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To Old Kentucky.

(New York Sun.)
Devil on "Kentucky Night" at the
Hungry Club, New York City.
Here's a health to Old Kentucky,
Where the simple life still lives
Is cozy, listless, ripure
To the soul that truly craves
And dips in creature comforts
To the mortal here below
In a satisfying manner
That the strenuous never know.
Here's a health to Old Kentucky,
Where the hospitable main
Is bent on doing something
Of the good old-fashioned kind
For every man and woman
Who is stranger or old friend,
With a warm and open welcome
Which continues to the end
He's a health to Old Kentucky
Where the women are as fair
As the pink and white roses
That the rose and lily wear,
And we dream of love and music,
Of the moonlight and the flowers
That have touched the earth with beauty
In that lone land of ours.
Here's a health to Old Kentucky,
Where the blue Bourbon glows
In the clinking crystal glasses
As the horns of plenty flow
In a golden stream of glory
Bearing ever on its breast
The wear and tear of life
To a topaz tinted rest.
Here's a health to Old Kentucky,
Where the horse is king, and stands
The model and the master
Of his kind in other lands,
And his hoof beats to the measure
Of the music that is known
To the simplest child of freedom
And the ruler on his throne.
Here's a health to Old Kentucky,
Where the blue grass grows knee deep
And the cattle in her pastures
Show the virtues of their keep;
Where the broad tobacco acres
Raise the sweet, narcotic weed
That soothes the millions
In a word of strife and greed.
Here's a health to Old Kentucky,
Where the fathers through the years
Hand down the country graces
To the sons of cavaliers;
Where the golden age is poignant
And each succeeding morn
Finds "the corn is full of kernels
And the Colonels full of corn."
Here's a health to Old Kentucky,
To her sons and daughters here
Who think of Old Kentucky
With a smile and a tear.
They may talk of modern progress
As the proper creed to hold.
But their hearts will eat the fonder
For Kentucky that is old.

Domestic Arsenic.

Thousands of tons of arsenic are wasted annually in the fumes that pour from the stacks of the great smelters of the United States, yet notwithstanding this waste, or perhaps because of it more than 8,000,000 pounds of arsenic and arsenic compounds, costing about \$375,000, were imported into this country in 1906. The domestic production for the same period was only a little more than one-sixth of the quantity imported and was valued at but \$63,460. Arsenic ores are widely distributed, particularly in the granite and highly metamorphosed rocks, and ores of tin, copper and antimony are frequently accompanied by those of arsenic. Native arsenic, a tin white brittle substance occupying a place midway between the metals and non-metals, is found sparingly in veins at a number of places, but it is not important as an ore. France, England, Germany, Portugal, Spain, Turkey, Canada and the United States are the principal producing countries.

In every love affair there is one woman that a man is trying to get, and another that he is trying to get away from. Nature has done a lot for a woman, but there are 11 mixed drinks that were invented to heal a man's broken heart. Dogs and youths are loyal to the one who are kind to them. Regarding their tormentors they are as vengeful as elephants. "Miss Prim" is not chosen when men are seeking "a royal good time," but she is frequently chosen when they are seeking a wife. When a girl refuses a man she generally goes to the window when he leaves, expecting to see him fall up against the nearest tree and sob. The country doctor may lack urban polished, but he makes up in self sacrifice and extraordinary versatility. If you wish to be hated look incredulous when some one declares they "never closed their eyes all night."

The United States Penal System Is A Failure.

By BRAND WHITLOCK.

Our penal system is a failure; only we do not know it yet. Governments have tried it for thousands of years, and our government is reported as saying that the tendency to crime still exists. Our penal system only hurts and never helps its victims, direct or indirect, whether they are innocent or guilty. It deters some from committing crime and makes hypocrites of more, and it wholly ignores economic or social causes for crime and makes no allowance for personality. It is a failure because it is founded in fear and hatred and cruelty and cowardice. It mercilessly grinds the poor and the weak in the interest of the strong. It proceeds from and dwells on the bad in man, not the good. We shall have a system that will do good only when society recognizes its own responsibility for crime and lives up to it, and when it dwells upon and develops the good in man instead of the bad. The present winter will witness many hardships because of the Wall street panic. There will be many men out of work and many hungry, and there will be more small thefts, hold-ups and winter crimes, or, as one might say, "winter necessities." It might be well for the government to get out some statistics showing why there is more crime after financial panics and industrial depressions than in good times. Why the hold-up man and purse-snatchers always turns up with the first cold weather, and why, when the mills shut down, there are more hoboes and yeggs on freight trains. You might pursue all these little crimes to their original source and cause. It would not be long before there would be no necessity for statistics on crime, and then, in some idle hour, the clerks in the statistical bureau might occupy themselves with tracing the relation between the vulgar crimes of force and violence, and the artistic crimes of craft and cunning—artistic crimes which do not have to break laws because they make the laws to suit themselves.

The American People Have Been Extravagant.

