

The Colfax Chronicle

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Merit and perseverance win except in a government land lottery.

There are mighty few idle mills and factories in this country now.

From impending lawsuits it is evident that all persons who wear wings are not angels.

It is gambling when you lose and speculation when you win. There is no other difference.

Here and there a French aeronaut succeeds very well without the aid of queer-looking whiskers.

Chicago has some fine skyscraper roofs which should look attractive to aspiring aeroplane operators.

One woman says that she stole two shirt waists because she was hungry. Still, shirt waists are not very toothsome.

It will not be long before the sight of farmers coming to the city in autos will be so familiar as to escape comment.

With 7,000 immigrants coming in one day New York may have to put upper stories on its parks for lodging places.

People continue to fall victims to the "Spanish prisoner" swindle. That is what they get for not reading the newspapers.

Some day the world will really come to an end, and it will be just the luck of those prophets not to be on the job at the time.

Actors are said to be scarce in New York, but as this is the open season for decayed vegetables and aged hen fruit, "there's a reason."

It is high time a stop was put to those Spanish swindles, and it is also high time that Americans grew too wise to be caught by them.

Spain has a war abroad and a rebellion at home, which is enough to make her unfortunate government walk Spanish. At least, this is the pleasant prospect if they do not win the war and put down the rebellion.

The Belgian concessionaires in the Congo are suing missionaries for alleged libelous statements about cruelty to the natives. If the trials are fair, they ought to afford a good way of bringing out the truth about this much-mooted point.

The sultan of Morocco is writing to the powers that he is afraid Spain has ulterior motives and that the powers might as well look into the matter. Which shows that these oriental barbarians have caught the infection of some European diplomacy in the way of slyly arousing international jealousy.

The annual average loss of property by fire in Germany, Austro-Hungary, Italy, France, Denmark and Switzerland is about 33 cents per capita. In the United States it is \$2.47 a year. The only consolation for Americans in such figures—and it isn't very sensible—is the fact that they have more per capita, than the Europeans to burn.

The postal authorities at Washington have ruled that a mail carrier is not obliged to deliver mail where vicious dogs are kept, and that owners of such animals must call at the post office for what is coming to them. That seems to be an equitable decision. Uncle Sam is under no obligation to provide mail carriers as tidbits for savage canines.

An authority in a western university declares that too much prosperity allows students to buy motor cars, and that their studies suffer in consequence. He apparently holds that work and a taste of hardship will keep in check the natural propensity of the average student to get into mischief. No one can deny that a speeding car is a terrible incentive to the fast life.

Forty-seven Chinese students, an installment of several hundred that are coming, have started from Peking for the United States. These young men will go to various institutions of higher education, and as they are selected by competitive tests from the brightest youths of the Celestial kingdom it may be reasonably expected that they will make their mark in scholarship here.

The latest Enoch Arden has rather varied the usual order of things in his celebrated case. Disdaining the magnanimity of his prototype, he had the spouse he left behind him arrested for bigamy. That he was able to show any originality at all in the matter of such long-established precedent is to his credit, but no amount of other good qualities can make the whole class of Enoch Ardens other than undesirable citizens.

Companies for operating aerial lines of travel are multiplying in Germany and many of the most solid financiers are among the investors. This appears to afford opportunities for literally taking flyers in stocks.

This is the country of big things, even in the matter of small ones. The official statistics show that the people of the United States have bought \$100,000,000 worth of toys in ten years and that the toy industry here is large and flourishing. Unquestionably this is a happy land for the youngster.

YOUNGEST OF ENGLAND'S FIELD-MARSHALS



Lord Kitchener, on the day he left India after a term of office as commander-in-chief during which he completely reorganized the Indian army, was promoted to the rank of field-marshal, as a reward for his services to the empire. He is the youngest officer to hold the important position as head of the British army.

PROFITS OF FOREST

Practical Value of Woodlands in Germany Is Immense.

