

The St. Tammany Farmer

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

COVINGTON, LOUISIANA

Coal fields in Alaska fit the climate admirably.

There is too much "black hand" in this country of soap and water.

After a long and slippery climb, oleomargarine enters into high society.

One Chicago burglar plundered a lawyer's home and got away with it.

However, there is nothing to show that horse meat has increased in price.

Notwithstanding the high cost of living, most of us seem to be doing it very nicely.

What shall we eat? has now become a paramount issue in the United States of America.

Meat or no meat, what's the difference, so long as we have terrapin, canvasback and oysters?

Still, the f-ld is free and any one who care to do so may take a day off and invent a new language.

Surgery is to be used for badness in New York children, but will stop well this side of decapitation.

Each of the bare-limbed dancers claims all the others are merely imitating her. Sort of a take-off.

That Washington boy baby doomed to inherit \$100,000,000 stands a poor show of becoming a self-made man.

Moving pictures will reproduce for us the thrills of the Paris flood without the inconvenience of wet feet.

Scientists report that the fall of Halley's comet is composed of gas. Don't worry. It isn't passing through a meter.

If this thing keeps on, soon it will require a person who can count more than four to tell how many comets there are.

The expert who blames the high price of living on the extravagance of woman has a good deal of the old Adam in him.

Then there is another useful and thoroughly trustworthy vegetable, the artichoke, whose acquaintance you ought to make.

Broom corn is nearly exhausted and brooms threaten to go to \$1 each. Here is where the vacuum cleaners wear placid smiles.

Halley's comet has slowed down and is going a million miles an hour. Some of our aeroplanists may be able to "hitch on" within a few weeks.

Nevertheless it will probably need all those different investigations and then some to get at the truth about the advance in the cost of living.

Speaking of preventable deaths there can be no doubt that the present cost of living will greatly reduce the ratio of deaths from over-eating.

West Point young men are to be permitted to haze within reason. Now we shall see whether they know where reason ends and foolishness begins.

In the past ten years 1,000,000 new farms have been developed in the United States. "Back to the farm" isn't such an idle cry by this showing.

Inventor Edison's storage battery, with which he expects to revolutionize the transportation systems of the country, is doing a little more revolving.

Comet A 1910 has a tail 50,000,000 miles long, but having all the solar system to trapeze around in it has not yet tripped up on its far-flung appendage.

The price of shoes is also going up, but isn't likely the shoe manufacturers will have the nerve to tell us that the cheaper, squeaky ones are just as good.

After you have tried all the prescribed test on the eggs, you usually fall back on the familiar one that never has been known to fall in the case of the pudding.

When "eggs is eggs" prize hens naturally are at a premium. So the theft of an egg laid by a hen at Wilkesbarre, Pa., which has won \$12,000 in competition at poultry shows comes pretty close to classification as gilt-edge crime. At least the owner of the hen has offered a big reward for the capture of the thief and the return of the egg in undamaged condition. And the valuable "biddy" cackles appreciation of the proceedings.

Dr. Anschutz Kemp, a prominent scientist of Berlin, Germany, is said to have invented a submarine boat for Arctic exploration beneath the ice that is capable of remaining under water at a great depth for a long period. Boats were able to do this from the beginning and effort has always been made to build craft that will stay right side up and on the surface for a long time.

It is one thing to adopt a baby, but it is another thing to get the baby to adopt you.

In awarding judgment in a damage suit a New York judge has decided that a workman's kidney is worth \$14,000. If a workman's kidney is worth that much, how high a price would the judge put on the kidney of a Pittsburgh millionaire?

From the frequency with which women are capturing burglars, beating them and then turning them over to the police, we are forced to conclude that the burglarious profession has either deteriorated in physique or remarkably enhanced in chivalry.

