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Except Sunday.
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Phones—Residence 138. Office 265.

L. C. HEINTZ,
Physician and Surgeon
Covington, La.

Office in Covington Bank and Trust Company building. Office Phone 229. Residence Phone 195.

DR. H. E. GAUTREAUX,
Physician and Surgeon.

Formerly assistant surgeon of the Touro Infirmary, of New Orleans, has located his office with Dr. A. C. Gribble, opposite Truilly & Oplatek's drug store. Hours, 9 to 11 a.m; 3 to 5 p.m.
Residence phone, 94. Office phone, 113-3.

DR. C. Z. WILLIAMS,
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Residence on the corner of Rutland street, west of the Martindale house.
Office over the bank.
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Residence in the Exterstein raised cottage, two blocks west of public school building.
Offers his professional services to the public.
Office at the City Drug Store on Columbia street.

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Tenders his professional services to the people of the parish.
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JOS. B. LANCASTER,
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Attorneys-at-Law,
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Women as Imitators of Men

By Rebecca Harding Davis

Womanity vs. Humanity—Vanity of Modern Woman Over Her Achievements — Business Not Her Highest Occupation—"To Keep House and Be a Joyful Mother of Children" a Woman's Birthright.

(Copyright by J. B. Bowles.)

(Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis has long been known as a talented writer of fiction. Among her many works may be mentioned "A Law Unto Herself," "John Andross," "Frances Waldeaux" and "Dr. Warrick's Daughters." Her home is in Philadelphia. She is the mother of Richard Harding Davis, the author.)

Surely we are all familiar by this time with the claims to admiration of the new woman; the beauty and energy and keen mother wit which, as Americans believe, set her apart from the women of other nations and make her unique, as was once the huntress Diana among the gods.

She never tires of counting over her recent successes, from the marvelous costumes that she wears to her achievements in biology, in cookery or in founding new religions. The woman of the last generation walked in a narrow path; in her life, as in a Chinese song, there were but three notes—love, marriage and motherhood.

But this queen of the present hour has a thousand parts to play. You never know where to find her. She may be driving a four-in-hand in Broadway or looking for the north pole in the arctic seas or nursing some poor beggar in the slums, or, most likely of all, she may be settling herself comfortably for life as duchess or princess in some old English or Italian family.

We all look on with pride, and wonder complacently what she will do next.

The chief difference between her and her grandmother—and it is a very curious difference—is that the older woman regarded herself simply as part of the human race. The man was its head, its spokesman. She thought of herself as his child, his wife or his mother.

The woman of to-day is not only his equal but his antagonist. She talks not of humanity but womanity.

Every village has its club of women who urge each other into new professions, work or studies which have hitherto been considered the business of men only.

Every newspaper has a woman's department in which the successes of the sex in wresting trades and handicrafts from their brothers and husbands are daily noted.

I saw to-day the announcement that a woman was now filling a place as brakeman on a western railway. This fact is told with a hysterical sob of triumph, as though when this energetic young person laid her hand on the brake she had dealt a fatal blow at the foe of her sex and had made for herself a long stride upward in the scale of being.

In our national exhibitions, too, there is always a woman's department where statues, pictures, soaps, confectionery, etc., made by our sex are exhibited apart to prove that women are as skillful with their fingers as men.

I confess I do not understand this belligerent attitude in the modern woman, nor her vanity. Is she not human, like the man? Has she not the same fingers, eyes and tongue? She is not a monkey nor a freak that her cleverness should be trumpeted and paraded as abnormal in the public eye.

A man when he invents a new plow or paints a picture does not shout out: "A man—a man has done this! Not a woman! See how superior the male of the race is to the female!"

But we American women of late years never weary of boasting of the doings of our sex, and especially on the ground that they are so much like the doings of men!

It is true that at the close of the civil war our women were forced to compete with men for work and wages in every part of the field of labor. They had to make a place for themselves then as wage-earners or starve. It was no wonder that they were aggressive and sharp during that time.

But why squabble and fight now? The whole field is open to them. All of the fences are down. There is not now, I believe, a single honest occupation by which a living can be earned which is not open to a capable, decent woman to try for it. Men give her a fair field and much favor. Whether she chooses to drive a garbage cart or write a historic novel, they invariably are kinder to her endeavors and applaud her more loudly than if she were a man.

Why, then, this incessant, defiant assertion of woman's achievements and possibilities?

