

THE DAILY NEWS.

VOL. 8 NO. 133

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MONDAY, JANUARY 5, 1891.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All advertisements to get in the first
edition of The News, which consists of
16 pages and reaches every town
within a distance of forty miles, must be
by 10 a.m.CAPTAIN DAVIS has one last opportunity
to make himself. Will he enforce the
law without fear or favor?It would be far better to have a man
as superintendent of police who openly
favored lawlessness than one who pre-
tends to stand for law and order.In nearly all instances of rotteness at
police headquarters, secret instructions
have played a pronounced part. Such
methods to hoodwink the public are cow-
ardly and should not be tolerated.CAPTAIN DAVIS, superintendent of police,
has been defended by The News
and up held in his efforts to enforce the
law. Now that he has shown cowardice
and has given to the officers a secret order
preventing the accumulation of evidence,
The News is called upon to condemn the
action. Captain Davis should stand
squarely in favor of enforcing the law or
squarely against it. He cannot straddle
the issue. He announced his
intention of enforcing the law to the letter. The News had faith
in the captain's determination to carry
out every syllable that he uttered. He
has not done so, and the secret under-
standing which exists is cowardly and
underneath the dignity of a police depart-
ment. By such action Captain Davis
will lose the support of the better ele-
ment of citizens. But one thing re-
mains for Captain Davis—enforce the
law or refuse to enforce it and take the
consequences.The News reproduces an extract from
the interview published Saturday, with
Mr. R. S. Tennant. Mr. Tennant said:"With the cheapest coal in the world
for manufacturing, electric cars up with
the times, the best lighted streets of any
city in the country and gas for illuminat-
ing and domestic purposes so cheap
that every home may have it. With our
fine public schools, unsurpassed educational
and benevolent institutions, vigorous
churches, our high license fee, economic
city administration bringing reduced
taxes, why shouldn't Terre Haute
do business and grow?""Within a fortnight every gas, trades,
scientific and leading newspaper will
make the whole country know that Terre
Haute, Ind., has an abundant and
unfailing supply of gas for domestic fuel
purposes and for illumination sold at
thirty-five cents per thousand—and why
and how? Because of our presence and
process. It is such an advertisement as
many thousands of dollars could scarcely
have procured."It is to be regretted that there are not
more Mr. Tennants in Terre Haute—
more men who have faith in the future
of the city and do not hesitate to express
their views. Terre Hautes should
appreciate her advantages, and proclaim
them to the world. It is such an easy
matter to remark: "Oh, Terre Haute
is no good. It's too slow." Perhaps the reason the city
appears slow going is because there are
too many men who are willing to speak
disparagingly of it. If Terre Haute has
not advanced as rapidly as possible, it is
because there has been a superabundance
of the croaker element. The first para-
graph of the extract published above is a
succinct statement of our advantages. If
every Terre Hautean would feel in ac-
cord with the statement, there would be
greater possibilities for the future. Such
sentiments as expressed in the interview
should be pasted in everyone's hat.
They inspire confidence, and confidence
is half the battle in business progression.

HERE AND THERE.

"I don't know very much of the modus
operandi of railway safety gates at street
crossings," said an east sider, recently,
"but it seems to me that the E. & T. H.
people have been an almighty long time
doing nothing in putting to practical use
the pneumatic sticks erected at their
Main street crossing for the possible
purposes of preventing accidents. Thus
far the quantity of poles have served
as nothing better than a marked addition
to the already enormous aggregation of
eyesores which render hideous Terre
Haute's principal thoroughfare. It
would be a positive relief to see those
long standing poles drop into horizontal
positions."In a certain home in this city, one
night recently, a little 5-year-old girl,
white-robed for a night's rest, had been
placed in bed by her mother and as the
tender parent bent over the little form
the child's lips parted and in sleepy,
tired tones came:"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray,
Lord my soul to keep; If I should die—
(a long wearisome yawn) "If—I should die—
then a closing of the heavy eyelids and a protracted hush, and as the

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cherub turned her face away she was
only able to add, "Please—Lord; I'm des-
as—des as—tired as I can be. Tant I
say the west in mornin?" She said this
much with an effort, and as she sank into
deep slumber, and the last word of that
earnest little request was uttered,
a sweet smile swirled her little face and,
she simply said, "I wonder if it is really true
that when a little child smiles in its sleep
it is talking with the angels."It is not generally known, but it is a
fact, nevertheless, that one of the oldest
and most popular conductors on the C.
& E. I. had a little unpleasant experience
Friday night which was not rendered any
more delightful when several of his ac-
quaintances afterward made it the subject
of unlimited amusement. He had
reached Elsworth with his train and was
obliged to stop there at the station for
some reason or other. When his train
arrived here at the union depot, no blue-
coated conductor could be found. Several
hours later, indeed in the early, crimped
hours of the morning, a lone and
footloose traveler, tramping between the
iron rails walked into the city from
the north and made a
sneak for the union depot. There were
very few about when the worn-out rail-
roader, by his train, walked up to report,
but the story leaked out and it
immediately reported that he spent about
\$4.80 evening things up with the boys
before he commenced to display temper.
Now, it simply means blood to even say
"Elsworth" to the gentleman and any
individual fool hardly ought to ask him
if he knows how many ties there are be-
tween here and the paper mill, might
just as well have made previous ar-
rangements for a funeral and an obituary

FROM RAILS OF STEEL.

