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THOUGH THEY FORGET.

Our husbands, ever brave and strong,
Our ever-husbandly, loyal and true,
Who stewart stand 'twixt us and wrong,
Nor reck the cost of what they do
For us they love—who love them—yet
They will forget, they will forget.

Not plighted troth, nor lover's word,
Not tender phrasen, nor deed most kind,
Not duty's voice, though scarce 'tis heard,
Not faith to us they leave behind;
But oft by business cares beset
The things we sent for they forget.

Offtimes to urgent tasks requests
They give no heed from morn to noon,
And oft they bring unbidden guests
At times the most impertinent;
The things on which our hearts are set
Are oft the things that they forget.

The anniversaries year by year,
Of wedding days unheeded go—
Those days we hold most sacred, dear,
Yet in our hearts we know
That spite of all they may forget,
They love us yet, they love us yet.

And tho' 'tis to our grief we find
Our letters packed, unopened,
Tho' to our cherished projects blind
They would us most where least 'tis
ment.

Tru, tho' our birthdays they forget,
We love them yet, we love them yet.
—Gladys Stevens Sharp, in Good House-keeping.

TWO RESCUES

By EWAN MACPHERSON.

"HUSH! Hold on there, partner!" Jack Norton, with hands buried in the pockets of a heavy winter overcoat, came striding over the hardened snow, down the slope of a dark and deserted street that led to the East river. He had just caught sight of another man passing through the yellow patch of light that marked a squalid runshop in a basement, and some instinct prompted him to hail his "partner" this man whom he then saw for the first time.

The strange man checked an impulse to look back, but only went on all the more doggedly. Norton also quickened his pace. After a few more strides he could see, in the faint light which the snow reflected from the last lonesome gas lamp on the block, that there was no need of swiftness to catch up with this man; the street ended right there in a sort of platform with an iron railing at its edge, and immediately below this railing was the East river, where coils of ice swirled out of the darkness into spray beams of light, and on into darkness again. The stranger—a strongly built man in a thick pea-jacket—stood there, grasping the head of an iron rail in either hand, staring out beyond.

"It's no good, old man," said Norton, craning over the fresh snow on the platform to reach the stranger, "no good. I thought of doing it myself. If you'll hold on a minute I'll tell you why."

The man in the pea-jacket turned and glared at this intruder with the tall hat and the air of another class. "Who in thunder are you?" And then, as if a new thought had suddenly occurred to him, he leaned forward and peered into Norton's face.

"That's all right," said Norton, standing up to the scrutiny as if he had quite expected it. "I'm not off my head—not altogether. I only want to keep you from a mistake I nearly made myself. A few minutes ago I started to come down here and—well, disappear in that darkness out there. See those chunks of ice racing each other? If you and I jumped this railing now, we'd be racing like that next moment, and with no more idea of where we were racing to. It's all like that, the other world is. Chapp named Hamlet settled it all long ago."

"Well, say, if you ain't crazy you've got more gall than anybody's got a right to and keep their senses. What you got to do with my affairs?"

Norton laughed aloud. "Your affairs! Don't you see we're in the same boat, you and I? You just listen to me—"

"No, I won't just listen to you," the other man growled. "And if you know what's good for you, you'll get away out of here."

This threat to a man who had all but resolved on suicide struck Norton so suddenly and sharply as comical that he broke into a roar of laughter, awakening the echoes of the winter night. His mirth instantly roused the resentment of the man in the pea-jacket, who, backing away from the railing, struck violently at him right and left.

By instinct and long habit Norton and the other man were the taller man of the two, active and more skillful in self-defense than the other; but a long winter overcoat is an awkward garment for boxing in, and the gloves proper for a gentleman's afternoon calls are not at all the prize-ring type. Handicapped like this, he was less difficult for the smaller man, whose furious drives and swings fell short of his face, but reached his chest and ribs.

The two clinched and stamped up and down in the dry snow, their steps so muffled as to be soundless, ever in the stillness of that deserted nook. They fell, grappling fiercely, and the street lamp blinked down at them, like a solitary and impartial witness for both sides, while a river steamer went puffing and groaning past, as if

