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—Readers of the DAILY NEWS leaving the city at any time can have the paper mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as desired.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1889.

FOUR of the Terre Haute Sir Knights arrived home yesterday. Eighteen went by way of New York. The rest will be here as soon as they can stand the journey.

THERE is one European custom that will never, no never, obtain a place in this country, and that is the habit of the men to embrace and kiss each other. Our American men can do better, and they soon a taste that would permit such a waste of good material.

AXTELL was named for the Superintendent of public schools at Independence, Iowa. There is a thread of destiny in this. First, the name of the town is significant; second, is the connection with our public school system which beats any in the world. Axtell couldn't fail to win.

THE crowd at the Opera House last night almost made one believe he was away from home, there were so many strangers. The regular theatre goers of the city having had two delightful evenings of the legitimate this week are saving themselves up for Emma Abbott on the 21st, in the Rose of Castile.

HOTEL proprietors have scoured the neighborhood in their locality for the past few nights trying to secure beds for their overflow of guests. All their own beds were occupied, every available space filled with cots and scores of weary people waiting in the parlors and lobbies who had not where to lay their head. All on account of the races.

HORSE-FLESH comes high but we must have it. One hundred and five thousand dollars seems a good deal to put into an animal that may die of a cold before spring or receive a disabling injury at the next race or be killed in a railroad wreck on the first journey. However, there is a certain amount of risk in all investments, and there is a chance that Axtell may pay for himself and make handsome dividends for his owners.

THE Indiana Woman Suffrage convention, which closed its session at Rushville last evening, was gagged and captured by that astute ward politician and wire-puller, Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, who forced herself upon the association as president for another year. Mrs. May Wright Sewall, chairman of the Executive Committee, Mrs. Ida A. Harper, State Secretary, and Miss Mary E. Carlisle, Superintendent of Press, received a large ballot for re-election, but all declined to serve. An official statement will be prepared for the press in a few days.

THE police of Sacramento have been without pay for six months. Now if their council had the enterprise of ours they would wipe out this debt with a stroke of the pen. They would issue illegal scrip or city warrants, which would be returned by the treasurer unpaid for want of funds or orders which nobody would discount, or they would borrow money from the sewer and cemetery fund. They would never allow the city to rest under the disgrace of not being able to pay the guardians of her peace. The Sacramento police must possess good credit, or they would have to take one another to the station house for board and lodging.

THOSE citizens who want a saloon license could not employ a leisure hour on Sunday in a more righteous cause than by interviewing the Councilmen of their ward on this subject. The News predicts four votes in the affirmative, eight in the negative, unless some of the members follow the precedent of going out of the city. Since the defeat of the measure is certain, why does not Mr. Hybarger permit a final vote to be taken? It is said that a number of the more prominent saloon keepers want the license but the councilmen tell them they are afraid of the small fry, kangaroo affairs in the outskirts of the wards. It is this very element that ruins the usefulness of the council and the citizens must see to it in the spring that a class of men are put in office who are not the creatures of this "influence."

THE German papers report the people as receiving the Czar very coldly and without enthusiasm. There is nothing strange about this. When a man is so offensive that he must be guarded by a regiment of soldiers and every step must be protected by guns and bayonets; when an opera is given for his benefit from which the entire population is excluded and the house filled with detachments of the regular army; it can hardly be expected that the people will be very exuberant. The two emperors may pledge the mutual peace of their nations in generous bumper of wine, but they can not control the sentiment of the people. In Germany the resentment of despotism is deep seated, but of necessity undemonstrative. In Russia it finds expression in open revolt and dynamite. If the Czar wants a warm reception, let him go home, where it undoubtedly awaits him.

