Jos Gilbert 1770 1890

Saturday Evening Mail.

Vol. 21.—No. 3. TERRE HAUTE, IND., SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 12, 1890. Twenty-first Year

THE MAIL

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Notes and Comment.

Tascott has been enrolled in the Chicago census. Not a bad way of increasing the enrollment fifteen or twenty thousand.

Speaker Reed has been made an LL. D. by Bowdoin college. By a good many of the Democrats of the House he has been made a D. L.

Ten thousand pairs of wooden shoes manufactured in Indiana are sold annually in Cincinnati. It is said the society girls wear them.

Fourteen of the 751 inmates of the northern prison draw an aggregate annual pension of $1,200. In their cases the "stars" accompany the stripes.

Secretary Tracy has issued an order to the Marine band to close all public programmes with one of our National airs. Good for Mr. Tracy. The idea is a timely and patriotic one.

A society to prevent people from being burried alive has been organized in New York. Such a desirvable, not to say necessary organization, has been a long time coming.

A paper recently started at Julian, Idaho, has for its motto, "Grasp for all in sight and rustle for more." It will succeed, considering the situation from a Texas Siftings standpoint.

Bible characters were for a time hopelessly confused in the Oberrmmergan Passion Play. The impersonator of "Judas" become temporarily the "Christus," but sickness was the cause.

The Legislature of Louisiana will retire from active dishonesty as well as business for life, at the expiration of the present term of office. You see the lottery people came forward very liberally.

The Chinese population of San Francisco is, according to the census, 26,000, an increase of only 2,000 in ten years. The gain is not so large, but just imagine living in a city with 26,000 celestials in it.

Editor Watterson says "the liquor supplied to Congress is poor stuff." No wonder Congressional legislation is sometimes decidedly "rocky." Perhaps Col. Waterson would recommend the Kentucky brand.

Just think what honors fall to a great explorer, one who has gone into the very bowels of the darkest of continents. Oxfore has made Stanley an LL. D. and a London firm has named a brand of sausages after him.

A gentleman from the Far West has already applied for permission to erect a fountain at Chicago's World's Fair, "from which a column of wine fifty feet high will be constantly thrown in the air." Such news in quite refreshing.

A society girl of New York has gone on a pleasure trip to Siberia. Queer taste, one would say, for one so surrounded. But possibly she is trying to get her name in one of Ward McAllister's books on society and society people.

There are thirty different religious castes in India and when the railroads were first established no two castes would ride in the same coach. The natives found it inconvenient, however, and now all sorts of castes mix up for a journey. The railroad is a great civilizer.

Sam Jones declares very emphatically that he has never used a vulgar word in his public preaching and any man who intimates the contrary is a "foul-mouthed liar." All the world will not agree with Sam, for "vulgarity" is defined as "grossness of manners or language."

New York will turn on the water in the new aqueduct July 15. The operation will be performed without joilification, for celebration will be out of the question when the purest water that can flow through the acqueduct will not cleanse it of the foulness resorted to in its construction.

Five months ago prospects were very flattering that the twin cities—Minneapolis and St. Paul—would soon unite. Now the prospects have gone glimmering, and all on account of the census. If either city has so much as a friendly word for the other in the coming five years it will be a surprise.

Senator Foster, of Louisiana, in a ringing speech against the lottery, said: "I say, sir, that if Louisiana can not perform the duties of a State, if she can not educate her children and support her charitable institutions, then let us tear from her her sovereign rights as a State and place her under the control and protection of the Federal Government or some other government save the government of the lottery company." This man should be crowned as a king among his dishonorable colleagues in the Louisiana Legislature.

The Princes of Wales causes her three daughters to devote one hour of each day to housekeeping. They don their white gowns, attach a bundle of keys to their girdle, and work. It's a wonder the British aristocracy continues to recognize the family. Work! Why the idea is terrible!

