Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

THE END OF A WAR.

At the time of the capture of Aguinaldo, the Eagle said it was not only the signal thing of Philippines struggle, but the decisive thing also.

General MacArthur in his general report verifies this opinion. The backbone of the rebellion, which was an intangible, misty, flexible, and invisible thing, was broken the day Fred Funston, the Kansan, invited Aguinaldo on that little trip to Manila.

The chapter will now pass into history. As time removes the world from the event itself, its prominence will grow, and while little moment will attach to the actual hostilities of a war which turned guerilla quickly and so petered out entirely, as the inauguration of an epoch in American history, it will long stand distinct.

Where the event in Manila harbor on the famous first of May is leading us, no statesman, no writer, no student has been audacious enough to say, for while the partisan has put a child-like reliance in Destiny on the one side, and gone into imperialistic hysteria on the other, none can find the ability to see far ahead along the line taken.

The most of the people of the United States justify the retention of the Philippines, situated in another hemisphere, populated by a strange race and only empirically of commercial value to us, in the belief that we have consecrated new soil to freedom and that we bear, if slowly the gift of our benefits won to another people.

If we do not work to that end, the people believe that the experiment will prove, if not disastrous, then humiliating in its failure.

If we proceed along the lines that the Philippine islands are valuable to us only in a commercial and territorial way, and wait for the evolution of progress to the natives incidentally through those instrumentalities, the nation will make a mistake, and a mistake bitter enough and big enough to cry halt to any future acquisition of territory, not contiguous to the United States.

The people of the United States have their opinion of the potency of commerce in civic progress, and it is not too favorable.

THE SHADOW OVER THE KAISER.

The kaiser's father, mother and one uncle have died of cancer. His own ear has been subject to a chronic sore, with morbid discharge at times, for many years.

Under such conditions it is inevitable that the German emperor should brood upon the fate which threatens him. A cooler and steadier head would be troubled by such a menace as the slightest connection between a fearfully deadly disease and the laws of heredity constitutes in his case.

Worry, especially of a morbid nature, is very bad for the general health of human beings. It is worst of all for persons of such high-strung temperaments as that of the ruler of the German empire. The ominous nature of the deaths from cancer among his nearest relatives is likely to shorten his days as well as cloud them with apprehensions which no fatalist could quite escape.

If the kaiser should be guilty of strange and rash utterances hereafter, if his point of view should seem to be that of a self-tortured and gloomy mind, it will not be necessary to go far to find the excuse. He is full of mental and physical vigor. The love of life, strenuous, busy, and masterful, is strong within him. He cannot be blamed if the unusual danger of premature and distressing death should affect his spirits seriously and at times disturb the poise of a nature never as secure as might be desired in its equilibrium.

Pain, nervousness and the shadow of death are no easier for an emperor to bear than for the humblest laborer. In some respects the higher, fuller, and more interesting the station occupied in the work of the world and the shaping of its destinies the more difficult it is to face long illness, the ending of earthly activities, and the dumb helplessness of the tomb.

OVERCROWDING THE PROFESSIONS.

The New York Tribune is of opinion that the outlook for a considerable percentage of the graduates of schools of medicine and law in American towns and villages is not an encouraging one, and that "many of them must inevitably pass through years of hardship before they attain success." In other words, the professions are overcrowded.

This has been apparent to any close observer for some time past. Statistics cited by the Philadelphia Ledger go to show that the largest increase has been in the profession of law. The department of medicine is not so crowded as it was, for the various systems of faith healing, suggestion, hypnotism, etc., have been discouragers of practice. The rush into the ministry began to decline a few years ago, and the decline has been expedited by the discovery that most ministers after 40 are only good for retiring. But the rush to the law still continues, though the prospect in these days of business combinations, which lessen the possibilities of litigation, is not encouraging. And yet the increase of law students in the law schools of the country from 1875 to 1899 was 343 per cent. The National Commissioner of Education, in his last report, says the law students in these schools in 1879 numbered 1,653, while in 1899 they numbered 11,874, and the law graduates 3,140.

As an offset to this, however, there is a trend in another direction in educational circles, which is assuming large proportions and may yet have great influence in restoring the professional equilibrium. Year by year science is coming more and more to the front as an economic factor and as an important element in the world's progress. To meet its demands every year there are more students taking science courses. The degrees of D. D., LL. D., and M. D. are not sought for now with such avidity as that of B. Ph. This is true not alone in schools of manual training and polytechnic institutes, but also in the higher colleges and universities. For some time to come there is little doubt, the Chicago Tribune thinks, that science will be more attractive and remunerative than medicine, divinity, or law, and that the rush to it will relieve the overcrowding of the latter professions and at the same time furnish the much need opportunity for longer study and more thorough preparation.

