

Daily Eagle M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

ABOUT STANDARD TIME.

Many people do not seem to understand what is meant by standard time. For instance, they do not comprehend why, when it is twelve o'clock in Wichita, it is only eleven o'clock at Dodge City, a little more than one hundred miles west, or why standard time at Wichita, for instance, is faster than sun time by twenty minutes or more. It is this way: Standard time is a system arranged by the railroads of the United States and Canada, originally. The purpose was to do away with the multitude of different "times" used in business which affected the railroads and in operating the lines. The territory in which these railroads lay was divided into belts running north and south and about fifteen degrees wide, from east to west. In every such division of the country all railway business was to be done on the same time. In the maritime provinces of Canada and a part of Maine the time used was that of the 69th meridian west of Greenwich. In the rest of New England and as far west as Pittsburg and Buffalo, the time fixed was that of the 76th meridian, which is the time of Washington. The next belt westward was 90th meridian time, which is about the local time of New Orleans, and then comes mountain time, which is nearly that of Denver. Still farther west is Pacific time, which is that of the 120th meridian. Standard time divisions are not just fifteen degrees, from east to west, nor are their boundaries regular. They are mapped out to suit the railroads and the changes are usually fixed at points or division terminals on the same lines. Sun time is supposed by most people to be the actual astronomical time of every place, from day to day, but it is really an averaging or equalizing of exact local time, for the movements of the earth are too irregular to permit the convenient use of astronomical time, just as it is determined by the position of the heavenly bodies.

MORE AND MORE MONEY.

If money constitutes wealth, and it does in a degree, then the United States is not only wealthy, but its people are growing richer. The per capita circulation has been increasing right along for some time until it has reached a higher figure than ever before in the history of the country in times of peace. While money does not constitute the wealth of the country, it is the standard of values no less than the measure of business. During April the circulation of the country was enlarged to the extent of \$22,595,777, largely through issues of new gold coin and coin certificates, though there was also a marked increase in the amount of bank notes. The total volume of money now in circulation in the United States as computed by the treasury department is \$2,374,353,729, compared with \$2,260,750,242 a year ago and \$1,540,097,052 two years ago. In seven years the total increase has been \$834,346,637. There was a time when such an increase in the currency would have been considered dangerous to business, but people have come to recognize the fact that increasing trade demands an expanding currency and one cannot exist any great length of time without the other. It is this that has caused the clamor for an automatic currency system which will adjust itself to the needs of commerce.

PROBABLY BE NO WAR.

The chances for the world to get into a war with Russia over the Manchurian situation are disappearing, the war cloud has dissipated, vanished, and Japan can keep her money and anchor her battle-ships. It turns out that much of the apprehension came out of a misunderstanding on the part of an American consul. He mistook the making of an encampment for the construction of a fortification. While all Europe dreads Russia there is little that Russia can ever do that can in any way disturb the United States. Should Russia ever take possession of Manchuria, or for that matter all north China, under an "open door" policy the commerce of the United States would be probably benefited rather than harmed. Notwithstanding the irritation of powers interested in preventing Russia from gaining entire control of Manchuria, at once and for all time, the odds are heavily against war on account of the Chinese question. If the pressure against the Muscovite advance is strong enough, Russia will retreat a little. If it is less violent and dangerous, the Russian forces will stay where they are. In any case the Russian government can be counted on to go as far as possible without war, and no farther.

ARE A HANDICAP TO CLUB WOMEN.

The Kansas City Journal is also inviting trouble for itself. It wants to be shown, and has put in its oar in a dangerous place at a critical time. The esteemed goes on to say that "At the state meeting of women's clubs in Wichita one of the candidates for president was opposed on the ground that she was the mother of small children and would not have time to attend to the duties of the office." And thereupon one of the delegates declared that "to oppose a woman for the office of president because she is a mother would be to put a premium on childlessness and race suicide." Such a proposition, she added "would tend to make children even more unfashionable than they are now, for if the women of Kansas felt that they could not be president of the federation if they had babies, childlessness would become more marked."

This showed and far-seeing delegates got things into their right proportions. What is a baby compared to the presidency of the state federation? Or where is the right-thinking woman that would willingly engulf her chances for such dignity and honor in the gross and thankless pursuit of rearing a family? What we may regret is that the madam delegate at the Wichita convention did not give all of the probable results of such a proposition. Is there not reason to believe that the aspiring women of Kansas would put away such babies as they already had, even as Moses was put away in the bulrushes, rather than forego their chances of that presidency? However, progress was not the watchword of the Wichita convention. It elected for president a

woman who has half as many children as Mrs. Roosevelt—having too much timidity to go to one extreme and not enough courage to reach the other."

