

THE CALDWELL WATCHMAN

Published Every Friday at Columbia, La.

Official Journal of Caldwell Parish, Caldwell Parish School Board and the Town of Columbia

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SUBSCRIPTION . . . ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

Entered at the postoffice at Columbia, La., as second-class mail matter.

GOOD ROADS SAVE THE FARMER'S POCKET

That the All-Southern Transcontinental Highway convention, held last week in Lake Charles, will be of the greatest benefit to the "Good Roads" movement there can be no doubt. It brought together good roads advocates from Georgia to California. The Watchman wishes that all opponents to the movement could have been present—had they been, 100 per cent of them would have been convinced of the error of their way.

Model roads are one of the very best of means for the upbuilding of any community. The farmer, who more than anyone else is benefited by them, should give his heartiest support to the movement for building good roads. He has to merely glance over the statistics setting forth the benefits to be secured. In the item of hauling his crops to market he is now, without good roads, paying an average cost all over the United States of 24 cents a ton per mile, as against 12 cents and less per ton in Europe. The main reason is that Europe has specialized in good roads ever since the days of the old Roman empire—some of the roads built by them 2,000 years ago are still models.

But the cost of 24 cents is not the cost to the Southern farmer. He pays much more. The 24-cent cost is the average for the whole United States and that average is caused by the scores of hundreds of miles of limestone, granite and other hard-stone pikes of which the Eastern, Middle and Middle Western North are a veritable network. Such roads in the South are lamentably few—and the farmer is the principal one who pays the penalty. Here is why: How much more can a pair of mules haul on a smooth, hard roadbed than on a trail, at best never very stable and after rains with a surface filled with ruts and mudholes into which the wheels often sink six or eight inches? To be ultra conservative, we will place the weight of a load over a good road at only twice that over a bad road—who will say it will not be more? This hauling of a double load means what? This—the saving of the work of a pair of mules and a driver, perhaps of a second man to help in the unloading; the use of the wagon for one day, when it and its team could be used profitably otherwise; the wear and tear on stock, harness, wagon and the temper of the driver; the difference in the feed bill as between feeding for heavy work and for that which is comparatively light; the advantage of being able to get through to market in all weathers—how many of you are held up by the present roads when they are fetlock-deep in mud? There are other reasons that can be advanced, but what is the use?

Mr. Farmer, sit down and figure up the daily saving for a year, model roads would mean to you even from the items mentioned the same day of each and every year. You would save money every month, and years. Have you done it—when you do you will realize the shortsightedness of the present policy; you will be touched where man is most vulnerable—in your pocket. You wouldn't take \$200 or \$300 and scatter it broadcast in a swamp, would you? Yet you are practically doing the same thing at least once a year. Say that a tax of one cent (that's pretty stiff, isn't it) was levied for five years for good roads—you probably would let out a roar like unto that of the bull of Bashan.

Suppose your farm and improvements are worth \$5,000. At a low estimate, you have figured out that you lose \$200 a year by bad roads. For the five years of the 1-cent tax your loss would be \$1,000. Your taxes at \$50 a year would be \$250. But it would take not over two years to build the good roads. The last three years, therefore, of the 5-year period you would save your bad-roads loss, cutting down your loss to \$400. For the expenditure of \$250 over a period of five years you would save \$600, a net profit of \$350. All following years would put \$200 each in your pocket. Don't you see the point? And remember, the cost to you is figured on a ONE per cent tax—probably it would not take more than half that to do the work, cutting the cost in two, it looks like good finance to The Watchman.

Twenty years ago Louisiana had only one and one-half miles of approved roads. There are now about 450 miles. The State Highways department has received applications for aid for 250 miles of good roads to be built in 1914. It is probable that 200 miles of this will be built.

Caldwell parish has made a good start, but we must keep the ball rolling. If our farmers and business men will but give this question but an hour's careful study we'll soon have more model roads under way. Remember that for every dollar the parish puts up for good roads the state will contribute an equal amount, if the road would form a link in one leading from an important town in Caldwell to a similar place in an adjoining parish and the work be done under the supervision of the state. And for every dollar spent you will get at least 400 per cent return each and every year. Get down to brass tacks now and let's get more good roads—you will never regret it, only that you didn't begin sooner.

A BAS THE CATALOG HOUSES

The pessimistic ones—men or women—who "cannot find anything to suit" in the stocks of our home merchants, but must send their good money away to the catalog houses, do not seem to realize that they themselves are the principal cause for the condition of which they complain—if it really does exist. Only through the patronage of our home people can our business men have trade enough to afford to keep the full stocks that are demanded. But the people are not altogether to blame—the merchants are at fault, too. They cannot dispose of their goods to advantage unless they let the people know—through the home paper—what they have to sell. The reason the catalog houses are getting the trade is because they are big advertisers, through newspapers and catalogs.

