

RIGHT TO CRITICIZE

IRRITABLE MAN NOT THE BUTTER-IN HE SEEMED.

However, the Passengers Were Ready to Squelch the Man Who Objected to Baby's Crying, but He Got Off the Car.

The patient-looking mother seemed unable to do anything with the child. It hollered and yelled and carried on worse than a fan after a three-base hit by a member of the home team at the opening game.

Other passengers on the car fidgeted in their seats and looked greatly distressed, but said nothing, for the mother was apparently doing all she could to restore quiet.

The heavy chinned man right across the aisle from the woman seemed to be getting more and more annoyed by the racket—even more so than the rest of the people. After a time he was unable to restrain himself any longer.

"It seems to me," says he, turning to the woman, "that it's about time you were doing something to stop that baby's crying. I've sat here and put up with it just as long as I could, but I think it's up to you to see that

there's a let up in it now pretty quick."

The patient mother cuddled the wailing youngster to her a trifle closer and gave the irritable male passenger a hurt look, but ventured no retort.

There was no cessation in the noise, but nearly everybody else in the car was in full sympathy with the woman now. Several able-bodied men turned around and glared at the square-chinned passenger who dared to speak his mind.

The latter, however, continued to express himself. "When a kid hollers like that," he opined, "there's some good reason for it. Children don't yell 'emself hoarse because they've heard that their lungs need the exercise. If it hasn't been getting the right sort of food and feels crabbed and mean on that account, I hope you switch to some other kind of dope, that's all."

It is not improbable that two or three of the more muscular passengers would have spoken severely to the grouchy male complainant after the last outburst if he hadn't risen just then to get off the car. As he started toward the rear platform, the patient-looking little woman got up and followed him. When they had both reached the street, the man turned, took the child in his own arms—he still looking crabbed and it still reciting the lyrics to a war dance—and the trio went on up street.

The man was the child's father, and he had a perfect right to say whatever he wanted to about the manner of its bringing up.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Vacuous Explanation.

Bishop Sanford Olmsted, at a dinner in Denver, said in the course of an argument:

"That explanation not only fails to explain, but it reveals the commentator's ignorance. Thus it reminds me of a talk in a smoking car.

"Two men in a smoking car wrangled over the working of the vacuum brake.

"The tubal inflation is what pulls up the train," declared the first.

"Rubbish! You're wrong," the other insisted. "It's the vent of the exhaust that does the business."

"The brakeman just then passed. The two men halted him. They laid their argument before him for discussion. The brakeman, at the end, laughed heartily and shook his head.

"Boys," he said, "you're wrong about the working of the vacuum brake. It's much simpler than you think. To stop the train we just turn the tap, and that fills the pipe with vacuum."

Chicken's Long Fast.

"Here is the story of the feat in the fasting line performed by a Grand Saline chicken. On Easter Sunday W. M. Loid placed a Rhode Island red and black Minorca chicken in his hen house along with other chickens. The next day these chickens were nowhere to be found, and it was believed they had strayed off or had met death. Twenty-eight days after the chickens were placed in the hen house they were found behind some nest boxes, wedged tightly in a crack, where they had probably failed in an attempt to fly out of the house.

The Rhode Island red was dead, but the black Minorca was still alive, though very weak. After being cared for and fed it began to improve and is still alive with every prospect of becoming as spry as ever.—Grand Saline Journal.

Golf With an Expert.

A story is told of two old antagonists who met on a Scotch golf course every Saturday afternoon. On one occasion, when they were

at the seventeenth and the loser of the previous week had just played his third in the shape of a nice approach to the green, last week's winner came up to his ball with grim purpose. He had an easy pitch to the green, but a number of young sheep were unconcernedly browsing along the edge.

"Run forward, laddie," said last week's winner to his caddie, "and drive awa' the lambs!"

"Na, na!" vigorously protested his opponent. "Bide where ye be, laddie! Ye canna move any growin' thing! That's the rule o' gowf!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

American Folk Songs.

As yet no ballad writer has appeared in America that rivals Kipling or the pre-eminent Burns. The product we have from professed ballad singers is mediocre. But out in the far corners of the land there are to be found the folk songs, true ballads whose authorship will never be known. The course of our national development and the inherent romance of the fields and forests has inspired the ordinary lyre to lofty songs. And the life of isolated communities and the common life of narrow interests of the men who work in gangs under all sorts of dangers have given rise to song and chant that savor of the blood. The English department of Harvard university has commissioned John A. Lomax, associate professor in College Station, Tex., under the Sheldon fellowship, to gather together these typical ballads. The old cowboy ditties, the chanteys of the coast, the gulf and the great lakes are what he wants. There are also army songs, lumberjack chants, the songs of voyageur, miner and vagabond. All these serve to characterize vividly life that is passing. And it may be that thorough search will reveal unsuspected treasures.

Cradle Unfashionable.

Cradles are going out; children are not wearing them any more. People tell us that rocking is unhygienic; babies, according to modern idea, should go to sleep naturally in a stationary germproof bed, with antiseptic pillows and a sanitized rattle. Sentiment may save the cradle for a little while, but sooner or later it will go to the dusty attic along with the haircloth sofa. Maybe the infant of tomorrow will bear up somehow under these accumulated misfortunes, will struggle along somehow to maturity, but what about the artists, the poets, the song writers. What a world of sentiment and melody has been woven around the theme of the mother and the gently rocking cradle! What kind of song will the poor poet of the future be able to make about an enameled iron crib with brass trimmings!—Success Magazine.

The Cultured Old Man.

"Algernon is very interesting," said the stockbroker's daughter.

"What does he talk about?" inquired her father.

"Why, he's ever so well posted in Shakespearean quotations," was the answer.