This constant noisy boasting seems to be akin to the loud cackling in the barnyard of a hen over each new-laid egg, as if an egg never had been laid before.

Another mistake, it seems to me, is made by my energetic young sister when she thinks that her chief errand into life is the work which she does to keep herself alive. She sings such energetic paeans over her success as a doctor or china painter or saleswoman—she is naturally in her need of money so thankful to have work to do and so glad that she can do it—that she begins to think that when she was sent into the world, to work was to be her highest occupation.

It is not true. There is not a fiber in her body nor an impulse in her nature which does not show that the real primary business in life is to be a home-maker, the comrade of a man and the mother of his children.

God in His wisdom may have denied her that highest and best work, but whatever else she may do she knows in her heart that it is the highest and the best.

A "southern woman" the other day rated her sisters of the south sharply because they "took it for granted that no woman is a wage-earner except from necessity and that when the necessity is removed she would gladly return to her old vocation—that of the lily of the field."

And why not?

The vocation of the lily of the field is to be fair and sweet, to make one little place on God's earth brighter and fitter for His sight and to reproduce its kind to do the same work when it is dead.

The woman who makes her home a center of help and intelligence and high endeavor, who brings forth children and fits them in that home for their future life, has done enough. She does not need to earn a single dollar in any way to justify her right to live.

As for the woman who voluntarily gives up her birthright—"to keep house and be a joyful mother of children"—in order that she may busy herself with public work, she is precisely in the position of that mad English peer of whom we all read a few years ago, who turned his back on his birthright—castles, title and revenues—in order that he might tramp on the high road grinding a hand-organ for a dancing monkey.

She is choosing the meaner part in her ambition to exploit herself before the public. No club work is as honorable or helpful as a gentlewoman's management of her home and family; nothing that her talents enable her to give to the world—whether book or statue or lecture—will ever be as important or powerful an influence in it as a living child.

This is not a pleasant subject, but when we read that the births of children of native American parents have fallen off one-half in certain northern states in the last two decades, it surely is worth our consideration. As men go, the native American is a wholesome good bit of that human stuff which makes up humanity. The world seems to need him just now. If he is not to be born into it, I doubt whether the books or charitable work given to it by childless American women will fill his place.

There is one pleasant fact, however, which cheers and comforts us in all these doubts and dangers. That is, that the large majority of American women have kept their footing during all the struggles of their sex since the close of the civil war. They have earned money when it was necessary to do it, but they have not raised money-earning to the highest place among the achievements of life. They have been shrewd, amused listeners to the feminine wrangles in clubs and newspapers, but are themselves usually silent and unpublished. Occasionally they have exerted the power of dumb resistance with most salutary effect, as when for several decades they have silently refused to claim the right of suffrage.

They are best known by what they do not do. They prefer to live in homes, not in boarding houses and hotels. They are not childless mothers nor divorced wives. They find no higher code of truth to teach their little ones than that which Jesus brought to the world. They do not replace it by the sharp worldly wisdom of Confucius or the vague yearnings of Buddhism. They answer all arguments by the question: "Who has led man so far upward as Christ?" and go on quietly teaching their children the Sermon on the Mount.

You call them old-fashioned and commonplace, perhaps. But they are eminently sane. One of the strongest proofs of their sanity is that they are content to be women and not imitators of men and that they still keep in their lives that charm of modesty and aloofness which the noisy minority of our women have so foolishly thrown aside.

NO STRIKING CLOCKS FOR HIM.

He Had One, But Its Erratic Methods Made Trouble.

"One thing I have always wanted is a clock that strikes," said Robert Mateer, of the Wabash, to a Kansas City Star writer. "Such clocks were a necessary part of the household furnishing when a boy. Well, I found one on the table Christmas, bearing a card, upon which was written my name. Before I got the clock I was in trouble trying to see the time in the early hours without setting fire to the house. Of course, I expected the clock to put an end to my woes. The next morning after Christmas it worked all right and as I lay awake I heard it strike six and I hustled out for work.

"The next morning I was awakened by hearing the clock strike and without further ado packed myself down to the office only to find I was three hours ahead of time after waiting 20 or 30 minutes for an owl car to boot.

"The following morning I again heard it strike, but, as I counted only four strikes, I turned over for another snooze. When I awoke I found I had overslept two hours.

