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Bubble and Squeak
By B. L. TAYLOR
With some extracts from the unpublished work of the late Walter Blackburn Hatte.
(Copyright, 1911, by Joseph B. Rowland)

"Loafe and invite the soul" is generally conceded to be a good, apt, catchy phrase; but it has more meaning than the popular acceptance of it. The soul is leagues away in activity generally. Some men need to work; they cannot be trusted to loafe—they sink instead of rise. One has to be touched with holy fire to loafe with moral advantage. One must have learned to think the thoughts which are lost and buried beneath our foolish activities. Only the fool needs to bustle all the time to keep him out of mischief.

I don't find any signs of this wild regard for brevity in much of the standard literature on my book-shelves. The men whose style I would emulate never made copies of an arbitrary 500 words to hold the mangled corpse of their thoughts. They could not have made more than a punctilious bow in modern periodical literature. The thinker in every period who had something to say wanted elbow room in which to say it.

And as to style, the man who wants to ride a race-horse can't really think of taking a nap at the same time. If one must sleep, stay there in the armchair and read the newspaper, not literature. I find the best thought long-winded. We can't get the best in snippets, even though it may accord with the American genius.

WALTER BLACKBURN HATTE.

In the Critics Write the Plays.
In this and, degenerate day Drama's in a dismal way. Fallen from its high condition—Just a business proposition; vulgar, sordid, cheap, banal, Anti-intellectual.

Every drama then would be From the common fallings tree, It would be a work of art, Perfect in its every part, It would please and educate, Entertain and elevate, Influencing high and low In an equal ratio.

None would ask: "How was the play? As we hear it asked to-day— Question would be: "Did you go? Wasn't it a splendid show?" Everyone would recognize There was naught to criticize. One opinion. Criticism Would be an anachronism. Speed, O time, that day of days When the critics write the plays!

Literary shoemakers are as disinclined to stick to their respective lasts as the proverbial maker of footwear. Thus Morgan Robertson, who does sea tales very well, prefers to write about psychic influence and introduce a beautiful woman in the story. Anyone that has seen Mr. Robertson or a picture of him will readily understand how naturally psychology and beauty would appeal to him. Another writer who loves to dally with the psychic is Hamlin Garland; he dislikes to stick to ensilo and stlage, where his special gift lies. George Barr McCutcheon has always had a craving to introduce human beings in his romances, and has to be constantly repressed by his publishers, who know how costly the experiment is. Lloyd Osbourne is afflicted with the auto bug. Thomas W. Lawson's secret ambition is to design the covers for Everybody's Magazine; and so it goes. The only excuse the average author has is that he is doing the thing for which he is best fitted.

"Now that the holiday trade is over, one hopes devoutly that 'All the Fifth Cent Poets' have returned from the depths of 15 cents to their half dollar eminence.

The most overworked word in the English language, conversationally, is the word "propose." Once you begin to notice it, it gets on your nerves. Some people can't talk 20 seconds without using it. A friend of ours used it 20 times in the course of two minutes' talk. It is maddening. Stop it. A little picturesque conversation goes a great way.

RESPONSIVE READING.
She I love Mr. Swinburne.
He His verse is so warm;
She And if you don't read him
He He'll do you no harm.

The Exposure Fad of Little Arcady. The exposure fad has hit Little Arcady, Ill., and hit it hard. That once idyllic community, recently made famous by novelist Harry Leon Wilson, is in the throes of publicity, and the most astonishing developments are promised.

Nothing is talked of in Little Arcady except exposure. Prominent shamefunders have been invited there to lecture, and among those that have agreed to come are Lincoln Steffens, David Graham Phillips, Samuel Hop Adams, Thomas W. Lawson and Ida Tarbell. During the past month the best six sellers in Little Arcady were "Shames of the Republic," by Lincoln Steffens, "To Ward Deluge," by David Graham Phillips, "Is Rockefeller Honest?" by Ida Tarbell. Everybody's

Magazine, McClure's Magazine and Collier's Weekly.
The trouble, as we gather from the later issue of the Little Arcady Argus, began about three weeks ago, when the startling news leaked out that Ezra Joyce, superintendent of the pumping station, had bought a barrel of gasoline on the village's account, paying cash for it, and afterwards had served it to the village at a profit to himself of \$1.35. As Editor Denney of the Argus declares, in a double-headed editorial, "To what a spectacle has free government by the people been perverted."