Yet we have merchants right here in town whose names you never see in the paper unless they go off or return home, get sick or die. In the last case we are expected to tell the world of all his good qualities and bring proof that St. Peter has welcomed him at the pearly gates with open arms. And this without compensation. The merchant who makes the greatest success is the one doing the most advertising in his home paper. How can any business man expect to sell his goods when people do not know what he has to sell? That is best done through the home paper.

The Watchman goes into many homes in the parish now, and we are determined to put it into every one—on its merits alone. It will be read by everyone, in and out of town. Can't you see your opportunity, Mr. Business and Professional Man, to get what is coming to you—and incidentally to run the catalog houses out of Caldwell parish? This market should be yours.

Fifty-Seven Baptised in River

Easter Sunday was a gala day for the colored brethren of the Baptist persuasion. As a result of a long-drawn-out revival the preacher had gathered fifty-seven who had promised to forsake the world, the flesh and the devil and keep strictly to the straight and narrow path. Sunday was appointed as the time for the wholesale immersion and the news was spread far and wide. The result was that the morning trains brought in crowds of dusky damsels and beaux, gray-haired uncles and mammies and whole herds of picanninies. The car and a half reserved for their color on the train from Clarks and intervening stations were packed like unto a sardine box. Evidently personal decoration is not regarded by the sisters as a cardinal sin, for soon Columbia's streets looked as if the fragments of several rainbows had been broadcast along them. And they were having one great big, glorious picnic. The young bucks had on smirks that wouldn't come off, and danced attendance in a way to cause old Lord Chesterfield to roll over in his grave.

As the hour approached for the baptising the crowd assembled near the old Farmers' Union warehouse, in which the candidate changed their Sunday duds for baptismal robes. The bank at this point has a gradual slope and formed a natural amphitheatre for the spectators, and also the required depth of water suitable for a 2-foot picanniny to the tallest buck among the candidates. All arrangements had been perfected and as soon as the candidates were suitably arrayed they were formed in a long line at the water's edge. It must be stated that the whole of them looked upon the almost icy flood that rolled by their feet without quailing. The water was cold—mighty cold for a ducking—and the wind had a crispness corresponding to the frosts of the latter part of the week. After the usual services the preacher who was to do the immersing—there were a dozen or fifteen other preachers on hand to help out in case of emergency—stepped into the water and waded out to the depth required by the first candidate. At the word two assistants seized the candidate and waded out with him to the preacher. After repeating the usual formula, the preacher dipped the candidate backward until his head was submerged. Then two other assistants led him ashore, while the first two led out another professor. Rapid-fire time was made, a watch held showing that the candidates were dipped about three-quarters of a minute apart. The whole ceremony went off without a hitch, the officiating preacher moving into shallower water for the small candidates and into deeper again for the taller ones. As the immersions were completed the candidates hurried to the warehouse to don dry clothes. When all had changed, the balance of the services were held. Sunday will long be remembered by the colored Baptists as a red-letter day in the history of their organization. The outgoing trains carried away most of the visitors though a large number who had ridden or driven in for the event returned home in the same way. It is to be hoped that the whole community will profit by the pledges given to lead sober and honest lives henceforth.

An Enthusiastic Fair Supporter

W. O. James, who moved to Caldwell from Sabine parish a few months ago, was a most appreciated visitor at our place of labor Monday. Mr. James has bought two farms between Columbia and Mt. Pleasant. He is a prosperous farmer who is filled with the proper modern spirit. When questioned about his prospects he said that he had the best land in Caldwell parish, on which he would not allow a hoof except it was of blooded stock. He is an enthusiast on the subject of parish fairs and congratulated The Watchman on the stand it had taken on this subject. He pledged his best endeavors in support of the proposed renewal of the fair this fall, and urged the formation of a permanent organization and the calling at an early date of a meeting of all interested. He says that the fair is the best thing in the world for the farmers, and urges all to rally to its support.

He subscribed for The Watchman as soon as he settled in Caldwell, and was profuse in his praises of the betterment of the paper since its change of management. Would that all the vacant soil in Caldwell parish was cultivated by such go-ahead,

wide-awake farmers as Mr. James.

Mrs. S. P. Walker Entertains

Mrs. S. P. Walker entertained with an informal dance on last Saturday night, in honor of the Louisiana Industrial Institute visitors: Misses DeEtte Eglin, Ethel Carroll, Anna Bel Swift, Messrs Rupert Doxey, Joe Wright and Maloy Hawkins.

Dancing, of course was the feature of the evening and was indulged in by both young and old, but was interspersed with music, vocal and instrumental, by some of the talented guests which added more life and animation to the evening.

