

Jasper Weekly Courier

VOL. 58.

JASPER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1916,

No. 45.

CENTENNIAL AIR IN STATE FAIR

Will Show Height of Farm Achievements In 100 Years.

OFFER \$64,135 IN PREMIUMS

Big Centennial Spectacle Takes Place of Night Horse Show Week of Sept. 4.

The Indiana state fair for the week of Sept. 4 is to have a distinctive centennial flavor. One of the outstanding features is to be the historical spectacle which will be given on an immense scale of splendor each evening and which will vividly portray the picturesque phases of Indiana history. The manufacturers who will make displays have been asked by the fair management to give a centennial flavor to their exhibits by showing the evolution that has been made in farm machinery. But where the state fair does not delve into history, it will show the heights which the agricultural and live stock resources of Indiana have reached at the close of the first 100 years.

Following the historic spectacle, a lavish display of fireworks commemorative of the centennial year will be given. The spectacle and fireworks will be the great demonstration of the year.

Although the fair will have the greatest array of attractions in its history, the coming exposition will continue to emphasize educational features of especial value to farm people, for it is upon the expansion of farm knowledge that the fair has been built its enduring foundations.

There will be no night horse show at the coming fair, it having given way for the centennial spectacle. But the day horse shows will hold increased interest and importance for visitors. The fair offers a total of \$35,124 in prizes on horses; \$27,000 of it for trotting and pacing purses; \$4,075 for draft horses; \$2,400 for light harness contests, and \$800 for ponies. Three medals and two silver cups will also be awarded.

As the cattle resources of Indiana increase from year to year, these shows at the Hoosier fair grow in magnitude and splendor. The total cattle premiums amount to \$11,289, of which \$3,965 is on beef breeds and the remainder on dairy cattle.

The premiums in other departments are: \$7,000, \$3,179; swine, \$4,297; poultry, \$2,180; agriculture, \$2,011; horticulture, \$987; flowers and plants, \$1,112; bees and honey, \$204; table luxuries, \$443; fine arts, \$2,188; dairy products, \$337; horse judging contest, \$250; cow judging contest, \$250; boys' and girls' exhibits, \$100. The total premiums for the fair amount to \$52,500.

Right She Wix



"They tell me your husband draws a salary for sleep!"
"Sure, that's right, Mrs. Claggy. He's a night watchman."—New York World.

Yearning For Light

"When it comes to consuming gas in large quantities blind people can beat their seeing brethren all hollow," said an inspector of the gas company. "I know two families where both husband and wife are blind. Every jet is turned on full tilt in their homes at night and is kept going at that rate clear up to 12 o'clock. Light and darkness are all the same to the afflicted ones, but they insist upon illumination brilliant enough for a reception. And that quantity of light is not a white waste in these two couples. Many a man and woman that way. They insist upon the best and in all respects the same as the seeing people. It is a pity for the strange thing that they do for the

Strenuous Fatalism.
Old Abe Cruger lived in New England in the days of Indian warfare. He was a fatalist of a pronounced type. Nevertheless he would not venture forth without his blunderbuss. One day he had an important errand, but the blunderbuss, when he came to get it, was missing from the rack made of antlers where it always hung. Some one of his family had taken it. Abe sat down to wait till it was brought back.

"But, Abe, I thought you were a fatalist?" said a friend.
"So I am," the old man answered.

"Then why bother about your blunderbuss?" taunted the friend.
"You are in no danger from the Indians, since you can't possibly die till your time comes."

"Yes," said the old man, "but suppose I was to meet an Indian and his time had come. It wouldn't do for me not to have my blunderbuss, would it?"

Disenchanted.

"Yes," she admitted, with a sad little sigh, "there was a time when I thought him the grandest man in the world—when I fancied that nothing could ever make me cease to love him."

"Well," her friend replied, "I suppose we are all doomed to these disenchanting experiences. We have only to become acquainted with a man to discover that he is not the god we had supposed him to be."

"But it wasn't becoming acquainted with him that destroyed my ideal. I am sure that I could still think him splendid if I had never seen him in riding breeches."—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Introduction.

