

Professional Cards

DR. QUITMAN KOHNKE
 Has established his residence and office in COVINGTON, La., at the corner of Massachusetts and Boston streets. Telephone 34.
 Morning Hour: 9 to 10.
 Evening Hour: 3 to 4.

DR. C. Z. WILLIAMS,
 Practicing Physician.
 Residence on the corner of Rutland street, west of the Martindale house. Office over the bank.
 Day and night calls promptly attended. Chronic diseases a specialty.

DR. J. F. PIGOTT,
 Covington, La.
 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.

DR. F. JULIUS HEINTZ,
 Tenders his professional services to the people of the parish.
 Office and residence: Abita Springs, next to the postoffice. Phone 73-2.
 Private diseases a specialty.

GEORGE B. SMART,
 Attorney and Counselor at Law
 COVINGTON,
 And 905 Hibornia Bank Building, New Orleans.

B. M. MILLER, LOUIS L. MORGAN,
MILLER & MORGAN,
 Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
 Covington, La.
 Will practice in all the courts of the 10th Judicial District.

L. C. HEINTZ,
 Physician and Surgeon
 Covington, La.
 Office in Covington Bank and Trust Company building. Office Phone 229. Residence Phone 195.

FRED. J. HEINTZ,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW
 COVINGTON, LA.
 Opposite courthouse. Notary public in office.

E. ELMO BOLLINGER,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW
 SLIDELL, LA.
 Office in bank building. Notary public in office.

JOS. B. LANCASTER,
 Attorney at Law,
 Covington, La.
 Will attend to civil business in connection with his office as District Attorney.

B. B. WARREN,
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
 Covington, La.
 Office on Main street, opposite the bank.
 Residence: New Hampshire street, near Rutland.
 Office Phone 66. Residence Phone 53.

Harvey E. Ellis, W. A. White,
ELLIS & WHITE,
 Attorneys-at-Law,
 Covington, La.
 Will practice law, both civil and criminal, in the parishes of St. Tammany and Washington.

DR. H. E. GAUTREAUX,
 Physician and Surgeon
 Office Southern Hotel building.
 Hours: 9:30 to 11:30 a.m. and 3 to 5 p.m.
 Phones: Office, 213-3; Residence, 94.

DR. A. PEYROUX, JR.,
 DENTIST.
 Covington Bank Building.
 Licensed in Texas, Louisiana, and Mississippi.
 French and English spoken.

DR. A. C. GRIBBLE,
 DENTIST.
 Southern Hotel Building.
 Best references in town.

DR. R. M. FISHER,
 DENTIST,
 COVINGTON, LA.
 Office over Covington Bank and Trust Company's new building.
 Office Hours: 9 to 3.

DR. R. L. SCHROEDER,
 DENTIST.
 Permanently Located. SLIDELL, LA.

DR. A. H. GRIMMER,
 DENTIST,
 Covington, Louisiana.
 Hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Phone No. 218. Frederick Building.

DR. CHAS. P. McCAN,
 Veterinary Surgeon.
 Specialist on the diseases of the horse and dog.
 Also special accommodations for sick animals.
 Residence in Claiborne. Phone 290

GREAT MAN HONORED
 ANNIVERSARY OF BIRTH OF NOAH WEBSTER CELEBRATED.

Famous American Lexicographer and Educator Remembered in Connecticut—His Grammar Still a "Standard Work."

New Haven, Conn.—The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Noah Webster, the great lexicographer, was generally observed by the educational institutions throughout the state the other day. Yale university, with which he was closely associated though not officially connected, honored him by appropriate classroom exercises.

Webster gave the schoolboy of America his dictionary, his grammar and his spelling book, and while his fame might rest imperishably on any one of the three achievements, the triple accomplishment establishes his title as the greatest American educator. His dictionary, the first since that of Dr. Johnson, nearly a century before, unified the English language in America and made it impossible for sections of this country to fall into dialect. His spelling book fixed firmly the pronunciation and spelling of common words, and his grammar has remained a standard work for a century.