The question of street improvements is ever uppermost in the minds of the Indianapolitan. To-day it is paving, tomorrow narrowing of the roadways And to the outsider spending an occasional day there, it seems that the streets are never in condition. But some day Indianapolis will have beautiful avenues.

The Detroit Free Ptess thinks it has solved the problem of "How to marry on $12 a week." Its plan is to issue 900 invitations to the wedding, secure 900 presents from 900 victims, and sell off about 800 to secure capital to run the house on for the next five years. This plan won't work in Terre Haute. Nine hundred guests won't bring 900 presents.

The Lafayette Leader believes every effort has been made to secure a fair count in this census district, and says of Supervisor Soule: "It has been the desire and aim of Mr. Soule to give us a fair count, and if any of our people are not enumerated—and we fear there are some such—it is the fault of the people themselves, rather than the supervisor, who has done all he could under the law to get a fair count." The same may be said for Terre Haute.

Town Talk.

THE UGLY POLICEMEN.

This uniform predicament is a most unfortunate one, considered from a half generous, half critical standpoint, for the situation in all its details and phases is but a picture of outrage. Imagine a policeman doing time. Ordinarily his masquerades very materially aids him in forgetting his previous condition and in developing a new character; but in a pair of trousers possibly intended for the senior councilman from the Fourth—Mr. Weldele if you please—and a coat designed for Eugene Debs or T. J. Griffith, such a thing is not only improbable but well nigh impossible. Usually the artistic and the realistic, taking these terms in their opposite meanings, are united in the sturdy officer of the law. He paces the street a monument of inspiring dignity, and one is constantly impressed with his peculiar superiority. This is when his uniform fits. But in the special change of affairs now upon the department, the scene is decidedly altered. The inspiration which commonly forces itself upon you is wanting, and indeed the idea of "where did you get that suit?" comes over you. But seriously the subject is no joking matter. The police board has made a very great mistake. No doubt they appreciate it by this time, for surely enough objection has been raised to cause one or two members to wonder whether life is worth living. If this is the case, one thing the public can rest assured of, and that is the certainty that such a blunder will not be made again. Public and individual sentiment was unreasonably opposed by the council from the first conception of the deal. The folly of this is now realized, as usual after the experience has been dearly purchased. It is hoped the poor officers will not be tortured with the misfits long, for surely the magnificent physique of the department is worthy of being displayed, and displayed it must be. If these suits can not be made to answer, others must be ordered. That there is not room for argument on this point, all will agree.

POLICE GAZETTE NOTORIETY.

If this free Police Gazette advertising continues, Terre Haute will soon have an enviable reputation among those cities struggling for prominence in the domain of his Satanic majesty. Several times within the last year, if readers of this much circulated sporting paper are to be credited, notices which were not withal complimentary to this quiet Wabash valley city, have appeared in its columns, made conspicuous by very gaudy illustrations. In one instance several women were shown very industriously cutting tall weeds in Woodlawn cemetery. The sensation supposed to be contained in the cut, although somewhat doubtful in its presentation, rested on the alleged fact that the sexton of the cemetery refused to mow the weeds over the loved ones of the prominent figures in the illustration. In another instance two belligerent females were pictured, vigorously pommeling each other, and in this case the alleged fact on which the fiction was based was contained in a reported lover's quarrel. Last week's issuo had for a frontispiece a struggling female before a photograph camera, the photographer desperately endeavoring to encirle her in his arms, the outgrowth of the Ohio street escapade. Now a supposed pugilistic set-to between local women is being widely commented on, and if previous examples of Police Gazette enterprise are to be taken as a criterion, it is very likely the Prairie city's name will again grace the columns of the unrivaled sheet. Such a calamity would be more than the city desires. We acknowledge our population was overestimated; we grant our saloons are exceedingly numerous and somewhat prosperous; we own that Christianity is not the predominating sentiment of the community, but in all fairness we ask: Is not this Police Gazette notoriety a little greater punishment than we deserve?

DISHONORABLE TREATMENT.

