

HEALTH CAR

Will be here tomorrow, Sunday, September 27. The Exhibit Car will be open to visitors all day, so that ample opportunity will be given residents out of town to come to Covington and see the many things of interest presented by this opportunity. There will be no charge for this nor for lecture by Dr. Dowling, who has a national reputation, in School Auditorium at 4 p. m.

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WATCH
ST. TAMMANY PARISH
GROW

D. H. MASON, Editor

COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 26, 1914

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\$1000 TO PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND \$150 TO PARISH FAIR

Celebration of the Installation of Electric Lights at Abita Springs

HEALTH CAR.
The following committee has been appointed to wait upon Dr. Dowling and those in charge of the Health Car and to make arrangements for the lecture and picture illustration in the high school auditorium: H. E. Gaureaux, M. D., chairman; Drs. J. Bouquet, B. B. Warren, W. L. Stevenson, G. R. Tolson, Mayor P. J. Lacroix, Councilmen W. H. Kuntzel, A. C. McCormack, M. P. Planché, D. I. Addison, F. J. Martindale, E. G. Davis, A. D. Schwartz, E. J. Frederick, T. E. Brewster, E. J. Domergue, D. H. Mason.

An event in the history of Abita Springs of no small importance will be the turning on of the electric lights Sunday evening, September 27, 1914. Promptly at 7 o'clock p. m. Mayor Glisson will touch the button that will transform the approaching shadows of night into the brilliant illumination of the latest electric appliances in invited, large delegations being expected from Covington, Mandeville, Madisonville, Slidell, Lewisburg, Bogalusa and New Orleans. An excellent New Orleans band will be in attendance from 2 p. m. at the pavilion and from 7 to 8 p. m. at the moving pictures, and there will be dancing at the pavilion until midnight, under the auspices of the "Mutual Admiration Society," the "Abita Improvement Club" and the well known "Nut Club" of Abita. Mr. George Delmore, of New Orleans, who has endeared himself to the people of Abita by his liberality and active interest in its affairs, is a moving spirit in this entertainment, and all Abita will rejoice in the final accomplishment of the splendid system of lighting for the town. There will be a good time for all who take advantage of this excellent opportunity for enjoyment and celebration.

These Donations Made by Police Jury at Its Meeting Last Monday Meet Popular Demand

The appropriation of \$1000.00 by the police jury, last Monday, was made necessary by the fact that a good many pupils from the nearby towns will be compelled to attend the high school in Covington, swelling the attendance and necessarily increasing the expenses. Under the ruling of the State authorities, a certain amount of time must be consumed in recitations and laboratories and appliances for demonstration work must be used in the course of instruction in order to entitle a graduate to recognition to colleges. None but the accredited high schools have these necessities or a sufficient number of teachers to devote the required

time to recitations, therefore many high school grade pupils from Mandeville and Abita Springs who enter the Covington high school and take advantage of the opportunities offered in the newly erected building, which is nicely fitted out, commodious and convenient, and equipped to meet the requirements of an accredited high school. While this increases the expenses of the Covington school, it is at the same time a great saving to the other schools, which would be compelled to go to considerable expense in order to equip themselves to meet the requirements. The Motor Line gives pupils a five cent fare, very much lessening the cost of attendance and

making the loss of time inconsiderate. The appropriation of \$150.00 to the parish fair will be a great help in pushing it forward to a successful conclusion. It is something that should interest every citizen in the parish, and its success means a great deal in the way of cultivating a community feeling among the farmers and merchants and in boosting agricultural pursuits generally. An effort is being made to make it more successful than ever—a better fair in every way—more agricultural and more interesting to the farmer and to the merchant. The police jury has shown good judgment in making these appropriations.

Will You Buy a Bale of Cotton

The "Buy-a-Bale" movement has taken hold in Covington and soon will be extended to the whole parish. Mr. E. G. Davis, president of the Covington Bank & Trust Company, who has been appointed to act for parish by the "Buy-a-Bale Club" of New Orleans, is preparing for an active campaign in this matter, which is in the interest of the farmers as an offset to conditions arising by reason of the war in Europe. President Wilson was among the first to buy a bale, and his example has been a boost to the movement, which is becoming quite popular. An effort is being made to replace the acreage next season, which will make cotton a very good security. The buyer can either have the cotton delivered to himself personally or can have it placed in the warehouse and receive a receipt for same. Mr. Davis would be glad to hear from all who wish to invest in a bale of cotton. Write to him.

