The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

D. H. MASON, Editor — COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1912 — VOL XXXVIII NO 33

ADDRESS TO THE VOTERS

of the

PARISHES OF ASCENSION, ASSUMPTION, LAFOURCHE, TERREBONNE, ST. MARY, IBERIA, ST. MARTIN, WEST FELICIANA, EAST FELICIANA, EAST BATON ROUGE, LIVINGSTON, ST. HELENA, TANGIPAHOA, WASHINGTON, ST. TAMMANY AND ST. JAMES.

THE ISSUE.

The present method of reaching decisions by the Supreme Court, wherein the litigant obtains the opinion of only one Judge on the law and the facts when entitled to the judgment of all five, is fundamentally and radically wrong. The evil resulting from this system has been recognized by the Louisiana Bar Association and called to the attention of the Legislature, but nothing has yet been done in the way of remedying it.

THE MAN.

Edward Nicholls Pugh, native of Assumption parish, life-long resident of Ascension parish, son of W. W. Pugh (once Speaker of the House of Representatives), grandson of Thomas C. Nicholls (for many years a Judge of the State's highest tribunal) and nephew of the lamented Francis T. Nicholls, comes from a family of Judges. He has been a leader in public life and in all movements for the good of the people, but never a holder of office for pay or profit. In time of war he responded among the first to the call of patriotism, becoming First Lieutenant of the Cannoneers in the Spanish-American War. As a practitioner he has helped to frame the jurisprudence of the State. A lawyer of unquestioned ability, Edward N. Pugh would make a great Judge.

THE OPPORTUNITY.

By casting their votes for Edward N. Pugh, the opportunity is here afforded the voters of the Fourth Supreme Court District to bring about a change in the present system and to place upon highest tribunal of the State a man who, by virtue of his ancestry, experience, stern integrity and thorough knowledge of the Civil Law, is peculiarly equipped to fulfill the duties of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana.

PUGH CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE.

LETTER FROM ENGLISH SHORES

A Resident of Covington Traveling in England Tells of Interesting Sights and Experiences.

Whitnash, near Leamington,
Warwickshire, England.

Ye Friendly Editor:

I feel like writing you a letter to tell you that Mrs. Hall and myself are both well and enjoying ourselves to the utmost. We sailed from New Orleans Saturday morning, 9 a. m., on the good ship Victoria, of Layland Line, bound direct for Liverpool where we first set foot on English soil May 21st at 8:30 a. m.

After we swung into the river a late passenger turned up on the dock and came out to us on a chartered tug, our vessel lieing to for him. He had to climb up the rope ladder swinging over the side, thereby delaying us for half an hour or more.

The sail down the river was very interesting for owing to the high waters we could look over the levees and see the orange groves and other plantations on each side. Owing to the delay at New Orleans when we reached Pilot Town it was too late to get over the bar until next morning, so we anchored in mid-stream. Next morning at 5:30 we hoisted anchor, but during night we had stuck in the mud and it took us two hours to get off and headed down stream, consequently it was 9 o'clock Sunday morning when we got through the Jetties and into the Gulf. At the entrance to the Gulf was a school of porpoise playing, a new sight to most of us, so we watched them play a few moments and then went down to our first Sunday's breakfast, and a good one it was, as were all our meals. Our usual programme of meals, etc., was as follows: Sea bath at 6 a. m., return to our berths, one-half of an orange each, also crackers and a pot of hot tea was brought us at 6:45 a. m. Then we rose, dressed and had a tramp on Promenade Deck. Breakfast at 8:30 to 10:30 a. m, beef tea and oranges and crackers served on deck. Lunch of cold meats or mutton chops, coffee or tea, salad, bread and butter, jellies, jams, orange marmalade, apples, bananas and some sort of pudding or pastry. At 4:30 o'clock tea with crackers. 6 p. m. full course dinner, with coffee after. Then at 9:30 light refreshments, if wanted.

Our ship was 560 feet in length over all, 75 feet in beam, and consequently we had ample room to promenade up and down and have our exercise.

