

Oliver Goldsmith, who was a peculiar compound of shrewdness and simplicity, said in his introductory to "The Bee" there was no man but thought himself specially competent to farm a small property, edit a newspaper and drive a gig.

And the man would regard the successful editing of a newspaper as much the easier achievement of the three. An individual who could not construct a grammatical sentence if his life depended upon it will discourse you learnedly as to the manner he would handle a subject and as to the matter he would select for handling.

As regards the successful management of the business department, bless your soul, there is not a dago shop keeper in the city but is perfectly certain he could do it to the queen's taste, and accumulate a fortune in a comparatively short time.

Yet, after all, this may not be the result of vanity so much as it is of ignorance of the surroundings. No doubt each individual could edit a newspaper more satisfactorily to himself and the class to which he belongs than the man in charge is doing it. The lawyer would fill his columns with reports of complex cases, of Supreme Court decisions, and of how the shrewd and unscrupulous attorney secured an acquittal of the red-handed murderer; the doctor would ignore everything but remarkable diseases and wonderful surgical operations; the merchant would scorn every subject not intimately allied to trade and commerce, including the tariff on putty; the sporting man would have his journal bristling all over with accounts of prize fights, ball games, bicycle races and cocking mairies; the humorist would split his sides in relating funny anecdotes and giving specimens of elephantine jocosity; the politician's taste could only be satisfied with an account of sharp politician practices and of the skillful manipulation of a nominating convention; the farmer would select his "matter" from the agricultural journals which could tell of the best way to cultivate cabbage, build pig-styes and raise big bees; the society editress would revel in descriptions of fashionable weddings, where the lovely bride, ravishingly costumed, enters leaning on the arm of her father and the bridal party advances down the aisle to the seductive strains of Lohengrin's wedding march; the sentimental and dreamy youth would luxuriate in love-sick stories and spring-tide poetry. And so on to the end of the chapter.

Nor is it to be wondered at that the readers of each respective class would regard it as a model of journalism—a daisy, in point of fact.

As to the business management, the merchant, who pays what he considers an exorbitant price for "a little advertisement that costs the publisher scarcely anything to insert," but which the latter knows is inadequate compensation, feels positive he could coin money if he had control of the paper; and this is the result of dense, though excusable ignorance of the enormous expense incurred in placing "the little advertisement" in the hands of thousands of readers—the expense of type-setting, of press-work, of raw paper, of the reporter and editorial corps, of the clerical staff, of telegraphic dispatches, and of other items, whose name is legion, incident to the publication of a metropolitan newspaper.—States.

How dear to our heart is the old silver dollar, when some kind subscriber presents it to view; the liberty head without necktie or collar, and all the strange things which to us seem so new, the wide spreading eagle, the arrows below it, the strange things they tell; the coin of our fathers, we're glad that we know it, for some time or other 'twill come in right well—the spread eagle dollar, the star spangled dollar we all love so well.—Ex.

White's Head-Race not only cures Headache and Neuralgia, but instantly relieves pain in any part of the body. For sale by M. B. Kearney.

A specialty at Lake Charles Steam Laundry.

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Tesla's Latest and Most Wonderful Electrical Invention.

Under this heading there have been published the results of one of the most interesting experiments of modern times.

A few years ago, Mr. Tesla made known some discoveries of high potentialities and high frequencies in electric currents, and set the whole world agog. Ever since that time he has been experimenting with light in various forms, and has, among other important discoveries, demonstrated the fact that artificial sunshine can be created through the aid of phosphorescence. This new discovery revolutionizes the idea of light.

It is said that when the improvements in this line are a little farther advanced, it will be difficult to tell whether the light in a room is natural or artificial. This is explained as follows:

"The light is radically different from any heretofore used in commercial form. People now use units of light, spots of light, simply because they have nothing better. The barbarians lighted with torches, and the people have been adopting that principle ever since. In order to imitate daylight, the light is needed that comes from all directions so that there must be no shadows. Moreover, ethereal light diffuses itself so that it is actual manufactured sunshine."

At a recent meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers a description was given of the advances made in phosphorescent lighting. These are very remarkable. "Running all around the walls of the lecture-room were tubes of thin glass. They were seven feet six inches in length, and as big as a man's arm. They were merely plain glass tubes, with a little air left in them, and with a wire attachment at the ends. When the current was turned on, these tubes became pure white cylinders of light. The first impression conveyed was 'lighting by smoke.' The wealth of light astounded the electricians. A photograph of the lecture hall was taken with a five-minute exposure. The picture has the strength and clearness of the best daylight photograph; every detail is sharply defined, while there is a softness and an absence of shadows which suggest the development of an entirely distinct field in night photography. The effect is infinitely in advance of any flashlight picture."

