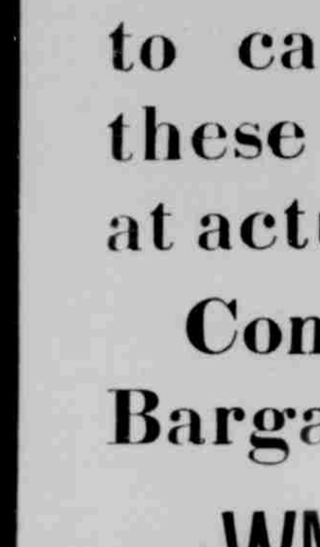
Jasper Weekly Courier.

VOL. 52. JASPER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1910. NO 18.

His Plea.



...don't look like a man who had ...for three days."
...pearances is agin me, lady; but, ...you only knowed how many ...of pants I got on."—Philadelphia

A German Dogberry.

...rmeister—What ground for sus... have you that the prisoner is the ...rer?
...table—Principally his denial of ... That's always a suspicious cir...stance.—Fliegende Blatter.

The Coming Squall.

—Woman's Home Companion.

Childhood Up to Date.

Little Harriet had broken the lid of the box in which her blocks had come. Calling her to account for it, her mother said:

"How did the box lid get broken?"

"I satted down on it when I wasn't lookin'."

"Oh, then you didn't mean to do it?"

"No, I didn't."

"Then mother will excuse you this time."

"Muvver can save herself the bovver of scusin' me," replied Harriet. "I'll scuse myself if I need scusin'. That's my own play toy I broked."—Chicago News.

It Didn't Matter.

Among the visitors to an art exhibition in Edinburgh were two old ladies from the country. They examined with great interest the statue of a young Greek, underneath which were inscribed the words, "Executed In Terra Cotta."

"Where is Terra Cotta?" asked the elder of the two, turning to her companion.

"I haven't the least idea," replied the other.

"Ah, well," observed the first speaker as they passed on, "it does not much matter. The poor man who was executed is not the less to be pitied, wherever it may be."—London Mail.

The Bird of Death.

New Guinea is the abode of the most wonderful feathered creature known to the student of ornithology—the awful rpir n'doob, or "bird of death." The venom of this bird is more deadly than that of any serpent except the cobra. In fact, no antidote for the bite of the creature is known. A wound from its beak causes excruciating pains in every part of the body, loss of sight, speech and hearing, convulsions, lockjaw and certain death.

Just Some Badinage.

Mr. Jigley—The other day I saw quite an interesting educated pig—

Miss Pert — Oh, of course! I suppose—

Mr. Jigley—Don't say it! You were going to say you suppose I looked in the glass, weren't you?

Miss Pert—Not at all. I consider you inter... ...ated. — Catholic ... ...Times.

Going Too Far.

"Yes," sighed the suburban man, who had just moved in, "at the last place I had the prettiest little garden that ever bloomed until my neighbor's chickens scratched the roots up."

"And did you kick?" asked his new acquaintance.

"You bet! I got a big tomcat that soon made mincemeat of his chickens."

"What then?"

"Why, the next I knew he had bought a ferocious bulldog to watch for my tom."

"H'm! And did that end the trouble?"

"Oh, no! I borrowed a wolf from an animal trainer to kill the bulldog."

"War to the knife, eh? What was the next chapter in the bitter feud?"

"There was none. I heard that he was about to purchase a tiger to kill my wolf, and as I couldn't afford the price of an elephant to kill his tiger I thought it best to move."

Buttermilk a Life Saver.

A French medical man advises people to drink buttermilk for long life. He says that the lactic acid dissolves every sort of earthy deposit in the blood vessels, keeping the veins and arteries so supple and free running that there can be no clogging up, and hence there is no deposit of chalky matter around the joints or of poisonous waste in the muscles. It is the stiffening and hardening of the blood vessels which bring on old age. Buttermilk is likely to postpone it ten or twenty years if freely drunk. A quart a day should be the minimum, the maximum according to taste and opportunity.

The Disturbing Telephone.

