

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

HONOR TO CORTELYOU.

This nation is ready to take its hat off to Mr. Cortelyou. The public hasn't known much about Cortelyou except that he is secretary to the president; that he has been mentioned for a cabinet vacancy on one or two occasions.

Since the assault the people have come to understand just what the degree of fidelity this man possesses, and how superb his judgment is.

Dr. McBarney says that operation saved the president's life. "In such cases," he says, "an operation often comes too late. This one came in the nick of time. It could not have been better. The treatment was perfect too. Within an hour after the assassin's bullet entered the body of the president he was operated upon in a manner which reflects glory upon our profession."

Who decided on the immediate operation? Cortelyou. President McKinley when he was struck down, remembering probably Garfield, said to Cortelyou who bent over him: "Be careful about the doctors. I must leave all of that to you."

The responsibility was all Cortelyou's. As soon as President McKinley reached the exposition hospital the question of an operation came up. Dr. Parkes, president of the American Society of Surgeons, was out of the city. A special locomotive was sent for him. But before he could arrive, Cortelyou became impatient. He demanded the operation immediately. He secured Dr. Mann, a surgeon in matters affecting the stomach and abdominal regions. The operation was performed. The president will get well. The friend who did not sleep for three days following the assault, who superintended everything deserves the credit. The nation honors him.

All of us hope that if at any time we are beyond helping ourselves we may have as good a friend as Secretary Cortelyou, to decide for us quickly the best thing to be done.

DR. M'BURNEY OF NEW YORK.

Dr. Charles McBarney is one of the most prominent surgeons in New York. He was for many years attending surgeon at Roosevelt hospital, and resigned his post there in March, 1900. The institution uses the magnificent Syms operating theater to his straightforwardness in professional dealings. The late Mr. Syms was under his care for a time and was sent a bill for \$1,000. In return came a check for \$10,000. Dr. McBarney sent back \$9,000 with the statement that he could not receive it, but would devote it to charity. The result was a bequest of \$350,000 with which the theater was established. He lives at 28 West Thirty-seventh street, and is a consulting surgeon at both St. Luke's and the Presbyterian hospitals. He is a graduate of Harvard and the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons. Among the scientific societies to which he has been elected are the Paris Surgical Society, Academy of Medicine, Pathological Society, Surgical Society and Roman Medical Society. He is a member of the Metropolitan, Union League, Harvard University and Century clubs.

WOUNDS OF THE STOMACH.

President McKinley was fortunate in that he fell immediately into the hands of surgeons of national and international reputation. The men who took charge of him were big enough for the occasion, and gave him the treatment which they would have given to the unknown victim of a street quarrel, whose personality was not considered but whose life was to be saved.

There were no prolonged consultations while important time was being lost. There were no blind probing. The patient was prepared for any operation that might prove necessary. He was made unconscious by a general anesthetic, and the wounds examined and discovered to be as follows:

First, a wound in the breast, which was explored and found to lead to the breast bone, along which the bullet had glided, spending its force and lodging in the flesh. This wound was cleaned and dressed. It should not affect the patient's life in any way. It was probably staining at the time of infection, and contributed to the primary shock, but as no internal injury of the breast is indicated, it need hardly be considered in the prognosis. The second wound was of the abdomen, five inches below the left nipple and one and one-half inches from the median line.

As the bullet was fired from a hand concealed in a sling, probably about the belt line, and as the bullet struck the chest was glanced upward, the chances were that the abdominal wound was made by a bullet entering almost perpendicularly to the abdominal wall. The probabilities then were that the wound was perforating. It may be said in passing that if a bullet strikes at an oblique angle the hardening of the abdominal muscles sometimes causes it to glance as effectively as a lion.

The wound was below and inside of the borders of the ribs. The stomach lay directly below it. The left lobe of the liver could have been wounded or not, according to its size, the possibility being increased according to the obliquity of the course of the bullet or to its deflection by any obstacle. The same possibilities hold good with regard to the intestines.

