

The St. Tammany Farmer

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England has aeropobia. Pessimists are scarce articles these days.

Seashore or mountains? That's the question. Rains vex the city man and make the country man glad.

Cuba must behave or Uncle Sam will have to spank it again. Pretty near time for Venezuelan and Central American war scares to break out again.

"Cuba should be grateful," declares the Philadelphia Press. But is Cuba not a republic?

A southern paper suggests "Why not have a Father's day?" We have—it comes once a week.

Would there be the possibility of so diluting that sleeping sickness as to make it a cure for insomnia?

A Brooklyn clergyman declares that the rum power is to be banished from New York. "Good-by, gay old Broadway!"

A scientist tells us that Niagara will run dry in 3,000 years. Possibly. The tendency is certainly making great headway.

A town in New Jersey has a headless ghost, and the townspeople are trying to find some one who will put a head on it.

When we have remodeled the 16 battleships that went around the world shall we send them around to show the improvements?

A man is going to attempt an air trip from Boston to Europe. He had better have his "C. Q. D." signals in good working order.

Says a Washington doctor: "If you would not become a drunkard, stop eating meat." Dead men do not get dipomania, you know.

Count Boni de Castellani is coming to this country to hunt for big game. There is reported to be quite a flutter among our huntresses.

Another American princess has obtained a divorce, but having married a prince of the usual variety, what else was left for her to do?

The price of potatoes is increasing, but this won't bother the amateur gardeners who are confident of raising their own vegetables this year.

In Russia a new rebellion of an argumentative kind has broken out against the grafters and reactionaries who succeeded the grand dukes.

Any giraffe which would eat the artificial cherries of a young woman's hat is in need of instruction in the rules of hygiene and good manners.

The great wall of China has been traced 1,800 miles from the coast. There are traces of ten other walls, but the great wall overtopped them all.

The weather we have had recently ought to make it rather difficult for anybody to hull the duck market on the theory that there is to be a short crop.

European scientist will put an end to war by means of Hertzian waves. Now all we need to do is to invent an armor plate impervious to Hertzian waves.

Terrible was the loss of life on both land and water by the spring storm. Every season of the year makes an awful contribution to the world's tragedies.

China has promulgated a decree to the effect that Chinamen domiciled in other countries shall remain Chinamen. Were they ever known to do otherwise?

The proposal to increase the revenues of New Jersey by enlarging the assessment on corporations is frankly defended on the ground that the state is poor and needs the money. Surely, a straightforward admission. Doubtless the trusts organized under the New Jersey law will not vehemently oppose the plan, for they derive from the state privilege worth even the heavier price Senator Frelinghuysen proposes to exact. To pay up would be cheaper than to shut up or move.

An appropriate feature of Flag day celebration was that at Washington, where a facsimile of the flag that floated over Fort McHenry and inspired the writing of the national anthem was raised over the house in which Francis Scott Key, the author, lived for many years. While this ceremony was proceeding 400 school children sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," and it is safe to say each received deep impressions in patriotism and new conceptions of the honor due the flag.

The pressure of a gold button in the White House, at Washington, started the machinery of the great fair at Seattle, opening the big exposition. That is typical of modern life. A touch upon a button and modern invention and science does the rest.

If you must swing the hammer, use it to drive nails and help build up; not to destroy and tear down.

Cincinnati is trying to fix the clocks so as to get to work an hour earlier in the morning. That cold, gray dawn is a fierce thing over the Rhine.

The ambition of the aeronaut is to hitch his dirigible to a star.

As a result of his first lesson, one of Wright's pupils demonstrated that he could fall out of an aeroplane with as dull a thud as his teacher.

The latest aeronaut has a vehicle which consists of a motor boat suspended to a balloon. The next invention will probably enable the apparatus to be turned into a motor car, so that any emergency can be provided for.

Love.—I will tell thee what it is to love.— It is to build with human thoughts a shrine, Where hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove.— Where time seems young, and like a thing divine. Yes, this is love—the steadfast and the true, The immortal glory which hath never set; The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew— Of all life's sweets, the very sweetest yet! —Charles Swain.

