

# The Colfax Chronicle

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## DIVERSITY IN FARMING.

The farmer is in a hazardous business at the best. His success depends to a very large extent on the weather. Droughts or excessive rains are disastrous to him. Early frosts threaten him, says the Charleston News and Courier. As in other hazardous businesses, he must make large profits in the good years to make up for the losses of the bad years. His profits must be recorded in ten-year periods. He cannot judge from the record of one year what his profits are. Moreover, it is evident that as a succession of seasons must assist each other in maintaining a general average of success, so the best insurance he can have in any one season is the planting of diverse crops, the harvesting of which will take place at different seasons of the year. He can thus escape a complete calamity in the event of a storm or other natural disturbance. The man, for instance, who has made money on truck in the spring can face the loss of his cotton crop with equanimity. In the average for the year he finds things balancing up, and although he has lost the profits of the one crop in the destruction of the other, he has been insured against absolute loss on the entire year's operations. It is the capacity of the soil in this section for widely diverse crops that makes it so valuable. This is not a one-crop section. The lands are not merely good cotton lands. They are good truck lands, good orchard lands, good pasture lands. They can be made to yield wealth in a variety of ways.

A woman paused the other day on her way to Reno—regarded by those journeying thither as the fount of eternal happiness—and explained that the American husband was a bore and the educated Englishman was not. There is a certain amount of truth in what she says. When relieved of the necessity of working for the family living the Briton has time to cultivate those graces of life which appeal so strongly to the feminine heart, says the New York Herald. But he who must work for every dollar that his wife spends has no more time to devote to social matters than if he were trying to fill a sieve with water. But is it not cruel to call such a man a bore, and to intimate that because he is necessarily much away from home he has transferred his affections to some other quarter? If the well connected Englishman could unite with his distinguished bearing, capacity for spending and suavely of manner the money-making gifts of the American we should have a husband of the sort calculated to rob Reno of most of its business.

The latest innovation projected by Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of schools of Chicago, is the introduction of instruction in "flipping," which is another name for the art and mystery of descending scatheless from moving vehicles. The idea is that everybody who has acquired skill in this direction—irrespective of sex—will know too much to jump off a street car heading in any other direction than that in which the car is moving. Of course, before the generation that has been taught "flipping" supplants that which is now in control, a great many accidents may occur to reckless patrons. In the meantime, however, it is inexplicable that intelligent women continue to alight from street cars in such a way as to court danger.

A Pennsylvania husband put his purse in the stove for safekeeping. His wife, ignorant of the fact, started a fire, and now they are hoping the treasury department will redeem the charred remains. There are regularly chartered institutions in the business of caring for other people's money and they pay a premium for the privilege of doing so. Money hidden about the house is never safe and the people who thus hoard their funds had better put their trust and their cash in some good bank.

One of the wealthy ladies of Newport gave a dinner and dance for her domestic servants a few evenings ago, but it is reported to have been a tame affair. None of the participants danced on the table or eloped with one in a lower sphere of life.

A Philadelphia man was obliged to leave his mother-in-law as security for his board bill in Atlantic City. Nobody is guessing as to the haste made to get that board bill paid.

The doctors don't want the mortar and pestle on their automobile tags. That is the symbol of a druggist, they declare, and very naturally they don't care to be taken for soda water dispensers and souvenir postal card dealers.

A New Jersey woman wants a divorce because she finds bungalow life too monotonous. It is hard to tell whether some of the miseries of married life are tragedies or jokes.

# DON A NEW UNIFORM

## Spectators Get Glimpse of French Soldiers in New Togs.

Color is Something Between Khaki and Sage Green to Blend With Nature—To Give as Much Invisibility as Possible.

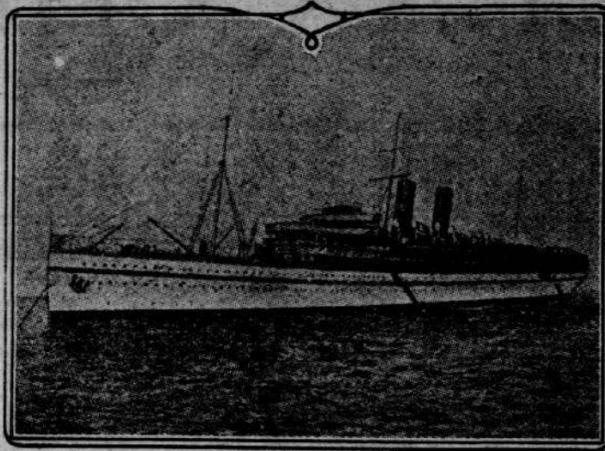
Paris.—Spectators about the Gare de l'Est, the other day, had their first glimpse of French soldiers dressed in the new uniform, when a number of privates came from their "caserne" to exhibit themselves. They had obtained a leave of absence of 25 hours in order to parade about the streets and advertise the innovation in military fashions.

