

# THE HOUMA COURIER.

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## BABY'S FACE.

Baby face against the pane!  
(Little dearie, little dearie)  
When the world is dark and dreary,  
Baby makes it bright again:  
When my heart is sad and weary,  
Baby makes it light again,  
With his face against the pane.

Baby face against the pane,  
Looking out with joy and wonder:  
With the sunshines in his eyes,  
Blue as are the morning skies;  
Sunny smiles of glad surprise,  
With the dimples dancing under;  
Sunny curls around the whole,  
Like a golden aureole!  
Sweet as sunshines after rain,  
Baby's face against the pane!

Baby face against the pane!  
Life to me has grown so sweet,  
Since that happy hour was given,  
That my heart goes up to Heaven  
In thanksgiving, while I pray  
He may stay with me always;  
That his smile may ever shine  
In this weary heart of mine;  
That the music of his feet  
Ever may my coming greet;  
And the world grow bright again,  
With his face against the pane.  
—J. A. Edgerton, in Boston Budget.

## HOW A STENOGRAPHER SECURED A SCOOP

By Robert F. Rose.

IT IS not my purpose to name the stenographer who performed the act, but to a stenographer is due the credit, if credit may be termed, of obtaining a "scoop" of the platform at the national convention of the populist party, which convened in St. Louis in 1896. How I became possessed of the facts makes no particular difference, so far as this story is concerned, but that it is true is within my knowledge.

This particular shorthand writer, who, for convenience, we will call Mr. Forest, was in the employ of one of the two great press associations then in existence. He was called to St. Louis by wire, and on his arrival at the headquarters of that news association was taken aside by the man in charge, who said to him:

"Forest, I have called you here, not so much to work on the convention itself as for another reason. I know you desire to make a reputation for yourself in the newspaper world, and that you have a good deal of hustle and nerve about you. I want a 'scoop' of that platform, and that is your assignment. Use your own judgment in the matter of getting it, but get it."

To the uninitiated, it may be well to explain that a "scoop" or a "beat," or an "exclusive," consists of securing a piece of news in advance of competitors, and many reporters on metropolitan papers owe their continued employment to the fact that at some time or other, during their career, they have been successful in securing for those papers an important "scoop." It may also be well to explain that when it comes to landing that precious thing, the rule that "all is fair in love and war" is extended to embrace "and in obtaining exclusive news."

So that was not a particularly cheerful assignment. The shorthand man realized that there were about 100 trained newspaper men in St. Louis, whose business it was to get the news, all bent on the errand of procuring exclusive news, and that the greatest news to obtain in advance at a national political convention was the platform. He also knew that even though he should be lucky enough to hide himself in the room in which the resolutions committee met, the chances were one hundred to one against his securing a position in which he could write shorthand, and while the rather vulgar term "knocker" was not then a part of the slang vocabulary, he foresaw that in the event he should endeavor to get in the room by strategy, the newspaper reporters, knowing him, would immediately apprise the members of the committee of his business and foil his plans. But he had been given the assignment, and this is the manner in which he went about the filling of it:

The chairman of the resolutions committee was ex-Gov. Weaver, of Iowa, who four years before was the presidential nominee of that party, and the secretary was Robert Schilling, of Milwaukee. The latter the shorthand man had met some years before, but not when he was identified with any newspaper or press association. The committee was to meet at four o'clock the next afternoon at the Linden hotel, while the offices of the press association were in rooms in the floor above.

Forest outlined his plan and followed it to the letter. An hour before the committee was to meet, he took his typewriting machine to the room of the committee, placed it on a table, and spread his paper and carbons around the table, lit a cigar and waited for the members to arrive. When they did begin to arrive, he looked at them condescendingly, and in reply to their questions told them he had been detailed to do the shorthand work and typewriting for the committee. As soon as Chairman Weaver made his appearance, Forest called him aside, and the following conversation took place: "Your name is Gen. Weaver?" asked Forest.