Plato Dobbs' Tricky Ways

By Benjamin Franklin Napheys

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Plato Dobbs lay with his head just visible beneath the patchwork quilt, and one arm stretched across the top of the covers. His fist was clenched, and whenever he emitted an unusually loud snore he wrathfully smote the bed clothing. Plato was evidently having unpleasant experiences in the land of dreams. His wife, clad in a dressing gown, sat on the edge of the bed, watching him. She made no move to arouse Plato from his uneasy slumbers, however; and when a light tap sounded at the bedroom door she opened it silently. "Don't make a sound, sister Angelina," cautioned Mrs. Dobbs, as a thin, hatchet-faced woman, with a bowl of water in her hand, entered the room. "He's asleep at last, but he's mighty restless. I don't want him waked up until you've tried the experiment on him. Seem's if I couldn't wait another minute to find out whether your suspicions were true, or only made up out of your own head."



"Made up, indeed," sniffed Angelina; "that's the thanks I get from my own sister. You needn't be afraid, I'll show him up," she gestured toward the sleeping Plato. "I showed up his two brothers, Amos and Venomous, over to Peaville, before I'd been visiting their wives two weeks. Just as soon as I helped those poor, deluded women to pack up and go home to their own folks I came right over here to help you out. There never was a man yet to be trusted in anything, and now that I've discovered a way to unmask 'em it's going to be my lifework. Did you have Plato do as I said to-day, so he'd be good and tired to-night?" "Yes, he's been on the go ever since sunup; and to-night I got him a travel book out of the library, and he's been reading it aloud. There was one fear-

the salt water out of my eyes, and I'll find out what he's been up to. Wet his hand again, sister." Once more Plato's hand was submerged, and this time he made no protesting movement. Miss Angelina fixed her eyes on his face and sternly demanded: "Plato W. Dobbs, where'd you first meet this female?" "Um—um—down by the river," sleepily muttered the man in the bed. "I knew it," declared Miss Angelina. "I told you, sister, that he went down there for something else besides fishing. I followed him often enough, but I never could catch him at anything. Where'd you hide, you bald-headed old deceiver?" "Up a tree," responded the victim, with astonishing promptness. "Up a tree—tree—tree—um."

"Good lands!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobbs, "there's no woman around these parts that can climb a tree, let alone staying there when she got up. Ask him how she kept from falling off the limbs." "Bow-legged," immediately responded the sleeper. "Old bow-legs—bow-legs—ugh."

Keep his hand well wet, sister," cautioned Miss Angelina. "I'm going to find out who she is now, only I darsent ask him right out, just yet. What does she look like, Plato W?" "Ugly, slabsided—hawk-nosed old gorilla—gorilla—wow!" "And you've been running after a person like that?" "N-a-w, she chased me—every day—up a tree." "There, I knew it!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobbs. "You see, sister, no matter what we've found out, it isn't his fault." "Be still, and keep his hand wet, Plato W., what is her name?" Plato stirred, grunted, and hid his face in the pillow. "Wet his hand, sister. Come, you brute, you've got to tell. What's her name? Speak up." "Angelina Barlow," and then Plato drowsily took away his hand and buried himself beneath the patchwork coverlid. The bowl of water dropped unheeded from Mrs. Dobbs' fingers, and Miss Angelina sunk limply to the floor. "You'd better go to bed and get some rest, Angelina," said Mrs. Dobbs at length. "You'll be setting up early to-morrow."

HIDES MASTERPIECE

FEW WASHINGTON VISITORS SEE THIS ST. GAUDENS STATUE.

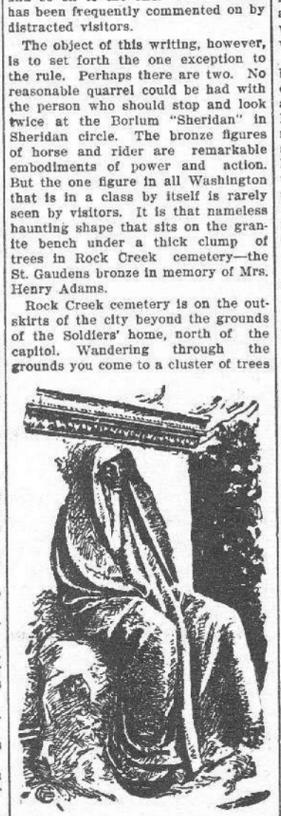
Bronze Memorial to Mrs. Henry Adams Stands in Rock Creek Cemetery, Out of the Beaten Path of Visitors.