The world is watching with the utmost interest the development of electrical science, and those who have gone most deeply into the subject are prepared to admit that the half has not yet been told.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Find at Delphi. A bronze statue of a bearded man, five feet ten inches in height, and holding a horse's bridle in his right hand, has been discovered by the French at Delphi. It is the biggest find yet made there. The work belongs to the fifth century before Christ. The only imperfection in the statue is that the left hand is missing, but the feet and tail of the horse have been found, and it is hoped that further excavation will bring to light the missing portions of the group. The English on the island of Niobe have discovered a splendid mosaic pavement, representing in beautiful colors vegetable products, birds and fishes.

Colonial Tea Trays. Every woman who boasts distinguished ancestry or a large bank account has a "colonial" tea tray among her possessions. It is a highly polished, modern affair, preferably of mahogany, surrounded by a narrow rail of silver lattice work. It is large enough to hold a goodly number of cups and the regulation afternoon tea service, and its chief charm lies in the fact that it may be carried by its silver handles from the dining-room on to the piazza or lawn.

Frog Hunting Prohibited. Frog hunting is now prohibited by law in Belgium. The Belgian hunters, however, continue their amphibious occupation in Holland, and from the Sans-van-Gent have recently sent in one half day as many as 80,000 frogs' legs on ice to Paris. These delicious fetch from two pence to four pence apiece, and some of the hunters find the calling very remunerative.

A High Price for a Coin. For a golden penny of the thirteenth century no less than \$1,250 was given at the resumed sale at Sotheby's in London, of the famous Montagu collection. The specimen was rare example of the coinage of Henry III. and only three like it are known.

Opium Culture. All Persian opium is cultivated on irrigated land; consequently the moisture is practically under the farmers' control. This is most important, as rain, when the plant is nearly at maturity, would be certain to destroy the opium elements.

Spring Time Is Here! Goldwater's Shoe Store

Spring Time Is Here! Goldwater's Shoe Store

KEARNEY'S

The Oldest Established

Drug Store

In Town!

2 Doors North of Dummy Line.

Continued.

The boy looked a good deal puzzled, and was silent for such a long time as to attract his mother's attention.

"What are you thinking about?" she inquired.

"I want to ask a question, only I can't get it so that it won't sound mixed up."

"What is it?"

"Why, when an elephant shakes his trunk is he wagging his tail?"—Washington Star.

Natural Results. The laundryman with a few concluding gestures hung the shirt up on the line.

"Well, how do you feel?" sighed the buttonholes to the bosom.

"I feel completely done up," answered the bosom, with a heave; "how is it with you?"

The buttonholes groaned.

"Oh, we're all torn out," they replied, in a faint voice.—N. Y. Recorder.

Over the Handle Bar. She smiled at me as she swiftly passed. Over the handle bar; That sunny smile was the maiden's last. Over the handle bar; She caromed hard on a cobblestone. She took a header she couldn't postpone. Her twinkling heels in the moonlight shone. O'er the handle bar.—Cleveland Post.

WANTED HIS COMMISSION. Patient—What, doctor! One dollar a visit!

Physician—Why, that's not much. It's less than most of my patients pay.

Patient—That may be, doctor, but remember it was I who brought the fever into the neighborhood.—N. Y. World.

An Error. "Spring chicken," said the diner and, "I thought would be a toothsome thing. Until, alas, I found they had O'erlooked the fowl and served the spring."—Washington Star.

In Arkansas. Slick-Head Sal—Quick! quick! hurry up, young feller! I want a surrace policy on my husband for a \$100,000.

Blind Insurance Agent—But, my good woman, why all this hurry? Won't to-morrow—

Slick-Head Sal—Ter-morrer he blowed! he's jist stole a hoss.—Truth.

A Gospel's Inference. "I had always understood that the late Mr. Wellington was a man of considerable property."

"Wasn't he?"

"He couldn't have been. I haven't heard of any steps to contest his will."—Washington Star.

Usefulness. Mrs. Styles—Does your husband keep abreast of the times?

Mrs. Boardman—Well, I don't know so much about that, but every time he does the carving, I do know, he keeps a breast of the chicken.—Yonkers Statesman.

Method in His Madness. Yeast—I don't see the use of kissing. There's that man Gushington forever kissing his wife.

Crimsonbeak—It keeps her from talking, don't you see?—Yonkers Statesman.

Dear Creature. Elder Lady—At the present day a woman is considered most interesting when she has reached 40.

Young Ditto—Really, dear? I did not think you were quite so old as that.—Fun.