Base ball may be played honestly or dishonestly, and a ball club's affairs may be managed honorably or dishonorably. There can be no doubt as to which of the two courses the patrons of the game would prefer to see followed, nor can there be any difference of opinion as to the more profitable policy to pursue. Base ball does not differ from any other business enterprise in this respect. Just and honest and legitimate business will succeed; so will a well organized, properly conducted base ball club prosper. In the light of this opinion, it is no wonder the Indianapolis ball management was forced to go under. From the very first, fabulous promises of strengthening the team were made, none of which were fulfilled—indeed it is said no attempt was made to carry them out. Every indication was that the organization was a money-making device, and was being partially sustained with the one object of getting as much out of the league as possible. This being the general suspicion, no wonder the patronage fell off. And now the combination is no more. The sad, sad end came immediately after the series played here. It is needless to say the dishonorable course adopted at the start was pursued to the last. Such a management would be expected to leave its players in the lurch on salaries. The expression "dishonorable" is hardly strong enough for such treatment, and "disgraceful" does not quite fill the bill. If the Terre Haute management should do this sort of thing, the crowds from one end of the town to the other would rise up in indignation. But such a thing is not likely to occur, for "we don't do business on such a basis here." Amen.

GOOD SUGGESTIONS.

How easy it is to complain of the mail service! And how gladly we shift the blame for our own carelessness upon the poor mail carrier. If a letter arrives a day late, or a newspaper fails to be delivered on the very first trip after it is brought into the city, woe be unto the poor postman. If impatient citizens could only go into the postoffice and see the trouble that arises simply out of the carelessness of themselves and their neighbors, there would be less complaint from them. For instance, they would see letters often without street number upon it, and paper after paper addressed to visiting strangers with simply "Terre Haute, Ind.," to guide the delivery man. They could then appreciate the situation partially at least. This week Postmaster Greene came out in a card giving a few "hints" to patrons of the office. Candidly it may be said that they were all good, and if followed the result will be as he says: "If you try as hard to avoid mistakes as we do, there will be but few made."

NOT ACCORDING TO RULES.

Excitement of an interesting pugilistic nature, that is harmless and at the same time serious, has not been wholly wanting this week. Imagine two of Palmer Cox's brownies on a rampage exchanging blows in wildest fury, and you have one encounter that took place. The inevitable consequence was that no one was injured. But then each combatant secured satisfaction from his own standpoint, and of course all was well. Think of a sturdy church member and a wiry preserver of life unduly excited and earnestly engaged in convincing each other of their individual combative ability, and you have a second set-to that was not wholly devoid of interest. Of course no harm resulted from this either. How could it? Mutual friends would not permit. But here too, each's intentions were stamped upon the other's memory, and so the real object was accomplished. It is not altogether advisable that this method of procedure should continue, but as long as excitement must be had, all willing martyrs will be duly thanked.

A SWEET DELUSION.

The following paragraph from the Fountain and Warren Democrat, somewhat unreliable, is going the rounds of the partisan press: "Hon. E. T. Brookshire is calmly waiting for congress to adjourn before coming home to work for re-election. His nomination is assured. Jim Johnson will probably be selected to go up Salt river with the crowd this fall, as he is about the only man who wants to run to the hard money, high tariff ticket of the Republicans." The delusion rests in the statement that Mr. Brookshire's re-nomination is assured. There are a good many Democrats in this vicinity who do not agree with "Dennis," and this being the case, there is room for doubt on the subject. It is safe to say Mr. John Lamb doesn't agree, nor Senator Voorhee's either for that matter. This will make a great big difference, and don't you loose sight of the idea for an instant.

Stories of Authors.

HOW GENERAL LEW WALLACE CAME TO WRITE BEN-HUR—THE DUCHESS' STORY OF HER FIRST NOVEL.