"Yes."

"You are the chairman of the resolutions committee, I believe?"

"No, the resolutions committee," answered Weaver.

"Yes, yes, I knew it was some committee," rejoined Forest. "Well, I was sent here to do the shorthand work and typewriting for the committee."

"Who asked you?"

"Why, the secretary, Mr. Schilling."

"Oh, yes; you mean Schilling. All right. Take a seat. We will need you after awhile."

Before long Mr. Schilling appeared. Upon his arrival he asked Forest who had sent for him, to which question the answer "Gen. Weaver" was sufficient to allay any further questioning on that point. But Schilling's memory was good, and soon he asked the question: "Didn't you formerly live in Milwaukee?"

"Yes."

"Isn't your name Forest?"

"Yes."

"Haven't you a brother by the name of — Forest?"

"Yes."

"What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I'm court reporter here in St. Louis."

"What court?"

"Why, I report all the inquests at the morgue for the coroner."

And then for awhile all went well. The preamble of the platform was determined upon and given to Forest to copy.

"How many copies do you wish?" asked Forest.

He was directed to make one carbon, but managed to slip in a carbon for his own use. As a page was finished, the extra copy was allowed to drop on the floor and afterwards, while engaged in discussion of a proposed plank for the platform, Forest would pick it up, crumble it into a small ball, and shove it into his pocket. Then came the various planks—the financial, the good roads, the land, the taxation, in fact all those which go to make up a national political platform. But in a short time Chairman Weaver turned to Forest and said:

"That machine of yours makes too much noise. You go into the next room with it, and do your typewriting there. But look out for the newspaper men and do not give them any information."

Then Forest feared it was all up with him. He knew that in order to gain admission to the next room he would have to run the gauntlet of a half hundred newspaper men, many of whom would know him. But there was no alternative, and he started for the room with his machine. He had hardly seated himself, when a reporter for the Chicago Inter Ocean, with whom he was acquainted, gained admission to his room and started to talk with him.

"For God's sake, Frank," said Forest, "get away from here and give me a chance for my life. All the Chicago newspapers take the report from our association, and it is not possible for you to print that platform in the Inter Ocean to-morrow unless you get it from us. Don't let those eastern newspaper men, who use the report of the other association, know that I ever saw a newspaper."

Not only did that reporter comply with the request, but he warned other Chicago reporters not to recognize Forest. A few minutes more and a reporter representing the opposition association came in. He was an eastern newspaper man, and was not acquainted with Forest.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Copying the platform."

"Let me see it?"

"Oh, no."

"Say, would you like to make \$100?"

"Well, I should say I would."

"Well, you get me a copy of that platform and I will give you \$100."

"Not much. You can't buy me. I know you. You are one of those newspaper fellows. You never saw enough money to buy a copy of this platform."

The reporter remained for a few moments in thought. Seeing that he could not obtain the platform, he thought he could have a little fun at the expense of Forest.

"Are you a populist?" he queried.

"Yep."

"Where are you from?"

"Kansas."

Then he called in the other reporters and endeavored to rouse the ire of the "Kansas populist typewriter" by submitting him to the "guying" process. But the ire could not be roused just then. To make matters more ludicrous, a newspaper man representing the same press association as did Forest, was one of the party. Of course, he saw that Forest was doing his work, and in order to keep up appearances helped the opposition reporter in his efforts to embarrass Forest.

At 10:30 o'clock that night the last plank of the platform had been agreed upon, and was given to Forest to take to the other room to copy. As he was leaving he was asked by Schilling in a tone of voice loud enough for the whole committee to hear, if any of the newspaper reporters had tried to get the platform. He answered that he had met them, but that they had not been successful. Then Schilling turned to the others and said:

"Now, gentlemen, you know it is essential to keep the doings of this committee secret. I desire that each one of you should realize that, and when approached by the reporters, have nothing to say to them. I will not be responsible for the keeping of this plat-

form out of the papers unless each member of the committee gives me his pledge to that effect."