A committee of inquiry has been appointed by the village board to investigate the affairs of the pumping station, and it is broadly hinted that all other human affairs in Little Arcady will be subjected to the same searchlight of inquiry. "The truth must be told though the heavens fall," declares Editor Denney—an admirable sentiment pitifully expressed.

The motto of the Little Arcady Argus is: "Hew to the Line, Let the Chips Fall Where They May." The paper promises to be intensely interesting from now on.

In the books you read nowadays you may have observed the "u" in such words as "humour," "labour," "misanthour," etc. You see, English publishers won't buy the plates of American books if they are defaced by American spelling. So you will not see "thru," and "fonetic," and similar atrocities in our published literature. Which is sad for the so-called "reformers," but a good thing for the king's English.

Fair of Tongue, Perhaps.
Jim Ford—I picked up a copy of Town Topics to-day.
Olive Herford—You did! What with?

Frangoon-Savies, the Welsh singer, takes issue with the critical opinion that: singers as a class are not overburdened with brains. Curious where the notion originated. We remember the remark of a musician of our acquaintance concerning a song bird: "That fellow knows nothing of music; he's a tenor." And many of us recall the bon mot describing a trio as "two musicians and a singer."

WELL-POSTED SERVANTS.
English Butler Who Gave His Employer's Daughter a Hint on Etiquette.

There is no personage more deeply and deferentially aware of his own importance than the English butler; next to him in privileges, and ahead of him in sturdy frankness, must stand the Scotch gardener, says Youth's Companion.

"It was Darwin's gardener who, when a friend of the family inquired after the health of the famous naturalist, who had been somewhat ill, replied confidentially that he did not doubt his master would be better 'if only he could find something to do!' The patient and minute search in which he daily saw Darwin engaged struck his mind as merely a foolish and fussy form of trifling, not worthy to be considered an occupation. If, instead of bothering about the digestive capacity of worthless insectivorous plants, the great man had grown cabbages or raised roses, the gardener's opinion of him would doubtless have been higher.

The gardener of Prof. Huxley, with equal unconsciousness of doing so, also cast a slur upon his renowned employer.

Mrs. Huxley, fearful that he might be overlooked, had inquired if he did not need some assistance. "No," came the reply, "the place is not very large, and Mr. Huxley is almost as good as another man."

Better than either of these true tales is that of the butler in a fine old English family, whose long services had caused him to feel a personal and proprietary interest in the sons and daughters of the house. He could not acquit himself of a sense of responsibility for their manners and conduct, and when at a large dinner-party he noticed one of them, a young girl who had but recently entered society, devote an amount of attention to her agreeable neighbor on the right obviously in excess of that accorded to the less fascinating gentleman on her other side, his perturbation increased till it could no longer be borne in silence.

Under pretense of passing her a dish, he managed cleverly to whisper in her ear: "A little more conversation to the left, miss."

How He Took His Eggs.
Dwight L. Elmendorf, the "globe trotter," told recently of a new way to cook eggs. "I happened," said Mr. Elmendorf, "to stop for lunch at a small railway 'eatin' house' in Georgia. My time was somewhat limited, and I immediately looked for a bill of fare. It appeared in the form of a diminutive colored boy covered with some three feet of soiled apron, who in none too gentle terms announced 'ham, eggs, corn bread and coffee.' In due time I replied that I would like some ham, eggs, corn bread and coffee. The idea of such a pretentious meal being ordered by one person seemed to stagger him, and as he turned kitchenward he said: 'How'll yer have dem eggs, boss, blind er lookin' at yer?' I immediately looked at him, and said Mr. Elmendorf, "feeling that if they were able to 'sit up and take notice,' they must be in good health."

Sweet Potato Croquettes.
Mash some boiled sweet potatoes, season them highly with salt and pepper, and add to every pint of the vegetable one egg yolk and a very small piece of butter. Form into croquettes, roll each in egg and breadcrumbs and fry in deep fat.

May Be Inherited.
Patience—Did the cook give you any notice when she was leaving?
Patrice—No, she hardly noticed us at all!—Yonkers Statesman.

No Newsboys in Spain.
There are no newsboys in Spain. Women sell newspapers on the street.

