

# The St. Tammany Farmer

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
COVINGTON, LOUISIANA

When doctors graft it is folly to be sick.

Another thing that will make Milwaukee famous is a "woman policeman."

Why worry over good roads when we are all on the verge of taking to wings?

If war scares keep on accumulating they may be offered by the dozen at reduced rates.

When women are required to sit on juries they should be permitted to bring their knitting.

Western farmers are returning to the effete east to buy up the deserted farms of that section.

Fir lumber has gone up one dollar on the thousand. Now, all together: This is going too far!

Goose-bone prophets are of the opinion that this winter will stretch out as long as a British election.

Alfalfa in various forms is to be served at a banquet in Colorado. Now who is "brother to the ox?"

Alexander wept because he had no more worlds to conquer when he should have hustled around and found a few.

Pittsburg wants to annex about a dozen suburbs. This is likely to start a few annexation movements in Cleveland.

The unarmored cruiser Detroit, which cost \$2,333,000, has just been sold for \$20,000. So run the fighting ships away.

New York's largest hotel is to cost \$17,000,000. It is to be built on Herald square at Twenty-fourth street and Broadway.

School teachers think they are entitled to pensions, but can teaching be called war since corporal punishment has been abolished?

A Boston man declares that he can prove that there are nine hells, and we presume that discovering that the furnace fire is out is one of them.

That New York man who started to shoot himself but thrice changed his mind in time to dodge the bullets may live to congratulate himself on his fickleness.

Morocco is to pay money to Spain for the war which Spain recently fought in Morocco. Such is the embarrassing consequence of coming out only second best.

Maybe some time they will invent a padded aeroplane which will not rise more than ten feet from the ground. Then the careful man will become interested.

He has football in the fall and track athletics and baseball in the spring and now the college student has ice hockey all winter. And yet he is said to play too little.

In the year 1910 the American hen laid 17 dozen eggs for every man, woman and child in the country. We have reason for believing, however, that at least several dozen of those eggs are still in cold storage.

A report from Berlin has it that Emperor William has become interested in boxing. It is not likely, however, that he will at his time of life try for the middle-weight championship of Germany.

Men who began life as waiters now own one of Chicago's biggest hotels. But, of course, they were good waiters and never spilled soup down anybody's back nor forgot to renew the contents of the finger bowls.

The Episcopal bishop of Michigan says that bridge whist players are just as much gamblers as Wall street plungers or Monte Carlo patrons. They must play for more than a quarter of a cent a point out that way.

By drinking 20 bottles of beer a day for 30 days a St. Louis man won a suit of tailor-made clothes and \$250 in money, but the chances are that a man with a thirst like that will pawn the clothes, and he certainly won't have the money long.

If that ship that got into New York the other day with a load of elephants and pythons and other creatures could have been stuffed into the stockings of several million children it would probably have settled for all time their demand for Noah's ark.

When rats carry plague and cats and dogs that kill or drive them away carry diphtheria and tuberculosis, both of which are affirmed by the experts, it seems there is nothing left for threatened humanity but to get off the earth.

That technical secret attack upon the Atlantic coast by our returning battleship fleet will be valueless unless the Mole St. Nicholas liar and the New England faker who heard so much cannonading at sea in 1898 are allowed to get into the game.

A barber in Duluth has invented "buttonless suspenders." If you have contracted the habit of wearing suspenders with buttons on them, fellow mortal, here is your chance to break yourself of it.

Miffed by the jeers of the country at large over the brand of weather it is supposed to start for the refrigeration of mankind, Medicine Hat proposes to change its name. Since the point is on its style of weather it would be more pertinent to change that.

# New News of Yesterday

by E. J. Edwards

## How Thackeray Left America

Homesickness Caused Him to Sail Suddenly Without Word to Friends Who Were Planning Big Dinner for Him.

