

# The True Democrat.

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NO. 43

## WOODLAWN FARM

J. B. MCGEHEE (1836-1913)

The falling leaves indicate the recurrent foresight of Nature and remind Mankind to make provision for another year. At once is the time to begin and our Fall crop of largest promise is OATS. Let us put in an unsurpassed acreage. There is no other way that will so quickly rehabilitate the uncultivated lands of the South.

All serious enquirers welcome.

SUCCESS LIES IN MUTUAL SERVICE

J. S. MCGEHEE - - - Laurel, Hill, La.

## Automobile Tires

We carry in stock Goodyear Tires, 3x30 and 3½x32. Also patches and inner tubes. We can get other sizes and makes of tires on short notice.....

Chas. Weydert.

## LET THERE BE LIGHT

There WILL BE light if you buy your electric light bulbs from me. All sizes Interstate Electric Company's Mazda and Carbon Lamps in stock. Orders taken for all kinds of electrical appliances.

## J. C. STORM.

St. Francisville, La.

## Turkey Accessories

THE busy housewife is now laying plans for her Thanksgiving dinner. We wish to call her attention to the fact that we have a full line of trimmings to go with the turkey. Also that our telephone and delivery service is good.

GEORGE RETTIG.

## If you need--

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Stationery, Toilet Articles, Etc., you will find a full line at

## The Royal Pharmacy.

ST. FRANCISVILLE, LA.

...LET THE TRUE DEMOCRAT PRINT IT...

### ESTHER WRIGHT BOYD. AN APPRECIATION.

In a darkened, upper chamber of her only daughter's home, there passed from earth on Wednesday morning, Nov. 17, the immortal spirit of the sweetest, purest, truest woman, the writer of these lines has ever known. To the majority of our readers she was an utter stranger. Few of you had ever heard of her even as wife and then widow of Col. David French Boyd, the first president of the Louisiana State Seminary after its name had been changed to the Louisiana State University. So quietly did she fill her place in life, that strong and noble, and gifted woman though she was, adequate to all tasks that fell to her hands, she was never widely known. Her day was not that of the new woman in self-assertiveness or wide advertisement, and while her bright and vigorous mind kept pace with the progress of the times, she never learned the modern arts of notoriety. Her life however was such a beautiful one that even to those who never knew her, the writer makes no apology for this endeavor to show her as she was, albeit, as through a glass, darkly.

She was born seventy-one years ago, in Rapides parish. Esther Gertrude Wright, the youngest daughter of Dr. Jesse Wright, a native of Connecticut, and Sarah Roberts Grimbald of South Carolina. It is told that singularly enough she was named for a sister, who had died at the age of thirteen years, and whose beautiful Christian character induced the sorrowing parents to name their last child Esther also, as a plea that the graces and virtues of the beloved daughter in heaven might be commemorated. Those who knew the second Esther, in youth or age, never doubted that the mantle of the young saint had fallen on worthy shoulders. The Wright sisters, five in number, were partly educated at their comfortable plantation home, near Cheneyville, by private tutors, not governesses, from the North, "finishing" according to the verbiage of that day at Mansfield Female College. Their education was thorough and included proficiency in music; Esther Wright having an exquisitely trained and bird-like voice, that she retained all her life. During the troublous years of the war, she met and loved the gallant young Confederate major, David F. Boyd. They were married in 1865. Major Boyd became superintendent of the state seminary near Pineville, the position giving him the rank of colonel in the state militia. Later, when fire destroyed the seminary buildings, the college was removed to the state building for the Blind, Deaf and Dumb at Baton Rouge, and through the strenuous exertions of Col. Boyd, the seminary was merged into and became the Louisiana State University.

