

JASPER COURIER

By Ben Ed Doane.

JASPER, DUBOIS COUNTY, INDIANA

Entered at the Postoffice at Jasper, Ind. for transmission through the mail as second class matter.



Subscription \$1.50 Per Year.

This paper is mailed regularly to its subscribers until a definite order to discontinue is received and all arrears paid in full; unless in the discretion of the publisher a different course should be deemed advisable.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1914.

Pet Pup or Bull Dog

"We are to have with us Friday night and Saturday night, a large number of southern Indiana publishers. They are a peculiar set. The reason why is that they have a peculiar lot. Not often very popular but usually about the broadest men in their community. This they must bear down. Each week they must greet the community in black and white which can not be erased, the doings of the county in which they are published. The local editor sees more of the frailties of the human race than any other individual. He sees and looks beyond. He must see more littleness than any other individual in the community, the nature of his business makes it so. With all this he must be and usually is, big enough and broad enough, to look beyond the petty jealousies and narrownesses of his associates. He holds no malice. He is maligned and accused of all sorts of things for he is a public servant who comes squarely before the public gaze each week. This is the sort of a man we have in our midst this week. Great him and make him feel welcome. He is a big human being that will appreciate, like your pet dog, a kindly pat upon the head and will rise up and call you blessed."—Al Hueing in Winslow Dispatch.

The versatile editor of the Dispatch may class himself and members of the P. P. L. as "pet pups" if he likes, that is a matter of taste. With the exception of a few fawners who lick the spittle of temporary great men to be appointed to some office, most of the publishers of Dubois county lead too strenuous a life. "Pet pups" would starve, they are compelled to belong to the bull dog breed or die.

Indiana State Tax Ass'n.

Will meet at Indianapolis Dec. 1 and 2. Governor Samuel M. Ralston is to preside at the opening session and the program carries the names of the officials and some of the best known men in the state, as well as men of national repute. This is sufficient to give assurance that the conference is called not in behalf of any one interest, but to furnish a forum for discussion and thought on this vital subject.

Governor Ralston is also naming delegates from each of the thirteen congressional districts. Cities, townships, and counties and, also, various kinds of state associations, are naming delegates.

"Wanted, a home for a Hen"

"Wanted, a home for a hen." Put an advertisement to that effect in the paper and see how many people are now willing, even anxious, to provide a pleasant home to a capable, industrious hen.

A year ago lots of them would have turned up their noses at the idea. It takes harsh words between William of Germany and George of England to make some Americans appreciate the economic value of the humble hen.

The United States of America, with its millions of square miles of farm lands, has been caught in the act of importing eggs. Not many, it is true, but importing eggs nevertheless. Shades of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and a few other common sense Americans, forbid!

But the egg incident is after all only an incident. There are many other things which we have been buying abroad that can be produced at home most profitably. Ten minutes' inquiry will develop a number of small manufactured articles, previously imported, for which some line of American industry is in need.

The opportunities for many new, small businesses are innumerable. Equal opportunities await our large industries in duplicating articles formerly purchased from abroad.

America's avenues for profit through the war now being waged are many. The time is ripe to be up and doing.—Furniture Journal. Copyrighted.

Northern Indiana Backing Fred L. Feick For Speakership.

DeKalb County man given largest vote in history of the County for Representative.

That Fred L. Feick will be Speaker of the 1915 Indiana House of Representatives is more than a possibility. He is one of the strongest men elected to the General Assembly of the State, and has a large following among the Representatives elected. His experience with past Legislatures, and his wide acquaintance with prominent men throughout the State will make him an influential factor in the race. Since his election, influential friends over the State have been active in promoting his candidacy, and it is predicted that northern Indiana Representatives will unite on him. They are laying claim to the Speakership this year, and are putting up the argument that Mason J. Niblack has been honored twice by his Party for Speakership, and he should, therefore, be out of the race. Thomas Honan from Seymour, Indiana elected Speaker in 1909, A. J. Veneman from Evansville in 1911, and Homer Cook from Indianapolis in 1913 shows that the central and southern parts of the State have been well represented.

DISTANCE OF THE STARS.

How Astronomers Get About the Task of Measuring It.

