

Daily Eagle

STATE REPUBLICAN TICKET. Associate Justice, W. A. JOHNSON. Governor, E. N. MORRILL. Lieutenant Governor, A. THOMAS. Secretary of State, W. C. EDWARDS. Auditor of State, G. E. O'NEIL. State Treasurer, O. L. AUSTIN. Attorney General, F. B. DAVIS. Superintendent of Public Instruction, E. STANLEY.

REPUBLICAN STATE PLATFORM. Resolving: First, That the constant patriotism of our party is in itself a guarantee to the nation that the interests of its dependents and its widows and orphans will be liberally cared for and we denounce their cruel and deliberate betrayal by the present Democratic administration.

REPUBLICAN MEETINGS. Chester I. Long, Republican candidate for congress in the seventh, will speak at the following places: Greenburg, Saturday, July 21, 2 p. m. Mound, Sunday, July 22, 2 p. m. Liberal, Tuesday, July 24, 2 p. m. Clinton, Thursday, July 26, 2 p. m. Lehigh, Friday, July 27, 2 p. m. Ulysses, Saturday, July 28, 2 p. m. Santa Fe, Monday, August 1, 2 p. m. Huxington, Wednesday, August 2, 2 p. m. Richfield, Thursday, August 3, 2 p. m. Johnson City, Friday, August 4, 2 p. m. Syracuse, Saturday, August 5, 2 p. m. Garden City, Monday, August 6, 2 p. m. Dodge City, Tuesday, August 7, 2 p. m. Kinsey, Wednesday, August 8, 2 p. m. Jetmore, Friday, August 10, 2 p. m. Laird, Saturday, August 11, 2 p. m. Lawrence, Monday, August 13, 2 p. m. Tribune, Tuesday, August 14, 2 p. m. Leoti, Wednesday, August 15, 2 p. m. South-Tribune, August 21, 2 p. m. Dighton, Friday, August 24, 2 p. m. New City, Saturday, August 25, 2 p. m. Colandaro, Monday, August 27, 2 p. m. Ashland, Tuesday, August 28, 2 p. m.

TRIUMPH OR GO DOWN.

The strike, in the absence of subsequent outrage and bloodshed, would have proved grotesque, because of its want of sense and its undue proportions. There was no controversy between the A. R. U. and their employers, as not a man was discharged upon the one hand, nor any increase of wages demanded on the other. Everything was running as smoothly as possible, considering the direful stress of the times, which have been rendered almost disastrous through the parsimony of the party in power. Strikes ordinarily originate in some specific cause or from some well defined grievance. The coal-striker's last spring were wholly warranted. Every coal miner in the United States would have been justified in striking against the unrighteous combine which, taking advantage of the time, undertook to rob the miner by cutting his wages on the one hand, and on the other hand, to rob the consumer by forcing up the price of coal in the market. But the Debs strike seems to have been one of personal aggrandizement and for political purposes. The Pullman incident was but an opportunity and a pretense. There was undoubtedly a grievance at the Pullman shops; certain it is that there was a disagreement. And public sympathy was with the men who struck. But the strike being made there was no attempt to replace union men with scabs. The shops were simply closed, which settled it. Debs' action was not only the reopening of a case where a "walk out" and a "close up" had occurred, but the involving of tens of thousands of other who, by no action of theirs could reach the closed factory at Pullman. There is no way to force a man or company that has been closed out to open up and resume again. Debs from his desire to earn his ten thousand dollar salary, or his ambition for notoriety, has given organized labor the worst blow it ever got. He forced his organization into a contest in which they must triumph or go down, and in order to triumph government itself would have had to yield its prerogatives. Victory under such conditions was impossible. As for Sovereign, he is but an irresponsible blatherer who has no more fit to succeed Powderly than he would have been to succeed Benjamin Harrison. While Debs has openly advised peace, Sovereign would secretly instigate war. Instead of proving a contest to settle a grievance, or an effort to secure arbitration between labor and capital, it is one of the sovereignty of law and the claims of organized labor, the cause being a closed factory.

WHAT DOES DEBS MEAN?