And they pledged. Ten minutes afterward Forest rushed into the headquarters of his press association, and dived down into his pockets. From his trouser's pockets he took the preamble, from another the land plank, and so on, until the telegraphers were busy sending out the entire platform.

And that is the way in which a stenographer secured a "scoop" of the platform at the populist national convention.

This story would hardly be complete, however, without referring to a little incident which happened a few hours later. About three o'clock in the morning, after the night's work was completed and it was too late to send any further news, Forest accompanied another reporter for the press association he represented, by the name of Tom Dawson, to that somewhat famed restaurant in St. Louis run by Tony Faust. Entering the place, he saw his friend who represented the opposition association who did not get the platform, seated at a table with a number of newspaper men.

"Tom," said Forest, "after we have supplied the inner man, introduce me to that fellow."

"Certainly," answered Dawson, who was the same reporter who had been an amused spectator at the "guying" process of a few hours before. He took Forest to the table at which this reporter sat, and said:

"G—, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Forest, of our Chicago office."

"I am happy—" began G—. Then he stopped for a moment, and then almost shrieked:

"Ain't you that Kansas populist typewriter?"

"So I have been told."

The following forenoon Forest received six congratulatory telegrams from the Chicago office. The first was from the general manager of the association, and read:

"You have done great work in securing the platform. I personally congratulate you, and have ordered that your account be credited with \$300 as an evidence of our substantial appreciation."—Bookkeeper.

## LOTS OF GOLD DUST.

The Assay Office at Seattle, Wash., Will Handle \$3,000,000 of the Dawson Claim Up.

The gold received at the United States assay office at Seattle, Wash., since June 1, 1900, amounts in value to over \$1,000,000. From information now at hand it is possible to make the certain prediction that the receipts of the office during the month of July will amount to over \$3,000,000.

The receipts for June were increased by the deposits of gold brought down on the steamer Rosalie, which has just arrived from Skagway. There were 13,500 ounces in nuggets and dust deposited in the assay office in the names of 55 persons. The approximate value of the deposits is \$210,000. The gold was all direct from Dawson City and is part of the clean-up in that immediate vicinity.

## Benedict Arnold's Route.

Every sportsman that comes this way in the spring and fall, says a Eustis (Me.) correspondent of the Lewiston Journal, will regret to learn that Nathaniel Hoxie, the well-known hunter and trapper of this section, is dead. Nat, as he was called, was known all along Dead river, through Franklin and Somerset counties. When he first went into camp at Bigelow he set about tracing the route of the army of Benedict Arnold, which route, as is well known to every school child, was through the Dead river section. Beginning at the point where Col. Bigelow was camped when he went up on the mountain that bears his name to see if he could look over into Canada, through to the river and across to the Atens, Nat kept a "spotted" line, and he kept the "blazes" new and bright each year.

## There Are Such Fools.

"Yes, we had to take Emma out of school, you know. She isn't at all strong, and we feared the application to study was undermining her health. It's never wise to permit a young girl to overexert herself."

It was the fond mother who spoke, and the sympathetic neighbor naturally asked what the invalid was doing to pass away the time.

"Oh, she's getting a great deal of enjoyment out of her bicycle," was the reply. "She made a century run yesterday and another about a week ago."—Chicago Post.

## Willing Martyrdom.

Sollicitous Parent—Evelyn, you mustn't ride in this open street car such a cold day as this without your jacket. Put it on, child. You will have pneumonia if you don't."

Miss Evelyn (with supreme contempt)—What of that? Do you suppose I'm going to let Mabel Upjohn see me wearing a jacket that's all out of style?—Chicago Tribune.

## Sells Battered Dresses for Charity.

There is a young woman in Washington society who sells her wardrobe as soon as she finishes with it and gives all that is obtained in this way to her favorite charity.

## PROTECTING WILD ANIMALS.

Preservation of Fast-Vanishing Species Necessary to the Student of Natural History.

