The Lower Coast Gazette

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LAKE BORGNE BASIN LEVEE DISTRICT,
BELLE CHASSE DRAINAGE DISTRICT,

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SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1912.

Mevers Canal.

THE great canal at Pointe a la Hache leading from the Court House back to the great fishing bays in the rear, in which enterprise Mr. Frank C. Mevers has been the chief mover, is rapidly approaching completion and promises to revolutionize Pointe a la Hache, giving it a more conspicicuous place on the map than it has hitherto had.

With the completion of the shell road, now not far distant, and with the completion of this canal, reaching out into the fishing grounds, there is every reason to believe that Pointe a la Hache will spring into a renewal of its former prosperity when in the good old days the rice planters were able to get $4 or $5 per barrel for rough rice and Pointe a la Hache alone supported two or three excellent rice mills.

A series of disastrous storms from 1860 on, a number of freezes and overflows so embarrassed the leading rice planters of the Pointe a la Hache section that many of them moved away to other parts of the parish or to the city of New Orleans. With the better prospects now ahead we shall hope that many of these will return again to their old home and re-establish our lower coast country in all of its original beauty and prosperity and make it as it should be, one of the most prosperous sections of the state of Louisiana. With the maintenance of the back levee and the suppression of overflows from the rear, that section of our parish would enjoy all of the advantages of its semi-tropical climate and its ultimate shipments of garden truck and oranges should give it a leading place in the productive sections of the state.

Apart from this, there is every reason now with this new canal that a great fishing and canning industry should be built up with Pointe a la Hache as its headquarters. The great shallow bays in the rear of Pointe a la Hache are among the finest oyster producing grounds in the world and just such grounds also furnish first-class fishing, and all these resources are now made very accessible by the Mevers Canal. We presume that our leading operators in the oyster industry and our leading fish dealers have already their eyes upon this new opening and will avail of it as soon as practicable. The first class service now had from Pointe a la Hache to New Orleans by the Frisco Railway management, is a guarantee of quick transit of all perishable commodities to New Orleans and the great markets there. We have no doubt but that the most sanguine expectations of the gentlemen constructing this canal will be realized and we sincerely wish them the splendid success that they deserve.

Going Out and Coming In.

Going out to fame and triumph,
Going out to love and light;
Coming in to pain and sorrow,
Coming in to gloom and night.
Going out with joy and gladness,
Coming in with woe and sin;
Ceaseless stream of restless pilgrims,
Going out and coming in!

Through the portals of the homestead,
From beneath the blooming vine;
To the trumpet tones of glory.
Where the bays and laurels twine;
From the loving home caresses
To the chill voice of the world—
Going out with gallant canvas
To the summer breeze unfurled.

Through the gateway, down the footpath;
Through the lilacs by the way;
Through the clover by the meadow,
Where the gentle homelights stray;
To the wide world of ambition
Up the toilsome hill of fame,
Winning oft a mighty triumph,
Winning oft a noble name.

Coming back all worn and weary,
Weary with the world's cold breath;
Coming to the dear old homestead,
Coming in to age and death.
Weary of its empty flattery,
Weary of its ceaseless din,
Weary of its heartless sneering,
Coming from the bleak world in.

Going out with hopes of glory,
Coming in with sorrows dark;
Going out with sails all flying,
Coming ia with mastless barque.
Restless stream of pilgrims striving,
Wreaths of fame and love to win.
Fr m the doorways of the homestead
Going out and coming in!

M. E. M. DAVIS.

George Fitch, the well-known humorous writer, has written a vest pocket essay on "The Editor." Fitch began his newspaper career as a reporter at $6 a week, but today is a literateur at many times $50 a week. The last sentence of his observations, which are printed below, probably explains why Mr. Fitch gave up editing for contributing:

"An editor is a tired, nervous man who decides what shall go into a newspaper and explains why it got in afterwards.

"The editor works upstairs at an antique desk entirely surrounded by old papers, and produces the results which enable the business manager to sit down stairs in a room fitted with mahogany furniture and a Persian rug and to respond to toasts at great banquets in solemn state and a dress suit.

"It is the editor's duty to feel the pulse of the world and hold the stethoscope to business; to assist at the birth of history, to translate the present, refute the past and arrange the future; to illuminate ignorance, reward merit, put the spotlight on villany and the pulmotor on reform; to make statesmen and dessicate demagogues, to elect presidents, crown heroes and secure bigger salaries for baseball pitchers; to act as an alarm clock for public opinion, as an elevator for political candidates, and as a goat for every man who says something in a careless moment and who repents later by declaring that he was misquoted; to embalm truth, annihilate error, to bring the national tear for great misfortunes and the national laugh at great foolishness.