CHANGE IN RAILWAY SIGNALS.

Railway men in New England and other parts of the east have begun making a change in their system of signal lights. It is a change that deserves to be adopted by all the railways of the United States, and probably this will be done at no distant date. The improvement consists in using a green light instead of a white light as the safety signal. Since the earliest days of railroading the ordinary white light has been a sign of safety, the red light a signal of danger, and the green light has been hung out at the rear end of a train. Some roads have varied this system somewhat, but the general usage has been as stated. The reason why the white light is now to be abandoned as a sign of safety along the tracks is not that it is more difficult to see than a green light, but that it is used by the people everywhere for other purposes and is liable to confuse the train men at dangerous points. Every lamp in a farmhouse or city cottage window looks the same as the light that shows a safe track ahead for the engineer. If one of these ordinary lights happens to be in a line with the switch light or the track semaphore it is difficult to tell the one from the other, and, if the glass of the signal lantern be broken and the light extinguished, an engineer easily may be lured on to death by seeing what he takes to be a safety signal at the accustomed place. The substitution of green for white will guard against this danger. If the lantern happens to be broken so that the engineer sees neither a green nor a red signal he will at least know that something is wrong, and will not be misled by some other light. The growth of the population and the corresponding increase of white lights, especially in cities, makes the change to the green safety light advisable.

A BOOM FOR "RURAL FREE DELIVERY."

Successful to an extent that actually causes embarrassment to some of the postoffice authorities has been the government's experiment in the line of free rural delivery. Scarcely a day passes without urgent request from some quarter for an extension of a system that finds strenuous advocates in many section of the country.

It is far from strange that the idea of popularizing free delivery of Uncle Sam's mail in rural as well as in urban parts of the republic should gain increasing favor. From the standpoint of equity, indeed, no good reason can be found for denying to the dweller in the country some, at least, of mail privileges which the man who happens to transact his business amid the din of crowded thoroughfares enjoys without question.

What if it would cost $7,000,000, or more, to maintain and extend, even to a very moderate degree, our free mail service throughout the country? Uncle Sam has and will have a surplus. If a government surplus ought to go "where it will do the most good," advocates of an extension of rural free delivery service can put up a strong argument for a largely increased appropriation for the cause when congress assembles once more.

HOWISON COMPLETES THE COURT.

The selection by the navy department of Rear Admiral Howison to take the place originally tendered to Rear Admiral Kimberly on the Schley court of inquiry, but which he could not expect on account of poor health, commends itself to naval circles as well as to the general public as eminently fitting.

Both Admiral Schley and his counsel named the appointee among those who would be considered satisfactory as a member of the tribunal soon to assemble. As commandant of the Charlestown navy yard from 1897 until the time of his retirement, Rear Admiral Howison ably fulfilled all the exacting duties which devolved upon him, including highly important and urgent work in construction and repairs which the outbreak of war with Spain made necessary. He added materially to the high reputation which he enjoyed for ability shown in the war "which kept the union whole."

And now, with the court of inquiry complete and ready for work, the Schley case should be heard with the briefest possible delay.

KITCHENER'S ARDUOUS TASK.

Lord Kitchener must look with envious eyes upon the handsome reward Lord Roberts has received from the British government, together with the plaudits of the English people. It is to be hoped he is not looking forward to similar favors, for, if so, he is likely to be woefully disappointed. The people of England seem to have little use for Kitchener. Why this is so is hard to determine. It may be on account of his cruel methods of warfare. But this is not likely to be so, the British public being so incensed at the Boers that it will tolerate any harshness. Ever since Kitchener and Earl Roberts went to South Africa, the latter has been the bright particular star around which the lesser lights engaged in the conflict have resolved. Lord Kitchener has been but a satellite and he will win neither glory nor reward from the struggle. As a matter of fact, Kitchener has had a long, arduous task, one of much greater duration than that which Earl Roberts failed to perform. Nevertheless, the will of the English people is law and they seem disposed to call him home in disgrace.

VICTORY FOR AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE.

Again America scores a distinct victory over England in the field of manufacture, and in a British colony at that.

In a test between a new locomotive of English manufacture and an old "engine" built in this country, lately held in the island of Jamaica, W. I., the American "flyer" came out a winner with a lead of seven minutes to its credit.

We may now expect to hear a new series of jeremiads from the British as well as the "provincial" press in England's possession in the West Indies, lamenting the advance of American industry all along the line and berating English manufacturers for slowness to recognize and adopt "up-to-date" methods in modern industry.

