

## THE DAILY NEWS.

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1890.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All advertisements to get in the first edition of THE NEWS, which consists of 731 copies and reaches every town within a distance of forty miles, must be in by 11 a.m.

CAPTAIN DAVIS, do your duty!

ENFORCE the law. Close the saloons and suppress gambling.

THE Republican organ, as it said of the enforcement of the law, "isn't in it," when it comes to discussing the gambling question.

The Morning Whine rails at the police for not suppressing gambling. Why? Simply because the officers would have closed the saloons had the order not been revoked. The Whine knows that the officials will enforce the liquor law if the order is given. Besides, the paper has been long since repudiated by its party.

It is unfortunate that Parnell should be continued as the leader of the home rule movement in England. He has committed a grievous error, and one that will bring discredit to his party. It is to be regretted that the party is not bigger than one man—Charles Stewart Parnell. The placing of Parnell at the head of Irish affairs will detract public attention from the cause of a downtrodden people. It will force a defense of their leader, instead of the combined party strength being exerted to overthrow the opposition. Gladstone's withdrawal is the severest blow the Irish cause could have received.

The grand old man has brought about a revolution in sentiment and he had hopes that his life work would have been crowned by success of the Irish cause. Gladstone has pursued the proper course. It is consistent with his career as a public man. In his declining years he could scarcely lend his support to a leader who had so recently figured in a scandalous divorce case. For the good of home rule Parnell should at least retire temporarily.

The party has many men upon whom the mantle of leadership would fall with good grace. Parnell has served his people well. He should not now stand in their light.

The Morning Misinformed professes to favor the suppression of gambling. It professed to advocate the enforcement of law when the Democrats were in power and there was no hope of securing the end aimed at. The position of the Misinformed is hypocritical on the question of gambling. It professes to advocate the suppression of gambling yet it will not join THE NEWS in its maintenance of law and order. The position of the Misinformed, briefly stated, is simply this: Enforce a portion of the law and close the eyes to the remainder. The organ of the lawless ought to know that as long as the all-night and Sunday saloon flourishes it will be difficult to prevent gaming. Grant the disreputable of law one privilege and they will assume others. There is but one method of treating kindred moral disorders: remove all of the afflictions. In order to restore a sound condition, it is absolutely necessary to remove all the causes of disorder. This cannot be accomplished by closing down gambling houses and permitting saloons to remain open during the night and on the Sabbath. The practical test is coming. Superintendent Davis will enforce the closing order and if he does his duty he will see to it that there is no gambling in Terre Haute. Capt. Davis must do his duty. The public mind is in no state to be trifled with, especially by an official who is required to do its bidding.

THE NEWS' position on the question of gambling has been that it should be suppressed. It has maintained that by the exercise of proper police authority it can be absolutely stamped out of existence. That public gambling has been conducted in this city is a well known fact, to everyone, it seems, but the police. Last spring THE NEWS ventilated the pretenses of the police heads and the connivance of the police board. The system of secret orders was then in vogue and the public was being hoodwinked.

THE NEWS tore off the mask and disclosed the miserable attempt at concealment which the police authorities engaged in. From time to time THE NEWS has unearthed gambling and has told the public about it. Whenever disclosures were made, there was a spasmodic reform. Gamblers remained quiet until the storm had blown over, only to resume on the quiet.

THE NEWS finds nothing to command and much to condemn in the action of the police in the late gambling case. The spectacle of a superintendent recovering a sum of money lost at the gaming table and returning it, is beneath the dignity of an officer of the law, inasmuch as no arrests were made. Why were not the guilty punished? The young man lost

his money and it was won by gamblers. He was swindled in violation of the law and in disobedience to the police board's instructions to the superintendent. The superintendent of police can suppress gambling. It may be necessary to make daily raids. There is but one way to stop gambling, and that is to stop it, not by any such leniency as was shown in the Cassady case.

