The St. Tammany Farmer

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

COVINGTON, : : LOUISIANA

It is not difficult for a cold wave to wear out its welcome.

There is nothing childlike about the malevolence of infantile paralysis.

Luckily this country raised a large crop, for there is a shortage in French wheat.

Do not despise the humble spud. The crop in one county in Pennsylvania is worth $1,000,000.

Missouri authorities are going to import Mexican stingless bees. That will be good news for honey boy.

Chicago is to have a new theater designed to attract women. Matinee idols will be its specialty, we infer.

This aviation business is all right, but we do wish that the coal people would quit trying for altitude records.

The toll of death continues. It is a case of nip and tuck between the speeding autos and the dashing bird men.

A Colorado professor says that people get disease germs by shaking hands. La Grippe from the grip, as it were.

A Pittsburger has invented a fluid by the use of which each man can become his own embalmer. Tell the dead ones about it.

However, speaking of extravagance, it does look foolish for a man to mortgage a useful home in order to buy an ornamental automobile.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson wants to tear down and rebuild New York city. For a long time we have thought it might be improved in that way.

According to a Parisian fashion journal, the old-style hoop skirt will return in twenty years, but even so, we're too busy to worry about that now.

Even if woman is becoming more masculine, as the Harvard man says, very few husbands will care to expatiate upon the theme by their happy firesides.

A Velasquez portrait that has been missing 160 years "has come to light at the country place of the duke of Parma." The duke must live at Lonesomehurst.

Berlin declares war on the deadly hatpin, Kansas City has put the kibosh on fireworks, and Chicago is beginning to round up its crooks. Let the good work go on.

Another expedition has just started from New Zealand for the south pole, proving that there are hardy people who on a cold day do not especially care to sit by a hot radiator.

A pipe that was once used by Sir Walter Raleigh is offered for sale in London. In this connection we should like to know whether Sir Walter ever learned to roll his own cigarettes.

Japan has decided to let the emperor of Korea have a pension. This is generous. It would have been too bad if the emperor had been compelled to open a laundry at his time of life.

That dirigible balloon line from Boston to Washington will doubtless be used at first by people who have no pressing engagements to dine at the White House, as it is impolite to keep the president waiting.

Wise in their day and generation are Paris modistes who announce that their latest gowns are made to button in front. Now there will be less kicking on the part of the husbands who have to pay the bills.

Prince Henry of Prussia has been flying along in military aeroplanes. This is a field where right of birth does not count. A prince is on the same level as any other man, and must prove the courage and ability to do work for which no amount of high titles will avail in doing. Prince Henry is to be congratulated on thus doing the work also of a man.

The western states as a rule make a creditable showing in the new federal census. But the figures show the fallacy of the idea that they are growing much faster than the eastern commonwealths. Illinois, for instance, gained 817,041, or 16.9 per cent., in population during the last ten years. But New York state increased 1,844,383, or 25.4 per cent., in the same time. The east is not taking a backseat, and is still progressing in healthful fashion.

A bulletin from the department of agriculture at Washington reports this as a "bumper year" in farm products, the aggregate output being 7.6 per cent. greater than the big one of 1909 and 9.1 per cent. larger than the average.

Owners of a new apartment building in New York advertise a skating rink, a model dairy and a hospital among other "conveniences." Nothing is said as to whether the janitor is capable of taking a hand at bridge in an emergency.

A California magistrate has decided that telling a person to go to the infernal regions is not profanity in the legal sense of the word. But the status remains of its being very rude.

According to the experience of a dollar bill which has been wandering around under grave suspicion in New York and Washington, money that has been washed and ironed is liable to be regarded as counterfeit from its abnormally clean appearance. This is equally hard on our money and our morals.

WOMAN'S INTERESTS

CHARMING SILK BAGS

USEFUL GIFTS FOR GIRLS GOING AWAY TO SCHOOL.

Dainty Little Receptacles That Find Much Favor Among the Young Ladies—Handy for Gloves and Ribbons.