WHEN Terre Haute sees anything she wants, she takes it and is satisfied only with the very best. We have had the finest races ever given in the west outside of Chicago. The visitors all agree that we have some of the best hotels in the country. No finer weather was ever furnished for any occasion. The record of the world was beaten on our race track. And now to cap the climax and carry off the belt, we have secured Axtell. Warren Park will become known throughout the racing circles of the country as the home of this celebrated horse. It cannot be denied that there are some objectionable features connected with the races and they are greatly deplored by conscientious people, but in a business sense there is no doubt but they are an advantage to the city. They attract large crowds from all parts of the country, they increase trade by bringing in excursions and in many ways they advertise the city. Our people should co-operate with the directors of the Association to make next year's races an improvement even upon the very successful meeting just concluded.

IT MAKES US LAUGH.

A heartless punster remarks that London society has been a good deal cut up by Jack the Ripper.

Servant Maid—Madam, the doctor: Lady (who is having a delightful call from a neighbor)—It is impossible to receive him now. Say that I am ill!—San Francisco Wasp.

Mumley on the yacht)—There goes my watch overboard! Dumb—Never mind; it's only a Waterbury. Mumley—Yes, but I've lost time by dropping it, all the same.—Exchange.

Confectioner and Ice Cream Man—We'll lose ten of our best customers next week. Assistant—We will! Are they going to Oklahoma? "No; they are going to get married."—Exchange.

Young Wife—Ach! how fortunate I am in possessing a husband who always stays at home in the evening! Boston Friend—Yes; your husband was never much addicted to pleasure!—Fiegenblatt.

Husband—My dear, the howling of that cat of ours is unbearable! I wish you would try to get rid of her.

Wife (drowsily)—Her mouth is up on Friday, and I'll send her away without a character!

In the Witness Box—Judge—You ride side?—Witness—With my brother, Judge—And your brother lives?—Witness—With me. Judge—Precisely; but you both live?—Witness—Together.

For bee stings, first quickly remove them, then apply liquid ammonia, salve, tincture of iodine, kerosene oil, salt and soda mixed and moistened with water, cold, bathing with camphor internally, and then decide which is best.

Fond lover (after long-delayed proposal)—"Perhaps I've been too sudden, darling." Darling girl (regaining her composure with an effort)—"Yes, (George, it is very sudden, but here she said, come faint again) it is not too sudden."

"Will you please hand the milk, Miss Brown?" asked a young man of a fidgety old maid at the supper table. "Do you take me for a waiter, sir?" she answered. "Well," he added, "as no one has taken you thus far, and you've waited so very long, I should think you were one."

A school-boy in the sixth standard, getting his 12 o'clock lunch prepared for him by his grannie, looked up in the old woman's face and said: "Granny, does your spec's magnify?" "Oh, yes," said the old lady, "they magnify a little." "Ah, well," returned the lad, "I wad just like if ye wad take them off when ye're eating my piece."—Exchange.

AN EPIDEMIC SOME TIME OR OTHER.

"I've noticed one funny thing about this town," said a traveling man to a native of the Palmer House recently. "There must have been an epidemic of suicide here some time or other."

"How's that?"

"Why, I saw mor'n a dozen men and women on the streets to-day with terrible scars on their necks just under the left ear, as if their throats had just been cut and then healed up. Attempts at suicide, probably."

"Suicides?" ejaculated the Chicago man, in disgust. "Well, you are about the freshest specimen I've seen lately. Those are mosquito bites."—Exchange.

DIDN'T DESIGN TO ANSWER HIM.

"What did you want to make such a goose of yourself for over that little mouse?" he said to his sister as they trudged home from an evening party. "You danced about and screamed until I was ashamed of you." "I was afraid of it, George," murmured the girl. "Afraid of it? Nonsense! If you hadn't had on a pair of new French shoes and striped silk stockings you wouldn't have been afraid of it." She didn't deign to answer him.—New York Sun.

NOTHING TO DO.

Patrick (in Ireland)—Shure it's a foine country Ameriky is, Biddy. O'll be after startin' there at once.

Biddy—D'ver not have to work there the same as here?

Patrick—No, indade; me brother Moike writes me that he is a policeman, an' has nothing to do but stand on a corner and assist foine ladies across the strate, and assist oranges an' nuts an' bananas.—New York Weekly.