William Skakel went on Debs' bond. Who is William Skakel? William Fitzgerald went on Debs' bond. Who is William Fitzgerald? Billy Skakel is the boss gambler of Chicago. He is enormously rich. He has bought up the city authorities of Chicago time out of mind. He is "protected" by the present city government. He is a low-browed, vicious rascal who is known and feared by every petty thief, every footpad, every confidence man, every burglar and every gambler in Chicago. He keeps his women and is constantly stupid with drink. He lives in the First ward of Chicago—the business district of the city. He is known to every citizen of Chicago because they have been fighting him for years and have only beaten him by the circumstance that he and the notorious Mike Macdonald fell out. Who is William Fitzgerald? He is "Black Bill" Fitzgerald. For many years he was the partner of Mike Macdonald in all his career of nefarious work. There is not a pulpit in Chicago from which "Black Bill" has not been denounced. One year ago last spring he ran for assessor in the South town and though other Democrats were elected, "Black Bill" was too much for the people to stomach. What does Debs mean by accepting bail from these men? Are they his friends? Does he not know that the world judges men from the company they keep? Does he not realize that by accepting the aid of these city outlaws he is insulting every one of his followers?

DEBS.

Perhaps the most indignant citizen in the country is E. V. Debs. His career, so brilliantly begun a fortnight ago, ends in his arrest and finds him, bar and baggage, in the hands of the federal court. During his brief reign he has issued his orders and fulfilled his plans to an awe-struck world—the dictator of his union and the regulator of the commerce of the country. It has been a brief campaign of parade and strut. He has, no doubt, felt the swelling enthusiasm of greatness thrust upon him, but the effervescent things of this world, he went up with a pop and came down with a dull thud. Had he exercised the precaution to put two thoughts together he would have discounted the fatal results of stopping the United States' mail. He must have known that it imperiled the interests of everybody. Even the members of his own order must eat, and he knew, if he knew any thing, that a few days' stoppage of freights would cut off supplies and endanger the lives of thousands. Granting that labor has a grievance, and that there are wrongs to be righted, Mr. Debs has chosen the most idiotic and un-American means of redress possible. If he gets through with it, and out of it, without a term in prison he will be in luck. In the brief space of ten days he has

sealed the Alps of greatness, met his Waterloo, and will now retire to his St. Helena to round up his place in history. In his solitude he will recall that he and a large majority of his followers cast their votes for the party in power—the party which capitulates with the trusts and combines, the party whose policy has paralyzed the industries of the country. He will compare the dates and contrast the industrial conditions of Grover Cleveland's administration with those of its predecessors. He will see how the millions of wage earners were reduced from independence and thrift to penury and want. He may even discern that the party cry of reform was a hollow sham, and that the change for which he and his followers voted has been of wide spread disaster to the millions of laboring people. The encroachments of organized capital must be stopped, but Debs' plan is not the way to do it.

ON PILES' PEAK.

The view from the peak, once beheld, can never be forgotten. The first sensation is that of complete isolation. The silence is profound. The clouds are below us, and noiselessly break in foaming billows against the faces of the beetling cliffs. Occasionally the silence is broken by the deep roll of thunder from the depths beneath, as though the voice of the Creator were uttering a stern edict of destruction. The storm rises, the mists envelop us, there is a rush of wind, a rattle of hail, and we seek refuge in the hotel. Pause a moment before entering and hold up your hands. You can feel the sharp tingle of the electric current as it escapes from your fingers tips. The storm is soon over, and you can see the snows gliding the upper surface of the white clouds that sway and swing below you, half way down the mountain sides, and completely hide from view the world beneath. The scenery shifts; like a drawn curtain the clouds part, and as from the heights of another sphere, we look forth upon the majesty of the mountains and the plains. An ocean of incalculably entangled peaks sweeps into view. Forests, dark and vast seem like vague shadows on distant mountain sides. A city is dwarfed into the compass of a single block; watercourses are mere threads of silver laid in graceful curves upon the green velvet mantle of the endless plains. The red granite rocks beneath our feet are starred with tiny flowers, so minute that they are almost microscopic, yet with the most delicate and tender colors. The majesty of greatness and the mystery of minuteness are here brought face to face. It is in vain that one strives to describe the scene. Only those who have beheld it can realize its grandeur and magnificence.

PRENDERGAST'S OPPORTUNITY.

The Knight of the Knife and Bullet, who assassinated the mayor of Chicago, is out of luck. If his lawyers had but permitted justice to have its way, Prendergast would have been hung months ago with the eyes of the world centered upon the spectacle of his sinking off. His execution and crime would have been the talk of a day. But in delaying justice he has eclipsed his last opportunity. Unless his sovereign friend, Altdorf, interposes the power of the chief executive to-day, Prendergast will swing tomorrow—swinging at a time when the hanging of forty assassins could not create a ripple of interest or comment. But as Altdorf would not dare permit the Anarchists now whom he liberated last year, so he will hardly dare to step in to save the life of the murderer of Mayor Harrison.

