

THE DAILY NEWS.

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sired.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1889.

UTTERLY USELESS.

Three anonymous communications within one day call for another statement from the News that it is utterly useless for contributors to send in articles for publication in the People's Column unless the name of the writer is given. The name will be withheld if desired, but as an evidence of good faith the News must know the contributor's name before the article will receive any consideration. The News invites correspondence but positively refuses to publish any unsigned communication. It is also necessary to remind contributors that articles written on both sides of the paper will receive the same fate as the anonymous composition.

Not this eve, somother eve.—Jas. T. Johnston.

It is said that Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter will both "star" in England this winter. Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Terry will remain in the United States.

PRESIDENT HARRISON planted a chestnut tree yesterday on the grounds of Mr. Wanamaker. The humorous column of the newspapers will harvest the crop.

COME now, Mr. Levi Dickerson, and explain. Why did you spend \$75 of the county's money on a junket to Pittsburgh and refuse to give the tax payers a free ferry?

In their little game of "draw" the commissioners simply lowered the "ante." The farmers will still have to "put up" if they want to "come in," but Mr. Gosnell is bound to "rake in the pot."

The ferry charges are not satisfactory. Mr. Dickerson and Mr. Henderson lack "sand." They were afraid of offending some one if the ferry were made free, and concluded to straddle the situation by a compromise order.

If ex-Congressman Johnson did not want to tell the News' reporter "what he knew" he could have afforded him quite a lengthy report by telling him what he didn't know. It is said there are a great many things about which Mr. Johnson has no knowledge whatever.

When a reporter catches a public man he should secure his "interview" then and there and not wait until he gets "into the hands of his friends." The next time his Honor "comes down" he will be met at the train by the reporter. By the way, what is the date of your next visit, Mr. Johnson?

TALK about the wretched administration of city affairs, what's the matter with the management of county affairs? Recklessness prevails in commissioners' court to an alarming extent. A \$1.25 street laborer would have had better judgment than to have put in a \$3,000 draw at the bridge when a \$1,000 wooden one would have answered all the purposes. And he would have seen the necessity of a free ferry.

The Gazette of last evening says concerning the gravel pit:

The Gazette proposes to continue its investigation of the matter and expect every circum-
stance to be exposed with this sale, which was as
soon pure a job as ever perpetrated. It is
not enough to make these tactics so odious that
they will never be repeated; the property itself
must be recovered and the methods by which it
was taken continually kept before the people.

But the Gazette ignored the News' editorial regarding the gentleman whose connection with the deal is open to criticism, and who was induced to withdraw from the News company by Gazette influence. Will the Gazette investigate his connection with the deal? Why not interview Mart Hollinger on the subject?

COATES' COLLEGE will be opened next Wednesday under very favorable auspices. All of the rooms are engaged by boarding pupils and there will be a larger attendance of day pupils than ever before. This is due to the excellent business methods of President Duncan who is endowed with a remarkable amount of executive ability. He is ably seconded by a very efficient and liberal board of trustees and is especially fortunate in the assistance of his wife. Mrs. Duncan enjoys a fine reputation as an educator and is a

lady of unusual culture and excellent judgment. Every city the size of Terre Haute should be able to sustain at least one private school. In beauty and healthfulness of surroundings and in its thoroughly competent faculty this institution cannot be surpassed. The News predicts success and extends best wishes.

BOULANGER'S luck seems about to turn. Yesterday he was made a grandfather for the first time and the government has decided to permit him again to be a candidate for something or other. A few days ago it was announced officially that he was not eligible for any office and previous to that he was sentenced to be confined "in a fortified place." We are apt to think there are a good many ins and outs and things that are hard to understand in American politics but they are as easy as the alphabet compared to the calculus and Greek of the political situation in France.

The injunction not to put new wine into old bottles or a new patch into an old garment has been totally disregarded by our county commissioners. An iron draw in an old wooden bridge, a \$6,000 patch on a \$600 garment is worse than disobeying the scriptures, it is disregarding the interests of the tax payers. Such an example of good management is only equalled by that of the old lady who made one pair of stockings last her twenty years by knitting new feet every winter and new legs every other winter.

This year we will build a new "draw" to our bridge and next year we can build a new bridge to our "draw." See how it works?

ONE day's tally at the Macksville trestle work showed that the receipts at the ferry from persons and teams coming from that direction would amount to \$71.50 per diem. This would be further increased by those coming down the river road. Figuring on the receipts at \$75.00 a day, which is below rather than above, and making the liberal estimate of \$10 per day for the running expenses of the ferry, leaves \$65 clear profit for each day. Thirty days' ferrage would amount to almost \$2,000. Pretty good for one month's earnings. We congratulate you, Mr. Gosnell, you have a fat job. Do you have to divide? Will you invest in oil wells or go into politics?