The uniform is known as "Tun-forme reseda," the color being something between khaki and sage green. The purpose of the color is to blend the hue of a regiment with that of the country in which they are marching or fighting, thus adding a new French arm to strategy and endeavor—and if possible to reduce the number of wounded and killed by rendering the soldiers invisible to scouts. The dull yellowish rose and green of the mignonette have wrought the color of the new dress.

When the soldiers drill upon a green or yellowish place in the full light of the sun, the illusion of invisibility is said to be marvelous. When the sun is behind them the illusion disappears.

A similar innovation worked well in the case of armies other than those of France. During the war in the Transvaal, the English discarded their ornate dress and put on khaki, which color blended with the sandy country. This assured them a nearly complete invisibility at times. The purpose of

# HIS MAJESTY'S DURBAR YACHT



THE MEDINA

WITHIN a short time King George and his party will sail from England for India, where the imperial durbar will be held at Delhi in December. The new P and O liner Medina has been chartered for the royal party and will be added to the navy for the time and manned by navy officers and crew. During her commission she will be one of the smartest and most graceful ships on the ocean. She will be painted white, with a ribbon of royal blue and gold, and a third mast is to be stepped amidships, from which the royal standard will be flown. In these respects the Medina will differ considerably from her sister ship, the Maloja, which is taking distinguished visitors to the durbar, for the Maloja will be painted black with a white ribbon, and have only two masts. The vessels are of 20,000 tons displacement.

the reseda uniform is to blend well with both yellowish and green landscapes.

The helmet is a tiny thing and fits close to the private's head. There is a jacket that extends half way to the knees. Long heavy trousers of the same width at the bottom as at the top of the leg, are confined about the ankle and calf by puttees of coarse cloth.

The heavy, unwieldy breath-stop-

ping straps that crossed the soldier's chest and supported his knapsack and canteen across his back, have been discarded for a simple affair that crosses in the back, and fastens in front to a single strap, down the center of the man's coat. To this hang his knapsack and canteen. There is a strap that goes about the waist, which is fastened to the upper arrangement. The whole may be put on with a single movement.

# FORM TOMATO LINE

## Evanston Has Procession That Gets Vegetables Free.

Col. Henry M. Kidder is the Giver and He Also Contributes Flowers From His Garden—Hospital One of Beneficiaries.

Chicago.—Evanston has no "bread line," for there is no institution to which the poor may line up with baskets as they do every night around a certain group of Chicago restaurants maintained by a charitable management that gives away bushels of bread and cake and rolls at the day's close. What Evanston has, though, and it is even more unique, is a "tomato line."

Col. Henry M. Kidder is the owner of a "farm" which distributes tomatoes gratis. So far as he knows his is the only recognized and regularly operated free tomato dispensary extant.

Its beneficiaries number scores of families of the poor of Evanston proper and North Evanston, besides many less impecunious ones who accept gifts from the distributor in consideration of his plea that the vegetables will spoil on the vines unless housewives contrive to convert large quantities into pickle, piccalilli, catsup, chili sauce and allied concoctions.

As a result of his invitation there are daily pilgrimages to that quarter of North Evanston where the Kidder homestead is situated, and children form a large proportion of the basket bearers who go to get the tomatoes.

A charity hospital for convalescents in North Evanston also shares bountifully in the distribution. Colonel Kidder supplies the hospital with flowers also, and almost every little girl who goes with her basket for tomatoes re-

## PROUD OF BOYS' CORN EARS

Exhibits Grown by Pennsylvania Youngsters is One of Most Interesting Products at Fairs.

Harrisburg, Pa.—"Exhibits of corn grown by boys' corn-raising clubs and sons of farmers have formed one of the most interesting displays at every county fair and agricultural exhibition visited this fall," declared A. L. Martin, Deputy Secretary of Agriculture, today. Mr. Martin is in charge of the supervision of county fairs, and has visited most of those held in this state so far. He says the boys' corn shows are among the most valuable adjuncts to the agriculture of Pennsylvania.

"I was struck with the quality and the size of the exhibits made by boys at the various county fairs, and marked the keen rivalry between clubs representing townships or districts and between boys in the same neighborhood. The exhibits were well presented, and in some cases histories of the corn were given. There is no question; these corn clubs are proving a stimulus to agriculture and inculcating in the boys greater interest in the farm."

## Gets Relic of Washington.

Dedham, Mass.—The notes from which Washington delivered his farewell address are bequeathed to Miss Lizzie C. Faxon of this city by the will of her grandmother, filed for probate here.