Born in 1758, in Hartford, of a family distinguished in colonial history, Webster was sent, at the age of 14 years, by his father, a farmer, to the parish clergyman to prepare for Yale. In 1774, when 16 years old, he was admitted. His studies were interrupted by the war of the revolution, and in his junior year he shouldered

SALEM HOUSE 228 YEARS OLD.
 Well Preserved Specimen of Colonial Architecture of Seventeenth Century.

Boston.—One of the best preserved specimens of domestic colonial architecture of the seventeenth century is the Narbonne house on Essex street, Salem, Mass., which was built in 1680 and is sound to-day and good for another century at least.

Belonging to a period in which the colonists had very little money to lavish on their homes the house represents the conservative tastes of the thrifty resident of Salem 100 years before the revolution.

It was built by Thomas Ives, and its title passed through many hands.

Mr. Lyman melted away into the crowd like fog before the sunshine, being by nature ever modest and retiring when an official appeared on the landscape. He wriggled his way back until he sighted his friend and co-partner, Mr. Collins, and retired with him from the range of inquisitive ears.

"Mickey," he mumbled cautiously, "We're pinched."

"Hell!" observed Mr. Collins profanely, staring around him in an unpleasantly suspicious manner.

"Sure thing, Brownley's up in front. He's done up something great. But you can't fool me on Brownley. It's him sure."

Mr. Collins expressed a desire that the immortal part of J. Brownley might be subjected to a roasting process for an indefinite futurity. Under stress of emotion, Mr. Collins was apt to be vituperative.

"He" followed us all the way from "Frisco," he grumbled wrathfully, "and three times this month we've just got off with our necks. The only way to get rid of Brownley is to kill him."

"And have the whole U. S. know we did it? Not on your tin-ype, Mickey. I don't throw my head away like that. Never kill a man unless you have to. Spose you sneak around front and see if the road's clear for a break."

Mr. Collins worked his way swiftly back to the front entrances and casually looked out. One would have said that he was enjoying the beauty of the cloudless sky, so innocently distant and abstracted was his gaze; certainly no one would have suspected that he saw two men look quickly at him and away.

The two men outside looked at one another, and moved closer. They were in no hurry. J. Brownley's orders were that unless these two shy birds could be captured together at the track, they were to be quietly and cautiously followed to their lairs, and there invited to take up their residence in the nearest police station.

The reasons why Messrs. Lyman and Collins were so greatly in demand were numerous and interesting. These were versatile gentlemen, and if one vocation proved irksome or unhealthful from the legal point of view, they could always pass on to another. They found it convenient to change their occupation frequently, as well as their post office address; it diverted the official mind, and kept it guessing.

Mr. Collins found his partner in a marvellously short time; he was used to it. He shook his head a trifle, which meant that their immediate future was not of an encouraging nature. Mr. Lyman thrust out his under lip in token of his displeasure, as they edged away from their nearest neighbors.

"If we run for it when the crowd goes out to the track, there'll be a million smart Alecks ready to help 'em catch us," he mused discontentedly. "I think they mean to catch us here if they can, or track us down to a good place and nab us. But they don't know that we're onto 'em. We'll fool 'em. We might raise a big row, Mickey, and light out in the racket. We'll stampede the crowd, that's it!"

Mr. Lyman radiated good nature again, as he thought of the mischief at his command.

"Fire?" queried Mr. Collins dubiously.

"M'm, no, Mickey; that's an old gag. We'll do somethin' original. Brownley's in front of the whole bunch—awful reckless to stand in front of a crowd—the other chaps are back of it, and we'll keep about three-quarters back, and save our skins while we lose the other fellows. Chase, Mickey; it's 'most time for the start."

Mr. Collins was not a man of many words, but his little eyes twinkled as Mr. Lyman hastily told him what to do. He wriggled swiftly away, lost himself in the thickest of the crowd and managed to get his brown derby knocked off. When he came up from searching for it in the press, several feet from where he had been, he had in his hand a large and rakish light felt, which he tilted well over one eye. He was now ready for business, and if there were any investigating gentlemen craning their necks to see a man in a brown derby, they missed him.