IF THERE ARE WRONGS, CORRECT THEM WITH THE BALLOT, NOT THE TORCH.

If there are wrongs, correct them with the ballot, not the torch. If you have no confidence in the power of the ballot move to Russia, and support the czar, who himself has no confidence in the ballot. What brought the trouble on between Pullman and his employees? Industrial stagnation. What brought on industrial stagnation? The election of the Democratic party to power. Who elected the Democratic party? The men who are striking.

HUMBERT AND FRANCIS JOSEPH.

Indications of the peculiar relations existing between the courts of Vienna and Rome were manifested the other day, when Emperor Francis Joseph was permitted to cross over the Italian territory on his way to visit Emperor William at Abbazia, without any of the customary forms of courtesy and attention being paid to him by the Italian authorities.

THE STRAINED RELATIONS WHICH LED TO THE LACK OF COURTESY.

The strained relations which led to the lack of courtesy on the part of King Humbert are due, says the New York Recorder, to the persistent refusal of the emperor and empress to return at Rome the state visit which King Humbert and Queen Marguerite were persuaded by their ministers to pay to the court of Vienna just ten years ago. The visit ought to have been returned within at the latest twelve months, and the emperor's hesitation and delay in the matter are attributable to the complications which would arise in connection with the return, since the pontiff absolutely refused to receive at the Vatican any Catholic sovereign who has not first paid his respects to the head of the church before holding any intercourse with the quinal. King Humbert of course insists that the first visit should be to the quinal, and this renders the stay of Catholic royalties in the eternal city a source of endless complications and awkward contortions. To make matters worse, Empress Elizabeth has, even since the death of her son, visited Rome incognito, and been received by the pope without paying the slightest attention to the quinal, and that it was after this that she was permitted to make a stay at Venice without receiving any attention from the Italian authorities, being even forced to take her turn with the tourists when she visited the royal palace in which she had formerly dwelt as its mistress prior to the forced surrender of Venice to Italy by Austria.

LOCOMOTIVE POWER.

One of the most important investigations yet undertaken by an American railway has lately been completed by the New York, Ontario & Western railway in connection with the London & Northwestern railway of England. It had for an object nothing less than a critical, experimental determination of the actual advantages, if any, of an American train, made up of a few large cars, over an English train of equal capacity, but made up of a greater number of smaller cars. The English test was made in July, the results were worked up and tabulated by the London & Northwestern engineers and forwarded to this country to be duplicated as far as possible by the New York, Ontario & Western, which has a division of almost exactly the same length as that of English road. But while the length was the same, the other circumstances were quite different. The alignment of the English road was good and the grades low, while the American road abounds in abrupt changes of heavy grades and sharp curves. A general comparison of the results, according to the Railroad Gazette, shows that the American motive hauled a slightly heavier train at a higher speed on a grade of 24.6 feet a mile, with 12.9 pounds pull at the drawbar per gross ton, while the English locomotive exerted a pull of 23.7, 14.4 and 12.8 pounds per gross ton on 16.2-foot grades at successive points of the line. The coal consumption of the American locomotive was 1.8 times that of the English locomotive, while the water evaporated was as 1 to 1.4, and the total tractive work as 1 to 1.3. This was what might reasonably be expected. The inferior coal used in the American locomotive would generate less steam than the better grade used by the English engine. There is no getting around the fact that the American train, which, as far as weight and load were concerned, was a counterpart of the English train, was hauled over an equal distance at a higher rate of speed, through twice the vertical rise, over greater curvature, by an engine of

about the same estimated capacity, and carrying twenty pounds more boiler pressure. Moreover, although more pounds of coal were burned by our locomotive, this coal was procured from the great chum heaps of the anthracite region at no other expense than screening, loading and hauling, and the actual cost of the fuel per trip was only three dollars and twenty-eight cents, against three dollars and fifty-one for the English train.

MOODS AND MASTERY.