A KICK ON SHAKESPEARE.

Amidst the three hundredth and thirty-seventh anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday, Ed Howe, editor of the Atchison Globe, and menu reporter royal to his highness, the hotfooted Roosevelt, registers the following criticism on the Bard of Avon and a puff for the Hebrew. Howe writes: "Great as Shakespeare was, he was unfair to the Hebrew in the character of Shylock. This statement is ventured because Shakespeare and all his known relatives are dead. The Hebrew's one fault, if it should be called a fault to be a money lender, is exploited to the exclusion of the many good qualities of the Jews. The Jews are, and always have been, law-abiding citizens. A Jew who does not pay his bills is practically unknown, and a Jewish robber, thief, or offender of any kind is very rare indeed. No one takes care of his family better, or loves it better, than the Hebrew, and no one is truer to his religion. When the days come for the celebration of his religious rites, he closes up his business without regard to loss of trade. There are fewer scandals among Jews than persons of other races. The Jews are a good-natured people, too, and carry an atmosphere of friendliness around with them that does not hurt any one. It should be remembered that Shylock's time was one in which the Jews were shamefully abused and murdered, and no wonder he put up a job on the man who wanted to skin him."

A REAL CIVILIZATION.

A triumph of real civilization in Denmark, where it is said that no respectable old man or woman need ever become a pauper, no respectable old man or woman ever crosses the threshold of a workhouse. Should a man—or a woman—who has completed his sixtieth year find himself without the wherewithal on which to live, he applies to the local authorities, not for pauper relief, but for old age relief; and this, by the law of 1891, they are bound to grant him, providing he can prove not only that his destitution is owing to no fault of his own, but that he has led a decent life, has worked hard and been thrifty; and that, during the ten previous years, he has neither received a single penny as poor relief, nor been guilty of vagrancy, nor of begging.

THE THINGAMABOB IN THE THINGAMABOB.

The Iowa Register says: "The Hutchinson News was afraid Colonel Murdock wouldn't make it clear, so the News elucidates a little. In answer to the query of the Topeka Herald as to 'What is a redivivus anyway?' the News quotes the Eagle as saying that a 'redivivus' is 'the palengensia of a defunct; is the parading of a ghost in the light of the interval of an obscure opportunity.' Now, how could the colonel make his meaning plainer than that, unless he should take the doodle pin of the linotype out of the thingamagig and put it in the thingamabob and turn it loose on the alphabet?"

A WOMAN ON MAN AND MULE.

"The mule—he is a gentle beast; And so is man. He's satisfied to be the least; And so is man. Like man, he may be taught some tricks; He does his work from 8 to 6; The mule—when he gets mad, he kicks; And so does man. "The mule—he has a load to pull; And so has man. He's happliest when he is full; And so is man. Like man, he holds a patient poise; And when his work's done will rejoice; The mule—he likes to hear his voice; And so does man. "The mule—he has his faults, 'tis true; And so has man. He does some things he should not do; And so does man. Like man, he doesn't yearn for style; But wants contentment all the while; The mule—he has a lovely smile; And so has man. "The mule is sometimes kind and good; And so is man. He eats all kinds of breakfast food; And so does man. Like man, he balks at gaudy dress And all outlandish foolishness; The mule's accused of mulishness; And so is man."

That the people of Pennsylvania are at the mercy of their political bosses is not the joke it was supposed to be. These bosses have secured the enactment of a law which has just been signed by a boss-governor, effectually closing the mouths of protestors and muzzling the press, the penalty for its infraction being fine and imprisonment.

A labor union man has organized two hundred girls into a hired girls' union down in Holyoke, Massachusetts. The constitution and by-laws do not make it obligatory that a member shall be efficient or faithful, but simply declare what they as hired girls demand in the way of extras and what they otherwise won't stand.

Beware of the attractive book agent. Senator Clark of Montana, a widower with three millions a month income, in buying a book of a pretty girl agent took occasion to say some soft things to her, and now she is going to sue him for some of his millions for breach of promise.

There is a general notion rife that Lipton's new Shamrock is going to do up America's Reliance, and that he will carry that cup back to England. The loss will be greatly felt. That cup is intrinsically worth about ten dollars, and more than ten hundred thousand has been expended in keeping it.