Then Lyman, caught Collins' eye over the heads of a dozen or more men, and pulled out a huge roll of bills which ran into the thousands, fluttering their over with the air of a man who has plenty more, and will risk the whole business with all the pleasure in the world. He turned his back deliberately upon Collins, who edged his way toward him, watching him with sharp but furtive eyes.

A swift hand shot toward the roll of bills, but Lyman was ready for it. His revolver flashed out as he whirled around and faced the dodging Collins; the hand with the bills was crammed safely in his pocket.

"Look out in front!" he yelled, leveling the weapon at Collins' head, and a score of men in the line of his aim melted away with warning shouts and aimed against those in front. Only 20, certainly no more, but the mischief was done. It was marvelous how slight a thing may set a great crowd in motion.

Up at the front Brownley turned in surprise as he heard a roar behind him. Four thousand men, not more

THE GREAT GAME
 By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

It was a big day at the race track, and as it was also a holiday, there were at least four thousand men crowding and pushing one another in the pool room.

There were three men among the 4,000 who were vitally interested in each other's movements, but it was not until they came in from the second heat that Mr. William Lyman—address not found in the directory—discovered J. Brownley of the San Francisco detective force standing before the boards, well in front of the crowds and apparently studying the odds with thoughtful eye. It occurred to Mr. Lyman that J. Brownley's other eye was keeping watch on the rear exit.

Mr. Lyman melted away into the crowd like fog before the sunshine, being by nature ever modest and retiring when an official appeared on the landscape. He wriggled his way back until he sighted his friend and co-partner, Mr. Collins, and retired with him from the range of inquisitive ears.

"Mickey," he mumbled cautiously, "We're pinched."

"Hell!" observed Mr. Collins profanely, staring around him in an unpleasantly suspicious manner.

"Sure thing, Brownley's up in front. He's done up something great. But you can't fool me on Brownley. It's him sure."

Mr. Collins expressed a desire that the immortal part of J. Brownley might be subjected to a roasting process for an indefinite futurity. Under stress of emotion, Mr. Collins was apt to be vituperative.

"He" followed us all the way from "Frisco," he grumbled wrathfully, "and three times this month we've just got off with our necks. The only way to get rid of Brownley is to kill him."

"And have the whole U. S. know we did it? Not on your tin-ype, Mickey. I don't throw my head away like that. Never kill a man unless you have to. Spose you sneak around front and see if the road's clear for a break."

Mr. Collins worked his way swiftly back to the front entrances and casually looked out. One would have said that he was enjoying the beauty of the cloudless sky, so innocently distant and abstracted was his gaze; certainly no one would have suspected that he saw two men look quickly at him and away.

The two men outside looked at one another, and moved closer. They were in no hurry. J. Brownley's orders were that unless these two shy birds could be captured together at the track, they were to be quietly and cautiously followed to their lairs, and there invited to take up their residence in the nearest police station.

The reasons why Messrs. Lyman and Collins were so greatly in demand were numerous and interesting. These were versatile gentlemen, and if one vocation proved irksome or unhealthful from the legal point of view, they could always pass on to another. They found it convenient to change their occupation frequently, as well as their post office address; it diverted the official mind, and kept it guessing.

Mr. Collins found his partner in a marvellously short time; he was used to it. He shook his head a trifle, which meant that their immediate future was not of an encouraging nature. Mr. Lyman thrust out his under lip in token of his displeasure, as they edged away from their nearest neighbors.

"If we run for it when the crowd goes out to the track, there'll be a million smart Alecks ready to help 'em catch us," he mused discontentedly. "I think they mean to catch us here if they can, or track us down to a good place and nab us. But they don't know that we're onto 'em. We'll fool 'em. We might raise a big row, Mickey, and light out in the racket. We'll stampede the crowd, that's it!"