Home Health Club
By MRS. J. G. HANEY, Ph. D., M. A.
La Porte, Ind.

WARTS.
Because of such a pressing demand for something on the subject of warts, I have concluded to give you a short article on that well-known affliction. This is an affection with which all are familiar, and most of us from experience. It is not painful, nor does it seem to be directly or indirectly responsible for any particular derangements, but it is disgusting! "Ay, there's the rub. It is entirely natural to desire to be handsome, and he who scoffs at the assertion is either a hypocrite or abnormal."

Many a woman, otherwise beautiful, is distressingly disfigured by numerous repellent warts. They may be on her shapely hands, around the smiling lips, or on various other portions of her person.

I presume that most of you have heard ways of curing this trouble, as there is scarcely a person who ever had a wart that has not had various ridiculous methods of cure proposed. It is very amusing, indeed, to hear some person of accredited intelligence tell of the magic cure for warts which they positively know to be efficacious. "I would not have believed it if I had not seen it." To this last expression, which is used in about the same capacity as a woman's vindictive argument—"because"—I think I should always answer in the language of my facetious uncle, "Neither would I."

There was a period in the world's history when superstition was the order of the day, but time is supposed to have eliminated it. It would seem, however, from some of the methods of cure exploited by different people that it still exists. Take, for example, the period of witchcraft in our colonial history, and note the methods employed at Salem, Massachusetts. Doubtless all of you are familiar with the particulars regarding this period. For the benefit of those who are not, however, I will describe one of their methods of determining whether or not a suspected subject was guilty of being a witch or not. The party to be tested was thrown into the river, and if she scrambled out alive she was adjudged guilty and treated accordingly; if she drowned she was thus proved innocent. Thus it will be seen that if a person was ever accused of being a witch, death was inevitable.

It seems incredible that people should ever have been such barbarous things as this, and yet when we hear of some of the superstitions indulged in to-day our credulity is not so overtaxed after all.

Not so very long ago I had an old lady confide the following to me, after impressing me with the unusual favor she was conferring by imparting such very valuable information:

"To remove warts magically, all that she claimed was necessary was to go secretly to a neighbor's meadow and secure therefrom a piece of fat meat; then leave the place without once looking back, a la Lot's wife (with the penalty of failure to cure in case of disobedience to this part of the rule) and rub over the wart, or warts, with the meat, and then throw it back over the left shoulder.

I have not very many comments to make regarding this method of cure, except to suggest that the subject wear a coat-of-mail and be prepared for the worst. For it may be that the particular neighbor upon whom you have conferred the honor of being permitted to supply the meat has been rather loquacious with this sort of procedure, or it may be, would misinterpret your mission, and unchain the bulldog, or even employ a horse pistol or a musket. I repeat it, when you are about to undertake this treatment, don a coat-of-mail and be prepared for the worst.

Another method of cure which I have often heard solemnly declared to be of particular merit is the dropping of three beans down a well. I am of the opinion that the dropping of three beans (and a great many more) into a pot would be more generally satisfactory—and would remove just as many warts.

Still another method—one which my own grandmother told me of—is that of pricking the wart until it bleeds, dipping seven sulphur matches into the blood and secreting them in separate places. I was a boy of eleven when my grandmother advised me to use this method of procedure to remove several seed warts which decorated my hands.

Grandmother supplied me with the matches, for I was forbidden to carry them. I pricked the largest and ugliest wart, and dipped each of the seven sulphur matches into the bright red blood. I then began to search for a place to hide them. I decided to hide the first one in an old log house which was then used for a sort of woodshed and storeroom, my grandparents having built them a frame structure some years previous.

I held six of the matches in my left hand, and in my right the one which I was to hide. I began searching about for a suitable place, but was distracted from my work by a paper lying under some boards which contained a number of comic pictures. I pulled it out and sat down among some shavings, chips, old shingles, etc., to look at the pictures. This is where I did wrong. My grandfather happened in, and I, being absorbed with the pictures did not notice him. He saw the paper, the shavings, etc., and my handful of matches. Certainly circumstances were against me. Before I could explain he had placed me across his knee and administered a sound spanking. So, naturally, I do not feel that I can recommend this treatment to youths, because of the liability of such disastrous results befalling them as did mine. To older folks I need say nothing.