Girls are making charming little silk bags of all descriptions and for various practical purposes to give to their friends who are going away to school. Sometimes they confer with each other about the colors and styles, and to one girl they give nothing but the daintiest pink bags, to another little silk receptacles for handkerchiefs, gloves, ribbons, etc., of delicate blue flowered silk, and to a third bags of pale mauve or yellow. The recipient is usually much more pleased to have them all match, or at least harmonize in color, than to find herself the possessor of a dozen bags of as many different shades.

One of the prettiest round bags of this kind, made of a four-inch strip of pink flowered ribbon, had a crocheted top as deep as the ribbon itself, made of knitting silk done in a plain crochet stitch. One inch from the top of the knitted part was a place for ribbon strings to be run through. The bottom of the bag was a four-inch disk covered with the flowered silk, and to the edge of this the silk upper section was fulled on.

For holding spools of thread, thimble and the other parts of the workbox equipment a charming little pink and white checked silk bag was made with the sides shirred on to the edge of a round silk covered disk. This bag was larger than the knitted one and it was full enough so that when the ribbons were pulled out the bag lay open and flat. To the inside was sewed a strip of the silk half the depth of the outside and with the upper edge neatly featherstitched. At regular intervals the featherstitching ran perpendicularly to the base, thus dividing this part of the bag into little pocketlike sections. Each one was large enough to hold a spool of thread or a few papers of needles. The advantage of the bag was in having it open out flat so that one could find anything with the least amount of difficulty. There were ribbons to match the pink squares to draw the bag together at the top.

SIMPLE LACE WAIST.

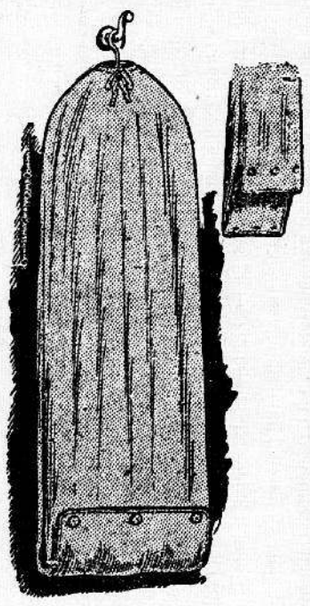
This simple but attractive waist is of white lace, made up over pink liberty. It is finished around the neck and sleeves, and on each side of the box plait with edges of black satin. The yoke is of valenciennes lace with applique motifs, and the little cravat is of black satin.

AN EASY MADE DRESS BAG

Protects the Garment From Dust, Dirt and Moths, and Is Worth Trouble of Making.

When a skirt or custume is not, for a time, required, and it is hung up in a wardrobe in a cupboard, it is very necessary that it should be properly protected, and for this purpose there are many kinds of dress bags that can be easily made, which all, more or less effectively, protect the garment from dust, dirt and moths.

In our sketch we show a specially good bag of this description that slips over the garment in the usual way



and draws together tightly at the neck with tapes. The chief feature in this case is the base of the bag, one side of which is made longer than the other, and may be drawn up and fastened to the buttons in front, thus entirely inclosing the base of the bag.

The little sketch on the right-hand side clearly shows the way in which it is made.

In the interior of the bag two or three small muslin pockets should be arranged, filled with scent sachets, camphor, or some other protection again moth.

Some women marry for love while not a few marry for alimony.

PROPER CARE OF THE HAIR

Almost Before Any Other Part of Body, Hair Indicates Health or Illness.

Because some hair comes out every time a brush or comb is used a woman need not think she is losing too much, for there is a constant natural amount of shedding going on, just as is noticeable with the coat of a dog or cat Moreover, by observation of the ends any one may determine whether it is a natural or an unhealthy "fall," as it were.

Healthy new hair is pointed at the tips. It would take a magnifying glass, of course, to know this exactly, but by contrast with unhealthy tips the difference is readily recognized. Hair which is old and has lived its time is split or dried at the tips. When the latter condition seems to prevail generally all should be singed or clipped, for in this way many may be saved.