Romance to Order

By T. S. STRIBLING

Three gentlemen, two English, one American, sat around a table in the garden of the Miosamor and sipped slowly at their cocoanut water, not particularly liking the insipid drink. Outside, in the Prado, a long, unending line of carriages, motors, pedestrians moved steadily back and forth. And they tell me that Havana is a romantic place," drawled Hulley, removing his Panama hat, for like all good tourists their first move when they reached the Cuban capital was to invest in Panamas.

"Now we've been over here a week," growled Middleham, his brother Englishman, "and as far as romance is concerned, Snow, there has been absolutely nothing doing, as you Americans put it."

As both the men appealed to Snow, and as Cuba lay so close to the States, under an American protectorate, too, that gentleman felt called upon to defend the island's good name in things romantic.

"What do you fellows expect to happen to you cuddled up here in the Miosamor gardens? You poke around and look at forts, cathedrals, historical spots and places where romances have occurred. That's all wrong. Romance is like lightning; it never strikes twice in the same place. The man who goes around gaping at romantic spots will never make one."

"Aw, come now," glibbed Hulley, "that's an American joke."

"Yes," echoed Middleham, "there may be adventures for the natives, but hardly for a foreigner like me, barely speaking the language."

"I'll show you," remarked Snow, briefly. He arose.

"Ah, now, what are you going to do?" in chorus.

"Stir up an adventure," Middleham, pulling out his watch, "at 10 o'clock at night."

Snow shrugged his shoulders. "Ten o'clock at night is the beginning of the Cuban day."

Hulley arose likewise. "Come along, Middleham; let's see what he is going to do."

So the three big fellows sauntered into the hotel lobby and walked up to the depper little clerk.

"Jurez," asked Snow, "would you oblige me with your guitar to-night?"

The clerk smiled brightly. "Si, senor, certe," and he hurried into the office after it.

"Better get a stiletto and a revolver, too," suggested Middleham, laughing.

The clerk returned; the three men took the instrument and set forth.

"Nothing's going to happen," murmured Middleham; nobody's at home."

Snow stopped. "Now you fellows see that big brass grillwork yonder, with the curly brass grillwork shining in the windows. I want you fellows to stay here in the shadow behind this corner. I'm going over and thrum on this guitar a bit; maybe something will turn up."

His two friends assented. The American walked over to the window in the full glare of an arc, swung the guitar around in front and, without more ado, began to play.

It was an odd, plaintive, tangled little air that Snow played, a thing that he had picked up years ago, down in Mexico, and had played on other nights at other windows.

Just inside the shining grill work Snow could catch the glint of a silk curtain. He played on, weaving a musical phantasy, until he almost believed himself back in the old Aztec capital. The impression grew so strong as to be almost disagreeable. He stopped.

Just at that instant a hand was laid on his shoulder.

Snow wheeled shortly. "The romance is off," he remarked without looking around; "you boys came over and spoiled it all."

"May I inquire what the senor is doing here?" asked a voice in perfectly good Spanish.

Snow wheeled around abruptly and found himself facing a heavy-set, swarthy man, with black mustache curled up in a fierce Kaiser Wilhelm fashion.

Snow stared at this apparition in amazement. "Am I on your preserves?" he asked in Spanish.

The stranger stepped back a little. "I see from your accent," he went on, "that you are an American, but, senor, I accept no insolence even from an American."

here playing and hoping something would happen."

At Snow's pleasant, smiling face and ingenious explanation the stranger began to thaw.

"So you are hunting an adventure?" responded the man, agreeably. "Would your mind helping me? I was just wishing for someone to give me a little assistance in case I should need it."

"Are you joking?" asked Snow. "Never more serious—here's my hand," in impulsive Spanish fashion. Snow took it gravely. "What shall I do?"

"Stand right here and play the guitar," Then the man vanished.

The man had hardly disappeared in the side alley when the silken curtain behind the grill was drawn back a little.

"Senor," said a voice, "did Rafael ask you to play there?"

Snow drew near and removed his Panama. He could see a dim oval face outlined in the black interior with two dark splashes for eyes, but there was a quality in the voice that made the American blunder his tune and let it die away.

