

The Donaldsonville Chieft

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

DONALDSONVILLE, LOUISIANA

Life in Cuba is just one roughhouse after another.

Chicago's birth rate is decreasing, but its population liars are not.

Aviators who carry the mails will have no chance to read the postcards.

All genuine Mocha and Java coffee comes from Brazil, and the valorization mill.

A few drops of oil, properly administered, will soften your lawn mower's raucous voice.

New Jersey is discussing whether dead mosquitoes should be paid for by weight or by the pint.

Speaking of unsolved mysteries, what has become of the bearded lady and the dog-faced boy?

Some men live for years in industry and righteousness and then spill it all by going into politics.

Today's short story deals with a man who poured gasoline into his motor car while smoking a pipe.

Every time we read of an airplane accident we are reminded of the fact that there is one born every minute.

"Massaging with warm cocoa butter," says a beauty expert, "develops the arms." So does massaging dishes.

"Bathing," says a German scientist, "multiplies bacteria," but few men have died from excessive cleanliness.

Chicago boasts of the year's first heat prostration. Evidently trying to live up to its reputation as a hot old town.

Once in a while the weather man causes us to forget the straw hat question and cast longing eyes at somebody's umbrella.

Chicago man was given a divorce because his wife persisted in going through his pockets. The judge, we take it, is a married man.

In France eagles are being trained to attack airships. The day may come when we shall have city ordinances requiring the muzzling of our eagles.

Now a scientist says that a big nose is a sign of nerve. True, and often its biggest is due to the fact that its owner insisted on putting it in other people's affairs.

Nearly 2,200 American books were listed by publishers this spring, and few of them, indeed, will provide money to those who wrote them for summer vacations.

Cincinnati women have voted to set an example in simplicity. But it is said sometimes that there is nothing else so expensive as simplicity, that is, fashionable simplicity.

Trinity Church, New York, has an income of \$1,000,000 a year. How cheap a man who can't afford to put more than a nickel upon the contribution plate must feel there.

A Pennsylvania court rules that "a voter's home is where his wife lives." Which leaves the bachelors to find their own homes, a feat sometimes difficult for some of them late at night.

The New York Medical Journal makes the announcement that card playing is injurious to the mind. It does not explain how it found the material that was necessary for experimenting.

The new French aeroplane line over the English channel has adopted a 15-minute schedule.

An Indian woman wants a divorce because her husband tried to compel her to wear his old false teeth. When the case comes to trial her lawyer ought to be able to work in a few bits of biting sarcasm.

Ten bull fighters killed and 166 injured in 872 bull fights in Spain during 1911 is a statistical testimonial that Spain's bullfighting game is determined to keep ahead of our national pastime of football.

An English writer tells us that women would make successful explorers. When it comes to exploring the fastnesses of friend husband's trousers in the dead of night they certainly are there, as the lowbrows say.

Baseball magnates threaten to shorten the playing season, but they generously refrain from taking any action which might prevent the fans from talking about or thinking of the game the whole year round.

A Chicago woman advertised for a maid and promised an auto ride once a week as an inducement. Her only applicant wanted to see a picture of the chauffeur. Certainly; there could be no joy in a joy ride if the element of joyousness were missing.

In San Francisco, the defendant in a divorce suit ignored his child, but asked that the custody of a pet spaniel be awarded to him. The dog with the child was awarded by the court to the more human-minded of the conjugal partners in the case.

Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union of America

Matters of Special Moment to the Progressive Agriculturist

Be much; then you can do much! Other people's mistakes aren't helping you if you make the same kind.

The man who snores in his sleep has a good excuse for not going to church.

Some horses do not behave well in double harness, in which respect they resemble some husbands.

Driving a sore-footed horse over a stony road to prayer-meeting isn't the surest indication of piety.

A mortgage grows while we sleep and so does a hog, but they produce different kinds of dreams.

Harvest time will soon be here, with its demand for binder repairs. Have you listed these with the local dealer?

The man who carries his religion in his wife's name will find that heaven admits of no law of common ownership.

It does not follow that the farmer, in order to be prosperous, must be a drudge. Brains count as well as muscle.