There followed a year or two of prosperity for the University and the Boyds. Then the Republican legislature withdrew the state appropriation from the University, and there ensued privation and threatened extinction for the State University. Had it not been for the courage, the faith in the University and the people of Louisiana, the superhuman efforts of one man, Col. David F. Boyd, the University would have gone under, for the time. With a small corps of professors, he worked on, with little or no pay, pulling every possible wire for the University's benefit, and apparently never losing heart till the University was again supported by the State. The writer, though a child at the time, remembers well when there were but few more cadets than professors, and when the ration for extra occasions was corned beef and dried apple pie. It was hard times for the Boyds also, and the mention comes rightly into this sketch, because she with her unflinching spirit, her brave cheerfulness, must have done her part in these years of struggle. Apparently absorbed in rearing her rapidly increasing family and in doing church work, Mrs. Boyd endured and thought for the University also.

How much Louisiana appreciated Col. Boyd's efforts is a matter of record elsewhere. The proverbial gratitude of states was exemplified in this case, and it is sufficient to say that Louisiana has never repaid her debt of appreciation to David French Boyd. Some time in the early 80's, he resigned from the presidency and accepted that of the Agricultural College at Auburn, Ala. The family removed to that place, and though Col. Boyd held positions in other colleges, Mrs. Boyd remained at Auburn to complete the education of their children, having established a comfortable home there. She returned to Baton Rouge after twenty-five years, when her son-in-law, Dr. Walter

L. Fleming, became professor of history at the State University. She retained her home at Auburn, but spent most of the time in Baton Rouge with her daughter.

Her long life was a busy one. The rearing to maturity and educating of six children is in itself work of no small magnitude, and when it was done so painstakingly, so thoughtfully as by her the task was all the heavier. Her church work is noteworthy. She, with a small band, mostly of women, organized in 1874 the First Baptist Church of Baton Rouge, having previously conducted successfully for several years, almost unaided, a mission Sunday school that formed a nucleus for those of Baptist faith in that city. For nearly ten years, she was the leader and moral support of the infant church, bringing it forward until on her departure it was on the point of building the present structure. When she returned after a quarter of a century, she found the church that she had planted vastly grown, some Apollos had watered and God had given the increase, but there were but few left to remember her years of struggle in establishing the church. Most of the members "knew not Joseph." The writer has often wondered if no feeling of bitterness ever crept into her heart on seeing that though the tree had grown and borne fruit, the tender hand that had planted it, the eyes that had watered it with tears, the unflagging efforts, the prayerful faith that had sustained in its early years, were unprized, forgotten. If even a momentary bitterness was felt by her, it was never spoken. She laid it with her other sorrows at the feet of her Savior, and took a place in the old church no more distinguished than that of any other member, strong, cheerful, helpful. But where man forgets, God remembers.

She was the writer's teacher in the little Baptist mission school before mentioned, and after her manner of close study of all who came under her supervision, Mrs. Boyd soon perceived the insatiable thirst for learning on the part of this pupil, and was the first to direct a tireless brain in the pursuit of knowledge. She carefully formed a literary taste, while imparting spiritual training, and though in after years, other teachers assisted her, it was Mrs. Boyd who "bent the twig." She formed the tastes that have sustained and the aspirations that have inspired a worker in the world's vineyard through long and trying years. How many others she inspired to higher things, God alone has the record. Her lips never told the story. And it may fairly be doubted whether even in her secret thoughts, she recounted the list of her beneficiaries. Certain it is that she was never content, except to do good; and with a passion for detail, nothing of a helpful nature to others was too trivial to fall in receiving her attention. She gave her time so freely to others, that it was sometimes necessary for her family to shield her from the importunities of others and their claims upon her time and purse. For withal she was so intelligent, so wise, she was in some respects as trustful as a child, with that otherworldliness that characterizes the human saint. Therefore she was sometimes imposed upon. A case in point is recalled. A bed-ridden widow long enjoyed Mrs. Boyd's charities in the shape of packages of sugar, tea and other invalidish dainties, bought with part of the Biblical tithes which Mrs. Boyd faithfully set aside from her income, when the whole was not too much for her own needs. Mrs. Boyd helped the widow, and got others to help her, and every one believed in her needs. Mrs. — was a synonym for alms, but when the writer grew up and undertook sick-visiting, on the first visit to Mrs. —, it was discovered that she had all along possessed a sufficient income for all her wants!