Washington.—The latest guide book enumerates 31 pieces of statuary out-of-doors in Washington. But that was a year or two ago, and the capital has a craze for setting up new monuments week by week. Nobody knows how many there are now.

And the most striking thing about the whole collection is that nobody is tempted to look at any of them a second time. The Thomas looks like the Logan and the Logan like the Scott and the Scott like the Sherman and so on to the end. All of which has been frequently commented on by distracted visitors.

The object of this writing, however, is to set forth the one exception to the rule. Perhaps there are two. No reasonable quarrel could be had with the person who should stop and look at the Bortum "Sheridan" in Sheridan circle. The bronze figures of horse and rider are remarkable embodiments of power and action. But the one figure in all Washington that is in a class by itself is rarely seen by visitors. It is that nameless haunting shape that sits on the granite bench under a thick clump of trees in Rock Creek cemetery—the St. Gaudens bronze in memory of Mrs. Henry Adams.

Rock Creek cemetery is on the outskirts of the city beyond the grounds of the Soldiers' home, north of the capitol. Wandering through the grounds you come to a cluster of trees



St. Gaudens Statue in Memory of Mrs. Henry Adams.

and shrubbery on a secluded hillside. Hidden within is a granite floor, with a crescent-shaped bench of granite at one end, and at the other a shrouded figure seated with its back to a heavy granite wall.

There is no leaving this figure with a glance. Whether you will or no, you stop and wonder. St. Gaudens himself used to explain that it was intended to embody the universal in human experience. Sometimes the model used was a man, sometimes a woman.

To one who inquired what it meant he replied:

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose I had in mind as much as anything the mystery of the whole business."

Once when the sculptor and John Hay entered the enclosure together a visitor who was there asked St. Gaudens what he called the figure. He hesitated and then said:

"I call it the 'Mystery of the Hereafter.'"

"Is it not 'Happiness?'" the visitor persisted.

"No," he said, "it is beyond pain and beyond joy."

Henry Adams wrote to Richard Watson Gilder:

"The whole meaning and feeling of the figure is in its universality and anonymity. My own name for it is 'The Peace of God.'"

"It is full of poetry and suggestion," John Hay wrote, "infinite wisdom, a past without beginning and a future without end, a repose after limitless experience, a peace to which nothing matters—all are embodied in this austere and beautiful face and form."

A peace to which nothing matters, the mystery of the whole business—perhaps it is. The ordinary visitor only knows that here at least is one sculptured figure which calls him irresistibly to sit and wonder.

Many Aliases in His Family. Ormsby McHarg, who is coming to be known as "the old sleuth" of the Taft administration, has enough aliases in his own family to keep him from being discovered. Originally the McHarges were the Grahams of Scotland. That particular branch of the Grahams to which Ormsby McHarg belongs became tired of being chased over the highlands and lowlands of Scotland by their ancient enemies and at a time when it was exceedingly interesting to the bearers of the name of Graham a wily chieftain in the clan bit on the scheme of changing the name to "Maharg." This, spelled backward, is "Graham." Later in the family career it was changed again to McHarg and "sleuth" Ormsby bears the modern name.

A Mystery to Father. "So your daughter has gone to Europe after all?" "Ya-as," drawled Farmer Hayseed; "she's been daffy to go ever since she left skule. There's her female girl colleges dew put ideas into women's heads. Her paw an' me never could catekate why she was so set 'g' t' Yurpp. She don't know a soul thar."—Lippincott's.

Where All Are Agreed. I will do human nature the justice to say that we are all prone to make other people do their duty.—Sydney Smith.

SNEAK THIEVES IN SENATE.

So Declares This Victim Who Lost Valise Containing \$150 and Other Valuables.

