Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

THE "PROMINENCE" OF CITIZENS.

Congressman Hull of Iowa, with his family, went to Manila. It is presumed he went on a government transport which carries American dignataries free. When he arrived at Manila he found the inaugural ceremony which gave the Philippines its final civil governor about to take place. He was able to secure but one ticket to the official platform. It made him mad, and he submitted to this interview: "They put me down here among a lot of clerks, as if I were nobody. Do you know who I am? I am Congressman Hull, and chairman of the committee on military affairs. I have made lots of officers, and can unmake them."

Every American newspaper promptly jumped on Hull. The editors are making all kinds of fun of him and his blustering interview.

But the military officers in Manila are not making fun of him. He is chairman of the committee on military affairs, and he does have a big hand in the making of officers.

Where Hull proved the exception in this case was in not letting his fireworks off before the inaugural. If he had thrown a meteor or two at the general in charge of the ceremonies he would have gotten a bushel of tickets to the platform. The pyrotechnic display came too late.

He probably meekly accepted the one ticket and tried to suppress his indignation, and did temporarily.

Mark Hanna would not have been given one ticket to the platform, neither would Joe Cannon, nor Grover Cleveland, nor Tom Reed, nor Roosevelt. Any one of these would have seared the ticket-disburser to death on the first round, and walked off with a family pass.

If you have an ambition to get on the platform, you want to let the man at the gate know it early, and know it hard that you are some pumpkins. Bite his head off and walk in.

In every audience there are always some very bright, good, honorable citizens who occupy back seats.

But they miss a whole lot. Nobody knows they are present. They do not get to drink ice water out of the pitcher with the orators, nor to hold their massive brows up in the fierce white light that beats upon a rostrum. And they do not appear in the newspaper the next morning as "Among those prominent on the platform."

"Prominence" is so often a manufactured article, it is so frequently baldly artificial that we sometimes hope for the day when a great parade headed by the mayor of Chicago will be announced and everybody will stay at home and let his parade go by unseen; or that a great meet will be called at which Chauncey Depew will be advertised to speak, and the people will get up a lawn social a block away and attend it and leave the orator and the prominent citizen on the platform alone.

AMERICANS IN EUROPE.

A London cable says a directory of Americans resident in that city is now being prepared and will contain over 10,000 names. Ten years ago about 500 Americans attended the Fourth of July reception of the American minister in the British capital; this year nearly 5,000 were received by Ambassador Choate. At Homburg, Germany, half the visitors this year are reported to be Americans, and at Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Nuremberg and all the Rhine cities our countrymen are said to outnumber the tourists from all other lands, says the New York Herald.

The remarkable extent of American travel in Europe this year is further indicated by the fact that with more and larger ocean liners than in any previous years, hundreds of our people in England and on the Continent are unable to secure passage to this side. Possibly this greatly increased volume of American travel abroad may help to explain the balance-of-trade mystery to which Professor Bullock, of Williams college, recently called attention. He tried to reckon up our national disbursements of all kinds, so as to show where the enormous balances of trade in our favor for the past five years have gone, and confessed that he could not come within $800,000,000 of doing it. But he estimated the yearly expenditures of our tourists in Europe at about $62,500,000.

In view of the facts above stated, Professor Bullock's estimate of the total amount annually spent in Europe by Americans is probably far too low.

WHO WROTE THAT DISPATCH?

Who wrote the celebrated "Fourth of July dispatch" from Siboney which conveyed to our government the first news of the destruction of Cervera's fleet? Rear Admiral Sampson's denial of its authorship has opened the door to interested conjecture.

The fleet under my command offer the nation, as a Fourth of July present, the destruction of the whole of Cervera's fleet. Not one escaped. SAMPSON.