"An editor can lower a tariff, head off war, harness the wrath of the whole people and raise a million dollars for flood sufferers

"Editors are seldom praised, but they do not mind that. If the red faced man who is seeking an editor fails to find him and has to lick the janitor instead, the editor is well satisfied with life.

"Editors do not often ride in automobiles and if they save any money the business office feels as cheap about it as if it had paid too much for printer's ink.

"Some men are born editors but more of them die at the job."—Ex.

Marriage may be an awful gamble, but what woman would not rather gamble for a living than work for it.

The WOMAN

A Novel by Albert Payson Terhune

founded on William C. de Mille's Play

Illustrated with Photos from the Play and Drawings by V. L. Barnes

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CHAPTER I.

Five Years Before.

The Woman looked up from her task of fitting the trunk tray into exact position. Standish noted vaguely that the effort of packing had not made her red or frowsy. Even as she sat there on the floor beside the nearly-full trunk, with a litter of garments about her, her pose was not ungraceful. Yet her face was oddly tense, and her clenched hands spoke of self-control hard to maintain.

"No," she said patiently, as though trying to teach a lesson to some rather stupid child, "that isn't what I mean, at all. I mean, it's—over. Can't you understand?"

"Why, yes," answered Standish, "of course I understand. Why shouldn't I? It's over You will be safe at your aunt's house by six o'clock this evening, and you will start for Europe tomorrow, just as you arranged. And our wonder-week is ended. And for the next three months I'll be counting every—"

"Oh!" interrupted the Woman, her hard-worn patience going to pieces. "Won't you understand? I said it was over. Over! Not for three months or for any other time. But for always. Why do you make me put it this way? I tried to say it more—"

"You don't mean"—he began thickly, his throat sanded and sore.

The Woman nodded.

"But," he protested lamely, "it—it can't be. Why, girl, you love me!"

"I thought I did. Oh, I was so sure I did! But little by little, for days, I've begun to understand. Don't look at me like that! Do you suppose I enjoy talking so? It has to be said. And you're not making it a bit easy for me."

"Forgive me," he answered, a bitter note creeping into his heavy voice. "You are wrecking me. You are smashing all I hold dear. You are making my future as barren as a rainy sea. Forgive me for not making the process a bit easy for you."

"You have no right to say such things!" she flared. "It is cowardly. It is ungenerous."

"Why? Because you are a woman? A woman may flay a man. She may break his life to pieces for her own amusement. If he dares to protest, he is cowardly and ungenerous. Because she is a woman. A man's hands are tied behind him by that asinine old tradition. How about the woman who pommels a man when she knows his hands are so tied? Isn't she as 'cowardly' and 'ungenerous' as I would be if I thrashed a cripple? And yet women clamor for their 'rights!'—Rights! With one-tenth of the 'rights' that silly chivalry showers upon women, I could conquer the whole world!"

"But you could not conquer one woman. If I begged you to avoid a scene it was as much for your own sake as for mine. Since you will have one, let's get it over with as quickly as we can. Here is the situation in a handful of words: I met you. You weren't like any other man I'd ever known. You didn't fall down and worship me at sight—or pretend to, which comes to the same thing. It didn't seem to interest you that I had money and that other men made fools of themselves over me. And then your Quixotic ideas about politics and government and all that sort of thing, appealed to me. These and other reasons of the same kind made me think I was in love with you."

"You didn't think. You were! And—"

"Perhaps. Perhaps not. Does it matter—now? Isn't that also an effort to save the anchor after the wreck? But never mind. I thought I loved you. With your impractical high-souled ideas about political reform and the people's wrongs you seemed to me a modern Galahad; instead of just a —Don Quixote."

"Ah!"

"I'm sorry it makes you wince. But it's the truth. And the truth is generally painful. When you wanted to marry me, I felt as though a demigod had stooped to earth. That isn't the way to feel when one marries. I didn't know it then. I do, now. And perhaps the knowledge that I would not be allowed to marry you just yet, or even acknowledge our engagement, helped strengthen the infatuation. Then when I found I must go to Europe so soon, and you begged me to give you just this one 'perfect week,' it all seemed so natural—so right—so beautiful—"

"I was wrong!" he cried. "I was insane. I had no right to suggest it. I had no right to let you consent."

But, womanlike, she would not let him blame himself.