After entering the gulf we had the water all to ourselves, not even seeing a vessel until we passed into the Atlantic and were off Miamic on the east coast of Florida, here we met the Comus southbound from New York for New Orleans and her decks full of passengers. At the time we passed her there was a large, black steamship aground, within half a mile of us, just inside of green water (which is shoal) with all steam up trying to work off. Our captain headed his ship towards her and signaled to ask if she needed help to which she replied no, that she was shifting her cargo and would soon be off.

Right here I must say that last October in mid ocean this same ship, Victorian, and her crew saved the lives of 29 men, the crew of an American sailing vessel, for which President Taft sent Captain Hiscoe an elegant gold watch with an inscription inside case saying it was given by "W. H. Taft, President of United States, to Capt. Hiscoe, for the heroic rescue of these 29 Americans." The first officer was also given a pair of $100 binoculars with a letter from President Taft and each of the crew taking part were given a gold medal. From captain down, all are quite pruod of them.

Well, from this time on we saw nothing but deep blue sea water, stormy petrels, sea gulls and flying fish until the 14th day out. The little stormy petrels are always in sight in mid ocean and were so tame they would alight among us on deck and catch flies or pick up cracker crumbs right by our feet. The sea gulls would often alight on the mast head.

The 14th day out we passed within a mile of a full rigged sailing ship, something very scarce and which our captain informed us we might not see again if we made twenty crossings. It made a beautiful and stately picture with her great number of white sails and her dark hull against the deep blue of the sea. On the 15th day we passed in succession the cunarders Lusiatana west bound for New York and her sister ship the Mauritana for Liverpool. We could see them plainly with glasses. We also passed at a distance, later on, the Olympic, sister ship to the Titanic, of fateful memory.

From this time on we passed several unknown and smaller ships, overhauling the south coast of Ireland the evening of the 16th day. All day the 17th day, while sailing up the Irish sea, we met many vessels of all kinds, until we dropped anchor at 9:30 in the river Mersey at Liverpool. Next morning was a lively one as we had an early breakfast to be ready for customs officers at 7:30. It was merely perfunctory for passengers and we were able to go ashore at 8:30.

Liverpool is simply an immense busy sea port of 800,000 inhabitants with not much interest to a traveler. It had one or two handsome parks, several fine public buildings, but nothing old or venerable—just a modern rather dingy big city. Mrs. Hall and I took a drive the day of our arrival. We saw the parks and a review of by the London head police officials of 900 police. They made a handsome showing—just one third of the force. The chief or head constable, as he is called, was on horse back with cocked hat and blue uniform and sword, which looked like a general with his gold trimmed uniform. We saw the Earl of Derby, who is Lord Mayor of Liverpool, in his coach with coachmen and footmen in scarlet uniforms. The most gorgeous individual, however, was the 6-foot porter at our hotel. With blue uniform and cap ablaze with gold lace, I thought he must surely be King George in his Coronation outfit. I found him a field of information, however, and not above accepting a shilling as a tip.

The second day it rained and kept us in, so next morning we took a train for the old walled town of Chester, one of the most venerable in England and still retaining the walls built in the 11th Century. Its ancient castle has entirely disappeared and on its site a so called cottage, a modern barracks for regular troops. Across the river Dee, half mile away, are the gates of Grosvenor Park, the seat of the Duke of Westminister, England's wealthiest noble, who, besides many thousand acres of rich lands and farms, owns nearly one-third of London. His mansion, one of the grandest in England, is about 6 miles from the park gates, and you drive through his deer park and game preserve all the way. Who would like to be a Duke?

Chester is full of very quaint old places, built in time of Elizabeth (1556), in fact, nearly the entire city was built at that time, the more ancient places have decayed, but the Elizabethian homes still remain and all, except one or two, inhabitable now. They are queer old structures of wood and mortor (I am enclosing pictures of one or two of them, but not in this village where we are stopping).