Mr. Lyman radiated good nature again, as he thought of the mischief at his command.

"Fire?" queried Mr. Collins dubiously.

"M'm, no, Mickey; that's an old gag. We'll do somethin' original. Brownley's in front of the whole bunch—awful reckless to stand in front of a crowd—the other chaps are back of it, and we'll keep about three-quarters back, and save our skins while we lose the other fellows. Chase, Mickey; it's 'most time for the start."

Mr. Collins was not a man of many words, but his little eyes twinkled as Mr. Lyman hastily told him what to do. He wriggled swiftly away, lost himself in the thickest of the crowd and managed to get his brown derby knocked off. When he came up from searching for it in the press, several feet from where he had been, he had in his hand a large and rakish light felt, which he tilted well over one eye. He was now ready for business, and if there were any investigating gentlemen craning their necks to see a man in a brown derby, they missed him.

Then Lyman, caught Collins' eye over the heads of a dozen or more men, and pulled out a huge roll of bills which ran into the thousands, fluttering their over with the air of a man who has plenty more, and will risk the whole business with all the pleasure in the world. He turned his back deliberately upon Collins, who edged his way toward him, watching him with sharp but furtive eyes.

A swift hand shot toward the roll of bills, but Lyman was ready for it. His revolver flashed out as he whirled around and faced the dodging Collins; the hand with the bills was crammed safely in his pocket.

"Look out in front!" he yelled, leveling the weapon at Collins' head, and a score of men in the line of his aim melted away with warning shouts and aimed against those in front. Only 20, certainly no more, but the mischief was done. It was marvelous how slight a thing may set a great crowd in motion.

Up at the front Brownley turned in surprise as he heard a roar behind him. Four thousand men, not more

Every Man, Woman and Child Can SEE!
 —THAT IS WHY—
Electric Lights Talk
 You can have them at little cost. THEY TALK BUSINESS and are pleasure and convenience in YOUR HOME.
St. Tammany Ice and Manufacturing Co. LIMITED.

P. J. Lacroix,
 General Merchandise,
 Dry Goods, Feed, Furniture and Tinware.
FANCY GROCERIES
 HATS AND CLOTHING. BOOTS AND SHOES.
 Highest Market Price Paid for Country Produce.
 Phone 123. Free Delivery.

F. F. PLANCHE
 ...Is Ready to Furnish You all Kinds of...
Stove and Fire Wood
 —CUT TO ANY LENGTH—
 DELIVERED IN TOWN. TELEPHONE NO. 93

A. Rockenschuh & Son,
 Blacksmiths
 Wheelwrights
 Machinists
 Repairing Engines, Boilers, Pumps, Motor Boats, Automobiles, Buggies, Wagons, Guns and all Machinery a Specialty.
 Shop in Old Ice House Building on Rutland Street, : Covington, La.

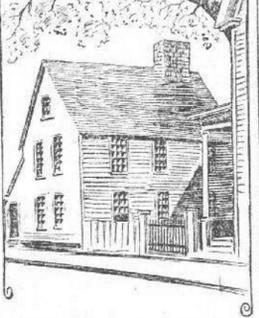
E. V. RICHARD
 (Successor to RICHARD & BARRERE.)
Real Estate and Rental Agent
 Next to the City Drug Store.
 Phone 300. . . . COVINGTON, LA.

JUNE LACROIX
 COVINGTON, LOUISIANA.
 Practical Painter, Hard Oil Finishing, Calsomining
 Dealer in Real Estate

AUGUSTE VERGEZ
 Blacksmith,
 Wheelwright and Gunsmith
 CARRIAGE PAINTING A SPECIALTY.
 HORSE-SHOING.
 Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done. Prices Moderate.
 Phone 192. P. O. Box 154.

C. W. SCHMIDT'S
 GENERAL MERCHANDISE STORE
 The only first-class establishment in ABITA SPRINGS. Go there if you want goods at the CHEAPEST PRICES. OUR STOCK IS ALWAYS FRESH.
HAMILTON-BROWN SHOES
 LATEST STYLES IN DRY GOODS and NOTIONS.

