

The St. Tammany Farmer

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

COVINGTON, : : LOUISIANA

There is none so grave as to defend the overlong hatpin.

Fashion note: Paraffin coats are all the rage among imported eggs.

We are waiting for Halley's to show as the spring styles in comets.

No innocent bystander is hurt in a night riot when he is at home in bed.

Even if you cannot skate, remember that the swimming will be good next July.

Millionaires now wave aside the pate de fois gras and call for pork chops.

But the man who uses dynamite cannot say that he didn't think it was loaded.

American frozen beef sells cheaper in London than in New York. Can anybody guess why?

Mr. Halley's comet should have its hair marcelled before it comes into full view of the spectators.

Maybe the hog is merely trying to live up to what the retail price of pork has been for a considerable time.

Ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid is thought to be crazy because he will not eat. The high cost of living may have affected him.

We had long suspected that the hens were laying different colored eggs. Most of those we buy have seemed to be an invisible gray.

If your sausage shows careless preparation set it down to overwork of the packers, who have to look after so many investigations.

If science insists that every razor has a saw edge we shall concede the point, adding a little empirical testimony on our own account.

More ice than ever this summer, but it is so thick and heavy that the expense of delivery will be so great that of course the price must stay up.

A lawyer wants \$35,000 for advising a client to marry a man who lived only a week. Think what the lawyer would have charged had the husband lived a year!

A Harvard professor asserts that a man can live on 20 cents a day. He is not far wrong, but the states the proposition awkwardly. A man can live a day on 20 cents.

French aviators are inclined to reproach the Wright brothers for protecting their patents by court proceedings in view of the cordial way in which the Frenchmen appropriated them.

Because so many people have stopped eating meat in Cleveland the price of pork on the hoof jumped to \$10.10 per hundred pounds. However, the increased price should not worry the abstainers.

A London scientist says all children are born with criminal tendencies. The most common of these criminal tendencies is, of course, the well-known desire of the infant to surreptitiously suck its thumb.

One resident of New York when seeking American citizenship after years of residence in this country asserted that the national flag was green. Some patriot should go to New York and take along the national colors.

There is a young American woman in Paris who can sing soprano like Patti and tenor in a way to make Caruso jealous. And in Kansas City an acrobat turned a complete double back somersault from the ground. No wonder Halley's comet is edging up within seeing and hearing distance.

Uncle Sam's big guns, such as are used on his battleships, show that they are capable of sending shells through twenty feet or more of reinforced concrete, as now employed in the construction of coast fortifications. But the question that really concerns the country most is whether the guns of any other navy can do the trick.

Morocco has rare capacity for stirring up the European nations, notwithstanding the agreements which were supposed to have sidetracked the former troubles. The war in that country in which Spain has been engaged, with some embarrassing results, was an illustration of the unhappy conditions in Morocco. Now the Sultan has given offense to France, and his attitude toward the powers is reported as likely to "foreshadow grave complications." In fact it may be said that Morocco has superseded the Balkan region as a political storm center.

The pound keeper objects to being required to kill stray cats. He thinks it will multiply his labors nine times.

With several men once regarded as wealthy and high up in finance now "doing time" and known only by numbers in federal prisons it must at least be admitted that the law is not as partial as has been alleged. The facts prove that they may have had at command these culprits are no more successful in dodging penalties than are poorer men.

Lake Michigan has a way of making an effective protest against being considered a cesspool and a well.

The report from California that the fleas on rats convey the infection of bubonic plague to squirrels, gophers, rabbits and all other sorts of furred small game looks as if we should be obliged to make a clean sweep of all rodential life. Perhaps the evil may be cut off at its source by getting Burbank to devise a fearless variety of rats or educating the other animals not to associate with rats.

In Love or War

By Richard Barker Shelton

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Felicia was plainly annoyed. She bit her lip and sighed wearily—that particular sort of a sigh that sent Remick's heart downward with all the sureness of a sounding lead.

"Bobby, why will you?" she said in tones of utter despair.

Remick squared his big shoulders in determination.

"You should know very well why," he declared flatly. "I—"

"Yes, oh, yes, of course," said Felicia hastily. "Please don't go over all that again. But let me say once for all, Bobby, finally and irrevocably, that it is utterly impossible."