"Young woman," said the financier, sternly, "don't let him deceive you. Don't you let him make sport of your ignorance. There isn't any such stock on the market. I ought to know, for I've been on the exchange long enough."

Still Preaching at Ninety-One.

Rev. L. C. Wood recently entered upon his ninety-second year. For more than 64 years he has been vicar of Singleton, near Blackpool. He is in excellent health, works

hard in the parish, preaches regularly and presides at various agricultural meetings of associations with which he is connected. He attends all the public functions in the Blackpool district, and a few days ago he delivered a panegyric on the late King Edward which revealed great mental as well as physical vigor.—London Standard.

An Elaborate Summer Home.

"Have they a nice summer cottage?"

"Splendid. It actually has wooden partitions between the bedrooms instead of curtains."—Detroit Free Press.

Where Honor Should Be Given.

Nobility is not only in dignity and ancient lineage, or great revenues, lands, or possessions, but in wisdom, knowledge and virtue, which in man is very nobility, and this nobility brings to man dignity. Honor ought to be given to virtue and not to riches.—Anarcharis.

False Hopes.

After Dave Darrington lost his voice he used to rap on the trough of his pig pen at feeding time. Then a woodpecker went to live in the pig pen, and the hogs went crazy.—The Ramrodders.

To Err Is Human.

In view of the haste with which the average daily newspaper is built its mistakes should not be taken too seriously. The Fourth Estate says that even the judge on the bench has his decisions set aside by the higher courts, and yet, although his judgment is reversed, he does not suffer in the least in public or professional estimation.

Dairy Note.

It is almost time for somebody to try to account for the milk in the cocoon.

True Test of Greatness. We estimate great men by their virtues, not by their success.—Nepos.

Sheriff's Sale

Isaac B. Bendel vs. True Friends Association.—18th Judicial District Court of Louisiana, Parish of Lafayette, No. 4994.

By virtue of a judgment issued by the Hon. 18th Judicial District Court of Louisiana in and for the parish of Lafayette in the above entitled and numbered cause, bearing date June 20, 1910, I have seized and taken into my possession, and will offer for sale without appraisal, at public auction to the last and highest bidder at the front door of the court house in Lafayette, La., between legal sale hours on

Saturday, August 27, 1910,

for cash to satisfy judgment and costs in the above entitled and numbered cause, the following described property to-wit:

That certain lot of ground situated in the Mouton Addition of the town of Lafayette, La., together with all buildings and improvements thereon, and according to plat of survey of John D. Torrence, deposited in the Clerk's office, numbered as lot number 361, bounded north by Stewart Street, east by lot No. 362, South by lot No. 379 and west by Gordon street.

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BOLD ENEMY OF THE SNAKE

Unfortunately the Mongoose Also Has an Insatiable Appetite for Chicken.

"The loneliest living creature in the United States is undoubtedly the mongoose," was the statement made by Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of reptiles at the New York Zoological park.

"I believe that there are but two or three of the beasts in this country. Mongoose society, you might say, is not teeming with members. A mongoose is a pink-eyed, flexible-snouted little animal, with a shape like a debutante. He is chiefly warty, that is to say. He is partial to snakes, as a steady diet, or, perhaps, it might be better to say a wriggly or unsteady diet. He was one of the original 'catch-em-alive-Os.' A mongoose will kill almost any sort of an ordinary sized snake. Most of the constrictor family, however, are too big for him. But he's a bold mite of a furry creature and will tackle almost anything in the serpent line. A mongoose is easily domesticated and in many respects is quite as pleasing a pet as a cat or dog.

"The single objection to him is the fact that if he can't have his snakes he is only too willing to subsist on chicken. As a raider of henroosts a Maryland ducky is a neophyte compared with a mongoose. That is the reason there are so few of him in this country. There is a federal law which absolutely forbids the importation of a mongoose. It really is a pity that this most companionable of animals has to be barred from the country. But you simply couldn't keep a chicken in the same neighborhood with a mongoose, safeguard the henhouses as you might. A mongoose can go any place he chooses. If there isn't a hole, he imagines one and crawls through it. It's like to keep one in the Bronx reptile house, but I couldn't afford to. He'd dine on my rars: snakes, despite anything I could do to prevent him."

Appearances Are Deceiving. Look long and well at a lobster—he may be only a clam.—Florida Times-Union.

Origin of Christening Ships.

The ceremony of christening ships is a survival of a barbaric custom when sacrifices were made to the gods, and some living victim or offering was held up and its throat cut so that the blood flowed over the prow of the ship being launched. The vessel was baptized in warm blood. Now sprinkling wine or pure water is used, and the change has many advantages, though the symbolism remains.

True Patriotism.

Teach your children that the true patriotism is to love their country, not for what they can make out of her, but for what they can give to her.

Acquirement of Sympathy.

Most everyone can love, but it is not everyone who can sympathize. Sympathy is born of suffering, and is only truly possessed by those who have been educated in the school of trouble and experience.—Jean Maclean.

One of Life's Tragedies.

"It must be a terrible thing," says the Philosopher of Folly, "to be fired from the city detective force and have to go to work."

Lightning.

Lightning has struck, plucked feathers from and insides out of chickens, and, better than some cooks, roasted them to a proper turn for the table. It has roasted apples on the tree and corn on the stalk, and has struck goober and potato vines, and cooked the goobers and tubers in the very ground.

Somewhat Mixed.

The process by which the cognomen of the Saxon saint who converted the Germans came to be the traditional literary designation of an innkeeper is singular if true. Boniface, we are told, was anglicized as Bonny face. By a confusion almost as ludicrous St. Martin of Tours has become the patron of innkeepers, so that the hagiology of the trade seems rather mixed.

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