Talking with an intimate friend of Gen. Lew Wallace the other day, writes an Eastern correspondent, I learned the true inspiration of his famous novel, "Ben Hur." "Wallace was on an eastern bound train," said my informanant, "and while going through the drawing room car he passed the open door of a compartment in which sat Colonel Robert G. Ingersol. 'Come in,' said the latter. 'I'm lonely in here, and want some one to chat with.' Wallace entered and seated himself. 'All right, Colonel,' he said, 'what shall we chat about?' 'Lots of things,' replied Ingersol. 'Is there a future life?' Looking out of the window dreamily, as the express sped on, he answered his own query. 'I don't know—do you? Was Christ the son of God? I don't know—do you?' He paused and looked keenly at Wallace. The general was a little embarassod by the abruptness of the great infidel's interrogatories. He replied: 'Really, Ingersoll, I have never given much thought or study to the questions you propound. I had a Christian training, and I have always tacitly accepted them.' 'Indeed!' said Colonel Ingersoll. 'Why, man, you surprise me! They are vital issues. I have studied the subject thoroughly. Every man ought to. Now, take my advice and look into the matter. You'll find you'll agree with me.' 'I went away from this interview both embarrased and mortified,' said the general, 'that I did not feel competent to discuss so important a matter with so learned a thinker. I made up my mind that I would never place myself again in so embarrassing a situation. I took down my books, and read every authority I could lay my hands on. After a year's study, so far from agreeing with the great agnostic in his expressed opinions, I wrote 'Ben Hur.' That is my reply to him!"

It was between frains in Hardford, a week or to ago, and as I had nothing to do and over two hours in which to do it, I strolled through the shaded streets of the town, writes Edward W. Bok. It was upon turning into Forest street that I saw ahead coming toward me a small old women snabbling along unconscious, apparently, of people or surroundings. In her hand she carried a small tree-switch, and as we had almost passed I was a little surprised at the venerable little lady calling me and saying: "Young man, you have been leaning against something white," and with a dexterous movement she brushed some wall dust from the sleeve of my coat. It was not until the moment of her accosting me that I recognized in my self-appointed "brush" no less a personage than Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"This is Mrs. Stowe, is it not?" I asked, tendering my thanks to her.

Those wonderful and strange blue eyes looked into mine most curiously, as she answered:

"That is my name, young man. I live on this street," was the reply and without giving me a chance to say another word, she walked away.

I could not help standing still in surprise watching the retreating figure of the best known woman writer in America to-day. That Mrs. Stowe is mentally uncertain, the incident I have related would seem to indicate, but physically she seems to be in good health. Her skin has turned almost a complete dark brown, and yet I saw a suggestion of ruddiness in both the cheeks. I noticed particularly that the hands were very much emaciated, and it seems as if there was scarcely flesh enough left to cover the bones and veins. She was most curiously dressed, in the plainest dress conceivable, a dark red scarf tied around her neck, and an odd little bonnet which seems to make her look even more insignificant and dwarfed than she is.

My first novel! Alas! for the first story of mine—the raven I sent out of my ark and never saw it again! Unlike the proverbial curse, in did *not* come home to roost; it stayed where I had sent it, says the Duchess in the Ladies' Home Journal. The only thing I ever heard of it again was a polite letter from the editor in whose office it lay, telling me I could have it back if I enclosed stamps to the amount of twopence halfpenny, otherwise he should feel it his unpleasant duty to "consign it to the waste-paper basket."

I was only sixteen then, and it is a very long time ago; but I have always hated the words "waste-paper" ever since. I don't remember that I was either angry or indignant, but I *do* remember that I was both sad and sorry. At all events, I never sent that twopence half-penny, so I concluded my first MS. went to light the fire of that heartless editor. So much comfort I may have bestowed on him, but he left me comfortless; and yet who can say what good he may not have done me? Paths made too smooth leave the feet unprepared for rougher roads. To step always in the primrose ways is death to the higher desires. Yet oh, for the hours I spent over that poor rejected story, beautifying it (as I fondly, if eroneously, believed), adding a word here, a sentiment there! So conscientiously-minded was I, that even the headings of the chapters were scraps of poetry (so called) done all by myself. Well, never mind. I was very young then, and as they say upon the stage, I "meant well."