Mastery in any art or craft involves control of its methods and of one's self. The genuine artist is the man who can discern the thing he wishes to do and employ all the resources of his craft to that end. The greatest and most difficult of all the arts is the art of living, and the men and women who master this difficult art are those who comprehend the material with which they work and the methods by which effects are secured, and who control themselves. Those who are the slaves of their prejudices, their passions or their moods, whatever may be their knowledge of materials and methods of work are ineffective and unsuccessful. To be the slave of one's mood is to be mastered by conditions, instead of mastering them. It is astonishing how many people form their judgments and do their work, not in the clear light of dispassionate intelligence, but in the half-light of their own feelings. A judgment which is the expression of a mood is absolutely worthless, because it does not deal with the facts. It colors the facts, distorts them, and combines them in an unnatural fashion. It reads into the facts that which the facts do not contain. And yet a large part of the judgments of men are either the expression of their moods or are deeply tinged by their moods. To many of us the world is bright one day and dark the next, simply because of subjective conditions, the actual landscape remaining identical from day to day. This is not true of the masterful man; for the element of mastery is to control one's self and to see things as they are. It is to get rid of one's moods, or at least to hold them in such control that they cease to tinge the judgment. There is no one so difficult to deal with as the man of moods, who is today all enthusiasm and to-morrow all despair, who to-day sees nothing but success and to-morrow nothing failure. In dealing with him one must not only take into account the difficulties of the enterprise, but also the defects of the individual. To see men and women as they are, and the facts of life as they are, one must keep the personal feeling thoroughly in control, and refuse to allow the judgment to be deflected by the irritation of the moment, or by a passing depression. There is nothing so stimulating to others as that steadfast vision which sees things with absolute clarity of vision, and deals with them with a calm and persistent strength. The man who possesses qualities introduces the element of stability in a world of change, as a represent of dispassionate intelligence and clear-sighted judgment in a world of moods and passing emotions.

A TALE OF TWO CAPITALS.

A friend of mine, recently deceased, told me, if my memory serves me correctly, that he had the following facts from Baron Hausmann himself: Ordered by Napoleon III. to submit plans for the renovation of Paris, the baron was for some time at a loss to meet the twofold requirements, for the contemplated improvements of the new streets had to be at once beautiful, and so laid out as to be readily commanded by artillery. Suddenly he bethought him of modern Washington. He secured a plan of that city, and this seemed on examination so exactly to meet the necessities of the case that he finally submitted it to the emperor. The result was that the plan in the main was accepted, and modern Paris, built on the lines of modern Washington. This is explained a certain similarity which strikes every one who is familiar with the two capitals, although one might naturally suppose the American city, being the younger, to be the daughter, instead of the mother. But Gen. Washington more than half a century earlier had ordered L'Enfant to design him a plan for his seat of government in much the same manner as Napoleon III. had commanded Baron Hausmann. Now, L'Enfant was not only a Frenchman, but a resident of Versailles, and he undoubtedly derived his inspiration from his earlier surroundings; consequently Washington saw an enlargement of the Royal park, with its alleys extended into avenues and its numerous flower beds and parterres enlarged into circles and quadrants. Trust by the cosmopolitan Baron Hausmann took from the new world what he could have secured at his own gate. So much for a merely curious artistic coincidence. But in light of recent developments in our capital, a singular inquiry suggests itself—namely, whether Gen. Washington, in laying out the city, did not have in mind the same two-fold object that Napoleon III. had when laying out Paris. To be sure, the present industrial army movement now bids fair to end in ridicule. But at some later date a more desperate one may require to be controlled by artillery, and then the broad avenues and straight streets of the capital may be appreciated for other than mere aesthetic considerations, and on the contrary, serve as an additional proof of far-sightedness on the part of the father of his country.

INTELLECT AND STATURE.

The influence of different occupations on adults, of town and country life, of intellectual and physical exercises and athletics is well brought out by anthropometric inquiry. Measurements extending over twenty-seven successive years have been made at the school of the Society of Friends at York. Friends are largely a commercial and therefore a town-dwelling class, and yet there is a slight improvement shown in stature and a very decided improvement shown in weight of the boys attending this school in later years. The beneficial action of the factory acts, of higher wages, cheaper and better food and clothing and improved sanitary surroundings of the working classes in recent years, is brought out by the measurements. On the other hand, observations show that school life under favorable conditions impedes the physical development of the children, and this is most marked in charity schools. Measurements made at the Duke of York's school at Chelsea show that the children are the sons of soldiers, and therefore of a class selected for physical fitness, were until recently very inferior in stature and weight to boys of their own class living in their own homes. A similar falling off has prevailed at the Blue Coat school among boys belonging to a higher class of society, in consequence of bad sanitary arrangements and probable faults in the feeding and discipline of the inmates. The average stature of boys of different classes of the community varies between the best-nurtured boys in our public schools and the worst-nurtured class in our industrial schools to the extent of about seven inches in boys of the age of fourteen years.