Washington.—"Wake, William Alden Smith," said the wife of the senator from Michigan at two o'clock one morning, according to a very old story. The senator then was only a humble representative. "There are robbers in the house!"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Smith, sleepily, "there may be robbers in the senate, but there is none in the house."

William F. Masters of Jamestown, N. Y., the other afternoon made solemn assertion that the senate not only contains robbers, but a certain percentage of sneak thieves.

Mr. Masters was curious to hear the tariff debate and sought to enter one of the reserved galleries, carrying a nice little satchel. The vigilant doorkeeper informed him of the rule that no satchels may be taken inside, the idea being to exercise precautions against bomb-throwing. He placed his valise just outside the door and went in.

The valise had nothing at all in it but \$150 in good American cash, patents for a new type of clothes washer and a bundle of valuable letters. Mr. Masters thought the senate was funnier than a five-cent amusement place and had the time of his life. When he came out and stooped down to pick up the satchel there was nothing in sight but a vacant spot on the floor. He made an awful roar, but that did not produce the missing valise or its contents.

Hence the final conclusion of Mr. Masters that it is imprudent to lug around money or valuables on the senate side of the capitol.

SENATORS FOND OF LEMONADE

Statesmen in Washington Want a Thirst Quencher Before the Tariff is Boosted.

Washington.—Lemonade not of the "pink" variety, but made with plenty of lemons, "number 16 Dutch standard" sugar and much mineral water, is to be the popular beverage at the capitol among the prominent members of the senate. Following closely on the warm colloquies over the lemon schedule in the senate recently it developed that the statesmen in the upper house are wanting fine lemonade to quench their thirst during the tariff debates.

That the beverage will be on tap in large quantities is the direct result of a good-natured "kick" registered by Senator Gallinger.

Some senators curiously inquired if this was an antagonistic step against the water wagon, whereupon it was explained that the demand for lemonade was prompted by the fact that the duty on lemons will soon be increased 50 per cent and that if senators are to enjoy the drink at all, now is the time to get most satisfaction out of it at least cost.

Blind Senator a Theatregoer. Washington.—One of the most persistent theatregoers in Washington is Mr. Gore, the blind senator from Oklahoma. He attends all kinds of the atrical entertainments, opera, drama, tragedy and comedy, and if you sat next to him you would not likely know he was blind, for he applauds at the right time and seems to enjoy the show as much as though he could see everything going on upon the stage. His wife accompanies him and she is able to describe the state settings so that her husband loses little of the play by his inability to see. The music and the lines of the play he follows closely, and misses some of the points. Minstrel are Senator Gore's favorite form of entertainment, and there is not a minstrel show playing in Washington that he does not attend.

Cushman Will Lose Vacation. Francis W. Cushman, the elongated member of the house from the state of Washington, is becoming worried about the slow progress of the tariff bill in the senate. He never fails to impress his views on senators, in the hope that they will have mercy and let him go home. Coming over on the street car the other day, he thus accosted one senator:

"It takes me a week to get home and a week to get back. If you fellows keep on beefing about this tariff bill all summer I will have time only to renovate my house and saw up the wood and get back here for the session in December."

The Silver Lining. Washington.—The day was hot and the senate had sat for hours listening to Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin discuss the tariff. LaFollette, with his customary dramatic accomplishments, had worked himself into a lather of excitement and appeared to be upon the verge of a physical collapse. Cullom of Illinois leaned over to Frye of Maine and said:

"Frye, just look at LaFollette. I believe he is going to faint."

"Cullom," responded the Maine senator, "every misfortune has its compensation. If LaFollette faints he will have to stop talking for a while at least."

An Afternoon Tea. At her afternoon teas Mrs. Taft serves sandwiches instead of cake, and the table is in the red room. About 25 guests are asked each day to take tea with Mrs. Taft, the invitations being over the telephone. While the guests are arriving a friend pours the tea, but is afterward relieved by Mrs. Taft, who pours and passes sandwiches and makes the occasion a delightfully informal one.

His Reason. A man applied at the factory for a job. Among other questions the foreman asked him why he had left his last place. "Well," he replied, "they asked me to please leave, and I didn't like to refuse them."—Housekeeper.

