying down to the scrap heap is covered in fourteen years.

A BAPTIST VIEW.

"There are some indications," says the Watchman (Baptist) of Boston, "that the efficiency of many of our churches is beginning to be seriously impaired by the substitution of the educational for the evangelistic idea. The notion widely prevails that if the Sunday school is organized according to the most approved pedagogical methods; if the minister's preaching is thoughtful and instructive; if the prayer-meeting is devoted largely to the discussion and solution of Christian problems, and if the members of the church are interested and active in various popular philanthropies, the interests of the kingdom of God are advancing in the most practicable ways. To say nothing of the fact that this is not the ideal that prevailed in apostolic times, it is not the ideal that prevailed among our Baptist churches when they were struggling up, against congregational antagonism, into strength and efficiency. Our fathers believed that a primary function of the church was to lead men to a personal decision for Christ, and that men could be trained in the Christian life far more successfully than they could be trained to it. Possibly they disparaged unduly the quiet persuasive force of generic Christian influences. Possibly some of the weaknesses that have appeared in our churches can be traced to their failure in this regard. They did not make nearly enough of the culture of the regenerated life, but they were magnificently right in believing that that life could not exist at all apart from the personal commitment of the individual heart to Christ."

IS BRYAN RESPONSIBLE?

M. Edmond Thery of Paris is evidently a Bryanite who has the courage of his very foolish convictions. Early in 1897, after the 16 to 1 theory of the relative value of gold and silver had gone down in defeat—"temporary defeat," Mr. Bryan called it—M. Thery was sanguine enough to wager 1,000 francs and a breakfast with Yves Guyot that by December 31, 1902, the 16 to 1 ratio would be definitely established, and that one kilo in gold would be the equivalent in value to sixteen kilos in silver. M. Thery's faith in Bryan has not been justified, as the value of silver has steadily declined, and 32 to 1 would be robbing the owner of the gold. Therefore, M. Guyot has called on M. Thery to redeem his promise.

William J. Bryan is reputed to be a rich man now—richer than he would have been if the people of the United States had followed his leadership. Does it not seem reasonable and proper that he should help his French disciple out of the ditch into which his faith in Bryanism has led him, by paying the bet?

If England, as Beresford says she should, would come out, not only for the Monroe doctrine, but declare that she would fight for it, we would be under such obligations we would have to quit figuring on Canada.

The contingent which, in hankering for another fight, is insisting that Jack Munroe of Butte, the new discovery, can whale the sunshine out of Jeffries, is growing quite large.

J. Pierpont Morgan attended the quarterly meeting of the Steel trust the other day when it declared a dividend. Pierpont has been sitting up nights with that Steel trust.

The thing monopoly feeds upon most is the railroad rebate. And Attorney General Knox has the idea that it can't be broken up by clubbing it with a feather.

The individual will have to be protected by the government, a whole lot more than Mr. Knox thinks necessary now, before he will buck into a trust.

Russia has run four torpedo boats through the Dardanelles and the European war cloud is getting ready to make a show for the first time in a year.

Lord Beresford knew what he was talking about when he said the American business man knew more about business than the English lord did.

The new secretary of commerce, with the questions of trusts and transportation up all the time, will have his hands full of politics.

It is about time for one of Emperor William's admirals to do something flashy and indiscreet down in Venezuela.

This is the period of the year when the states retire within themselves and elect United States senators.

Two or three names like Kalaniackle have already come over the Hawaiian cable, and it is still intact.

The greatest power over the trusts is taxation, but no one in congress ever talks of using that.

Some day, perhaps, the national lawmakers will go after railroad discriminations in earnest.

The proposition Mr. Knox makes is, briefly, that all industries are created free and equal.

The trusts can stand a lot of congressional talk.

THE SINGING SPRING.

Several miles southwest of Shoshone Falls, Idaho, and near the Rock River Indian reservation, there is what the Indians call the "Singing Spring." This spring is a very peculiar affair. Thousands of gallons of water, pure and cold as ice, gush from its mouth daily, and sounds not unlike those of a harp constantly come from the falling water. The music is sweet indeed; now low and soft as a fairy lullaby, now loud and tremulous as the last notes of some great orchestra. This spring is sacred to the Indians, from one of whom I succeeded in securing the legend which makes it so.