This is the text of the dispatch, which may be said to be the nucleus of the Sampson-Schley controversy, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post. The forced interpretation put upon its opening words started the attacks by the Schley contingent upon Rear Admiral Sampson's reputation, professional and personal. Every naval officer knows, of course, that the fleet which wiped out Cervera's squadron was the fleet under the command of Sampson, and that the form of expression was wholly correct from the point of view of the facts, and as to military propriety. On the other hand, the crowd insist that Sampson must be punished for having brought himself into a dispatch announcing the result of a battle in which he did not physically participate.

This contention is weakened by the knowledge that Sampson did not write the dispatch, and the question of who did write it is correspondingly more important. When the whole story of the battle and its sequel comes to be told on the stand at the coming inquest, perhaps we shall know. The authorship of the dispatch ordering Dewey from Hong Kong to Manila has been in dispute. Even the secretary of the navy, whose name is signed to it, when asked who wrote it, at first answered: "God knows." Yet that dispatch was written in the calm of the spring days that preceded the excitement of the war; whereas the so-called Sampson dispatch was written at night, after a hot battle and a brilliant victory, when even nerves of iron would have had some excuse for playing their owner a trick, and when the tendency on every hand was to overwrought sentiment and figurative expression, and when nobody's memory was likely to be at its best.

As the Evening Post's informant recalls it, the author of the famous dispatch was Lieutenant Commander Sidney A. Staunton, who was detailed by the commanding officer to go ashore and send the news to Washington by cable.

"I believe, speaking from memory alone," said he, "not only that Staunton wrote that dispatch with his own hand, but that he was followed ashore by a junior officer sent by Schley with a different dispatch, making the announcement to Secretary Long in Schley's own style."

"Why has the Schley dispatch never been published?" you correspondent inquired.

"Because it was never sent. My recollection is that Staunton did the young man the kindness to remind him of the rigid professional rule about these things. A report to the department must always be made by the officer in command, or by some subordinate acting under his orders, no matter who may have done the particularly good or bad things in the fight. The battle off Santiago was not the engagement of a single vessel, whose commander, being independent of connection with any fleet, was in direct communication with the authorities in Washington; it was fought by a fleet, and the commander of that fleet would have been recreant to his duty if he had failed to make the official report of it. If Staunton had held his peace and left Schley's representative to send the dispatch he had in hand, it would have brought matters to a head mighty quick for Schley, and he would undoubtedly have been subject to reprimand for usurping the functions of his superior officer when the latter was where he could act for himself. A great many outsiders might have had their ideas permanently confused, as they have now, concerning 'who was who,' but the matter would have been one which the department could not possibly have ignored, and that would have been bad for Schley, for it would have taken him out of all further competition with Sampson and left no room for the controversy of the last three years."

"Why did not Sampson write his dispatch himself?"

"I assume that he was so busy giving orders about the multitude of matters which became of great importance immediately after the battle, like the beaching of the Colon, that he had to intrust a great deal of what we might call the mechanical part of his duties to others. He would never deny that he was responsible for the dispatch, though he did not write it. At the same time, as a mere matter of historic accuracy, I hope the story of the sending of the news and the little episode ashore between Sampson's emmissary and Schley's will be brought out at the trial. It is characteristic."

DR. GATLING'S CHANGE OF BASE.

It is pleasant to learn that Dr. R. J. Gatling, who invented the first rapid-fire gun of modern warfare and made peace between nations a question of convenience rather than diplomacy, has turned his attention toward farming machinery and proposes to revolutionize existing agricultural methods.

Instead of those horrid guns, Dr. Gatling seems to be trying to redeem himself and to make his death pillow softer by figuring as the inventor of a motor plow which, he asserts, will accomplish from a comparative standpoint on the farm what his gun did on the field of battle. The startling claim is made by the great inventor that his plow, under the guidance of one man, will break the surface of a 30-acre field in a single day.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Gatling will find the plowshare business fully as remunerative as gun making. It is certainly more reputable. He may yet be able to turn from the awful execution of his ghastly guns to green and peaceful fields made fruitful by his motor plow. The Gatling plow sounds much better than the Gatling gun to civilized ears.