Down in St. Louis an anti-Folk club has been organized, 1,500 strong, to defeat the man who is waging a war for honesty and decency. Fifteen hundred is a good many men for one city to harbor who fear they may land in the penitentiary.

A Rowland for his Oliver. Ed Howe joshed Leavenworth over the name of one of its leading citizens, Mike Praytyniewicz, the white Atchison boasting the name of a business man who spells it Hekelekaemper.

Andrew Carnegie calls Booker T. Washington the "modern Moses," but it is not recorded that any Andy gave the "ancient Moses" any \$600,000 to enable him to get his brethren out of the wilderness.

The Republican party of Kansas is all torn to pieces by factions, in your mind's eye, and the dozen fellows who are ostensibly engaged in rehabilitating it are self-sacrificing patriots—in your mind's eye.

Arduous, down in the Indian Territory, is paving its streets with asphalt dug up right on the townsite. It is as cheap as dirt and they have enough to pave all the streets of all the towns in the territory.

Catching the sight of a semi-nude figure in a Kansas City restaurant, Carrie Nation left a half-saten meal and marched away with a napkin belonging to the firm tucker under her chin.

The almost continuous rains for the past week must have dampened the ardor of the Hessian fly and also paralyzed the appetite of the chintz bug.

HOW ELIZABETH MET A BRIDE.

Elizabeth floated in, glanced at the girls, perked up a bow or two, and settled herself gracefully in the most artistic chair. The girl at the tea table looked her over approvingly from the gray panne crown to her feet, and she said to the girl at the table peeping out from below the hem of her tailor made. Here her eyes halted. "What do I see? A new one, and it is yellow! Elizabeth, my dear, you gave me your sacred promise that I should have the old purple one to cut into strips for my woven silk portiere. Just as soon as it should be supplanted. Where is it? Is it forthcoming?"

Elizabeth's self-complacency disappeared as if by magic. "Well, for goodness' sake send for it, or come for it, or something, just as quick as ever you can—what is left of it—but you needn't expect me to come to see you when the portiere are to be put up. If that I set eyes on that skirt again I shall certainly have a spasm then and there."

"Why what on earth?" I always thought that you liked that purple portiere particularly—it was a perfectly lovely shade—but it seemed as if you never would wear it out so that I could fall to happen to it."

"Well, I'll tell you. You see, it began to wear a little just above the frounce, and then one day last week I stepped on a going up stairs, and it tore clear across the front breadth at about a foot from the bottom, so I just took it right off and did it up in a bundle for you."

"Yesterday morning Bob telephoned for me to come down and take luncheon. I had just got my new tailor made home, but I hadn't purchased my petticoat wanted. I was a terrible fix, for the purple was the only silk one that I had—except black, and that is horrid with gray—so I got out again to see if I could do anything with it. The frounce was all right, so I thought that I would just sew the rent up in a seam, but that made it too short in front, and I was in an awful hurry, so I took an old piece of rose colored ribbon and laid it over the tear and sewed down both edges. It looked perfectly dreadful, but it couldn't possibly show, and I simply had to wear it."

"Well, I bought my yellow one while I was down town, and when I got home it was four o'clock and I was tired and had had a long day, so I went to bed, and I hadn't more than got settled when I remembered that I wanted a drink of water, so I started for the dining room and took a little rest."

"Now, you know that we live in a private boarding house where everybody knows everybody else, and I told you last month that the husband of Mr. Brinks being married to a girl in Galena, and that they were coming back to our place to board, I didn't know just when they were coming, but I assumed that they would be coming, and as I passed through the hall on my way to the dining room, who should I meet but the bridegroom himself, and I was in an awful hurry, so I went on, and I didn't know him very well, so I stopped to congratulate him and inquire as to the whereabouts of the bride."

"He said that she was still in the parlor with some relatives who were to remain for a few days; that they were waiting for the landlady to arrange about the dining room. He seemed very embarrassed, and I began to wonder what was up. I was anxious to see the bride, and had some curiosity as to what her relatives were like—so I said so much by that, you know—so I said: "Aren't you going to take me in and introduce me?"

"Why, certainly," he answered, hesitating in an embarrassed way. "Do you want to go in now?" "Of course I do," I replied. You see, I suspected that perhaps he was a little particular to have me meet them. "He led the way, and when we entered the parlor I really felt sorry for the bride, so I went on, and when he introduced me, they all seemed so awkward and self-conscious that I decided that although they looked extremely well dressed and refined, they were not at all accustomed to society."

