

THE DAILY NEWS.

VOL I..... NO. 249

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday,

BY THE

NEWS PUBLISHING CO.

PUBLICATION OFFICE

NO. 23 SOUTH FIFTH STREET.

TELEPHONE CALL 151.

ENTERED AT THE TERRE HAUTE POST OFFICE AS

SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

ONE YEAR..... \$5 00

PER WEEK, BY CARRIER..... 10 CTS

All correspondence should be addressed to the

NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1890.

Will the Express defend last night's action of the police board?

The Express' cry for a reduction of the police force is weak. Will it "put up or shut up?" The Morning Whine has an idea that the police force is too large, but can suggest no plan by which it can be reduced.

The Express says after publishing a garbled parallel that THE NEWS "means well." THE NEWS regrets that it can not say as much for the Express, which has deliberately misrepresented the intent of one of THE NEWS' editorials.

The Express is howling for a reduction of the police force. Will the Express re-district the city, showing the territory patrolled by the force after ten men are removed? The Express says it ought to be done. Will it show how it can be accomplished?

There is prospect of a serious deficit in the treasury in consequence of this year's appropriations and the passage of the McKinley bill, if the figures given and statements made are correct. The appropriations will probably amount to \$450,000,000, unless there is some vigorous pruning. This amount does not include appropriations for coast defenses or steamship subsidies. Friends of the McKinley bill claim for it a reduction of revenues to the amount of about \$70,000,000. The estimated revenues are in the neighborhood of \$450,000,000. From present indications the surplus during the next fiscal year will be reduced by the expenditures amounting to more than the receipts.

The number of patrolmen cannot well be reduced. Some of the officers have beats which are entirely too large, and a reduction in the number of men means increased territory. There are only two officers on the South Side during the day. The territory of one extends from the river east to Seventh and from Main south to the limits. The other officer patrols the remaining territory. Some of the night districts are large. One officer's beat extends from the river east to Fifth and from Chestnut street north to the limits, taking in Sibleyton and Swaffordsville. One member of the police board inquired if the officer "had a horse and buggy to patrol his district." The police board considers it impossible to reduce the force and from information THE NEWS has at hand there is but one conclusion, ten men cannot be discharged without seriously crippling the work of the department.

The police board last night ordered saloons to keep their front doors shut on Sunday, blinds drawn down, pool and billiard playing stopped and beer kegs and loafers kept off the sidewalks. Nothing was said about making arrests for selling liquor on Sunday or after 11 o'clock. The board considered the saloon question but lacked the backbone to order the law enforced. The "shutting" of front doors does not mean that they shall be "locked." The saloons will therefore be privileged as much as heretofore, with the exception of pool and billiard playing. The board gave evidence of deplorable weakness. What, will the public think of such a commission, of a police board sanctioning violation of the law? The board has suppressed gambling, which is to their credit, but winking at the violation of the law by saloons not in consonance with the public demand upon which the members were elected. The old police board was a stigma upon the Democratic council. The new police board is an improvement, but last night's action lowers their standard to a point nearly on a par with the past regime. The day was carried on May 18th, by citizens who demanded decency in the management of city affairs. Granting freedom to the saloons, in violation of law, is against the public sense of propriety.

The Express this morning publishes a parallel of two editorials from THE NEWS. The morning contemporary wilfully misrepresents THE NEWS in the alleged parallel. Last week an editorial appeared in this paper on the subject of Sunday observance. The editorial dealt with the open Sunday saloon and the open business house, and advocated the closing of all of them. The saloonkeepers boasted that in the event their places were closed on Sunday, they would stop street cars and every other class of work on Sunday. THE NEWS does not believe in such extremes, and said that "reasonable Sunday observance is demanded." Had the Express been reasonable and not unfair, it would have given THE NEWS editorial entire without garbling it in such a manner as to lead to incorrect inferences. THE NEWS said "open front doors exert a demoralizing influence on the public good." The saloons and business houses were meant. The Express

failed to republish the sentence from THE NEWS which read: "While the open saloon is offensive on Sunday the open mercantile establishment falls into the same category."