THE WAR AGAINST CANCER.

The tragic ending of the tragic life of the Empress Frederick has given a new meaning to the pathetic appeal which King Edward made the other day to English medical men to spare no effort to combat "that other terrible disease—cancer." Sir James Paget, the famous English physician, once declared that "every one would have cancer if only he lived long enough," but it is evident from the medical comments that there is no ground for asserting that the disease is on the increase. An English physician who speaks with authority assures us on the contrary that although the essential nature of the disease has so far baffled research, considerable progress can be recorded during the past two decades. In some notes he says:

"Just as in the case of consumption, cancer, was believed to be mainly due to some inherited fault of constitution, and it need hardly be said that this hypothesis engendered a despairing frame of mind in the practitioner as well as the patient. The present general belief throughout the British medical profession, in support of which numerous facts might be adduced, is that the disease is at first entirely local or limited, an in all probability, the result of the growth of some specific micro-organism. The constitution may possibly have some influence—it s a question of relative suitability of soil and seed—but it would not appear to be nearly so important a factor as in some other parasitic diseases, tuberculosis, for example. The conclusion follows that if the disease is recognized early enough, and is in some accessible part from which it can be removed freely by the surgeon, there should be a fair chance that it may never recur; and modern improvements in diagnosis and methods of operation have actually accomplished this in large numbers of cases. If, however, precious time is wasted by hesitating and temporizing, or by submitting to the treatment of quacks, the malignant growth not only destroys the part it has first attacked, but particles are carried to neighboring glands or to internal organs, just as the seeds of a noxious weed may be scattered over the whole garden.

"Assuming this view to be correct, the directions in which improvement may be looked for are two—in the first place, the recognition of the parasite; and, secondly, as is now being done in the case of tuberculosis, plague, malaria and many other diseases, the attainment of knowledge concerning its life-history and the conditions which favor its growth. Until lately the real nature of all these disorders was unknown, although physicians suspected the existence of morbific germs long before it was possible to see these under a microscope or cultivate them in a test-tube; but, thanks to improvements in the instruments and methods of the laboratory, the advances in the sister sciences of chemistry and biology, and the brilliant discoveries of certain investigators, we are now no longer dependent on mere theories, which have aided us so little in the past."

The game commissioner of Arizona has been torn to pieces by a bear. Most hunters in the mountains give bears the right-of-way. They are more dangerous than the story books tell.

The man behind the wheel on the Brooklyn wasn't as cool as the man behind the gun. He put the wheel hard up when he was ordered to put it hard down and the Brooklyn circled.

A good, thorough job of inspection is needed on that Cleveland intake tunnel. The mayor of the town should bluster less and put on more inspectors.

The leading lawyers of the country are of the opinion that the trusts are out of the reach of the legislative power. And the lawyers are finally saying so.

People in this country are selling guns to the South American republics. And we are probably also supplying the insurgents with arms.

This country has about reached the point where it will demand of Nikola Tesla that he discover something that will pan out.

France has conferred on President Harper of the University of Chicago, the Order of Legion of Honor. We wonder why.

An expert has told Andy Carnegie that golf will add ten years to his life. And three stories to his temper.

President Wetmore, of the bar association, says that one of the evils of the day is over-legislation.

The Abbott on September 4, at Hartford, will see if Crescens can do it again. He can.

France will not be too hasty with the sultan, mark it. The sultan is no Chinese emperor.

Why doesn't Paul Kruger go home? What good have all his interviews done?

Pierce City must feel thoroughly ashamed of itself.

DON AND DAN.

She loved them both—only differently—Don for his quiet devotion; Dan for his brainy achievements. She had tried hard to decide between them, but her heart had failed her completely.