Harry was walking with another boy when he was joined by a friend a year or so older and inclined to manners.

"Introduce me, Harry," the newcomer whispered pompously.
Harry twisted, reddened and at last turned to his companion with, "Jim, have you ever seen Gilbert Spencer?"

"No," the other boy answered.
"Well," Harry blurted out, reddening still more and jerking one thumb over his shoulder toward the newcomer, "that's him!"—Lippincott.

PURDUE'S DISPLAYS IN THREE BUILDINGS

University Will Outdo Former Educational Work at Fair.

Purdue university will at the coming state fair outdo any of its former educational efforts at the exposition, where for many years it has been a force among farm men and women in helping them make "short cuts" to greater results in their home work. Heretofore the twenty-five or more farm experts and the big exhibits from Purdue university have been in one building at the fair. At the coming fair this same building will again be occupied, and in addition the big Studebaker and Oliver pavilions, two of the largest on the ground, will be necessary to house the educational work from Purdue. The main Purdue building will be given over entirely to the university's poultry exhibit.

The Studebaker pavilion will be occupied by the exhibits of the county farm agents in which they will show the many lines of educational work they are doing in the rural districts. One of the greatest educational features of the fair will be shown by the Purdue experts in the Oliver pavilion. It will include the immense Indiana agricultural exhibit which was displayed at the Panama-Pacific exposition last year, where it won world-wide attention. It will include the greatest collection of corn ever assembled, which won gold medals over all of the world's best corn shown at San Francisco. Indiana's importance as a poultry and fruit state, and other lines of interest to the farmer will be included.

In the Oliver pavilion, too, will be the Purdue home economics exhibit, and the displays will be much larger than has been seen at former fairs. Home furnishings, foods, cooking, home conveniences, labor saving devices and child welfare will be featured in this department.

The Purdue experts will also have charge of the annual boys' judging contest in which free scholarships will be held at the fair on Tuesday, Sept. 5.

YOU SHOULD WORRY, WOODROW!



Copyright 1916

—Portland Eastern Argus

TRICK SHOOTING.

The Way Some of the Stage Feats Are Accomplished.

When a champion rifle shot fires blindfolded at a wedding ring or a penny held between his wife's thumb and finger or seated back to her shoots, by means of a mirror, at an apple upon her head or on a fork held in her teeth, the danger of using a bullet is obvious. None, of course, is needed. The explosion is enough. The apple is already prepared, having been cut into pieces and stuck together with an adhesive substance, and a thread with a knot at the end, pulled through it from the "wings," so that it flies to bits when the gun is fired, is "how it is done."

Generally the more dangerous a feat appears the more carefully is all danger guarded against. In the "William Tell" act the thread is often tied to the assistant's foot. When, again, the ash is shot off a cigar which the assistant is smoking a piece of wire is pushed by his tongue through a hollow passage in the cigar, thus thrusting off the ash at the moment of firing.

A favorite but simple trick is the shooting from some distance at an orange held in a lady's hand. Great applause is invariably forthcoming when the bullet drops out on her cutting open the fruit. It is inserted by hand earlier in the evening.

Another popular trick is that of snuffing out lighted candles. Half a dozen are placed in front of a screen, in which as many small holes are bored, one against each candle wick. At the moment of firing a confederate behind the screen sharply blows out each candle with a pair of bellows.

In most instances where a ball or other object has to be broken on a living person's head blank cartridge is used and the effect produced by other means. A special wig with a spring concealed in it worked by a wire under the clothes is generally used, the confederate manipulating the spring simultaneously with the firing of the rifle. As the ball is of extremely thin glass, a mere touch suffices to shatter it.

In these exhibitions some of the rifle "experts" invite gentlemen from the audience to testify that the weapon is indeed loaded. The cartridge shown looks very well, but it is a shell of thin wax blackened to resemble a leaden bullet. It would not hurt a fly.—London Tit-Bits.

Bruce's Mother.

The inspector was examining standard 1, and all the class had been specially told beforehand by their master, "Don't answer unless you are almost certain your answer is correct."