## HERE AND THERE.

It would be about as easy to paint a dying groan as to give an adequate description in words of a ludicrous circumstance which happened one night not long ago at the Union depot. Upon a truck, which was drawn well up within the dark shadows in front of the express room, was a crate in which a big fat calf was being transported to the next oncoming train South. So intense and sombre was the darkness where that unhappy bovine babe, bereft of "home and mother," rested within the narrow confines of its barred quarters, that it remained unnoticed by all who chanced to pass down the platform.

In front of the baggage room stood a group of gentlemen engaged in quiet conversation which was only interrupted by the appearance of three fine looking, neatly dressed young ladies. As they came directly in front of the express room, that poor little calf, thinking perhaps, it recognized in one of the young misses a sympathizing friend, inflated its lungs, humped its spinal column, opened wide its jaws and sent forth upon the chilly atmosphere a "bl-a-a-t!" so startling and prolonged; so utterly significant of that despair which is the inevitable portion of deserted and lost children of this cold, cold world, that the three girls involuntarily yelled "Murder!" in unison, jumped sideways off the platform and fled for their lives while the Cookery, who had been dozing in his easy chair in the baggage room, suddenly awoke, came to the front door and asked if anything was "the matter with Teddy West?" No calf ever before gave vent to such a cry or produced such marked results.

Lawrence Kretz, ex-superintendent of fire alarm telegraph and at present a popular letter carrier, is a jolly, good natured fellow. There is nothing Larry enjoys more serenely or sincerely than the opportunity to laugh at a practical joke of which some friend is the subject. It is not a matter of great frequency that Larry's friends have a chance to laugh at him; but THE NEWS has just run onto a bit of unwritten history in which Mr. Kretz, it will appear, became the victim of one of his own laughable blunders. During the last county fair, Postmaster Greiner gave his carriers the privilege, each, of spending an hour at the fair grounds. On a certain day Lawrence hastened to the depot intending to take the fair ground special. There were no others than himself going out and so he just walked into a train standing in front of the depot, took possession of a seat and made himself at home. He became engrossed in the perusal of one of O'Brien's fair sheets and paid no attention either to surroundings or train men. The conductor came up to the old friend and took very little notice of Mr. Kretz. After considerable time had elapsed, Kretz' attention was diverted from his reading by the conductor who asked:

"Larry, where are you going anyway?" "Oh, just out to the fair grounds," nonchalantly replied Lawrence. "Well, you're all right, Kretz. We've just whistled for Brazil and here we are pulling into the depot. You just go into the depot and take a seat. Tell the station agent you want to come back to Terre Haute and he'll put you on the right train. You won't get lost, Good-bye, old boy. Here we go. Good-bye."

The train pulled out and Larry sneaked into the depot, took a seat and held it down for about twenty-five minutes until the west bound passenger came thundering into the station. He came back to the city, slipped around the Van, tracks to the accustomed rendezvous, and when asked by the conductor there how he had enjoyed himself at the fair, said it was "a big thing and the mammoth steer was the biggest thing of all."

## NEWSLETTERS.

A paroled prisoner robbed the Ohio penitentiary of \$75.

New stock of wheat at Minneapolis increased 33,000 bushels last week.

The campaign against Detroit boodle aldermen is in progress.

Pleasure Ridge Park distillery, Louisville, collapsed. Twenty-five thousand barrels of whisky ran out on the ground.

Nickel Plate telegraphers want more wages.

Corn crop in Southern Indiana is immense.

Campanini, the great tenor, has regained his voice.

Canadians want the duty on salt reduced.

Crocker, president of the Denver board of public works, lost his mind worrying over paving matters, and has disappeared.

P. T. Barnum is dangerously ill. He cannot recover.

Cameran will be re-elected from Pennsylvania. Quay's opposition isn't in it.

Campbell's chances are excellent for a second term as governor of Ohio. The governor's nerve is admired.

Senator Stanford is charged with bribery in the recent election.

Oklahoma wants the Australian system. She ought to have it.

A half dozen candidates are breaking their necks for the postmastership of Joliet, Ill.

Congressman Hill wants free trade with Canada.

Cullinan says he didn't say Palmer would succeed Farwell.