When William Makepeace Thackeray visited the United States for the second and last time, in 1855, to deliver his lecture entitled "The Four Georges," the two Americans who were closest to him during his stay were Parke Godwin, publicist and son-in-law of William Cullen Bryant, and George William Curtis.

"The intimacy which we enjoyed with Thackeray was due to the fact that he made his headquarters while in this country at the old Putnam's Magazine office, with which both Mr. Curtis and myself were connected," explained Mr. Godwin a few years before his death. "Sometimes Curtis and myself were enthusiastically agreed that Thackeray was the most delightful, lovable and companionable man we had ever met. But, probably, just when we had arrived at this decision, Thackeray would be brusque and apparently cold toward us, and there would be decided traces of cynicism or contempt in his nature. Frankly, though we tried hard, and had rare opportunities to do so, we never fully understood him. I think, myself, that he was a man of moods, or else he sometimes suffered from ill-health, which he bore uncomplainingly, although his relations with his fellow men were affected by his physical suffering.

"Thackeray, to the personal knowledge of Curtis and myself, did many strange things while he was in the country, but the most astonishing of all his acts was the manner in which he left America and his best friends here. It was particularly embarrassing to me, and it was an act that had every outward aspect of cold and purposeful discourtesy.

"After making a successful lecture trip through the south, if I remember correctly, Thackeray returned to New York flushed with his success, and, in that happy spirit, sent us word that he would be with us for two or three days before departing to fulfill some lecture engagements in another section of the country. We were so rejoiced over his success and his presence in the city that we arranged for a dinner in his honor, and Thackeray, when he learned of our plan, was particularly delighted. Nothing pleased

him more than a good dinner with good company. He would sit the longest at the table of any man present; he was at his best around the festive board.

"I was particularly active in planning the dinner and extending invitations to it. The afternoon of the great day I sent a message to Thackeray's hotel to tell him that I would meet him there at a certain hour that evening and escort him to the feast. Pretty soon the messenger was back with the startling information that Mr. Thackeray was no longer stopping at the hotel.

"Much perturbed, I hastily made my way thither, and upon inquiry at the desk, I learned to my great astonishment that Thackeray that very morning had suddenly identified his intention of terminating his stay there, had his luggage packed, paid his bill and departed in a carriage. "Gone where?" I asked. And the proprietor gave it as his opinion that the distinguished novelist had sailed for Europe but a few hours since.

"As quickly as I could I went to the office of the steamship line that

had a sailing that day. Yes, Mr. Thackeray had arranged for accommodations just an hour or so before sailing time, and had barely caught the steamer. No, he had not left any message. Nor had he left at the hotel or anywhere else any message for me or any one else interested in honoring him at the dinner. He had departed for Europe unceremoniously, and, apparently, in a most discourteous manner.

"Of course the dinner, minus the guest of honor, was a flat failure. At it, and for some time after, Curtis and I were asked to explain Thackeray's curious conduct. We didn't even try to offer an explanation—to us his conduct was inexplicable. But weeks later I made some inquiries and was told that Thackeray, the morning of the festive day, was overwhelmed all of a sudden with a feeling of homesickness, and learning that a steamship was to sail that day, decided on the instant to take passage by it to England. Perhaps that was the true cause of his departure. But if it was it showed him to be a man of whims and moods, and that may explain much that so many persons regarded as mysterious or eccentric about him."

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## Human Postoffice Rewarded

How Boy Who Acted as Cupid's Messenger for Thurlow Weed Became Treasurer of the United States.

Thurlow Weed must have been about eighty years of age when I said to him one day:

"An old friend of yours, Mr. Weed, told me yesterday to ask you about the delightful surprise you gave Mrs. Weed when you took her with you to Washington during Lincoln's first administration."

"Ah," he said, "it was a surprise and a delight for Mrs. Weed, and it is one of the sweetest memories of my married life. I will tell you about it."

