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**TOSES HAT INTO RING**

Robert Babington, one of the best young men of Washington Parish, announces in this issue of the Enterprise that he is a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Courts. Mr. Babington is a young man, who if elected to the office is capable of making an excellent official. He is a member of one of the most prominent families in the Parish and has a large circle of friends in every ward.

Mr. Babington has always taken interest in the politics of the Parish, and done much for the Democratic Party, is qualified for the office, and will seek his election on the assurance of efficient and courteous official if selected by the voters of Washington Parish.

The President has sold his bale of cotton and come out even on it. But if he were not lucky he would not now be President.

Anne Peck says it is possible to live on 25 cents a day. It is also possible to live on charity, but who wants to do it?

Villa has declared a moratorium. What was he expecting—to pay his compliments to somebody?

After the belligerents get through raising armies they will have a steady job of raising taxes.

**OUR SCHOOLS**

By PROF. J. F. PETERS

In providing for the organization and administration of the State's public school system, the rural schools cannot make satisfactory progress under present conditions until something very definite is done to relieve the situation. The schools of our cities and towns have made wonderful progress and are ranked by leading school authorities, both in the State and out of it, as being first class; but conditions in the cities and towns have favored the organization of independent and efficient school systems and the concentration of wealth within their limits has made it possible for these schools to derive from special taxation adequate financial support. As a result about 40 per cent of our children between the ages of 6 and 18 years have the opportunity of attending good free schools nine months in the year while sixty per cent of our boys and girls within the same age limits residing in rural districts of the State are without ample school facilities and have the privilege of attending schools with sessions ranging from three to seven months.

Let us keep well in mind that the chief strength and support of any democracy is an educated and enlightened citizenship. And when we take into consideration that Louisiana already has approximately 50,000 illiterate citizens more than the age of 10 years, that more than 20,000 boys and girls are reaching maturity annually, many of whom are unable to read and write that 20,000 children are reaching scholastic age yearly, a large

number of whom do not attend school at all, we are made to realize that it is time to do something for the youth of this state, in order that we may make secure to ourselves and to our posterity the blessings that follow in the wake of an educated citizenship.

Notwithstanding the fact that business interests are now suffering a temporary and partial disturbance, it is sincerely believed by many conservative friends of education, that the recommendation of State Superintendent T. H. Harris to guarantee equal educational opportunities to all children of our state by increasing the amount of the State Current School Fund will be enacted by the coming State Legislature. If we are going to accomplish for our country boys and girls, what has been done and is being done by the friends of education, where good schools have been heretofore successfully established, we should go about this undertaking in a business-like, common sense way. And why should we hesitate longer in performing this important duty? Should not the laws of the State be so drawn as to permit the rural people to organize effectively for school purposes in an effort to provide for their children good schools for nine months of each year, just like the people of the cities and towns are now doing? If such a law is enacted by the coming Legislature, Louisiana will, I confidently believe, be found at the next accounting in 1920 somewhere near the fore-front of the States of the Union in matters educational.

**What Some Of The Congressmen Are Now Doing.**

Congressman Puffalot is practicing some new poses which he hopes to use with effect next winter in some new personal photographs for the home newspapers.

Congressman E. Go is spending the time until Congress reconvenes in re-reading the speeches which he did not deliver, but which were published in the Congressional Record by "leave to print."

Congressman Real Worth is finding out what his constituents want and is also putting in some hard study on some vital national problems.

Congressman Bagowind is spending his time in again delivering the one speech that he made during the last session of Congress to the cows and chickens on his farm.

Congressman Tuttutt is having a hustling time trying to explain his

stand on certain matters in Congress to his skeptical constituents.—Indianapolis Star.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31 day of March, 1915.

J. Y. Sanders, Jr.,  
 Notary Public.

**MY BLACK MAMMY**

By MRS. G. GRIFFING WILCOX

Time with its insatiate tooth, has almost, if not quite, obliterated from the face of the earth the character of which I speak—"the black Mammy of the South," still the visions of my black Mammy is so indelibly stamped on the tablets of memory that death alone can efface the picture.

Mammy may have been fifty or sixty, as black as the ace of spades, but with the whitest of souls.

