

JASPER WEEKLY COURIER

Vol. 62.

JASPER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1919,

No. 8.

The Clever Weaver Bird.

An interesting bird is the "weaver." It seems to be fond of making enormous nests merely for the purpose of exercise in the art of construction. Supply these birds with strings and straw, and they will use them up rapidly, and their fabric is woven with a perfectness that is astonishing. In some countries it is the custom of the weaver birds to colonize and build one big flat topped platform, two or three yards across, which is so admirably put together as to shed the rain as well as any roof could do. Under this roof they make individual pocket shaped nests, bringing up under this unique structure a large and interesting family of little weavers. There is another bird, called the "weaver," which, instead of weaving its nest, incloses it in big leaves and stitches the latter together with its beak, just as one would sew a piece of cloth.

A Circus Horse in Battle.

Colonel Charles Marshall, who was side-camp to General Robert E. Lee and who went through the battles of the war with his chief told the following amusing story of his experience with a new horse: His old horse had been shot from under him in the fight of the previous day, and he had taken possession of an animal that seemed to suit the work. In the battle a few hours later he was riding across a field in which there were numerous stumps.

Suddenly the performance opened. The guns roared, and the air was filled with smoke and noise. Before Colonel Marshall knew what was happening the horse had his four feet on one of the stumps and was gayly dancing in a circle. In the meantime the firing was increasing, and the situation was anything but comfortable. But the horse kept on as if he were enjoying it.

"It was not until afterward," said Colonel Marshall, "that I found the horse had belonged to a circus and had been trained to do this act amid the firing of cannon."

Cause For Suspicion.



"Oh, no; I can never trust my husband again. I feel convinced he is carrying on with the cook."
"What makes you think that?"
"Last night he kissed me in the dark."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

He Knew It Was Found.

A clergyman while going to church one Sunday morning lost a pocketbook containing valuable papers. After the service he made known his loss and said that whoever found the pocketbook and restored it to him would be well rewarded.

An old man immediately rose up at the back of the church and cried out:

"It's found, sir!"
"Oh, thank you, thank you, my man!" said the clergyman. "Have you got it with you?"
"No, sir," answered the man, "but I comed that way myself after you did, and it wasn't there then."—*London Answers.*

Nearly Through.

A stranger entered a church in the middle of the sermon and seated himself in the back pew. After awhile he began to fidget. Leaning over to the white haired man at his side, evidently an old member of the congregation, he asked:

"How long has he been preaching?"

"Thirty or forty years," thought the old man answered. "I don't know exactly."
"I'll stay then," decided the stranger. "He must be nearly done."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

A Dilemma's Horns.

The young lady sighed deeply and was almost affected by tears.
"Herald," she said, "declare to me if I don't marry him he will end my life, and I am afraid he will."
She stifled a sob, then continued:
"And Herald declares that if I don't marry him he will go into politics and become great and famous, and then he says I shall see what I have missed, and I am afraid he will keep his word too."

Overcome by emotion, she buried her face in her hands, not knowing whether to save a life or to spare the country another politician.

The First Census.

The idea of the census originated among the Romans, when a group of the many functions performed by the high officer called censor received the name of census. It was taken every five years and indicated not only the number of the respective classes of the people, but their domestic positions as husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons and daughters. The first modern nation to take up the census was the United States of America in 1790. The first British census was in 1801, but this did not include Ireland.

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 discomfort of the baldheaded man.

The talk finally developed into an argument on the cause of baldness, and after considerable jocularly 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.*

Nearly a Hero.

The passengers on the Pullman car took to the station at a glance and did not expect that the train robber told them to do.

At the words of his guns he relieved them of their valuables. But at the sight of one woman he paused with a start.

"Who are you, woman?" he demanded.

"I," she quavered, "am Miss Fannie Flutie, the well known actress. Here are my jewels. Take them all!"

The holdup held up his head proudly.

"No," he replied; "I may be a robber, but I am no press agent. Keep your wealth!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

More Than Enough.



"I fear you have not had enough experience."

"Not 'ad 'nuff experience? Why, I've 'ad ten places in the last month."—*London Tatler.*

How can we hope to give stability to our great national asset, industry when from 1900 to 1910 our state and national assemblies enacted 78,748 new statutes, many of which related to business?