"Yes, senorita," he whispered back; "someone sent me here to play."

"Then why don't you play?" asked the woman, with a little tremolo in her voice.

With a feeling that he was in the midst of a phantasmagoria, Snow once more adjusted his guitar and began strumming the tune. He had hardly started again when he saw two white hands clasp the brazen grills.

"Not that! Not that!" trembled the voice. "Ah, mia Dios, not that!"

Snow paused again abruptly. "You know the tune—it is not a Cuban air?"

"Nor is a Cuban girl, senor."

"What shall I play, then?"

"Anything else." There was a touch of pathos in her words and again that dimly familiar quality the man had noted all along.

He moved a trifle closer. "May I inquire why I am playing and—to whom?"

"You are playing in Raphael's place so that Rafael and Maria may escape unobserved. That is all, senor."

Snow pressed up against the grills. He was staring fixedly into the dark recess beyond the curtains. "And to whom?" he asked, tersely; "to whom?"

There was a broken little laugh inside, then a shaking, silvery voice nummed over the air he had just been playing, then sang softly the first line.

"But—but I composed those words myself," stammered Snow.

"So—so you did—Len."

"Carlotta!" trembled the American in the uttermost surprise. "You!"

"Yes, yes, my father sent me here to—to avoid you."

"Well, come on—quick, Carlotta—We'll follow suit—the back way."

"But, Len," gasped the girl, "someone must play the guitar. Rafael always played!"

Snow leaped to the middle of the narrow street and began wildly to signal toward the dark corner. The two Englishmen came up leisurely.

"Hurry! Hurry!" cried the American. "I need you!"

"What's the matter?" asked Middleham, as the two followed him back to the window.

"Stand here and play this guitar!" snapped Snow.

"Aw, now, what do I want to stand here and play a guitar for?"

"Don't ask questions! To make them think I'm here till Senorita Carlotta Vitrelli and I elope out the back way."

"Yes, senors," pleaded the voice in the window, "and if my uncle comes out you must catch him and hold him. Don't let him pursue us!" They could see her wringing her hands excitedly in the gloom.

"Now, really, Hulley, don't this upset a fellow, though? Snow here has known her for at least five minutes. Hasn't he? Then, as an afterthought, 'I can't play a guitar, you know.'"

But Snow thrust, the instrument into his hands. "You've got to try as a friend—a benefactor!"

Middleham held the guitar. Hulley looked on in amazement. Snow vanished around the side alley and the girl disappeared from the window.

LIBRARY IS COSTLY

More Than Million Spent Yearly on Washington Institution.

Collections During 1910 Included Over 200,000 Books, Pamphlets and Manuscripts—Some Purchased While Others Were Presented.

The Congressional Library, a national institution, in which the people of the country are displaying more pride as the years go by, added 212,119 books, pamphlets and manuscripts to its collection during the last year.

The most important gift of printed material was from the Chinese government, a set of the great Chinese encyclopedia, comprising over 5,000 (in Chinese) volumes. This was brought to Washington by the special ambassador charged with the acknowledgments of China to the United States for the remission of the "boxer indemnity."

Herbert Putnam, librarian, says that the term "encyclopedia" expresses very imperfectly the scope of this work. He points out that China alone—the government itself of China—has attempted to embody in this literary record the entire knowledge of an epoch.

Among the gifts of individual material having special interest were more than a hundred printed volumes from the library of George Bancroft, presented by Mrs. J. C. Bancroft Davis. These include an extra illustrated copy of Bancroft's own history and a unique copy of the plates illustrating the stained glass in St. John's church in Washington.

The collection of manuscripts was enriched during the year by several notable gifts, among which may be mentioned that of J. P. MacLean of Franklin, O., of a large number of papers illustrating the progress of the Shaker movement in Ohio, comprising letters from and to the community at Union village, records of the village, biographical notebooks, music, prayers and journals, the whole forming a valuable record of the rise of Shakerism in the middle west.