Some men spend enough time looking for a better location which, if properly used would have paid off the mortgage on the old place.

Some young men are hunting farm jobs by looking through the bottoms of beer glasses. This is not the way to look for a job on the farm.

The man who contents himself with the thought "I am not as bad off as my neighbor, and things might be worse," will always be a slave to his fear.

The blows of fate that we believe have sent us down for good often prove to be the force which enables us to rise and land a knockout blow that wins.

The farmer is a patient person and listens to much advice, but in spite of this he manages to make a comfortable life and put a little away for a rainy day.

The Forest Co-Operative Fruit Growers' Association of Canada has 75 members, all of whom have agreed to prune thoroughly and spray three times each year.

We always feel sorry for a man or woman who are looking around for something with which to kill time. A well-balanced person who gets the most out of life never finds any time to kill.

COMING SYLLABUS FOR FARMER

All Other Bias and Creeds Must Give Way to Principle of Co-operation—Its Aims.

It is the privilege of the present day to enjoy the wonderful discoveries of science, and the greatest mechanical and material perfection in the history of man, and a prospect of the immediate future for advanced civilization to reach the highest social and financial perfection.

Under the principle of co-operation all other bias and selfish creeds must give way to this higher commercial system, and the choice for or against will mean with the "farmer," whether or not he is master in his own home; other than he may be "landlord" over some less fortunate, writes W. C. Moore of Greenville, S. C., in the Texas Co-operator.

The principle of "real estate" and title, enforcing the plan of usury, will have to be dissolved by some process in time or there will be only master and servant possible in our complex civilization; there is no other theory than co-operation that has proven capable of righting the wrongs of our inherited business methods without violence or injustice.

The right practice and use of the theory and religion of co-operation, to the needs of workmen and farmers in their daily business, is the only immediate prospect of them getting their just share of the rewards of labor; they can become members of the Co-Operative wholesale society by establishing in their midst a local co-operative store and branch society through which they can do their buying and selling, getting the benefit of "system" and wholesale prices, right at their door.

If they buy a pound of coffee or a suit of clothes they know the quality is honest, and that they get it at the honest cost of production and cost of delivery, and pay no middleman a profit; but better than saving the profit is the saving of fraud and deception.

Just why America is fifty years behind England in getting the benefit of this "system" is hard to understand, but there is excuse for delay any longer. We have the successful example working before us and to neglect to put it to practice would be wasteful waste.

Good Poultry House.

The architecture of the poultry house may please the eye, but unless the house is dry, draught-proof and well ventilated its architecture adds nothing to productivity to its inmates.

Prune Blackberries.

Prune the blackberries as soon as they blossom. Shorten back any branches where injury will not be done to blossoms.

Pruning Trees.

The science of a fruit grower is reflected by the character of his pruning.

PRESSING NEED OF FARMERS

Co-Operative Farm Finance Would Mean New Era—Gronna-Norris Resolution Is Favored.

Co-operative farm finance will usher in a veritable new era. It will enable farmers of the most limited means to pool their resources, so that, upon their joint credit, they may be able to borrow money at reasonable rates for the year's operations.

Such accommodation is the most pressing need of the greatest number of farmers. Another vital need is permanent loans on farm mortgage at reasonable rates with easy terms of repayment.

This need will be met by the new system of co-operative land mortgage banks.

The co-operative farm finance conference at Nashville in April was attended by delegations from twenty-four states, who reported upon this subject. It is now realized that, if agriculture can be supplied with sufficient cash, credits and co-operation, its future will be brilliant indeed.

But the Nashville conference wisely favored deliberation and care in establishing in America the systems of co-operative farm finance which, in Europe, have successfully supplied rural needs for more than a century.

Therefore the conference proposed that a select committee of two businesslike farmers from each state be appointed to sail for Europe in June to make a personal study for three months of the way European farmers co-operate to obtain cash and credits, and buy together and sell together.

Meanwhile, says the Farm and Home, it is hoped that congress will promptly enact the Gronna-Norris resolution providing for a national commission on farm finance, with an appropriation sufficient to make an elaborate inquiry into every phase of the matter and publish a set of pamphlets bearing upon the different details.