We were through the palace of the Stanley family (Earls of Derby), built in 1481, same style, half timbers, half mortar. It must have been a beautiful place in its day, with its panneled walls and oak beamed ceilings. All panels, beams, doors, door and window jambs are heavily carved. The windows are casements with small diamond shaped panes of greenish glass set in lead. Charles I was entertained here the night before his army was defeated under the Chester walls by Cromwell's troops. Charles stood on one of the towers of the city walls and saw the battle. Escaping from the city that night were his friends, his staunch supporters and host, but he was not so fortunate. He lingered and when the victorious troops entered the city he was forced to hide between the ceiling of his palace and the roof. Steps were made by roughly breaking out bricks in the huge kitchen chimney by his servant so he could climb up. He lay concealed here three weeks, fed by his servant, who then betrayed him and he was taken to London and beheaded, as you know. We were shown the steps in the chimney but did not climb up, as you very well imagine, but went up a stair built to accommodate visitors. The fireplace is 6 feet high and will hold 12 people inside with ease. It still has the old spit on which a whole sheep or hog could be roasted. We were shown the bed room and reception room occupied by King Sharles, also drawing rooms and bed rooms used by Earl and his Countess. The old banqueting hall is too ruinous to be shown. The drawing room and King Charles' reception room are used as sales rooms for old china, old pieces of armor, furniture, pictures and all supposed to be antiques and expected to empty the pockets of the gullible American tourist. I did not bite. Among other things for sale was a profile picture in brass of Abe Lincoln, our murdered president, his homely, plain face seemed much out of place in its surroundings. How it came there and where from no one seems to know, as the old palace is now the property of a dealer in antiques. Lincoln's granddaughter had been there that morning and was much surprised to see his picture.

We stayed in Chester only one day as we expect to return there on our way home.

From there we came to Warwick, an even more interesting old town, where we staid ten drys. Warwick was first known about 1300 years ago and has been important as a stragetical point ever since. The present castle was partially built in 930, added to at various times until 1480, when it was completed. It is a grand old stronghold to-day and would withstand anything but modern artillery. Cromwell's army tried to capture it but could not do so. It is the magnificent home of the present Earl of Warwick. There is also an immense and beautiful old church built by the early Normans and completed in the latter part of the 12th century. It is filled by the magnificent tombs of the Earls of Warwick and also contains the tomb of Robert, Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth and who killed his beautiful young wife, hoping to marry Elizabeth. Elizabeth gave him the magnificent castle of Kenilworth, 5 miles from Warwick, now a complete ruin, peopled by owls and bats, but I thought it beautiful just the same. Leicester was a brother to Ambrose Dudley, Ea l of Warwick at that time, and an excellent man in every respect. Leicester's third and last wife lies beside him. She poisoned him by giving him by mistake a dose he had prepared to kill her with. Only the east and west gates of the old walls around the city remain. Over and adjoining the east gate is an old building which used to be the ancient city council hall, built in the 12th century. Here Queen Elizabeth, James I, and Queen Victoria and Edward VII have been entertained. In 1578 the Earl of Leicester, with his brothers consent, turned it into a hospital for twelve old soldiers and their superintendent, never more or less, and endowed it well, and it has been used for that purpose ever since.

It contains an old oak Saxon chair one thousand years old. Also a chair made for King James I to use when dined here, and a carved oak wardrobe used by Elizabeth when at Warwick castle. A letter from Earl of Leicester, two pieces of embroidery done by Amy Robsart, Leicester's murdered wife, helmet and sword of Oliver Cromwell, many pieces of old armor, battle plates and weapons used by the Warwick followers in many wars, and many other interesting relics of times gone by. I forgot to mention some muskets carried by Pakenham's soldiers at battle of New Orleans when old "Andy Jackson" slaughtered them. From Warwick we came to this quiet little village of 300 people, all farmers and their servants, besides the village carpenter and blacksmith, not a single store in it. It is two and one-half miles from Warwick, which has 12,000 people, and one and one-half miles from Leamington with 30,000 people and a fashionable watering place. This village, Whitnash, is over 800 years old. Most of the houses now in use were built during Elizabeth of James I reign. The very handsome stone church goes back to Norman times, built in the 12th century and still in excellent condition and in regular use every Sunday. We are resting up here and preparing for a trip to Northern England and Scotland by auto and we expect to have a delightful time for a month. I bought a dandy second-hand car and am having it put in good order for the run.