"When I was a journeyman printer—for, you know, that was my trade—I came to be employed by a man in a little village near Herkimer, N. Y. Of course I was only a hired man—in reality, because all the odd jobs of the shop fell to me, the only employee—and so I was not of much consequence

cially in the village. Nevertheless I had not been there long before I was greatly attracted by a young woman upon whom I cast sheep's eyes at every opportunity. I soon had reason to suspect that she was not displeased by my attentions, but after a while, when we had become so well acquainted that it was plain I purposed keeping company with her, there were parental objections, and I was practically forbidden the house.

"But, the saying is, you know, 'Love will find a way.' In that village there lived a barefooted, freckle-faced, tow-headed boy of Dutch descent. But he was as bright as a new dollar. One day I met him in the street.

"Frank," I said to him, "do you suppose you could carry a note for me to a certain young lady so secretly that nobody but she would know it?"

"I guess I could," he replied.

"Well," do you suppose you could bring a note from her just as secretly?"

"You try me and see," the boy said.

"So I wrote a little note, discreetly worded, and delivered it to this Cupid's postmaster. A day later he came to me with a note which had been entrusted to him by the young lady. Later in the day—maybe it was the next day—I answered the note and gave my reply to the boy for delivery. In due time he brought me another note from the young lady; and thus we kept up a secret correspondence that lasted until I proposed, when all objection was removed to my paying attention to the young lady. Not long after that we were married.

"Well, one time when it became imperative for me to go to Washington during Lincoln's administration I took Mrs. Weed with me. 'My dear,' I said, after we had reached there, 'I should like to take you to the treasury department. I want you to meet a gentleman I know there.' And a little later we walked into the office of the treasurer of the United States.

"I took Mrs. Weed over to a desk at which a gentleman was sitting.

"My dear, do you know who this is?" I asked.

"No," she had to confess.

"What, you don't know our Cupid's postman?" I exclaimed in feigned surprise.

"Yes, there he was—no longer the barefooted, freckle-faced, tow-headed little village boy, but a full grown, handsome man—Francis D. Spinner. And you can imagine the surprise and delight of Mrs. Weed when she discovered in the treasurer of the United States the boy who had been the dumb and faithful little messenger of our courting days."

Mr. Weed might truthfully have added that, in return for the services Frank Spinner gave him in his courting days, he took every possible opportunity to befriend the lad as he grew up. And it was upon Mr. Weed's recommendation that President Lincoln named Mr. Spinner treasurer of the United States in 1861, a position which he filled with great credit until 1875, when falling health caused him to retire voluntarily. It was during his incumbency that women were first employed as clerks in the treasury department to take the place of the men who enlisted in the Union army.

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## Douglas and the Clambake

Little Giant Mightily Pleased the People of Norwich, Conn., by His Tribute to the Native Institution.

Stephen A. Douglas, known from one end of the land to the other in the days of his popularity as the "Little Giant," was the first candidate for the presidency to take the stump in his own behalf. His determination to make a personal campaign for the presidency was not entirely to the liking of the conservative politicians of 1860, but I have been told that he excused his action by saying that Lincoln made his campaign for the same office, especially in the east, before he was nominated, and that it was vital that some one in authority should reply to Lincoln in that section of the country, there having been no opportunity for this to be done until after the presidential nominations had been made.

However that may be, I know personally that the "Little Giant" gladly accepted an invitation to speak to his countrymen at Norwich, Conn., the home town of William A. Buckingham, who a little later became one of the great war governors of the north—a town where Lincoln, in February of the same year, made an address which many persons said later saved Connecticut to the Republican party in the ensuing state election by the narrow majority of 541.

Great preparations were made for the Little Giant's appearance in the old town. In deference to his wishes for a meeting in the open—the usual type of political gathering in the west—a large common was selected for the scene of the rally, booths were set up to purvey lunch, consisting principally of oyster soup, and it was arranged that there should be a characteristic New England clambake at the end of the speechmaking.