"The telephone has destroyed all the privacy of society," said the society girl. "It breaks in on everything. Nothing is sacred to it. You may be saying your prayers. The telephone. Or in the midst of your bath. The telephone. Or doing up your back hair or, worse of all, a delightful man may be making love to you, when k-ling, k-ling, k-ling! The telephone breaks off the thread of his theme and he fails to resume it."—New York Press.

ELECTRICITY.

Why It Is Difficult For the Layman to Understand What It Is.

"What is electricity?" is a favorite query with people who desire to "get a rise" out of a scientific man. And when he fails to answer it in the same simple fashion that he might treat the question "What is a biscuit?" the questioner cries out: "Aha! You profess to know all about electricity. Why, you can't even tell what it is!"

Now, to "tell what a thing is"—that is, to define it—is to state its relations with something more familiar. The particular familiar thing that the questioner is thinking of in this case is ordinary matter. Heat has been explained to him as a vibration of material particles. Light, he has been told, is a wave motion in the ether, and he understands the ether to be a kind of matter or a substance resembling matter in some particulars.

It is not to be denied that no such simple general relationship can be stated between electricity and matter. But, this being so, it would be just as correct to say that we do not know what matter is as that we do not know what electricity is. As a matter of fact, we do not know what matter is, and the latest plausible theory of it builds it up on an electric basis, so that on this theory the idea of electricity is more fundamental than that of matter. Unfortunately our senses have been evolved by contact with matter and are trained to detect only matter. Electricity they know only secondarily, through its action upon matter—the light or heat that it causes matter to give out, the attraction that it causes certain substances to exert, and so on. To the man in the street, therefore, matter is familiar, and he demands a statement of the latter in terms of the former, illogical though this may be. After the scientist has stated all this the reply comes back, "Yes, I understand all that, and it is most clear, I am sure, but tell me, then, what is electricity anyway?"

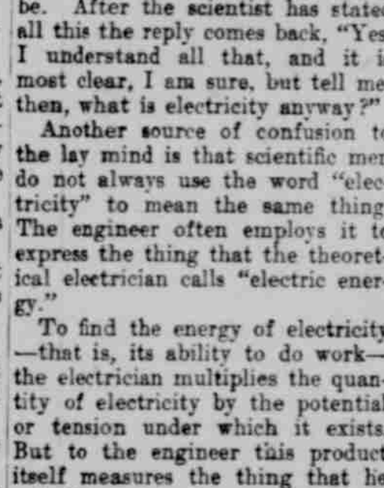
Another source of confusion to the lay mind is that scientific men do not always use the word "electricity" to mean the same thing. The engineer often employs it to express the thing that the theoretical electrician calls "electric energy."

To find the energy of electricity—that is, its ability to do work—the electrician multiplies the quantity of electricity by the potential or tension under which it exists. But to the engineer this product itself measures the thing that he calls "electricity."

The work that a pound of water may do by falling a foot is one foot pound. The water is the same after falling as before, though its energy is less. So to the electrician a quantity of electricity at 100 volts is precisely the same as at one volt, though the former is able to do a hundred times as much work.

This difference in meaning causes thousands of disputes among students. "Electricity is a form of energy," says one, "just like light or heat." "Oh, no!" is the reply. "It is not energy at all, though it may possess or convey energy." One disputant is talking about the electricity of the physical and the other about that of the engineer; hence their dispute is merely a matter of definition, though they do not know it. What wonder that some people are still content to regard the whole subject as a civilized Mumbo Jumbo?—St. Louis Republic.

A Setter.



"What kind of a dog is that, my boy?"

"It's a setter. Can't you see him set?"

VILLAINY AND NERVES.

The Rest Cure Might Have Made Nero a Harmless Faddist.

Many overwrought villains of the past, if they were alive now, would be subjected to a rest cure, which, though it could not turn them into good men, might make their villainy less irrational and dangerous. The worst tyrants of the middle ages and the renaissance, the worst Roman emperors, seem to us incomprehensible monsters of iniquity, men who did evil for the love of it. We should understand them better if we considered how likely their way of living was to disorder their nerves. No doubt Nero, even if he had been brought up in the most modern way, taught from a child to take an interest in nature and to eat only the most wholesome things, would never have been a very useful or pleasant person. But he might have been a harmless faddist or an innocent if undistinguished minor poet.