The London Quarterly Review in reviewing ten recent books telling of the experiences of hunters in quest of big game makes them the text of an article on the human passion for killing other animals. At first, it says, man slew for meat and clothing, then for sport and trade, but nowadays he seems to be actuated merely by the passion for slaughter. "The curse of the gunner broods over the close of the century." It is on this account that game once so plentiful has almost disappeared.

The time was when great herds of beasts roamed over the habitable globe, but with the approach of men they have become more scarce, and the animals that used to come to gaze in wonderment at the explorer or hunter are killed with reckless slaughter. Theodore Roosevelt said that the wife is responsible for the extermination of the buffalo, which previously was not killed faster than the species was propagated when bows and arrows were the weapons used against it. The extinction of this animal, most apparent to the American, is not against the elephant in Africa, as nearly as against the rhinoceros in India, as well as the tiger in the jungles of the East. In India the rhinoceros was once so plentiful that it was killed for the horns, which were used for the making of buttons and for the making of the handles of the spears of the British army. The rhinoceros was once so plentiful that it was killed for the horns, which were used for the making of buttons and for the making of the handles of the spears of the British army.

The problem of to-day is to protect the fast vanishing race of animals from their unequal quest against the rifle of the hunter. In America game preserves for buffalo have been established and similar preserves exist in South Africa and in Russia, as well as in the parks of noblemen and princes of Europe. Such measures are, however, ineffectual. The animals preserved in parks lose their wild traits.

These plans are suggested for the protection of the wild animals. These are close seasons, gun and game licenses which would limit the size of the bag, and the forbidding of the shooting of certain species altogether or the closing of certain areas to the hunter for a specific period. The Quarterly Review suggests that this property is a matter for an international congress. It indorses the suggestion of M. Fos for an international zoological peace conference to enact the necessary measures for the preservation of the animals. It would not only be a movement of mercy toward the wild beasts, but it would be a matter of international concern, inasmuch as science is of no nationality. The preservation of the species is necessary for the student of natural history. The moa, dodo and great auk have become extinct in modern times and perished, while practically unknown to the scientists. The Quarterly Review truly says that the new century might be inaugurated most happily by an international movement of mercy to the beasts.

A Valuable Servant.

The servant girl entered the room with noticeable hauteur and awaited the pleasure of her mistress.

A bright, cheery fire burned in the grate, a fact which has no direct bearing upon the points to be related, but which is worthy of notice as a concurrent circumstance.

"Mary!"

The voice of the mistress was softly modulated, as is usual with mistresses similarly situated.

"I wish to raise your salary."

The girl clung to the lace curtains for support.

"Yes, Mary," the lady continued, "I don't know what we should do without you. Of course, you have broken dishes, and all of that, Mary, but the police protection we've had since you've been with us is something immense. You are a good girl, Mary."

It was a new experience for the domestic, and she had no course but to leave the room in silence.—N. Y. News.

Swept Off by a Hurricane.

A remarkable effect of the great hurricane of 1898 in the West India islands was the complete disappearance from the island of St. Vincent of a species of humming-bird, which, previous to the storm, had been one of the commonest and tamest birds that inhabited the island. Other species of humming-birds, of a larger size, survived the tempest, and are yet to be seen in St. Vincent, but the little bronze-green birds with erected crests, which formerly attracted much admiration, are all gone.—Youth's Companion.

A Good Feature.

Miss Gush—Do you like classical music, Mr. Sourdopp?

Mr. Sourdopp—Yes.

"O, I am so glad. Do you not find it in great inspiration, sublime thought and true beauty?"

"Not exactly. I like it because no blithering idiot can beat time to it with his foot."—Baltimore American.

The Place for Wrecks.

He—in the Baltic sea there are more wrecks than in any other place in the world.

She—How about Monte Carlo?—Youkers Statesman.

## FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Many delicious fruits are grown in Paraguay. Including Formosa, the milkade rules over 46,000,000 subjects.