WHOLE DEPENDS ON FARMER

Tiller of the Soil and Not the Politician Who Is Responsible for Our Prosperity.

To bear the average glib-tongued politician talk, if he could be always believed, one might imagine him to be Atlas, the god whom mythology represents as bearing the world upon his shoulders.

The politician has been given so much attention and has been in the habit so long and so often of proclaiming himself as the savior and preserver of the nation and of the race, he himself has reached the conclusion that mankind owes him a debt of gratitude so large that payment may be classed among the impossibilities.

But as a matter of fact, so far as the peace, comfort and the very life of the race is concerned, all the work of the politicians of the land, compared with that of the tillers of the soil, would be found as insignificant as a huckleberry in a wagon bed.

It is the farmer that feeds the hungry and clothes the naked, says the Knoxville Journal and Tribune. The city man in his humble cottage, who sits down to his simple but nutritious and refreshing repast, as well as one with his millions in his palace, wallowing in luxury, must look to the farmer for the food that keeps him alive and for the clothing that hides his nakedness.

When the farmer prospers all classes are more prosperous. He it is that makes prosperity. It is upon prosperity that he must depend. It is the misfortunes of men that impel them to appeal to the professions. If sick, doctors are wanted; when we disagree with our fellow-man about a business transaction and are unable to settle without going to law, we call upon the lawyer. But at all times and under all conditions we must have the assistance of the farmer. He is a prince among men and, under Providence, the giver of good gifts.

ONE NEED OF OUR FARMERS

Slim Profits Do Not Permit of Proper Opportunities of Education for the Children.

(By WAYNE DINSMORE.) The standard of living is generally conceded to be higher in America than any other country in the world.

Our people are much more fully supplied with the necessities of life, have more liberty, more satisfactory working hours and more to spare for the luxuries of life than the people of any other nation.

Despite this, it is undoubtedly true that on a considerable proportion of our farms the profits from the year's operations are not such as to permit the family to have suitable clothes, satisfactory food supplies and proper opportunities for education.

The income is so slight that the food of the family is limited to the cheaper and coarser articles of fare and there are often such that the growing children are not properly nurtured. They are physically stunted and lack of school opportunities dwarfs them mentally.

The parents would gladly give their children proper opportunities for the education which is absolutely necessary to fit them for their own part in life, but are not financially able to do so.

Dairying Is Science.

Dairying is rapidly becoming a science. It is being studied more extensively than almost any other line of farming.

Henry Mathews, a tailor's apprentice, volunteered to do the only thing possible. So they tied a stout rope to his feet and lowered him, head first, down the narrow hole. Twice they let him down and brought him up. Each time he tried, but failed, to grasp the baby. Then again he went down and the third time emerged with the baby grasped firmly in his hands.

"'Twasn't nothin'," said Henry, when the men cheered and shook his hand. Then he went back to the tailor shop,

FOLDING BED TRAPS FAMILY OF THREE

Police Respond to Cries for Help and Rescue Victims After Breaking Down Door.

New York.—Three persons were imprisoned in a folding bed early the other day while a policeman and several neighbors were breaking down the door leading into the apartment in which they lived on the second floor of the house at No. 680 Metropolitan avenue, Williamsburg. The victims are Alfred Eberhardt, a machinist, forty-six years of age; his wife, Mary, forty-one and their nine-months-old daughter, Josephine.

It was the first time Mr. and Mrs. Eberhardt had slept in the folding bed. Josephine slept in a crib nearby and

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PILGRIMS AT SHRINE

Many Persons Visit Church at Echternach, Luxemburg.

Curious Ceremony Part of Reputed Cure for Nervous Disorders—Several Bands Help Devout Keep Step During Hop.

London.—The extraordinary spectacle of between one and two thousand solemn-faced men, women and children hopping and dancing, backward and forward, to the inspiring strains of a number of brass bands was seen in the quiet little country town of Echternach, Luxemburg, recently.

