

The St. Tammany Farmer

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"The good old summertime" is entering on its last lap.

Even Indian maharajahs get to be nuisances, according to London reports.

Some persons dive into shallow water at summer resorts and others get engaged.

Earthquakes that hate to be snubbed are careful to keep away from San Francisco since the fire.

The crown prince of Siam refuses to be a polygamist and he does not say it in Japanese, either.

If the cows will not give milk when there is no rain we will be driven to milking a can of condensed cow.

The cold storage figures indicate that omelets will be more reliable next winter than poached eggs on toast.

An Indiana mule kicked a motorcycle and cyclist across the road the other day. Some mules seem almost human.

That little earthquake out in San Francisco the other day did no damage, but the restored city did not like the hint of its calling again.

Our friends of the Weather Bureau are respectfully notified that one large verification of those rain predictions is still overdue.

The man who ate 61 ears of corn for a prize probably followed nature's example by holding the ears down as he ate them, with his fore-foot.

The aeroplane as a possible factor in warfare is somewhat handicapped by the tempting target it would make for even an ordinary marksman.

An "author of many arithmetics" has peacefully died in Pennsylvania, but the arithmetics, dear children, are still alive and waiting for the fall term.

A scientist who has been investigating decides that grasshoppers are entirely useless. Evidently he never had a flock of young turkeys to be fattened.

While he was saving two lives a Connecticut man lost \$18. The people whose lives he saved might at least have the good taste to get up a purse for him.

The wireless is turning out to be the best criminal catcher in the business. There is no escape for the bold and shrewdest from its lightning-like, tell-tale agility.

Scientists announce that they have isolated the germ of leprosy and hope soon to have a cure. But there is no hope in sight for those afflicted with an itching for public office.

A Princeton professor contends that the common idea of heaven is wrong. Now if someone will determine just what is the common idea of heaven, the whole matter will be settled.

The hobble skirt shows signs of joining the automobile and the airplane for place in the accident-record contest. Its use is a comment for the cynical on the women of this liberty-seeking day.

Though the bulletin of the Chicago special park commission concedes that the larvae of the tussock moth "is one of the most beautiful of our caterpillars," it does not recommend that the larvae be treated as pets.

Canada is also a big country, although not yet in the same class with the United States as regards population and general development. There have been reports of crop failures in the Dominion. Now comes the explanation that in some quarters grain and other products have suffered from drought. But in other sections there has been an ample supply of moisture and the yield will be good. The outcries of the calamity shouter and the speculator must be taken with due allowance on both sides of the border.

The official figures showing that during the calendar year 1909 the expenditures in the United States for building operations aggregated about a billion dollars, surpassing the record of 1906 by ten per cent, not only prove how completely the country had recovered from the "panic" of 1907 but indicate that the people have made a fresh start in prosperity. There may be checks and reverses from time to time, but no nation like ours can be kept permanently crippled or industrially inactive.

An English physician is of the opinion that chickens spread tuberculosis among cows. Nevertheless a good many people who are unable to cause trouble in any other way will continue to keep chickens.

The evening service at a church in New Jersey has been discontinued because of mosquitoes. And it cannot be charged that the skeeters were imported for the purpose. Whatever the effect of the sermon, the congregation refused to be bored by the mosquitoes.

An Austrian physician commends yawning as a cure for all pulmonary troubles. Philanthropic lecturers will please avoid being too interesting.

The navy department is inclined to make a thorough test of the value of oil as fuel for warships. Several million gallons of petroleum will be purchased for use on vessels which carry liquid fuel. This indicates the most extensive experiment yet undertaken, and if all requirements are met it is quite possible that before long oil will supersede coal entirely.



LACK OF COURTESY

ILL-BREEDING SHOWN IN INTERRUPTING CONVERSATION.

Woman Who Has This Unfortunate Habit Must Break It If She Would Keep Friends—Learn to Listen.