It turned out to be a gala occasion. The farmers flocked in from miles around to see and hear Lincoln's great

rival, and as they gazed on the little dumpy man with the great head, the great shock of hair and the large, cavernous eyes thundering forth at them from the speakers' stand, many were the comparisons they drew between him and the tall, gaunt, loose-jointed rail-splitter most of them had seen and heard speak in the same town a few months earlier.

Yet for all the diminutiveness of stature, Douglas held the close attention of the great gathering throughout his entire speech. My boyhood recollection of that speech is that it was a superb political and oratorical effort, but the impression that it made on me was slight compared with the effect caused by the impromptu postscript to the speech itself. His peroration delivered with all that power of oratory which he possessed to a superlative degree, Douglas paused for a moment and smiled expectantly into the sea of upturned faces before him.

"And now that I have had the privilege of addressing my fellow-citizens of this historic town," he continued, "I shall take advantage of the invitation given to me to participate for the first time in my life in a genuine New England clambake. Its aroma first reached me while I was in the midst of my speech. It has lingered in my nostrils ever since. It has tantalized me greatly. It is very inviting. And, with your permission, I will now step down from this platform and proceed to revel in my heart's content in your famous feast."

A mighty shout greeted this unexpected tribute to a much-loved native institution. Then they took the Little Giant to a place which had been prepared for him and feasted him. And when he had had a surfeit he sighed contentedly, beamed upon the gentlemen gathered about him in the tent (my father was of the number) and said: "Now, gentlemen, I shall go on my way rejoicing."

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## Lord Clanricarde's Plaque

This Example of Goldsmith's Art Is One of the Greatest in the World.

One of the greatest Cinquescento jewels in the world is the Clanricarde plaque, owned by Lord Clanricarde, who is known as the Hermit Peer, and who claims direct descent from the kings of Connaught. He guards with jealous care this precious example of the goldsmith's art, keeping it safe from possible thieves and the common gaze in a bank vault, to which he goes occasionally with great secrecy to feast his eyes upon its magnificence. Some years ago, by royal request, he lent it to an art exhibition in London, where it was admired and coveted by some of the greatest connoisseurs of Europe.

The huge disk is as delicately wrought as a spider's web, and represents the figure of Hercules—wielding a diamond sword. The sword blade is composed of a mass of per-

fectly matched steel-white stones, and a superb blue diamond scintillates from the hilt. The present owner inherited it from his mother, who was a Miss Canning before her marriage to the Irish lord, and the plaque is practically priceless. Aside from its value to collectors, and its worth as a specimen of rare and exquisite art it is incrustated with a fortune in jewels.

Clever Method of Bribing.

One of the cleverest bits of electioneering dodger was devised by an agent who had been forbidden to corrupt the electors. He called a meeting and attended with his pockets full of gold. "I have to inform you, gentlemen," he began, "that there is to be no bribery on our side during this election. (Hear, hear!) For my part, I do not intend to give away a penny piece (Uneasy silence.) But I

am afraid there are some d-d rascals in this room, and that presently they will lay me on the table and take 500 sovereigns out of my pockets. The next few seconds he spent upon the table.—London Chronicle.

Least He Go Hungry.

Sometimes men do things out of selfishness rather than out of kindness. Recently a club woman told this story:

"An old couple came in from the country with a big basket of lunch to see the circus.

"The lunch was heavy. The old wife was carrying it. As they crossed a crowded street the husband held out his hand and said:

"'Gimme that basket, Hannah.' "The poor old woman surrendered the basket with a grateful look.

"That's real kind of ye, Joshua," she quavered.

"Kind!" granted the old man. "Gosh. I wuz afeared ye'd git lost."

Gladstone a Man Apart.

Gladstone was not beloved. He was a strong statesman without being a great man. He was so entirely occupied by official duty that no room seemed to be left for those apparently small but really vital personal sympathies and relations which belong to real greatness.