This is what Ne-o-ta-lah told me as we sat on a rock at the spring's edge:

"It was so many great suns ago that the oldest of our tribe cannot remember where the 'speaking rocks' that told the story were found. But the medicine men say that it was before the time of the desert and the cactus, when the buffalo and the deer were plenty. The hills were young then; the great pines of the forest were easily bended before the storm's breath, and the earth had never nourished an acorn—then it was that Mee-tee-tse came to gladden his father's teepee.

"And Mee-tee-tse was a very good boy. Whether he was free to tease the skulking dogs or bound to his cradle-board, the child was always happy. He smiled at the songs of the birds and he cooed with delight at the mournful sighs of the Traveling Moon.

"So it was said of the little boy that he was to become great and powerful among his people. Early his father placed the bow and arrow in his hands, as early Mee-tee-tse was made wise in the art of casting an unerring spear. At twelve great suns he was the idol of his people. He had already begun to read the speaking rocks. From them he learned the history of the making of the land and the water. The speaking rocks told him of the first man who came in a big canoe, and that there was sent out from the big canoe a dove to search for land. This dove, Mee-tee-tse read, was as white as the spotless caps of the mountains. Woe to the hunter who should bring down a white dove! prophesied Mee-tee-tse.

"There came murmurs of jealousy from some of the medicine men.

"Returning hunters always carried the choicest game to Mee-tee-tse; the finest skins and the prettiest plumage were his portion.

"Something must be done to break the growing power of the favored child. The plotters invoked the aid of the Evil One. Far from the village at night they went to the mountain heights and chanted songs of praise to the Spirit of Evil, without avail; and at last the juice of the loco weed was stealthily placed in Mee-tee-tse's food. Unsuspecting he ate and sickened; but he was so closely watched and so carefully nursed that he recovered.

"Soon after his a council of the chiefs decided to make him the wise man of the tribe, for he seemed able to read every often and his advice was always found good. But on the very day when he was to have been invested with this high office an enemy brought down a white dove with his arrow. Then the enemy carried the dead bird secretly to the teepee of Mee-tee-tse, and there those who came to lead the young wise man to the feast found it.

"It is said that the dove uttered a loud warning cry when found. The guides rushed from the spot and quickly spread the news. Mee-tee-tse also ran from the teepee, uttering lamentations.

"'The bird of peace is slain!' he cried. 'Woe, woe!'

"The sky became dark; awful winds beat down the teepees; the grass was torn from its roots; the cattle were killed by immense rocks which the voice of the clouds cast down the mountains. The people, terror-stricken, invoked the aid of the medicine men, who only shook their heads and pointed accusingly at Mee-tee-se, who stood silent in a niche in the rocks.

"Soon came a calm. The sun shone very brilliantly and gave out an awful heat. A water famine came. The corn withered and died; the game fled to the shade of the forests. The earth grew hot and no breath of wind came to relieve the suffering.

"Only Mee-tee-tse ventured forth during the day. From a high point in the mountains all day long he stood shooting flint tipped arrows into the sky with a hope that some of them might pierce a rain cloud, causing it to let out cooling waters and disperse the drought. But the lad's strength failed to send an arrow high enough.

"When hunger came to the people and with it the sneaking coyotes from the hills, which preyed upon the children, it was decided that Mee-tee-tse must die to appease the Great Spirit's wrath.

"'For,' said the medicine men, 'did he not kill the bird of peace and plenty, of which he himself first told us?'

"Mee-tee-tse was gone. To put him to death they must first find him. So, they waited. Darkness came; another day; another night. Mee-tee-tse's father skulked here and there, constantly on the watch for his son's return that he might warn him, and it was with a leaping heart that the father heard from afar the screech of an owl, which he knew to be his boy's signal of approach. Others, too, heard the sound. Angrily men and women followed the noise, but when they found the object of their search they fell at his feet, for he came with many ponies laden with jars of water and haunches of deer. Fevered children and gaunt men and women were revived. Anew the hunters girded their loins and with Mee-tee-tse for a guide set out for more water and more food. The entire tribe was relieved from suffering and later abandoned the old village for a new land beyond the range to the west which Mee-tee-tse had discovered, where the fields were green, where birds were full of song and where peace and plenty were always.