"No type of human being is more of an exasperation to whatever friends she has than the woman who interrupts. No matter what you start to tell her, be it ever so important, she breaks into it in order to relate some trivial and doubtless irrelevant experience of her own. By the time she is done, and you begin once more to deliver your message or your warning, or whatever you have come to say, she is ready with another interruption. By the time she has finished this second rudeness, you have either forgotten what you meant to say in the first place, or you are too vexed to say it. But bless you! the woman who interrupts doesn't know whether you have said it or not. She is so scatterbrained that she never notices unfinished sentences. It may be that you have come to tell her that the house is on fire. The moment you open your mouth she has an uncontrollable impulse to tell you all about cousin Susie's new gown, how much she paid for it, how she got cheated on it and how dreadfully she looks in it. Your only remedy is to shriek "Fire!" but very likely that will simply get her started telling what a bargain she bought at the Jones' fire sale. Perhaps, after all, you'd better run to the nearest alarm box and pull in an alarm. Machinery won't interrupt. Seriously, it is the height or depth of discourtesy to interrupt. It gives the impression that the interrupter thinks her own sayings are wittier or more important than those of her visitor. Perhaps they are, but this

fact should not be pointed out so disagreeably. We all know the woman with the vacant interrupter's expression. She it is to whom we tell the story of the burglary in the flat next door. When we have finished she replies, "I really don't know whether it's the broodly moths or the cut worms that have got into our potatoes. Fred says—" And so on. Interrupting is largely a matter of habit. Sometimes it is a symptom of nervousness. In either case, it can and should be corrected. To interrupt another's conversation is as rude as snatching a bouquet of flowers from her hands. Learn to listen. That accomplishment will gain you many friends.

ALPHABET



Here is the old English alphabet in very small letters. These are principally used in the corners of handkerchiefs.

CHILD'S MUSLIN DRESS



This little dress for a child of 2 years or thereabouts is of fine white muslin in semiempire style. It consists of a plaited skirt attached to a collar-like yoke of fine embroidery and valenciennes' lace. The chemise and the short sleeves are tucked, and finished with a lace edging. The skirt is encrusted at the bottom with groups of tucks and valenciennes' insertion.

Of Interest to Women.
A new idea in bathing suits is of striped ribbair, made with full blouse and fitted skirt. The collar is narrow in the back and graduates so much that the ends in front are broad, square revers. This is faced with silk decorated with grading. The sleeves are puffs. The price is \$14.50. Another most attractive suit costs \$16.50 and is of black taffeta silk, built on princess lines, with braided panel down the front and tucks set in on the shoulders and at the waist line. The neck is V-shaped and prettily finished with tabbed strapping. The separate bloomers are of mohair.

VOGUE OF LINGERIE HATS

Many Models Ranging From Bebe Bonnets to Large Hats, Are Seen in England.

The lingerie hat has become the most popular wear at all English resorts, and about every woman, regardless of age or physique, is to be seen wearing some variation of it.

Of course this hat was originally modeled in Paris, but the French woman speedily discovered that it did not suit her style and abandoned it, while the English woman has welcomed it as admirably suited to her and has rung such changes upon it that it is to be found in dozens of different models, ranging from a tight bebe bonnet of drawn muslin or cambric, which fits the head closely and fastens with strings tied under the chin, to the large hat of plaited tulle or mousseline de soie, with feathers and flowers for adornment.

The bebe bonnet is very popular, especially among young girls, who look demure in it, very much as if

TO SUIT INDIVIDUAL TASTE

Childish Modes This Season May Be Expensive or Simple as One May Prefer.

Never was there a time when you could dress a child prettily and smartly with less expenditure and labor, and yet never was there a time when you could spend more upon a child's clothes, without offending the laws of good taste. Elaboration on children's frocks takes dainty, childish forms. Fuzziness and pretentiousness are avoided.

Exquisitely fine materials of a sort suitable to the age of the child, fine and delicate hand embroideries or bold simple embroidery effects of a quaint kind, narrow real laces, tiny hand tucks, these are the elements entering into the expensive little frocks nowadays, and the most beautifully dressed children at a children's party give absolutely no impression of being overdressed; they are only exquisitely dainty.

The fine real Irish lace insertions are much used upon the handsome little frocks, with real chun for second choice among the heavy laces and with Valenciennes and narrow Irish are often combined; and on some smart little models tiny Irish motifs are used with Valenciennes' insertion and edging.

Even on sheerest of handkerchief linen, batiste or mull the Irish insertion is more or less lavishly used, and this season there is great vogue for frocks of linen or French plique trimmed in baby Irish. One effective model in white linen was cut on one-piece lines with a wide belt and was trimmed in vertical lines of baby Irish insertion and a little fine soutache embroidery.