These are few of the many, many superstitions that prevail one-to-day regarding the removal of warts. But I am sure none of the Home Health Club members will depend upon them. How many of you know what causes warts? When all the functions of the

body are being properly performed the worn-out portions disengage, and their place is taken by new material. This is more noticeable with the skin than other parts of the body, because there is a better opportunity to observe it.

Well, this being true, suppose that certain particles do not disengage, nor become entirely dead, and are merely pushed up by the new ones which take their places. This process continues until quite an eminence is formed. This is a wart. It is caused by the particles which should die, and be disengaged, clinging tenaciously to life and their position.

The thing which is necessary to remove them, then, regardless of their particular kind or location, is to complete their death, when they will disappear. How to accomplish this is very simple and can be performed by anyone. Any wart can be removed by applying any of the following remedies, as I shall direct:

Take an old tooth brush, or something of that kind, and apply Lugol's solution of iodine to the crown of the wart, two or three times daily. This will require about two weeks to remove the wart. It will disappear gradually, and you will hardly realize that it is going until it is gone.

Another equally meritorious remedy, to be applied, just as the above, is a solution of concentrated acetic acid, one part to five parts of water. Apply until the wart is removed. It requires about the same length of time as the Lugol's solution of iodine.

Stick a needle through the wart and then heat one end of the needle red hot. The wart turns white and disappears.

These remedies never fail to produce the desired results, and I am sure that club members will find them just what they have been looking for, and will not be disappointed by a trial.

CLUB NOTES.
If Mrs. J. G. Haney will write again giving her name and address in full I will cheerfully answer her letter.

Minnesota.—Dr. David H. Reeder, LaPorte, Indiana. Dear Doctor: Having been something of an invalid I have been able to derive a great deal of benefit from your lectures as well as from contributory notes, which are always interesting. You have many times told us that you are pleased to hear from those that have been helped. I will therefore add my little share. Just before your lecture on night sweats appeared, I became greatly troubled in this way—your red pepper-vinegar treatment was a perfect success; when taken internally it is also an aid to digestion. I also tried the turpentine treatment for catarrh, and firmly believe it persisted in it would cure this disease. It certainly so greatly improves the condition that it well repays the trouble of using it. I have now abandoned the use of stimulants, and am able to handle three square meals a day. Again gratefully thanking you for all of your good advice, I am, very truly yours, M. N.

I wish to thank you for the suggestions you have made and am glad to give the Home Health Club readers the benefit of your experience.

All readers of this publication are at liberty to inquire for any information pertaining to the subject of health. Address all communications to H. H. C. or Dr. D. H. Reeder LaPorte, Ind., and contain name and address and postage.

Bound to Get Something.
Like other businesses, the tramp profession has to keep moving, and enterprise enters into its calculation as much as into a member of any other business.

One strolled up to a journalist's house the other day. That was a mistake. Had he known it was the domicile of a press man, he would not have wasted his time. Being there, however, he made the best of it, and asked for a meal.

"No food to spare," he was told.
"Got an old coat?"
"No."
"Pair of boots?"
"No; only these I'm wearing."
"No old shirt?"
"No."
"Well, a piece of bread, then?"
"Afraid not."
"The tramp's chin fell on his chest in thought. Then he produced a small album.

"Well," he said, "if you ain't got nothing else, let's have your orty-graph!"

British Soldiers' Memorial.
Lord Roberts unveiled in the Guards' chapel, London, recently a memorial to the 700 and odd men, and officers of the guards who fell in South Africa. It consists of mosaic work that fills the vaulted roof of the church in front of the sanctuary, and represents six angels carrying the different parts of the "whole armor of God."

Bad Smellers.
At a recent smelling competition in London only 5.72 per cent. of the competitors succeeded in distinguishing the odors of common oils. Those most easily identified were camphor, peppermint, vanilla and cloves; those least recognized were hemlock and lavender.

It Was.
Weary One (jovially)—Fine morning, judge!
The Judge (genially)—Yes, indeed—ten and costs.—Cleveland Leader.

HOW THEY LOVE ONE ANOTHER



Miss Homereigh—A classmate of my brother whom I have never met is to call on me this evening. How shall I receive him?
Miss Cutting—In the dark.—Chicago Journal.

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