As it was, he was the master of the world, with no one to prevent him from eating and drinking what he chose or from taking whatever other unwholesome pleasure he was inclined to. No doubt he exceeded in everything and suffered from extreme irritability in consequence. Unfortunately he could indulge his irritability without restraint. If when he felt cross of a morning he ordered a senator to die, the senator did die, and he heard no more of it. Moreover, there was always fear to work upon a tyrant's nerves, and some emperors became tyrants because of that fear. Domitian was a martyr to it, though a good man of business. If he were a stockbroker of today no doubt he would worry himself incessantly about the state of the markets, and every one would pity him for his nervousness. As he was a Roman emperor, we think of him as a sinister villain, who killed men for the pleasure of it.

We often hear talk of that terrible taedium vitae from which Roman nobles suffered. We should call it nerves now, and our doctors would prescribe a strict diet and a course of golf or gardening for it. But the Roman noble did not know how to treat it. He made a feast and drank deep and fast and crowned himself with flowers and the next morning must have felt it worse than ever. But since he was a Roman noble he is a romantic figure to us and not a mere sufferer from our modern disease of overstrain.—London Times.

Says She—You are positively awkward, sir!

Says He—Yes, I know it! I seem to go at everything backward.—Philadelphia Press.

A DIAMOND STORY.

The Way a Russian Princess Disposes of Her Jewels.

A few years ago Ludwig Nissen, a well known wholesale dealer of the Maiden lane district, was in the office of a diamond merchant in London when a stranger came in and offered an unusually beautiful stone for sale. The Englishman did not care to ... But Nissen thought he ... in. But he was not willin... ...y until he learned who se... ...stone and where it had co... ... The man said he represented a friend, a woman, who did not care to have her name disclosed. The American was firm. If he could not learn the owner's name he would not buy. The stranger said he would see the woman and talk the matter over with her.

The next day he came back and took Mr. Nissen to the woman's home. She lived in a handsome apartment in one of the most fashionable quarters of the city. It turned out that she was a Russian princess who, with her husband and her daughter, had been driven from Russia for having taken part in a nihilist movement. Of all their large property they had saved only their jewels. She opened a little safe and showed the American one of the finest collections of diamonds he had ever seen. They were worth $200,000 or $300,000.

"We sell them a few at a time," she explained, "just enough of them each year to give us a living. Perhaps you will wonder why we don't sell them all and live on the interest of the money? But my husband has the gambler's spirit. The money would not last a year. So we part from them piecemeal. I estimate that there are enough of them to keep us twenty years, and I don't expect to live longer than that."

One of those diamonds forms the centerpiece of one of the most valuable necklaces in New York. A few others are sent to this country every year. In the "diamond horseshoe" at the opera there is never a night when there are not some of the jewels of the exiled princess on view.—New York Tribune.

Time, Not Space.

Mrs. Frink was a trusting soul and rarely questioned the opinions of others about matters concerning which they were supposed to be informed. One day she came home with a new pair of shoes under her arm. "Got them at Bride's," she explained, "and they're the best I ever bought you."

"What is so very good about them?" inquired her son, for whom the shoes were intended.

"Why, the salesman said that you could walk farther in them than in any others without getting tired, and I said that you couldn't walk very far just now on account of your knee, you know, and he said that he meant farther for the same distance. So I bought them, and here they are. Save the string, please."

She did not notice the smile on her son's face as he undid the package, and he was spared the trouble of explaining.—Youth's Companion.

His One Chance.

Mother (coming swiftly)—Why, Willie! Striking your little sister!

Willie (doggedly)—Aunt Frostface made me.

Aunt Frostface—Why, Willie, I said if you did strike her I would never kiss you again.

Willie (still dogged) — Well, I couldn't let a chance like that slip.

He Meant Well.

Harold—Will you take my seat, lady?—Ally Sloper.