This is such a beautiful country and I wished to see it better than I could by train. It is all fenced by hedges and farms are divided into small fields by the same. The green fields have many magnificent and stately oak and elm trees scattered through and the effect is that of a beautiful picture.

Then, the public roads are all so fine, all McAdamized and swept daily like city streets, no mud, no litter and scarcely any dust. An auto rolls along like it was on a parlor floor.

Well now, Mr. Editor, I wish you all could be here to see it with us. We get lonesome sometimes and would like to see some of our Covington friends.

As I am brain and hand tired, having written four other equally long letters this afternoon, I will stop with a hope that you and yours and all Covington friends are well and that you have a gusher oil well and will soon have a new waterworks and school, I am,

Yours truly,
CHAS. H. HALL.

INTERNATIONAL NEWSPAPER BIBLE STUDY CLUB QUESTIONS

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SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

July 28, 1912.

The Wheat and the Tares. Matt. xiii:24-30, 36-43.

Golden Text—Gather ye together first the tares and bind them in bundles to burn them, but gather the wheat into my barn. Matt. xiii: 30.

1. Verses 24-35—What does the kingdom of heaven here stand for?
2. Would you say, and why, that Jesus here meant that the church as a visible society on earth contains both good and bad people?
3. What is the difference in the results as between good seed and bad seed as suggested in this parable?
4. What in this parable stands for wheat and what for tares?
5. What resemblance is there between the wheat and the tares?
6. If Christ stands for the man who sowed "good seed," whom does the enemy stand for who sowed the tares?
7. What chance would satan have to sow tares of people kept wide awake?
8. Verse 26—Can "tares," or sin, ever be regarded as another form of good? Give your reasons.
9. Is it possible, or not, and why, for sin to produce good results?
10. Verse 27—Who are those who generally complain to God because of sin in the church?
11. Verses 28-29—Should a christian church or not, and why, expel all those members who are admittedly living sinful lives? (This is one of the questions which may be answered in writing by members of the club.)
12. There used to be frequent trials of members in evaneglical churches for immorality. When did you last learn of such a trial and how is it that they are now so frequent?
13. Verse 30—What will be the difference in that great day between the doom of a sinner in the church and a sinner in the world?
14. What will be the fate of the finally pentinent sinner?
15. What will be the final condition of all true Christians?
16. Verses 36-37—What is the sower of the good seed?
18. Verses 38-39—What results do wicked people accomplish in the world?
19. When and what will the harvest be?
20. Verses 40-42—Does Jesus mean that the literal tares are burned in the fire or that sinners will be?

Give your reasons.

Lesson for Sunday, Aug. 4, 1912: The Worth of the Kingdom. Matt. xiii:44-53.

Send the ST. TAMMANY FARMER from now till _____ 19____, one year, for which I inclose one dollar. Count me a member of the Local Club of the Bible Question Contest.

_____ NAME

_____ ADDRESS

COUNTRY BILL'S MISTAKE.

(Composed by F. J. FitzSimons.)

It's dreary in the country,
Bill Brown to me did say,
I think I'll give up farming
And cut out making hay.

The army worm and weevil
Have put me on the blink.
To raise a crop and harvest it
Is easy—I don't think.

Now, it really wasn't farming,
That drove Bill to dispair,
It was a sweet young lassie,
With puffed up bunchy hair.

She smiled at him one evening,
When to our town he came,
And asked him one wet day,
To come in out the rain.

They sat out on her gallery,
And the talk she handed him,
It dazzled all his ideas,
And made his poor head swim.

And when he left her house that night,
It was most dreadfully late,
He knew he'd never happy be,
Unless she'd be his mate.