Ends once split will not heal, nor will such hairs grow unless treated. It is precisely like a tree which begins to die at the end of a branch. If that dead or dying section is cut off the branch will begin to flourish vigorously, always granting that other conditions are not against it. The same is true of hair.

When singed an invisible bleeding through each tube is stopped, and nourishment thus retained begins to make itself felt by improved appearance of the locks.

Some hair dressers declare that once in six months is enough to singe. I am firmly of the opinion that it should be done every time the ends, when the hair is lifted by handfuls, generally are split. Going through this process too often is scarcely likely.

When a woman finds her brush or comb after using has more than a few loose hairs in it she may know that her scalp requires a tonic, and if much is coming out it is probable that her general health is below par.

Almost before any other part of the body, the hair indicates health or illness, and in the latter case will usually be thin and dried.

But before any woman need be anxious as to her general health external treatment should be given to the scalp, which, as I have said previously, may respond.

One point to be borne in mind always is that it is a mistake to allow the scalp to waste its nourishing oils, so when the hair is depleted repairs must be made immediately, and clipping or singeing may be sufficient.—Margaret Mixter.

Some Carpet Notes.

Do you know that carpet, like ancient Gaul, is divided into three classes? First there is the jacquard—carpet with cut or uncut pile and a mechanical repeat form pattern. In this class are included brussels, wilton and ingrain. Then there is the enlightening title of non-jacquard. Axminster and chenille carpets are in this group.

Finally, there is the printed class, which includes fabrics on which the design is printed after weaving.

Favor is awarded to carpets in the following order: Brussels comes first, followed by wilton, axminster, ingrain, tapestry and, last of all, velvet.

Lemon Creams.

Place in a saucepan one cupful of granulated sugar, one-half cupful of water, the grated rind of one lemon and the juice of half a lemon. Boil until it makes a soft ball when dropped into cold water; color with a few drops of yellow coloring and when slightly cool beat up until creamy. Form into bonbons and decorate with candied lemon rind.

Eccentric Work Basket.

There are work bags made of turtles. Could anything be odder? And yet they are not unattractive, queer as they sound. The shell of the turtle is lined with some gay silk, and the tail is pulled over and inserted in the mouth, then used as a handle. They make nice sewing baskets, and will undoubtedly appeal to the lovers of the eccentric.

Look to the Future.

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense.—Emerson.

Dixie Rolls.

One and one-half pints flour, one-half cupful of milk, one-half cupful of yeast, one egg, one tablespoonful of lard, one teaspoonful of salt and one of sugar. When light, cut two layers with butter between and let rise again.

A Matter of Dictation

By NELLIE C. GILLMORE

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Cromlin entered his office with a brisker step than usual. His face was flushed and an unaccustomed sparkle made his gray eyes look black. There was determination in every lineament, and a joyous confidence that spelled considerably more than mere hope. He had made up his mind at last, and he felt with supreme gratification that his period of self-restraint was going to net him compound interest on his future happiness.

A pile of briefs was stacked up on his desk, but Cromlin pushed them aside and gave his attention to the letters that had arrived in the morning mail. There were only a few, and he dismissed them after a hurried perusal of the most important ones. Two or three times he took out his watch waiting anxiously for the hands to get around to nine o'clock. At last, just as the clock on the next corner struck the hour, the office door opened and closed quietly, and Miss Benson entered.

He looked up and nodded a casual good morning.

The girl took off her hat and laid it on a table. Then she went to her desk and sat down. There were several envelopes left over from the day previous, to be addressed, and without a word, she pulled up her machine and began the task.

Cromlin, twirling his watch-fob and alternately fingering the leaves of a dog-eared reference book on his desk, wheeled suddenly in his revolving chair and studied the profile bent attentively over the typewriter.

Now, for the first time, Cromlin noticed that the girl's face had grown noticeably thinner and paler and that her eyes were shadowed by purple rings.

"There are only a few letters this morning, Miss Benson," he said, "and I think after that you'd better go home and rest."

She threw him a startled look, and the crimson suffused her cheeks. Something new and constrained in his voice, despite its tenderness,

THE STENOGRAPHER LOOKED UP WITH INDIGNANT EYES

caused her an unaccountable heartpang. Perhaps he meant to do away with her services and was trying to dismiss her as kindly as possible.