This was the only weak side of Mrs. Boyd's character; too quick a belief in the representations of others as to their needs. She helped, while they were yet asking, of what she had, whether of time, money, hospitality, or instruction. And yet could gratitude really be impossible to one who came into that gentle presence, saw the sweet face, its features clear-cut as the finest cameo, heard the beautiful voice with its unflinching note of cheerfulness and personal interest, looked into her soft blue eyes, "the homes of silent prayer"? It was rare indeed. Even when her hands were busiest, (for when her boys were small her fingers were ever knitting strong blue and white stockings for them) she was never too busy for any form of help to them or others. Hers was a clever pen. She possessed a clear, concise literary style and a gift of short-story writing. The cares

of Martha may explain why she never used that gift for name and fame.

Her reward for a life's endeavors was found in her children. They grew to maturity useful to the world and a delight to her. Though widely scattered in their various careers, yet they all met and were sheltered in the heart of her tender motherhood. And one was on the sea, another in an army post but her faith was as serene for their well-being in the hands of Providence as for the others whose lives were less exposed. Her children are Thomas J. Boyd of Washington, La.; Leroy S. Boyd, employed by the Interstate Commerce Commission of Washington, D. C.; Capt. David F. Boyd, commander of the battleship, Maryland, now at San Francisco; Rev. Guy Boyd, a Baptist minister at Standard, La.; Lieut. Jesse Wright Boyd, U. S. A., stationed on the Mexican border; and Mrs. W. L. Fleming of Baton Rouge. Her life finds its completion in theirs.

A friend writing to her some weeks ago, on her seventy-first birthday, and seeking to find the fitting word for her, quoted nearly all of the last chapter of the book of Proverbs, that perfect description of the virtuous woman: "She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. Her children arise up and call her blessed. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates." But even these sublime words give an austere impression of that benign being that lately moved on earth as humbly as the humblest. Rather let us picture her in these lines:

No one could to her presence come  
Or look upon her face,  
But suddenly he knew he stood  
Within a Holy Place.

No one could hear her speak a word  
Or listen to her sing,  
But suddenly his soul would hear  
The stir of angel-wing.

No one could see the glory shine  
In her immortal eyes,  
But that it made his soul look up  
To see God in the skies.

M. E. R.

### MINUTES

Of the Call Meeting of the Executive Committee of the School Board, West Feliciana Parish.

The Executive Committee of the School Board of West Feliciana Parish met in a called meeting on November —. Members present were Jas. P. Bowman, President; Chas. H. Argue, Vice-President; and W. B. Smith.

Mr. Bowman called the meeting to order. After considerable discussion the following resolution was passed:

"Be it resolved, That the van from Fort's crossing to St. Francisville be required to bring a minimum of ten students, counting first children of the lower grades and then as many of the next higher (high school) grades as necessary to make up the number of ten. All who have been entitled to transportation in the van and have voluntarily refused to take advantage of van are considered by this committee to have forfeited their privilege and before they can be reinstated must make application to the School Board. Any children who fail to ride on the van for a period of two consecutive weeks unless for reasonable excuse shall be considered as having forfeited their right to the van, and application for reinstatement must be made to the School Board."

The following resolution was also offered and passed:

"Be it resolved, That the President and Superintendent be and are hereby authorized to sell and convey for the consideration of Three Hundred Dollars (\$300) net, the following described lands located in the Fifth Ward of this parish:

"A certain tract of land with all improvements and buildings thereon, situated in the Fifth Ward of the Parish of West Feliciana, containing ninety-nine (99) acres, more or less, bounded North by lands of Nelson Minor, East by lands of W. W. Paine, South by lands of W. P. Culbreath, and West by public road, being the same lands acquired from Henry Cliborne by the said party of the first part, with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging.

"The President and the Superintendent are hereby authorized to give and convey such title to said property as may be vested in this School Board."

The consideration of other topics mentioned in the call for the meeting were by common consent postponed to a later date.