One-Third of Area of State of Baden Devoted to This Industry, Which Yield Big Gains—Acreage of Other States.

Philadelphia, Pa.—In view of the general interest in municipal or communal forests, as advocated in this country by the American Civic association, the report obtained by S. B. Elliott of the Pennsylvania forest reserve commission concerning the practical value of such woodlands in Germany is a remarkable document. This shows the actual profits obtainable from public forests, according to the American Civic association.

There are 1,342,944 acres of forests in Baden, which state has a total area of 3,726,665 acres. Of the wooded lands, 577,465 are owned by municipalities and corporations. In Baden 1,350 of the 1,564 communities have forests and, in addition, 287 schools, churches, hospitals and other similar corporations are engaged in practical forestry. From these public forests there are allowed to be cut yearly 261,724,300 board feet of timber, which has a value of \$3,600,000 free of expense of cutting.

As an instance of the communal forests, the city of Baden has 10,576 acres, the income from which is \$100,471, as against an outlay of \$33,391, so that the net profit is \$66,080, or approximately \$6.25 an acre. In Freiburg, the forests cover 8,085 acres, representing a total income of \$34,166, with an outlay of \$27,330, or a profit of \$6,836, or \$5.79 an acre. In Heidelberg, the forests cover 6,860 acres. The income is \$39,834 and the outlay \$27,189, showing a profit of \$12,645. Heidelberg still is acquiring land, and that expense necessarily reduces its net income.

In the village of Braunlingen, which has 1,601 inhabitants and 4,507 acres of forests, there is an allowance to the citizens for firewood and 10,000 board feet of lumber is given to churches, schools and other public institutions. From the timber sold the net income is \$21,600 and Braunlingen is not only free from all communal

taxes, but is enabled to establish electric plants, water works and other public improvements.

Even in the village of Aufen, with only 220 inhabitants, there are 163 acres of timber lands. This gives 2,000 board feet of firewood to each citizen, and the 85,000 board feet of timber sold nets more than \$1,400, which is sufficient for all expenses of the little community.

These advantages of public forests could be multiplied to the number of every community having them. According to the very latest report, the various German states having productive communal forests are: Prussia, 6,309,109 acres; Bavaria, 2,041,450 acres; Wurtemberg, 466,203 acres; Alsace-Lorraine, 373,417 acres; Baden (domains), 239,896 acres; Hesse (state and domains), 177,923 acres; Prussia crown, 165,492 acres, and Feurstenberg, 74,493 acres.

In Hesse forests are being planted upon land hitherto devoted to agriculture.

Little Pet Causes Panic

Mouse Leaps from Owner's Hat in Crowded Car and Other Women Jump for Places of Safety.

Ampere, N. J.—A mouse so affectionate that he hid in the hat of his mistress rather than let her go to Montclair without him, caused a panic in a car of the 1:08 train. The only composed person in the car was Libbie Mishell, owner of the mouse. She laughed at the other women when she saw their alarm at the fat little mouse that ran in and out of her hat and did stunts in its brim.

"Kill it! kill it!" the woman who was sitting nearest to Miss Mishell exclaimed.

"Don't you dare!" Miss Mishell exclaimed indignantly. "The very idea of killing my pet mouse. Why, he loves me so much that he decided to take this trip to Montclair rather than be parted from me even for a few hours. Don't you dare kill it!"

One of the women appealed to the brakeman of the train, who was passing through the car.

Soils Longest Tilled Best

Government Expert Declares Productivity Is Increasing Even in Rock-Ribbed New England.

Washington.—Declaring that the world's soils are to-day a greater storehouse of fertility than they ever were, Prof. Milton Whitney, chief of the soils bureau in the department of agriculture, in a bulletin just issued, takes a stand in direct opposition to the view of many writers that soils are gradually wearing out.