THE public are decidedly premature in congratulating themselves that we are to have a \$250 liquor license. The council were goaded by the newspapers into making some show of business reform. To levy a saloon license is one way out of the woods. The law on this question is plain. There was no necessity for postponing this matter two weeks. But there are some advantages in this postponement. There is a constituency to be heard from. A councilman is the servant of his ward. Two weeks is a long time. A great many bargains may be made and unmade in two weeks. When we see how each member votes on this question at the next meeting we will know just what he heard from his constituency!

THE dynamite explosion at Antwerp yesterday was one of the most appalling catastrophes ever known. Three hundred persons killed, one thousand wounded, eighty thousand barrels of burning oil carrying havoc and destruction to great warehouses and long lines of shipping, millions of money going up in flames and smoke, present a chapter of horrors rarely equalled. It is a question whether the invention of dynamite was a blessing or a curse, whether its services in mechanics are not more than counterbalanced by its continual menace to human life. It is the most dangerous and deadly substance known and like a boar in ambush is ever ready to spring upon its helpless victim.

THE programme of the Terre Haute Literary Club for the coming season is unusually rich, varied and entertaining. The papers embrace a wide variety of topics of a practical and educational nature and the writers include the best literary and business talent of the city. There are a number of persons outside of the club who would consider it an especial pleasure to hear these papers and the discussion which follows. A city can not have too many of such societies for, in the hurry and multiplicity of business cares, men and women are apt to neglect literary culture unless stimulated by the necessity of preparing themselves to meet the requirements of these clubs. They call for an amount of reading and study which would be indefinitely put off if a date and a place on the programme did not compel us to be ready at the appointed time.

THEY'RE GREEN WITH ENVY.

One should be very careful about eating sea products during the warm months," said Dr. Stearns, of the Smithsonian to a Star reporter. "They spoil quickly in hot weather and care should be taken to eat them when they are just from the water only. The oyster spawns in the warm weather and is not fit to eat at that time. He is good to eat in the 'R' month because they are the cooler and the cold months. But we then may have a hot September and then the 'R' 'avaleth nothing' for the oyster eater. The oyster has such delicate and fine tissues that it easily decomposes. Ignorant dealers sometimes think that as long as the shell is closed the oyster is alive and good to eat. But that is not true. They are often unfit for food long before they open. These bivalves are not good in the months that have no 'R' in them; for those months are invariably warm, but it does not follow because the month is spelled with an 'R' in it that the oyster may safely be eaten far from the place of taking.

THEY'RE GREEN WITH ENVY.

The Frenchmen thus lost the Angeles are poking fun at the picture and calling it "the Worship of the Potato."

One artist says that he thinks the picture detestable in both conception and execution and the work of a third-class painter; that when it was first painted it was not worth one thousand francs, and that the picture is the same now as it was then. Vibert thinks that the sum given for it, if it really was given, is ridiculous; that the dealers can the price up because they have so many Millets lying on their hands of which they are anxious to be rid.

AND yet the Frenchmen cheered and danced and hugged and slobbered after their emotional fashion when they thought the picture had finally been secured for France. The effect will be to put more and more at the call of American artists.

SOMETHING OMNIOUS ABOUT IT.

It is not our disposition to alarm the public, but when we see all the European kings and emperors and potentates and potentates going about hugging and kissing each other we feel that war is hovering in the immediate vicinity of the present time, and that the market price of American breadstuffs is crouching for a pretty tall spring.—Washington Post.

WHEN THINGS FALL INTO SOUP.

Wanamaker says: "We all love Warner Miller. The President loves him; I love him." But Mr. Miller fails to appreciate the tears of affection and sympathy that drop on him as he flounders in the soup.—Dallas News.

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POSTPONED.

Sometimes ago I planned to make a trip for recreation's sake, up the country would I go. And pass in fun a week or so. That I might be in last style. For a week or two a new style. Four flannel shirts, some yellow shoes. Two dozen ties of gorgeous hues. Two flannel suits of purples white. A tennis sash, a blazer bright. A racing cap, and a swimming suit. Some patent leather shoes to boot. A fishing pole, a Gladstone grip. A silver flask to hold a nip. And then in counting my cash I found I'd been somewhat rash. So that for reasons that are clear, My trip's postponed until next year. —Clother and Furnisher.

SLIGHTLY FUNNY.

Indian (listening to phonograph)—
Indian heap better than Injin agent. Talk—talk, all same don't stink. Wough? Puck.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is devoting herself almost entirely to prose writing. She says the nervous strain of composing poetry is too great.

John, do tie a knot in your handkerchief before you go to bed so as not to forget to get up to-morrow at 4 o'clock."—Fliegende Blatter.

"What are you laughing at?" "I was thinking of how my father's hand must have burned after he boxed my ears today."—Fiegende Blatter.

"Sonny, how can I get to the railway station from here?" "Have you got a carriage?" "No, my little lad." "Oh, then you'll have to walk."—Life.

A gentleman, with his card case in hand, rings the bell. "Are Mr. and Mrs. B. at home?" "Yes, sir." "Very well; then I'll call again."—Judge.