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proved to be a door into a huge safe, but which looked like part of the paneling of the room. He ushered us into a small room in the safe itself. It was carpeted with green baize and had furniture, the walls being filled with rows upon rows of drawers, each with its own special lock and key. "Here you have wealth enough to buy a kingdom," said Lord A., and I could not repress a cry of astonishment and rapture as Mr. C., with apparent carelessness, opened drawer after drawer, and showed me the glittering contents. Rubies, diamonds, pearls, sapphires—all the long array of precious stones and all assorted according to size and quality. "Would you trust me to take up a handful of those diamonds?" I had the audacity to ask. "I simply long to know how it feels," both men seemed much amused, the jeweler gratifying my request without hesitation; and as I felt the heavy, glittering things slip through my fingers, I felt the thrill I spoke of in the beginning. "You look as if you were in church," laughed Lord A. "The expression on your face is absolutely reverent—and, oddly enough, that was just the way I felt."

TOO MUCH FOR A CROW.

The crow has fine manners. He always has the walk and air of a lord of the soil. One morning I put out some fresh meat upon the snow near my study window. Presently a crow came and carried it off, alighted with it upon the ground in the vineyard. While he was eating of it, another crow came, and alighting a few yards away, slowly walked up to within a few feet of his fellow, and stopped. I expected to see a struggle over the food, as would have been the case with domestic fowls or animals. Nothing of the kind. The feeding crow stopped eating, regarded the other for a moment, made a gesture or two, and flew away. Then the second crow went up to the food and proceeded to take its share. Presently the first crow came back, when each seized a portion of the food and flew away with it. Their mutual respect and good-will seemed perfect. Whether it really was so in our human sense, or whether it was simply an illustration of the instinct of mutual support which seems to prevail among gregarious birds, I know not. Birds that are solitary in their habits, like larks or woodpeckers, behave quite differently toward one another in the presence of their food. The lives of wild creatures revolve about two facts or emotions, appetite and fear. Their keenness in discovering food and in discovering danger are alike remarkable. But man can nearly always outwit them, because while his perceptions are not so sharp, his power of reflection is much greater. His cunning carries a great deal further. The crow will quickly discover anything that looks like a trap or snare set to catch him, but it takes him a long time to see through the simplest contrivance. As I have above stated, I sometimes place meat on the snow in front of my study window to attract him. On one occasion, after a couple of crows had come to expect something there daily, I suspended a piece of meat by a string from a branch of the tree just over the spot where I usually placed the food. A crow soon discovered it and came into the tree to see what it meant. His suspicions were aroused. There was some design in that suspended meat, evidently. It was a trap to catch him. He surveyed it from every near branch. He pecked and pried, and was bent on penetrating the mystery. He flew to the ground, and walked about and surveyed it from all sides. Then he took a long walk down about the vineyard as if in hope of hitting upon some clue. Then he came to the tree again, and tried first one eye, then the other, upon it; then to the ground beneath; then he went away and came back; then his fellow came, and they both squinted and investigated and then disappeared. Calked and woodpeckers would alight upon the meat and peck it swinging in the wind, but the crows were fearful. Does this show reflection? Perhaps it does, but I look upon it rather as that instinct of fear and cunning so characteristic of the crow. Two days passed thus, every morning the crows came and surveyed the suspended meat from all points in the tree, and then flew away. The third day I placed a large bone on the snow beneath the suspended morsel. True

FOR HARD TIMES.

Mrs. Hogan—And why isn't the old man a wealthy man? Mrs. Hogan—Working! It's an inventor he is. He has got up a road-scraper that does the work of four men. "An' how minny min do it take to run it?" "Six. It will be a great thing for givin' employment to the laborin' man."—Indianapolis Journal.

'Twas the Throb of the Machinery.

"Harold," she murmured, as her head pressed against his stalwart bosom. "Harold, do I not hear the beating of your fond heart?" "Not exactly," said Harold, blushing slightly. "I didn't mean to tell you, but you see I'm temporarily obliged to carry one of those three-dollar watches."—Chicago Record.

If You Would Keep Young.

Regulate the diet. Take systematic exercise in the open air. Overlook the pin-pricks of life. Try a daily sponge-bath for several weeks. Ward off wrinkles with massage of the face. Preserve the teeth by attention with precipitated chalk. Forget that there are such things as birthdays.—Golden Days.

—According to the American Architect and two journals of Hamburg, MM. Foster and Nilsen, have published some studies on the cholera infection from which it appears that water is one of the best known sterilizers of water suspected of infection. REVERENT has been adopted for lowering the central boats on the summit level of the Canal de Bourgogne, which connects the Seine and Rhone, crosses in its course the divide between the channel and the Moselle basins.