

Jasper Weekly Courier.

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HON. W. E. COX



FOR CONGRESS, 3d District Indiana.

Hon. W. E. Cox is this week announced as a candidate for re-election to Congress from this district. Mr. Cox began his 1st term last Dec. 4 and is now in Washington, D. D. attending to the duties of his position. We have no opposition to his re-election at this time.

A Letter.

JASPER, IND., DEC 28, 1907

EDITOR:

On the 11th inst. (December),

Indianapolis News, which is

pay for reform, published an

article relating to officers who do

not always supported when

do their duty. The mem-

orandum of the people are very short,

and they are rather prone to

forget the good things that a

man does and to remember the

bad things he may make. There

are many demands, and they are

stent, for honesty and courage

public men, many demands

they enforce the law, and

an end to corrupt practices

too often when a public offi-

ce begins to do these things the

men who have demanded

they be done, criticize the

methods, object to this or

that, and end by forgetting

the wise, courageous

patriotic action that they

have taken. But they do

forget the mistakes. On the

contrary, they are so keen to re-

minder them, and often argue

what they demanded is itself

mistake.

Therefore, we are glad to know

the Anti-Saloon League pro-

poses to uphold the Governor. It

is a fine thing to

have a reformer. On the

contrary, it proposes to fight his

enemies and to stand behind him

man who has done his duty

who has refused to be intima-

ted by the most formidable

opposition.

Then it seems as though men

do not want reform except in

encouraging and disheartening. Even those who honestly want reform are sometimes forgetful. Great services seem in time to shrink in importance, and we at last seem to feel that any one else could have done quite as well.

The article fits the case of Judge Ely so well, that it would seem to have been written expressly concerning him. For more than fifteen years he has fearlessly and impartially discharged his duties, and in so doing has been compelled to punish severely, unlawful rum sellers and gamblers who infest every town in his circuit. Such punishment as he has inflicted has required nerve, courage and consistency, and has brought order out of chaos in several communities in his circuit, and has made it possible for people to ply their lawful vocations with an abiding sense of security in all their rights of every nature.

And while doing this, he has, of course made enemies of the criminals he has punished. And enemies of at least some of their relatives and friends, and what is strange, have made enemies of some of the people who have called for law enforcement, and law reform. Some of the people who have talked loudest and longest in favor of reform and against rum and gambling, have turned against Judge Ely for doing what they themselves insisted upon, and are claiming that some men, because of their prominence, should not have been punished at all, and others should not have been punished so severely.

There are none, we venture to say, no, not one, that is opposing him on the ground that he has failed to do his duty. It is simply because he has found some man guilty that somebody thinks ought not to have been so found, and punished some man more than some people think he ought to have been punished.

We think the News strike the nail on the head in every utterance it has made in the foregoing article. And we think that it applies to Judge Ely as if it had been expressly written concerning him. And we think further that the voters of this circuit ought to ponder well what is said in the foregoing article, and ponder well some trivial objections that have been made

against the Judge before they vote against him, or refuse to vote for him. The law abiding, order loving, God serving voters of this circuit ought to remember that it is not so much what justice costs, as the quality of justice that we get.

What the best interest of the people of this circuit and of every circuit, so far as that is concerned, requires, is that all laws be enforced all the time against all the the people who violate time.

Judge Ely has done that, and has done it well, and it is the duty of all who favor that sort of administration, without regard to politics or of consequences to stand by him and help him uphold, maintain and enforce the law.

ONE WHO FAVORS JUSTICE
NOTE:—The above so far as it applies to Judge Ely seems to fit the case exactly.

A Fable For Critics.

Once there was an ox. He was a good, hefty ox. He could pull a big load. He never balked but always liked to go straight ahead. But the ox had enemies. There was the flea and his whole big family. "We don't care whether the ox travels or not," said the flea and his folks. "All we want is some of his blood." Whereupon the fleas eternally pestered the ox and gave him that tired feeling.