"I've reformed on the clock proposition," concluded Mr. Mateer, "and all I desire now is a strong, sharp ax."

Devil Dogs.

"Devil dogs," said a globe trotter, "are a species of alarm clock. They are used in Greece for the purpose of keeping watchmen, stage drivers, railway signalmen and such like persons awake.

"I rode in a Greek diligence from Patras to Agrinion, and throughout the night a small black devil dog, strapped to a stool beside the driver, barked, barked, barked. Sometimes he would pause for a second to moisten his parched, rasped throat at the basin of water set before him, then he would commence his sharp and maddening clamor again.

"Of course, he kept the driver awake, and we got through without a spill; but he kept all the passengers awake as well, and when daylight came and the little black creature ceased his tumult, my nerves were as raw and quivering as his throat must have been."

AROUND THE CIRCLE

HOW THE PRACTICE OF HOME TRADE HELPS EVERYBODY.

THE RESULT OF ADVERTISING

An Increased Use of Printers' Ink in the Local Paper Brought Prosperity to the Entire Community.

"You'll have to stay over Sunday, Mary, so I can have a chance for a visit with you. Can't possibly get the time through the week. Business too lively."

"Things must be getting better with you, John. Last time I was here you seemed to have lots of time to spare. Said business had gone to the dogs, or rather to the mail-order houses. What made the change?"

"Well, to tell the truth, Mary, I just wakened up one day and thought I would give them fellows in the city a little of their own medicine. I got onto the fact that they were killing me by feeding the people around here on printer's ink in the way of advertising, and while I knew most of what they said was lies the people didn't know it, and I started in to show them what I could do. Not at lying, you know, but at selling good goods as cheap as the city fellows did, and lots of times a little cheaper.

"I went to the local paper and pretty near scared the editor to death by ordering a half page of each issue for six months. Then I set about seeing what I had to sell that the people would want. I really didn't know what was in that store until I started to look it over. Some of the things had been there so long I had forgotten about them. I hauled them out and put a bargain sale price on them, told the people about them in the next week's Record, and gave the prices, and say, I just couldn't get them things wrapped up fast enough. Ever since then I've just been buying and selling, buying and selling. Seems like nothing stays in the store. Have hired two more clerks, and they're everlastingly telling me we're out of this, that or the other thing. I found that telling the people what you've got and what you are willing to sell them for pays. I've paid off that mortgage that's been hanging over us for the last ten years, and gave $100 to the new church building besides, and it's advertising that did it.

"You'll stay over Sunday, won't you? I've got to get to the store now."

"Jones ordered a new delivery wagon this morning, Jane. Said since the folks around here had started to trade at home and quit sending so much money to the mail-order houses he simply had to have it. You can have what I make on that wagon to get that new dress with that you've been wanting. Wish you'd buy it of Jones though for he always trades with me."

"Yes, sir, I figure I'm ahead a little more than the freight on that buggy, besides getting a better buggy than you got. I intended to send away for mine, too, like you did, but I saw Brown's advertisement telling the kind of a buggy he had and the price, and I concluded I'd look at it first. He's making better prices than the catalogue fellows, and he's paying the freight besides. I figure that I saved just about enough on that buggy to pay the doctor's bill for Molly's sickness, and then, besides, Brown ordered his hay of me, and he's paying a good price for it, too."

"Now, my dear, you may engage Miss Herman to give Princess music lessons for the wave of prosperity in the community has struck the minising they voted me a raise in salary for the coming year. In a talk made by Brother Jones he explained that this was possible because the people were keeping their money at home rather than sending it to the catalogue houses of the cities. Brother Frank (the postmaster) explained that the money order business of his office had dropped to almost nothing within the past six months. He said that less than a year ago he was handling more than $1,000 each month in the shape of money orders, and that now the total is not one-fourth of that. I understand that they will also increase the school teacher's salary next term."

"A 12-page paper this week, I see. Anything special doing?"

"Not at all. That's to be the regular size of the Record in the future. The increase in business warrants it. The campaign of advertising being conducted by the merchants forced me to increase the size or encroach upon my reading matter columns, and so I increased. Then, too, my subscription list is growing. People who never took the paper before say they want it now if for nothing more than to keep posted on the prices the merchants are quoting. Business in the Record office is booming all around. I have had to advertise for two more job printers, and have just ordered a new printing press. By the way, is that horse you offered me some time ago still on the market? If so you can bring him around. I want him for a birthday present for my wife."