The favorite theatrical play in India is the presentation of the exploits of some god.

The Scotchman who invented the Mafeking blend of porridge received a bonus of £5 from the government, so invaluable was it to the garrison's rations supply, it being equal to six weeks' additional provisions. The natives prefer it to any other food.

The crusade against tuberculosis is now being pushed with determined zeal in almost every province in Canada. The two leading cities, Montreal and Toronto, have organizations for the propagation of information regarding the prevention and treatment of the disease.

The extraordinary unhealthiness of some parts of Assam is fully detailed in a recent report. In the Surma valley, which is estimated to contain about 2,500,000 people, there were only 75,000 births in 1898, but 94,000 deaths. Also in the Assam valley there were only 71,031 births and 85,000 deaths.

Japanese clerks have become popular in London recently and are employed in a considerable number of stores. Manufacturers who have given the Japanese a trial, however, complain that they are wasteful of material and have no idea of the value of machinery. They seem to spend all their spare time studying the English language.

## A RED TIN HORSE.

The Bright-Colored Toy Proved an Attractive Morsel for a Three-Pound Bass.

"Did you ever feel really sorry for a fish?" said a gray-bearded old fisherman, as he sat on a log at the edge of a stream and sleepily watched the red and blue cork riding the little waves of the current.

"No, I can't say that I have," responded his companion, who was fishing a few yards farther downstream, relates the Cincinnati Enquirer. "Everything is fish that gets on my hook, and I don't believe I have ever been sorry for one yet."

"Well, you haven't fished as long as I have. Maybe your time is coming. Some queer things happen around rivers and lakes, and when you have been so intimate with the finny tribe as many years as I have been you will very likely have seen the fish that you felt sorry for. About 20 years ago I was camping out once on a little lake in Minnesota with my family and a few intimate friends. One day I was just getting ready to push my boat out into the lake for a morning fish. My little boy was sitting near the edge of the water playing with some toy in his lap. His mother was not far away, and anyhow the water was so shallow there that he could have been given only a little wetting if he had fallen in. The boy was most too young to fish, but he knew fish all right and had shown very little liking for them, much to our surprise.

"Among other trinkets the little fellow had in his lap was a red tin horse about two or three inches long. He was holding this up in the sunlight, waving it about and talking to it. Bright things are extremely attractive to some kinds of fish, you know. Suddenly there was a swish and a swirl in the water just below the boy's feet and a three-pound bass jumped out of the water and landed in the boy's lap. The fish had sprung to swallow the red horse. The fish lay gasping in the child's lap, and the boy looked half scared to death.

"Grab him, Bobby, grab him quick!" I screamed, at the top of my voice. But evidently Bobby did not hear me or he was too badly frightened or too mad to obey me, for the next instant he picked up the fish in his hands, spanked it twice and threw it back in the water."

There's Nothing New.

Almost all of man's inventions have been foreshadowed by nature. The hypodermic syringe with which the physician injects morphine into a patient's arm has its counterpart in the sting of a bee. The tunnel borer is an adaptation of the work of the teredo, or ship worm. The principal of the balloon is found in certain fishes. The paper-making industry is paralleled in the building of a wasp's nest. In the mechanism of a man's body there are joints and levers similar to those used in engines. The automatic oiling of surfaces which rub together in an engine is on the same plan as the lubrication of joints in our bodies. Man's nervous system resembles that of the spider. The ball-bearings of a bicycle or automobile are not so very dissimilar to the ball-joints of human hips and shoulders. The principle of the lever was foreshadowed in the long bones of the human body.—N. Y. World.

Incentive to Early Rising.

Milkman—You're up very early this morning, Willie.

Willie (without looking up from his penny dreadful)—Yeh. Mom made me go to bed last fast as Handsome Hank wuz goin' ter rescue de beautiful maiden.—Catholic Standard and Times.

## KEPT HOUSE FOR A SPIRIT.

Queer Fancy of a Pretty Widow Who Was Heartbroken Over Her Husband's Death.