Neither employer nor employee can expect benefits from a business where the balance sheet does not show dollars and cents to pay with.

CONSERVATION TRUTHS.

Now while you are young and you're reaping when you are old. This applies to grains of industry as well as to wild oats.

Never be fearful of doing more than is required of you. If you wait for more pay before you do more work the millennium will probably find you on the same old job.

Remember that an agitator never yet filled a pay envelope, although he has helped to keep many a one unfilled.

The average reformer is only opposed to capital so long as the other fellow has it. Let him get a slice of the melon he condemned and his radicalism will be cured for all times.

Success in Industry: Of 260,000 corporations in the United States engaged in manufacturing and mercantile business over 100,000, according to the Federal Trade Commission, are merely existing. They do not earn a penny of profit. The 22,000 failures annually in the United States show that businesses cannot run along at a loss indefinitely.

Business success depends on good management; efficient loyal workers, from the head of the firm down to the messengers, and freedom from outside interference.

Where Do You Stand?

Someone has divided mankind into four classes—those who consistently do less than is expected of them; those who do what is expected of them but no more; those who do things without having to be told, and finally, those who have the magnetic power of inspiring others to do things.

All the failures in this world are recruited from the first class. The second class comprises those who scrape along in some form of drudgery or hackwork. Men of the third class are always in great demand in the factory and in the office, but the fourth class represents the highest rung in the ladder of success.

In the world of industry the fourth class is attained by the diligent few who have caught the spirit of their task and are able to impart it to the men under them. They are the men who, without being slave drivers, are able to increase the output of an industrial plant.—*Industrial Conservation, N. Y.*

The Progressive Rooster and the Proverb.



Unless this alarm clock fails me, here's where I get the best of "the early bird and the worm" proposition.—*New York Sun.*

Just Out.



The Duck—Your inn is looking every where for you.
The Chick—Tell her I'm out.



Harold—Will you take my seat, lady?
Edith—No, I won't.—*Edith.*

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 pumice 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.*

Time, Not Space.

Mrs. Frink was a trusting soul and rarely questioned the opinions of others about matters concerning which they were supposed to be informed. One day she came home with a new pair of shoes under her arm. "Get them at Bride's," she explained, "and they're the best I ever bought you."

"What is so very good about them?" inquired her son, for whom the shoes were intended.

"Why, the salesman said that you could walk further in them than in any others without getting tired, and I said that you couldn't walk very far just now on account of your knee, you know, and he said that he meant further for the same distance. So I bought them, and here they are. Save the string, please."

She did not notice the smile on her son's face as he unfolded the package, and he was spared the trouble of explaining—*Youth's Companion.*

A Prayer For Mummy.



Marjorie (who has just been listening to the story of Noah and the flood):
—Wasn't there no mummy?—

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.*

Butter From Birds.

In South America is to be found a bird from which a species of butter can be obtained. This animal is known as the "oil bird," and one of its favorite haunts is the island of Trinidad. It breeds in rocky caves on the mainland, laying its eggs in a nest constructed of mud. The young birds are extraordinarily fat, and the fat, having been melted down in clay pots, produces a kind of butter, says London Tit-Bits. This butter is used by the natives. The caves inhabited by these oil birds are usually accessible only from the sea, and the hunting of these feathered creatures frequently affords exciting sport to the adventurous in spirit.

RUNNING THE RHEA.

Relative of Ostrich Chased With Dogs and Horse.

For the person who desires a unique form of sport "running the rhea" in southern Patagonia is recommended. The rhea is a member of the ostrich family, but somewhat smaller. It runs with the swiftness of a greyhound or a fast horse and has a knack of doubling on its track, which often serves it in eluding its pursuers. The natives in hunting it use horses, dogs and the bola. The dogs course after the fleeing bird in full cry, while the hunters follow after at top speed, prepared to throw the bola if opportunity offers.

The bola, consisting of two or three heavy balls of lead or stone attached to a thong six or eight feet long, serves to hamper the movements of the bird, for the balls twine about the part which the bola strikes regardless of whether it be the legs, neck or wings. This permits the dogs and hunters to overhaul and dispatch the bird.

