

THE MESCHACEBE

The Oldest Country Newspaper
in Louisiana.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF
The Parish of St. John the Baptist.
The Parish Board of School Directors.

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as second class matter.

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EUGENE DUMEZ,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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public interest solicited.

Anonymous letters will positively re-
ceive no attention.

The Meschacebe is not responsible for
views expressed by correspondents.

All items of news should reach us on
or before Thursday to insure publication.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1912.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Governor, J. Y. Sanders.
United States J. R. Thornton
Senators, J. Murphy J. Foster
Member of Congress, Garland Dupré
State Senator, J. S. Bredy
Parish Representative, Paul N. Bossier
District Judge, Prentice E. Edgington
District Attorney, L. H. Marrero, Jr.
Sheriff, Paul Berthelot
Deputy Sheriff, Emile Laurent
Clerk of Court, William J. Hart
Deputy Clerk, J. Ellis Millet
Parish Treasurer, Eugene Dumez
Coroner, Dr. Sidney Montegut
Assessor, George H. Tassin
Superintendent, J. H. Dupuy
Supervisors, Geo. U. Gendron
of Dana P. Montz
Election, Emile Laurent

Jury Commissioners, D. C. Lousteau
Jules Joseph
Frank Brou
Jacques Duhé
F. D. Perilloux.

Terms Twenty-Eighth Judicial District
Court.

Jefferson, First Monday in April,
First Monday in October, Second Mon-
day in January, fourth Monday in
June.

St. Charles, First Monday in May,
Second Monday in November, First
Monday in February, Fourth Monday
in July.

St. John, First Monday in June, Sec-
ond Monday in December, First Mon-
day in March, Third Monday in July.

POLICE JURY.

First Ward, Andrew Nagel
Second Ward, Placide Barré
Third Ward, Prudent G. Songy
Fourth Ward, A. Lasseigne, President.
Fifth Ward, Joseph Le Brun
Sixth Ward, George Bourgeois
Secretary, H. Bodin.
Regular Meetings on First Thursday
of each month.

BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

First Ward, George U. Gendron
Second Ward, Edward A. Jeger
Third Ward, Eugene O. Abadie
Fourth Ward, Chas. St. Martin, Pres't.
Fifth Ward, C. D. Dyer
Sixth Ward, D. Rielarime
At large J. H. Dupuy, Secretary.
Regular meetings on First Thursday
of each month.

PARISH BOARD OF HEALTH.

Dr. L. T. Donaldson, President.
Joseph LeBrun and Placide Barré
Secretary, H. Bodin.

PONTCHARTRAIN LEVEE BOARD.

C. R. H. C. Leake, President.
Y. & M. V. R. R. T. J. Kernan, Att'y.
East Baton Rouge, L. Landry
Iberville, Simon LeBlanc
Ascension, A. L. Pion
Saint James, Louis Hymel
Saint John, Lucien Montegut, Jr.
Saint Charles, F. O. Dehaene
Jefferson, E. Geisenheimer.
Secretary, J. J. Reine.

CAFOURCHE BASIN LEVEE DISTRICT.

Ascension, V. Maurin, President.
Assumption, Anatole Lalonde
St. John, Alfred Songy
Jefferson, James Brady
Lafourche, Thos. D. Kent
St. Charles, Thomas Sellers
Plaquemine, Roscius Perez
St. James, Théophile Schexnaydre
Attorney, John Marks
Secretary, Wm. J. McCune.
Regular Meetings, on Second Thurs-
days of January, April, July and Octo-
ber. Finance Committee meets first
Monday of each month at New Orleans
Office.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

First Ward, J. L. Pion
Second Ward, Elize Schexnaydre
Third Ward, Paul J. Gaudier
Fourth Ward, B. N. Elfer
Fifth Ward, P. René Montz
Sixth Ward, Emile A. Pion.

CONSTABLES.

First Ward, Gustave bases
Second Ward, Olivier Oubre
Third Ward, Jefferson Mérieu
Fourth Ward, Eugene Templan
Fifth Ward, Chas. A. Lasseigne
Sixth Ward, Willie Vekmar.

GAME WARDEN.

Miles J. Chauvin.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL.

The Meschacebe has been here for thirty

Right Kind of Assessor.