Two years from then I saw Bill,
A frown was on his face,
His forehead was all wrinkled,
His looks were a disgrace.

Where was the girl with puffy hair,
His sweetheart, don't you know?
He'd taken her to Reno
About a year ago.

To live with her was one torment,
She roped him in so easy,
I guess he'll go back to the sticks,
And live on bacon greasy.

Give me the country life sublime,
Where everything is bliss.
If we can't find a girl to love
There's mules and cows to kiss.

POLICE JURY MEETING

After First Session Sits as Board of Reviewers.

Contract Awarded for Building Simalousa Bridge.

Dr. J. F. Polk Elected President Board of Health.

Election Ordered for Special Tax in Sixth Ward.

Covington, La., July 15, 1912.

The police jury met in regular session on above date.

Present: B. A. Schneider, president; Louis Peters, Wm. Bruhl, H. Schultz, Geo. F. Bierhorst, E. E. Talley, A. D. Crawford, John A. Todd and J. B. Howze.

It was moved and duly seconded that the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting be dispensed with.

Carried.

The following communication was read:

Baton Rouge, June 26, 1912.

To the Honorable President and Members of the Police Jury of the Parish of St. Tammany, Covington, Louisiana.

Gentlemen:—I understand that young Mr. Stanford Rayne is an applicant for appointment as a beneficiary cadet at the University from the parish of St. Tammany. He entered the "B" class of our school of Agriculture last fall, and made a fine record both in conduct and in study. In fact his marks were unusually good for a new student.

If it is the intention of your honorable police jury to send us a beneficiary student to take the place of Mr. Dutsch, who graduated at the close of the last session, I believe you will make no mistake by giving the appointment to Mr. Rayne if his financial circumstances are such that he needs assistance from his parish to enable him to continue his course at the University. He has made a good record here, and I am satisfied that his subsequent career as a cadet will be such as to reflect credit upon himself and honor upon his parish.

Very respectfully,
THOS. D. BOYD,
President.

It was moved and duly seconded that public notice be given by publication in the St. Tammany Farmer that all applicants for the cadetship from this parish have their application in the hands of Supt. E. E. Lyon, at Covington, La., on or before August 1, 1912.

Carried.

The following communication was read:

Covington, La., July 15, 1912.

To the Honorable President and Members of the Police Jury.

I, the undersigned, do agree to build bridge across Simalousa creek on Middle Road in second ward, 100 feet in length and 12 feet in width, to be built according to plans and specifications. 60 foot dump to be built on north end of bridge, dump to be built to level of bridge, and 20 foot dump on south end of bridge to the level of bridge. All work to be done in a workman-like manner for the price and sum of $298.00, subject to inspection by member or entire body of police jury.

Thanking you in advance,
ROBERT FITZGERALD.

It was moved and duly seconded that Mr. Robert Fitzgerald be given the contract to build the above mentioned bridge as agreement and price stipulated above.

Carried.

Covington, La., July 15, 1912.

President and Board of Police Jurors.

Gentlemen:—I hereby hand you this my application for the position of Parish Health Officer. In doing so I desire in no way to antagonize any aspirant but wish to be placed in a position where I feel that I may be able to give more attention to some maters of vital importance than same has received in the past, and to do these things in just as economical manner as is possible.

Awaiting your very kind consideration of this matter, I beg to remain,

Respectfully,
J. F. POLK, M. D.

It was moved and duly seconded that Dr. J. F. Polk be elected president of the Board of Health of St. Tammany parish, La.

Carried.

The following were elected as a Board of Health of St. Tammany parish: Dr. J. F. Pigott, Dr. J. B. Thompson, Messrs. E. E. Lyon and Walter Parker.

The police jury then adjourned to meet as a Board of Reviewers.

The following communications were read:

Slidell, La., July 10, 1912.

To the Board of Reviewers, Covington, La.