MARTIAL LAW IN VENEZUELA.

The difficulty of ascertaining exact information as to the course of events in perturbed Venezuela, which is by no means slight even under conditions of peace, is hard indeed to surmount when open war prevails. Martial law has been formally proclaimed throughout the country by President (now, doubtless practically dictator) Cipriano Castro.

If South American civil war carried with it no consequence of note other than the issuance of certain high sounding proclamations and counter pronunciamentos, hapless Venezuela might indeed be entitled at this moment to general congratulations. Alas, however, it brings multitudinous, if not long-enduring troubles.

When, after hanging to a window ledge for half an hour, Santos Dumont finally reached earth, the women grabbed him and kissed him. Lieutenant Hobson will begin work on an air ship at once.

Mac Arthur says that the capture of Aguinaldo was the decisive thing of the whole Philippine campaign. But he doesn't mention Funston.

Mr. Woods will soon have it up to him to show the government that he took that shoe-string for homestead, not speculative purposes.

S. McKee of the gunboat Annapolis is prepared to demonstrate that sharks do attack men, the scientists to the contrary.

Everybody in California is now standing at his front door with an alibi to hand to the first detective who comes along.

You can prepare yourself to hear eventually of the final decline and fall of Monsier Santos Dumont.

Somebody is going to be read out of the Democratic party, but Bryan will not do the reading.

What a lot of excitement there must be among the chickens in the Eiffel tower part of Paris.

The Celtic, the largest craft ever put upon the sea, is so big she is almost a bridge.

Nobody is weeping over the first contest to come up under the new plan of opening.

From the way it acts Santos-Dumont's flying machine is a sort of aerial step-ladder.

The Felaco people have a clue and a man. But they haven't the $250,000 in gold.

Russell Sage is now 85 years of age and is still accumulating for a rainy day.

Tampa is strongly in favor of peace, if it has to use a club to get it.

The contestants in the oil stakes are spurring for an opening.

Mr. Cummins of Iowa has the other fellows goin.'

FLATS WITHIN FLATS.

Jerome was jubilant. He turned the corner and strode down Ohio street, wondering why Chicago should be favored with such an exceptionally brilliant sun. The four steps of the Langham were taken at a leap, and the elevator boy was rudely awakened from the perusal of a dime novel as Jerome sprang into the cage. He handed the boy a quarter, reflecting that as he, Frank K. Jerome, had just had his salary doubled, he could afford to indulge in this undue extravagance. Jimmy interrogated the coin, and then asked:

"Ain't yer home early today, Mister Jerome?"

Jimmy was silent as they passed another floor, and then burst out:

"We're all goin' ter move."

"Eh! How's that?"

"I heard Mister Selman tell another gent yesterday as how the propty was gettin' tew valerble fer an apartment house and that he wus goin' tew send 'round notices ter vacate. Said he didn't care about fifth floor, 'cause they was flats, anyway, and didn't never pay their rent. S'pose I'll get dred."

Jerome occupied the fifth floor, and in spite of the accumulation of unpaid rent bills he felt insulted and left the elevator without answering. He had no reason to doubt Jimmy's veracity, for he found the notice under the door, together with several "duplicate" bills, whereupon he decided to vacate immediately. In preparation thereof he knocked at the door of fifth floor left.

While awaiting a response, he could distinguish the blows of a hammer, and was not surprised at the confusion that met his eyes when the door opened. A screen and several chairs were piled on a divan, while the pictures hung askew and a flower pot nestled amid a pile of cushions on the floor. The background held his attention only for a second, and he fixed his eye on the young lady holding upon the door with one hand, while she grasped a hammer with the other and held several nails in her mouth. A streak of dust begrimmed one rosy cheek.

"Miss Dahlgren, may I borrow your screw-driver?"

She nodded her pretty head, the nails preventing a verbal response, and sought the required tool amid a labyrinth of trunks and furniture.

"So you received your notice also," he continued, as she relinquished the hammer and nails and drove both hands deep into a waste-basket.

"Yes, and a bill stamped 'duplicate' for company.

Jerome burst out laughing. "So you've got them, too! Have you decided on your future residence?"

"No, but I'm afraid I shall have to go out of town. I was out to Englewood this morning, looking for a suitable place, and heard of a promising apartment house in Hyde Park, which I intend viewing when I have finished this trunk. Will you kindly sit on it, Mr. Jerome? There!" and with a sigh of relief she sank into an armchair, regardless of a pile of lace which already occupied it.