THE NEWS has not in any manner, directly or by innuendo, advocated the closing of saloon front doors, and permitting the back doors to remain open. The Express charges that THE NEWS has changed position. This paper has advocated the 11 o'clock and Sunday closing liquor law. It has gone farther and advocated the closing of business houses on Sunday. Will the Express do as much? Some time ago the Express kept standing for a few days at the head of its editorial columns the sentence: "Enforce the law." Does the Express till stand on this platform? Will it join THE NEWS in its fight for the enforcement of the law. The council is now Republican, will the party organ use its influence towards enforcing the law? Or does it prefer to remain silent as it has since the complete back-down it lowered its colors, "Enforce the law."

HERE AND THERE.

When the Polys arrived in Indianapolis last Saturday they were met by the Butler University team and escorted to the Woman's Christian Temperance lunch room for refreshments. The hosts were cordial and treated the boys with every courtesy, but it was observed that an un-mistakeable and undefinable longing—an appearance of want unsatisfied—crept over the Polytechnic faces at the lunch table and this peculiar condition followed them to the ball grounds and they were swiped. The Polys undoubtedly lacked that energy which would have been stimulated into being by a bottle or so of Budweiser or even ginger ale. At all events they have a chance to get even and undoubtedly will grab it. When the Butler boys come over the Polys will undoubtedly take them to the Terre Haute house, give them a delicate lunch washed down with a sufficiency Mumm's Dry and of course will then have the Butler's at their mercy and will undoubtedly tear the ground open with them. See?

It was quite an unusual case that came up in the mayor's office yesterday afternoon. A very old woman with her face furrowed all over with wrinkles was there to prosecute her son, John Joyce, of the North End, because he persisted in mistreating her and in spending most of his time and all of his money in the saloons. The old lady was very vindictive in the denunciation of her son and most emphatically declared that if he was permitted to remain in the city she would not go to her home let him be come there in the night and kill her. John promised to leave town instantly and was released. As he started out of the office he bade his mother good-bye. She didn't say good-bye, but instead: "You get out of town and I hope I shall never lay eyes on you again."

Thus they parted. It seemed strange and unnatural to hear a mother speak in that manner to her own boy, but he deserved nothing better. He has been the target of her existence for years.

A piece of history, up to this time un-written, gives the unhappy experience of three Polytechnic students in Indianaapolis last Saturday night. In full evening dress, with each, a boutinette of red exudes high up on the left lapel of each coat, under an umbrella (one umbrella) they drilled out to the Female Seminary, through the driving rain, expecting to pass the evening most delightfully in the company of three charming young lady friends. They arrived there, were admitted and conducted to a severe looking and most uncomfortable little reception room, where they were told to make themselves "comfortable."

In the course of fifteen minutes in marched the three young ladies in a very subdued and most demure manner and closing up the rear was their Duane, in the person of the matron, who informed the Poly's, they would be permitted to converse with the young ladies just fifteen minutes in her presence. Now it is unnecessary to say that no bill and cooing went; no honeyed expressions, no rehearsal of Love's young dream—nothing of the anticipated sweetness was distinctly observed.

Instead some Poly dropped the remark that "it was raining red hot," and crossed his legs. Then another Poly ventured to say that he "thought Indianapolis was a real nice town," and commenced to twiddle his thumbs. Thereupon one sweet girl kind of giggled and asked if she knew how to play ball. Then another little thing in sky blue remarked that "it was a dreadful night for calling," and then—well, then the old lady gracefully but very said time was up, and waited the three Polys out into the tempest.

McKinley's Gracious Act.

"I yield the gentleman from Pennsylvania fifteen minutes of my time."