She was as broad as she was long, but with the hand and foot of a princess of the blood, and if mammy had a weakness, it was in regard to these physical distinctions.

The beauty of Mammy's hands is not exaggerated. She always told how a cast was made of her right hand. A distinguished sculptor saw the plaster hand and expatiated over its singular beauty.

He was at sea about its origin, though certain it was not European. When its source was explained to him he said: "In the Viennese anthropological collection there are the casts of the hands and feet of a particular tribe of Africans, and they excel everything else in purity of outline and distinction of form."

It was rather Mammy's quaint philosophy, and manner of expression, which is worthy of mention. For tact and good sense, for sterling honesty, she was beyond compare, and with that there was a certain austerity.

In the kitchen she was an absolute queen. There was no dish that she could not prepare. It was an inheritance from a Martinique grandmother.

Once Gen Joseph Johnson partook of Mammy's chicken fricassée with maderia sauce, and sent her his compliments on the perfection of the dish, and she said: "I hears you folks say dat Ginerel Joe Johnson is a great fighter; dat, may be so, but he jes tech my heart when compliments my chicken fricassée."

Here are specimens of Mammy's proverbial philosophy, and in her language she follows Mrs. Malaprop. "Don' you nebbber open ice cream shop, when de snow fall, an don' you sell fleece in summah.

Don' you kiss around promiscuous like; some folks keep der mouf cram full needles like pincushion.

Fust drink, you got him, Second drink, he got you.

When one dog yelps dat's nuffen; when de whole pack howl der fox is aroun.

Don' you follow buzzard, for you be shu to come to carrion.

Black snake hurt you much, but black talk hurt you most,

Ugly 'ooman deal uglier in fine clothes.

You live nex' to meetin house, what for dat make you good,

Little Johnnie sot on de mountain, Little Johnnie not bigger for dat."

"Don' you tell me nuffin about settin a thief to ketch a thief," said, said Mammy, Dat aint Christian like, You'se a transgressin wid the transgressors. Dar was my Mose, he drink Miss Mary's pitcher of new milk what set by her door ebery mornin, and Mose swallow it right down, and Miss Mary complainin she got no milk.

Then I sot Mose's own brudder, Eben, to watch that milk, and I give Eben a hunk of ginger-bread for to do the business. It didn't work. First thing I knows, Eben he was drinkin the milk with Mose, and den was goin snacks wid de ginger-bread.

Mebbe set a thief to kotch a thief is Scripture, but it don't work on dis here wicked earth. Mammy had listened with marked attention to a political discussion. Impressed with what she heard, she wanted further information. Miss Mary she asked, whats dis here big word about contammigration, or something like that? Dat sounds Bible-like, case I remember brudder Swan, who once run a turpentine mill, in Norf Mississippi, he says: "You can't tech tar widout bein contammigated." Now, you tell Marse William not to have nuffin to do wid dese yere politics, or he's like to be contammigated.

Mammy never by chance got the words of a maxim exactly right, although she at once appreciated the meaning of it.

It would never have done to have put Mammy in charge of the education of her race, she always said "readin and writin' don't give 'em no meat nor bread."

Maybe she had been too thoroughly indoctrinated in the ideas of the past.

Born in slavery times, she was fortunate in having for her owners people who, acknowledging her sterling qualities, regarded her more as a friend than a servant for from her childhood to her old age her life was one of devotion. Mammy was wont to say, I havn't felt no difference in freedom. I had to do less when I was a slave than I do since I am free. It was the good trainin' I had in de Souf dat is every thing, but decent folks is de same Norf or Souf."

Dear old black Mammy's peculiarities in pronunciation are but, scarcely imitated in the foregoing.

