

The Lower Coast Gazette.

Devoted to the Interest of the Lower Coast Agriculture, Horticulture, Fisheries and Commerce.

Vol. V.

POINTE-A-LA-HACHE, LOUISIANA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1913.

No. 40.

LATEST NEWS.

STATE, NATIONAL AND FOREIGN

STATE NEWS.

The incorporation of Gretna in Jefferson Parish as a city which was made possible by the annexation of McDonoughville is attacked by the Jefferson Parish administration, the attack being based upon a construction put upon the wording of McDonough's will by the Patackers which makes it appear to have been McDonough's will which McDonoughville should remain independent.

St. Mary and Iberia parishes were hit by a 75-mile an hour cyclone, moving in a northerly direction with a path 10 miles wide. The damage in Jeanerette amounted to \$6,000. There is little standing sugar cane in the path of the cyclone. Glencoe was almost picked up by the terrific wind and moved north.

Heavy rains in the vicinity of Shreveport gave cause for fears that the cotton crop roundabout that city would be seriously damaged. Up to noon, September 26, the rainfall amounted to 6.77 inches.

The "wild" gas well in Caddo parish uncontrolled for six years during which time many vain efforts were made to stop the waste of gas which was valued at more than ten millions of dollars, has been controlled. The method of control used was suggested by the State Conservation Commission. A relief well was bored within a few feet of the wild well. The depth of the relief well was the same as the depth of the wild well. Air was forced into the relief well. The pressure was so great that the air found an outlet through a fissure which served as a conduct for the gas into the wild well. The engineers learned that the air was being forced into the wild well. Liquid mud was pumped into the relief well and forced under great pressure into the gas fissure and into the wild well and finally to the surface of the earth. This mud pumping continued until the wild well was completely choked or dammed. National experts had tried and suggested remedies. The State Conservation Commission closed the wild gas well. No one else could.

NATIONAL NOTES.

Three boy bandits held up and robbed an Alabama and Great Southern train at Bibbville, Ala., a little north of Birmingham. They secured between \$50,000 and \$100,000 from the express safes. When the boys stepped into the express car the express messenger who was then eating his lunch, told them to get out and threatened to throw hot coffee on them if they didn't. He did not believe then that they were robbers, believing them to be runaway chaps, beating their way. A bullet replied to his threat about the coffee and passed so close to his face that he fell, thinking he had been shot.

Edward Scully of New York, a superintendent in the street cleaning department of that city, was killed when, in order to check a runaway horse which had endangered the lives of 300 school children, he rushed out of his office, grabbed the animal's bridle and turned the mad horse into the curb. He died under the horse's hoofs.

The first witnesses examined in the Sulzer impeachment proceedings were Jacob Schiff, banker, and Henry Morganthau, treasurer of the Democratic campaign committee last autumn and recently appointed ambassador to Turkey. Both asserted that in giving their checks to Sulzer they did not state the purpose for which they should be used. Duncan Peck, state superintendent of public works, testified that the governor had asked him to violate his oath if he should be called upon the witness stand, saying that he was going to do so if he had to. Henry Morganthau, when recalled to the stand by the prosecution, swore that the governor had asked him to be easy on him and treat the affair of the mispent campaign contribution as personal if he (Morganthau), would be called to testify before the impeachment. It was testified that Richard Croker, Jr., son of the former Tammany leader, had given a check for \$2,000 made payable to cash at the request of Sulzer. This check was cashed by Frederick L. Colwell, the governor's Wall Street agent. It was also made known that six contributions of amounts ranging from \$100 to \$1,000 had been received but not reported in the governor's list of campaign contributions. Richard Croker, Jr., Dr. Cox (Judge Conlan and Brady, all contributors, whose contributions had not been shown on the governor's list, admitted that they gave Sulzer their money primarily for his campaign fund, but not necessarily. He could have used it, they testified, for whatever purpose he wished. It was the endeavor of Sulzer's attorneys to show as much as possible that the contributions questioned were made as personal gifts to Sulzer to do with them as he wanted.