Prof. Whitney states that a study of the record for the past 40 years will show that the average of crops is increasing, particularly in the older states, where the soil has been worked the longest. There has been, he states, an increase of two bushels in the average yield of wheat per acre in the past 40 years, although the yield of corn has decreased one-half bushel.

"The soils of New England have ma-

terially increased in yield of corn and wheat during the 40 years," says the professor, "but, what is more startling, they are producing considerably heavier yields than the soils of the Mississippi river states."

He adds that an examination of records shows that the leading European nations are not only producing greater crops now than at an earlier period, but the crops are larger than those produced by the comparatively new soils of the United States.

Memorial for Gov. Johnson.

St. Paul, Minn.—The Gov. John Albert Johnson memorial commission has been organized here. The commission will endeavor to raise a fund of not less than \$25,000, no individual contribution to which shall be over \$1, for the purpose of erecting a suitable memorial to the late Gov. Johnson.

WHOLE TOWN BE AUCTIONED

Former Owner, Too Rich to Labor More, Will Sell Kansas Town to Highest Bidder.

Salina, Kan.—A live, hustling, Kansas town with one railroad station, a grain elevator, half a dozen general stores, postoffice, dwellings, churches and other things, is to be sold under the hammer.

The village of Shipton, nine miles northwest of Salina, will be put up at public auction soon and sold to the highest bidder. Shipton is a strictly moral town without a saloon, gambling house or any other resort, and it is the center of trade for a rich farming section. The town is built on the big wheat ranch of W. S. Irwin. Irwin, who settled there 20 years ago, has made so much money he is giving up farming to retire to his town house and live on the earnings of his bank stock and other investments. A dozen years ago, when his acres had expanded and he was becoming a big shipper of grain, he built a station and elevator for his own convenience. Soon a general store was built on land rented from him, and in the last ten years quite a village has grown up.

Now Irwin has sold most of his farm and the balance of it, which includes the village of Shipton, will go at auction, together with all of the livestock and machinery on the farm.

THIRSTY BUY SNAKE BITES

Harmless, But Connecticut Men Get Drinks Without Registered Physician's Prescription.

Winsted, Conn.—Silas Wheaton, residing in Hampsted, a no-license village, is said to be making a good living selling "Cook frost bites," as he calls them, but which in reality are snake bites, to men desirous of getting liquor in drug stores in no-license towns. It costs ten cents to be bitten and Wheaton, his customers say, furnishes the bandage.

The snake-bitten man hurries to a druggist, shows him where his skin has been pierced by the snake's fangs and gets a quart of something to counteract the poison. No druggist will demand a doctor's prescription when a life is in danger.

Furthermore, Wheaton's snake bites don't cost as much as some physicians ask for prescriptions. Wheaton keeps only green and striped snakes, but he says they can bite.

From Ballet to Bar.

Lucerne.—Mlle. Mariet Rutkowska, one time mistress of the imperial ballet corps of St. Petersburg, who abandoned the stage some five years ago to study law at Zurich, has just passed her final examinations, which gives her the privilege of practicing in the Swiss courts of justice. Mlle. Rutkowska has in effect applied to be admitted on the barristers' roll of Lucerne.

Corn for Scotch Grog.

Washington.—American corn is used more extensively than that of any other country in the manufacture of Scotch whisky when the price is reasonable, says Consul J. McCunn of Glasgow. Scotch distillers use about "330,000 quarters of 480 pounds each" annually. In 1908 \$1,309,300 worth of Scotch whisky was imported into the United States.

Good "Front"

Put on as Much as Traffic Will Bear

By JOHN A. HOWLAND



HOW MUCH "front" do I need to put up?

This is a question which obtrudes itself upon the average young man who finds himself among his fellows on the competitive basis that exists in the modern large business. If the question were put to me in this form as a generality, I should be tempted to answer it in the same terse style:

"Just as much as the traffic will bear!"