Much, however, depends upon the type of child that is to wear the frock, and whether a mother has much or little to spend, she should first consider the possibilities of her daughter, the good points that can be emphasized, the flaws that must be disguised or minimized. She must choose the becoming colors, debate seriously the becomingness of round or square neck and have strength of mind to declare in favor of gumples and tiny standing collar if the low cut is unbecoming to a scrawny little neck.

A Hair Hint.

To prevent the hair from falling out and to stimulate its growth brush and massage for at least a quarter of an hour each night.

they had stepped out of ancient pictures and were on their way to school with primers in their hands. In fact, these bonnets have been named primers by a West end milliner, and as such are sold to customers who want the latest thing.

The model half bonnet half hat comes next in favor. A pretty one seen at Cowes was of blush rose chiffon with a plisse frill of white tulle at the edge and a long white streamer at one side, above which a fantastic feather waved.

The vogue of the lingerie hat has brought back the Alsatian bow, which is much used on some of the plainer models in place of feathers or flowers. A Charlotte Corday cap, for instance, has for trimming only a huge Alsatian bow either in front or back, and as the cap is usually of chiton or tulle and the bow of broderie anglaise or lace the effect is light and cool.

Spanish Laces.

Chantilly lace, or the silk lace of Spanish shawls, is an effective fancy for straw hats.

His Peculiar Predicament

By STACY E. BAKER

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"Lukesdale-a-a!" shouted the conductor.

The fussy, little old gentleman with the numerous packages, and the tall, broadshouldered youth occupying the seat in front of him, hastily seized their belongings and bolted for the door. Lukesdale is a small stop.

Hardly were the two safe on the rough boards bounding the station before the older man's parcels began to slip and slide in an awkward way, and, but for the hasty assistance of the other, the majority of them would have fallen.

"Thank you," wheezed the suburbanite. "You are a stranger here—about, are you not?"

"This is my first trip to Lukesdale," smiled the young man. He reached for his card case, then realizing that it would be a physical impossibility for the old gentleman to accept it and retain possession of his purchases, he said:

"My name is Hampton. I have an aunt living here whom I shall visit. Can you direct me to the residence of Miss Cornelia Wade?"

The other eyed his companion curiously. A half smile flashed on his lips.

"Go right by the house," he answered. "My name is Warren. Pleased to make your acquaintance, Hampton. I hope we shall know each other better before you leave town."

It was now about nine o'clock in the evening and beginning to get dark. Hampton was thankful for the company of the other, and having nothing but his own light suit case to carry, attempted to relieve his guide of some of his load.

To this the old man strenuously objected. "I'm used to it," he protested. "Do this stunt almost every night."

Thereafter he was strangely reticent, breaking out into an occasional chuckle, but essaying few words.



"A Most Eccentric Old Chap," Thought the Youth.

"A most eccentric old chap," thought the youth, but after one or two attempts to start a conversation he humored the old man's mood.

The streets of Lukesdale were a credit to the town, and this helped a great deal, because the lights were conspicuously inadequate. The little burg seemed to have been laid out all on one street.

At last the two drew near a large domicile, aristocratic in appearance, and towering majestically above its neighbors.

"Your destination," said Warren, pointing.

It was now dark. The windows of the house were ablaze.

Up the broad path leading to the spacious veranda the two strode. A burst of girlish laughter came suddenly out to them, and Warren again chuckled.

"I had understood that my aunt lives alone," remarked Hampton, uneasily.

"Then she must have company," suggested the old gentleman dryly. "That certainly isn't her voice."

A mind picture of his glum relative, sharp featured, suspicious eyed, flashed for an instant before the mind's eye of Hampton. Warren was right. Miss Wade must be entertaining.

Warren surprised the youth by stepping up to the door and in perfectly at home manner, flinging it wide open.

"Enter," he wheezed, dramatically, and as Hampton, dazzled by the light, obeyed the voice of the old gentleman followed him across the threshold. "This is Mr. Hampton of

New York, come to visit his aunt, Miss Cornelia Wade."

The door slammed shut, and the sound of hasty feet descending the steps on the other side caused Hampton to turn in surprise. He was alone. His guide had gone.

The blindness now partially left the youth. He turned to confront two young girls, evidently sisters, and a smiling elderly woman.

"Uncle Oscar is so eccentric," said one of the girls, advancing toward Hampton, and relieving him of his suit case. His eyes caught the ruddy gleam of her hair, the cloud-blue of her eyes. A spot of red dotted, for a passing second, the white of her cheeks.