"Mee-tee-tse told a wonderful story. In search of water, he had fallen exhausted near the mouth of a cave. A cool draught of air came from the hole and gave him strength to drag himself forward into the cave. After some time he found himself again out in the light, but now the air was fresh, the ground was cool. Near by he heard a sound sweeter than the song of any bird. He was drawn to it. A spring! Waters gushed from it in abundance, and as the lad stooped to quench his thirst and bathe his fevered brow he found that from the depths of the life giving pool came the sweet song.

"And so it was that the Great Spirit taught the people a lesson of faith; taught them to be patient and steadfast and slow to condemn.

"Yonder lies the parched valley of death which has never known rain since Mee-tee-tse's days, ages and ages ago. Here is the singing spring, just as it was when Mee-tee-tse came leading his people out of suffering and want."—Ross B. Franklin, in New York Herald.

Surely Not.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

Ascum—Don't you think it would be interesting to know how and when our proverbs were first used?

Bungle—Well, I'd like to know who the idiot was who originated "It's never too late to mend."

Ascum—Why?

Bungle—I'll bet he never put on a hired bathing suit and didn't discover till he got into the surf that it was ripped.

His Sympathetic Nature.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

"Well, I'm glad this rag-time music is getting out of date," remarked the business man. "I'm sure it gave me indigestion."

"Nonsense."

"Fact. The orchestra at the restaurant where I take my lunch always played it, and I couldn't help keeping time with my jaws."

A Practical Use for It.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

"I have always thought," said Godfrey Searjeant, "that Bjornstjerne Bjornson would be the right man to undertake an expedition to the North Pole. If he could get within 15 or 20 degrees of the pole with his dogs and sledges he could use his name for a couple of skees and slide the rest of the way."

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

Lone Wolf's petition for an injunction has been denied and Wolf feels lonelier than ever.

Senator Nelson's great speech on statehood will not last longer than another week or two.

Bill Cross located astraddle a prancing broncho led the statehood procession at Oklahoma City.

Some of the eastern papers are expressing the fear that Quay may ask statehood for Venezuela.

The statehood fight in the senate will soon be blocking anti-trust legislation. That is too bad, too.

Beveridge is making the hardest fight among the senators against statehood. This is probably at Hanna's dictation.

William Jenkins, formerly governor, was at the Oklahoma City convention, advocating immediate single statehood.

The school land lessees who want to own the school lands eventually are going to hold a mass convention in Oklahoma.

Two members of the Muskogee delegation nearly came to blows at the Oklahoma City statehood convention. That was too bad.

The Oklahoma sportsmen are liable to ask the next legislature to prohibit the sale of birds in Oklahoma even on the home market.

If an extra session comes, the statehood advocates cannot be blamed. They are ready for a vote. The Beveridge obstructionists will be to blame.

Henry Furman, of Ardmore, in a speech at Oklahoma City, said: "We will fight double statehood till hell freezes over and the little devils are skating on the ice."

When Foraker makes his speech for statehood he will take the hide off the senate sub-committee for writing down only the unfavorable things they found in New Mexico.

Senator Fairbanks is helping Oklahoma to statehood. Fairbanks is going to run for president and Oklahoma's delegation to the national convention might fit in mighty nice.

In that Lone Wolf case the District of Columbia judges that the Indians are the wards of the guardian nation and that a guardian's judgment is superior to the ward's.

The folks in western Oklahoma who have made fun of the Orient the last two years will not confess that they ever did to their grand-children. The Orient is going to be one of the big things of the world.

The Chickasha delegation to the statehood convention at Oklahoma City carried handkerchiefs on which was printed: "One thousand delegates from Chickasha for single statehood. January 6, 1903. Wipe the double statehood dust out of your eye."