I was several times in evening companies where he was present. When he entered it was as if in state; all talk and mirth were suspended, and his bow and his escort, he returning our bows all around as if we were some delegation. He would move near the hostess, introductions would follow, but there was no free and easy chat with individuals. Happily he did not remain long on such occasions and the young people were enabled, without much interruption of gaiety, to cherish a remembrance of the "Grand Old Man." He was an institution; how can one love an institution? A member told me that he asked another liberal why he disliked Gladstone; the reply was: "Oh, he is always so damnably in the right."

From Moncure D. Conway's Reminiscences.

The Barber's Error.

Jerome S. McWade, the Duluth millionaire, referred in an address on hygiene to faith cures.

"I have heard many stories about faith cures," he said, "and I take them all just about as seriously as I take the story of the barber's error."

"A man entered a barber shop, bared his bald head, and snarled: 'Look here, I bought a bottle of hair restorer here last week, and the only result of ten applications is these two large bumps on my head.'

"Good gracious," said the barber, "I must have sold you a bottle of bust developer by mistake."—Exchange.

Charles Sumner's Egotism.

Senator Carpenter punctured the alleged egotism of Senator Sumner to the quick.

"He identifies himself so completely with the universe that he is not at all certain whether he is a part of the universe, or the universe is a part of him. He is a reviser of the decalogue. You will soon see the Sermon on the Mount revised, corrected and greatly enlarged and improved by Charles Sumner."—S. S. Cox—"Why We Laugh."

Pathologist Defined.

"Pa," asked Johnnie, "what is a pathologist?"

"He's a man who lays out paths in parks and elsewhere, my boy. Now, don't bother pa any more, he's busy."—Health.

## THE POTASH CONTROVERSY

German Claims Presented at Washington Are Contradicted by American Interests.

Washington, D. C., Jan.—The cotton growing states are particularly interested in the potash controversy between the State Department and Berlin, since the future price of fertilizer is directly affected by the outcome. German interests have just made representation to Secretary Knox similar in effect to those assertions made by circular letter to the miners throughout the South claiming that the German potash law, which places a penalty on mines selling heavily to Americans at a lower price than has formerly ruled, is merely a part of the general conservation policy of Germany.

According to Ochsinius, a leading German geologist, there are about 29,000 square miles of potash in one section of Germany, each of these containing some 50,000,000 tons of pure potash. This same authority states that the annual output from these mines is about 600,000 tons each, and he figures that if the annual output should jump to 5,000,000 tons annually, it would still require 621,600 years to exhaust the supply.

Another of Germany's assertions is that the law does not discriminate against Americans. The brief of the American potash buyers committee submitted to congress points out that, under the law as recently passed by Germany, the mines of the potash trust in that country were allowed a proportion of output sufficient to supply the world, while the independent mines that had made contracts to supply the United States at a reduced price were limited to one-fourth of their actual sales already made to us. In addition a penalty of \$22 per ton was imposed for overproduction. The penalty falls exclusively upon shipments to this country and indirectly upon the consumer.

An effort is apparently being made to create the impression that this controversy is really a contest between the policy of the German government and an American trust. The fact is that there is no such complete and powerful trust in the United States as this German potash syndicate. This syndicate actually monopolizes the entire potash supply of the world, save for the two mines that broke away from the trust and sold to American buyers. In this country there are about 70 different fertilizer manufacturers using potash, and these about 75 per cent are independent of any trust affiliation.

Another claim made by the German committee at the White House was to the effect that the American buyers knew that a law would be passed providing for government tax and penalties to be assessed, and that they made these contracts with this knowledge in mind. The American committee states positively that this information was brought to them after the contracts were made, and used as a club in an attempt to force them to give up the contracts already entered into, which would have reduced the price of fertilizer materially in this country.

An official high in the government here is authority for the statement that the cost of this controversy must necessarily fall upon the consumer, and that it should, therefore, be settled quickly. While the American companies paying a penalty have met the prices made by the German trust that pays no penalty, this has been done at a loss, and should they withdraw from the field because of this, the price of fertilizer in this country would be dictated by the German monopoly untrammelled in Berlin.

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