The occasion was that of the feast of St. Willibrod, an eighth century abbot of Echternach, and the hopping multitude is formed of pilgrims to his shrine, for it is said that all those who suffer from nervous diseases who will pass before the shrine of the saint displayed in the old abbey church here, hopping three steps forward and then two backward, will be cured.

The scene reminds one strongly of a troop of howling derisives, who after howling and waving about for hours, become frenzied and end by collapsing.

The pilgrims of Echternach are not so bad as that, but many of them danced until almost exhausted, and with clothing burst open and perspiration streaming down their faces, they staggered to drink the water held out to them by the onlookers, then dashing through the crowd back to the places in a fever of religious excitement.

At a distance the procession looks like a huge party of merry-makers until closer inspection shows the tense and solemn faces.

They came down the narrow streets in ranks of about six, each holding a handkerchief to connect him with his neighbor. Hundreds of women, utterly careless of appearance, their black dresses covered with dust, hair combs and pins falling and faces red with exertion, struggle along, in many cases dragging children with them.

White-robed priests, bands and banners head the pilgrimage, followed by a body of young men wearing only shirt, trousers and boots, who put great energy into their dance, surging

back and forth regardless of whose toes they stamp on.

When the church is reached the peculiar step is continued, the pilgrims passing in at one door and out at another.

Instead of the quiet coolness one expects to find inside the church there is a terrible din; several bands play-

ing independently and the scraping and banging of hundreds of thick boots make it quite unlike a place of worship.

The pilgrimage to the shrine is held in great esteem in the neighborhood, and a vast number of cures are attributed to the beneficial influence of the worthy old Abbot of Echternach.

During her speed trials off the coast of Maine the other day, the new battleship Arkansas ran onto an uncharted reef that damaged her bottom and forced her into drydock. Despite the accident the powerful destroyer exceeded her contract speed of 20 1/2 knots by attaining 21 1/2 knots an hour.

California Farmer Has Finally Given Out Polar News Recovered on the Leg of a Goose—Bird Captured in 1906.

Sacramento, Cal.—"North Pole, July 1, 1906, Major Andree." Was this message, which was tagged to the foot of a south-bound goose, captured by a northern California farmer on July 11, 1906, a message from the dead telling of the first successful conquest of the frozen north, written by the leader of the ill-fated polar expedition which left Danes Island, Northwest Spitzbergen, in the balloon Cornon on July 11, 1897?

For 15 years the civilized world has waited in vain for news of the Andree party.

On the morning of July 24, 1906, a huge goose, unlike any species ever seen in California, fell exhausted into the chicken-yard of H. M. Thomas, a farmer residing near Montague, Siskiyou county.

Thomas discovered a small nicked tag attached to one of its legs, tied securely by a strand of copper wire.

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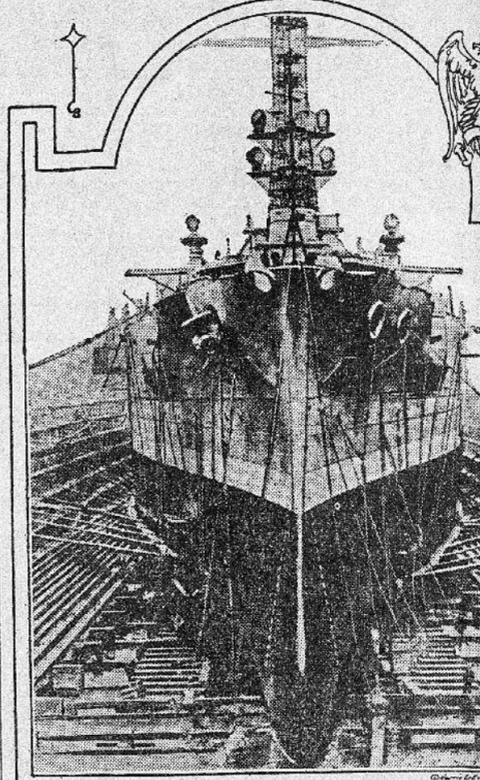
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BIG BATTLESHIP IN DRYDOCK



THE ARKANSAS IN DRYDOCK

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