LITTLE GIRL ON THE WALL.

Now the daylight is done, and the curtains are drawn.
And the katydids sing all alone on the lawn,
And my little one's cries, as she comes at my call:
"Can't I play with the little black girl on the wall?"

Tho' she's drollies that cry and a dog that can bark.

A Max cat and a fully equipped Noah's ark.

What delighted her most, ever since she could crawl.

Has been what she calls the black girl on the wall.

This bedtime, and Bessie, our one little lamb,
Comes bleating: "O, mamma, I'm lonely, I am!
I've no brothers nor sisters—I've no one at all
But that dear little darling black girl on the wall!"

I don't see her by daytime—O, where does she go?

But at twilight she follows me—now to and fro—

Wherever I turn, and if I get a fall,

Why, then, down goes the little black girl on the wall!

Mamma, what does she eat, and, O! what does she drink,

And what does she do all day long, do you think?

Now she's little like me and next minute she's tall,

But I never can catch that black girl on the wall!

So our pet prattles on, when she's in for a race
With her shadow. O! isn't life just such a chase?

And she dances like mad down the fire-lighted hall,

As she hunts for the little black girl on the wall.

—Boston Globe.

TWO WAYS.

Which Do You Think Was the More Practical?

Rev. Walter Cobbett was called to a large and fashionable church in Philadelphia about twelve years ago. He was a young, sickly man, in deadly earnest in his work. In fact, his youth, pallor and fiery zeal gave a force to his words which neither his thoughts nor character possessed; for he was but a shallow thinker, and easily led by strong-willed companions.

The committee sent by the Rittenhouse Square Presbyterian Church to find a pastor discovered him by some odd chance in a mining village near Pottstown, and were greatly impressed by his eloquence. They were all rich, shrewd men, fond of the good things of life, from music to a perfectly cooked dinner.

"But," said Judge Lowe, "we don't want a speculator or boy vivant, like poor old Dr. Gray, in the pulpit again." This young fellow was godly and full of zeal; a great young orator. He not only knows in what he believes, but will make us all believe it."

When Mr. Cobbett, with Milt and the baby, came up from Coalton, Mrs. Lowe and the other fashionable women were delighted with the simple, unwordly flavor of their speech and manner. "So like the early Christians," Miss Agnes Lowe said, who was an artist, and therefore an authority on all early matters. They were invited to a round of dinners and receptions, and then Mr. Cobbett settled down in earnest to his work.

Young Leidy, one of his college chums who had just been ordained, spent a week with him, and the two men together tramped through the worst quarters of the city, from Naudain street to St. Mary's. They were both sympathetic, excitable and unused to the miseries of a great city. They went from the fifth and laziness of the quarter given up to "Dagos," to the negro slums, and from them to the vast mills, in which most of the operatives were saucy girls from twelve to twenty years old. At night they discussed these scenes together.

"Nothing was so terrible to me," said Walter, "as those wretched Italians, content like animals to lie filthy and starving in the sun all day."

"The mill women seem to me the more desperate case," said James Leidy, "because they have sloughed off the brute. They are sharp and intelligent. They flaunt out in the evenings, each with her beauty and her gait, to the quarter-gardens, reading-rooms, all perfectly equipped. We have fifty thousand subscribers. The remainder comes slowly. You do not look satisfied, James. I thought you would rejoice in this great movement."

"How are you going to bring the thieves and paupers up into your great building?" said Leidy, abruptly. "It stands in the most fashionable quarter. They live miles away from it. The mountain will not go to Mahomet."

"We shall see, my dear sir," said Mr. Cobbett, with a complacent laugh. "I am surprised at Leidy," he told his wife afterwards. "He suggested a trifling difficulty as a block to our whole work."

When Mrs. Cobbett heard what it was she said, with an uneasy look: "I had thought of that."