Doubtless, having these possibilities in mind, the doctors opened the abdomen in the track of the bullet. The front wall of the stomach was found to be perforated. This perforation was closed by silk sutures, after which the stomach was raised sufficiently to explore its posterior wall and a wound of exit was discovered, and closed in the same way. No other injuries to the organs or important blood vessels contained in the abdomen were discovered. The further course of the bullet was not traceable.

The wound in the abdominal wall was closed without drainage. The patient's condition after operation was considered good. The pulse rate was 120, the quality of the pulse was good.

The reports indicate that the treatment was prompt, skillful and effective. A favorable outcome would be no surprise, according to a noted New York surgeon: "For several days there would be fever ranging from 101 F. to 103 F., rapid pulse and respiration, due to the shock and to the absorption before operation of material expelled with the bullet, particles of cloth or stomach contents. If the patient's strength is good, the system will take care of what is left of these poisons after the careful cleansing done during the operation, and after one or two weeks they will be completely eliminated."

"During that time, if the course is favorable, the patient will be fed by means of partially digested milk. After about seventy-two hours, if the conditions permit, the patient may be given water to drink in teaspoonful doses. If this is well taken during the next few days, fluids will be given in increasing doses."

"At the end of about twelve days, if all has been favorable, a pump of the stomach should be healed. The foregoing is the most favorable outlook."

The other possibilities are many. Among them these are important: There may have been leakage from the interior wall of the stomach. This is likely to have been slight, because the bullet passed from within inward and in its flight carried the outer coat of the stomach inward, making a wound which does not easily admit

of leakage, unless during violent vomiting. The fact that the shooting took place at 4 p. m., favors the chance that the stomach was practically empty.

"The wound in the posterior wall of the stomach being from within outward undoubtedly permitted the outflow of some stomach contents, but that region does not communicate so freely with the rest of the peritoneal cavity, and the timely operation may have averted the danger of infection in that region."

"The bullet not having been found leaves the possibility of a local infection in its resting place. This would be most serious if it had reached the neighborhood of the spinal cord, but as no nerve symptoms have been reported, that possibility may be practically ignored."

"Finally, it may be said that a case has been recorded where a perforating wound of the stomach very similar to the one under consideration has gone untreated surgically, and after death from another cause, two years later the wounds of entrance and exit in the stomach were localized by scars, showing spontaneous healing."

THE MICROBE OF FATIGUE.

Every microbe which makes life disagreeable for man is bound to be discovered. There is an immense army of bacteriologists who are training their microscopes on the human tissues and trying to discover the germ of every thing that is peculiar to individuals. It was inevitable that some one should find the microbe which is responsible for "that tired feeling." Professor Gautier, who is a respected member of the French Institute, is the first to announce such a discovery. He maintains that all physical fatigue is done to the presence in the body of this germ; that but for the pernicious influence of this microbe physical exertion would strengthen and invigorate rather than weary and debilitate men and women, and that when it shall be possible to prevent the development of the microbe of fatigue there will be no such thing as overwork as far as the effect on the body is concerned.

It is apparent that the production of a serum which shall eliminate this microbe will effect great changes in our social life. Instead of a summer trip to the seaside or the mountains, busy mortals will only need to take a hypodermic injection of anti-fatigue serum and remain at home to enjoy their work. We shall cease to fill the asylums with the victims of brain fog, and it will not be necessary any longer for men to buy spring tonics to cure "that tired feeling." In short, according to Professor Gautier, as long as men shall be able to escape death from disease and accident they will be as vigorous as though they had tipped at a fountain of perpetual youth. Ponce de Leon and other searchers for such a fountain were rational in their purpose; but they should have hunted for microbes to achieve their aim.