"I do not feel in the least tired, Mr. Cromlin. And I would rather not go home until the regular time."

"Very well," Cromlin replied, "but I don't want you to overwork yourself, that's all. You don't look too strong."

The hurt look in Vera Benson's eyes gave place to one of odd wistfulness, but she made no response. What a little idiot she was to let her feelings get the better of her this way. She controlled herself by an effort. If he should ever suspect her secret, she felt that she would die of mortification. In a moment, she was her old, composed self. She opened her tablet and reached for a pencil. Then she looked up to see if he was ready with his dictation.

But Cromlin sat regarding her in a quizzical, abruptly uncertain manner that was disconcerting.

Cromlin interrupted her musing with a blunt, characteristic remark.

"Dreaming, Miss Benson?"

She colored again and covered her confusion with a smile.

"I am waiting to take your letters, Mr. Cromlin."

"All, right. Take this:

"'My Dear Miss'—no, that will not do. Say, rather, 'My Darling Girl'—or better still, "My Own Darling—'"

The stenographer looked up with indignant eyes.

"Is it exactly proper and—and fair for me to—"

"All matters between us are strictly confidential, Miss Benson. I thought that was understood?"

In a second she looked up with her pencil poised, as an indication for him to proceed.

"'I have loved you ever since the first day you came into my life. But until I could in some way be assured that you returned my affection. I hope I am not mistaken, but if I am, tell me the truth at once. If I am not, I want you to marry me and sail for Europe on June the first, devotedly, John Cromlin.'"

Miss Benson took the letter with shaking fingers. But her lips were compressed and told nothing of the inward struggle, to John Cromlin. His eyes were on the ceiling and his mind running ahead for the next letter.

"Now, take this," he said, as the girl looked up and signified that the other was finished.

"'Dear Miss Benson: I am to be absent from New York for the next six months, it will of course be necessary to close this office during that time, and I shall be compelled to dispense with your services for the present. However, if you care to be governed by my counsel I know of another place—a more agreeable one, I hope—which I can secure for you without any trouble. Kindly let me have your reply as soon as possible, so that it can be filed along with other matters. Yours sincerely,

"'John Cromlin."

Vera Benson went through with the second letter with a feeling of iron determination. It was just as she had apprehended; she was to be discharged from the office, and her employer, always kind and gentle, was breaking the news as carefully as he could. Tears sprang to her eyes, but she dashed them away with self-scorn and bit her lips hard to bring the blood back to them.

When the two letters had been folded and laid aside, she took up two envelopes, and ran one into the machine, which she addressed to

"Vera Benson,
Care Cromlin & West, Attorneys at Law,
"New York City."

"Mr. West will return from the south soon?" she asked, doing her best to seem matter-of-fact.

"Not until we come home from Europe—Mrs. Cromlin and myself."

"You forgot to give me the address for—for this other letter, Mr. Cromlin," she reminded him, faintly, as he seemed to be waiting for something.

"Oh, I did!" he exclaimed, in a tone of assumed surprise. "How careless of me, to be sure. But—but—"

"Perhaps you didn't intend to, anyway," she supplied, stiffly, as he seemed to hesitate.

For the first time, Cromlin felt something of uneasiness stir in his heart. He could not understand her coldness. He had thought—he had been, in fact, so sure that she cared, and now— He rose abruptly and went to her side. Suppose, after all, that there was someone else—that he had been a—a fool!

"Vera," he broke out abruptly, stung to speech by his fears, "what is it? Are you—do you care for—for some one?"

"Do I care for some one?" she demanded, frigidly.

"Yes."

"And may I ask what right you have to put such a question, Mr. Cromlin?"

"I thought I had," he said slowly.

She looked up at him thoughtfully. "You have been good and generous to me always, and I don't mind admitting that—that I do care for some one," she replied. "Please forgive my curtness. Have you anything else to dictate, Mr. Cromlin?"