An Old Engineer Tells of Some
Narrow Escapes.A Justice of the Supreme Court is not
more taciturn than the average railroad
engineer. And, not unlike the eminent
jurists, when once his habitual reserve
is cast aside he is a veritable mine of
anecdote and wit.A Washington Star Reporter one
afternoon during the past week ran
across one of these "Knights of the
Throttle" in the neighborhood of the
"round house" on Virginia avenue, and,
as luck would have it, the "Salvation
car" as the pay car is designated in the
railroader's parlance, had just arrived
and he was in a good humor and talka-
tive."Come, John, you won't go out on your
for two hours yet. Tell me about
some of the tight places you've been in
since becoming an engineer.""Well, young man, we don't like to
talk about these things, but, as you
appear to be anxious for a story, I don't
mind telling you one.""Tell me about that long red scar
there under your chin. That must
have been quite a wound.""That was rather a hard one, but
when I received it was a smaller affair
in fair comparison with my other breaks
and bruises. As you know, I have put
up a throttle on the Baltimore & Potomac road ever since the first rail
was laid. Railroading to-day is child's
play to what it was then. Now our
greatest risk is a broken rail or axle;
then it was a dozen different things to
keep us alert, chief among them being
washouts, insecure trestles and mistakes
in telegraph orders incidental to a
single-track road. Overwork always
played a prominent part, and it was owing
to the latter fact that this scar
adorns my meat-chopper.""It was during the busy days of the
inauguration of Garfield, and all the
sleep the boys had secured for a week
was only cat-naps. I was coming north
out of Washington, on the evening of
inauguration day, and ex-President
Hayes occupied a private car on the rear
of my train. The cars were crowded to
their fullest capacity, and with this re-
sponsibility upon me I believe I could
have done without sleep for a month."A teacher desiring to classify her pu-
pils put questions to them to find out
how much they knew. During the ex-
amination of the son of a leading Austin
politician the following dialogue oc-
curred:"You say that there are three king-
doms—the animal, the vegetable and
the mineral?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, where do you put the sugar?"

"Pa puts it in the water and then the
whisky in afterwards and stirs 'em up
with a spoon."—Texas Siftings.

On a Street Car.

"This is my birthday," she said.
The whole car and her escort were inter-
ested.

"Is that so?" said he.

"Guess how old?"

"I can't."

"Will I have to tell you? Well, it is
my—""Twenty-fourth!" bawled the con-
ductor, opening the door. Every one
knew it wasn't true, but she was so mad
that she shut her mouth tight and the
car heard no more.—Kansas City Star."How about that little accident out
at McGruder's curve; weren't you mixed
up in that affair? It occurred a good
while ago, but I never heard the par-
ticulars.""Well, I should say I was mixed up in
that affair. In all my days of railroad-
ing that was the luckiest accident with
the quantity of cars filled with passengers
behind me. At that time there was a
telegraph station about a quarter of a
mile north of the curve called 'Wil-
liams'." The express generally had a
clear track, and orders were never
given it only when of great importance.
Owing to this fact it made very fast
time, and at that point usually ran
about forty or forty-five miles an hour.
As I swung in sight of this little lonely
waten-box I saw that the red signal was
down, and after a fierce pull at the
whistle I reversed the lever and put on
the air. We came to a stop in a hurry,
and, thinking orders were awaiting me,
I made a break for the office to secure
them without losing any more time than
necessary."This time I was coming south on the
New York express, and was due in
Washington at 11:30 at night. I had
about twelve cars filled with passengers
behind me. At that time there was a
telegraph station about a quarter of a
mile north of the curve called 'Wil-
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clear track, and orders were never
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and, thinking orders were awaiting me,
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them without losing any more time than
necessary."Pushing open the door I saw the op-
erator lying back in his chair, as I
thought fast asleep. There was a strong
odor of coal gas in the room, but in the
heat of passion at what I thought was
a case of neglect of duty, I paid no at-
tention to this, but, grabbing him by
the collar of his coat, I yanked him out
on the floor. As he was a little slow
coming around, I caught up a bucket of
water and threw the contents over him,
brining him to his senses again."Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray,
Lord my soul to keep; If I should die—
(a long wearisome yawn) "If—I should die—
then a closing of the heavy eyelids and a protracted hush, and as the"Where's my orders? What's the red
down for?" I shouted in his ears."There's no orders. I must have
gone to sleep or fainted. Every thing's
all right," he replied in a dazed sort of
way."With an oath—I used to swear then
I rushed back to my engine, whistled
for a flagman and pulled out, vowed
vengeance on that operator in the shape
of a report to the superintendent upon
my arrival at Washington. That re-
port never went in.""I had gotten my train under way and
was going only about five miles an hour
when, just as we swung around
McGruder's curve, the track sank under
me, and with a loud crash and a splintering
of buffers we came to a dead stop,
with the front part of my engine sunk
about three feet below the track in mud
and gravel. There was a dangerous
quick-sand there, and it had washed
about fifteen feet of the earth away
from under the track. Owing to the curv-
ing of speed a good shaking up was about
all we got, but suppose for one minute
that red signal had not been down on us
at Wilson's. They'd have picked us
up all in pieces, as I would have gone
into that hole at the rate of forty miles
an hour.""Both the day and night operators at
Wilson's were practical jokers. A bright
idea struck the day man, and climbing
noiselessly onto the roof of the office he placed a board over the
chimney, shutting off the draft of the
stove. After performing this brilliant
feat he went home for a night's rest,
resolved to learn the next morning the
result of his machinations. The stove
door was partly open, the gas from the
stove was forced out, it soon filled the
room, and had I not been stopped by the
red signal the chances are the boy
would have been smothered to death.
So you see the multiplication of circum-
stances engendered by that practical
joke although it nearly killed one person,
saved my life and many more be-
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