Murdock a Newspaper Man. Victor Murdock of Kansas began the printer's trade at 15; became a newspaper reporter at 15, and at 20 was a reporter on a Chicago newspaper.

Dainty Lingerie



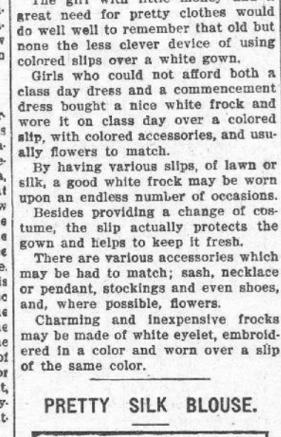
VALUE OF THE COLORED SLIP

With a Number of These a Good White Frock Can Be Worn on Many Occasions.

The girl with little money and a great need for pretty clothes would do well to remember that old but none the less clever device of using colored slips over a white gown. Girls who could not afford both a class day dress and a commencement dress bought a nice white frock and wore it on class day over a colored slip, with colored accessories, and usually flowers to match. By having various slips, of lawn or silk, a good white frock may be worn upon an endless number of occasions. Besides providing a change of costume, the slip actually protects the gown and helps to keep it fresh. There are various accessories which may be had to match; sash, necklace or pendant, stockings and even shoes, and, where possible, flowers. Charming and inexpensive frocks may be made of white eyelet, embroidered in a color and worn over a slip of the same color.

PRETTY SILK BLOUSE.

Blouse of silk trimmed with wide bands of embroidery simulating a bolero and laced in front with ribbon. The gumples and understeves are of tulle.



MAKE SPLENDID NECK CHAINS

The Best Use to Which One Can Put the Over-Supply of Old Silver or Gold.

What to do with old silver or gold is no longer a problem—which is good news to those (of whom there are many) whose over-supply of both, but especially of silver, has heretofore been a nuisance. What with bridge prizes, Easter and Christmas gifts alone—the individual's or recipient's accumulations become serious—many of the articles being of little use—and very soon do they become an eye-sore. A clever owner of this overplusage solved the difficulty by turning her silver over to a well-known jeweler who had it put in the melting pot and afterwards converted into a handsome single row neck chain of graded silver beads—with earrings to correspond—a single ball for each ear, with an inset diamond of fine quality in each ball. Worn with black gowns the effect is exceedingly smart. Gold melted down serves for neck chains or beads.

CUIRASS STYLE IS POPULAR

For Young Girls It is Acknowledged One of the Most Effective of the Season.

The original model came out in linen with the cuirass of coarse net covered with an Egyptian design of fine soutache. It ran straight to the neckband and was finished with a Dutch collar of baby Irish lace. The sleeves are long, almost tight-fitting, and finished with a turnover cuff of baby Irish.

The princess costume is a feature of the season. Stripes are not as wide as they were last year in men's shirts; nor are they as fancy. Among the materials used for bathing suits are mohair, fine serge, taffeta and silk serge. Some of the newest and smartest of skirt and coat costumes are being made without sleeves. Necklaces of small cut jet beads will be worn much this summer by those who favor the collarless gown. Woven of Linen. For the stout woman there are beautiful combination garments even thinner than the usual batiste and linen affairs made by the perfect seamstress. They are low necked and of knee length. Those corset-cover-pantalon combinations are of exquisite make and beautiful finish—the really best garment for the world-be hippes. Shanting for Summer. For comfortable summer suits, fine serge with shanting for the coat, both in the same shade, is being employed. Such suits are finished simply, the only braiding often being on the turn-down collar, which comes only to the side of the front and around the sleeves at the hands and possibly above and below the elbows. The fancy for trimming parts of the arm is a growing one. A waist which a girl has just embroidered for herself has a band of embroidery near the shoulder, another on the arm below the elbow and another at the wrist. Inexpensive Cottons. As linen ducks bring the cost of a suit or skirt up to a considerable sum, the manufacturers have considered the needs of slimmer purses and there are now several very presentable substitutes at very moderate prices. Drill, for example, is durable and reliable, with an inset diamond of fine quality in each ball. Worn with black gowns the effect is exceedingly smart. Gold melted down serves for neck chains or beads.