The Burton Harrison collection, which came in during the year, is also highly prized. It consists of letters to his father, Burton N. Harrison, his grandfather, Jesse Burton Harrison, and his great-grandfather, Samuel Jordan Harrison, from Thomas Jefferson, Henry Clay, R. R. Gurley, N. P. Trist, Jefferson Davis and others, all especially the Jefferson Davis letters, throwing important light on historical events. Mrs. William Reed of Baltimore added to the collection of the year the private diary kept by William B. Reed during his mission to China in 1857-1859. Dr. Stuyvesant Fish's certificates of election as president and vice-president of the United States of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren, in 1833, and the certificate of election as president of Martin Van Buren in 1837.

The transfer of manuscripts heretofore preserved in other government offices to the division of manuscripts in the library brought some important accessions during the year. The state department transferred all the applications for office during the administration of George Washington and the journal and minutes of the electoral college of 1877; the treasury department, the original vouchers and accounts during the whole period of his command of the army during the revolution; the interior department the rich collection of historical documents filed in connection with the revolutionary pension claims, and papers pertaining to the slave trade and negro colonization in 1862-1872; the postoffice department, certain miscellaneous papers, being drafts of letters, opinions of assistant attorneys general and applications for office from 1825 to 1875.

This work of rescuing from the various departments of the government papers and documents having a historical value is to go on.

The more important purchases of the library during the year include the letters and log books of Admiral Sir George Cockburn (1772-1853), in 54 volumes, embracing a narrative of the proceedings of Lord Nelson's squadron in the cruise from Gibraltar and the battle of the Nile; Cockburn's mission from Spain to her American colonies in 1811; the orders and movements of the British squadron in American waters in 1814 and the voyage to St. Helena, whither he carried Napoleon in 1815. The Bosman papers were also purchased during the year. John Leeds Bosman was a historian of Maryland who from 1757 to 1823 lived on the eastern shore of Chesapeake bay, where he conducted a large estate and pursued the life of an antiquarian and historian. He left his library and papers to his nephew, John Leeds Kerr, who was a representative in congress from 1825 to 1833. This collection of manuscripts, which is now regarded as having great value, was purchased from the descendants of John Leeds Kerr.

During the year the Jefferson and Hamilton collections were added to by the purchase of additional letters, and an interesting contribution to the history of South Carolina federalism was obtained in a number of letters from Hamilton, Timothy Pickens and John Quincy Adams to William Loughton Smith, a representative from South Carolina in the First congress. The transcript of historical documents relating to American colonial affairs in the public record office and British museum in London and the Bodleian library at Oxford are now reaching the library. These records, as far as transcribed, aggregate about 67,500 folios of folio-size size.

The copyright business of the library continues to expand. The gross receipts in the office of the register of copyrights during the last year were \$87,085.53. The entries of titles for the year numbered 120,131. Of these entries 108,281 were titles of the productions of citizens or residents of the United States and 11,850 were titles of works by foreigners. The congressional library is now costing the people of the country approximately \$1,000,000 a year. More than 1,000,000 tourists visited the library during the last year. It is much more than a show place and students from every section of the United States come here to pursue research work within its walls. Those persons who have charge of the library, through correspondence with scholars and students throughout the country, as well as with correspondence with other libraries, are quite firmly convinced that the people of the United States wish to see the library supported in first-class style.

ADMIRAL EVANS' RETIREMENT

"Fighting Bob" Is Now Really Out of the Service After Honorable Career.

"Fighting Bob" Evans, seadog and diplomat, is now out of the navy. He has been on detached duty upon the general naval board, but has severed his connection with that body and will now pursue his military work.