The New York inheritance tax col-

lector received \$2,500,000 from the trustees of the Morgan estate. This tax was based on a part of Morgan's estate with a valuation of \$65,000,000.

Senators who supported the Clarke amendment to the cotton futures bill are willing to drop the matter. The House and Senate cannot agree on the points involved in the Clarke amendment. President Wilson, it is believed, will try, it is almost certain, to put through the Clarke amendment with the Smith-Lever proviso attached. Congressman Sims of Tennessee leads an insurgent element in the House, in support of the unadulterated Clarke amendment. Rumor has it that Underwood will announce that the President favors the Clarke amendment with the Smith-Lever proviso. Some say Sims will surrender but many more than these some say he won't. In the meantime wild reports of Presidential approval at different times have sent the market down to a sinking depth.

Will Jones and Walter Jones, negroes, aged 18 and 20, went craps shooting Saturday night at Harrison, Miss. Both got drunk. Both lost money. The whiskey and the losses and a handy revolver and then they began shooting the members of the craps shooting gamblers, all negroes. They killed nine of these. Will left the battlefield and passed a white man's saloon. He placed his gun by the side of the building and deliberately fired into the room where a number of white men were playing poker behind closed doors. No one was injured. Claude Freeman, one of the poker players, went outside and got some buckshot inside of him and died. The fellows heard Claude shout: "Oh, give a man a chance, won't you?" Then they went out and saw Claude dead. Will went along and killed three negroes. At 1:30 a. m., the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley train from Memphis reached the station at Harrison, Miss. Conductor Appleby walked into the telegraph office to receive his orders. Will was behind a box car; he fired at Appleby and Appleby fell mortally wounded. The flagman sought the shooter and he was shot. C. S. Hill, a negro porter, looked out of the vestibule. He was shot. The shooting awoke the town. The Constable, Frank Kinstley, awoke when someone stood by his window and said: "Frank, oh Frank, come here quick." Frank jumped up and ran to the door. A bullet got him in the abdomen and Frank died. Sheriff Hammett, living at Fayette, Miss., two miles away, was called by a hurried telephone message. He drove furiously fast to Harrison, accompanied by his old father, Tom Hammett, a deputy sheriff, and O. S. Gilles, clerk of the circuit court. The two Hammetts and Gilles approached the negroes' home and ordered the Jones' to surrender. Before advancing on the negro's house the Hammetts and Gilles had been advised not to attempt to corner the negroes until daylight. Walter Jones fired upon the party, not from the house, but from under a cotton oil mill to the right of the front yard of his house. Sheriff Hammett got what Walter fired and died. Gilles fell, fatally wounded. A mob gathered. The mob fired about 3,000 shots into the house, occupied by the negroes. The firing by the negroes ceased. The crowd was halted from approaching by the fears that the silence of shots was a ruse. This fear was born because the sheriff had been killed. A negro was given \$10 to enter the house and ask the negroes to surrender. The negroes surrendered and were lynched. Troops were rushed to the scene and a deathly quietude followed the riot. These two negroes lynching and the trail of blood that marked their last living night were the result of drink and gambling. They began to kill because they were drunk and had lost all their money. They drank because there was whiskey in the town. They lost their money because they gambled. Whiskey and Dice had a creditable night; seven men died and six men were wounded.

Governor Hooper signed the electric chair bill which makes the electric chair the method of capital punishment and bans the use of the gallows in the state of Tennessee.

A bitter fight will be waged on behalf of negroes and by negroes to have "Jim Crow" and "Grandfather Clause" legislation declared void. The fight will take place in the United States Supreme Court; the particular objects of attack being the Oklahoma and Maryland "grandfather" laws and the Oklahoma Jim Crow legislation.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Standard of London editorially discusses a rumor that English capital represented by Pearson & Son will give Colombia a chance to avenge herself against Panama by constructing an ocean to ocean canal by way of the Atrato and Cupica Rivers. The Standard scents the possibility of the United States asserting the Monroe Doctrine as a reason for disapproving the suggested Colombian Canal venture built by English money. The Standard means to say that the United States could not legitimately force Colombia to abandon the scheme. It

says that the United States has not sovereignty rights over every American Republic.

