

The Natchitoches Enterprise.

STRICTLY DEMOCRATIC; ALWAYS CONSISTENT.

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NO. 28

Two Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars for Home Missions to be Raised by Southern Baptist Between Now and April 30th.

Eighty Thousand Dollars of this Amount to be Raised by Louisiana Baptists in Great State-Wide Drive, Beginning April 6th and Closing April 20th.

WHAT ONE MILLION FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS WILL DO.

Provide for the current support of the Foreign Mission Work of the Southern Baptist convention for the year just closing, including salaries for missionaries, native helpers, maintenance of Christian schools and hospitals, publishing houses, etc.

It will enable the Foreign Mission Board to send out fifty new missionaries, and will so strengthen the work in all departments that new fields may be entered.

WILL YOU SHARE IN THESE RESULTS?

It will provide sufficient funds for the unprecedented call of the world today, and will enable Southern Baptist to witness for Christ in the regions beyond in a worthy way.

WHAT ONE MILLION DOLLARS FOR HOME MISSIONS WILL DO.

Pays the current expenses of our Home Mission work for the greatest year's victories in Evangelism, enlistment, church building and co-operative work in the needy states of the South.

WILL YOU INVEST IN SUCH GLORIOUS ACHIEVEMENTS?

Provides for increased and enlarged success in Mission Schools among the mountains of the South, the plains of the West and Foreign speaking people of our great cities.

True Christian Patriotism and Gratitude

Demand of Louisiana Baptists the full apportionment of Forty Thousand Dollars for Home Missions, for the Home Mission Board is spending with the State this year more than this amount.

The Challenge of World Reconstruction and the advent of the Peace Epoch to Earth's Millions now in Darkness and Chaos, is an imperative call to Louisiana Baptists to meet their full apportionment of Forty Thousand Dollars for Foreign Missions.

Let Every One of the More than Eighty Thousand White Baptists

of Louisiana have a worthy part in this great United Drive. Go to your own Church and do your duty in this vital matter.

Send All Money to W. E. CARLTON, Box 12, Shreveport, La.

REV. DANA TERRY, Natchitoches, Louisiana
Local Manager

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Natchitoches, . . . Louisiana

Little Journeys Into the Past

PROF. MOOKE AND HIS DANCING CLASS

Chapter IX

Of course the whole town takes pride in the fact that the baby carriage is the most popular vehicle on its streets, not even excepting the ubiquitous Ford. But aside from keeping the town in sanitary condition so that the little citizens are healthy, and seeing to it that their educational facilities are up-to-date, it does not take the wholesome interest in its children's development along the lines of genteel accomplishments that it used to!

That's what they told me. They sewed industriously as they talked, sometimes one at a time, and occasionally in concert as the memories excited them.

"When our children were little, we used to plan for their pleasures as earnestly as we planned for ours. During Lent we didn't have social affairs—but we always had a big dance immediately after Easter."

"Yes, and we wanted our children to know all the old dances. We didn't have magazine illustrations of the new Castle steps and the "shimmy" fortunately, was never dreamed of. But we imported a professor of dancing to teach the young people, and the whole town watched their progress." "I can see him now—a rather burly man, in a long frock

coat. His name was Prof. Mooke, and when he tucked his violin under his chin, and his stiff moustache bristled and he began counting aloud, the little feet would advance and retreat in perfect accord with the music."

"When our dancing classes were letter perfect, we gave a grand ball," chimed in another.

"In those days the Comus was Lacoste Hall, one huge-room, with no partitions. Of course we had our usual committees, for everything was done with the utmost care and planning. That's why our affairs were always so successful."

"It was the first Monday after Lent in April, Simcoe Walmsley, Ben Dranguet, Drew Breazeale and Dr. Chandler, with A. E. Lemee, were on the arrangement committee. The big hall was lighted like a fairy palace, the floor waxed to mirror-like perfection. Mr. and Mrs. Phanor Breazeale, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Russ, and C. E. Grenaux received, with all ceremony and cordiality due a gathering of the kind. The floor managers were Eleazar Hyams, Willie Fouqua, Simeon Simon, Tom Chaplin and E. Caspari. The dancing classes had special places on the program and the huge crowd danced alternately."

"I could almost see it, when they described the dancers. Many of the children were five year-olds, and the biggest hit was made by a class of three-and-four-year old tots . . . I could fancy

Prof. Mooke and his violin transformed into the fancifully clad Pied Piper of Hamelin, and if the fairy-music pealed now for the little dancers to line up, where must its silver notes penetrate! To France, to far-off Germany, where sturdy dough-boys marched in hob-nailed boots instead of the patent-leather pumps! Its strain would summon plump matrons with their little tots clinging to their skirts—dignified teachers—and no matter how compelling the call, some ears would hear it not at all! . . .

"First, there was a grand march. Little Ette Levy and Payne Breazeale, scarcely reaching to the waists of the other dancers, led thru intricate figures.

Then came a gypsy ronde, with eight little girls in bright red and yellow costumes, with tamborines. They were Mary D. and Rosa Russ, Dora Caspari and May Phillips, Alma Grenaux and Estelle Trichel, Ada Johnson and Pearl Adams.