Professor Gautier goes so far as to affirm that we can get rid of the microbe of fatigue by a liberal use of disinfectants. There may be no doubt that the disinfectants will kill the germs, but there is no surety that they will not also kill the patient. Long ago it was known that most microbes would succumb to carbolic acid, but it was also found that enough of the acid to destroy the germs would also destroy the man on whom they prey. It is fair to assume that the microbe of fatigue is particularly tenacious of life. There are men who were born tired, or in whom these germs became active in infancy, and who have been regarded as indolent all their days. In such cases no light and harmless serum or other preparation will do the microbe's business. When a sure method of destroying the germs, with safety to men shall be found it may be necessary for the labor unions to demand that congress shall strictly limit the hours of labor in order to prevent overproduction.

FARMING IN ALASKA.

National optimism and local pride give a buoyant tone to most of our government reports, but the man who told the director of the census about the agriculture of Alaska had no use for the "hewgag." Circumstances were too much for him, and in the low temperature of the most depressing and uncompromising facts he made this confession: "The tabulated returns indicate that the farming industry is insignificant, being a subsidiary pursuit."

Last this summer should seem cowardly, abject and un-American, we shall do the official justice by presenting a few Alaskan statistics. The territory, whose area exceeds half a million square miles contains twelve farms, with a total of 159 acres. Its farm live stock consisted last year of 12 dairy cows, 4 oxen, 1 bull, 5 horses, 10 swine and 176 chickens. This stock was valued at \$2,196; there was \$600 capital fixed in implements and machinery and \$12,800 represented the value of buildings and other improvements. In order to prepare the soil of Alaska for cultivation \$120 is sometimes spent on a single acre.

Five of the farms have less than three acres, three have between three and ten acres and four between twenty and fifty. Their returns aggregated \$8,046 for the year ending December 31, 1929, \$6,565 being credited to vegetables, \$179 to chickens, \$369 to eggs, \$310 to calves, \$275 to milk and \$13 to butter. The report gets a spark of encouragement from poultry, which it says is the most profitable branch of Alaskan agriculture from the standpoint of income upon capital invested. "Eggs found a ready market at an average price of 43 cents a dozen while the average amount received from fowls was \$3.01 each."

The climate absolutely forbids the raising of cereals, but is favorable to the rapid growth and early maturity of vegetables, which are cultivated in considerable quantities by the Indians as well as by the twelve farmers. The Indians also do something at stock raising, but one big American farm would heat all Alaska, savage and civilized.

The public is now waiting for Maglio to tell what he knows; whether there was a general plot; or whether he was vaporing when he said McKinley would be killed before October 1.

First impressions if mistaken, are soon forgotten. Most everybody said when they first heard of the assault on the president that it was probably by a Spaniard.

Just now the president of the United States is the most stonily ruled of all citizens. He can't have anything unless a white-capped nurse says so.

The habit is strong in America. When the president says strong enough to have a wish, the first thing he asked for was the morning paper.

Secretary Cortelyou isn't positive that the president will recover. Like most of the rest of us, he won't be sure until recovery is complete.

Emperor William says the house of Hohenzollern is the foremost number on the program. He belongs to it himself.

The people who were "glad of it" when McKinley was shot are hunting new jobs. They ought not to be given them.

When Major McKinley gets well he will let that bullet in his back alone. The surgeons won't get to dig for that.

The attempt of Congress was the result of a plot. Whether the police can prove it is another matter.

For some reason or other the public has to argue with itself to get itself to believe a doctor's bulletin.

President McKinley will not be controversial for a week yet. And a week seems a long time.

The public is impatient. The doctors have learned patience at a school that keeps long hours.

The only police force in the country that understands anarchists is that of Chicago.

The politicians in Ohio might cut out politics at least for a couple of more weeks.

The Columbia feels as sure of staying as James Jeffrey.

ARMED NEUTRALITY.

Miss Annabel Blake and Miss Jessica Wynch possessed certain points of resemblance. They were about the same age and had about the same moderate income. Both were plain, slightly eccentric, sturdy and even pugnacious, both of them had a love for the same kind of reading. Both were independent, methodical and hot tempered. Both had quarreled with all their relations.

It was almost on that account that at the age of 30 they decided to join their forces and take a house and garden in the country together. The relatives smiled at the folly, but they gave their arrangement just one month to last.