History was the subject.
"Now, tell me," said the inspector, "who was the mother of our great Scottish hero, Robert Bruce?"

He pointed to the top boy, then around the class. There was no answer. Then at last the heart of the teacher of that class leaped with joy. The boy who was standing at the very foot had held up his hand.

"Well," my boy, said the inspector encouragingly, "who was she?"

"Please, sir, Mrs. Bruce."

Why He Bolted.

At one of the London clubs one evening Mr. Montagu Williams met Lord —, who had just lost his father. The young lord was naturally melancholy, and the lawyer proposed visiting a theater opposite, which proposition was accepted. There was a slight fire in the theater, whereupon the young lord was among the first to bolt, "like a rabbit," out of the building. Returning leisurely to the club, Mr. Williams found there his young friend quietly smoking a cigar.

"What on earth made you bolt that way? You seemed frightened out of your wits (not a difficult matter perhaps). Don't you know that on such an occasion if everybody got up and rushed out a panic would ensue, with very likely fatal consequences? Why on earth couldn't you sit still, as I did? There was nothing serious the matter." Upon this, with the most patronizing air, the young gentleman replied, "Oh, yes, that's very well for you, but you've not just succeeded to a peerage and £20,000 a year."

Not Taking Chances.



Mrs. Hippo—Oh, Mr. Monk, I would just love to see how much I weigh!
Mr. Monk—One moment, please. I want to see if I have the price of a new scale.—Philadelphia Press.

The Nature of the Beast.

Mrs. Gunson was entertaining a visitor when Nora appeared at the door of the drawing room.

"Please, mum, will yez tell me what yez want done wid th' oyster shells yez left from lunch?" she inquired.

"I want them thrown away, of course," replied Mrs. Gunson.

"Yis, mum. But Oi didn't know where to throw them," replied Nora. "Do they be ashes or jarbridge?"—Judge.

"MY NAME IS ADVERTISING"

I tell Courier readers what to buy and where to buy to the best advantage. Merchants who are using me are prosperous, always. They never complain of no business. Those who have never become acquainted with me should seek an introduction, NOW.

MY NAME IS "PRINTING"

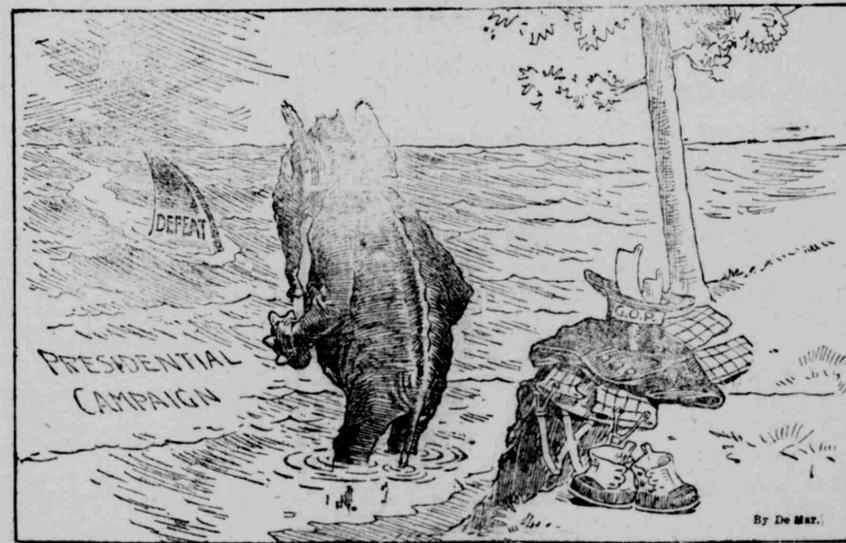
(Otherwise Known as Job Work)
The Courier printing will please you. Under this head you may get anything from calling cards to posters. Let us estimate your next printing job.

My Name Is "Newspaper"

And I tell you all about things that happened in Jasper and Dubois County. I am a crackerjack on news. My pages are chuck full of interesting things, and my editorial page is an education in itself.

Weekly \$1.50 Per Year.

A SHARK INFESTED LOCALITY.



By De Mar.

—Philadelphia Record.