The city council at Watonga failed to provide an ordinance which would call for a bond election. The bond election was held all right, the bonds carried and were issued, but were declared illegal because of the failure of the council to pass a preliminary ordinance.

Delegate Dennis Flynn has introduced in the house a bill providing that it shall be lawful for the commissioner of the general land office to sell for not less than $10.25 an acre any isolated or disconnected tract of land of less than one-quarter section of the public domain of Oklahoma after such lands have been open to settlement for three years. Not more than 160 acres are to be sold to one person. Mr. Flynn also introduced a bill providing that the United States court in the Western district of the Indian territory shall be held at Wetumka and Bristol.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

Enright, of Wyandotte county, is for Parker for speaker and Cubbison for senator.

The demand for an open ballot in the caucus comes from the Curtis camp. It shows weakness.

Governor Stanley is quoted as saying that none of the members who are for him is wearing a Long face.

A milkman's team in Emporia ran away and in their wild flight carefully followed their usual route over the town.

Senator Fulton, of Marshall county, has arrived on the scene at Topeka and will manage Calderhead's senatorial boom.

The champion mean man of Kansas has moved to Emporia. He gave his wife a trousers-hanger for a Christmas present.

Congressman Jackson is in New York undergoing the Lorenz treatment for reducing fractures. His broken leg is troubling him greatly.

One look at the Copeland lobby these days will convince anyone that when the smoke of battle shall have cleared away, it will be tobacco smoke.

Of all the senatorial aspirants Congressman Calderhead spends the most time personally in the lobby. He will be pretty well acquainted with those members before the caucus meets.

You can count it as a certainty that as soon as Curtis fails to win out, the Topeka papers will set up a great holler for the election of United States senators by a direct vote of the people.

Senator Conrad, of Montgomery, says in a Topeka interview: "I am listed in the Curtis column, where I may locate, although I have promised no candidate my vote. Neither am I under obligations to any of them."

A man doesn't have to spend more than an hour in the senatorial lobby at Topeka to catch on to the fact that the Curtis people are so busy denouncing what the opposition is doing that they don't have time to really do anything for Curtis themselves.

The Topeka papers are interviewing members on their choice for speaker and senator. Most of them tell their preference for speaker; many of them also tell whom they favor for senator. One man, Jones of Norton, hasn't apparently made up his mind on anything. He says: "At this time I don't care to state my position on either proposition."

Governor Stanley had a round-up of his forces at Topeka Tuesday, in the Copeland, for a size-up of the campaign. There were present Jones of Norton, Farris of Sumner, Von Treba of Labette, Hayden of Nemaha, Leland of Doniphan, Bevington of Jewell, Adams of Butler, Bussey of Sedgwick, Senator Kennedy of Coffey, I. E. Lambert, William Allen White and E. H. Jewett.

Anna Diggs is over in London and explaining in a letter to the Topeka Herald how mad she gets when she hears England called the greatest nation on earth, she says: "I walk straight down to the Strand, where there's a great American flag flying, and stopping beneath its folds, say: 'You darling old Stars and Stripes, you and I know that these Britishers don't know what they're talking about.'"

Atchison Globe.—The "Old Jed Prouty" company disbanded in Atchison, owing to a row. The story is said to be as follows: A character actress known as J. Robinson Hayward was reprimanded at Council Bluffs, and she didn't like it. When the company reached the depot, she jumped the manager. He discharged her, and claims he paid all that was coming to her. She claims he still owes her $12. She beat the company to Atchison and garnished the scenery and baggage. The trial comes up on the 9th. The plaintiff and defendant and several of the actors are in town. Other members went to Kansas City, where it is said the company will be reorganized shortly. Several dates will be missed because of the row. The performance was given last night to a fair house. One of the contentions of the plaintiff is that she was entitled to two weeks notice, and railroad fare back to New York. The manager says an attempt is being made to hold him up, and that he will not stand for it.

One Definition.

(From the Chicago Post.)

"What is a politician?" asked the boy.

"A politician," replied his father bitterly, "that is, a successful politician, is a man who can evade his promises without seeming to break his word."

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