But the relatives were wrong. Both of the ladies were shrewd enough to see that the only possible modus vivendi was one which as far as possible left to each her independence. A book of rules was drawn up in manuscript, each lady possessing and the other would give out for breaking them, and the lines were always paid. The making of these rules caused a great deal of friction, generally ending in an even compromise. Neither lady could claim to be the predominant partner. Gradually the spirit of an accurately measured give-and-take grew up between them. The compromise might, for instance, have been traced in article 7, which ordained that fires in the reception rooms were permissible only between 6 p. m. of October 15, and 10:30 of the following April. Article 10 took two evenings of animated discussion to make that rule. Once made it passed into the things beyond discussion, and there was no more trouble about it.

Thanks to the rules and compromises, Miss Blake and Miss Wynch managed to live together for twenty years. They did not pretend to have much mutual affection, but they enjoyed a little sharpness of the tongue. Perfect calm would have bred them. They had, however, a certain amount of mutual respect, and neither was a person who could be put upon, and from the similarity of their tastes it was probably easier for each to live with the other than with anybody else. Besides, there was a distinct saving of money from living together, and though they were not precisely miserly they liked good management.

But in the twenty-third year, in the springtime, when the birds were singing prettily and the blossoms were looking lovely and nature generally seemed smiling and peaceful, the great war broke out between the two ladies. The war had its origin in the garden. The paths and lawns were common ground, though the care of the paths was assigned to Miss Wynch, while Miss Blake was responsible for the lawn. The rest of the garden was divided into equal parts. By mutual agreement the two ladies had decided that Miss Blake owned and cultivated that part of the garden on the left side of the path and Miss Wynch owned and cultivated the other half on the right side. They employed no gardener, and needed none. Those two ladies of 30 could do a piece of hard digging, and no consensus of opinion was as well as most men. They were ruled that a certain proportion of each allotment was to be kitchen garden, and the crops for those were to be settled in January by discussion. Otherwise the two ladies might have had too much of one thing and none of another. This discussion was much less fiery than might have been expected. The capabilities of the land and of its cultivators had been early recognized. When a difficulty did arise, a short squabble and a sturdy just compromise settled it. The rest of the year the flower gardens, never far from under discussion at all. There each proprietor by rule 15 was supreme.

Now, it happened that Miss Wynch in her usual habit of exacting her own order came on one that bore no label and no indication of its contents. Miss Blake expressed her opinion, to give her exact words, that Jessica Wynch was a careless fool. Miss Wynch said she had never seen the packet before, and the seedman must have sent it by mistake. It was probably rubbish, and she should burn it. She added that people who forget to get the crumb tray repaired should not call other people careless fools. Miss Blake said that people who burn seeds deserved to live to want bread to eat. Jessica said that Annabel could have the packet for a penny, and the money was paid. Annabel asked that seed, and it flourished exceedingly. It was a foreign weed, as ugly, vindictive and prolific as a Chinaman. Where it was put in there was its base of operations for evermore. So the war began. And so far Miss Wynch had right on her side.

Miss Blake made a heap of the weed and set it on a day when even the wind carried the smoke across Jessica's allotment. For this infringement of rule 38 she was fined fourpence. Jessica then threw a healthy collection of large snails across into Miss Blake's flower beds. Miss Blake appealed to rule 25, under which rubbish from one allotment might not be deposited on the other. Miss Wynch objected under the plea that rubbish meant something dead, and the snails were alive. Miss Blake said: "Very well" and spent an afternoon in getting together an army of fat caterpillars for Jessica's roses. In a week's time the two ladies had ceased to speak to one another whenever speech could be avoided and took their meals separately. They would undoubtedly have separated altogether and lived apart, but one day in July, when Jessica was hurrying to the water to get her will altered, she was knocked over by a cart and killed. That stopped the war.—Black and White.

Old Grimes.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man— We never shall see him more; He used to wear a long black coat, All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as they say, His feelings all were true; His hair was sunned, inclined to gray— He wore it in a queue.

