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ENGLAND'S SACRED BEAST.

Unwritten Law Against Shooting Even Hen Eating Foxes.

Down in the country the other day there was a village sensation in which I was called upon to adjudicate for the farmers assembled in the parlor of the only village inn," writes the London correspondent of "Town and Country." "One of their number had shot a fox which had pecked about among the fowls for many nights that fowl keeping was becoming a risky business."

"The ordinary farmer does not regard a greedy beast and kill for the mere pleasure of the thing, and the hunt does not always pay up promptly. So here was a fine point in sporting etiquette to be settled. The farmer had shot a fox. He did not deny it. In fact, he preferred to throw out his chest with pride, as if in defiance of all the unwritten laws of British sport."

"Now, custom from time immemorial has decreed that the fox shall be as safe from gun and trap as if he were sacred. He belongs to the hounds and must be allowed to roam through the covers and farmyards at will, devouring what may happen in his way. Custom, too, demands that the hunt shall pay the damages. The hunt generally pays, though in innumerable cases the secretary is well aware that he is being swindled."

"But this particular farmer said he had hunted for many years himself and had never made a claim for lost hens. A year or two ago, however, a fox had paid a nocturnal visit to his fowl yard and had played havoc with the feathered denizens. A night or two after it happened again. A third time the fox came around and made a most deplorable mess of a lot of fine Wyandottes and some expensive Buff Orpingtons."

"Then the farmer wrote to the hunt secretary and asked for damages. The reply was that the claim would be attended to shortly, and at Christmas the settlement came in the form of—a ham. Thereupon the farmer declared war on all foxes and killed them ruthlessly. And this was the point which puzzled the farmers on Saturday night."

"Jim Crawford shot a fox last year," said one of the men, "and no good has come to him since. It ain't lucky and it ain't sportsmanlike. Let 'em kill your hens. That's what they are there for, and if one hunt secretary is mean there are a hundred who are generous."

"There you have it. Sport is sport and its rules are adamant. It must, however, be put to the credit of British hunt clubs that they spend millions of pounds a year in England, Wales and Ireland for the upkeep of the sport."

"Think of the hunters that are bred and sold annually, the packs of hounds, the huntsmen, the stable people, the dozens of hangers on who make a living out of it! Without the hounds certain districts of England would be depopulated. Leicestershire and the midland counties would be almost impoverished if a law were suddenly put in force to make an end to the rich man's pastime. Country houses in nonhunting districts may be had almost for the price of a cottage in Leicestershire, whereas in the Quorn and Pychley country a country house is as expensive, if not more so, than a London mansion. Instead of diminishing, hunting has grown in popular favor."

The Chinese.

The Chinese invented printing, they invented gunpowder, they invented the mariner's compass.

The farmers of China were the first to hatch eggs by means of incubators, and the fishermen of China were the first to hatch fish spawns artificially. Artesian wells are of Chinese origin.

The penal code of China is thousands of years old, and thousands of years old is the Chinese civil service examination that western civilization has at last adopted.

When George Washington's ancestors wandered in the wet, cold woods of Britain, their naked and shivering chests painted blue, the Chinaman, dressed in splendid silks, lounged in a palace, on a chair of carved teakwood and marble, reading philosophy and drinking from cups of painted porcelain tea of exquisite flavor.

AN ENGLISH BLIZZARD.

It Took a Regiment of Soldiers to Clear the Roads in 1836.

There was a certain Hercules engine which cut a noble figure in the English blizzard of 1836.

To appreciate the role played by the Hercules engine, it is necessary to give an account of the storm and other methods of travel. A fourteen-horse engine was used to haul a train of 600 to clear the way.

Amidst a sea buried so deep that it took men, principally sappers and miners, several hours to make a passage to the coach and resume the mails and passengers, while near Chatham the snow lay to a depth of thirty or forty feet, the military being turned out to the number of 600 to clear the way.

In London the drifts were ten feet deep, and hundreds of men and carts were employed hauling snow out to the fields in the suburbs. The markets were in a bad way. One day only four stall holders were able to reach a main market. Grocers which a few days before the storm were being sold for threepence a bunch at market now fetched from tenpence to a shilling, turnips, carrots and celery becoming equally dear, while penny handfuls of parsley realized 2s. 6d., and the happy possessor of a bunch which he had previously purchased for ninepence realized for his prize no less a sum than £1 0s. 3d.