Burrows' seat is safe.

Down in Venezuela they have imposed a tax on bachelors.

Comptroller Lacy says the country needs a larger circulating medium.

Joliet blast furnaces have closed down.

None demand.

Captain Bogardus, the crack shot, was married Saturday, at Lincoln, Ill., to Mrs. Lucy Helmer, of Philadelphia.

Indiana's Supreme court docket is crowded with cases. Needs relief badly.

The Indianapolis Steel Company has closed down its works. The direct products proved a failure. A million was to have been expended in the event of its success.

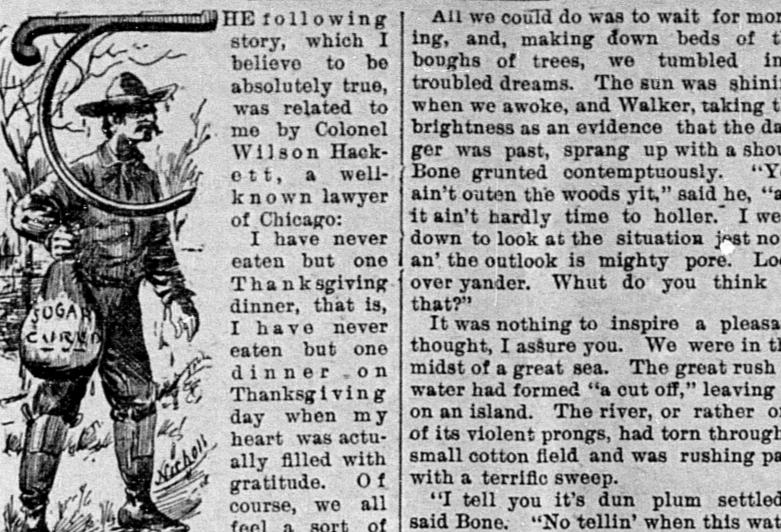
A meeting of the Indiana ball league has been called for December 10th at Peru.

A Western ball league is being talked of.

Dr. Congdon, of Elkhart, is believed to be insane. His flight to Florida looks like it.

A big vessel launched.

BATH, Me., November 20.—The largest vessel ever built in Maine was launched at Bath to-day. She will be named the *Shandaken*. Her gross tonnage is 340,608 tons. She is about 325 feet over all. She will spread more than 11,000 yards of canvas. She is the first four-masted ship ever launched from the Bath yards.



HE following story, which I believe to be absolutely true, was related to me by Colonel Wilson Hackett, a well-known lawyer of Chicago:

I have never eaten but one Thanksgiving dinner, that is, I have never eaten but one dinner on Thanksgiving day when my heart was actually filled with gratitude. Of course, we all feel a sort of thankfulness on the day appointed by the Nation's ruler, but how many of us are really to say that our hearts are really overflowing with thankful praise?

Last autumn, Abner Walker, Tom Pruitt and I went fishing on the lower White river, in Arkansas. We knew nothing of the country and especially were we ignorant of the best places to fish; and, consequently, we employed as guide an old fellow known as Bone Buck. I don't think that I had ever before seen quite so lank a man. Tom Pruitt, considerable of a wag, by the way, declared that Bone Buck could stand in a double-barreled shotgun, reach down and take hold of his boot straps.

Reports of heavy rains above had reached us, and the river was slowly rising when we started downstream, but as a dangerous rise is very rare in the fall of the year, we paid no attention to the warning muttered by Bone Buck.

"Mout ketch a chunk," said Bone; "but as fur as fish, you mout as well fling a line in the country road."

It was useless to stand there and grieve, so, making the best of our misfortune, we began the construction of a sort of hut. Thus the long day passed, and as the sun went down we saw that the water was still rising. This to me was exciting, but Bone looked on complacently. The first thing I heard the next morning was a piteous moan from Walker.

"No use to moan an' moan," said our guide. "We air here. Let me see what the water is a doin'. She's still a risin' all right," he added, after making a brief inspection.

"Why, you mud turtle!" exclaimed Tom "you seem to want it to keep on risin'. Do you want to be washed away?"