They had both proposed, but so differently. Yet neither failed in his efforts to show himself the true lover. Don was decidedly clever as an artist, while one could see at a glance that Dan would not be long in making his mark in the world. So there was really no apparent choice for the poor girl. She had weighed them carefully in the matrimonial scale, but they both balanced at love, and she was at her wits' ends.

Don had called several times of late, only to find Dan comfortably seated on the sofa beside Sue. After stammering different excuses on the various occasions he made hasty exits, often bearing Dan break forth into peals of laughter. Sue was silent through it all. Never a letter inviting Dan to call on a certain evening, so he decided that Dan spent all his spare moments with Sue.

If it were thus, surely Dan was the favorite, so Don relieved his aching heart by devoting all his spare moments in painting a beautiful canvas of Sue's head—for old-time's sake. So Don's visit became less frequent, and Dan felt confident of a bride, until, one day, something strange happened, as they always do in love affairs.

'Twas a perfect day that found Dan and Sue enjoying a horseback ride along the speedway. Sue looked the very acme of grace and poise in her riding habit, and Dan could not crowd down the conceit that rose in his breast when he thought how he had won her away from all rivals, especially Don. He was better looking. He moved in a smarter set. He was more popular, and, above all, he was brighter. So, with an overstock of self pride, he rode beside Sue with what might be termed, in slang, an enlargement of the hat-band.

All the while that Dan was picturing his better points on the relief, Sue was thinking of Don. Surely what had become of the boy? He had not been at her house in over a week. Nor had he sent a single word of excuse, and she, in the whirl of her numerous social duties, had neglected to write him. She was slightly worried about the state of affairs, although she would not admit it to her conscience—that seemed annoyed of late—so tried in vain to crowd it out of her busy little brain.

There was a sudden click of steel, a quick jerk that threw Dan from his saddle, and his horse was off like a wild beast, clearing everything before it. Dan was bravely clinging to the stirrup strap, but it was a terrible position; only a question of seconds when his strength would fail him; then he would be dragged to death. All efforts to stop the horse seemed to enrage him the more.

Sue sat in the saddle like one petrified with fear. She was powerless to move. Suddenly, almost as soon as the horse started, a cyclist whizzed by. It was Don. On, on, he flew, until abreast of the mad horse. One final burst of speed and the wheel crossed the horse's track. Don rose on his pedals, grasped the curb bit and threw himself onto the horse's neck. 'Twas an acrobatic feat fit for a circus. As he did so Don's hold on the strap relaxed, he fell backward and dragged along the roadway, until Don brought the nervous steed to a stand-still. It was a brave deed from start to finish and Don came out without a scratch, but minus a wheel.

As Don was being complimented on all sides, Sue came into view, dismounted, leaving her horse in charge of an urchin. She took Don's hand without a word and shook it warmly, then stooped to examine Dan. He was unconscious and needed medical aid. Handkerchiefs, cold water, a few flasks and various other things were freely offered by the sympathizing crowd, and all were intent on reviving Dan, when the sharp clang of the ambulance bell dispersed them.

Dan was carefully stowed away in the ambulance, while Don mounted the front seat, after promising to call on Sue that evening.

* * * *

The front doorbell rang. Sue rushed to the door and threw it open. Don stepped over the threshold and found himself in the arms of Sue.

"Oh, you dear, brave soul—'twas just like you."

"Oh, 'twas nothing," stammered Dan. "I knew you loved him, and I hated to see your happiness in this life die before your very eyes."

"Love him? Nothing of the sort. I love you!"

"Sue!"

A lump came into his throat and tears into his eyes. He kissed her—such a glad kiss.

Six weeks later Dan went South, not broken-hearted, but with a bride. Her name, however, was not Sue.—Boston Post.

To Mary in Heaven.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget—
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity can not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace—
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till wean, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of wing-ed day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

—Robert Burns.

In Spite of Parson Pearson.

(From the Chelsea Gazette.)

Jack—I hear you are going down to Maine on your vacation?

Frank—Yes, my wife insists on our going to a prohibition place.