While Mr. Davis has hardly started the movement, yet he has already received orders for twenty bales, the buyers being: Covington Bank & Trust Company, St. Tammany Banking Co. & Savings Bank, E. G. Davis, Mayor P. J. Lacroix, Emile Frederick, R. H. Dutsch, Smith Hardware Co., Smith-Selz Shoe Store, L. Wehrli, Jr., Ulysses Depriest, W. R. Rudon, E. J. Domergue, Covington Grocery & Grain Co., Tyler-town Grocery & Grain Co., Bogalusa Grocery & Grain Co., Slidell Grocery & Grain Co., A. J. Planché, F. C. FitzSimons Grocery Co., F. G. Marroero, M. D., A. Frederick.

things than a woman who could not talk. Thus they gabbled in the bazaars, round brassiers and dung-fires. And some talked of the murder. The proud Ramabai had been hailed to prison; his banker's gold had not saved him. O, this street rat Umballa generally got what he wanted. Ramabai's wife was one of the beauties of Hind.

Through the narrow, evil smelling streets of the bazaars a man hurried that night, glancing behind frequently to see if by any mischance some one followed. He stopped at the house of Lal Singh, the shoemaker, whom he found drowning over his water pipe.

"Is it well?" said the newcomer, intoning.

"It is well," answered Lal Singh, dropping the mouthpiece of his pipe. He had spoken mechanically. When he saw who his visitor was his eyes brightened. "Ahmed!"

"Hush!" with a gesture toward the ceiling. "She is out merrymaking, like the rest of her kind. The old saying: if a man waits, the woman comes to him. I am alone. There is news!"

"There is a journey. Across Hind to Simla." "The hour has arrived?" "At least the excuse. Give these to one in authority with the British raj, whose bread we eat." Ahmed slid across the table a very small scroll. "The memsahib is my master's daughter. She must be spirited away to safety."

"Ah!" Lal Singh rubbed his fat hands. "So the time nears when we shall wring the vulture's neck. Al, it is good! Umballa, the lord, who swells and swells as the days go by. Shiva has guarded him well. The king picks him out of the gutter for a pretty bit of impudence, sends him afar to Umballa, where he learns to speak English, where he learns to wear shoes that button and stiff linen bands round the neck. He has gone on, gone on! The higher up, the harder the fall!"

"The cellar?"

The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated by Pictures from the Moving Picture Production of the Selig Polyscope Co.



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Kathlyn Here, believing her father, Col. Hare, in peril, has summoned her, leaves her home in California to go to him in Allahabad, India. Umballa, pretender to the throne, has imprisoned the colonel, named by the late king as his heir.

CHAPTER II—Arriving in Allahabad Kathlyn is impressed by Umballa, that her father being dead she is to be queen, and must marry him. She refuses and is imprisoned by the priests that no woman can rule unassisted. She is given seven days to think it over.

CHAPTER III.

The Two Ordeals. Umballa was not a coward; he was only ruthless and predatory after the manner of his kind. A thrill of admiration tingled his spine. The women of his race were chatters, lazy and indolent, without fire, merely drudges or playthings. Here was one worth conquering, a white flame to be controlled. To bend her without breaking her, that must be his method of procedure. The skin under her chin was as white as the heart of a mangosteen, and the longing to sweep her into his arms was almost irresistible.

A high priest spoke to Kathlyn. "What does he say?" she asked. "That you must marry me."

"Tell him I refuse!" Umballa shrugged and repeated her words. Here the Council of Three interposed, warning Kathlyn that she must submit to the law as it read. There was no appeal from it.

"Then I shall appeal to the British raj!"

"How?" asked Umballa, urbanely. Swiftly she stepped to the front of the platform and extended her arms. It was an appeal. She pointed to Umballa and shook her head. Her arms went out again. A low murmur rippled over the pressing crowd; it grew in volume; and a frown of doubt flitted over Umballa's brow. The soldiers were swaying restlessly. Kathlyn saw this sign and was quick to seize upon its possibilities. She renewed her gesture toward them. It seemed that she must burst forth in their mad-dening tongue: "I appeal to the shivray of Allah! . . . Soldiers, you now wear my uniform! Liberate me!" But her tongue was mute; yet her eyes, her face, her arms spoke eloquently enough to the turbulent soldiers. Besides, they welcomed the opportunity to show the populace how strong they were and how little they feared Umballa. At a nod from their leader they came romping up the steps to the dais and surrounded Kathlyn. A roar came from the populace; an elephant trumpeted; the parish dogs barked.

Umballa stepped back, his hand on his jeweled sword. He was quite unprepared for any such flagrant mutiny—mutiny from his angle of vision, though in law the troopers had only responded to the desire of their queen. He turned questioning to the Council and the priests. He himself could move no further. His conferees appreciated the danger in which their power stood. They announced that it was

seven days in which to yield. It would at least hold the bold troopers on the leash till they could be brought to see the affair in its true light by the way of largess in rupees. Umballa consented because he was at the bottom of the sack. A priest read from a scroll the law, explaining that no woman might rule unmarried. Because the young queen was not conversant with the laws of the state she would be given seven days. Thus the durbar ended.