Amid all this confusion the pioneer railways covered themselves with glory by running trains almost without interruption. There was a deep cutting on one line where the snow had drifted badly, and great numbers of people turned out to see how the Hercules engine would get along. They imagined, of course, that she would be stopped, but to their astonishment the engine dashed right into the drift, "clearing her way through apparently without the slightest difficulty, the snow at the same time flying over the top of the engine chimney like foam from the broken wave of a violent sea, and notwithstanding obstructions the train came down from Greenhead (twenty miles) in one hour and a quarter." — London Queen.

The Earth's Surface.

The surface of the earth can be compared to the top of a barrel of asphalt, hard and rigid through and through, seamed and cracked on the surface by the elements. For ten miles in a straight line below the surface the earth is probably dry and hard, of a rock substance. The pressure of this substance upon the heated center of the earth keeps it from getting hotter than it is, just as you can keep water from boiling by an appropriately sufficient pressure. The fact that there is steam in volcanic eruptions is the leakage of the interior pressure of heat in the earth. The character of matter in the center of the earth or its immediate environment must be something like porous stone—spongy, porous, light—because when the earth's interior matter is melted in the high temperatures that are there it dissolves, and there is considerable water in it that escapes through volcanic craters in steam. —Professor Hallock, Columbia University.

Domestic Philosophy.



Husband—A man doesn't know what happiness is till he's married!
Wife—I'm glad you've found that out at last!
Husband—Yes, and then it's too late!
Hester Welt.
She—Never mind, dear, bald heads are like kind words.
He—How's that?
She—They can never dye.—Half Hob Day.

SPRING.



The vale is green, the skys are bright,
The lillies of the valley white
'Neath primrose blossoms hover;
And every day the meadows gay,
More gaily paint their cover.

Then come and greet the Spring with mirth,
Rejoicing in the beauteous earth
And God's protection tender,
Who in his might spreads this delight,
And clothes the flowers in splendor.

Bright as the Fire.

When Crewe Hall was burning the late Lord Crewe, father of the present earl, displayed a humorous equanimity which St. James' Budget deems worthy of preservation in print.

When the historic mansion, with its works of art, rare manuscripts, armor and other treasures, was blazing away Lord Crewe ordered a footman to pass a table on the lawn and bring him an inkstand and some telegraph forms. He then sat down and composedly wrote this telegram to Street, the Royal academy:

"Dear Street—Crewe is burning. Come and build it up again."

To his sister he sent another message by wire:

"You always used to say this was a cold house. You wouldn't say so if you could see it now."

Impatient.

"Well, if that ain't the limit!" mused the postman as he came down the steps of a private residence.

"What's the trouble?" queried the passing citizen, who had overheard the postman's noisy thought.

"Why," explained the man in gray, "the woman in that house says if I don't come along earlier she'll get her letters from some other carrier." — Chicago News.

Good News For the Editor.

When they strike my muse take flight I shall be needed; I cannot write.

Such was the refrain of the budding poet's latest production, and when it reached the hands of the weary editor, who had been bombarded by bushels of unavailable outpourings from the same source, he promptly sent it back, with the following terse and businesslike indorsement:

"Glad to hear it! Keep Kitt right on the job! Any time she strikes for higher wages let us know, and I will make up the difference myself rather than have her stop." — New York Times.

His Favorite Game Bird.

At a dinner one day, says a writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, some men were discussing the merits of different kinds of game birds. One preferred canvas-back duck, another woodcock, and still another thought a quail the most delicious article of food. The discussion and the dinner ended at about the same time.

"Now, Frank," said one of the men to the waiter at his elbow, "what kind of game do you like best?"

"Well, suh, to tell the truf, almost any kind of game suits me, but what I like best is an American eagle served on a silver dollar."

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

Politeness to Opponents and Even the Street Beggars.

From what we saw and from what happened to us I made up a page of Spanish etiquette. It is probably not correct, but I offer it as the result of our experiences. Other people may have had different impressions. If you are of the female sex never wear a short skirt, a sailor or English walking hat unless you are willing to have people stare at you and sometimes call after you. If you have red hair dye it or be prepared to be saluted as "Rubia." Never bow to a man unless he lifts his hat first. If you are a man you may dress as an Englishman, an operatic tenor or a chorus singer from Carmen without exciting remark. Never wear glasses. If you are blind take a dog on a string. When you sit down at the table or arise always bow and say, "Buenas." This is imperative. You may jostle people without apology, but never speak to any one without saying "your grace," be he noble, friend or beggar. "Will your grace do me the favor to bring me my coffee at 9 o'clock tomorrow?" would strike an American bellboy with dismay. But it is the literal translation of the Spanish request. Never tell a beggar to clear out, but say that you have left your purse at home and that you will remember him tomorrow or gently murmur that God will reward him, whereat he will smile, thank you and depart.