There is certainly nothing inherently weak or discouraging in American activity, no matter what the field of this activity is. The trouble, and the only trouble, as I see it, is the breaking down of our credit conditions and the subsequent disarrangement and our embarrassment of our financial fabric and operations. Whenever credit and confidence can be restored, the generally prosperous conditions of all branches of productive and business activity will reassert themselves and things will grow better, the speed and extent to which the reaction will come depending very largely upon what injury has been done different interests as result of credit and financial embarrassment. We have been under a business tension too high for safety. Every productive and transportation facility was strained to the utmost. The commercial structure was expanding to the limit. The cost of production kept mounting higher, and the expenditures of the people increased rapidly. We all were working and living beyond a reasonable standard. That is what caused this present condition. Since it was certain to occur we should be glad that it fell upon us now in times when crops and foundations solid instead of being postponed a year or two when possible crop failures and other disturbances might have caused us to suffer ten times as much. I think we ought to be thankful, in a measure, that the reaction has come now. I do not know of anything that could be said or done to put a sharp stop to the present tendencies. I look upon our condition as a fever that must run its course. Fortunately the patient is a very strong, hearty individual, with a strong constitution and wonderful recuperative powers, so that his recovery is absolutely certain. When the fever leaves him he will be better than ever and will start afresh on a new scale of living.

The Money In It.

Joe Chapple, editor of the National Magazine, is moved to observe that if the human race could be all happy by habit or even moderately rational, there would be little bitterness, and no more of the absolutely needless sacrifice of the nobler and uplifting emotions of mankind. "Today," he says, "we offer human sacrifices just as truly as did the Aztecs, and our shafts of sarcasm and persecution cut as deep as any sacrificial knife of old, beneath which the human blood gushed out and stained the great stone on which the victim lay bound. True, those who suffered in the old days were not all helpless victims—some went to the stake cheerfully content to die for their convictions. They are now made victims for personal revenge and public honor, which could never be attained except by slaying those in power, over whose prostrate forms the ambitious grasp the tinsel of glory they covet, but which they, too, some day will find only a broken bauble. It has been said that the way to appeal to an Englishman is through his stomach; let it not be said with equal truth that the way to appeal to an American is through his purse. Too many great questions today are considered on the basis of whether or not there is money in it or not, but all manhood cannot be bought with gold, or the nation's sense of justice dulled by pecuniary gain. Ruskin was one who loved his fellow man. This great man said: "The sum of enjoyment depends not on the quantity of things tasted, but on the vivacity and patience of taste."

The Tactful Hostess.



Mr. Bumblepup—I must apologize for coming in ordinary evening dress.
Hostess—Well, you really have the advantage of us. We're all looking more foolish than usual, and you're not—Punch.

Careful of Appearances.



"My dear, if you must scold, do so, but please do not beat the furniture at the same time. The neighbors might form a wrong impression."—Fleegende Blatter.

At one time in a certain penitentiary there was a renaissance in the moral discipline of the prison, and all were compelled to attend chapel regularly. One of the prisoners came to the warden one day and begged to be allowed to remain away from the chapel exercises, as he wanted Sundays to write letters to his friends. The warden looked at the beseeching convict in amazement. "What," he exclaimed, "allow you to stay away from religious exercises all the time! No, sir. Why, man, don't you know that's part of the penalty?" And the convict continued to worship regularly, while the warden led in prayer.

Superstition in Calcutta.

The grossest superstition exists in Calcutta. Not long ago an Indian gentleman residing in Jaun Bazar street had a live goat slung down from his two storied house in accordance with the directions of a so called magician, who was called in to cast out a devil with which a son was supposed to be possessed. The poor brute was first fed with a few bamboo leaves over which the wizard mumbled some mantras, and it was then pushed over the terrace. The animal was killed, and its flesh was distributed to the poor.

To Be Sure.



Old Lady—Are you traveling for the good of your health?
Defauling Bankrupt—Rather!—Illustrated Bits.

Bottled Love Letters.

Missouri girls are still throwing bottled letters into the Missouri river to see what will turn up. A year ago a Carroll county girl cast a message on the waters at St. Louis. Recently she received an answer from a young engineer in the employ of the government river improvement service stationed a few miles below Memphis, Tenn. The letter stated that the bottle had been found in a crevasse by workmen engaged in the work of repairing the levee.—Kansas City Times.

To Keep Windows From Frosting.

The haberdasher sighed, for his window, full of lovely neckties, was quite opaque with frost.
"I'd give a lot," he said, "for some method to keep my window from frosting over in cold weather."
"I'll let you have the method you want for nothing," said the patron.
"Coat the inside of your window with glycerin, and it will keep as clear in winter as in summer. I'm a surveyor, and in my trade we always use glycerin on our glass instruments when it's cold."

A Costly Clock.

An astronomical wedding gift, says the Weltall, has been presented to King Alfonso of Spain by the republic of Peru. It is an artistic table clock designed by the French sculptor Carrien Belleuse and is held by the muse of astronomy. The zodiac, stars, figures, etc., are made of lapis lazuli, gold and precious crystals. The clock received the grand prix at the Paris exhibition of 1900 and cost \$16,000.