With the exception of a hundred stars at most, we know nothing of the distances of the individual stars. What is the cause of this state of things? It is owing to the fact that we have two eyes that we are enabled not only to perceive the direction in which external objects are situated, but to get an idea of their distance, to localize them in space. But this power is rather limited. For distances exceeding some hundreds of yards it utterly fails. The reason is that the distance between the eyes as compared with the distance to be evaluated becomes too small. Instruments have been devised by which the distance between the eyes is, as it were, artificially increased. With a good instrument of this sort distances of several miles may be evaluated. For still greater distances we may imagine each eye replaced by a photographic plate. Even this would be quite sufficient for one of the heavenly bodies—viz, for the moon.

At one and the same moment let a photograph of the moon and the surrounding stars be taken both at the Cape observatory and at the Royal observatory at Greenwich. Placing the two photographs side by side in the stereoscope, we shall clearly see the moon "hanging in space" and may evaluate its distance.

But for the sun and the nearest planets, our next neighbors in the universe after the moon, the difficulty recommences.

The reason is that any available distance on the earth, taken as eye distance, is rather small for the purpose. However, owing to incredible perseverance and skill of several observers and by substituting the most refined measurement for stereoscopic examination, astronomers have succeeded in overcoming the difficulty for the sun. I think we may say that at present we know its distance to within a thousandth part of its amount. Knowing the sun's distance, we get that of all the planets by a well known relation existing between the planetary distances.

But now for the fixed stars, which must be hundreds of thousands of times farther removed than the sun. There evidently can be no question of any sufficient eye distance on earth. Meanwhile our success with the sun has provided us with a new eye distance, 24,000 times greater than any possible eye distance on earth, for now that we know the distance at which the earth travels in its orbit around the sun we can take the diameter of its orbit as our eye distance. Photographs taken at periods six months apart will represent the stellar world as seen from points the distance between which is already best expressed in the time it would take light to travel. The time would be about sixteen minutes.

However, even this distance, immense as it is, is, on the whole, inadequate for obtaining a stereoscopic view of the stars. It is only in quite exceptional cases that photographs on a large scale—that is, obtained by the aid of big telescopes—show any stereoscopic effect for fixed stars. By accurate measurement of the photos we may perhaps get somewhat beyond what we can attain by the simple stereoscopic inspection. As we said a moment ago, astronomers have not succeeded in this way in determining the distance of more than a hundred stars in all.—Scientific American.

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 tomat 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."

Caught.

In Philadelphia they tell a story of a man whose wife had arranged an "authors' evening" and persuaded her reluctant husband to remain at home and help her receive the fifty guests who were asked to participate in this intellectual feast.

The first author was dull enough, but the second was worse. Moreover, the rooms were intolerably warm. So, on pretense of letting in some cool air, the unfortunate host escaped to the hall, where he found a servant comfortably asleep on the settee.

"Wake up!" sternly commanded the Philadelphian in the man's ear. "Wake up, I say! You must have been listening at the keyhole!"—Harper's Magazine.

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The Courier advertisers are letting down the price bars into the field of bargains.

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We know of a number of families who are regular readers of the Courier but are not subscribers, they borrow the paper from their neighbors. We are glad to know that the Courier is thus appreciated, but why not subscribe? The price is small and we would appreciate having these names on our mailing list.

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The wily insects said;

"We do not care to waste our time

In places that are dead."—Ex.

Our Sympathy.

Is always extended to those in distress, but we have no sympathy to waste on the man who borrows his neighbor's paper when he can have one of his own at a mere nominal expense. Your home paper stands for your interests and the interests of your home town. It deserves your moral and financial support. If you are not a member of our family of readers you should begin now by sending in your subscription.

This office is prepared to do any and all kind of job printing. Give us a call.

The Black Sheep.
"What," asked the man who had returned to his native town after an absence of many years, "became of Ed Ferguson?"
"Ed? Oh, he's doin' fine. Got the best livery stable anywhere around here and runs the depot back."

"Let's see! He had a younger brother, hadn't he?"

"Yes—Lem. He never amounted to much. Wrote poetry and painted pictures. I guess the family kind of disowned him. At least he went away several years ago, and I dunno what ever became of him."—Chicago Tribune.

Real Cause of Baldness.
Coming in from East Liberty on a train were two men who apparently were old acquaintances and who met in a jovial mood. Both men were quite gray, but each had a luxuriant head of hair. Near then sat a stout party with a shining dome that was almost destitute of hirsute covering.

The two friends exchanged facetious remarks about silvered locks, then indulged in some pleasantries about the "thinning of the thatch," with casual references to doorknobs and billiard balls, much to the amusement of the passengers, but to the evident discomfiture of the baldheaded man.