"I am Virginia," said the girl simply. "Let me introduce my mother and my sister, Louise."

The two women came forward. Louise was a young maid, in looks and actions the double of the fair Virginia. She had the same graceful carriage; the same rich voice.

"Oscar is a tease," contributed the matron. "One—especially a stranger—never knows how to take him." Her laughing eyes peered out at Hampton and a roguish twinkle told of a kindred love for humor.

"But," ventured Hampton, ill at ease, "I am sure there has been a mistake."

"Oh, we all understand," laughed Virginia. "We all know Uncle Oscar."

"But—"

"Positively no explanations. They are not needed."

"I only wish you understood," half whispered Hampton, gazing wistfully at the girl. She had made a great impression on the youth from the city. With a social footing in New York second to none, and an income that had allowed him to travel extensively, he had imagined that the gentler sex had fallen upon him. Hence this early-spring fitting to Lukesdale. He was cloyed with society—and women.

This girl was a revelation. Confident of poise, cool, wholly at ease, under what must be to her, to say the least, singular circumstances, she was, withal, prettily natural and simple.

"Probably Mr. Hampton wishes to bathe his hands after his long ride on that hateful accommodation."

It was the elderly woman who spoke. "Show him to his room, Virginia. He can join us at his convenience."

With a resigned sigh, Hampton followed the maid. Some one had been expected by these good people. In a short time the proper guest would arrive, and then—well, Hampton, impostor, would be kicked out. This would end his acquaintance with this rare maid.

Timidly, Hampton again entered the parlor.

A wheezy voice greeted him. "How d'ye do, Hampton? Feeling refreshed?"

The young New Yorker glared at the returned joker. Uncle Oscar shifted about uneasily under the prolonged and eloquent stare.

"Um-m-m," ventured Uncle Oscar. "I guess I'll have to speak with Hampton alone for a moment."

Unconsciously he dragged the youth into the library.

"It's all right," he interrupted, rising a pudgy hand to the young man's wrathful vociferations. "It's all right, Hampton. Don't get excited. I met your aunt on my trip to the city—personally acquainted with her, you know. She was called away suddenly to the bedside of a sick friend, and she asked me to find you and bring you here to my sister's home, where she had made arrangements for you to stay until her return. Satisfied?"

"Surely," beamed the youth.

"More than satisfied. I like—"

"Yes, I see you do," said the old man. "Virginia likes you, too. See how she flushed when you came back—eh? Well, good luck to you, Hampton. As for me, I'm going home." The old man disappeared down the hall leading to the street door. Hampton hurried back to the parlor.

A Real Humorist.

"I believe that man is a real humorist."

"What makes you think so?"

"He refrained from making a pun on my name, and it's so easy to do."

Just as Good.

Cholle Spooner—Jimmy, can you get me a lock of your sister's hair?"

Jimmy—None, she locks her door nights. But I can tell you where she buys it.

PARIS HAS TREASURE TROVE

Workman Employed by Contractor to Excavate Property Uncovers Pot Containing Gold.

In a plot of ground in a suburb near Vincennes, Paris, France, has been found a quantity of gold, which will probably give rise to some litigation as to ownership. A workman employed by a contractor was digging up the ground and came upon an earthen pot with a cover. When he opened it he discovered that it was filled with small five and ten-franc gold pieces. He told the contractor, who removed the pot with its contents to his house. A few days later the same workman unearthed two more pots like the first, containing ten and twenty-franc gold coins. The employer again took charge of the treasure and removed it to his house. The total amount of gold in the three pots is said to be about \$40,000. According to French law, part of a treasure trove belongs to the actual finder, and another part to the owner of the land. The workman naturally

expected to get his share of the treasure, but his employer, it is alleged, has refused to look at the matter in that light. The result is that the actual finder, who is too poor to retain a lawyer, has applied for leave to sue in forma pauperis. As to the original owner of the gold, he or she is supposed to have been some person who hid it in the ground during the war of 1870, and probably perished in those troubled times. At any rate, the rightful heirs to the pots of gold would not easily be traced.

Bargain Rates.

"We are thinking of spending the summer at Drearyhurst."

"But why go to that lonely place?"

"The tickets seemed attractive. We can get them for \$4.98 each."

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Records of the port of New York since the beginning of the year show that the nation will receive one million immigrants before 1911 comes.

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