LEON HEBERT,
 GENERAL LINE OF
Groceries, Feed, Fruits and Vegetables.
 EGGS ALWAYS ON HAND.
 Fish Every Wednesday, Friday and Sunday
 Telephone No. 1. Free Delivery.



Narbonne House at Salem, Mass.



Prof. John M. Tyler

SELLS HIS HEAD FOR SCIENCE.
 Prof. Tyler, Son of America's Greatest Greek Scholar, Receives \$10,000.

Amherst, Mass.—Prof. John Mason Tyler, stone professor of biology at Amherst college and son of America's greatest Greek scholar, is reported to have made an extraordinary compact with scientists of wealth whereby he has sold his head after death for \$10,000.

Mrs. Tyler is very much disturbed over the suggestion of such a contract. At the college, when the report was circulated and Prof. Tyler

was asked for its verification, he declined to make a direct statement, but said that in his student days at Liepzig he believes he made some such agreement.

It is because he is reputed to have the best shaped head in America, with a most extraordinary brain development, that the question becomes of interest to science. All the experts in America are familiar with Prof. Tyler's head, and it is common knowledge that they regard it of great value to the scientific world.

Adopts American Dress.
 Three Chinese young women studying in Wellesley after many months of hesitation at last have adopted the American dress. They have packed away their wonderfully patterned silks and have blossomed forth in lingerie waists and tailor-made skirts on the most approved American plan. The girls are Faung Yui Tsoa, Wing Sisia Hu and Chiche Wang. They were Wellesley almost a year ago, and were reluctant to abandon their native dress. A seashore trip a short time ago in their brilliant Chinese attire brought so much attention that was the reverse of pleasing that they decided on the change.

The Result.
 "Now, Willie, you know I told you not to go in swimming, and yet you have been in the water."
 "I know it, ma, but Satan tempted me."
 "And why did you not tell Satan to get behind you?"
 "I did, and he kicked me in."—Judge.

Well Provided with Libraries.
 There are in the state of New York 43 villages of between 1,000 and 2,000 inhabitants which have free libraries.

his musket and joined in the campaign which wound up in the defeat of Burgoyne.

On his return from college in 1778 with a Yale sheepskin his father presented him with four dollars and told him that in the future he must rely on his own exertions. Webster pursued his ideal of a legal education, although compelled to read law as an accompaniment to his school teaching in Goshen, N. Y. With the country impoverished by the long war Webster found the schools without textbooks. He composed a spelling book, a grammar and a reading book the first of the kind published in the country.

He began the practice of law in 1789, in Hartford, but in 1793 removed to New York to found a newspaper in support of President Washington's policy. The Daily Minerva was his first venture and then came a semi-weekly, the Herald. In 1798 Webster removed to this city and continued to write for his newspapers, which were continued under another editor, but he soon disposed of them and devoted himself to the work on which his fame was to rest, the preparation of a new dictionary of the English language.

The first edition of the dictionary was published in 1828. Only 2,500 copies were printed in the United States. Then came an issue of 3,000 copies in England. Dr. Webster was at this time 70 years of age and announced that he considered his literary labors practically ended. Yet he revised many of his former works, and in 1841 the second edition of the dictionary was published, containing several thousand new words and many revised definitions. His papers, read before many learned societies, were published in 1843. The revising of the appendix to this edition was his last labor, and after a four days' illness, starting with a cold, he passed away, May 28, 1843.

J. M. YATES,
 Parish Surveyor
 FOLSOM, LA.
 All orders left with Howard Burns, Covington, La., or addressed to J. M. Yates, Verger Postoffice, La., will receive prompt attention.

S. W. RAWLINS' SON
 Cotton Factor and Commission Merchant
 830 Union St., : New Orleans, La.

ALBERT T. WITBECK
 Civil Engineer and Surveyor
 P. O. Box 132. : Covington, La.
 City Engineer of Mandeville. Surveying done in any locality.