These same beggars, who spring up on every side, seem to have a code of etiquette we could not fathom. After two or three days there were a few who begged only from me, two or three others who begged Jean. Evidently we were understood to be the patrons of certain beggars who out of a crowd of mendicants were the only ones to approach us who would take their dole with thanks or if we said "tomorrow" would smilingly back away at once.

A trip into Spain ought to mean more than sketches of life as we saw it in a single city. Yet it was our pleasure to linger on in Madrid, with the exception of three days spent in Toledo and the Escorial, for the whole of our two months' holiday, and to return direct to Paris without seeing any of the southern country, so beloved by other tourists. So can any one wonder that to us Spain means Madrid, the city of marvelous contrasts? — E. C. Allen in Outlook.

Says Sue—You are positively awfully nice!
Says Ho—Yes, I know it! I seem to go at everything backward.—Philadelphia Press.

On the Links.



Mr. Timot (teaching a friend golf)—Before I go any further let me him press upon you, old man, that hevery think is in the way you stand!

Conditional.



"Will you be a good girl now that I've bought you that pretty muff?"
"Yes, ma; but if you wants me to be a real angel just buy me a bon and fur lined coat to go with it." — New York World.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Date of the First Agreement Among New York's Brokers.

In the early part of March, 1792, the first notice was printed of the opening of a stock exchange office at 82 Wall street by A. L. Bleecker & Sons, J. Pintard, McEvers & Barclay, Cortlandt & Terrors and Jay & Sutton. These several firms held auctions of stock each day at noon, selling in rotation to insure equal opportunities for each other.

Some of the broker specialists resented such a restricted organization, and on March 21 a meeting was called of the dissatisfied brokers for purposes of protection, and a committee was appointed to provide a suitable room in which to assemble and to suggest such rules and regulations for conducting their business as the committee deemed necessary. The final result of this meeting, says Moody's Magazine, was the first signed agreement among dealers in securities, the oldest record now in the archives of the New York Stock Exchange. The agreement reads as follows:

"We, the Subscribers, Brokers for the purchase and Sale of Public Stock, do hereby solemnly promise and pledge ourselves to each other, that we will not buy or sell from this day, for any person whatsoever, any kind of Public Stock at a less rate than one-quarter per cent commission on the specie value, and that we will give a preference to each other in our negotiations. In Testimony Whereof we have set our hands this 17th day of May, at New York, 1792."

This organization had no local habitation for conducting exchange business. Like the curb brokers today, transactions were carried on in the open air at a point between the present numbers of 68 and 70 Wall street, under a famous old buttonwood tree that stood there with widespread branches, which protected them from the sun's rays and ordinarily inclement weather.

Business in those days was not rushing, and there was an air of leisure and quiet about the gathering. Securities were not active enough to employ all the time of the brokers, so between times betting on the results of domestic and foreign political controversies and dealing in merchandise were included.

The first inside quarters of the exchange were secured in 1793, when the Tontine coffee house, at the northwest corner of Wall and William streets, was completed. The old buttonwood tree was abandoned, and the dignity of the brokers' organization was elevated by the change. The Tontine coffee house was controlled by a chartered company composed of 203 subscribers at \$200 each, organized as a merchants' exchange.

The dealers in securities and the merchants were all jumbled up together, and at times when trading was brisk there was wild excitement and shouts that would have done credit to a band of Comanche Indians. No constitution for a stock exchange was adopted until 1817, when the New York stock and exchange board was formally organized and a constitution adopted. Nathaniel Prime was appointed president and John Bunson secretary.

The Manager Was Cute.

The crowd swayed toward the manager of the open air show.

"What did you mean by advertising that tight rope walker?" cried the spokesman.

"Just what I said," replied the unabashed manager.

"But the rope was laid on the ground," cried the spokesman, "and your fraud of a rope walker just walked on it a step or two! Do you call that tight rope walking?"

"Certainly!" shouted the manager. "The man was tight, wasn't he?" — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Wonder.

"You love long rambles in the country?" asked the girl in the white sweater.

"Yes, indeed," responded the young man in the green hat with the purple band and buckled shoes. "When I go out in the country all nature seems to smile."

"Gracious! I don't blame her. It is a wonder she doesn't laugh outright." — Kansas City Independent.