The talk finally developed into an argument on the cause of baldness, and after considerable jocularity the pair turned to the pearly pated stranger, and one said:

"My friend and I have been discussing the cause of baldness, but we can't seem to agree. Would you mind telling us what you regard as the real cause of baldness?"

The stranger wheeled about, eyed his questioners fiercely and snorted.

"Brains!"—Pittsburg Gazette.

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 buy. But Nissen thought he saw a gem. But he was not willing to pay until he learned who owned the stone and where it had come from. 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 these 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 horse shoe" 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.



Cholly—What do you think of the engagement ring I gave your sister? Willie—Gee, it's great! She lets me wear it when her other fellows is called.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

SOUTHERN RY. TIME TABLE

Schedule in Effect Sunday Jan. 4, the Following is for Information Only and is not Guaranteed.		
EASTBOUND		
No. 5 DAILY	9:24 A. M.	
No. 13 " "	9:45 P. M.	
WESTBOUND		
No. 12 DAILY	8:54 A. M.	
No. 14 " "	11:15 A. M.	
No. 6 " "	7:30 P. M.	
Time shown at Huntingtonburg.		
HASTBOUND.		
No. 3, DAILY	4:15 A. M.	
No. 9, " "	9:38 " "	
No. 23 " "	3:30 P. M.	
No. 23 " "	5:2 " "	
WESTBOUND		
No. 10, DAILY	12:42 A. M.	
No. 18 " "	8:05 P. M.	
No. 4 " "	10:45 " "	
No. 24 " "	11:44 A. M.	
V. K. Claycomb, Agt. Jasper		

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Good frame house, 7 rooms, on improved street. Cheap for immediate sale. Inquire this office.

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Now is the time to get a years reading very cheap.

Call or send orders to this office.

A BUDDING GENIUS.

Ambitions and Hard Work of the Boy Saint Gaudens.

Immediately on being apprenticed to Avet I applied for admission to the drawing school of the Cooper institute, and every evening after my return from work at 6 o'clock and a hasty tea I went down there, where my artistic education began.

I can recall there the kindly impression produced on me by Abram S. Hewitt as he glanced at me during some function. Father at that time was making shoes for the Cooper family, and I suppose that that is why he looked at me. The feeling of profound gratitude for the help which I have had from that institution abides with me to this day.

It was during the next two or three years that my first aspirations and ambitions made themselves felt. I became a terrific worker, toiling every night until 11 o'clock after the Cooper institute was over, in the conviction that in me another heaven born genius had been given to the world.

I can recall thinking in public conveyances that if the men standing on the platform around me could realize how great a genius was rubbing elbows with them in the quiet looking boy by their side they would be profoundly impressed. As a result, I was so exhausted by the confining work of cameo cutting by day and by drawing at night that in the morning I was literally dragged out of bed by mother, pushed over to the washstand, where I gave myself a cat's lick somehow or other, driven to the seat at the table, administered my breakfast, which consisted of tea and large quantities of the long French loaves of bread with butter, and tumbled downstairs, out into the street, where I awoke.—"Reminiscences of Augustus Saint Gaudens" in Century.



"Keep your head still" is the first rule in golf, and Blinks means to do so.—Punch.

Good News For the Editor.

When Kitty sings my muse takes flight. I sit enthralled; 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 Kitty right on the job! Any time that she strikes for higher wages let me know, and I will make up the difference myself rather than have her stop."—New York Times. THE COURT FARMERS.

"A movement was on foot for the alliance of King Charles of Wurtemberg and the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia," said an artist. "An emissary of the Russian court came to the young king, laid certain proposals before him and submitted a portrait in oils of the royal lady. King Charles, after a close scrutiny, said:

"This portrait flatters overmuch. The eyes are too large, and brilliant, the hair too abundant, the complexion too flowerlike and the neck and arms too beautiful altogether."

"But, your majesty," said the astonished Russian, "you do not know the grand duchess."

"No," said the king, "but I know court painters."

Spoke Well of Her.

A preacher in the reign of Charles II. was to receive £10 if in his sermon at the funeral of Mme. Creswell he said nothing but well of her. She was rather a bad character and herself had dictated the clause in her will. So, after a general address on mortality, he thus concluded: "By the will of a deceased sister it is expected that I should mention her and say nothing but what was well of her. All that I shall say of her, therefore, is this: She was born well, she lived well, and she died well, for she was born with the name Creswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bideaway."—Minneapolis Journal.