

The St. Tammany Farmer

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Other Washington papers are so bright that it is a wonder the Congressional Record doesn't speed up a little.

Florida is flourishing in spite of occasional spring freezes. A cold March induces tourists to stay a month longer.

"Green hats for greenhorns," suggests an Indiana paper. Whoever wears a green hat and the new green shoes will be a devil of a fellow.

A slump in diamonds is predicted. If agreeable to Her, you'd better wait a few days and you may pick up a real bargain in an engagement solitaire.

Elbert Hubbard suggests that "for a whole year we let the heathen rest." But maybe those Newport swells would object to no mention whatever for 12 months.

A new fraternity is known as "The Amalgamated Order of Moose." From a gastronomic point of view, an amalgamated moose might properly be called hash.

An interesting suggestion that the continental powers might induce Great Britain to cut down her navy by reducing their own. But somewhat academic, eh?

Observers declare that wild geese, when they fly overhead nowadays, do not honk so much as formerly. It may be that they dislike the idea of being mistaken for automobiles.

A Maryland expert says that not one man in a thousand who eats terrapin knows whether it is the genuine diamond backed article or not. Then what difference does it make?

Some English statesmen are in favor of taxing bachelors in order to appease the suffragettes. We were under the impression that some of the English suffragettes were married.

Some English statesmen are in favor of taxing bachelors in order to appease the suffragettes. We were under the impression that some of the English suffragettes were married.

Since other British possessions have set the example we may expect to hear almost any day now that William Waldorf Astor has put a Dreadnought in the slot and drawn out a peagee.

Atlanta Constitution: Countries in search of a new constitution are informed that we have an old one which, when taken from the top shelf and thoroughly dusted, is a model for the world.

Surely the burglars have not yet cleaned up things so thoroughly that they are now driven to the extremity of stealing things so cumbersome and hard to dispose of as horses and vehicles.

As to the Boston woman who sued her husband for divorce because he threw a pie at her, there may be two sides to the question. Possibly it was a cherry pie of her own baking, with the pits in it.

A Georgia court rules that to call a man a liar in the south is a breach of the peace. As Washington practically is in the south it would seem that a certain distinguished citizen has got away just in time.

Government experts have been testing a rifle provided with electric lights for night work. Soon the luxurious soldier will refuse to fight unless his weapon be provided also with consoles and janitor service.

Lieut. Shackleton has named a south pole mountain peak after Queen Alexandra of England. But if he expects her to traipse down there to unfurl a flag or break a bottle of champagne, he will be disappointed.

Thirteen men were killed in Maine by deer hunters last season. It is only just to say for the hunters that none of them has made any complaint concerning the ammunition that was wasted when the mistakes were made.

At last the hired girl, butt of heartless generations of jokers as she has been, is getting her innings and can throw her proud "den" at the chorus girl. A kitchen maid in New York has just fallen heir to a fortune of a million dollars.

A congressman is sending the Congressional Record to the public schools in his home town, hoping in that way to induce the pupils to take an interest in the doings of congress. He is counting his readers, too, just as the baseball season is opening.

When Gen. Booth establishes the Salvation Army in Russia it is hard to see how he is going to avoid the organization of a few good active Cossack regiments to bring the thing to the attention of the plain people in the way they are accustomed to.

The first crop of spring chickens gets its pick at the garden seed. Too many people do not think of fixing the garden fence until the sprouts appear.

The Trenton (N. J.) board of education has notified principals that no child in the lower grades must be allowed to leave school with a stranger. This is to prevent danger of kidnapping. The regulation is a good one, like that for fire drills. But the value of both depends not upon a temporary enforcement, while the matter is in mind, but upon a steady obedience.

That great image of the angel Gabriel, after being blown down by a storm, is restored to its pinnacle on the new St. John's cathedral in New York. A new horn is provided, but New York is still far from ready to hear it.

A central New Yorker has refused an election as supervisor because he did not get as big a majority as some other candidates on his ticket. He thinks that he was traded off by a fellow candidate. Few officials are so sensitive.

The Flood

By Samuel Lincoln

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"Say," said Tommy, "did I ever tell you about the circus we had at our house the other night?"

"No," said I, settling back in my chair, "let her rip."