There is an assessor in a neigh-
boring parish that is certainly
doing business with a proper
spirit. When he goes out to
assess and three or four dogs meet
him at the gate he proceeds calmly
to the proprietor of the farm,
makes his assessment and asks
how many dogs he has. If the
proprietor says he has none, and
that a few dogs just "hang
around the place" Mr. Assessor
just pulls out a revolver and
speedily dispatches the canines in
sight. He says he may not be
elected assessor again but he is
going to get the dog tax of his
township while he is on the job.
There should be more assessors
of this kind in every parish.

How to Kill Your Parish.

Buy from peddlers as much and
as often as possible.
Denounce your merchants be-
cause they make a profit on their
goods.

Glory in the downfall of a man
who has done much to build up
your parish.

Make your parish out a bad
place and stab it every chance
you get.

Refuse to unite in any scheme
for the betterment of the mate-
rial interests of the people.

Tell your merchants that you
can buy goods a great deal cheap-
er in some other parish and
charge them with extortion. If
a stranger comes to your parish
tell him everything is overdone
and predict a general crash in
the near future.

Patronize outside newspapers
to the exclusion of your own and
then denounce yours for not being
as large and as cheap as the city
papers.

If you are a merchant don't
advertise in the home paper, but
compel the editor to go elsewhere
for advertisements and how like
a sore head because he does so.
Buy a rubber stamp and use it.
It may save you a few dimes and
make your letter heads and
wrappers look as though you
were doing business in a one
horse parish.

If you are a farmer, curse the
place where you trade as the
meanest on earth. Talk this over
to your neighbors and tell them
the men are robbers and thieves.
It will make your property much
less valuable; but you don't care.

A Farmer's Argument Against The Mail Order Business.

If my farmer friends would unite I
would be glad to refuse the catalogue
table room in my house. I want my
family to have all the finery and ge-
waws we can afford, but I want them to
go to the home merchant to buy it, and
not give their trade to some one that
has no other interest than to take our
money.

By standing by our home merchants
we are standing by each other, and by
standing by each other we will thrive
and prosper together. Is it to our in-
terest to build up great houses in distant
cities? I make the broad assertion that
while some things on the surface may
seem cheaper than the prices of our
home merchant, after we have scrip-
pourselves to get the cash and paid freight
and other charges, and paid for the
we do not need, because they seem cheap,
we are actually out of pocket; we are
simply gulled by the cormorants. If we
keep depressing and destroying our
home merchants, we will find after a
lifetime that our farms are in an isolated
region and have not increased in value
as they would if we had made a market
at our very door.

I know too well the selfishness of hu-
man nature to imagine for a moment
you would join in a crusade against
catalogue houses if it did not appeal to
your cupidity. When you can make and
save more money by dealing with your
own merchants than the catalogue man
you will buy at home. It is a fine thing
to cut your neighbor's throat if it puts
money into your pocket, but when it
comes to cutting your own throat the
inducement is not so tempting.

Mary (that's my wife) came to me
about Christmas time and said: "Now,
I wish you would put a money order for
\$8 in this letter and mail it for me.
I want a new hat." So I took a few
dozen eggs and what butter we had to
town and sold them at a cut rate to the
country merchant to get the \$8. It is
true my wife made the butter, and thus
in a way was paying for the hat, but she
had not laid a single egg, and the over-
worked hens and roosters were victims
of a fragrant confidence game. And
when the hat came it was a caution to
snakes. The ribbons and flowers were
not in harmony with my wife's complex-
ion, though she was mad enough when
she saw it to turn almost any color. If it
had come from a home milliner it would
have been rejected at once but the cata-
logue house had the \$8.00 and there
was no help for it. The whole family
agreed that it was money thrown away.
Even the dog barked his dissent when
he saw the thing and was frightened in
to a noisy protest. Of course, this is only
one instance of many others.

That had to suffer from it. Many others
that your mamma might have

Our Boston Letter.

Boston, Mass., March 12, 1912.
Editor Meschacebe,
Edgard, La.

Mr. Editor,
I will ignore you this time and mere-
ly say:

Dear Readers,
Here I am again "on the job" and, as
Teddy said, "my hat is in the ring." I
must interest you, for I promised to do
so and, if I do not, I'll surely lose my
job, but I trust to me to keep it.... with
your help.

I will proceed to entertain you on the
subject of food, that is, the kind which
Bostonians eat. I believe that the correct
thing to do is that when one has some-
thing bad to say of some one, he should
say it first and ease his conscience after-
wards by ending with the good.