For a long twelvemonth after that I never dreamed of putting pen to paper. I had given myself up, as it were. I was the most modest of children, and fully decided within myself that a man so clever, as a real live editor must needs be, could not have been mistaken. He had seen and judged, and practically told me that writing was not my forte. Yet the inevitable hour came round once more. Once again an idea caught me, held me, *persuaded* me that I could put it into words. I struggled with it this time, but it was too strong for me, that early exhilarating certainty that there was "something in me," as people say, was once more mine, and seizing my pen, I sat down and wrote, wrote, wrote, until the idea was an object formed. With closed doors I worte at stolen moments. I had not forgotten the quips and cranks uttered at my expense by my brother and sister on the refusal of that last-first manuscript. To them it had been a fund of joy.

In fear and trembling I wrote this second effusion, finished it, wept over it (it was the most lachrymose of tales), and finally under cover of night induced the house maid to carry it to the post. To that first unsympothetic editor I sent it (which argues a distinct lack of malice in my disposition), and oh, joy! it was actually accepted. I have written many a time since, but I doubt if I have ever known again the unadulterated delight that was mine when my first insignificant check was held within my hands.

James Whitcomb Riley recently wrote to a magazine editor who had offered him a large price for a poem: "I'd like to engage to write such a poem as you outline could I see clear way to its conception. Like engagements, 'old, old centuries old,' are slowly making me honest enough with later patrons to tell them frankly that my soundest promises won't hold shucks! I mean well but seems helplessly perverse in the righteous fulfillment of all orders. By this you are most justly to infer that my poetry, however poor, is better than my word. The verse must go, therefore, as I turn it loose—first come, first served, with great liberal landscapes of allowances."

Geraldine's Letter.

MY DEAR RUTH: The new calendar of Coates college for 1890-91, lies before me. From the very attractive and life-like picture of the gounds and the main buildings on the first page to the last letter on the last page, the work of printer and engraver are perfectly done. One is impressed with the thoroughness and extent of the college course of study, its complete corps of teachers, its ideal home life, its comprehensive course in music and art, while its outline of study in the department known as Coates College Under-Forms must appeal strongly to all parents who have daughters to educate. Its department of physical culture so fully equipped, and whose importance cannot be too highly estimated, will teach how rich and honorable a thing physical life is. Everything is embraced in this calender which goes to the training and development of the highest physical and spiritual owers of woman. President Duncan is the right man in the right place. Every one has the utmost confidence in him, inspired by his superior attainments, his wonderful talents for teaching, his great executive ability, his high ideals, and his entire fitness for the position. This school fills a want which cannot, in the nature of things, be filled by any other school in the city. It is an honor to us, and each one should feel a personal interest in its success. This year the college has introduced a new feature which is a most commendable one. President Duncan has sent out circulars to the pastors and officers of every church and mission in the city both Protestant and Catholic, which proposes to give free instruction for the year '90-91, except in music and art, to any young woman who shall be nominated upon the following conditions:

1. That you agree, in general, as to the nominee's moral excellence and as to her ordinarily good health.
2. That to your certain knowledge and by common censent, the parents or guardians of your nominee are unable to pay what such a year's course would cost in Coates college—$45.00.
3. That you have reason to believe that the young woman is capable of a good degree of cultivation.
4. That you select, if at all possible, a graduate of the city High school. After this the next choice of the college is a pupil just ready for the High school.
5. That such pupil and her parents agree that she follow the counsel of the college faculty as to her course of study.
6. That regularity of atteudance and Christian endeavor to do right be the only cost to pupil—save her books.
7. That when your nominee is selected and has accepted this offer, you fill out and return the black below, which blank, properly filled out, shall be the nominee's credentials of membership in the college classes.