"Well," continued Tommy, "it was a peacherine, considering that the center of disturbance was nothing but a china bathtub, like a canary bird's or a hotel vegetable dish—same blame thing—only larger."

"Well, as I was saying, it was on a Saturday night, and I came home very early, about 2 a. m. I wasn't particularly anxious for the folks to know what time I got in, as the dad had had a notion to mow down my allowance for a couple of moons past. He's always preaching about early worms and birds and opportunity and things."

"I could see my fond parents waiting up for me with tracts, but I braced the game and in I went. Nothing doing—no parental greeting—house like a tomb. Then I heard a soft peep from the head of the stairs: 'Tommy, is that you?'"

"'Sure,' says I, 'were you looking for some one else?'"

"'Come on up,' says sis, 'there's a lot doing.'"

"'In a minute,' says I. I located the ice-water tank and imbibed generously. Then, with some difficulty, I ascended to the upper deck."

"The proud and happy author of my being and the publisher of the same were doing some kind of a splash act. 'O, Tommy,' says sis, 'I'm so glad you've come—we're all going to be drowned!'"

"'Sis was skylarking around the main cabin in a mosquito netting she called a bathgown, and the fond and dutiful parents were likewise attired. 'Thomas,' says the governor, 'it is three o'clock, and you may as well spend the rest of the evening profitably. We are all much wearied with the unaccustomed exertion.' With this he hands me a pall."

"The city's reservoir was backing up into our tub, and the family was dipping it out and pouring it into the washbowl."

"'O, to Sweep the Dust Off the Lake,' says I sarcastically."

"'Who found it?' asks I."

"'Me,' says sis, 'when I got ready to hit the sheets, I came in here for my evening's swim and found the tub filled up to its own accord. I blew the whistle and piped all hands on deck.' Of course, that wasn't her exact language, but it's the idea."

"I bailed for two hours straight, with sis encouraging me and begging me to omit mutilating the English. The hinge on my back got rusty and my brain cells began to work. 'See here,' says I to sis, 'you ball a while. I'm going after a plumber or something.'"

"'Plumber,' scoffed sis; 'what plumber would come out here at half past four on a Sunday morning?'"

"'It'll be five by the time that I pipe his nob,' says I, 'and plumbers ought to be up early, even if it is Sunday morning. The early bird catches the worm. Money'll bring him, and he can look to the governor for it.'"

"'All right,' says sis, 'I'll bail.'"

"While we went on talking the tub filled itself again. The water rose in distinct jerks, or tides, and I couldn't seem to make any headway. She said that when I had a good start, she'd yell for help, and get the rest of the family at it again. They'd been sleeping now for two hours, net. Well, I hiked off down the avenue without the slightest notion of the plumber quarter. I woke up a druggist, who cursed me good and plenty and then some when he found that I only wanted to look at his directory, and he banged the door in my map without giving me a look at his sainted book. Then I piped a Jay to port, rolling towards me, and as he looked respectable, I flagged him."

"'Kind sir,' says I, 'can you put me to work as a plumber?'"

"'Young man, I don't understand you; I am a throat doctor myself.' 'That don't fill the specifications,' says I; 'I don't want a bacteria shaft, or a lead-pipe doctor.'"

"'O,' says he, and he located a joint for me where the plumber slept over his office. 'Is there a night bell?' says I. 'Donno,' says he. 'You'll have to rap.' I picked up a brick to rap with and set sail. I made more noise than one of those steam organs."

"I pounded and rapped until I was horse; then a drowsy voice asked, from the inside: 'Did some wan rap?'"

"'Some wan did,' says I. 'I want a plumber double-quick.' 'What for?' asks the voice."

"'O, to sweep the dust off the lake,' says I sarcastically. 'Come out, I need a plumber.'"

"After a long discussion inside, the plumber himself condescended to speak to me. I can't wurruck on a Sunday," says he. "It's aginst the rules of me union."

"'Union be smothered,' says I; 'five people are drowning. It's twenty for you if you will cease and save our lives.'"

"'I'll come,' says he, 'fer the sake iv the errand iv mercy.' He wanted to stoke the sugar first, but I told him that my filthy lucre was in my other vest on the piano, so he hooked up his kit, and we started. He went to sleep four or five times on the way, but we finally made the harbor and dropped anchor."