intent only upon its own struggle with the tide and the floating ice. Over and over they rolled together, the man in the pea-jacket fiercely struggling to wreak his exasperation on Norton's face whenever a chance offered. It was a bizarre struggle, what with its snarl-like aspects, and what with the threat of tragedy that increased every moment, as Norton realized his opponent's terrible earnestness. At last it seemed that the greater suppleness and length of limb had triumphed; Norton was on top, the other man's arms securely held down in the snow. But then arose the difficult question how to dispose of this man safely and yet humanely. If positions had been reversed, Norton would have been in perilous case; a devil was glaring out of the two eyes that met his, a reckless demon of hate against the whole world. Norton, on the contrary, had no general grievance; in particular he had no quarrel against the stranger whom he held plighted in the snow. Only one person had been in his thoughts as he came down that lonely side street, and her he would not have harmed for all that life could afford. It had seemed, though, that death would be for him a happy escape from the agony of his meeting with her that afternoon, finding her so affectionately intimate with that supercilious middle-aged old man—his name, and his just sentiment met with what sounded to him like a heartless sneer, and all this after years of absence in constant love and hope. By all logic Norton ought to have been glad to let the man in the pea-jacket get up and kill him, but somehow his impulses had all been changed by this chance meeting with a fellow-creature to whom life seemed as unbearable as to himself.

The solution of the problem how to release the desperate man came to Norton when the panting stillness was feebly broken by the distant voice of a child calling. The man on the ground raised his head, as if by force of habit, to listen. The voice came nearer.

"Papa! papa! Mamma wants you." "Let me up. That's my kid." Norton jumped up delighted. "Papa! Mamma wants you to come to her." "Here, Connie!"

The man in the pea-jacket set up on the snowy curb, trying to rid himself of the marks of his rough-and-tumble in the snow. Norton was picking up his tall hat when a little girl in a print frock emerged from the darkness of the street. The little girl appeared to forget that it was a cold night, and that her black woolen shawl thrown over her head was a very slender protection. The shawl was trailing behind her as she ran to her papa, and sobbing, threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, papa, she didn't mean it—mamma didn't mean for you to go away and never come back! Won't you come to her now, please, papa?"

Norton, brushing his silk hat, felt once more moved to laughter—perhaps not the laughter of a merely humorous appreciation, but still laughter. Taught by his late experience, he moderated his laugh to a hardly audible chuckle, and then, as that excited no fresh outbreak on the part of Connie's papa, he spoke up.

"Yes, Connie!—he had caught the little one's name—'papa's going home, but you mustn't catch cold, little girl. Here!"

He was taking off his own overcoat to throw over the child when her father, still sitting in the snow hugging her to his pea-jacket, looked up and caught him in the act.

"If you take off that coat, you'll catch your death of noomy, mister," he said.

"I shall not have time for that, partner. Why not? Because I'm going to send you home with Connie while I go the other way." He nodded in the direction of the river. "I have no home

where I'm wanted, and no little girl to run about in the snow looking for me."

Connie looked up at him over her papa's shoulder. "Ain't you got—nobody at all?"

"Nobody at all, Connie. Here, let me see if the coat's too long for you."

Her papa rose and gathered up the trailing black shawl. "Run on home, baby," he said, wrapping it tight about her. "Run on now, just as fast as you can, and tell mamma I'm coming right away—soon as I get through talking to this gentleman on business."

Norton took something out of his pocket, stooped, and transferred the something to Connie's hand, whispering to her, and she, after one puzzled stare, disappeared up the street. He looked after her a moment, and then, turning away with a chuckle, said: "You must have been clean off your head, partner. And you tried to make out I was. I wish you'd tell me what the trouble is. But, anyhow, I know now you hadn't half my excuse for wanting to jump into the river."

"Think so, eh? How would you like it if you worked hard for ten years, and then had to see your things all sold out—horse and wagon and everything—and your wife saying you're no kind of use—"

"That's enough," Norton interrupted. "It's only money with you. By the way, what's your name?" "McCorkle." "All right, McCorkle. I just want to tell you that you don't know when you're well off. Come on, McCorkle; I'm going to put off that swim with the ice cakes until to-morrow night. Ugh! It surely is a good deal more comfortable with this coat on. Hope I didn't seriously hurt your arms just now."

The two late combatants began to plod together through the snow in the roadway. "Now, see here, McCorkle, I'm putting off my plunge just for one thing—just to write a check to your order. You agree to take that check and use it? You won't? All right, then. Good night." He turned back and began to unbutton his coat again.

McCorkle was really doubtful about the suicidal intention of this top-hatted man who had interfered with his own impulse in that direction. He had to acknowledge himself conquered on this line, too, for the sake of his own peace of conscience, and having had sufficient proof of his inability to save the other man by physical force, besides, he longed to be back with his wife and Connie. So he solemnly promised to accept the check and consented to show Norton the little tenement just around the corner on the avenue that was his home. And so Norton had the good fortune to meet Mrs. McCorkle.