Then Willie Fouqua danced the pigeon wing very adroitly. The hit of the evening was the Oxford Minuette, with the babies—the tiny boys in black velvet court costume with powdered hair, the stouter girls a la Martha Washington, managing their long trains with a dexterity envied by far older spectators. They were Payne Breazeale and Ette Levy, Mannie Nelken and Wynonah Breazeale, Vernon Porter and Lillian Nelken. And when Ette tripped and fell,

her solemn partner pulled her by her train to her mother's feet, where she was righted in haste!

A dainty quartette in white tulle with silver slippers, carrying baskets of flowers, received tremendous applause in their flower dance—Ola Trichel, Marie Breazeale, Jettie Nelken and Viva Chaplin. A waltz by the entire gathering was followed by the Highland Fling gracefully executed in Scotch costume by Vernon Porter and Alma Grenaux.

Then a quartette of demure Quaker ladies performed, and the last of the programme was a Cachucha, entered into with spirit by four little Spanish lasses in striking costume—May and Violet Phillips, Ada Johnson and Estelle Trichel.

By then the wee performers had succumbed to Morpheus and their elders had the floor to themselves for long delightful hours.

But even now, photographs of "mama" or "auntie" or "dad" in fancy costumes are squinted at with joy by the younger generation, and Prof. Mooke and his violin recalled with feelings of regret for the old days.

A legislature's idea of efficiency, according to the Ohio State Journal, seems to be to hang around for three or four months arranging to put off everything important for consideration at a special session.

Letter from France

Base Hospital, March 3, 1919

Dear Joe:—The I am sure you have censured me severely for not having answered your letter sooner—please let me assure you that it was not lack of desire. Have been back only a few days from my furlough, which trip carried me to many of France's beautiful spots. Your letter reached me only a day or so before I left, and you know how almost impossible it is for one to attempt to write while travelling.

Have just finished a letter to Mrs. Lipscomb, in which I have attempted to write of her darling boy's last days. Joe, it is so terribly hard to comfort a mother who mourns the loss of a dear boy, but I have done my utmost that my words might be of solace. I thank you very kindly for sending her address, and assure you that it was the least I could do, to write to a mother who had given her own flesh and blood that "Democracy might live."

Ebbie was the pet of our hospital and nearly every one of our nurses, doctors and enlisted men knew him and admired him for his wonderful spirit and character. I remember distinctly of having stood by his bed and watch the surgeon dress his wounds, and the operation was a very painful one the ever present smile never failed to creep out. He had received a severe wound, a compound comminuted fracture of the femur, a wound from which the patient rarely recovers—in spite of this and the other wounds he had, he fought valiantly on the last minute, never once giving up. I curse fate, which denied Ebbie the pleasure of talking to a boyhood friend before he passed into the next world. Not that I could have aided him materially, for he was constantly receiving flowers and delicacies from his many friends and admirers, but it might have made his last days more pleasant ones, had he talked to a cousin of his life-long friend.

I am enclosing here a picture of the graveyard where his remains repose peacefully. I sent several of these pictures to his mother, but forgot to mention that the grave-yard is in Le-moges.

Our unit is due to return to the States this month, but I don't think I shall be among those present when the boys step on the gang-plank. My name was among the six chosen to attend a French University, and accordingly leave tomorrow to attend a four months course at the University of Toulouse, the school which ranks second to the Sorbonne University in France. Would have given anything to have gotten to go to an English University for the course, but as they can only accommodate two thousand men out of the vast number in France, could hardly expect to have been one of the extremely few in the A. E. F. Consider myself very fortunate to get to attend a University of such prominence in Europe, where environment will be of the highest and best. Then when the course is completed I can return home in time to complete my work in college and get my degree. The folks at home do not as yet know about this, and perhaps will feel badly about it—of course I would like to get home soon, almost as badly as any one here—but then one must accept gracefully what the army deals out. And I think the four months in the University will be of untold benefit to me, enabling me to continue my studies. Don't know just what subjects will take, but if possible am going to study architecture and mathematics. At present don't know what my address will be, but will drop a line upon my arrival there.

kindest wishes to father, mother and Suzette, and sincerely trust you are all enjoying the best of health.

As ever,

Harry.

Sgt. Harry Viner, Base Hosp., 28, A. P. O., 753, France.

K. OF C. MAKE THE LITTLE THINGS COUNT

The little things count, whether in peace or war, and by following out the maxim the Knights of Columbus have made a hit with the American soldiers and sailors overseas. Knowing that the boys missed many of the little things of home, even with generous provision of food, clothing, etc., by Uncle Sam, the Knights have sought out ways and means of providing the men in the service with the little things that a mother or father or sister or brother would most like to see them have.

When it was realized how great a scarcity of soap there was in Europe, the Knights ordered millions of cakes of soap, all bearing a handsome red and blue shield, with letters reminding the boys that they were absolutely welcome to the soap without any charge. Towels were also supplied to the men, and at numerous places in France the K. of C. put up shower baths.

Boys in hospital often lost their cut-throat razors, so the Knights supplied them with shaving brushes and cream and serviceable safety razors. Matches are exceedingly scarce in Germany, so the Knights, true to form, supply book matches to the American army of occupation. Also colds in the head are prevalent in Europe. Again the Knights come to the rescue of the boys with thousands of khaki handkerchiefs. In London and Paris, where mud often prevails, the Knights have instituted free shoe-shine stands in their clubrooms, the boys doing their own shining.

And in a score of other little ways the K-C have made known to the boys that the money contributed to their fund was simply given to the Knights as agents for passing on its benefits to the sons and brothers of the donors.

My! But the soldiers are happy to get home—they are coming in transports.