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

TEN GOOD REASONS.

Read Them and Patronize the Merchants of This Town.

Here are ten good reasons for trading with your home business people, as given by an exchange.

Because: You examine your purchase and are assured of satisfaction before investing your money.

Because: Your home merchant is always ready and willing to make right any error or any defective article purchased of him.

Because: When you are sick or for any reason it is necessary for you to ask for credit, you can go to the local merchant. Could you ask it of a mail order house?

Because: If a merchant is willing to extend you credit you should give him the benefit of your cash trade.

Because: Your home merchant pays local taxes and exerts every effort to build and better your market, thus increasing both the value of city and country property.

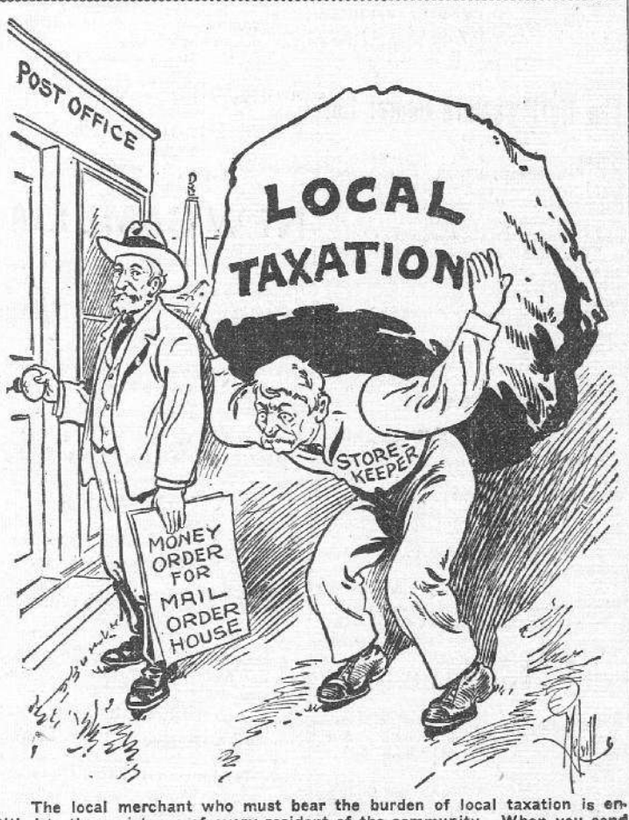
Because: The mail order merchant does not lighten your taxes or in any way hold the value of your property.

Because: The mail order merchant does nothing for the benefit of markets or real estate values.

Because: If your town is good enough to live in it is good enough to spend money in.—Gov. Folk of Missouri.

Because: The best citizens in your community patronize home industry. Why not be one of the best citizens?

Because: If you give your home merchant an opportunity to compete, by bringing your order to him in the quantities you buy out of town, he will demonstrate that, quality considered, he will save you money.



The local merchant who must bear the burden of local taxation is entitled to the assistance of every resident of the community. When you send your dollars to the mail-order houses of the city you but add to the load he must carry. Keep your dollars at home.

A Double-Edged Joke.

James Scarlet, the attorney for the commission which is investigating the fraud in Pennsylvania's $13,000,000 state capitol, is a great huntsman, and one of his sporting companions in his Montour county home is Charles Thorp.

Both men keep dogs, and not long ago Thorp walked into Scarlet's law office to inquire:

"Jim, what do you do when another man's dog invades a man's shop and eats a ham?"

"Why," said the attorney, "make the owner pay for the ham."

"Well," replied Thorp, "it was your dog; the ham will cost you $2.65."

Scarlet dug into his pocket and drew forth the money. He paid it to Thorp, who, laughing heartily, started out of the office.

"Hold on," called Scarlet; "$10 from you for legal advice."

And he collected the money.

Home Trade Hints.

A dollar spent at home stays around home and may return to you after a few days.

If you want to make your own town prosperous you will spend your money in your own town in preference to some bigger burg a long way off.

The way to start a wagon out of the mire is for all the horses to pull together. One way to pull together is for everybody to patronize home industries whenever possible.

Money in circulation around the town you live in is much better for your interests than the same money in circulation in a city hundreds of miles away. Your dollar is lonesome in a big city, but it has friends around home and is therefore more useful.

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