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It has the style yet it is so economical that it makes an ideal utility car.

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**Theo. Cenac**  
Houma, La.

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**THE BANK of HOUMA**  
HOUMA, LOUISIANA

## LOANS FOR FARMERS

Farmers and would-be farmers desiring to obtain loans from the Federal Land Bank on long time and at low rates of interest, for farming purposes in Terrebonne Parish, can now file their applications with the Terrebonne National Farm Loan Association, Houma, La.

C. D. STANWOOD, Secretary

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HOUMA, LA.

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AND

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**C CUNNINGHAM**

## "Way of Things"

(By Helen Calhoun Ellender)

The girl sold tickets at the Walnut Street Ferry Landing in a shaky little room that hung over the Mississippi River like a delapidated match box over a muddy pool of water. She was exposed to all conditions of weather. A crude Cajin would walk up to her desk and hand her a beautiful branch of oranges that he had thoughtfully picked from his own grove for her, while a savage wind from the river would blow upon her through the door which he had failed to close behind him. Strange people these!

Thus, it was not until the Doctor had given up all hope of saving her, that Edith Grey forfeited her place to a rosier, healthier girl. Consumption! It is hard to die when one has lived but twenty years. When this hideous realization had soaked deep into her brain, she closed her desk and turned her face towards Abita Springs, her last and only hope.

In this little town, there are but four lights along the railroad track, and when you have looked at these, you have seen the whole place. Nothing lives there but the pines; its natives merely exist in dreary silence. Consumptives often creep out into its wilderness for a last snatch for life. Sometimes, they get well enough to walk through the woods for a peep at other victims; more often, they are driven back to the station in long wooden boxes. There was just such a creature who crawled out there last month, trusting in the everlasting pines and overflowing spring water. A week later, an old woman came into town with a large bundle of beautiful clothes. Their owner had no further use for the earthly garments.

Edith Grey had been impressed with such stories with the sole idea of convincing her with the danger of delay. There is a hope, if one is willing to bury oneself out there with the very first signs of the disease. If one is strong of mind, if not of lungs, he will snatch this only chance. Consumption never carries. There is nothing sluggish in its movements. If it is allotted a duty, it performs it with the greatest energy. Knowing this, the girl tried to fight bravely the battle which meant her destiny. But a gloom lurked about like the gloom the Doctor's words had spread over her heart. Often, she would crawl out into the woods, where she would beat the trunks of the pine trees with frantic fists and tear at their barks for health and recovery. More often, she would sink down among their brown needles and cry herself into exhaustion.

One day, there came a man—hollow of eye, weak of voice.

"I'm one of them too," he told her, as he sank down beside her.

She laughed at him, not with bitter gladness, but because it saved her from screaming out her own agony. And he laughed with her, defying the fact that in a few months they two should be but grey visions. Then, came the exchange of sympathy and confidences. Slowly the girl sapped the information that a hopeful young woman awaited his return as a healthy husband and the father of a future generation. The battle he was fighting then was two-fold, for he fought for another as well as for himself. So, day by day, she strengthened his fight with her courage, while her own feet were slipping slowly backward.

Hours grew into days, days into weeks, and then to beaute frer, she sought the open country. She tottered up to the motor track, and staggered along its uneven ties.

When she reached the sweeping prairies, she stumbled across the figure of a man sitting besides the open road, a revolver resting on his knees. When he raised his eyes, she walked over and took the pistol from him. He made a feeble effort to regain it, but she shook her head.

"Are you going to give up after such a brave fight?"

"I don't want to get well."

She opened her eyes very wide.

"But the girl?"

"Just that. I shall never go back to her now, never as long as you hold out." His voice ended in a hoarse whisper.

She looked past him to the sun, where it rested like a ball of fire behind the trees.

It will be night before I get there unless I hurry. No, you musn't come with me. It is damp, and it will delay your recovery—and your return." She looked down at the pistol in her hand. "If you don't mind, I'll take this along. It may help me to fight a grave battle."

He reached forward for the re-

volver, but instead, she stretched forth an empty, thin hand to meet his. He covered it with his two weak, trembling ones, and, for a fleeting moment, a hopeless look of mutual understanding flashed between them. Then, she went on her way, and when she became a tiny speck in the long grey path, he earned his face towards the town.

The girl toiled along the road until she saw an ox team slowly merge from the wilderness and gradually cross her path. She watched it as it wound in and out along the crooked road beneath the pines, then, she began more slowly to follow in its tracks. Great mists seemed to rise before her eyes, and when her subconscious brain reverted to its normal trend of thoughts again, the team had laboriously wandered from the road and become lost in the wilderness.