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans is one of the most picturesque characters in the eyes of the world to-day. He entered the naval academy 50 years ago, and was a good deal of a kid yet when he entered service during the war of the rebellion. From that day 50 years ago up to Wednesday, January 28, there has not been a day that he has not been upon active duty. He is now 64 years old. He will soon print the story of his life under the title "The American Admiral's Log." He is one of the most popular men in public life, and it is a popularity that has not been evesnated. He has retained his hold upon the hearts of the public through all these tumbling years of activity, and is loved by every man sea or ashore as "Fighting Bob," and yet he is in no sense of the word a belligerent, being a man only of keen judgment and firmness of purpose. When he made up his mind that an attack should be made he made it, and this determined purpose of his is one of the things that has endeared him to the blue-jackets. Admiral Evans had first command of the 18 battleships which made the year's trip around the world, and he remembers with a thrill of pride his entrance into San Francisco with those 18 great battleships in May, 1908, after the cruise around the Horn. He was detached three days after landing, and retired the following August. He was promptly assigned to duty in connection with the general board from which he was recently detached. Rear Admiral Evans' career has been singularly happy and well rounded, and he enters private life with all the accompaniments of love, honor and troops of friends.

Desire for Elkins' Dough.

Few men in America and none in other life receive such a varied assortment of mail as does Senator Elkins and his family. The notoriety the Elkins family gained when there was so much discussion about the duke of the Abruzzi and the possible marriage of Miss Katherine Elkins to that scion of the Italian royal family caused the name of Elkins to be known in every part of the world. As a result every mail brings hundreds of letters from all parts of this country and from every civilized nook and corner of the world, including islands that are not placed in some of the older geographies. The writers of these letters assume that the Elkins' wealth is equal to all the fabulous fortunes of fiction and history. They ask for all sorts of things—in fact everything the human mind can conceive that money can buy.

A Theory.

"What is your theory about the usefulness of canals of Mars?"

"I don't think," replied the scientist; "that there is any doubt about their being of great value to the circulation departments of some magazines."

"CARRY" NATION WINS AGAIN

Court of Appeals Sustains Kansas Saloon Smasher, Who Will Get \$100 Back.

"Carry" Nation managed to have her own way in spite of law and legal technicalities. "Carry" smashed up the cut-glass furniture in the saloon in the Union station on her arrival in Washington a few months ago, and for this irregularity of conduct was jailed. She appeared in police court and was fined \$100, which she paid and then appealed the case. Chief Justice Shepherd of the district court of appeals, said she was right, and held that the case should have been quashed, as it contained nothing definite as to the value of the property destroyed, and "Carry" will probably get her \$100 back.

The saloon smasher would like to have the public distinctly understand her name is "Carry-r-y," and not "Car-r-rie," as almost invariably printed. On her recent visit to Washington she emphasized this fact upon the discovery that the printed programs for the meeting she was to address spelled her name "in the old way." Her father spelled the name "Carry" in the old family Bible and the hatcheter is very proud of that fact. She was introduced to a church audience in Washington by the local president of the W. C. T. U. with these words: "You must carry a hatchet if you would 'Carry A. Nation.'"

Didn't Look the Part.

When Gov. Eberhart of Minnesota was in Washington a story was printed to the effect that he had been victimized by card sharps on his way to Washington. It turned out that Eberhart discovered the card sharps and made complaint, which resulted in the arrest of one and scared two others off the train. The story was told while Eberhart was standing in the lobby of a hotel and a man, looking him over, remarked: "I wouldn't believe that story. I should expect to see that fellow on the other side of the game." The Minnesota governor, young looking as he is, did not appear to be a man who could be taken in easily.

GONE BEFORE.



"So poor old Jinks, who survived so many operations, has at last died." "Yes. He has followed his appendix to a better world."

PUBLISHED EVERY WINTER

Famous Cough and Cold Prescription Has Cured Hundreds Here.

"Get two ounces of Glycerine and half an ounce of Concentrated Pine compound. Then get half a pint of good whiskey and put the other two ingredients into it. Take a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful of this mixture after each meal and at bed time. Shake the bottle well each time." This is said to be the quickest cold and cough remedy known. It frequently cures the worst colds in twenty-four hours. But be sure to get only the genuine Concentrated Pine. Each half ounce bottle comes put up in a tin screw-top case. Don't use the weaker pine preparations. Any druggist has it on hand or will quickly get it from his wholesale source.