Norton was young in years, and still younger in general experience. Much of his life had been spent on a western cattle range, in a region where Mrs. McCorkle's sex was scantily and not favorably represented. Pondering the situation revealed by Connie's sobbing message, and by the scene at which he assisted in the McCorkle home, he began to think that a woman's word needs much interpreting and patient study. And that other person was Mrs. McCorkle's sex, though in unlike circumstances. Upon which Norton resolved to wait for the interpretation of events.

The following note reached him at his hotel next morning:

"Dear Jack: If you had not gone off in a huff you would have learned before now that Dr. Breerton, who seemed to be the cause of your outrageous behavior, is going to be my step-papa. It was not for me to tell you, but mamma says I may—now. She would have told you herself, if you had come up and had a cup of tea with her. You may thank her for this note; I would never have written it. I could have shaken you. He thought your tantrums so funny!"—N. Y. Times.

THE PARENTAL CATFISH.

Good Trait That Does Not Seem to Be Possessed by Other Fishes.

"The catfish," said an angler, according to the Philadelphia Record, "is the only fish I know that seems to have any affection for its young. Other fish disregard their young altogether—will even eat them at times—but not so with the 'catty.' The first time I discovered this good trait was last summer. I was angling in a mill dam, and in the clear water I saw a host of little catfish, accompanied by two adults. The adults—husband and wife, no doubt—watched over the babies with anxious care. They darted in this direction and that, keeping the coast clear, and if a stranger fish approached they ruffled up and fought it off like lions. They did a thing that indicated great intelligence in them when they saw me. Happening to glance up and catch my eye, they feared that I meant mischief, and instantly they sank down to the bottom and thrashed the mud about with their tails, thus creating an opaque cloud wherein their young and they were invisible. Since that time I have often seen catfish with their young. There have been two adults in each case to look after the small fry, and

in the presence of some great danger the opaque cloud of mud has always been drawn about the brood."

Exchange of Compliments.
The village sexton, in addition to being a gravedigger, acted as a stonecutter, horse repairer and furniture mover.

The local doctor, having obtained a more lucrative appointment in another county, employed the sexton to assist in his removal.

When it came to settling up accounts the doctor deducted an old contra account due by the sexton. He wrote at the same time, objecting to the charge made for removing his furniture:

"If this was steady, it would pay much better than gravedigging."

The sexton replied:

"Indeed, O! would be glad to 'ave a steady job; gravediggin' is very slack since you left."—Spurs Moments.

Heartless Relatives.
Mistress—Did you learn how Mrs. Upton was?
Servant—Please, mum, I pulled at the doorbell half an hour, and couldn't make anybody hear. I think the bell had been muffled.

Mistress—The idea! How is the poor invalid to know that all her heartless relatives have muffled the door-bell?—N. Y. Weekly.

REDUCTION NO REMEDY.

Logging Off the Tariff a Certain Means of Relief from Trust Oppression.

In President Roosevelt's message there was a remark to the effect that the tariff was not a remedy for the oppression of the people. And yet, as the public protest against the tariff has not been ignored, what is the first thing Congress does? Suspends both the anti-trust and soft coal duties for one year—that is the effect of the rebate plan.

When in the early part of last summer, the tariff was being facing its price upward, placing a fictitious value on its product and robbing consumers right and left for the benefit of the few, what was the first remedy suggested? The removal of the tariff on meat. And the threat of such action being forced by popular protest did more than anything else to bring the packers to their senses says the Utica Observer.

If tariff reduction is not a remedy—at least in part—for trust oppression, tariff reduction would not be the means of curbing the extortions now practiced by so many of these big combinations, why is it that every suggestion of tariff reduction raises a howl of protest from the protected industries and sends their representatives in congress into a panic of fear? Regulation, restriction, a curb on high-handed extortion, are what the trusts particularly dread. If removal or reduction of the tariff on trust-produced articles does not have this effect, why are the trusts so incensed every time such a proceeding is suggested?

Congress started in on the present session with the evident intention of following Senator Hanna's suggestion to "stamp out" on the tariff question. The declaration that tariff reduction would bring no relief from oppression was a "blunt" which the suffering of the people in the coal famine has "scalded." The hollowness of the whole attitude of congress has been exposed.

The permanent character of the bargain between the protectionists in congress and the capitalists who have so effectively organized for the retention of a tariff scale of tariffs, would not have been more perfectly revealed than it has been in the discussion of the coal situation. Through-out the whole controversy there has not been heard from the protectionist side of the house a single expression of genuine sympathy with the victims of tariff oppression or of honest intention to reconstruct the tariff on a more equitable basis. The only purpose disclosed by the reluctant consent of the majority to make this slight concession to the millions of American consumers was to give them something to keep them quiet for the time, and to make that something as little as possible. All of the protectionist talk in open session, in committee and in the lobby was to the effect that these trifling remissions of duties would, for the present, relieve the tariff system from attack, and would permit the other outrages of the system to remain without modification. In fact, this anxiety to protect the rest of the system against successful assault appears to have been more potent in hastening action upon the coal tariff than desire to do justice to the sufferers from the famine of fuel.