"No; I am tired of dictating. I want some one to dictate to me for awhile. Are you ready to address that letter?"

In silence she took up the other envelope and fed it to the machine.

Cromlin went to the back of her chair and stood with one hand resting on the top round of it. He spoke in a concise, business-like tone.

"Miss Vera Benson,
"2345 West 97th Street,
"New York, N. Y."

A peremptory call on the telephone interrupted his next movement. When he came back, Miss Benson sat with both hands pressed to her scorching face.

"Well," he said, "have you decided to accept the other place?"

She gave him her eyes for a brief instant; they were moist and dark and luminous.

He bent and lifted her chin in his hands. "When do you begin your dictation?" he asked.

"At once," she replied, sternly: "go back to your desk and take down my answer to your letter."

She Met HerMatch

Judge Simeon E. Baldwin, in one of his brilliant pre-election speeches in New Haven, said, apropos of the law:

"The law, properly understood, is just and right. It appears just and right to the average man. If it isn't so, it is soon changed.

"Sometimes the law seems unjust for the reason that it isn't comprehended. Take the case of the woman prisoner before Sir Edward Coke.

"This woman appeared in court with her hat on. The judge said sternly:

"'A woman may be covered in church, but not when arraigned in a court of justice.'

"To this the woman replied:

"'It seems singular that I may wear my hat in the presence of God, but not in the presence of man.'

"And she would appear, in her legal ignorance, to have got the better of the argument until Sir Edward Coke retorted::

"'It isn't singular at all. Man, with his weak intellect, can not discover secrets known to God, and, therefore, in investigating truth, the court must see all obstacles put aside. Accordingly, it is fitting that the prisoner's hat be removed, and with it the shadow that it casts upon her face.'"

Too Much for Her.

"What is the matter with Aunt Minerva?" asks the managing editor of the Woman's Helpful Hints Magazine, observing that Aunt Minerva, the editor of the answers-to-the-anxious department, has just been carried from the office in a dead faint and placed in an ambulance.

"She was opening her mail," replies the assistant editor, "and came upon a query asking for suggestions as to what to do if company should unexpectedly arrive while a woman was cleaning house and had the parlor and bedroom furniture in the back yard, the range dismantled, the curtains down and the rugs up, a sprained wrist, a sore thumb, and had accidentally dropped her hair rat in the bucket of suds."

Ended the Controversy.

On the steeple of an old Universalist church in Bath, Me., there is a wooden figure of an angel. It is not a remarkably fine specimen of art, and has always been somewhat laughed about, especially because of its high-heeled shoes. The Bath Enquirer recalls the story that a former pastor of the North Congregational church once accosted a devoted Universalist with the question: "Mr. Raymond, did you ever see an angel with high-heeled shoes on its feet?" "Why, no," answered Mr. Raymond, "I can't say that I ever did; but did you ever see one without them?"

Seats of the Mighty.

"Have you investigated those charges against Biggun yet?" asked the intimate friend.

"Not yet," answered the distinguished statesman who was a member of the investigating committee. "All we have done is to hold an informal meeting and decide that he isn't guilty."

A Sounding Name.

"Who is that girl in furs who seems to be the big scream?"

"She? Oh, she's our sleigh belle."

Are You Sick or Ailing? Hood's Sarsaparilla has genuine curative powers, peculiarly adapted to restore health and strength in just such a condition as you are up against. It has been doing this for more than a third of a century. Its legions of benefited friends telling of health restored, sufferings ended, are found everywhere. Give it a chance to help you out by getting a bottle today.

Bad Taste in your mouth removed while you wait—that's true. A Cascaret taken when the tongue is thick-coated with the nasty squeamish feeling in stomach, brings relief. It's easy, natural way to help nature help you. 50c

CASCARETS—10c box—week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

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EMINENT DOCTORS AT YOUR SERVICE FREE

We sweep away all doctor's charges. We put the best medical talent within everybody's reach. We encourage everyone who ails or thinks he ails to find out exactly what his state of health is. You can get our remedies here, at your drug store, or not at all, as you prefer; there is positively no charge for examination. Professor Munyon has prepared specifics for nearly every disease, which are sent prepaid on receipt of price, and sold by all druggists.