Jack—But you can get all the liquor you want in Maine.

Frank—Of course I can, but for heavens sake don't tell my wife.

(From the Detroit Journal.)

"Is it true that Doddesley has good taste in art?"

"Well, if you call choosing a few fruit pictures for his diningroom good taste, he has it."

Wise and Otherwise.

Mrs. Youngwife—"Oh, John, the rats have eaten all that cake I baked yesterday! Isn't it awful?" Her Husband—"It is, indeed. I suppose we'll have to rip up the floors some day to find them."

Nell—"I don't think she loves her husband at all." Belle—"Why?" Nell—"Because he was two hours late coming home last night, and she didn't imagine anything dreadful about him at all."

Willie—"I guess my big sister don't like your big brother." Tommy—"Yes, she does; cause he's going to call on her tonight." Willie—"I know he is; but she sat some cobbets for supper."

Brewster—"Say, old man, what makes your nose so red?" Brewster—"It's blushing for all the other noses that go poking into other people's business."

Bad bodkins and contents show us what is fine art music really is for world shows plainly in contrast to black.—Lotzer.

To judge of the real importance of an individual we should think of the effect his death would produce.—Leyla.

Genius at first is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline.—George Eliot.

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

It seems to be settled that the "13 fund" doesn't go into brick and mortar.

H. H. Watkins, a prominent banker of Enid, it is said, will be made territorial treasurer.

The politicians seem to think that the two boards will result in no normal being located at all.

The cotton in Oklahoma would not be hurt by moisture and the farmers need it for fall plowing.

A whole lot of people are drifting back to the old Oklahoma towns from the new country "home-sick."

A good many little bottles with crude oil from the Wichita mountains are traveling over the country.

The hay fever has got ex-Governor Barnes again, and he has gone to Michigan to try to shake it.

Neither Kansas or Oklahoma this year has had a cyclone, but the eastern papers give them no credit for that.

It is really a misfortune, come to think of it, that the government didn't adopt the drawing system years ago.

The Commercial club was organized one day at Anadarko and the next day started full tilt after that Southwestern Normal.

The Oklahoma City golfers have made a proposition to the Guthrie golfers to pay the expenses of a match if they can be licked.

It is pleasant to see the Oklahoma City Times-Journal exercising at last diplomatic relations with a territorial administration.

Anadarko can thank its stars the windstorm came now and not three or four months later. A tent is mighty easily re-erected.

A census of Lawton is now being taken preparatory to holding a city election. It is thought that the city has about 3,000 inhabitants.

The old miner who was sure there was gold in the Wichita mountains isn't being driven out by the Indian police now. Where is the gold?

All three of the new county seats will be cities of the first-class from the word go. A city of the first-class in Oklahoma must have 2,500 people.

As anadarko and the other new towns are learning and as older towns know there is nothing that will bring up a gusty wind storm quicker than a city of tents.

The newspaper boys of Guthrie bought an Indian head hat band the other day and presented it to Miss Albina Stevens, the governor's stenographer, who is good to the newspapers.

Mr. and Mrs. B. S. MacGuire and Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Wrightsman recently took a trip from Galveston to Boston, and their ship struck a storm and shook them up a whole lot better than those envelopes were at El Reno.

In a recent decison of a seduction case Justice Burford quotes one of the letters of the man to the woman, which concludes as follows: "Bye, bye, darling girl. As sure as the vine around the stump, you are my sugar lump."

Pawnee Times-Democrat: Residents of the country east of this city are beginning to complain of depredations made by wolves and coyotes, and are anxious for a way to stop these unwelcome visitations. L. N. Busherr, whose home is two and one-half miles from town, says he recently lost a great many very fine chickens through the appetite of these beasts. The birds were thoroughbred and worth from $1 to $5 a piece. "I am not the only one that has suffered, either," he said, "a wolf or coyote will sneak up and not only take chickens, but kill young pigs or calves as well. In Kansas and nearly all other states there is a bounty offered for these animals. There ought to be a bounty here. It would be a move that the country people would appreciate."