"I congratulated the bride, and was just as sweet and gentle and self-possessed as I know how to be, and she rather pleased to illustrate the difference between a thoroughbred and folks from the country, and I knew that I was looking particularly up to date."

"There were three or four ladies and gentlemen besides the bride, and when I had met and looked over each, I seated myself on the divan and began a conversation with the most promising gentleman in the party. I rather liked the humorous quirk at the corners of his mouth, and he proved really interesting. In the middle of one of my most carefully arranged sentences I happened to drop my eyes; a streak of rose-colored ribbon on a gorgeous purple background met my eye, I stopped short and gazed, and felt quite like I had just seen a statue while the horrible truth permeated me."

"What had happened? Simply this: I had decided to get a new skirt. I had removed the skirt of my tailor made to avoid crossing it, and the surprise of meeting with the bridegroom in the hall had entirely obliterated the fact from my mind."

"No, I shall not tell you what followed; in fact, I do not know myself, for I had streaks of red and purple dancing before my eyes for hours afterward and everything else is a blur. "Yes, you may have the miserable purple thing if you want it, but don't you ever let me set eyes on a shred of it again; that is all I ask."

The Man and the Sign.

Once upon a time a man who sought rest went to a shady spot where there was a sign that read "Paint." He looked at the warning, and, touching the bench with his fingers on a red and white sign, he enjoyed a rest for many minutes. When he arose and continued his way he exhibited three streaks of green paint across the back of his best coat. "Some persons do not believe in signs."

Pointers.

Once upon a time there was a man who desired to make money out of the horse races, and so that end he called on a friend, who said that he knew all about it. The friend appeared to be very wise, and gave the pointers in an exceedingly assured manner. The man in search of information went to the races, and acting on the advice received, bet all of his money, with the result that it was lost, and he had to walk home with a broken heart. There are pointers and disappoiners.

Good Enough for Him.

(From the Chicago Tribune.) "Sorry, sir," apologized the waiter, "but you wanted to be called early, and we have nothing in the house this morning but breakfast food." "What kind of breakfast food have you?" asked Cholly, languidly. "Any kind, sir." "Well, you may bring me some ham and eggs, fried potatoes, and a pot of coffee."

Not Always.

"I tell you," said Mr. Wynn, who was delivering the family dinner by a lecture on financial topics, "the only way a man can succeed in any kind of business these days is to get in on the ground floor." Meanwhile a perch slumber was busily gathering up a miscellaneous lot of valuable jewelry and costly furs in the front bedroom upstairs.

Anxious to Please.

(From the Philadelphia Record.) "Say," remarked the man in the chair, "I'd like to try to cut me just a little." "What's a bit of the barber?" "Is that a joke?" "A bit of it. You see my best girl gave me a razor for Christmas, and it would please her if I could make her think I've been trying to shave myself."

Lots of men are honest because they are afraid to take a chance.

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

Governor Ferguson's severity is terrible. Fortunes tremble under it and many are shattered. A McLeod man carried off both of the trophy cups at the El Reno shoot. His name is C. F. Reust. Grand has had no dentist for over six months. Lord, who has harvest for the teeth and plate peddler! Another husband has disappeared from Oklahoma City. A destitute wife and children suffer for his crime. The printers of Enid have formed a union. Every shop in Oklahoma will be union before Oklahoma is a state one year. Secretary Jim Houston, of the school land department, may lose his job, but his honesty should not be placed in jeopardy. That man at Shawnee, who demands a bank account and threatens to burn the town if not supplied with one, should be sent back to Russia. El Reno is preparing to entertain the Kansas City Commercial club. This same club took up a day in one town recently, making fun of the two-story buildings. The subject, "Newspaper Censorship" for J. W. Ryder, at the Press association, is indeed an appropriate one. Ryder held a job in the last legislature. The Cushing Herald announces that it is its belief that there is an organized band of horse thieves doing business in Payne county. Where's the A. H. T. A.? News has again reached Oklahoma that the Dreyfus case will be reopened. Wouldn't it be a good plan to invite Dreyfus to see relief by coming over and settling down on a quarter section? He could have those Boers for companions. Perry Republican: Yesterday John Queen brought to this office a branch of a plum tree which contained 120 well formed plums. The sight is most beautiful to behold. This is representative of what fruit trees will do in the far west land of the earth. What country can beat Oklahoma? Enid Wave: A woman in Enid who had a good deal of time on her hands had wintered herself by tracing her family genealogy, and she thought that she finally reached a point several hundred years back when her ancestors were pirates on the Mediterranean, and then she quit. There are few families, even the proudest and most distinguished, that are not subject to a similar shock. Ancestry doesn't always count for much. It is what the individual makes of himself and his opportunities that tallies it. Ponca City Courier: Frank Montgomery makes this vicious stab at our beloved Arkansaw: A poem, written for the Wichita Eagle about the Arkansas river, says that "Forward moves with restless power." Much must be allowed for poetic license. In fact, if we did not allow much for poetic license, the poets would all have to shut up their joints to the boat-lifting. But can even poetic license excuse the thought of "restless power" in a stream which is so waterless that its catfish come out at night and lie in the grass in order to moisten their gills with the falling dew? Is there, we say, even a suggestion of restless power in a river which has an creek in its bottom big enough to bury a calf? Blackwell News: Kay county is developing some inventive geniuses. The Blackwell man who was nearly burned to death, while experimenting with a gasoline engine device for milking a cow, must now divide honors with a Ponca City man who has invented a device for running a fan. The plan of the P. C. man is to furnish motive power for his fan by use of a "flying Dutchman," such as every boy in his time has made and used. He runs a shaft from the ceiling to the floor, with a band which at the top of the shaft. He then runs a two-by-four, about eight feet long, through the shaft, about two feet above the floor, and turns the fan, and the whole thing is a howling success, particularly if the dog is overly anxious to overtake the cat. The only inconvenience liable to occur is in case the bulldog breaks loose and overtakes the cat, in which case it would be necessary to hunt up another cat.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