Remick's mouth set obstinately. There was a look upon his face at that moment that said plainly it was absolutely and irrevocably nothing of the sort.

"And," Felicia went on, "it must cease. You must stop all this silly nonsense if you care to see me at all."

"I care very much indeed, Felicia," he replied, "but the truth of the matter is that seeing you is not enough. Therefore, permit me to say with a decision which will compare very favorably with your own in intensity, that I shall be very persistent, that upon every occasion that offers an opportunity I shall repeat what I have just said."

Felicia's beautiful eyes shot out warning sparks. An angry red crept into her cheeks; for Felicia, spoiled child that she was in many ways, could brook no crossing of her will.

"Then, Bobby Remick," she said firmly, "you will never get your next opportunity."

"Won't I, though?" he laughed easily.

That laugh nettled Felicia sorely. The sparks in her eyes flared into a veritable flame.

"If you ever do—if you ever get another chance," she declared in low, unsteady tones, "I will answer you—"

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"I'll do my best, Miss Graham," the rotund little shopkeeper assured her.

Then, "Home, Chris," she ordered, while Remick's heart all but jumped out of his mouth.

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turned high about his ears and a pair of disfiguring goggles hiding his eyes, sat Chris, the Grahams' chauffeur.

Remick's teeth came together with a click. Three eager strides took him across the sidewalk to the side of the waiting car.

"Chris, what are you doing here?" he demanded.

Chris raised a gloved hand to the rim of his cap.

"Waiting for Miss Felicia, sir," he explained.

"Who is with her?"

"No one, sir. She came down this afternoon quite alone."

A great, glad light came into Remick's eyes. As he did so his hand went into his pocket and something crisp and green found its way into the chauffeur's palm.

"Chris, you're a mighty good fellow; and I think you're a discreet one as well," said he. "Now, have you enough sporting blood in your veins to take a chance and do just as I say?"

Chris looked a bit dubious. Then he glanced at the contents of his right hand, and his doubts seemed to be of the order that are amenable to reason.

"I want that coat and those goggles," said Remick, "and I want to change places with you for an hour or so."

Chris hesitated. "It will cost me my job, sir," he said.

"I'll get you another just as good," Remick declared.

Still Chris hesitated. Remick drew himself up.

"Will you do it in the peaceable fashion I suggest," he asked, "or do you want me to take that coat and those goggles by force? I'm desperate, Chris, and at the present moment I'm perfectly capable of following such a course."

Chris grimaced. "That bein' the case, sir, and in event of anything happenin' to my job you'll sure find me another, I'll take a chance. Hurry, now," he went on, sliding out of the car. "Miss Felicia may come out any minute."

Into the friendly concealment of a nearby doorway the two conspirators stepped. In a moment Remick, his identity effectually concealed by the high collar of the yellow coat and the goggles, climbed into the car, and perched at the wheel in an attitude very like the one Chris was prone to affect.

Chris, meantime, swinging Remick's stick, wearing Remick's hat, and smoking, with much satisfaction, one of Remick's cigars, strode jauntily away down the street and was lost in the hurrying crowds on the sidewalk.

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NOT FOUR MAN'S JOB

Flint's Retirement Draws Attention to Wealth in Senate.

List of Rich Members Shows Nearly \$250,000,000 in the Hands of a Few Men—Only Few Are Poor.

To remain a senator from the Golden state requires more gold than Frank P. Flint can afford to pay. California has adopted a new direct primary law. It has not yet been tried out in a senatorial election, but, after looking it over, Mr. Flint has come to the conclusion that it will cost him anywhere from \$50,000 to \$75,000 to make the race next summer—and then he'll not be dead certain of re-election. They've got a merry free-for-all fight on in the ranks of the Republican party in California.

"I've looked at it from every angle," said Senator Flint, "and have come to the conclusion that the United States senate is no place for a man of moderate means, much less a poor man, if he hails from California and must make his campaign under the new direct primary law. How much would it cost me to run again? I really don't know. Nobody can tell, for it hasn't been tried. But I'd have to maintain my organization in every district and every county, practically in the state. California is more than 1,000 miles long. Therefore, I'd have a territory to cover that would be as long as from Maine to the Carolinas skirting the Atlantic coast.