"At the approach of danger the rhea will often crouch flat upon the ground with neck outstretched under the grass, remaining motionless until the dogs have passed. This stratagem is often successful when the wind is blowing against the scent, but when the contrary is the case the dogs soon discover the hiding bird. In this case, doubtless bewildered by the sudden failure of its artless ruse, it makes no attempt at escape."

The chase of the rhea, which sometimes extends over a distance of five or six miles, is a thrilling one. It has for the rider all the excitement of a horse race, with the added satisfaction of knowing that the winning of the race will result in a welcome addition to the larder. The wings of the rhea have a flavor not unlike that of turkey, and if one is not averse to the taste of horseflesh the meat of the thigh is very satisfactory. The rhea is one of the main food supplies on a Patagonian hunting trip.—*New York Tribune.*

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 buy 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 those 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.*

PLANT THAT IMPROVES SOIL.

The Sugar Beet Increases Yield of Other Crops.

How sugar beets improve the fertility of the soil and increase the yield of all crops grown in rotation with them is explained in the National Magazine by Truman G. Palmer, who has spent the past ten years in studying agricultural methods in Europe and America.

"The sugar beet being a deep rooter," says Mr. Palmer, "a prerequisite to its culture is that the soil be stirred to a depth of ten to fourteen inches. The tender beetlet having to undergo the shock of thinning soon after it comes up in order to leave but one beet to a place, it demands a well prepared, mellow seed bed. Gathering the sugar in its leaves from the atmosphere by the aid of the light and storing it up in the roots, it will not thrive if the light is cut off through being shaded by weeds, and their eradication means not only a further stirring of the soil by cultivation and hoeing, but they are removed before going to seed, thus leaving weedless fields for succeeding crops. Being plowed out in autumn gives an extra fall plowing, which leaves the land in condition to absorb instead of shed the fall and winter rains and store up the moisture for the following season's crop. With the removal of the main root, myriads of fibrous roots are broken off and left in the soil to an average of a ton to the acre, and in rotting they not only deposit humus in the lower strata of soil, but leave minute channels through which 'it' comes aerated and hence fertile. The roots of subsequent crops follow these interstices and draw nutriment from two and three times the depth of soil formerly reached, and hence the farmers double and treble their soil output without increasing their acreage."

Beet Pulp as Cattle Food.

In summarizing the important features of sugar beet growing in various parts of the country the Department of Agriculture calls attention to its peculiar importance to the middle western states because of the extent to which stock feeding is followed as an industry in this territory. Beet pulp—that is, what remains of the beet after the sugar has been extracted—has been proved to be the finest feed yet discovered for milk cows and for fattening cattle, sheep and other farm animals. This is true whether the pulp is fed in its wet state as it comes from the factory or after being dried. A business of about \$2,000,000 a year has grown up in the sale of dried beet pulp, in which form it can be shipped to any distance.

His Great Weight.

Nothing expresses better the importance of a person—in his own or in the world's eyes—than to state it in terms of his relations with the physical world.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, it will be recalled, remarked that the axis of the earth sticks out in every man's back yard. A bonnet of not dissimilar kind is recorded of Washington Irving.

The conversation was turned on the pomposity of a certain American diplomatist.

"Ah, he is a great man," said Irving, "and in his own estimation a very great man—a man of great weight. When he goes to the west the east tips up!"

Not Afraid of a Ghost.

In a village in England a man went running into an inn at 8 o'clock at night and cried out that there was a ghost in his back yard. There were fourteen men in the inn, and not one of them dared to go home with the man and investigate. There was a person who dared, however, and that was the landlord's daughter, a girl of fourteen. Some of the men followed her at a distance, and she went into the yard and saw the ghost, flapping its arms and discovered a man's white shirt flapping on the clothesline in a strong breeze. That's about all the ghosts turn out.—*Exchange.*

At the Flood.

Hearing of a rising river at the headwaters of the Euphrates, with a falling barometer and indications of a flood in the valley, the Pithecanthropus changed his mind and frankly admitted it to Noah. His manner was that of a frightened and softened person.

"You monkeyed with me," said the patriarch. "We gave you a chance to come in vessels, and you wouldn't take it. Now we have arranged for all the folk we care about trying to float."

The general liquidation which followed had the usual effect upon all but the insiders.—*Puck.*