"You are further advanced than I am, and if you will wash your face I will accompany you and look after my own interests."

Pauline gave a gasp on glancing into the nearest mirror, which lay on the floor beside the chair, and vanished, but reappeared in five minutes with a Gainborough hat and a lavender parasol. A short ride down Wabash avenue brought them to their destination.

"It will be such a delicious place for me to do my painting in," murmured Pauline, as the lake breeze rippled her hair, and the sun vied with her eyes in brightness. Frank silently swore that he would take the other flat, regardless of cost.

Frank called the janitor from the rear window, where he had been observing the depredations of his son and heir upon a neighboring lawn, and requested to be led to the other flat.

"It was rented this noon, sur," came the response.

Frank turned a pitiful look on Pauline.

"But shure, sir," continued the janitor, "the rint is afther bein' the same, and it's not a bit better ye'll lolke it, an' it's not a bit better yer wife would lolke it,ither."

Frank's look turned to amusement, while Pauline's turned crimson.

The janitor misinterpreted the cause of her heightened color and hastened to add:

"If ye hev jest hin married an' it's housekapin' ye're afther wantin' tew begin it's here ye'll lolke it best."

Pauline walked to the window to hide her blushes and Frank followed, while the janitor remained satisfied that he had done his duty to his employers.

"What do you say, Pauline," murmured Frank; "shall we take it? Will my little wife 'lolke' it?"

Pauline drew a bill with the duplicate stamp on it, from her pocketbook, and timidly glancing into his face, answered:

"If her husband pays the rent while they are here."

"Muldoon," said Frank, wheeling around. "Mr. and Mrs. Jones will take the flat at the terms mentioned by you. Here is 50 cents as a guarantee. Now, where—er—is the nearest minister?"

"I knew ye would take it," remarked the janitor, "and if it's a minister ye want, there is one on the first floor."—Boston Post.

The Brookside.

I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow—
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not—
The night came on alone—
The little stars sat, one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder—
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer, nearer—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

—Lord Houghton.

The Jingle of the Guinea.

(From Puck.)

Warwick—Now, on what basis do the powers ascertain the indemnity China is to pay each of them?

Wickwire—Well, as near as I can make out they charge about $90 for every Chinaman they killed.

No Way Out of It.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

Druggist—Can't you get your prescriptions filled at any other time than at 2 in the morning, ma'am?

She—I am sorry, but that is the only time my husband is home.

In Demand.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

"Did you ever notice this paradox?" remarked the crusty summer boarder on the porch of the seashore hotel.

"What paradox?" inquired the other.

"That the easy chairs are always the hardest to get."

An Endless Chain.

Mrs. Skantbord (crossly)—Nothing goes to waste in this house. I make hash out of everything that's left over.

Mrs. Simmable (musingly)—But what do you do with the hash that's left over?

Mrs. Skantbord—Re-hash it!

Notability.

(From the Detroit Journal.)

"A notable woman she is, I am told."

"Not very," said the womanly woman, with manifest scorn. "I hadn't the least trouble in the world finding my wraps."

THE CHAMPION TROTTERS.

Crescens is so odd a name, even for a horse, that the winning of the trotting championship by the game, swift, and stanch stallion bearing it has started a good deal of discussion as to the origin of his name, its pronunciation, and the general appropriateness of such an unusual combination of letters, says the Cleveland Leader. Curiosity in such a case is natural, and no guesses can be much more peculiar than the facts.

There is a certain look of triumph about the word Crescens, altogether apart from its associations. One is reminded of increase, of the crescent moon growing biger every evening, of the crescendo in music which swells and rises with new power in every note. So the name of the new champion trotter has a fit appearance. It strikes the eye well.

But none of these associations with increasing and progressive things give the splendid horse his name. It was intended for Crocesus, the king of ancient times most famous for his wealth. The spelling was bad in the case of the horse, and the connection between his name and that of the long ago monarch of Lydia might hardly be suspected by any one.

The pronunciation used in turf circles is still farther from historical correctness, if the name Crescens is to be considered a modification of Crocesus. The man who made the selection rhymes Crescens with precious. He called the fine colt "precious Crescens" long before he came anywhere near the turf championship. It is not sound by analogy, but the master of a horse can do as he pleases in spelling the animal's name and pronouncing it, also.

In the sense that old Croesus was a great source of good fortune and gold to those who were his favorites the idea of deriving from the ancient monarch's name one for the new trotting champion was sound and fortunate. Such a horse is a true gold mine. He is indeed "precious," estimated by the simplest standards of money-getting.