Gentlemen:—I take the short route by writing to you entering my protest against an unequal assessment made by Mr. Decker, A. H. George et als., who don't reside in Louisiana, are assessed $900 on 90 lots. My wife, L. Austin Dittmar, is assessed $400 on 12 lots. The George's people's lots are situated in Slidell proper and therefore valuable. My wife's lots are behind the negro quarters and less valuable.

Still, I say this: If you gentlemen will raise all other vacant lots in Slidell to the same figure in proportion as booked down against my wife's lots, I will be pleased to find out the results.

Very respectfully,
OSCAR L. DITTMAR.

To the Honorable Police Jury of the Parish of St. Tammany, Louisiana, Sitting as a Board of Reviewers of the Parish Assessment.

The petition of J. M. Cohn, who resides in the city of New Orleans, parish of Orleans, State of Louisiana, with respect, represents:

That he is the sole owner of the property described as follows, to wit: Lots 10 and 11, square 4; lot 1, square 7 and improvements thereon situated in the town of Abita Springs, parish of St. Tammany, State of Louisiana; that the Assessor of the parish of St. Tammany, Louisiana, has assessed the said property for the year 1912, at the sum of $2,300.00; that the actual cash value of the said property is $1,200.00, and that the said assessment is therefore excessive and should be reduced to the amount of the cash value of the property; that furthermore, the assessment of your petitioner's property is not proportionate to the assessment of other property in the said municipality and that for that reason also, the assessment on the above described property to the above mentioned cash value of the said property, but that the said Assessor has refused to do so.

Wherefore, petitioner prays that your honorable body, acting in the capacity aforesaid, order the said assessor to reduce the said assessment of the said property for the said year to the sum of $1,200.00, and for general and equitable relief.

A. L. BEAR,
Attorney for Petitioner.

The Board of Reviewers, after hearing all complaints, adjourned until Tuesday, July 16, 1912.

B. A. SCHNEIDER, Pres.
E. D. KENTZEL, Secretary.

Tuesday's Session.

Covington, La., July 16, 1912.

The Board of Reviewers met on above date pursuant to adjournment, all members present.

It was moved and duly seconded that the assessment rolls be accepted as turned in by the Assessor on July 15, 1912.

Carried.

It was moved and duly seconded

(Continued on page 2.)

THE HARPER MURDER CASE

A Negro Girl Wife Thirteen Years of Age

Coolly Tells How She Helped Hide Husband's Body

After He Was Shot in Back By Another Man.

Is Found to be in a Virgin State by the Coroner.

June 22 the people were shocked by the deatils of a crime published in the Farmer in which a negro girl 13 years of age confessed to having helped the murderer of her husband drag the body into an adjoining feed room, cover it with sacks, lock the door and leave it to rot until the terrible stench disclosed the crime to the people who searched the premises. The crime was committed in a barn at Alton. When Coroner Heintz held the inquest the murder was pretty well sifted out and the guilty parties, according to the confession of the girl-wife, were brought to Covington and placed in jail to await the action of the grand jury.

Grace Harper, the 13-year-old wife of Luther Harper, confessed that on the afternoon of the killing Nathan Crandall shot her husband in the back from an adjoining room, then threatened to kill her if she ever revealed the fact to any one and made her help to drag the body into the feed room. Grace Harper produced a letter at that time which she said was written by her husband and which stated that he was going home to his mother and advised her to do the same. They had been married five or six months and were married by a colored minister of the gospel. The statements of the girl and her mother, Mary Wood, were somewhat conflicting.

But now comes a peculiar situation in the matter, a most remarkable thing when it is considered that he morals of people capable of such a crime as was committed must have been of the most corrupted. The girl has been confined in the parish jail since the commission of the crime, with the probability that she may remain there for for some length of time. The lawyers for the State considered that it was possible the girl was in a period of gestation and that it would be inhuman to keep her in a cell under such conditions and surroundings and concluded to have her examined by a physician to determine her state. Mr. Schwartz called in Coroner Heintz who subjected her to a thorough examination and was amazed to find that she was not only not in a delicate state, but that she was still a virgin, in spite of the fact that she had been legally married for five months.