Now, the only ugly things I have to say
of the "Hub" city is about its food,
and ugly only to us Louisianians for
they, (Bostonians) and others, are de-
lighted over their cooking, etc.

The notable article of food here is the
"Boston Baked Beans," the citizens pay-
ing \$10,000,000 a year for them. They
consume 30,000,000 quarts of them per
annum, that being an average, per capita
consumption of thirty seven quarts per
year. That's some beans, isn't it?

What are Boston baked beans? Here
I hesitate. Brace yourself up well against
your chair, for indeed you might faint.
Can you, as a Louisianian accustomed
to a good "Gumbo," a rich "Dumpe," a
"Chicken Fricassee," etc., etc. I repeat,
can you imagine any one taking great de-
light in eating 37 quarts a year of beans
baked with...ah, I hate to say it, but it's
the truth...so here it is...Molasses, mak-
ing them gummy, etc.

They are baked in small earthen ware
pots and a piece of fat pork is placed on
top of the beans. Wednesdays and es-
pecially Sundays are bean days with
Bostonians.

Their beef is splendid and appetizing;
their vegetables are, if anything better
than ours. I am alluding to the raw
material, "bien entendu," but their fish is
deceivable, being mostly of the oily
species and none of them have the bright
appearance of those caught in the Gulf
of Mexico. The oysters are small and of-
ten times washed before being landed
to you. The "winged" marketing is
scarce. A few fishy ducks and squabs.

Their markets are models of cleanliness
and, if one was to go through them
blindfolded, he could never guess that he
is going through an enclosure full of
eatables. The fine for smoking or spit-
ting in one of them is \$20 for the first
offense and \$100 for subsequent ones.

Market and grocery clerks all wear-
ing clean, white uniforms and, as a rule,
are of the utmost politeness to the cus-
tomers.

The cooking in general lacks of season-
ing and unbroiled flour is very much
in evidence in stews, etc., they know
nothing of "reddening" in food, nor
"piment rouge," garlic, etc.

I have kept from starving by having
a little kitchenette of my own, where I
make coffee and occasionally deceive my
senses by making gumbo with canned
shrimp and canned okra.

In my next letter, I will tell you...
well, never mind, wait until then, hence
Au revoir.

GEO. CONLON.

P. S. Permit me to call your attention
(once for all) to the fact that I have an
advertisement appearing in each issue, of
be changed occasionally and that any one
patronizing me will be most thoroughly
satisfied. If you will mail me a stamp,
I will send you a number of interesting
circulars.

You will never find a busy man
meddling with other people's
business nor one who is well
versed in general science. A well
stored mind has not the room
for gabbling, nor has the mind
of a busy man space for the need
of tale bearing. Education and
business preoccupy and lift hu-
manity above such low and de-
basing depravity. It is the idler
who becomes the gossip peddler.
His brain is the veritable work-
shop of the devil. Backbiting,
slandering, gossiping, and lying
are not members of busy, in el-
ligent minds. Take the street loa-
fer and the tough, the coarse and
the vulgar, and you will find
where they dwell.

"Girls in love ain't no use in
the whole blessed week. Sun says
they're a-lookin' down the road,
expectin' he'll come. Sunday
afternoons they can't think of
nothin' else 'cause he's here.
Monday mornings they're sleepy
and kind o' dreamy and slimsy
and good fer nothin' on Tuesday
and Wednesday, Thursday they
git absent-minded an' begin to
look off towards Sunday agin',
an' mope around and let the
dishwater git cold right under
their noses. Friday they break
dishes and go off in the best room
and snivel an' look out o' the
window. Saturdays they have
queer spurts o' workin' like all
p'ssessed, an' spirts o' frizzin'
their hair. An' Sunday they be-
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GOOD ROADS

We wonder if the farmer who
travels over bad highways ever
stops to consider the time and
labor consumed in repairing his
wagon and harness on rainy days
that could profitably be employed
if he had good roads, in reading
and instructing his children.

Good roads enable him to reach
the markets, as bad weather does
not prevent his traveling any
time of the year. His produce
need not perish and he can then
sell on a rising market.

Good roads not only increase
the value of the farmer's land,
but adjacent property as well, and
they enhance the value of men
and animals.