There was the tom cat and his brothers—the doubting thomases. "We don't know whether this ox is going the right way or not," said the thomases. "Anyhow we'll scratch his back for him." Whereupon the felines jumped on the back of the ox and scratched him for fair, which made the ox exceedingly sorrowful.

Then there was the fiste pup and his fellow fistes—a whole litter of fistes. "We don't care how slow the ox goes," said the fistes; "the slower the merrier for us. All we want is to lag behind him and bite his tail." Whereupon the fistes snapped continually at the tail of the ox, which gave the ox a mighty mournfulness.

Finally the ox, pestered continually with the fleas and the fistes, got to looking sickly. He stopped and lay down on his job, and there was no more going forward for him.

Key to the situation: The town is the ox. The fleas and the felines and the fistes are those citizens who criticize every progressive movement and do everything they can in their petty ways to make the ox quit pulling in the right direction.

Moral: Give the ox a chance to pull. Everybody holler, "Git up."—Ex.

Practicing.

George Goode—That nasty Tommy Tuffin called me a liar today, ma.

Mamma—The young villain! What made him say such a thing?

George Goode—His uncle told him he might be President some day.—Puck.

Fate.

"Marie how does it happen that I just saw you giving your sweetheart my cake and my wine?"

"I don't understand it, either for I covered up the keyhole."—Transatlantic Tales.

Anxious.

"Why is Alderman Goldstein always so excited and uneasy when he hears an automobile approaching?"

"Because his wife ran away from him in an automobile and he fears every moment that she will return."—Transatlantic Tales.

Had Yours.?

"The President distributes the plums, I believe?"

"Quite so."

"What are Secretary Loeb's functions?"

"He hands out the lemons."—Pittsburg Post.

A Yachting Trip.

Captain—Please, sir, your wife has fallen overboard.

Owner—Confound it! Another of those sinking spells of hers!—Harper's Weekly.

BIRDS' WEAPONS.

They Are Not Confined to the Beak and the Spur.

Many people are inclined to think that a bird's weapons are practically confined to the beak and the spur with which the legs of some birds are provided. There are, however, a good many instances of different armament. A moment's reflection recalls to any one the mulelike kick delivered by the foot of the ostrich, which requires no spurs to insure effectiveness.

Besides this, many birds use their wings very effectively as weapons. People who have spent their childhood in the country will recall how fiercely the domestic gander uses his wings, and among domestic fowls the cocks not only use their wings to blind their adversaries, but batter their opponents quite severely with them. Although doves have been selected as emblems of peace, yet they are rather pugnacious and when quarreling among themselves bring their wings into play to good advantage.

Birds using the wing to strike a blow usually attempt to land on their adversaries with the wrist joint. This demand for a wing weapon among birds has in some species brought about remarkable and formidable developments. The spur winged geese of Africa have a spur on the bend of the wing sometimes attaining a length of one and one-half inches and fully as savage an appearing weapon as that of a gamecock. One of the wrist bones known as the radiate projects beyond the others and is capped with the spur.

A now extinct species of bird which formerly inhabited Rodriguez was flightless, but an outgrowth of bone at the joint of the radius and metacarpus formed a knob that rendered the short wing as dangerous among birds as a policeman's billy.

Some of the Australian pheasants and other gallinaceous birds have blunt tubercles on the wings, increasing their effectiveness as weapons. Africa, Asia and South America produce a number of species of spur winged plovers.

The jacanas, tropical or semi-tropical birds of both hemispheres, have many of them more or less developed spurs on the wings, while one genus, though without spurs, has the bone of the wing widened and flattened, forming a sort of scimiter.

The screamers, birds related to ducks, are the most formidably armed birds as to wings. They are provided with two spurs on each wing instead of one, the inner and longer one of which is a three sided stilet of needlelike sharpness.