When'er he heard the voice of pain, His breast with pity burst— The large, round head upon his cane From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all, He knew no base design; His eyes were dark and rather small, His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind, In friendship he was true; His coat had pocket-holes behind, His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes He passed securely o'er, And never wore a pair of boots For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest, His grave is in the town; He wears a double-breasted vest, The stripes run up and down.

He modestly sought to find, And pay it his desert; He had no malice in his mind, No rattle on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse— Was sociable and gay; He wore large buckles on his shoes, And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze, He did not bring to view, He made a habit of tea-meeting days, As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw In cross or fortune's wheel; He lived as all his brothers do In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares His peaceful moments ran, And every body said he was A good old gentleman.

—Robert G. Dreyfus.

Worse Still.

(From the "Worse Still" series.)
Noble—I don't see you in dinner, did you make a habit of tea-meeting days, as many people do.

Truman—And I don't see you in dinner, did you make a habit of tea-meeting days, as many people do.

—Robert G. Dreyfus.

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

Already Newkirk this year has shipped out 25 car loads of wheat.

Five prisoners inaugurated the fall at Lawton Saturday night by escaping.

The Oklahoma City Herald, the evening paper started some time ago, has quit.

Some of the quarts taken out of the Wichita mountains are greater than gold.

The cotton yield in Oklahoma this year turns out to be good and sad in spots.

Leslie Niblack thinks that Senator Wellington needs a severe dose of close attention.

The population at Perkins has outgrown the school houses and a church is being used on the side.

Some men at Ponca City has started a direct railway. He advertises "shading" as a specialty.

There is a story out in Lawton that Governor Jenkins will delay calling a city election for six months.

Anadarko will make an effort to open public schools on October 1. It can't handle too much in this direction.

The settlers on the claims in Kiowa land expect no snow this winter. Does it ever snow that far south?

The mining fellows of the Wichita mountains say that only the tender-foot pay attention to that black sand.

The public will take stock in the Wichita mountains gold when the Oklahoma ore is smelted. But not much before that.

In one Oklahoma county a newspaper is calling on a deputy sheriff to resign because he permitted the outlaw he was pursuing to disarm him.

An Indian allotment near Anadarko which people jumped on August 6 was called off the map. It once had 5,000 people. It is now deserted.

The man who drew number three in the 13 Reno district took a great, big rocky hill overlooking Anadarko. He intends to make a fortune out of it.

E. H. Hoffman, of the general land office, Washington, D. C., who has been in the new county for several weeks, died at the hospital at Fort Hill Friday.

Some of the older Oklahoma towns take a whack at Hobart by claiming that the ground-out there is so hard and dry that dynamite is used in starting excavations.

The question may come up some day if the mineral deposits are as rich as reports have them, whether it will be proper to call the inhabitants of the town of Wilma Wilddemen.

It is only a little less than a month now until the replenishment business will begin. There will be a heap of it. It was the only one weak point in the drawing plan, but it has been helped.

The other night at Medford a big collection was taken up at the Baptist church. That night a man with a dark lantern visited the homes of the elders, the minister and the church itself, but didn't get the money. But the point is that the burglars at Medford at least attend church.

Julhall Enterprise. Mr. G. D. Johnson and Miss Edna Johnson were married at the Palace hotel parlors Wednesday at midnight. Rev. Chas. Hazeltine performing the ceremony which joined them in wedlock. The wedding would have occurred earlier in the evening had the night passenger not been late. Mr. Johnson went to Perry on the evening train to meet his bride, accompanying her from Perry, going immediately from the station to the hotel parlors, where they were quietly married in the presence of witnesses only.

Hobart, Republican: We take this method of informing our anxious friends instead of by direct correspondence. Beginning with October 8, 1901, the secretary of the Interior has to answer authorities over the lands opened by drawing that he had prior to that time. And the land simply becomes public land under the homestead law. Hence if the holder of a number was not notified within the sixty days from August 6, his number is of no avail and the man who never registered at 15, has his land as good right to file on unoccupied land as the man who did register.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

The binding twine plant of the state penitentiary made \$750 profit this year.