English people seem to grow more and more astonished as they more fully realize the wonderful feat of Miss Fawcett, the Newnham college girl who beat the senior wrangler at Cambridge. The senior wrangler I find out is a very important person in English society. He goes down to London with a sort of halo around his head, and is launched into professional life with a great flourish of trumpets, and then is watched ever after to see if his subsequent career fulfills the promise of his start. It is said that of all Macauley's remarkable feats of memory, there was none of which he was so proud as that he could repeat the names of all the senior wrangler's through a long period. This triumph of Miss Fawcetts' is perhaps more of a surprise, because women's difficulties even in elementary arithmetic, have given rise to many a joke from the opposite sex (entre nous Ruthie, do you count your fingers when you add.) The severity of the examination for the honor of senior wrangler—by the way I do not approve of the name wrangler—is so great I wonder anybody ever passes it. It is one of the severest tests to which a student is ever subjected. He has to soar up into the empyreal region of mathematics, into a region so high the young seldom ever enter at all, and but few of the professional veterans. So you see this was a first-class triumph. Once upon a time there was a girl who was eighth wrangler, which event startled society not a little, but it remained for Miss Fawcett to beat the senior wrangler in a trial of strength in the field where the masculine mind was always supposed to be supreme, where it felt perfectly sure of its own superiority. I would like a photograph of Miss Fawcett. I have the most profound reverence for a mathmatician, for reasons which I shall not mention.

Who that has listened to Emma Juch, will soon forget the spell she cast over them with her beautiful voice, her pretty face and her winsome ways. She celebrated her twenty-eighth birthday on the Fouth of July, and was the recipient of many handsome presents from admirers in various parts of this country, and from across the water as well. Her business managers, Messrs. Locke and Davis gave her fourteen elegant volumes on costumes. She is in greater demand than any other singer just now. She will open seven new opera houses during the seasons of '90-91. She is said to be learning six new operas in which she will appear next season. Beside this work she is superintending thirty new costumes, among which is a superb Juliet dress which will be a marvel of the embroiders art. What a lovely Juliet she will make too. She is sitting for a life size oil portrait. The scene is from Faust, and the name of the picture, "I Love You." It is the garden scene, and she is Marguarite at the window of the cottage.

A paragraph in an Eastern paper says that James Whitcomb Riley's poem for the Hendricks memorial day in Indianapolis, may have pleased his Hoosier friends, but his admirers in the east ask better things than the stanzas closing with

"Fixed as thy monument, towering above—
Ay, and outwearing it,
All time declaring it—
Bronze shall not outbear not the legends of love."

Mr. Riley's Hoosier friends knew that it was not good poetry, but considering the scant material which the occasion offered they think he did fairly well. If it had been Governor Morton's statue, he would have written in heroic measure. Plenty of material there—patriotism, heroism, sentiment, unflinching loyalty, every thing. But, my dear, circumstances alter cases.

GERALDINE.

SAUCE FROM OTHER SANCTUMS.

Philadelphia Times: An additional reason for claiming the cyclone as our greatest national air is that it seldom fails to bring down the house.

Atchison Globe: When the Lord made shade the devil invented loafers.

Chicago Post: If a man and a half drink an original package and a half in one hour and a half, how long will it take three men to see a sea serpent?

Philadelphia Times: A tax on hides is a part of a skin game.

Milwaukee Journal: When a person grows weary of well-doing look out for a brilliant spurt in the opposite direction.

Pittsburg Cronicle: If Mr. Stanley and his wife ever quarrel it is quite possible that they will carry the war into Africa.

New Orleans Picayune: Very many people who are taking in summer boarders are people who have seen better days and lived better. So have their boarders.

South Bend Tribune: In the life of recent events it would be well for Louisiana to have her name changed to Lotteryana.

Boston Post: It is a strange fact that the first apple was eaten by the first pair.

ACCORDING to the English physician capsicum (red peper) is an antidote for all forms of rheumatism and neuralgia. Soak a handful of the crushed pods in half a pint of hot water for an hour and bottle for use. Apply on linen cloth or lint covered with flannel. The application may be kept on for hours without blistering and is said to be magical in its effects. Simple and easily tried anyway.