As it was on Saturday night the hostess served delicious refreshments before midnight which consisted of hot chocolate and angel food cake after which the merry party departed with regretful good-nights.

Those present were: Miss DeEtte Eglin and Mr. M. L. Legler, Miss Ethel Carroll and Mr. Irvin Brown, Miss Jones and Mr. A. V. Hundley, Miss Toombs and Mr. Cicero Bridger, Miss Beatrice Meyers and Mr. P. H. Mecom, Miss Edna Fant and Mr. Maloy Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Burris Wood, Messrs J. W. Swift and J. E. Godfrey.

It was unanimously expressed by all present, that the evening was a delightful success.

Budded Stewart Pecans.

I have 2500 budded Stewart pecan trees 2 to 6 feet high that I will sell cheap, for the next 60 days. Write for prices, etc.

Wm. LaCroix, Colfax, La.

Wanted.

100 cows.
100 yearlings.
Highest cash price.
See, telephone or write
DAVID DUNN
Swift Hotel, Columbia, La.

Sheriff's Sale.

Thirtieth District Court, Parish of Caldwell, State of Louisiana.

Wooten Hyle Implement Co., vs No. 1383, J. M. Bennett.

By virtue of a writ of seizure and sale issued out of the 30th Judicial District Court, and to me directed, I have seized and taken into my possession, and will offer for sale at public auction to the last and highest bidder at the principal front door of the court house in the town of Columbia, La., between the hours prescribed by law for judicial sales on

SATURDAY APRIL 25th, 1914

the following described property to-wit: One Six (6) Horse Power Mower Hay Press.

Seized as the property of defendant, and will be sold to satisfy said writ and all cost in the above entitled and numbered cause.

Terms of sale, cash with the benefit of appraisement.

W. E. GODFREY,
Sheriff of Parish of Caldwell, La.
Sheriff's Office Columbia, La., April 6th, 1914.

Notice of Sale

Succession of Isaac Houghland, Deceased.—Thirtieth District Court Parish of Caldwell, State of Louisiana.

Notice is hereby given that on Saturday, the 23d Day of May, 1914, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, at the late residence of Isaac Houghland, near Copenhagen, La., in the parish of Caldwell, I will offer for sale at public auction for cash and at not less than its appraised value as per inventory now on file in the office of the Clerk of said Court, all of the property both real and personal belonging to the said succession as shown by the inventory and appraisal as aforesaid, as made and by the Clerk of the said Court and now on file in his office.

Witness my signature on this the 17th day of April, 1914.

RACHEL HOUGHLAND,
Administratrix.

By P. C. Thornhill, Attorney.

Notice.

The public is hereby warned not to hurt, fish or otherwise trespass on my place under the penalty of the law.
4-3-5t S. V. Keenan.

They say woman is the weaker sex. But what about those who go out with flimsy gowns and open-work hose and neck and chest exposed in cold weather?

R. B. FRIZZELL

MONROE BRICK AND BUILDERS SUPPLY COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS OF

COMMON BUILDING BRICK

DEALERS IN

Cement, Lime, Plaster, Face Brick, Fire Brick

BUILDING SPECIALTIES

IMPORTANT—We keep Complete Stocks, carry only Highest Grades, give Prompt Service, and our Prices are Right

Monroe,

Louisiana.

HERE IT IS!

THAT BARGAIN YOU ARE LOOKING FOR!

Come in and look at the complete stock we carry of everything that you can possibly need in the way of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, And all Essentials for Ladies and Gentlemen

Our Prices Are the Lowest You Can Find for

CASH

OFFER EXTRAORDINARY

To each and every one who buys \$10 worth of goods for cash, we will present a paid-up year's subscription to The Caldwell Watchman. You should have this paper in your home and keep posted on all the Parish news.

Remember, you can get better and cheaper goods here for cash than at any other store in the Parish. Let us convince you.

J. D. YARBOROUGH

THE CASH STORE COLUMBIA, LA.

Something New

I will open about the 15th, in the Brown Building a nice, clean parlor where you will find the very

COLDEST OF COLD DRINKS

AND A FULL LINE OF THE

Choicest Confectioneries

TABLES FOR THE SERVICE OF LADIES

I will also carry a complete line of

Patent Medicines and Toilet Articles

Come and Test for Yourself You'll Come Again

M. E. YARBOROUGH

In the Brown Building Columbia, Louisiana

For a Sanitary Shave or Hair Cut Go To

W. D. MURRAY, the BARBER

SHAVE 15 CENTS HAIR CUT 25 CENTS SHAMPOO 25 CENTS
NEXT TO THE POSTOFFICE COLUMBIA, LOUISIANA