Miss Faxon is a descendant of Thomas Jefferson and has a valuable collection of Jefferson letters and papers.

turns with a bunch of fresh cut posies as well.

Colonel Kidder is over seventy years of age. Erect, white haired and wearing a goatee, he would be set down anywhere as a "Kentucky colonel of the old school, sub." He is a southerner in appearance and manner only, though, for he was reared in Evanston and his father, Rev. Dr. Kidder, a professor in the Garrett Biblical Institute, was one of the pioneers of the north shore town.

## PLAY STAGED BY CONVICTS

San Quentin Prisoners Erect Structure and Make Properties for a Dramatic Performance.

San Quentin, Cal.—In the shadow of "murders' row" of the state penitentiary and with convicts in stripes, both men and women, as an audience, a dramatic performance has been given on a stage erected by the convicts in the prison yard. The play selected was one dealing with the struggles toward honesty of a reformed safe cracker.

Stage properties for the most part were manufactured by the convicts, who threw themselves into the work of preparation in a way that rivaled their reception of the play itself.

Among the audience were men serving life terms. Some of these figured in the prison band, which supplied the music for the piece.

## War on Plague Squirrels.

Stockton, Cal.—One thousand farmers, representing 50,000 acres, have imposed a tax of five cents per acre on themselves to exterminate ground squirrels in San Joaquin county, which are said to be infected with bubonic plague.

# This Justice Needs Scales

Missouri Divorce Suit Has So Many Angles Judge Has Hard Time in Solving Difficult Problems.

St. Louis.—In deciding a divorce suit at Clayton, Judge McElhinney is having to measure justice with a yardstick and weigh testimony in the terms of pounds and ounces. These two problems have been offered for his consideration:

1. Can a man, who weighs 140 pounds, knock down his wife, who weighs 200 pounds, twice on Sunday and several times during the week?

2. Can a man who is only 4 feet 10 inches tall kick his wife in the shoulder without getting on a chair, when she is standing up and is 5 feet 10 inches tall?

The principals in the case are Mrs. Julia Haemmerle and William Haemmerle of University City. The two problems indicate their conflicting testimony in the case.

Other testimony had to do with stories of quarrels in the Haemmerle home. The wife denied she once broke some of her husband's ribs with a nightstick after he had been arrested for breaking some of her fruit jars with an ax. In reply to a bartender, who said Mrs. Haemmerle had come to his place daily to buy liquor, the wife said her husband sent her because if he went himself he might have to buy somebody a drink.

There was much other testimony of the same sort which kept the courtroom in a titter and provoked a demonstration from the woman's attor-

## SHIFTS A DISPLACED HEART

Fluid in the Left Pleural Cavity Had Pushed It Out—Surgeon Puts it in Place Again.

Philadelphia.—With his heart in the right place again, Harry Bayles of Bloomfield, N. J., left the Mountaineer hospital, Montclair. The boy, son of Police Sergeant John R. Bayles, entered the hospital a few weeks ago. The history of his case was not clear. The surgeons found that much fluid had accumulated in the cavity that contains his left lung; its pressure had pushed his heart out of its normal position and to the right, so that Harry would have had to lay his hand over his breastbone if he wanted to make love with appropriate gestures.

The surgeons tapped Harry's left pleural cavity very much in the same way and with the same kind of instrument as a nurse taps a bottle of champagne to draw off one glass for the patient. But the surgeons drew all the liquid from the cavity. Then Harry's heart, being relieved from pressure, returned to its proper position and resumed pumping at the same old stand. Literally, Harry breathed freer, but that had not so much to do with his heart as with his left lung; there was more room for air in it after the fluid was removed.

The surgeons advised Harry to keep as quiet as possible, else the fluid may accumulate again. But if it does they will draw it off.

## Increased Price of Platinum.

New York.—Platinum has been advancing rapidly in price recently and now it is quoted in Maiden Lane at \$47.50 an ounce. This is the highest price on record and indicates an advance of \$5 an ounce since the first of the year. Local dealers predict a further increase. At the present quotation platinum is worth nearly two and a half times as much as gold.

## Little Quail is True Friend of Farmer

By W. W. DAVIS, Chicago.

## Surprise for Police Judge

Certain Magistrate, Name Not Mentioned, Starts Out to Buy Suspenders, Finds Watch.

Baltimore, Md.—It so fell out that in the city of Baltimore, in the state of Maryland, on or about this date, a certain police magistrate, whose name is withheld, as it would make him a marked man in his profession, after the toil and heat of administering justice to the public, had betaken himself to the business section for the purpose of purchasing the wherewithal to maintain, support and uphold his dignity, both as a jurist and a man, to wit: A pair of suspenders.