A year later Mr. Leidy dined with the Cobbetts, and went to a church meeting afterwards. It appeared to him that the relations between pastor and people were strained. Mr. Cobbett urged vehemently the payment of forty thousand dollars still due on the school building. The women of the church had been working energetically to that end. They had held fairs, strawberry festivals and bazaars of all nations. They had given concerts and organ recitals. They had gone from house to house soliciting subscriptions.

"Now," said Judge Lowe, "the fact is that they are tired. The building was much more costly than was expected; the whole energy of the church has been directed into paying for this huge structure and for the appliances for teaching the dangerous classes; while, as we all know, the dangerous classes do not come to be taught."

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Mr. Cobbett quickly brought up some other subject for discussion. Judge Lowe met him when the conference was over, and laughed as he saw his pensive, anxious face.

"I'm sorry I worried you," he said. "But I tell you, Mr. Cobbett, this fad of yours is a dead weight. The church can not carry it. We have made a mistake somehow," he said, turning to Mr. Leidy. "The wretched poor will not come to us. They like the privacy and darkness of their holes, like rats. The classes are filled with the children of well-to-do mechanics, who can afford to have them taught at ordinary schools. The ladies collected a number of mill girls, who came two or three times in fine clothes, and spent their time in staring at the gowns and hats of their teachers. As soon as they had displayed their own finery and learned the latest spring fashions they dropped off. I found six young ladies assembled to teach the sexton's daughter yesterday. The whole thing is a failure."

When the two clergymen were back in the study Walter turned to his friend.

"Why should it be a failure?" he said, passionately. "These people need help, and we have it to give. Look, for instance, at the thousands of deceived girls in this city. We are told that there is no way open for them but utter ruin or death. We open ways for them. We are ready to teach them book-keeping, china-painting, cooking—to give them a dozen honest means of support."

Our ladies drive through the slums, find these women, give them good advice, and invite them to come. But they will not come."

James Leidy said nothing. But as he walked home he remembered the months in which he had followed poor Aggy Sampson, trying to help her—her father's agony, her mother's tears, the prayers, the struggles, the patience which had been so long unavailable to save that one lost soul. She was safe now, he thanked God, living happily with the old people in Montana.

Mr. Cobbett, meanwhile, sat despondent and thoughtful over his study fire. He could not understand what more than money, a costly building and perfect appliances, and committees of ladies ready to give an hour each week to the good work, was needed to snuff those brands from the burning. He has not yet found an answer to the problem.—Congregationalist.

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for the man who was trying to pull the boy up, especially when the man proved to be a wide-awake, keen fellow, not to be imposed on by them.

The mothers were more easily reached and less easily held. They cried grateful tears when they met the good minister who had made Sam a respectable boy, or kept Joe out of Moyamensing; they came to the Wednesday evening service, and sang the hymns with loud fervor. Sometimes James suspected that they were just as drunken, as slatternly and as vicious in their homes as before. But he had hardened himself against disappointment. In some fashion those people gradually took him and his teaching into their homes and lives. They sent for him to marry them, to get them out of jail, to bury their dead; when the diphtheria raged in Pine Court, "Parson Leidy" was called in before the doctor, he being just at hand, "and such a famous nurse," Tom Farrel, when he was sentenced to death, and urged to call in a minister, "reckoned that Leidy was the best of the lot;" and the grim Scotch weaver, Sampson, came to him in the dead of the night to tell him, with stern eyes and quivering jaw, his suspicion that his little Aggy was going to bed.

"Dear, dear! James; this is disheartening," said Mr. Cobbett, when he came down to visit his old chum. "You have been living here like a pauper for a year, and what have you accomplished? But three communicants! No hope yet of building a chapel!"

"I am coming nearer to them every day," said Leidy. "I make myself one with them. I try to drag them up, step by step."

"These little individual efforts of course suffer by comparison with great organized work," said Mr. Cobbett, with a slight tone of patronage. "Now, when our church begins her assault upon outside vice, you will find the moral atmosphere in this part of the city clear up very rapidly."

"What are your plans?"

"In the first place,