A Parsons man has invented a new kind of boomerang. It is star-shaped, and Ed Howe observes that it is good luck to cross a boomerang, but bad luck to cross a funeral. The prosperity of the country is threatened sure enough now. The carpenters are on a strike at a standstill at Topeka. Things are at the probate judge makes it impossible to get a marriage license. Ottawa is a sadist. Hear unanimously now. One of its citizens was shot in the foot by a Billito last week. Governor Badley is going to attend the G. P. U. association meeting at Iola. He's rivaling the late executive in this matter. Another petition is out for the pardon of Willie Sells. This is the boy found guilty of killing a whole family in Nebraska county. Fruit in the short grass country has been better days. But there has never been better days in that section than there are today. Prof. George Penny, of the fine arts department of the Kansas university, has left here. He becomes the head of the new Washburn Conservatory of Music. Alfalfa in the short grass country looked like a speck of the spring wheat low tree after that last freeze. Already, however, it has lifted its proud head again. One drilling outfit at Arkansas City has packed up its tools and is off for Greener fields, Arkansas City, however, is not kicking, but is looking for another outfit. A Denton veteran is advocating, through the press, the payment of each old soldier \$12 a month. Here's betting that this veteran gets less than \$12 a month. The joyful whistles of the threshing machine engines in Kansas today must make old shivers run up and down the backs of the Kansas City agents. They lost out. At Ottawa two men had an altercation, in which one struck the other with a cane, made from the mast of a conquered Spanish ship. The cane was not seriously injured. The owners of Newton, has no kick coming on the "soulless corporation." The Santa Fe has just issued him a life pass over all its lines. He served the road for thirty consecutive years. William Jennings Bryan has offered to speak at Ottawa during the Chautauques. His proposition is being "considered." Cleveland should be told of this very gently. Too much joy might prove his ruin. Arkansas City Traveler: Last night the police arrested a young man, who put on \$10 for his appearance this morning and then forfeited his bond. He was at the opera house and inhaled upon poking a young lady in the ribs with his umbrella. He was not learned by the police, which was an oversight upon their part. Atchison Globe: The rich are building houses of glass; and universities, and libraries, but the poor are being squeezed a little tighter than ever. We often wonder that Andrew Carnegie, in being generous is not generous to as great a number as possible. Instead of building libraries, which will be used by only a few, why does he not reduce the price of fence rails, and steel, and beef, and all these things? And John D. Rockefeller, by reducing the price of coal of a cent a gallon, could benefit the poor of the entire country.

Advertisement for Geo. Innes & Co. featuring a "Combination Sale Fans and Parasols" and "Tomorrow" sale. Includes an illustration of a parasol and text describing the sale items and prices.

Advertisement for "Good Clothing" by Rogers Peet & Co. of Chicago. Text describes the quality and variety of clothing available, including suits, shirts, and hats.

Advertisement for "Holmes & Jones" American Clothiers, located at 211 East Douglas Avenue, Wichita, Kansas. Features a list of clothing items and prices, including skirts, dresses, and suits.