Charles Curtis is in favor of a law making it a crime for a person to attend an anarchist meeting.

The Atchison Globe calls on the people of Patterson, N. J., to do the Pierce City, Mo., act to her anarchists.

Old man Harman, who used to publish the free love paper at Topeka, is mixed up with the Chicago group of anarchists.

Col. J. H. Lipton, of Downs, Kansas, has gone to New York to see the yacht race. He is a cousin of Sir Thomas Lipton.

The Kansas commissioners to the St. Louis exposition will get \$30 each. Governor Stanley will appoint them next week.

The people have their opinion of any one who will drag into a political discussion at this time the shooting of Major McKinley.

E. A. Shanklin, a socialist at Topeka, made a few remarks on the street the other night, and a by-stander knocked him galley-west.

Many of these stories of citizens who were thrashed, fired and mangled because they said they were glad that McKinley was shot, are pipes.

The story has been started that Lambert will continue as United States district attorney and that Tracey will be given something else.

James Manassas, the Greek who ran a fruit stand and gathered a mob by saying something derogatory to McKinley, has sold out and left town.

Ed Howe wouldn't have the job of commissioner to the South Carolina exposition. W. J. Black, of the Santa Fe, has been selected for the honor.

Nearly all the \$5,000 bundles of Russian seed wheat imported by Kansas millers has been distributed. Kansas and Oklahoma get a bundle of it each.

H. T. Beville, a policeman at Topeka, was charged with saying that he wouldn't shed any tears if McKinley didn't get well. Mayor Hughes fired him off the force.

Treasurer Grimes will stamp warrants on October 1. Not paid for want of funds. This will have to be done until January next, when more tax money comes in.

George Braunreider, a member of the old soldiers' home at Leavenworth, was dishonorably discharged and drummed out of camp for expressing satisfaction over the shooting of McKinley.

The people of Redfield, in Bourke county, ordered out of town a barber named A. F. Smith, who expressed satisfaction because McKinley was shot.

He says he said it, but was not responsible, as he was ribbed into an argument in which he delivered a number of things he did not mean; that these personal enemies in the town worked up a sentiment against him, which resulted in his leaving.

Reliable authorities, whose business it is to be thoroughly posted, declare that Kansas has harvested a crop of 160,000,000 bushels of winter wheat, by far the largest crop ever grown. Missouri and Nebraska came forward with 12,000,000 and 10,000,000 respectively. Oklahoma will show a total of 2,000,000 bushels—a pretty good showing for a territory which was never till'd prior to 1890. The winter wheat crop of the country will amount to 42,000,000 bushels. Kansas raised one-quarter of the winter wheat grown in the United States in 1901.

Burlington Independent: Legally there is a bank trust by the 7th of September, and the year is now liquidated. The time of the Independent shows that from 1881 to 1893, inclusive, there was front up or back down September 1. There were a little more than 100,000 shares of stock in the year 1893. Some of these were extremely light, and were soon only by very early rains to produce whose shareholders had been practicing their tricks.

Geo. Innes & Co.

There's Going to Be... A grand showing of Fancy Black Cat Pictures and good Black Cat Stockings at our store next week. We want the boys and girls to furnish the pictures, and we will give a handsome prize for the best. See our south window for particulars and watch our space for black cats.

There is nothing as good as R-I-P-A-N-S to cure a disordered stomach. 10 for 5 cents. At all Druggists.

Read the Eagle's Classified Want Columns.

If You Want To buy or sell a business.

If You Want A good situation--or 'help.'

If You Want To reach the business and trading men in the Southwest, you can do so through

The Eagle's Want Columns Everybody who wants to Sell, Trade or Barter--

Reads the Eagle's Classified Want Columns.

Will Open the Colleges And with them the burning of midnight oil of the students.

The Lamp.. Is the only thing that students can use with safety and ease to their eyes. I have the finest lot of Lamps known to the trade in styles innumerable and prices to suit everybody. J. E. Caldwell 130 NORTH MAIN.