Some birds while young have a claw on the wing which is used by the bird not as a weapon, but as an assistance in dragging itself along, after the manner of a bat. The gallinules are an example of birds having such claws while young, the structure being lost before the birds reach maturity.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Senator Bate's Rules.

The late Senator William B. Bate of Tennessee was a major general in the Confederate army and never quite reconciled himself to the defeat of the south.

Soon after he came to the senate he formulated a set of rules which he called "Rules For My Proper Legislative Guidance." Whenever a proposition came up about which he was undecided he would take the printed slip containing these rules from his pocket and study it carefully.

"Bate," said a colleague one day, "what is that slip of paper to which you refer so frequently?"

"That," said Senator Bate, "is a little reminder of my beliefs on constitutional questions."

"Where did you get it? Think it out yourself?"

"No, suh," replied Bate with much dignity; "I found most of those immortal truths in the constitution of the Confederate States of America."—Saturday Evening Post.

Cranberry Jelly.

Here is a variation of cranberry jelly: Take off the stems and wash half a cupful of raisins and boil them in a cupful and three-quarters of water until the water is reduced to a cupful. Then add a pound of sugar and a quart of cranberries and boil fifteen minutes. Strain out the skins and seeds and turn into a mold.

Helpful Reminders as to the Laundering of Linen.

To prepare linen for washing soak the articles overnight in water. Never use hot water for soaking purposes, as it tends to make dirt adhere to linen, while cold or tepid water loosens it and so simplifies the process of washing. Use borax in the proportion of one tablespoonful to one gallon of water. It is perfectly harmless and has a marvelous power of softening water and of drawing out dirt. The object to be aimed at in washing is to get rid of the dirt with as little wear and tear as possible.

Do not put the clothes in the boiler if the water is at all hot. This method discolors linen and should at all times be carefully avoided. Allow the clothes to boil for ten minutes, remove from the boiler to a tub and add cold water. Do not allow the clothes to boil too long or they will become a yellow color, and they must on no account be boiled before washing.

WILD TOBACCO OF COLORADO.

Professor Fritz Knorr of the Colorado Agricultural college has found tobacco growing wild in greatest profusion in the Montezuma valley of Colorado. Professor Knorr is a native of Kentucky and knows tobacco culture all the way from planting the seed to breaking the necks of the big green worms. While attending the farmers' institute at Cortez, in the Montezuma valley, Professor Knorr was asked to suggest a method for eradicating a very troublesome weed. He took a sample of the weed to examine and was amazed to see in it a very fine specimen of wild tobacco. It seems that none of the farmers there was familiar with the tobacco plant and did not recognize the obnoxious weed as the ancestor of the cigars they were smoking. It is believed that tobacco was raised extensively in the Montezuma valley ages ago by the cliff dwellers, the lost race that left so many evidences of their civilization and yet not a line of their history. The wild tobacco plant flourishes there in greatest profusion in vicinities thought to have been cultivated by the mysterious race and along what are believed to have once been their irrigation ditches.—Kansas City Star.

As He Put It.

Lillian Russell was dining at an Atlantic City hotel. She had run down in the morning from Philadelphia in her seventy horsepower car, breaking most of the records by the way.

During dinner Miss Russell told a story about a handsome actor.

"A letter of his," she said, "was put in another man's box at a club one evening by mistake. The other man opened the letter, saw that it was a very angry note from a tailor demanding instant payment of a bill long overdue and in dismay sealed it up again neatly and put it in the box of his rightful owner.

"Well, the rightful owner entered the smoking room that night with the letter in his hand. He ran it through, glanced round complacently, gave his mustache a twirl and murmured:

"Silly little girl."

Inhabitants of a Mountain.