"Mrs. Westend puts on tremendous airs," remarked Mrs. Riverside Rives to Mrs. Morris Parke; "she calls her cook a 'chef'." "The idea," replied Mrs. Parke. "Why, she only pays her sixteen dollars a month."—Puck.

She—Perhaps you won't care to marry me when I confess that I have been engaged ten times in my life. He—Did you return your lovers all their presents? She—Not a single one. He—Then, darling, I forgive you.—Life.

"John, that is a very bad report you bring me from school." John—I know, father, but you know you said if I would bring you home a first-class report you would give me a dollar, and I wanted to save you that expense.—Fiegende Blatter.

"Your husband was a great sufferer in his last illness, Mrs. Kooler." "Yes, an awful sufferer. But, do you know, I think it is a mercy he died. If he'd lived, he'd never got through talking about that illness. Of course, it would have been a great pleasure to him, poor man; but think how all the rest of us would have suffered!"

It was a little Dot's first visit to a farm and she went with her aunt to see how the pigs were fed. The little one gazed in astonishment and then, placing her hand on her curly hair, she said reflectively: "Auntie?" "Yes dear." "Does 'oo put all the piggy tails in curl papers?"—Toronto Truth.

BAD BREAKS.

"I have met this man," said the lawyer, with extreme severity, "in a great many places where I would be ashamed to be seen myself," and then paused and looked with astonishment at the smiling court and jury.

A gentleman had accompanied a friend home to dinner, and as they seated themselves at the table the hostess remarked: "I trust that you will make allowances, Mr. Blankly. My servant left me very unexpectedly, and I was compelled to cook the dinner myself." "Oh, certainly, my dear madam, certainly," responded the guest with great emphasis, "I can put up with any thing."

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IT is supposed to be unlucky to put either on the wrong foot, nor must one put the left shoe on before the right, unless one wished to bring about some direful calamity. Augustus Caesar, it is said, put on his left shoe first, and before nightfall he narrowly escaped assassination.

Dr. Brewer says that plucking off the shoe among the Jews, smoking the pipe among the Indians, thumb licking among the Scotch, breaking a straw together among the English are all ceremonies to confirm a bargain.

The Highlander carved brogans out of the hide of the deer, the slaying of which had afforded sport and adventure. He gained for himself the name of "Red Shanks" by wearing boot-legs from the same hide, lashed around his calves with the hair outward.

Even fairies have been credited with taking an interest in shoes, for we are told that the merry little Cornish pixies liked nothing so well as to hammer away in the dead of night at the unfinished shoes on the cobbler's bench, to surprise and gladden him next morning with the outcome of their efforts.

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The Jew who failed to keep a compact of honor was summoned before the authorities, and if he then refused to fulfill his compact, the offended party would loosen his shoe, spit in his face, "and," as Holy Writ says, "his name shall be called in Israel, the house of him that hath his shoe loose."

To say a man's "in his boots" implies that he is very drunk. It comes from an old Welsh word, "boozl," meaning to be saturated with liquor. But to stand in another's shoes is to claim the honors of another. It has its origin from a custom common among the ancient Northmen, among whom if a man adopted a son in order that the youth might lawfully inherit, he must for a certain length of time wear the shoes of his adopter.

An old Roman, much to the surprise of his friends, sought to divorce his wife, with whom it was always supposed that he lived very happily. He was blamed for taking this step, and in reply put out his foot and asked if his shoes were not new and well made. "Yet," said he, "none of you can tell where it pinches." From this incident is said to have come the saying, "where the shoe pinches."

AS a sign of respect the Japanese, when they meet in the street, take off their slippers. This custom almost universally prevails in the East. An inferior, when he enters the presence of his superior, removes his shoes or slippers and leaves them at the door until his departure. This is done as a mark of humility, as a shoeless foot denotes servitude. The slipper is always left at the door of the Mohammedan mosque, for the reason that leather is regarded as an unclean thing and must not be brought into the presence of the holy.

The custom of throwing an old shoe after a newly married couple is almost universal. Some think that it is a relic of the days when the gallant lover carried off his sweetheart by force. Others ascribe good luck to an old shoe and throw it after the newly married couple with the best intent. This certainly is the most popular view, and few parents dream that when they throw their old shoe after her they thereby give up all good and all their control and right over their daughter. Yet this is the significance it had in the days when the Anglo-Saxon father handed to the bridegroom an old shoe of the bride. The husband touched the bride on the head with it as an assertion of his authority, while the father by the giving of the shoe, signified his willingness to relinquish all claim or authority. In Turkey, however, it is the bridegroom himself that is touched, and sometimes quite severely, for the moment he is married his friends and relatives set upon him and pull him with their slippers as a sort of affectionate farewell.—New York Sun.

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ALL ABOUT SHOES.

THEIR ORIGIN AND OTHER INTERESTING INFORMATION.

In the Days Before the Norman Conquest. The Kinds of Boots Kings Have Worn. "