**"DADDY"**

Of all the boys in this big town  
 The best of 'all is dad,  
 When he's not near it seems to me  
 The whole wide world is sad.  
 He'll wear a sunny smile forever,  
 He's always being glad,  
 There's no one in this wide, wide world  
 Like my old darling dad.  
 From early morn till late at night  
 My dad he is Prince Charming,  
 He bursts into a hearty laugh with  
 Out a bit of warning.  
 He makes me think of some great king,  
 Who owns a lot of gold,  
 Forever keeping cares within,  
 His troubles never told.  
 He makes me feel away, way down,  
 When he's even a tiny bit sad;  
 But, seeing me in this blue state,  
 Well—he begins a-looking glad.  
 Oh, my pappy sure does love me,  
 One can see that without fear,  
 And I've tried since I've been oh!—so high,  
 Not to cause him a tear.  
 Som boys come, ay, and boys may go,  
 But none there are like daddy.  
 I like them, yes, but love them, NEVER.  
 Not if I live till eighty.  
 And when I'm gone my dad can say  
 There's one that surely loved me,  
 For I'll say again in this vast world  
 There's none to me like DADDY.

Bertha Pinnin.

**Political Announcements**

**Clerk of Court—**

The Enterprise is authorized to announce

CARTER C. WELCH

as a candidate for Clerk of Court subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries.

Please announce my candidacy for CLERK OF COURT, Washington Parish, subject to the action of the Democratic Party.

ROBERT BABINGTON

**Autos We Have Met.**

The 1890 Model—It resembles nothing so much as one of the original cotton gins. It rides about as smoothly as a springless baby carriage on a cobble stone pavement.

The Up-To-The-Second Speeder—Hits it up faster than the New York Bohemian set. It is almost as nifty as the proud owner thinks that it is.

The Ancient One-Lunger—The pulse of its engine is about as speedy as the blows of a plumber who is working on time. Is generally more valuable as a relic of by-gone days than as a piece of mechanism. Still it usually manages to get there when some of its high-priced, high-powered and correspondingly heavy descendants have fallen by the wayside.

The Fifth Hand Electric—Its cells; bust with the unerring certainty of sunrise as it bounces across the street car tracks. But it keeps you out of the rain—unless the roof leaks.

**Do Anybody Good.**

Manager Dobbs would do well to give his Pelicans frequent trips to Bogalusa if the atmosphere of the sawmill town makes them play ball like they did yesterday, for their game with the Giants was of such calibre as to completely snow under the mighty McGraw men.—Times-Picayune.



Know that no space of regret can amend for one life's opportunities misused.

True love believes everything, and bears everything, and trusts everything.

**HELPFUL HINTS AND TASTY DISHES.**

When putting a roast into the oven, add a small amount of vinegar and use it in basting the meat. It will not only keep the meat from burning, it will soften the fiber and make it more tender, and improve the flavor as well. A tablespoonful of vinegar to a five-pound roast will be sufficient.

**Creamed Eggs.**—Cook six eggs until hard. Make a pint of white sauce, using four tablespoonfuls of flour and the same of butter; a half teaspoonful of salt and a pint of rich milk. Put six slices of toast on a hot dish; put a layer of sauce over each after spreading them with butter, then cut the egg whites in strips and add a layer of them. Rub a part of the yolks through a sieve for a garnish; place in the oven for a few minutes and then serve hot.

**Nut Cutlets.**—Have ready a half cupful of chopped nuts, using Brazil, walnuts and almonds; add to them a cupful of bread crumbs and a cupful of mashed potatoes, with a little chopped parsley and onion; beat two eggs; mix with other ingredients; add salt and pepper and form into balls or cakes, dip in beaten egg and crumbs and fry a golden brown.

**Beet and Celery Salad.**—Mix equal quantities of chopped boiled beets and crisp celery; moisten with boiled dressing and serve on lettuce leaves.

**Deviled Oysters.**—Drain and cut oysters in two; into a saucepan put four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, half a teaspoonful of made mustard, a dash of cayenne, a pinch of sugar and salt, with two tablespoonfuls of butter; simmer together; add about a pint of oysters and cook until well curled. Place on a hot dish and garnish with pieces of lemon.

**Grape Mousse.**—Add to a quart of grape juice a half teaspoonful of clove extract, the juice of a lemon and freeze it as for ice; then stir in two stiffly beaten whites, pack in a mold and let stand in ice and salt for two or more hours. Serve with small cakes.

Nellie Maxwell.