"If the state was compact, like some of the little New England commonwealths, the case might be different and the expense less. There are many towns in California that cannot be reached by railroad that require long stage rides to reach. All of these would have to be taken care of politically. There would be bands and halls, carfare to the extent of hundreds of dollars for speakers—not to mention their expenses while on the stump—and the huge newspaper printing bills. I would have to make two campaigns in reality, one for the primary and the other for the election."

The fact that there are many millionaires in the senate, and that those of more than ordinary wealth outnumber the poor men in the chamber five to one, is, to a large extent, living, breathing proof of what Mr. Flint says. It cannot be denied, either, that there is a number of very poor men on the roll—men who, if they were to die to-day, would leave scarcely enough behind them to pay for their coffins. But, like the exceptions that prove certain rules, these men of no visible means except their salaries are so few and far between in the senate that they stand out like Massachusetts and Florida on our eastern coast line.

Here is a list of the multimillionaires in the senate and their probable wealth, the same being more likely to be under than over estimated:

Guggenheim of Colorado.....\$20,000,000
Elkins of West Virginia.....25,000,000
Stephenson of Wisconsin.....20,000,000
Warren of Wyoming.....15,000,000
Nixon of Nevada.....15,000,000
Depeew of New York.....15,000,000
Oliver of Pennsylvania.....15,000,000
Crane of Massachusetts.....10,000,000
Aldrich of Rhode Island.....10,000,000
Wetmore of Rhode Island.....10,000,000
DuPont of Delaware.....8,000,000
Hunt of Virginia.....5,000,000
Kean of New Jersey.....5,000,000
Newlands of Nevada.....5,000,000
Lodge of Massachusetts.....5,000,000
Bourne of Oregon.....5,000,000
Smoot of Utah.....5,000,000
Hale of Maine.....3,000,000
Root of New York.....2,000,000
Brandegee of Connecticut.....2,000,000

Other senators whose worldly possessions are believed to be above the \$1,000,000 mark are Briggs of New Jersey, William Alden Smith of Michigan, McEnery of Louisiana, Owens of Oklahoma, Penrose of Pennsylvania, Perkins of California, Rayner of Maryland and Page of Vermont.

Those who are "comfortably fixed" but who would not be called rich in the crowd of moneyed men with whom they are associated are Burnham of Connecticut, Sutherland of Utah, Croft of South Dakota, Dixon and Carter of Montana, Richardson of Delaware, Frye of Maine, Bailey of Texas (whom some would put in the millionaire class), Chamberlain of Oregon, McCumber of North Dakota, Lorimer of Illinois and Flint of California, whose action inspired this article.

Senators who are generally spoken of as poorly supplied with this world's goods are Cullom of Illinois, Cummins of Iowa, Jeff Davis of Arkansas, Bristol of Kansas, Gallinger of New Hampshire, Dick of Ohio, Money of Mississippi, Gore, the blind senator from Oklahoma; Daniel of Virginia, Stone and Warner of Missouri and Beveridge of Indiana.

Senator Cullom of Illinois, who has been in Washington holding down his job ever since the oldest inhabitant was a kid, is undoubtedly poor. If he has anything besides the clothes on

his back, nobody knows it and nobody would believe it if you told him so. Even the most violent enemies of Senator Cummins of Iowa will admit that he is pretty nearly broke, and those who are acquainted with the home life of Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin assert that he barely makes both ends meet.

LaFollette probably earns \$30,000 or \$40,000 a year on the Chautauqua and regular lecture platforms. But he has to spend every cent he can scrape together on the snags of war in his state. At his last election he turned in an expense account, as required by law, showing that his senatorial race cost him about \$125,000.

Many of the senators, as well as the representatives, eke out an honest living by spellbinding to bevy of interested school teachers on the Chautauqua circuit in the summer time. They will average about \$150 and expenses to collect \$350 for each talk he delivers, and Dolliver of Iowa, another popular orator on the same platform, is said to get \$200.

The richest man in the senate, Simon Guggenheim of Denver, Col., is one of the seven brothers of the name, who dominate the smelting business of the country, if not of the world. Probably they do not know what they are worth, for, like all colossal fortunes, the ups and downs of the market change their millions this way or that every 24 hours. Probably their Montana smelters, grinding out silver and copper; their mines of gold and coal in Alaska; their silver and copper properties, in British Columbia, Mexico, Peru and Nevada, and their tremendous real estate holdings in half a dozen big cities of the country, would sell it placed on the market for \$500,000,000. The Colorado senator is supposed to be one of the equal partners in the mammoth family combination.