It was a case of losing a little to save much. But it was enough to demonstrate the principle that tariff reduction is a means of relief from trust oppression.

OPINIONS AND POINTERS.
—President Roosevelt will not have to worry much about the John Hay vote in 1904.—Detroit Free Press.
—Ex-Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, said that Teller was elected. That was sensible. Then he began to "chew the rag." That was silly.—Albany Argus.
—The trusts have discovered the difference between the orthography of Knox and knocks, although they sound alike, and they are not afraid of getting many hard ones from him.—Knoxville Sentinel (Dem.).
—There will be a merry time in the republican national convention when the band plays "Dixie." There will be a contest between the Roosevelt and Hanna forces as to which can sing the loudest in the chorus.—Cincinnati Enquirer.
—President Roosevelt is not using his influence as McKinley would have used his if he had lived. The American people wish that he would follow more closely in the footsteps of the great man he so fittingly and so ably eulogized.—Rochester Union.
—Extortions that are possible as the result of a duty are not to be measured by the ravages of a disease may be estimated by the size of the bacillus that causes it. The duty that is high enough to protect home producers while they are forming a combination to control distribution in all they need. Once in control of all the elements of distribution they can fix prices to suit themselves, and laugh at all attempts at competition.—Cleveland Press.

OUR MULTI-MILLIONAIRES.

A Pertinent Query as to the Manner in Which They Got Their Immense Wealth.

It is reported from New York that for the past year the income of Mr. Pierpont Morgan has amounted to \$10,000,000 and that it is considerably less than he expected. If he hoped to stand first in the list he certainly has some reason for disappointment, for it is reported that Mr. Rockefeller has during the year added from \$100,000,000 to \$110,000,000 to his fortune. He is obliging enough to say that he cannot be certain of any figure within \$10,000,000. At any rate, whatever be the exact truth, the—we will not say the profits, but the—gains, or perhaps "swag," got by these millionaires must have been immense, says the London News of recent date.

By what means have these men come by their countless millions? Have these men added much, or added at all, to the wealth of the world? Is their personal contribution to the welfare of industry in proportion to their personal monetary gains? Wealth is made only and exclusively by labor, either of the hand or of the mind, so employed as to increase the power of muscular labor, or what are called labor-saving appliances. During the past year what has Mr. Rockefeller done in this way to augment man's power of creating wealth out of the new materials of nature? That by merely investing capital, a capitalist finds work and wages for others we know; that he is rightfully entitled to profits is freely admitted. But has Mr. Rockefeller's increase of income to the extent of \$100,000,000 been made in this way? Certainly not.

Then again, the man who invented double and triple expansion contributed infinitely more to the wealth and welfare of mankind than Mr. Pierpont Morgan has done by all his shipping combines. Mr. Pierpont Morgan has contributed nothing. Yet he secures a lot of money. Nor has he contributed by the ordinary method of investment. Then how is it all done? Simply by extortions, very clever, very far-seeing, on the part of these men to devote themselves a huge proportion of the wealth which their hands produce either by their labor or by their capital to their own employ.

All political economy, even that which is in other respects unsound, is founded on the principle that what is only useful to the world when employed fairly and squarely in producing wealth. But now we have schemes for the amazing accumulation of riches by a few favorably circumstanced individuals by methods quite different—methods which are not, so far, legally dishonest, and which do not go through the meshes of the law, but go dodging round the ends of the net. Cannot the net be made longer? It will be by and by, but probably not until there has come an industrial disaster greater than the world has ever known.

THE BLESSED TARIFF.

Danger of the Great Protective Idea Becoming Too Well Ventilated.

The drawback clause of the tariff law allows a refund of duties to anybody who reexports an imported article either in the original or in a different shape. Thus, if tin plate is imported and then exported in the form of cans containing oil, or salmon, or condensed milk, or what not, the duties on the tin plate will be refunded, provided the exporter identifies the material as the same on which duty was paid. It is not easy, however, to identify the material. So much trouble and delay are involved in the process that in many cases it costs more than it comes to. So Mr. Lovering, of Massachusetts, has introduced a bill in congress to dispense with identification altogether. Under this bill American-made tin plate, when exported, would be entitled to the rebate, the same as though it had been imported and duties had been paid. The theory of the blessed tariff, says the New York Post, is that it merely covers the difference in wages between the cost of the imported and the domestic article. If that is the truth, the domestic producer and the foreign producer stand on the same footing in the American market. Why should the user of the foreign article have an advantage in the export trade? That is what Mr. Lovering would like to know. But we should like to know how the case stands when the duty on the foreign article is 4,000 per cent., as in the case of mica. Is the government to refund to the user of domestic mica—its value 40 times over when it is exported as a part of some other manufacture? Will not Mr. Lovering's bill put our blessed tariff into too glaring a light and expose it to dangers not now dreamed of?