"Oh, I'm not bothering about you," Tom replied. "I'm simply concerned about myself and the other boys."

"Ef we had a deck of cards," Bone remarked after a short silence, "we mout break off a few of 'em and have a game."

"I wouldn't play a card," said Walker, "if I had ten cents. What I want to do is to eat and then I want to get out of here."

He had nothing to eat that day. Just before lying down for the night, Bone said that he was afraid the water was falling. Tom called him a fool. When daylight came, Bone sprang up and ran down to the water's edge, stood there a moment and shook his head sadly.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I am afear she's a fallin'," he answered.

"Look here, Bone," said I, "we are as hungry as wolves and don't care about your barbarous jokes. Let us have no more of this foolishness."

To hear that roar did not require very close listening. I had often heard the comparison, "like the rush of mighty waters," but never before had I appreciated the full force of the phrase.

"Come," said Bone, wheeling about, "we've got to git that boat or we mout be drowned like a lot of rats."

We ran back to the place where we had landed. The boat was gone. "That almost do settle it," Bone declared.

"Come ahead an' let's pull out here befo' it gits too dark to see. You men don't 'pear to ketch the meanin' of all this here. Ef we git cut off by the water you will wish you never hearn tell of a fish."

He did not understand us, for we did appreciate the danger, but not knowing what to do could say nothing. We struck out in a westerly direction and had proceeded but a short distance when darkness overtook us. Bone did not say much, but judging by the grunts he indulged in whenever he heard any new noises, I knew that he was far from being satisfied with the situation. After a long walk through a forest densely tangled in its wildness, Bone halted and, remaining silent for a few moments, said:

"It's plum dun settled now, I'm thinkin'."

"Have you lost your way?" I asked.

"I ain't had no way to lose. I don't kere how often a feller comes through these here woods, he don't larn no way. A squirrel ain't home when he's in here."

"What are you going to do?" Abner asked. "I'd like to know for I've got my appetite with me, and I am beginnin' to hanker after the flesh pots."

"Yas," Bone replied, "an' let me tell you that you'll hanker still befo' you git to what the pot is a bilin'. Every thing we had, you know, was tuck away by the boat."

"I know that, but can't we find some place?"

"Could find suthin' of the sort if we was outen here, but how air we goin' to git out when we air dun hemmed in by the water? The river has ris so fast that the water is runnin' on all sides of us like a mill tail."

"That's serious," said I, "but it may soon fall so that we can get out."

"Yas," he responded, "an' it may stay up for a month. Ef we don't starve it will be a wonder."

"You are dencely cheerful in your remarks," said Tom Pruitt. "Don't you think that by straining a point you could say a few more dismal things?"

"Could do it an' mout not strain much, muther. Down in here summer's a few years ago a party of fellers got ketch out durin' a rise, an' when the water went down we found them. They hadn't lost none o' their clothes, so all the expense we put to was gittin' some plank for the coffin."

Abner—a rather timid man he is, too—groaned aloud, a ludicrous evidence of fear that brought forth a laugh from Tom. I didn't laugh.

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## OLD CARS WITHDRAWN

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No more brief stops for indifferent meals. You can "fare sumptuously every day" a tourist, leisure and in comfort while rolling around the country at forty miles an hour, upon the vestibule trains of the Vandalia and Pennsylvania lines, in the new and luxurious dining cars of the Pullman Company.

By a recent decision of the United States Court the patent vestibule cannot be used on other than Pullman cars. Particular attention is therefore invited to the fact that the Vandalia and Pennsylvania lines are operating Pullman sleeping and dining cars, which are properly fitted with the convenient and appreciable device—the PULLMAN Perfected Safety Vestibule.

Thanksgiving Beef, choicest in the city at Patton's Clean Meat Market.

NEW! NEW!!

Oriental Turkish confectionary, the best home made candies. Come and get a free sample, 424 Ohio street.

WHITE PLUME CELERY, the finest lot ever in the city. Turkey, oranges and meats of all kinds. Everything you want