The peak of Apo, a huge volcanic mountain in the center of the island of Mindanao, has been added to the category of mountains remarkable for possessing animal species peculiar to themselves and differing from those of the surrounding lowlands. Dr. E. A. Mearns announces as the result of a month's examination of Apo that most of the species and several of the genera collected on its higher portions are new to science. It has added three genera and more than a score of species to the list of birds inhabiting the Philippines. Its animal life to a large extent differs not only from that of the lowlands, but also from that of the other highlands of the archipelago.—Exchange.

A Permanent Enterprise.

"If you were to actually reach the north pole your occupation would be gone."

"Not at all," answered the arctic explorer. "It would doubtless be as hard to rediscover as it was to locate in the first place."—Washington Star.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Man Who Wasn't Cheap Got a Cigar and a Bad Opinion of the Hotel.

The cigar stand in the lobby of a certain hotel is nearer the door than the desk is, and frequently people who have never stayed at the hotel will go to the stand to register. The other evening a man from up in the north part of the state entered the lobby and went to the cigar stand.

"What are your prices?" he asked of the girl.

"From 10 to 50 cents," she replied, thinking he meant the prices of cigars.

"Gee! Is that all?" he asked.

"Sounds good to me."

The girl put three boxes of cigars on the case. The man took a Havana. "Much obliged," he said. "Is it customary to 'set 'em up' to every new guest?"

The girl thought it was one of the usual little pleasantries men unload at the stand. "Oh, yes," she said.

"Well," said the man from the country, "where is the register?"

"Right here," said the girl, pointing to the cash register.

He thought it a joke and laughed.

"Where's the book?" he asked when he had finished laughing. "I meant to put my name down."

"You don't have to register when you buy a cigar," said the girl. She didn't know just what was wrong with that man.

"But I want a room," he said.

"Oh!" came from the girl as she realized the mistake that had been made. "There's the desk over there. This is the cigar stand. Go there and get your room."

Then she dropped into a chair to laugh. Pretty soon the clerk came to the stand.

"Say," he said to the girl, "what made you tell that man we had rooms here for from 10 to 50 cents a night? He said he wasn't cheap and would take the quarter one. He's gone away with a bad opinion of us."

"That's not the worst of it," said the girl. "He's gone away with one of our fifteen cent cigars too."—Exchange.

Origin of "Hip, Hip, Hurrah!"

A London paper, answering a question as to the derivation of "Hip, hip, hurrah!" printed the following excerpt on the subject from the London Tatler of 1832: "During the stirring times of the crusades the chivalry of Europe was excited to arms by the inflammatory appeals of the well known Peter the Hermit. While preaching the crusade this furious zealot was accustomed to exhibit a banner emblazoned with the letters H. E. P., the initials of the Latin words, Hierosolyma Est Perdita (Jerusalem is destroyed). The people in some of the countries which he visited, not being acquainted with Latin, read and pronounced the inscription as if one word—Hep. The followers of the Hermit were accustomed, whenever an unfortunate Jew appeared in the streets, to raise the cry, 'Hep, hep, hurra,' to hunt him down and flesh upon the defenseless Israelite their maiden swords, before they essayed their temper with the scimiter of the Saracen."

A Noble Critic.

When Pope was first introduced to Lord Halifax as read his "Iliad," the noble critic generously criticised this passage and that word at frequent intervals. The poet was stung with vexation, for the parts that most pleased him were the ones most criticised. As he returned home with Sir Samuel Garth he revealed his displeasure. "Oh," said Garth, "you are not acquainted with his lordship. He must criticise. At the next visit read him the same passages and tell him you recollect his criticisms." Pope made use of this stratagem. Lord Halifax was delighted and exclaimed, "Pope, they are now imitable!"

To Storyland.

When all the world is dull and gray and rain comes slanting down Don't stop to fret, but ride away, away to Wonderland. The broad road stretches wide and white and free on either hand. And you can always find the car that runs to Storyland.

For A B C is motorman and any book the car.

Why, you can go wherever you plan and travel near or far.

See all the sights you long to see, and isn't it just grand

To think you never pay a fare to get to Storyland!

—Youth's Companion.