All things considered, the new king of the turf has rather a happily chosen name. It savors of gain, progress, wealth and power. The somewhat obscured historical significance fits in well with the horse's money-earning abilities, and the form of the name he bears suggests swelling strains of music, light growing brighter, general expansion and progress.

In all these things "Crescens" is an improvement upon the name of the horse lately deposed as champion of trotters. There is not much in "The Abbot" to suggest triumph on the turf. The name smacks of headship, indeed, in a religious house, and that may imply a certain authority of manner, sleekness of person, and atmosphere of success, but as for the fame-winning struggles of the fine horse that bears the name, it is far from the heart-straining, muscle-testing races he knows so well to the theological discussions and spiritual strivings of a monastery.

The fact that the stable mate and blood relative of "The Abbot" known to the turf as "The Monk" has a name still less suggestive of the stress and fierce contests of the race track makes it more unlikely than it might have been if "The Abbot" had been named alone that his early owner had the power and dignity of the head of a monastery in mind when his whim gave such an odd name to a splendid colt.

Farther back, all the way, in fact, to Flora Temple, many of the champion trotters of the United States have borne names curiously appropriate in some suggestion or phase, if not in all respects or from every point of view. "Alix" is the German form of Alice, and Alice means noble. Nancy Hanks had a useful name, for it is unfortunately true that many Americans learned through their curiosity about the famous trotter that Abraham Lincoln's mother was Nancy Hanks before she became Mrs. Lincoln, and, however disrespectful it may have been to name a colt after so honored a woman, surely the suggestion of great service, primacy in the worth, and dt title to enduring renown which a proud horseman might well desire in the name of his favorite trotter, was strong in the noble mother of the president.

The very word "Sunol" had a flavor of quickness. It fairly spoke of rapid work. There could hardly have been a better choice of euphonious name for a fast horse. It suggested "getting there," in the slang of the streets and the track, in its very sound. "Maud S." was different and very commonplace. That name was a misfit for a famous race horse, though it doubtless pleased the little girl, Maud Stone, whose father chose it for the horse which made him more prominent than he ever was before.

Neither was there much appropriateness in the name of St. Julien. Rarus was better fitted with a name. He was very rare in his way and day, as every champion trotter must needs be. Goldsmith Maid had a name which spoke of precious metal, and she certainly was a worker in gold for her owner as well as a breaker of records on the turf. It does not matter that her name was derived from other sources with no suggestion of bullion being made into money or trophies of the track.

Famous old Dexter was surely entitled to a name that meant right. He was right and all right, for he seldom was left behind any other horse on the race track. Beyond him stands Flora Temple, the first famous American trotter, in the modern estimation of turf celebrities. Her name speaks of garlands of flowers, appropriate for heroines of great victories. It is about as rich in suggestions of wreaths and niches in the halls of fame as anything could be. So Flora Temple was well named.

Altogether, taking due account of the innumerable multitude of blooded horses that have been named by men who fancied that in them they might find champions of the turf, it is remarkable that the average of curiosity significant and fitting names should be so high among the real kings and queens of the race track. In the case of the trotting championship there may not be much in a name, but the names have hit the mark well, as a rule. This is more than can be said of many more important selections such as the names of cities, warships, and other great and enduring things much admired of men.

For Value Received.

Jack—That's a fine dog you have, Jim. Do you want to sell him?

Jim—I'll sell him for $2.

Jack—Is he intelligent?

Jim (with emphasis)—Intelligent? Why, that dog knows as much as I do.

Jack—You don't say so? Well, I'll give you half a dollar for him, Jim.

In The Hunting Season.

Lady (in poulterer's shop)—You can put aside half a dozen of your plumpest partridges.

Poulterer—Yes, ma'am. Shall I send them at once?

Lady—No; my husband is out shooting partridges today, and he will call for them this evening.

In Time.

Little Willie—This paper says that Mr. Hamlet Smithers received an ovation. What does that mean?

Father—The word ovation, my son, is derived from the Latin word ova, which means an egg. Ovation means a shower of eggs.

A Kitchen Romance.

Lady—What do you think? I have a servant who gets up in the morning without being called.

Chorus of voices—Impossible!

Lady—But it's true, she's in love with the milkman.

Twins.

(From the Chicago Herald.)

"Any musical instruments?" the assessor asked.

"Twin," the tired-looking citizen replied.

"What are they?"

"Both boys."

Born Lucky.

Blinks—Lucky man, that fellow Jones.

Winks—I don't see how you make it.

Blinks—Why, he took out a life insurance policy for $5,000 and died six days before the company failed.

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