"'On deck there was no change in the scenery. Author, publisher and sis were still balling when I introduced the plumber.'"

"'Thomas,' says the governor, 'you are a credit to the family.' Sis flew the coop on account of not being dressed for company."

"'How long have you been doing this?' asks the plumber."

"'Since 11 p. m.—last 11 p. m.,' says the governor, mopping his marble brow."

"'Why didn't ye put in the plug lay a brick on top iv it, and go to bed?'" asks the plumber."

"'Never thought of it,' says I, feeling foolish."

"The plumber got his kit, unscrewed the trap of the washbowl and gave something a push to the right. 'Yer trap was stopped up,' says he, 'and that sent the water to the tub.' 'Tis the same water,' says he. 'Ye can see how soiled it is from bailing it so frequent.'"

"'Wouldn't that get your goat? We'd be transferring the same water all night from the tub to the bowl and back again!'"

"'Give me the twenty,' says the plumber."

"'Not on your tin-type,' says the governor, getting red."

"'The young buck promised it,' says the plumber, 'otherwise I wouldn't have come. It's aginst the rules iv me.'"

"'All right,' says the governor, 'you shall annex it. It'll come out of your allowance, Thomas.'"

"I let the man out, and he says: 'Can I leave me kit out in the entry till I come back?'"

"'I suppose so,' says I, feeling grouchy. 'Where are you going?'"

"'I'm going to early mass,' says he, 'to praise God for me brains. Top o' th' mornin' to yer honor!'"

"'Cheap? No name for it; I felt like a bargain-counter shirt that had been marked down to 59 cents.'"

Food of the Forefathers.
Judging from a passage in Harrison's "Description of Britain," breakfast eating in the sixteenth century was held to denote effeminacy. "Heretofore," he writes, "there hath been more time spent in eating and drinking than commonly is in these days; for whereas of old we had breakfasts in the forenoon, beverages or nuntions after dinner, and thereto rears suppers when it was time to go to rest, now these old repasts, thanked be God, are verie well left, and each one (except here and there some young hummer stomach that cannot fast till dinner time) contenteth himself with dinner and supper onlie."

The nobility, and gentry, and students ordinarlie go to dinner at 11 before noon, and to supper at five, or between five and six at afternoon. The merchants dine and sup seldom before 12 at noon, and six at night, especially in London. The husbandmen dine also at high noon, and sup at seven or eight; but out of the tearme, in our universities, the scholars dine at ten."

Germans Drinking Less Beer.
As appears by the published statement concerning the business operations during the last year the breweries of Frankfurt and of Germany in general did not work very profitably. Lessened sales, owing to the existing business depression, unfavorable weather during the summer season, increased taxes and high prices of raw materials are stated as having caused the decline in earnings. One Frankfurt company has declared only 4 1/2 per cent. dividend on its stock, against eight per cent. last year. Not a few of the German brewing companies have, in order to increase sales, purchased high-priced properties and equipped luxurious barrooms, which are ostensibly carried on by independent tavern keepers, but the latter, in reality, have no capital and are but business agents of the brewery, whose beer they are by contract bound to sell. The outlook of the brewing industries in Germany is not bright just now.—Consular Reports.

Cuba Is to Repay Debt.
The recent intervention in Cuba cost the United States some six millions of dollars. And Cuba is expected to "pay the freight." But the terms are easy. The president is empowered by congress to receive from the Cuban government "from time to time such amounts to reimburse the United States as he may consider the Cuban treasury then able to pay without serious embarrassment." There is a chance here for a difference of opinion between the Cuban secretary of the treasury and the president of the United States in regard to the meaning of the last six words of the condition.

Talkative.
"I wouldn't object to do man dat keeps talkin' all de time," said Uncle Eben, "if he didn't insin' on th'ow in a question every ten minutes or so dat you's got to answer to show you's keepin' awake."—Washington Star.

The Tahiti girl, to acquire a flat, broad nose, sleeps with a compress on it.

POPULAR AS EVER

MRS. LONGWORTH DECLINES TO BECOME BACK NUMBER.

Her Favorite Color, Alice Blue, is Seen Everywhere on the Streets of Washington—Often at White House.

Alice blue dies as hard as the Teddy bear. In fact, to paraphrase the famous telegram of Mark Twain, "the announcement of the death of each has been very much exaggerated."