"It was not your fault," she cried. "Or if there were fault at all it was mine as much as yours. I say you 'begged' me to come here. You did not. At your first hint I was as eager as you. Perhaps," she added with a return of her forced hardness, "it was not quite the way one would expect a Galahad or a Quixote to spend a week. But the blame is as much mine as yours. So don't let's talk of that. Can't we both forget it?"

"Forget it? Why, girl, it's my whole life."

"It is an episode whose memory can be sweet or bitter as we choose to make it. We were clever enough to leave no trace when we went away. I'm supposed to be on a visit and your worthy constituents were told that their congressional representative was going away to recuperate, somewhere in the mountains. You will return from your vacation much benefited—if a little vague as to its details. And I will go back to my aunt's tonight, prepared to start happily on my European trip tomorrow morning. That is all."

"Oh, girl, I love you! You are mad—insane—to talk this way—to plan what you are planning. Can't you see it? Won't you give me a chance to get back your love? I had it once—I can get it again if you will give me the chance. I know I can make you happy."

A smile that savored of the rack twisted her set lips—and died before it reached her eyes.

"No, dear," she contradicted gently, "you can't make me happy. I doubt if you can make any woman happy. A woman—one who didn't know the un-Galahad side of you as I do—might respect or even reverence you. But you couldn't hold her love. No woman ever really loved a man because he was good; or because he fought against political evils or slew dragons. She might admire him for it. But admiration and reverence are petty poor every-day fare. When your wife wanted you to say crazy adoring things to her, you would be thinking out a new insurgent plan by which you could block the machine in congress. When she hoped you'd buy her some candy or a few flowers on your way home from the Capitol, you'd be too busy framing your next speech to think of such trifles. Those same trifles and his wild extravagance of praise and the quick noticing of anything she puts on to please him, are the cords that lash a woman's heart to a man's. Not her pride in the way he is fighting his country's political battles."

"Listen!" pleaded Standish. "I'll give it all up: my seat in congress, my fight for the people, my political hopes—everything! I'll give it all up—all—if you will marry me and give me a chance to make you love me again."

"It's no use," she returned. "For the moment you almost carried me off my feet. I can understand now why your speeches that read so stupidly, can sway people. But it's only an impulse. Inside of an hour you would question it. Inside of a day you would regret it—"

"No! No!"

"And inside of a week you would be secretly reading every scrap of congressional news and cursing your lot at being out of the fight. It would be like all sacrifices. In time one gets to hating the person one made them for. Oh, it would be misery for us both! It would be even worse than this week."

"Today there seems much I don't understand," he retorted. "But one thing is very clear to me: the course you've chosen is an impossible one for you. You must marry me. If not for love, then because it is the right thing to do. I do not ask you to care for me or even to live in the same house with me. But for your own sake you must—"

"It is for my own sake that I must do nothing of the sort. You get your ideas of life from books. Too many people do that. I am not going to let this one mistake ruin every bit of my future. I won't let one moment of folly blot all my life. Men don't. Why should women? There is still much in the world for me. And for you, too, if you'll look at it sanely. Oh, I know my kind of sanity shocks you. But it is sanity. You are held back by centuries of traditions: Your father began life as a millionaire's son. Mine began it in an Irish orphange. Your grandfather was a supreme court judge. I don't know who mine was. There must be something, after all, in this talk of heredity. For instance, I don't suppose there's a girl in all your sisters' set who would have con-

"I Don't Love You."

sented to a 'honeymoon' like ours, is there? Your sisters wouldn't have done such a thing, would they?"

"No!" he exclaimed in involuntary disgust.

At his word and tone a faint red showed across the Woman's face as if he had struck her lightly with his open hand. But at once she recovered herself.

"Let's say goodby and part as friends," she suggested. "No irremediable harm is done. Except for myself, you are the only person hurt. You'll have to stand that as part of the price of—"

"You are mistaken," he broke in. "Others, besides myself, are affected."

"Who?"

(To be continued.)

"That's a nice looking fellow who's just come in," said the young man who was dining with his best girl. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"Yes, indeed, I know him well," laughed the maiden.

"Shall I ask him to join us?"

"Oh, George," said the girl, blushing, "this is so sudden."

"Sudden! What do you mean?" he asked in surprise.

"Why—that's our young minister."

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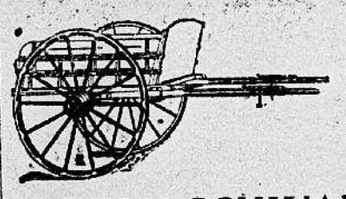

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