With a diplomacy which would have graced a better man Umballa directed the troopers to escort Kathlyn to her chamber in the zenana. He had 'in mind seven days. Many things could be accomplished in that space of time.

"For the present," he said, smiling at Kathlyn, "the God of your fathers has proven strongest. But tomorrow! . . . Ah, tomorrow! There will be seven days. Think then, deeply and wisely. Your khitmatgar Rao is a prisoner. It will be weeks ere your presence is known here. You are helpless as a bird in the net. Struggle if you will; you will only bruise your wings. The British raj? The British raj does not want a great border war, and I can bring down ten thousand wild hill men outlaws between whom and the British raj there is a blood feud; ten thousand from a land where there is never peace, only truce. In seven days. Salaam, heaven born!"

She returned his ironical gaze calmly over the shoulder of a trooper. "Wait," she said. "I wish you to understand the enormity of your crime."

"Crime?" with elevated eyebrows. "Yes. You have abducted me."

"No. You came of your own free will."

"The white men of my race will not pause to argue over any such subtlety. Marry you? I do not like your color." A dull red settled under Umballa's skin.

"I merely wish to warn you," she went on, "that my blood will be upon your head. And was to you if it is. There are white men who will not await the coming of the British raj."

"Ah, yes; some brave, hardy Americans; Bruce Sahib, for instance. Allah, he is in the straits settlements! Seven days."

"I am not afraid to die." "But there are many kinds of death," and with this sinister reflection he stepped aside.

The multitude, seeing Kathlyn coming down from the dais, still surrounded by her sardon of troopers, began reluctantly to disperse. "Bread and the circus!"—the mobs will cry it down the ages; they will always pause to witness bloodshed, from a safe distance, you may be sure. There was a deal of rioting in the bazaars that night, and many a measure of bhanga and today kept the fires burning. Oriental politics is like the winds of the equinox: it blows from all directions. The natives were taxed upon every conceivable subject, not dissimilar to the old days in Urdu, where a man



A Queen in Spite of Herself.

paid so much for the privilege of queezing the man under him. Mutiny was afoot, rebellion, but it had not yet found a head. The natives wanted a change, something to gossip about during the hot, lazy afternoons, over their hookahs and coffee. To them reform meant change only, not the alleviation of some of their heavy burdens. The talk of freeing slaves was but talk; slaves were lucrative investments; a man would be a fool to free them. An old man, with a skin white like this new queen's and hair like spun wool, dressed in a long black cloak and a broad-brimmed hat, had started the agitation of liberating the slaves. More than that, he carried an idol of his God, never bathed in the ghats, or took flowers to the temples, and seemed always silently communing with the simple iron cross suspended from his neck. But he had died during the last visitation of the plague.

They had wearied of their tolerant king, who had died mysteriously; they were now yearned of the council and Umballa; in other words, they knew not what they wanted, being people. Who was this fair-skinned woman who stood so straight before Umballa's eye? Whence had she come? To be ruled by a woman who appeared to be tongue-tied! Well, there were worse

War News Indicates Slow Advance Of Allied Army, Germans Hotly Contesting Every Foot of Ground

London, Sept. 22.—Three British cruisers were sunk to-day in a battle with German submarines, the Germans losing two of the submarines. Official announcement of the disaster was made by the Admiralty this afternoon.

MEETING OF POLICE JURY SEPT. 21ST

Call Made Upon State Engineer for Survey of Road Covington to Slidell. BIDS ASKED FOR ROAD COVINGTON-FRANKLINTON One Thousand Dollars Appropriated High School, \$150 to Parish Fair.

Covington, La., Sept. 21, 1914. The police jury met in regular session on above date. Present: Herman Schultz, president; Louis Peters, Wm. Bruhl, Geo. F. Bierhorst, E. E. Talley, Jno. A. Todd, A. D. Crawford, J. B. Howze and F. L. Dutsch. Absent: B. A. Schneider. The minutes of last meeting were adopted.

Judge J. B. Lancaster, N. H. Fitz-Simons, president of the school board, and Supt. E. E. Lyons appeared before the police jury in behalf of the high school building of Covington, and asked the police jury to come to their assistance by appropriating \$1,000 to them.

It was moved by A. D. Crawford and seconded by Geo. F. Bierhorst that \$1,000 be appropriated to the Covington high school, with the understanding that any white child of school age in this parish may attend said Covington high school for the full term, without paying any tuition.