America's Opportunity in Turkey.

Dr. George Washburn, president of Robert college, 1870-1903, writes: "It is a great opportunity, a wonderful opportunity, and it is a call especially to Americans. They believe in it as now in Turkey. They trust us. There is nobody they believe in and trust as they do Americans in Turkey. They know that we have no selfish ends in view there. We do not want any of their territory; we are not going to try to overthrow the Turkish government, and they understand fully that what we are doing there we are doing for their good. They may think we make mistakes, but they know we are honest, and they know we are doing it for their good. They trust us as they trust nobody else, and consequently it is a great opportunity, a wonderful opportunity, for us to go on and to try to make these people understand who Christ is and what Christ is to the world."

Well-Conducted Visitors.

George W. Vanderbilt, at a dinner in Asheville, said: "I am named after George Washington, and as George Washington's birthday approaches I want to register my faith in the people to whom he gave freedom."

"These people are worthy of freedom. They don't abuse it. This fact was brought home to me when, on one of the days when Baltimore was open to the public, I strolled unrecognized over my lawn."

"As I watched the orderly and polite visitors, a shabby young man hissed at me fiercely from a path: 'Hey, git off that! It ain't allowed.' And he pointed to a keep-off-the-grass sign, and kept his stern eye on me till he saw that the order was obeyed."

Danger in Spitting on Sidewalks.

In order to show that spitting on the sidewalks is dangerous to health, an investigation has been made by Dr. John Robertson, medical health officer of Birmingham, England, which shows that seven per cent. of the "spits" collected in public places contained consumption germs. On the other hand the dust collected from the floors of the cottages of the Adirondack Cottage sanitarium has been found to be free of tuberculosis germs, showing that a careful consumptive is not dangerous.

Left Behind.

"I engaged a model the other day," said the artist sadly, "for her beautiful hair. I never saw anything quite so magnificent or abundant. When she got here I didn't like the way she had done up, so I asked her to change it. I thought she had a kind of embarrassed look, but she went behind the screen and took it down and did it up all over again. When she came from behind the screen I was shocked."

"She had left half her beautiful hair behind the screen!"

WHAT'S THE USE Sticking to a Habit When It Means Discomfort?

Old King Coffee knocks subjects out tolerably flat at times, and there is no possible doubt of what did it. A Mich. woman gives her experience: "I used to have liver trouble nearly all of the time and took medicine which relieved me only for a little while. Then every once in a while I would be suddenly doubled up with an awful agony in my stomach. It seemed as though every time I took a breath I would die. No one could catch any more and live."

"Finally I got down so sick with catarrh of the stomach that I could not turn over in bed, and my stomach did not digest even milk. The doctor finally told me that if I did not give up drinking coffee I would surely die, but I felt I could not give it up."

"However, Husband brought home a package of Postum and it was made strictly according to directions. It was the only thing that would stay on my stomach, and I soon got so I liked it very much."

"Gradually I began to get better, and week by week gained in strength and health. Now I am in perfect condition, and I am convinced that the whole cause of my trouble was coffee drinking, and my getting better was due to leaving off coffee and drinking Postum."

"A short time ago I tasted some coffee and found, to my astonishment, that I did not care anything about it. I never have to take medicine any more. I hope you will use this letter for the benefit of those suffering from the poisonous effects of coffee."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of interest.

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.

GEORGE B. SMART,

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JOS. B. LANCASTER,

Attorney at Law, Covington, La.

Will attend to civil business in connection with his office as District Attorney.

B. B. WARREN,

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Office on Main street, opposite the bank. Residence: New Hampshire street, near Rutland. Office Phone 68. Residence Phone 52.

DR. H. E. GAUTREAUX,

Physician and Surgeon

Office Southern Hotel building. Hours: 9:30 to 11:30 a.m. and 3 to 6 p.m. Phones: Office, 213-3; Residence, 94.

DR. A. C. GRIBBLE,

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