Alice blue is redivivus conspicuously on the person of its primary perpetrator, who proposes to relinquish not a jot or tittle of her perquisites. The other Roosevelts may be back numbers. But no post-mortem identify answers for fair Alice. She's here with the goods, and means to stay.

During the valedictory days at the White House just preceding the inauguration, when Mrs. Roosevelt and her children, much beloved of all the retainers, were dispensing farewells and souvenirs, and Mrs. Alice was bustling in and out among the moving lures and penates that somebody innocently characterized "lard and potatoes"—an attache of the White House much moved—it was moving day—came up and lachrymously extended a hand of final fellowship to the president's older daughter.

Mrs. Longworth regarded the well-wisher with an energetic shove. "Go along with you, man!" she exclaimed, with a laugh, "you aren't getting rid of me as easy as that. I'm not saying good-by. I expect to be here as much as I ever was before. You can't lose me, my Charlie!"

And, indeed, as persons grata at the executive mansion under the new regime, there is none to excel the Lady Alice. President and Mrs. Taft often affectionately dub their oldest daughter, Mr. Taft feels himself happily responsible for the Longworth-Roosevelt alliance, that is panning out so well.

So Alice is refurbishing up her national identity and wearing her own blue again. It is her trademark, her personal cachet.

The latest Longworthian lid shows the Alice blue in a half dozen or so cerulean plumes, long and willowy, which smother the outlines of a big black director's hat in Neapolitan braid, going from side to side and issuing from a big fat bow of Alice blue velvet. It has the dash of an effect by Romney or Gainsborough. The Lady Alice has been looking very smart in this, spinning these afternoons in her nifty little "electric" up to the congressional offices to fetch her legelord home after the business of the day.

Her aunt, Mrs. Cowles, too, doesn't propose to be classed among the Rooseveltian has-beens. She is anything but extinct, in this amiable president's sister, who gives one so glad a welcome at her aesthetic home in N street.

The President's Desk.
If the thousands who sit in the president's reception room in the White House waiting for an audience, only knew it, they might make the time less monotonous by contemplating the principal article of furniture, the executive's desk. It is handsome and massive, with a wealth of carving, but its chief interest consists in its historic origin. You all know that Sir John Franklin went to discover the north pole and never came back. His good ship Resolute drifted in the currents of the Arctic ocean, spared from destruction in some mysterious manner, until she reached the waters off the shores of Alaska, where some American whalers boarded her and claimed her. When she reached San Francisco the United States bought her, repaired and refitted her, manned her with an American crew, and sent her to England with international commitments. The old ship was broken up about 30 years ago, and from the soundest of her timbers a handsome desk was made, by direction of the queen, to be presented to the then president of the United States. That is the desk that stands in the president's reception room, and on it the papers of at least eight administrations have been written.

All Washington Plays Golf.
At Washington, President Taft has no monopoly on golf, for even the Japanese ambassador is included among the close students of the ancient game, and from present indications it looks as if Chevy Chase will have to be renamed the "course of all nations."

An idea of the unusual hold golf has upon well-known men can be gleaned by glancing back at the seniors' tournament at Annapolis last fall, when something like 50 men drove off the first tee. The scores some of the veterans made that day would have done credit to any tournament "regular."

Mutual Aid Society of One.
There is an individual at Le Mans, France, who is president, vice-president, treasurer, secretary, and all the members of the Mutual Aid society of the hatmakers of Le Mans. A few years ago there were 350 members, but although the hat trade gradually left Le Mans the society was never dissolved. From time to time he votes himself a small sum from the funds for help during illness, and gives himself a receipt for it.

The Skeptic.
Somebody said he heard a robin sing—I felt the cold, and heard the north wind blowing; Another said he saw the signs of spring—I looked across the fields and it was snowing.

Somebody said the Future glittered bright—The Present held me with a grim, stern stare; Somebody said that Love was all delirium—Here I sit weeping by Your vacant chair!

ATTRACTION FOR THE VISITOR

Most of the Tourists Who Go to Washington Insist on Seeing the Mint.

"You can have no idea," said a man who has formerly been a guide about Washington, "as to the sights many strangers who visit this city want to see, and all within a few hours' of time. One thing that made an impression upon me was that the great majority consider it time lost if they do not see the bureau of engraving and printing. They want to see where the government makes its bonds and bill notes and everything else that goes on in that important office. That has a preference beyond all else with a whole lot of folks."