Senator Elkins' principal holdings are in railroads and mines in West Virginia, although he owns a tidy safe full of railroad assorted securities and commercial paper from various parts of the country. Mr. Elkins married a daughter of venerable ex-Senator Davis of West Virginia, and by that happy means was "let in" on the ground floor. Mr. Davis was associated with the late Senators Blaine and Bruce and Richard Kerens of St. Louis (now ambassador to Austria-Hungary), in many business ventures of large caliber. These included railroads and mines in the west as well as in Mr. Davis' own state.

Senator Warren of Wyoming has several million sheep working for him and owns miles and miles of territory in Wyoming. Nixon of Nevada made his in silver and gold. Newlands of the same state married most of his. Depeew of New York owns large blocks of railroad stock and much valuable real estate. Mr. Oliver of Pennsylvania is one of the Pittsburgh steel kings. Crane of Massachusetts is a paper made millionaire. His concern supplies the government with all the paper that it uses in the manufacture of its money. That is the reason why Mr. Crane was not able early in the Roosevelt administration to accept the post of secretary of the treasury. Mr. Aldrich of Rhode Island is heavily interested in many big New England corporations. His daughter married John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Mr. Wetmore of Rhode Island inherited his millions. DuPont made his in gunpowder. Hughes of Colorado got rich in mines. Kean of New Jersey belongs to a very wealthy family and inherited the bulk of his fortune.

Mr. Lodge of Massachusetts also was born with a fine, large silver spoon in his mouth. Mr. Scott of West Virginia is commonly supposed to have made most of his money in cotton. Mr. Bourne of Oregon owns glass mills in Massachusetts that he inherited from his father, and lumber mills in Oregon that he bought or started himself. He is a bachelor. Smoot of Utah is one of the apostles of the great Mormon church, which is a very large and wealthy business organization. Mr. Root of New York made his fees from big corporations. So did Senator Owen of Oklahoma, who, by the way, is part Indian. One fee alone, which he collected for settling up a land case with the government on behalf of his red brethren, netted him \$750,000.

Country Lawyers the Best? "A country lawyer, like a country doctor, must take all kinds of cases, and my experience on the circuit bench convinced me that the average country lawyer is a better lawyer than the average city attorney," says Congressman Joshua Alexander of Missouri. "Of course, the city lawyers are more highly specialized than the men who confine their practice largely to the country. This also is true of doctors. But the city lawyers are so highly specialized that when they get up against a really good country lawyer, who is well grounded in the principles of law, they are at a decided disadvantage when it comes to general practice."

Misfortune sometimes makes the man. Even a dog can't fully appreciate happiness till he has had a few tin cans tied to his tail.

people that greater difficulties exist in securing a change in the date of the inauguration of the president. If congress cannot for its own betterment and convenience change the hour of daily meetings it will not go to the greater trouble of changing the date of the inauguration in order to get better weather for the grand pageant.

Washington Has a Scare. Every once in awhile Washington is scared into a conniption fit, and our fashionables had a spell of heart failure the other day. John Schlorb, a butcher, had the smallpox about a week before going to the hospital. Physicians who investigated the case say that there is not much danger of the disease spreading through the sale of meat, as cooking would probably kill all the germs. However, this is mighty small comfort to his patrons. The physician had treated him for chicken-pox, but when a second Schlorb an dtwo or three others in their vicinity came down with the smallpox then the board of health sat up and began to take notice.

Hour for the Meeting of Congress Has But Little Chance of Being Changed.

During all the years that congress has been in existence the hour of meeting has been 12 o'clock, noon, unless otherwise specially ordered for some specific occasion. Everybody recognizes that it is an absurd meeting hour; that an hour after the session commences, when the most important business is being brought up in both houses, senators and representatives leave their chambers to go to luncheon; that much time is wasted and that after luncheon the senators and representatives go to their respective committee rooms; in fact, the present hour of meeting encourages absence from the chambers and leaves the business of the two houses in the hands of the few men. But no one seems to care to have the change made. When it would be such a simple thing to change the hour of meeting by a resolution, and it is not doing, it may be apparent to the

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