—An American Phenomenon? is the way a leading French economist refers to the trusts. He is terribly mistaken. Whoever heard of an American trust? Trusts flourish, you know, only in free trade countries like England—never in protective tariff countries like the United States and Germany.—Springfield Republican (Ind.).

FUNGI TO KILL LOCUSTS.

American Entomologists Busy with a New Method of Combating the Destructive Insects.

Recent experiments with a new mode of fighting locusts illustrates the principle of using one pest to overcome another. Locusts are not afraid of aphides. Another kind of the same insect known as the locust scale, which affects the olive and citrus trees, and is of value in California. Then there is the chinch-bug, which attacks young wheat, and which is therefore one of the most formidable enemies the farmer has to contend with. To deal with this it has been proposed to use a fungus belonging to the genus Sporotrichum, reports the New York Tribune. Partial success has attended this venture, but it is too soon to pronounce a final verdict on its merit. Other fungi have been tried on a disease which befits cotton and the cowpea, but not with satisfactory results. An entirely different method is now employed to get around the trouble, so far as cotton and the cowpea are involved. Finally the possibility of antagonizing with a fungus the locust or grasshopper, which some years is terribly destructive in wheat growing regions, is being investigated by American entomologists.

It was known as long ago as 1885 that one species of fungus, belonging to the genus Yampusa, destroyed locust flies, mosquitoes, midges and gnats, while another species would kill grasshoppers and certain caterpillars. Between 1896 and 1899 efforts were made to utilize this fact aggressively in South Africa. Cultures of a fungus were made, these were prepared in a liquid form, several grasshoppers were caught, immersed in the fluid and liberated where they would join a swarm, and in a day or two large numbers were found dead. It now appears that two different genera were effective in South Africa, the Empusa and certain insects. What profits to have been a third genus, Sporotrichum was discovered killing locusts in the Argentine Republic in 1907, although the species which did the work's Argentine name that has been tried with this chinch-bug. Altogether, then, there seem to be at least three different varieties that can be used in this way. Cultures made by Dr. L. O. Howard, chief entomologist of the department of agriculture, in Washington, were distributed in a number of places in the United States in 1901 and 1902 for experimental use.

The user was to take a small sample, mix it with sweetened water, and raise a crop of his own. With the liquid thus obtained he could smear a few grasshoppers, and then release them, or he could put it on damp ground where the insects were liable to alight and feed. He might also grind up a lot of insects that had died in consequence, mix them with sugar and water, and put this bait on bread or other food.

The results thus far secured do not justify unbounded confidence. Dr. Howard says, but he has not yet finished his investigations. Some of the samples sent out were not used, in many places the weather was not favorable, and there are other reasons for feeling that a positive conclusion cannot yet be reached. Thus far, however, the cultures of Sporotrichum seem to have been the most effective, and greater success is apparently realized in moist regions than in the dry, arid country where the grasshoppers are most destructive. Perhaps some new method of applying the remedy may work better than those hitherto tried.

Just how the fungus operates cannot be definitely told. The bureau refers to it officially as a "disease," perhaps because of the close analogy between fungi and bacteria, which latter are vegetable growths of an exceedingly low order.

Irrigation in the Southwest.

There was recently begun in Texas what is planned to be the most extensive system of irrigation in the United States, for it involves the utilization of no less than 295,000 acres of land. A main canal will be constructed 100 miles in length, extending 30 miles from the town of Pecos in a southwesterly direction, crossing the Texas & Pacific railroad six miles west of Pecos, and on to Toyah lake, seven miles south of Pecos, where one of the largest reservoirs in existence is to be constructed. From Toyah lake the canal will run on and join the Williams canal 30 miles farther down, finally emptying into the Pecos river 60 miles below Pecos.—Scientific American.

Saving Common Sense.

Wantano—And is your friend strong in the faculty known as "saving common sense?"
Duxmo—Remarkably so. When it comes to saving common sense he is a regular miser. I never knew him to use a particle of it in my life.—Baltimore American.

The renovated white house has over 32 miles of wire.