Carried. Messrs. B. J. Sanders, C. E. Schonberg and W. Riggs appeared before the police jury and asked for an appropriation for the Fifth Annual Parish Fair.

It was moved by J. B. Howze and seconded by Geo. F. Bierhorst that the sum of \$150 be appropriated toward the Fifth Annual Parish Fair. Carried.

The following communication was read: New Orleans, Sept. 19, 1914. Mr. Geo. F. Bierhorst, Mandeville, La. Dear Sir:—We would like to make

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Three British Cruisers Sunk by German Submarine. Valued at Over Ten Millions of Dollars. Over One Thousand Lives Lost.

London, Sept. 22.—Three British cruisers were sunk to-day in a battle with German submarines, the Germans losing two of the submarines. Official announcement of the disaster was made by the Admiralty this afternoon.

The victims of this brilliant stroke on the part of the German fleet are the Cressy, the Aboukir and the Hogue, sister ships. The names of the German submarines lost are not known. The British death list probably exceeds 1000. The battle took place in the North Sea. There were five submarines in the squadron that attacked the English ships.

A dispatch received here from the Hook of Holland says the Dutch steamer Titon has arrived there bringing twenty British wounded and some dead, picked up in the North Sea after the sinking of the cruisers. The Titon reported that the disaster occurred at 7:30 o'clock this morning. The Titon picked up 114 survivors, most of whom were transferred to British torpedo boats.

It is computed that 700 men were saved. Thirty untrained officers, survivors of the three sunken warships, arrived at Harwich, to-night. Eighty other survivors are at Park-eston Quay, three miles west of Harwich. The steamer Flores arrived at Ymuiden, Holland, to-night with 287 survivors. One dead and a few wounded.

The Aboukir was torpedoed first. The Hogue and the Cressy drew in close to her and were standing by to save her crew when they were also torpedoed.

The Cressy, Capt. Robt. W. Johnson; the Aboukir, Capt. John E. Drummond, and the Hogue, Capt. W. S. Nicholson, were among the cruisers of a comparatively obsolete type and were built fourteen years ago.

British naval authorities early declared that by maintaining a blockade at the northern limits of the North Sea that body of water would be as effectively shut up as if a block-ade were maintained close to the German littoral. It was shown also that German submarines would have to travel fully 400 miles to reach the blockading force at the head of the North Sea, and that either going or coming the submarines would be exposed to daylight and to discovery by fast steaming destroyers.

In actual practice the British, so far as can be learned, are maintaining two lines of blockade, one at the head of the North Sea, as originally planned, and a second, an inshore patrol. It was the second or inner line which the German submarines have attacked, and the only wonder is considered that the attack was not made earlier.

From the reports to hand regarding the effect produced by the German torpedoes, some doubt has been aroused among naval men here concerning the character of the explosive employed. Gun cotton is the explosive used in both the British and American services. It is a safe explosive to handle and effective in work, but no one looks to the standard gun cotton torpedo tearing a ship literally to pieces. The present war has demonstrated that the Germans have drawn on all their chemical skill to render their shells and torpedoes effective in mine power.

The warships Aboukir, Hogue and Cressy were cruisers of the same type. Their tonnage, armament, etc., are identical. These vessels had a displacement of 12,000 tons, were 440 feet long, 69.5 feet wide, and drew 26 feet of water. Each one had a complement of 755 men, including officers and crew.

These three cruisers had armament consisting of two 9.2 inch guns, twelve 6-inch guns, 12 twelve pounders and 5 three pounders. The Aboukir and the Cressy were built at Govan in 1900 and the Hogue was built at Barrow in the same year.

London, Sept. 23.—The battle of the Aisne seems to be waiting on the outcome of the attempt of the allies to outflank the German right wing. At any rate, the French official report late to-day, while it speaks of an advance made by the allies left in the region of Laasigny—and unofficial reports say that this advance was one of about twelve miles—simply records the repulse of several violent attacks by the Germans and the fact that elsewhere the situation remains unchanged. Military experts, however, warn the public not to ignore the German efforts to force the French barrier chain at its more accessible points.

It requires much patience to wait for the result of this battle, but so confident are the English and French that their armies will be successful that they are not worried much.

Push on Przemysl. In Galicia the Russians are pushing steadily on their goal, which for the moment is Przemysl. They apparently have that place well surrounded by now, following the capture of Jaroslaw, they announced to-day the occupation of Wislok, on the Hungarian border, southwest of Przemysl, and an important station on the railway which runs from Sank through one of the passes of the Carpathians to Zemplin, and thence to Budapest.

Wislok probably was taken by that part of the Russian army which ad-

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