JAS. P. BOWMAN, President.  
R. E. CRUMP, Secretary.

### PUT YOUR COIN IN CIRCULATION.

(Ponchatoula Democrat.)  
A dollar in active circulation is worth a thousand of its brothers who are fast asleep in a bank vault. The dollar "that goes on forever," like Tennyson's babbling brook, brings dimples and roses to the cheeks, and better still, food to the hungry stomach. In a word, the potential power of prosperity is Confidence, and the lack of it keeps money in bank, encourages parsimony, fosters distrust, gives zest to the spirit which discounts personal merit, scoffs industry and laughs at ambition.

### EARN GRATITUDE OF BELGIANS.

When the city of Louvain started to clear out the ruins and prepare, some day, to build a newer Louvain, she renamed a public square which had carried for six centuries an old Belgian name. She called it, "Le Place des Etats-Unis," as, as we should say, "United States Square." At the same time, other Belgian towns began to name squares, streets and avenues after our country and our great men. There is scarcely a Belgian city now but has a President Wilson avenue, a Lincoln boulevard or a George Washington park. The little children of Belgium have been making pretty lace squares addressed to "Our Benefactors," or to "The Children of America."

The Belgians do this because for the last year nearly every ounce of bread that feeds them has been received through the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

The barges which bring the wheat and bacon and dried vegetables down the canals travel under protection of our flag. The officers of the Commission, who receive the supplies and see that they reach the Belgians, are young Americans wearing the flag in their buttonholes.

To the Belgian the Stars and Stripes mean bread and meat—the outward and visible sign of their physical salvation.

Do we deserve the gratitude of Belgium? In justice it must be said that we do not. Feeding Belgium is a complex problem. Part of the people are able to pay. Ways have been found to turn Belgian property and securities into cash outside of the country. But two million idle working people—and the number may rise this winter to three million—have neither money nor property. They must be fed from outside. It was thought, once, that the United States, the only great nation untouched by this war, would attend to this. We did not; the Commission had to ask food from the whole world. And up to date our country, which is making money, has given only seven cents per capita to Belgium, while New Zealand, which is helping bear the burden of the war, has given a dollar and a quarter per capita.

Now comes a chance to deserve the heart-felt gratitude of poor Belgium, and the no less lively gratitude of Northern France, which is also dependent on the Commission. There are 2,200,000 souls being fed and one-third of that number to be clothed in the north of France. Lille, Valenciennes and vicinity are the most highly industrialized sections of France and are behind the German lines. With complete industrial paralysis and the consequent unemployment of a large laboring class, clothes and shoes are almost more needed here than in Belgium. The Commission had hoped, with all the neutral world, that before this winter the end of the war would end their task. But the war is going on, and winter is here. The Belgians and the Northern French without the Commission would be facing starvation and now have to anticipate bitter cold. For, though Belgium is a weaving nation, not a loom has worked for fifteen months because there is no raw material. Of course, the double blockade prevents imports. So for fifteen months no one has had any new clothes. The rich and well-to-do can stand this, but not the poor man with his own suit, the poor woman with her work-dress and her single decent Sunday dress. These people will soon be in threadbare rags and tatters.

Some one must clothe three million people this winter. This task will call for about four million dollars in money or in new clothes—there are reasons why second-hand clothes, no matter how good, cannot be used.

The Commission are entrusting this re-clothing of Belgium to the United States. So we may give cause, real cause, for the gratitude of the Belgians.

### SELF-TAUGHT MEN.

(Iberville South.)

Many men are said to be self-taught. No man was ever taught in any other way. Do you suppose a man to be a bucket to be hung on the well of knowledge and pumped full? Man is a creature who learns by the exertion of his own faculties. There are aids to learning of various kinds, but no matter how many of these aids a man may be surrounded by, after all he must acquire learning himself. Whether he is in college or out of college, in school or out of school, every man must educate himself. And in our times and in this community every man has the means of doing it.

Don't ask a truthful man for his honest opinion of you unless you are prepared for a jolt.