Senator Gamboa was nominated for President by the Catholic Party of Mexico. The Liberals nominated Colonel David De La Fuente, former minister of communication and public works in Huerta's cabinet, for president and Dr. Gregorio Mendizabala, former senator, for vice-president. The Liberal Republicans have but little following and that following is almost completely confined to the capital. General Felix Diaz called his congratulations to Senator Gamboa. Diaz is himself a candidate as an Independent Liberal. Diaz left Havre for Mexico on Tuesday September 30th. John Lind says that Huerta is behind Gamboa.

The Harvest.

By Elsie Singmaster.

In the broad, low bedroom of the old farmhouse, Elizabeth sat by the window. She could look out against the dark trees of the woodland, behind which the moon was rising, or back into the dim room, where her father lay on his bed. The woodland was in deep shadow; her father's face, with its closed eyes and set mouth, was even darker and more grim. From far away, but clear in the still summer night, floated the sound of music, a waltz played by violins.

To-night the music troubled Elizabeth, although usually it filled her with delight. When even the word music was mentioned, Elizabeth's shy blue eyes danced and her serious face lighted with smiles. The week before, when her father told the piano man that he could not buy a piano, Elizabeth thought her heart was broken.

John Blake's house stood high against the woodland, where it commanded a view over the whole valley. It overlooked the wide Blake fields, now covered with a bountiful crop of wheat, ripe for cutting; it gave a view of the winding river, and in the distance, the great summer hotel, with its golf links and tennis-courts and beautiful lawns. It was from the summer hotel that the music floated to the ears of Elizabeth. The hotel was always crowded; its guests often stopped at the farmhouse for a glass of water, or of milk, and Elizabeth was constantly meeting them in her walks. Sometimes in the evenings, when all the guests were gathered in the hall-room, she ventured down the road toward the hotel, and occasionally she drove past with her father and mother. Usually she did not have much time to go about. She and her mother made part of the supply of butter for the hotel, and there was always work to do. Even now Elizabeth sighed with weariness.

Mr. Blake had set out his broad acres in wheat, and the wheat had grown like no other crop that he could remember. It seemed as if he had been especially favored by the weather. A terrible hail-storm that had beaten down the young plants of his neighbors had passed him by; the heavy rains that had done great harm to the crops in the West had not prevailed in his part of the country. There was every promise that, with the proceeds of the magnificent crop, Mr. Blake would be able to pay the mortgage that a succession of misfortunes had fastened upon his farm. He had not always been so lucky as he was in this fine crop. There had been lean years, he had unwisely indorsed the note of a friend who had proved to be dishonest, and, worse than all, he had lost his only son.

Now, as Mr. Blake's health and courage and faith were gradually returning, he had been smitten once more. He had slipped from a ladder in the barn and had broken his hip; he had to lie in prison on his bed. Helpers were not to be had for the harvest; the great hotel in the valley had so raised the price of labor that workers by the day were not to be found. Mr. Blake had sent letters to acquaintances in neighboring towns; he had advertised in the newspapers; his wife had driven from place to place, in the hope of finding a few men willing to work.

But the search was vain. The July sun grew hotter and hotter; the heat turned the fields to tawny yellow, and the heavy heads of grain began to nod. The weather was perfect harvest weather, the harvest lay waiting, but there were no laborers. On his bed lay the master; he had been moved to the side of the house away from the golden fields, so that the sight of them might not torture him.

Elizabeth, sitting beside him in the twilight, rose presently to get him a drink. He did not ask for it; he asked for nothing, but Elizabeth knew from her own parched throat that his must be dry. She slipped her hand under his head, and lifted it from the pillow while she held the cup to his lips. Suddenly he started.