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

Two miles away from the explosion at Fort Riley on Monday a piece of the 105-pound shell was found.

The chief of police at Topeka is making war on money-paying slot machines. Five arrests have been made.

The pear trees in Kansas are breaking down. The yield this year is the heaviest in the history of the state. There are so many that the worms are dying of indigestion.

Two men were discussing the Lawton farms yesterday and one man said: "Look at Shylock; he demanded the pound of flesh nearest the town site, but he didn't get it."

The Atchison Globe's society editor is up a stump. A man from Lancaster writes and asks him this point of etiquette: "Is it proper to hold a diningroom girl's hand while others are waiting?"

The Atchison Globe notes that the Missouri community lynched three negroes for murdering a woman and then asked the governor to offer $200 reward for the apprehension of the murderer.

Charles Smith, of Salina, has sent to Washington for redemption two five-dollar bills. He is a harvest hand and makes affidavit that he mutilated the bills in carrying them around in his shoes.

Reverend Bruner, of the Evangelical Church of Industry, had his congregation rent forty acres; had them put it in wheat; got them to cut and thresh it and sell it, and with the proceeds paid off the church debt, $250.

Jerre Botkin is quoted as saying that the Populists do not expect or desire the nomination of Bryan again, but they will not affiliate with any organization that puts up Hill, German or any other obnoxiously gold Democrat.

Mrs. W. H. Lewis and Miss Inez Porsha, of Atchison, attempted to climb Crested Buttes, Colorado, mountain, and got lost. The Colorado papers, which hold that Kansans are tenderfeet, are making a great deal out of the incident.

John W. Fox and Miss Targer, of Abilene, were to be married last Wednesday. Fox took sick and on the appointed wedding day was dying. He insisted on the ceremony. Miss Targer went for a license and a minister hastily, but when she returned Fox was dead.

Under the Bush law of 1899 all corporations in Kansas must make yearly reports to the secretary of state. The last legislature added a penalty to the law. Not half the corporations of the state have complied with the requirement, and Secretary Clark has sent them warning.

Mrs. Mary L. DeForrest, for years a writer on the Atchison Globe, it is said, and now living in Irving, Marshall county, is the heir to ten millions left by Henry Dolan, a man who died this week in New York. Mrs. DeForrest is sixty years old, and a widow. She doesn't believe she is an heiress, but says that if she thought she was she wouldn't be interviewed.

Near Paradis a farmer named James Mahoney discharged a hand named Barry. Barry is said to have sworn vengeance. Later one of Mahoney's wheat stacks went up in smoke. The farmers round about suspected Barry, captured him, and were going to lynch him when some one suggested tarring and feathering. This was done and Barry given 20 hours to leave the country.

St. Deroide Republican: To us the most solemn sound ever devised by man, the stately music of a vast cathedral, the imposing robes, the stained glass windows, the pealing organ, all fade into insignificance beside the soul-stirring, simple sound—the trumpeting of taps or "Lights Out." No man who has ever heard it, either on the field of battle at the quiet army post, or in the soldier's home for the weak and shattered units of the Grand Army of the Republic ever forgets it. For the bugle notes seem to take into their each all-embracing embrace the boys, the memories, the cankered hopes and the long farewell. And when we hear it, almost slightly muffled on account of its proximity to the south of Walnut Hill—when it is echoed with a great magnificent echo that loses itself in its own echo, we get sentiments till startled from our poise. To me ever and always it is the shadow of death.

Geo. Innes & Co.

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Made of Pique, Lawns and Dimities. These have been popular sellers this season. The price has been $4.50. The twenty that are left go now at

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See the north window where we have placed nearly 3,500 yards of the remaining pieces of the 10c and 12 1-2c Wash Goods. They go in one big hurrah sale—

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