"Though I am not now in the business, I have had several opportunities that I thought might have panned out well if I had been disposed to renew my old occupation. One happened recently that recalled to my mind how many of the people who have only a day or two to spend in the city want to see the money-making processes of the government."

"I was walking along F street, near Ninth, when a well-dressed man, carrying a handbag and accompanied by a little boy, approached me and courteously asked me the names of the interior department and old general post-office department buildings, and I took pleasure in telling him."

"Then he pointed to the treasury department, where it fronts on F street, and, of course, I told him that from the west portico he would have a good view of the White House and other great buildings. All this seemed very good to my newly met friend, and he asked me if it were in the treasury that the bank notes were made. I told him about the bureau of engraving and printing, and he made up his mind to take that for his objective point right away. I suggested that he get a guide, but he said he knew a man in the treasury and would hunt him up and get him to go with him."

"He further told me that while he had only a few hours to pass in Washington, he wanted to have his son, who was a little fellow about ten years old, to see the government making money."

"Now," remarked the ex-guide, "I have met many in my experience just like this man. They cut out other more interesting places to visit the engraving and printing bureau. But many others who have more time to spare want to take in everything, and go to Washington's church at Alexandria and Mount Vernon, as well. I'm almost sorry I got out of the guide business, for there's lots of fun in it, and profit, too, when you happen to be escorting a happy and generous crowd."

Another International Marriage.
Another international marriage is scheduled to take place in the diplomatic circle at Washington. Miss Blanche Willis Emory, daughter of Rear Admiral and Mrs. William Hemple Emory, is soon to marry Mr. Esmond Ovey, M. V. O., third secretary of the British embassy.

Mr. Ovey was best man at the wedding of Mr. H. W. Kennard, second secretary of the embassy, when he was married last December to an American woman, Miss Harriet Norris. Mr. Ovey has been in the American capital a year. He began his diplomatic career about six years ago, having been stationed at Paris, Tangier and Stockholm before coming to this country.

He is a linguist of an unusual order, speaking French, German, Spanish, Russian and Arabic fluently. The decoration of the Victorian order was conferred upon him for personal service rendered to the king.

Miss Emory is a favorite in society in Washington and New York. Her father has a place at Roslyn, L. I., and here the family spends a part of each year. The Emorys have for summer neighbors the Whitneys, Raines and Mackays, and it is probable that the wedding will take place at the Long Island home sometime in the near future.

Lizards as Food.
French epicures, like French cooks, have long been known as having the gift of originality. From them we learn that fried lizards must be very appetizing. So are young crocodiles and snakes. A writer in the Gil Blas has discovered that these are articles of current consumption in Paris. According to his statistics 5,000 common lizards are sold in Paris every year, and those who made it a special calling to supply this commodity, find it very profitable. But there is a far greater demand for salamanders, which are a special kind of lizard. Some 8,000 of these are disposed of every year. Young and, therefore, tender, lizards frequently fetch as much as a small chicken—about four francs apiece. Old and dry lizards are not got rid of for 50 centimes. Snakes fetch a good price, too, and good ones are worth as much as a turkey. Young crocodiles also find a good market. They are nearly as dear as a good sized calf, and when very small they fetch fancy prices. Not many of them, however, the writer says, are sold in a year—perhaps a hundred or thereabouts. Legs of frogs, of course, are very vulgar in comparison. The taste for them seems to be on the wane. Only some 30,000, we are told, are now sold in a year. Snails, however, hold their own, especially the Burgundy snails, and millions of them are disposed of in the small popular restaurants.

Mrs. Taft's Enjoyments.
Mrs. Taft had a good time when she was growing into womanhood and she has evidently not forgotten the pleasures of those days. She keeps young people around her whenever it is possible to do so.

Like her distinguished husband, Mrs. Taft delights in a good play and has been a constant theater goer in the last month. Usually she is accompanied by the president, who rarely permits his official duties to interfere with an evening with Mrs. Taft.

Personally Mrs. Taft is a woman who has accomplished the achievement of being a successful official hostess and one who is able to throw off the cares of officialdom and enjoy herself as any other woman in the world likes to do.

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