Faced the Lions.

African Explorer (spinning a yarn)—Not very long ago I went out one day unarmed, when I suddenly found myself face to face with three lions.
Friend—Well?
Explorer—I fixed my gaze on the brutes, then stuck my hands in my pockets and walked away, whistling an air from an opera.
Friend—And didn't the lions immediately rush at you?
Explorer—They couldn't. It was at the zoo.—London Tit-Bits.

Hurrying Him.

A superintendent of the Little Wanderers' home attended a watch night service and closed his testimony by saying, "It may be but a month longer that I shall be here, perhaps a week, or even before the close of another day I shall be gone." He had hardly seated himself when a young man in the back of the vestry started the old song, "Oh, why do you wait, dear brother, oh, why do you tarry so long?"—Christian Register.

Feat of a Greek Scholar.

It may safely be said that no feat of translation in any age has ever equaled that achieved by Professor Jebb in rendering Browning's "Abt Vogler" into Greek verse. This fine soliloquy of the musician is less obscure, no doubt, than many other of its author's productions, but it abounds in imagery and in turns of thought which even an Englishman finds it not very easy to follow and of which he could hardly have conceived it possible that any Greek equivalents could exist. Yet they did exist, for Jebb found them, though it may be doubted whether any other Greek scholar living would have been equally successful in his search.—London Telegraph.

A Problem.

Two Irishmen were discussing political economy. "The problem of political economy," said Casey, "so I was reading in one of them books, is the distribution of wealth. That means, Grady, how are we going to compile the rich to give back the money that they have stolen from the poor?" "Ye may be right," said Grady, "but there is another thing about yer problem, Casey, that I can't figger out. It is this: How the divil did the poor iver manage to git all the money that ye say the rich stole from them?"—Buffalo Commercial.

Getting Tired.



Sweetington Swain—Of course, Angelina, I'd just love ter draw you around forever. But don't you think you're liable to catch the "auto face" if you don't go home right away?—New York World.

For Township Trustee.

Mr. Reinhard Fink on request of his old and new friends announces himself as a candidate for Bainbridge Township Trustee. He is a citizen of this township and has been for the last thirty-three years. He is a business man as well as a farmer. In the past he has been conducting business in various lines and has never failed. At present he is a farmer and Dairyman and well-known by the citizens of the township.

Mr. Fink fulfilled the duties of the Trustee's Office for four years, namely from 1901-1905. He made a great number of improvements, building and remodeling several school houses and also a great number of bridges. He really was the Trustee that put the Township on a firm and good financial footing, not having a single outstanding debt of any kind whatever when his term expired. The editor can give evidence of this himself on account of previous publications in the COURIER during Mr. Fink's official years. During the last two years of his administration the tax levy was set and the official records and reports examined and approved by Jacob Burger Jr. an expert member of the Advisory Board. If there was any error in regard to these, let him make it known to the public.

As there has been so much rumoring about Mr. Fink's salary below is a true copy as taken from the official record for the different years.

1901	\$235.75
1902	\$212.25
1903	\$238.75
1904	\$234.00

The above includes compensation for the discharge of all of his duties.

He is well qualified and experienced for the position he is seeking and if elected will no doubt make an efficient officer. The voters will certainly make a wise selection in selecting him for their Trustee. Bainbridge Tp's. Trustee drew for 1906, \$262.00 on \$28 more than in 1904.

The Democratic Donkey.

Chas. G. Singleton in the Indianapolis News gives this story as to the origin of the democratic donkey: The use by opposition cartoonists, in recent years of the mule as a symbol of the democracy made me curious to discover the origin of the idea. In looking through one of my old scrap books recently I found a speech that I believe gave the inspiration. The speech was delivered by Lou B. Cake (a democrat) of Clarinda, Page county, Iowa, at a Republican jollification in 1880, over the election of Garfield. In the course of his speech which was witty and wise, he said: "In some states the Green-back party fell through a crack in the platform and crippled us. But Democracy still lives. It is like a mule—it never dies. But unfortunately, like the mule, while it lives it is forever throwing its riders. It bucked Greely off and killed him in 1872. Tilden stuck on until he passed under the wire. But there was so much daylight between him and his quadruped, the judges counted him off, although he had his feet in the stirrups. This year we got a splendid send off, and might have won, but the donkey was stricken down in Indiana with (g) Landers. We close the chapter of history with the hope that the story will be continued in our next. We accept the defeat more cheerfully because of the magnanimous manner in which you take the victory. We take it every four years. It is a standing prescription. It might be called the quadriennial ippecac. It works up before election, and down when the returns come in. We thank you for the magnanimous manner in which you have turned out to our funeral. We congratulate you on the magnificent and imposing character of the obsequies."

The average woman's mouth is too large because she stretches it smiling at women she dislikes.