Good public highways carry
with them higher and more per-
fect ideals of life. They create
ideals which bring better condi-
tions and fuller opportunities for
the community. They promote
and are the means of circulating
ideas—an important element in
the exchange of ideas is most im-
portant essential to progress.

Worldly Wisdom

People who borrow trouble
place a mortgage on their future.

Even a slight misunderstan-
ding may make a big difference.

That tired feeling and the fish-
ing fever are also hereditary.

A nurseman may be a first-
class grafter, yet a poor politician.

Probably a young man would
enjoy kissing a girl even if it was
compulsory.

Many a letter that is uncalled
for does not reach the dead letter
office.

It isn't the other fellow's mis-
takes that cause us the most
trouble.

ANOTHER "HOUN' DAWG" SONG.

Wunst me'n Lem Briggs 'n' o' Bill
Brown

Tuk a load of cawn to town,
An' o' Jim dawg—the only cuss—
He jes' natchally potted us.

Chorus.

Every time I come to town
The boys keep kickin' 'n' dawg around,
Jukes no: 'f'ence if he is a houn'

They lotta quit kickin' my dawg around.

As we driv' past Sam John's store
Passeel o' yaps kem out th' door.

Wh' n Jim, he scote behind a box,
They 'bied at him a bunch o' rocks.

They tied a can to his tail
An' run him apast the county jail.

N' that plumb natchally make me sore,
N' Lem he cussed 'n' Bill he swore.

Me 'n' Lem Briggs 'n' o' Bill Brown
We lost no time in a jumpin' down.

An' we wiped them ducks up on th' ground
For kick 'n' my o' dawg around.

Folks say a dawg kain't hold no grudge,
But w'en I got too much budge

Them town ducks tried to do me up.
But they didn't count on ol' Jim pup.

Jim seed his duty thar an' then
An' he fit into them ge'le men.

An' he shore mused up the cotehouse
square

With rage 'n' meat 'n' hude 'n' hair.

Take Warning

All persons caught hunting trapping
or otherwise trespassing on my property
will be prosecuted to the full extent of
the law. L. ROBERT WEBER.

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EASY TO BUY

THROUGH THE

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OF THE

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you should have our Auto

Supply Catalog. It only

costs a postage stamp and

the time to ask for it.

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Shop at Mr. Juc. Dune's

Reserve; La.

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in the World

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ALLEN'S GARAGE,

Donaldsonville, La., Agent

Dr. Black's Eye Water contains no

poison, is painless and harmless, and

guaranteed to cure sore eyes in people,

horses and dogs. A bottle will be sent

by mail on receipt of price, 25c. Address:

J. R. Black Medicine Co., Manufac-

turers, Kennett, Mo. For sale by all

druggists.

"THE SMITH'S GREATEST SCHOOL OF BUSINESS." SOULE COLLEGE.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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Boy and Girl

Should be given the best training to pre-
pare them for success in business.
Personal Instruction, Free Employ-
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Bank, College Store and Wholesale
Office.
No misrepresentation to secure stu-
dents. Through the success of its
23,000 former students, Soule College
is recognized everywhere as a Wide
Awake, Practical, Popular and Suc-
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Manufacturers of all Grades Rough or Dressed Cypress

Lumber, Mouldings, Pickets, Shingles, Lath, Fencing,

Barrel Heading Stock and Green and Dry Wood.

Garyville, Louisiana.

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Robert J. Comeaux, Master. Geo. R. Landry, Clerk.

Regular tri-weekly Upper Coast Packet

to Donaldsonville

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The TOM is a sure and swift boat and its schedule is as regular as clock work.

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Write for free catalog of frost-proof plants of the best varieties, capital value infor-
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at \$1.50; 2,000 at \$2.00; 5,000 at \$4.00; 10,000 at \$7.00; 25,000 at \$15.00; 50,000 at \$25.00.
Younger plants. Our special express rate on plants is very low.

Also grow full line of Strawberry Plants, Fruit trees and ornamentals.

We sow three tons of Cabbage Seed per season.

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A. D. BELL GEO. D. HUNTER.

Asst. General Passenger Agent, General Passenger Agent,

Dallas, Texas.

On Account Of The

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New Orleans, La.

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Via

THE TEXAS PACIFIC RAILWAY

One Fare Plus 25c.

Will be on Sale April 7, 8, 9, 1912; Limited to Return April 25, 1912

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G. H. DUGAS