Essentially a Modern Question. The old man shaded his eyes and looked after the fleeing bicyclist disappearing up the road.

"I wonder," he ruminated, "whether that's my boy or my girl."—Chicago Post.

How to Shop. Fair Shopper (in great store)—There, this novel will do. Don't wrap it up.

Clerk—Don't wrap it up?

"No, indeed. I'll sit down here and read it to kill time while waiting for my change."—N. Y. Weekly.

A Romantic Get. "Lucille is very sentimental, isn't she?"

"Oh, very; she learned to ride a wheel just because she wanted some coins to carry to her grave."—Chicago Record.

Learned All About It. "So you went out driving with your new boat, Gus, and I expect he read your heart like a book?"

"Yes, another; he read between the lines."—Detroit Free Press.

How Lottie Lost. "It was too bad the way Lottie Leap year lost a good chance to marry!"

"How did it happen?"

"Through the new custom of saying 'Ye-es' through the telephone instead of 'Hello.' She asked Will Sands if he was engaged and he didn't understand, and said 'Ye-es.'"

"But didn't he explain?"

"She rung off and proposed to Harry Wilson, and he accepted."—Detroit Free Press.

A Blessing in Disguise. "I know," Mr. Meekton remarked to an intimate friend, "that some people say Mrs. Meekton wears the—er—the pantaloons, you know, but it isn't true."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Do you know," Mr. Meekton went on with a far-away look in his eyes, "I kind of wish she would wear 'em once in a while? Then, maybe, I'd get the suspender buttons sewed on oftener."—Washington Star.

Her Bicycle Lamp. The policeman stops the lady fair. "You have no lamp," says he; She reddens up from neck to hair. A vision fair to see, And as she turns her eyes on him Her little foot she stamps— "Move on," he cries in wild surprise, "I never saw such lamps!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BOTH ATTRACTED ATTENTION.

The Tall One—Don't you think your butting suit is a little conspicuous, my dear?

The Short One—Not any more so than yours, my dear.—Brooklyn Life.

A Revolution. The motion of the ocean is glorious from the strand, But you get another notion When you're not upon the land.—Truth.

Urgent Doctoring. Anxious Mamma—Little Dick is upstairs crying with the toothache.

Practical Papa—Take him around to the dentist's.

"I haven't any money."

"You won't need money. The toothache will stop before you get there."—N. Y. Weekly.

The New Boarder. Prof. Snooks—Madam, I refuse to sleep in that bed again.

Landlady—What's the matter with it?

Professor (stiffly)—You seem to forget, madam, that I am a botanist, not an entomologist.—Town Topics.

Corrected. A—Now, if I understand correctly, the first principle of socialism is to divide with your brother man.

B—Then you don't understand it correctly. The first principle of socialism is to make your brother man divide with you.—Birmingham Post.

A Finished Blacksmith. "I hear Curry is a finished blacksmith."

"Yes, he finished day before yesterday."

"Eh—don't understand."

"He tried to shoe a mule."—N. Y. World.

Explaining His Position. Mrs. Youngwife—Ah, Henry, you do not say all the pretty things you used to when courting me.

Henry—My dear, you don't keep running after you've caught the car.—Town Topics.

Not Up to Date. Flora Flirtsome—I suppose I ought not to have allowed you to speak to me without an introduction?

Mr. Masherbon—Of course not. You ought to have spoken to me. This is leap year.—Brooklyn Life.

Suppositions. "Jenkins, have you an extra dollar in your pockets?"

"No, dear fellow; in fact, I haven't any pockets—times are so hard I have my trousers made without them."—Chicago Record.

The Final Token. "Poor Dick is gone; he was a devoted cyclist, wasn't he?"

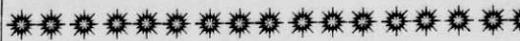
"Yes, indeed; he left a will stating that he was to be cremated and used to help out on our new under-path."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Remarks. Brown—Smith has peculiar ideas about the weather.

Brown—What are they?

Brown—He's satisfied if it's cold in winter and hot in summer.—To Date.

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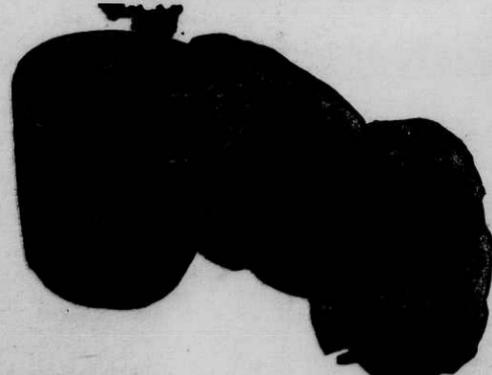
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