**WHEN HIS MOTHER**

**THE ELEVATOR MAN'S STORY**

"You seem extra cheerful this morn'g," Bangworthy commented to the elevator man, who was shooting up to the sixteenth story.

"Huh!" chortled the elevator man, beaming. "Why shouldn't I? Just word that my mother is coming to me."

The elevator man being faced and of grown-up years, Bangworthy looked a trifle bewildered, evidently from the manner in which the news was delivered he expected to strike an attitude of astonishment and appreciation.

"That so?" Bangworthy asked vaguely.

"Yep!" said the elevator man. "I wrote she'd be here next Friday on the train that gets in at ten o'clock. I'm going to get off and go meet her."

"Hard to get away these days," Bangworthy, idly. "Why don't you have your wife meet her?"

The elevator man laughed heartily. "Why," he chuckled, "my wife don't know my mother and my mother er laid eyes on my wife. You see, haven't seen my mother myself in ten years—not since I came to Bogalusa."

"Oh!" commented Bangworthy with aroused interest. "I see."

"Ten years," mused the elevator man, forgetting to open the door. "Gee! That's a long time—not to see your mother. I hate to think of it. She never saw the two kids, either."

"I'll bet she thinks the boys look like me!" grinned the elevator man. Bangworthy the next morning was headed for Bangworthy's floor.

"Who—what?" asked Bangworthy with bewilderment.

The elevator man looked almost hurt. "Why, didn't I tell you yesterday that my mother was coming to visit?" he reminded. "Say, you ought eat the custard pies my mother makes! When I was a boy at home I could eat a whole one. Just a creamy! My wife's anxious to find out how she does it. She's going to find out about a lot of things while my mother is here. She says I'm always talking about that scrapple stuff and raised doughnuts and things that she's blessed if she can make."

"My mother'll be tickled to tell me because if there's anything mother likes to do it is to cook. Gee! I can just remember being up in the barn and hearing her calling out the sugar cookies were out of the oven and if I wanted any—say, ever eat a sugar cookies all warm from the oven and light brown on top?"

"They sound good," agreed Bangworthy, a trifle enviously. "We had good things when I was a kid, too—not that we don't now, of course. But I suppose this generation of women has learned some different things to cook."

"You bet!" agreed the elevator man. "I'm not saying that my wife ain't a dandy housekeeper, either, but somehow things did taste different when I was a boy. My mother was a corker. Once when she'd said not to go swimming and I did, anyhow, I blistered my back something awful. It hurt so I wanted to cry, but I didn't fast till her, and after I'd gone to bed she slips in with some soft cloths and ointment and fixes me up without a word. It gets me how mothers seem to know about lots of things like that without being told."

"What's the matter?" anxiously Bangworthy inquired of the elevator man the next morning when he saw that individual's countenance of gloom.

"Aw, just had a wire from mother. She can't get here till Saturday, instead of tomorrow," growled the disappointed one. "And me all fixed up to go to the depot tomorrow! The kids have got new shoes, too. I wouldn't miss seeing mother's face for a farm when she lays eyes on those kids. You oughta see the things she sends 'em Christmas and birthdays. Makes 'em all herself! She's been just crazy about 'em on paper, and when she sees 'em—gee!"

"Is she coming today sure?" asked Bangworthy on Saturday morning.

"Yep!" breathed the elevator man excitedly, letting a passenger for the eleventh floor off at the ninth floor and disregarding his frantic protests. "I'm getting off at 9:30 to hustle over after her. Say, I'm all sort of nervous. Ain't it queer?"

"Well, did she come?" asked Bangworthy, as he descended late that afternoon.

The elevator man looked at him from behind a subdued sort of glow. "Yep," he said, vibrantly. "She came. Say, would you believe it? I looked and looked and couldn't pick her out from the crowd—mother's changed so! Why, she's old! Somehow, you never think of your mother getting old. But she knew me—after ten years! Yes, sir, she came right up to me and called me by name. Beats all how a fellow's mother always knows him in spite of everything! Say, but it made me feel good to think she knew me after ten years."—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Williams Burke, and mother of Atlanta, Ga., are in Bogalusa, guests of Mrs. Burke's daughter, Mrs. J. H. Cassidy.