A strange story has just come to light here of the queer fancy of a pretty widow who furnished an elegant house complete for the benefit of her dead husband's spirit while she kept her apartments at a fashionable hotel. She has notified the agent that as she is about to marry again she will need the house no longer. She has spent a few moments each day at this strange residence, but has never passed a night beneath its roof. She is a Spiritualist, says a Minneapolis correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean, and this is her story:

"Several years ago I was married to a young man whom I had known since my childhood. We were very much in love. After a few years of perfect happiness my husband died. I was heartbroken. I sold my house and traveled. But I longed to be near my husband's grave, so I came back to Minneapolis and engaged rooms in a hotel. I was just beginning to be comfortable when I became haunted by the thought that my husband's spirit shared the rooms with me. At first this made me very happy, until I remembered how he loved air and light and solitude. Then I rented a large, comfortable house with a west front, and had his books and desk moved into it. I visited the house daily. My husband's spirit seemed to invade the place. Then I became haunted by the thought that I was neglecting my husband. I was enjoying luxury and ease, while he was living in a great, cheerless house, without furniture; so I began furnishing the house, choosing for the draperies the bright, warm-looking fabrics that he liked best. I also bought books, rugs and pictures, but by and by became annoyed by the thought that my husband had become so lonely that he had prevailed upon the spirits of his mother and father, as well as two sisters, one a baby, to live with him.

"I bought a cradle for the baby sister and easy chairs for the old people. I was about to replenish their wardrobes, although I could hardly afford it, when I met the man who is to be my future husband. He is a practical physician. He questioned me kindly and drew from me the story of my vain attempts to please my husband and his family. It was the first time I had told anyone of my dear tenants, and when I finished I was crying like a baby. Gently and carefully my lover physician has turned my attention to the living, until at last I have decided to give up the house which I have rented for so long, and instead of mourning for a dead husband to be happy with a living one."

## APPEARANCES DECEPTIVE.

They Looked Like Deacons, But They Talked Them to Be Otherwise.

In a car on the Blue Island express of the Illinois Central the other day a passenger sat alongside a pair of commuters. Having nothing better to do he began in his suburban way to size them up, wondering who and what they were, says the Chicago Chronicle. They were both of about the same size, and they looked enough alike to be brothers, if not twins. They were dressed in nondescript clothes of black and they both wore derby hats of unknown vintage. They both had unkempt crowns falling upon their shirt fronts and their arms were full of household packages after the manner of good commuters. They looked very good. There was a sort of dissenting air about them which made the watching man think that they were members of the Lutheran church. He let his imagination stray on till he saw them on Sunday with their families about them in the little square meeting-house taking part with deep devotion in the exercises. He even imagined that a faint odor of sanctity exhaled from their persons—that delicate and indefinite perfume which comes from pews and hymn-books.

They talked together in ordinary tones, which were dimmed by the ruck of the express. Finally when the train stopped at Hyde Park he heard one say to the other:

"Yes, he's a mighty good wrestler, an' if I'd known jes' how good he was I'd a tried my strangle bolt on 'im. I allers succeeded with that an' no man ever downed me yit when one I get a chanct t' give 'im my best bolt. Him an' me's goin' t' have another bout nex' Sunday fer five dollars a side an' you bet he won't ketch me nappin' then."

Airle's Ancient Title.

The earl of Airle, who was killed in battle near Pretoria, at which Lord Roberts defeated Commandant Botha, boasted a title 250 years old. For 150 years before the creation of the earldom in 1639 his ancestors had been Barons Ogilvy of Airle. David Stanley William Drummond Ogilvy was his full name. He was born in 1856 and entered the army young, becoming a lieutenant at 18 and gradually rising in rank until he became colonel of the Twelfth royal lancers. Through generation after generation his family has been noted for the gallantry of its sons, and the dead earl was no exception.—Detroit Free Press.