There seemed to be no end to this perpetual land of pine trees, but with renewed strength, she tried to hasten her steps. She came at last to a region of rolling land, which terminated in a dry hollow. Three goats were grazing on the slope, and when they heard the dead leaves crunch under her feet, they raised their heads in startled wonderment. They watched her suspiciously until she sat feebly down among the dry rust leaves, then they began again to bite off the scanty blades of grass. She looked at the three goats before her as they bent their long narrow faces to the earth. The report of her revolver would frighten them horribly for a moment. They would stand rigidly alert, and stop chewing. Then, when the echo had died away in the forest, they would shake their stubby little tails, and go on munching grass again. It is the way of things.

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## Professional Directory

**M. M. WALLIS**  
Attorney-at-Law  
Office near Court House

**HARRIS GAGNE**  
Attorney-at-Law  
Office near Court House

**DR. CLAYTON F. BREUX**  
Veterinarian  
Animals treated and cared for in Hospital on Lafayette St.  
Office Phone 288-3 Res. 288-2

**DR. C. A. CELESTIN**  
Dental Surgeon  
Bonvillain Bldg. Houma, La.

**DR. J. B. DUVAL**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Office over the Fraise-Standard Drug Store. Messages must be left at the Drug Store.  
Residence Phone . . . . . No. 4

**DR. R. L. ZELENKA**  
Dentist  
Blahut Building, Houma, La.

**A. Z. VERRET, D. D. S.**  
BLAHUT BUILDING  
Phones: Office 327; Res. 50  
Houma, Louisiana.

**T. BAKER SMITH**  
Surveyor and Civil Engineer  
Houma, La.

## Trespass Notices

Hunting and otherwise trespassing on Ashland, Woodlawn and Ranch Plantations, and other property belonging to the Ashland Ptg. & Mfg. Co., Ltd., is hereby forbidden. Violators will be dealt with according to law.

**J. L. CAILLOUET, MGR.**

The Public is hereby notified that hunting, fishing, moss-picking, trapping and otherwise trespassing is positively prohibited on any and all of our lands under penalty of the law.

**DIBERT, STARK & BROWN**  
CYPRESS CO.  
**H. J. LUTHER and others.**

Hunting, moss-picking, cutting wood, and otherwise trespassing on my property on Bayou Lassiere, Bayou Platte, and Bayou Four Point is forbidden. Violators will be prosecuted.

**LUKE BOUDREAU.**

Hunting, moss-picking, fishing trapping and otherwise trespassing on our two places, situated on the Lower Terrebonne and Bayou Blue, is forbidden under penalty of law.

**OKER BROTHERS.**

Trespassing of any kind is forbidden on my Magenta Plantation, under penalty of the law.

**ALLEN SANDERS.**

The public is hereby notified that hunting, fishing, moss-picking, trapping and otherwise trespassing is strictly prohibited on any and all of our lands under penalty of the law.

**ORANGE GROVE PLTG. CO.**

Hunting, fishing, trapping or any other trespassing is forbidden on our L'Ours Plantation, under penalty of law.

**G. B. EELS, & SONS.**

Hunting, moss-picking, trapping, or trespassing upon Residence Plantation is hereby forbidden under penalty of the law.

**WILSON J. GAIDRY.**

Wood chopping, moss-picking, trapping, hunting, or otherwise trespassing on Point Farm Plantation is hereby forbidden under penalty of the law.

**Point Farm Ptg. Co. Ltd.**  
**A. R. VIGUERIE, Pres.**

Trespassing of all kinds is hereby forbidden on all of the lands owned by the Estate of B. Marmande on Bayou Dularge in Terrebonne Parish. Trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

**EST. B. MARMANDE.**

The public is hereby notified that hunting, fishing, moss-picking, trapping and otherwise trespassing, is positively prohibited on any and all of our lands, under penalty of the law.

**DULAC CYPRESS CO. LTD.**

All persons are hereby warned not to hunt, pick moss, trap, chop wood, or otherwise trespass on Aragon Plantation. Persons doing so will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

**DORE & LE BLANC.**

The public is hereby notified not to hunt, fish, pick moss, trap, go through or otherwise trespass on the Klondyke Plantation, and all land belonging to Charles J. Champagne under the penalty of the law.

**CHAS. J. CHAMPAGNE.**

The public is hereby warned not to hunt, pick moss or otherwise trespass on Cedar Grove Plantation, Grand Cailion. Violators will be dealt with according to law.

**A. P. CANTRELLE.**

Trespassing of all kinds, moss-picking, hunting, trapping, chopping wood, fishing, strictly forbidden on the following places: Presquite, Lacashe, Sarah and property of Terrebonne Sugar Co., under penalty of the Law.

**A. R. VIGUERIE.**

D. M. KILPATRICK

FRANK WURZLOW

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