It was one of the most dramatic scenes ever enacted in the House of Representatives. The sick, feeble and failing gentleman from Pennsylvania, respected and honored by all men of both parties, Hon. Sam J. Randall, was asking fifteen minutes' extension of his time, in order that he might deliver the concluding portion of his tariff speech, which was against the policy of his party. Mr. Mills, of Texas, the leader of his party, hurried down the aisle and shouted, "I object," and that one objection prevented the "unanimous consent" which was asked by Mr. Randall. The speaker did not turn his head to look at the objector, nor appeal for consideration at his hands; but quietly sank into his seat, humiliated, but uncomplaining. The next speaker on the list for that day was Hon. William McKinley, of Ohio. He immediately arose, and said in a clear ringing voice: "Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania, fifteen minutes of my time." Immediately there broke forth a storm of applause from all over the House, both on the floor and in the galleries. It was one of the most gracious deeds of McKinley's life. Mr. Randall proceeded with his speech and finished it, after most eloquently expressing his appreciation of the courtesy of the young gentleman from Ohio. S. D. F.

President Nimick of the Pittsburgh club is tired, disappointed and altogether disgruntled. He says, "I am sick and tired of the whole business and I will sell out very cheap."

Do you want anything? Read our Want column.

JOURNALISTIC ETHICS.

WALTER WELLMAN WRITES OF THE CODE OF THE PROFESSION.

It is Unwritten, but Every Self Respecting Experienced Newspaper Man Knows It and Follows It—Some Instances of Good and Bad Journalism.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, May 15.—Is there such a thing as newspaper ethics? This is a question which a series of events have brought to the front in Washington. First, a number of the ancient and proper senators thought the newspaper men had no right to send out accounts of the proceedings of the senate in executive session, and they had an investigation which cost a good deal of money and resulted in a fine old farce. Then there came up the Cleveland-Dana episode in New York, which all the newspaper men and public men of Washington took the keenest sort of interest in. Finally, the press gallery committee, composed of newspaper men and elected by newspaper men, concluded to discipline a young correspondent who had made the mistake of sending out a brutal dispatch about the habits of a distinguished statesman. Perhaps nothing would have been thought or said of this incident but for the peculiar circumstances surrounding it. The scene was laid at the funeral of Senator Beck in the senate chamber.

According to the dispatch the statesman in question, who was a member of the funeral committee on the part of the house, staggered into the chamber, fell into a seat, sat there in a dazed condition, staggered out of the chamber when the ceremonies were concluded, fell in passing down the steps, and fell again at the railway station in attempting to board the train. This would have been brutal even if true, but it was false. While the committee of newspaper men do not call upon to pass judgment on the truth or falsity of news sent out by gentlemen who enjoy the privileges of the gallery, nor to act as press censors in any sort of way, they have felt it their duty to inform the public that the corps of correspondents, of whom they are the official representatives, do not endorse newspaper invasion of private life.

Here we have the best of answers to the question and conclusive proof that there is such a thing as newspaper ethics. Journalism is a distinct profession, as is the profession of law or medicine. It ought to have its unwritten code of morals and practice. Its members are brought into intimate relationship with individuals daily in connection with important matters, and often with matters of delicacy as affecting reputation and peace of mind. The relationship which a lawyer bears to his client, or a doctor to his patient, is no more intimate or important than that which a journalist bears to the man whom he interviews or of whom he writes. If there are codes of ethics for the lawyer and doctor, there should be similar codes for the journalist. The journalist should know the morals of his profession, the amenities of his business, should always feel his responsibility and appreciate the dignity of his position in the social fabric. There such a code in journalism, an unwritten code as all laws of professional ethics must necessarily be, but as yet it is indefinite and not well enough understood.

Here in Washington, however, where journalism is at its highest state of development in America, and that means in the world, I am happy to say that the ethics of the profession, this unwritten law, is constantly becoming better understood, and year after year is better respected. It is not enough that a Washington journalist must be a gentleman, as a journalist everywhere should be—he must have a sense of honor that is keen and vigilant, not simply as a matter of policy, but of temperament and training. The days of bushwhacking journalism, of "fake" journalism, of extreme partisanship and personal journalism, and above all of mendacious journalism, are at an end in the Capital City. And being at an end here means simply that they are rapidly coming to an end the country over, for Washington journalism is a reflex of the journalism of the nation. It draws its inspiration and its men from the provinces, and needs, moreover, constant renewal of the energy that comes from the rural press and the men that press has graduated into the wider field.