And as he wended his way through the crowded streets what should his eye behold but an object far more valuable even than that of which he was in search, yes, even more costly than a pair of suspenders—a gold watch.

Now comes the truly wonderful part of it all. Albeit this man was a police magistrate, he forsook his quest, and retracing his steps to the stations he had just quitted, delivered the aforesaid watch to the police, from whom the owner shortly after recovered it.

And if any doubt this tale, but chance to know the justice referred to, let him seek the station and behold the squire wearing the new pair of suspenders which he bought after returning the watch.

# Work Alone

# Some Girls Take Much Interest in Labor

By JULIA REED



IT MAY SEEM somewhat paradoxical to say that a girl may take too much interest in her work, but it is nevertheless true.

Of course, there is the class of girl (and she might be called almost typical she is so numerous) who is merely poised, so to speak, on her position temporarily, waiting until she shall flutter away to a husband and a home, but there is also the girl who becomes so wrapped up in her work that only on the rarest occasion can she take a peep beyond the narrow horizon that bounds it.

She works early and late until she is practically a nervous wreck, and is imposed upon quite as a matter of course.

Of course, it is a truism that she who wishes to succeed must put her whole heart into her work. This is self-evident.

But there is a sane and safe level between neglecting one's work and living for that and nothing else.

The good worker should also be the good player, and above all she should learn to drop her work when she leaves the office or schoolroom or workshop, and learn to take an interest in something outside her own little base of operations.

People quickly get the habit of avoiding as if she were a pestilence the girl who is constantly quoting the "boss" or bragging of the quantity or quality of the work she does.

The amusing things that happen at the office are legitimate subjects for conversation, and will be welcomed when recounted at home or at the boarding house, but the purely business details contain as a rule not the least glimmering of interest for the outsider.

This kind of girl becomes rather a nuisance to the "boss" himself in time, for she is always ready to take offense at anything which she considers a slight.

Many girls undergo real suffering by having certain work they were in the habit of doing given to some one else, when it should have been regarded as a relief and a kindness done to them.

The girls who can think of nothing but clothes, and who will suddenly break into any conversation with some irrelevant remark as to tucks or gathers or box plaits, and demand that you shall give your opinion regarding the same, is pretty bad, worse, perhaps, than the girl who thinks too much of her work, but the latter is nevertheless bad enough.



# Ancient Idea of Real Home is Passing

By N. K. KILBERG

"I am going home," was the remark made to me by a friend and I immediately responded by asking: "Where is your home?" And the reply came: "In a flat building." But homes are few and flats are many.

The old idea of a real home is fast disappearing. Clearly, the change has come to stay; it may be worse as time goes by, but improvement is beyond hope.

What is the remedy? Simply to make the best of the situation instead of the worst.

The wife of my friend was reared in an old-fashioned home, while today she presides over a modern flat of six rooms. Her nature is conciliatory, while that of her neighbor in the next flat is domineering.

They are comparative strangers, but the spirit of the latter soon discovered the meekness of my friend's wife. "My home is this little flat," she said to the writer, "is a full quarter-section of eternal hades, but what can I do? We have moved three times already on account of unneighborly neighbors, but the change has been for the worse instead of the better. The whole trouble appears to lie in the fact that many people forget that the cheapest form of displaying wisdom is to find fault."

## Little Quail is True Friend of Farmer

By W. W. DAVIS, Chicago.

The papers have lately published the season for shooting quail and prairie chickens in Illinois.

There should be no season for destroying these friends of the farmer.

Our legislators do not read the agricultural reports of the university at Champaign, which show that our various birds feed largely on the injurious insects so destructive to the crops of grain and fruit everywhere.

The birds are the scavengers of the fields and the orchards.

Instead of granting a season of privilege to the reckless hunters, the law should make the shooting of all birds a finable offense.

Farmers should have conspicuous notices on fences and trees, "No shooting, under penalty," and if the rascals persist in intrusion club them off.

Let us have the music and services of the birds, and let hunters who are hungry for that kind of meat raise Plymouth Rocks.

## What Compound Interest Really Means

By CLARENCE OHLENDORF, Park Ridge, Ill.

To illustrate the power and beauty of mathematics I have proposed the following problem: What is the amount in cents from the year 1 till 1910 of one cent compounded annually at six per cent interest?

The problem is easily solvable by means of logarithms, using the well-known formula for compound interest.

The number of cents is approximately 2,198,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000—a figure with 49 numbers in it.

If all of these cents were made into one solid sphere it would have a radius of approximately 370 times the distance of the earth to the sun, i. e., 370 times 92,000,000, or 34,226,000,000 miles.

Indeed, at first one would not think that the interest on one cent would be so great.