Send to-day for a copy of our medical examination blank and Guide to Health, which we will mail you promptly, and if you will answer all the questions, returning blank to us, our doctors will carefully diagnose your case and advise you fully, without a penny charge.

Address Munyon's Doctors, Munyon's Laboratories, 53d & Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Primitive Man.

"Jones is so dreadfully primitive,"

"What's his latest?"

"Why, we were at the opera house the other night and a stage hand removed a table and Jones yelled 'Supe! supe!' We were dreadfully mortified."

"I was at a dinner the other night and Jones sat next to me. When he saw the row of spoons and forks and knives beside his plate, he beckoned to the waiter. 'Say, boy,' he hoarsely muttered. 'I guess you spilled the spoon holder!'"

"Well, it's lucky he's rich."

"Ain't it?"

We're All Her Friends.

A pretty story of Miss Ellen Terry and a gallant young playwright has gone the rounds of the Players' club.

Miss Terry attended in New York the first night of this playwright's latest work and at the end of the third act he was presented to her.

She congratulated him warmly.

"It is very good," she said. "Your play is very good, indeed, and I shall send all my American friends to see it."

"In that case," said the playwright, with a very low and courtly bow, "my little piece will sell 90,000,000 tickets."

COMING HIS WAY.

"What luck, my boy?"

"Oh! pretty fair. I got six winders, two lamp posts and one silk hat already."

GOT IT.

Got Something Else, Too.

"I liked my coffee strong and I drank it strong," says a Pennsylvania woman, telling a good story, "and although I had headaches nearly every day I just would not believe there was any connection between the two. I had weak and heavy spells and palpitation of the heart, too, and although husband told me he thought it was the coffee that made me so poorly, and did not drink it himself for he said it did not agree with him, yet I loved my coffee and thought I just couldn't do without it.

"One day a friend called at my home—that was a year ago. I spoke about how well she was looking and she said:

"'Yes, and I feel well, too. It's because I am drinking Postum in place of ordinary coffee.'

"I said, 'What is Postum?'

"Then she told me how it was a food-drink and how much better she felt since using it in place of coffee or tea, so I sent to the store and bought a package and when it was made according to directions it was so good I have never bought a pound of coffee since. I began to improve immediately.

"I cannot begin to tell you how much better I feel since using Postum and leaving coffee alone. My health is better than it has been for years and I cannot say enough in praise of this delicious food drink."

Take away the destroyer and put a rebuilder to work and Nature will do the rest. That's what you do when Postum takes coffee's place in your diet. "There's a Reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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

What Happened.

Fate—Did you call?

Opportunity—Yes, but she sent word by her servant she wasn't in.—Harper's Bazar.

Roofing.

Galvanized Iron Corrugated and Crimp of best quality for barns, sheds, chicken houses and residences,—Fire and water proof, needs no paint, takes care of itself, will last for years. Get the best, all lengths, 5 to 12 feet. Full weight goods. Send this ad with order. Pidgeon-Thomas Iron Co. "The Roofing Folks," 94, 96 N. 2d St., Memphis, Tenn.

Blue Monday.

"Do you know why we call this day Blue Monday?"

"Maybe it's because so much blueing is used."—Judge.

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM

Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out the malaria and the Iron builds up the system. Sold by all dealers for 50 years. Price 50 cents.

The more solitary, the more friendless, the more unsustained I am, the more I will respect and rely upon myself.—Charlotte Bronte.

FOR SORE THROAT.

It penetrates quickly, removes all inflammation and reduces the swelling of the glands. To obtain best results saturate a linen bandage and bind about the throat a few hours or over night, repeating next day if in a severe case.

H. A. Caesar, Gibsland, La., writes:—"I shall to-day buy another bottle of your Mexican Mustang Liniment, the first bottle having done the old lady so much good. She has been troubled with sore throat, and your liniment does her more good than anything else she has tried."

25c. 50c. $1 a bottle at Drug & Gen'l Stores.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

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