Journalism as seen at Washington has its ethics, but I do not feel competent to tell what that code of ethics is. Probably no two working newspaper men would describe it alike. But there are certain cardinal features of it known to us all, and these we may speak. One of these was violated by the young man who is just now feeling the discipline of his fellows. The private lives of men and women are tabooed subjects in the newspaper practice of the capital. If this were not so, and we all felt ourselves licensed as free lance, thousands of hearts would ache. Probably there is no place in the country where the private lives of well known persons offer such shining marks for criticism and exposure as here. I can count at a moment's notice at least a score of members of congress who live in a certain sense double lives—men who have both wives and mistresses.

If we were to tell what we know and make it a business to find out the things which we now only suspect, plenty of gray heads now held high would be humbled. Even women of the fairest fame would suffer. Luckily these are not legitimate subjects of newspaper writing. The press is constantly growing more just and more generous. It knows how to shut its eyes as well as to keep them open. I doubt if in our time another public man meet the fate of poor Riddleberger. That senator was anything but a drunkard. He was simply a drinking man who occasionally lost his head. When intoxicated he was ugly and willful. There are a dozen men in congress today who have the same fault, but the press deals forbearingly with them. Had it been more lenient with Riddleberger he might have met a more happy fate. But he was picturesque. The press seized upon his first escape, painted it in lurid colors, gave him a reputation which at that time he did not deserve, and he fell under the weight of obloquy thus thrust upon him. Being given the name he went in for the game and finally died of chagrin and a broken heart.

Newspaper men at Washington, as elsewhere, must keep confidences. This is one of the unwritten laws which is well understood and almost universally respected. Public men are not afraid to trust the writers. For instance, I called one recent evening on the speaker of the house. Conversation arose incidentally about some public men and measures, and the speaker talked very frankly, as is his wont. He criticised men of his own party in his characteristic savage fashion and without reserve. He made no request that this conversation be considered a private one—he instinctively knew that it was private and would not be printed or repeated. I could have created a mild sort of sensation by reporting what the speaker said, but of course I did not. This brings us to another phase of modern newspaper ethics. A man must know that he is being interviewed for publication. The gentleman of the modern press does not get his interviews clandestinely.

More Truth Than Poetry.

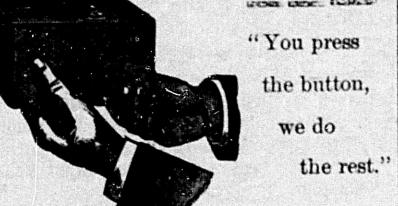
"Those newspaper fellows are always wondering where the money comes from," said a disgruntled owner on his way home from Clifton on Monday, according to the Sportsman. "They figure up \$3,000 or \$4,000 a day as the rent paid by the bookmakers, declare that it all comes out of the pockets of the people, and wonder that so large a sum can come to hand day after day. Can't they see that it is the same money going around and around in a circle. The bookies pay it over to the managers. They pay the greater part over to us and divide the rest among the shareholders. Did you ever know a shareholder who didn't blow in more than his dividend? And what becomes of the part that comes to us? We pay hay-men and grain-men, and they blow their profits away. We pay trainers and jockeys and stable boys, and they blow their wages in; we set aside all that is left as our own share, and we calmly blow that in. Then they wonder where all the stuff comes from! It never does come; it's here all the time. It never goes away."

On May 29, Messrs. John Hetrick and George Freith of the Varuna Boat Club will row a match single-scall race on the Passaic River, distance one and a half miles, the winner of which will be sent to represent the club at the National regatta.

Barry Maxwell has been engaged by Hoyt and Thomas for their new piece, "The Texas Steer," to delineate a peculiar type of negro. George Marion plays the other "coon" part.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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WALTER WELLMAN.

Just Punishment.

Mother—Come in now, Tommy, and put on your clean clothes.

Tommy—(playing ball in the back lot)—All right. Soon I make a base hit.