I don't wish to destroy the conventions. Conventionality is a good thing so long as it is in harmony with conditions of fact. But hugging the conventional too long as an ideal must prove destructive to that person who in doing so loses his sense of proportion. For example, the model office boy 40 or 50 years ago carefully untied the string from a parcel and more painstakingly removed the manila wrapping from it, with the idea of preserving both string and wrapper for future use. Frankly, I would be pleased if conditions now were such as to admit of this old-fashioned office boy in modern business. But they are not, and to teach the potential small office boy this old convention in effect would be lying to him.

So it is with much of the conventional generality of the old school which is still preserved by the didactic teacher. True worth must prove itself—yes. But where and how? That best and squarest street car conductor in all of a vast city, grown gray in the collection of passenger fares for his company, unquestionably has proved his true worth—as a street car conductor! But could not this same measure of true worth have been better expressed in some other field of community usefulness? That finest individual type among 10,000 street car conductors must be capable of something better than running a street car for 20 or 30 years. Why did he not discover a better field in which to prove himself and his worth?

At bottom it is the ego in a man, kept well in hand, which makes the individual man here and there tower as an individual above the heads of the masses.

Set two men at work upon two tasks that are identical in a general way. In one of them egotism is at a low ebb; in the other it is at high tide, coupled with an imagination. One returns to you silently, having done his work in a manner that is highly satisfactory in every way. The other, having accomplished no more than the first, returns to you with a cheerful story of the difficulties and handicaps which he found in his way. Pleasingly he recounts just how judiciously and determinedly he tackled these obstacles and overcame them. And in words or in acts and expression he has left the intimation that, no matter what the difficulties of his work in the future, you may depend upon him to carry out his work.

Which of these two men—granting that the egoist has offered no more than the "traffic will bear"—has impressed you more? And if these men continue with you as employees the egoist playing upon you with fine tact and discrimination, which of them after a year or two are you more likely to choose for the difficult task?



Method of Sleeping Like a Child

By F. EVAN JONES

are all simmered down they may be confined within a few simple rules that, if carefully followed out, are most effectual when sleep is desired.

In the first place, the sleeping room should be away from noise. It should be an airy room and one in which there is but little furniture and few rugs. It should have neither artificial light, flowers, nor animals and should be well ventilated, as much air being admitted in winter as during the summer months.

The bed should be slightly inclined from head to foot and a moderately hard mattress is desirable. If any pillow at all is used it should be a thin one. The heavy, downy affairs into which the head sinks are undesirable for more reasons than one. They tend toward making a person round shouldered and the position they give to the neck interfere with circulation.

There is much diversity of opinion as to whether one should or should not eat before going to bed. Usually it is better to retire an hour or so after eating. It is never wise, however, to attempt to sleep when hungry. In a case of this kind a cracker and a cup of warm milk are desirable.

The limbs should always be outstretched—never cramped or folded, and one should sleep on the right side. Sleeping on the back is apt to produce nightmare and sleeping on the left side stops digestion and is bad for the heart. It is not good for the lungs to sleep on one's stomach.

Often a cold shower bath followed by a vigorous rub down with a Turkish towel will induce sleep when a person is inclined toward insomnia.

Making Sweet Home Bricks of Straw

By ELIZABETH McCULLEN

We have all felt the soul touch of John Howard Paine's fragrant lines, "Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam," and, again, "Be it ever so humble," but to bring the home with the ring of true metal into our own lives, to live with others, stranger folk, to make sweet home bricks out of straws and oftentimes inharmonious straws at that, let more of the girls tell us how they have done it.

I think I have passed through the great third degree in this home making problem, but I would sure have fainted by the way-side long ago did I not insist upon remembering that "He maketh the desert to blossom as the rose," but I have solved the problem and would now gamble on myself to live in sweet harmony with a lion and her cubs and do co-operative housekeeping. The road was stony, but who cares for the stones when there are flowers at the "end of the way?"