"Is that thunder?"
"No, father. It is only a team crossing the bridge."
"Is there any sign of rain?"
"No. The moon is rising as clear as can be."

Mr. Blake turned his face away

from the window. "By to-morrow night it will rain. We have had ten days of this clear, hot weather. It must rain by to-morrow. Then the wheat will rot."

Elizabeth stood for a moment by the bed. She heard her mother come slowly up the steps; she knew by the way she moved that she was utterly spent. She wished that her father would not utter the words that she knew would come in a moment.

"The harvest was sent to mock me."
Mrs. Blake breathed heavily as she came into the room, but she smiled bravely at Elizabeth.

"Go out for a while. I'll sit with father."

Elizabeth went slowly down the steps and outdoors. The moon had appeared now from behind the tall trees of the woodland; it shone down in glory upon the beautiful wheat. The air was filled with the odor of ripened grain—an odor inseparable in Elizabeth's mind from the trampling of horses, the rattling sounds of the great reaper, and the cheerful voices of the harvesters. But now there was no sound except the distant music.

Presently Elizabeth walked down to the gate and out upon the broad road. She was restless, in spite of her weariness; it seemed to her that if she walked she might come to a cooler spot. She went slowly down the dusty road toward the great hotel, wishing that she might forget trouble for a while. She had never been close to the hotel at night; she now approached nearer and nearer, drawn by the magical music. She felt an intense curiosity to see the people who played the violins, and the ladies who were said to wear such beautiful dresses.

The air became more still and dead, and the dust in the road grew deeper, but Elizabeth went on. She wore her oldest, most washed-out gingham dress and her stout shoes; her clothes could do her no harm. She passed the golf course, where all day long men walked about, hitting a tiny ball with a club; she passed the smooth clay courts, where other men batted slightly larger balls back and forth over a white net. Elizabeth had watched these activities from afar with curiosity and awe. She admired these fine rich people, and all they did. Closer and closer to the great building came Elizabeth. Her feet made a gentle sound on the gravelled drive, and she moved to the grass beside it. There was no one round; without being seen, Elizabeth got close to the windows of the ballroom.

There Elizabeth beheld a wonderful sight. The great room was decorated with green branches; upon a raised platform sat the musicians, and over the polished floor, in time with the music, moved beautifully dressed ladies and fine gentlemen. Elizabeth had heard about the summer hotel dances, but she had never dreamed they could be so wonderful as this. She forgot who she was and where she was; she ceased entirely to feel the intense heat that a moment before had made her gasp; she stood and stared and listened, all eyes and ears. Suddenly the music ceased. With laughter and loud protests against the heat, the young people crowded out through the long windows to the porches. There was the sound of clinking glasses, there was a gay laughter, there were no more complaints about the heat.



THE PALISADES, ALPINE PASS. SOUTH PARK LINE.

In a moment the music began again, and the dancers crowded back into the ballroom.

Still fascinated, Elizabeth watched them through another dance, and another. Then suddenly she came to herself. She was a mile away from home, her mother would be anxious about her, she must go back at once. She thought of her poor father, lying upon his bed of pain, she thought of the fields of wheat with the bending heads, and suddenly an idea flashed into her mind. Here were young, strong men who were able to dance round and round in this terrible heat. They could not fear sunstroke or overexertion, as some of the lazy men with whom her mother had talked had done. Surely her mother had not thought of asking them. They liked to work, and it was better to help a farmer gather in his harvest than to chase a little ball all day with a big stick!

"But there is no time for my mother to see them!" said Elizabeth, in a panic. "By the time I could get home and tell her, they would have gone to bed, and after to-morrow it may be too late. Oh, what shall I do?"

Then suddenly, as if impelled by some strange force outside of herself, shy Elizabeth did an almost incredible thing. She stepped across the porch of the great hotel and through the window, and caught the nearest gentleman by the arm. The gentleman stopped dancing at once, and standing beside the lovely lady who was his partner, looked down upon Elizabeth, with her scarlet face and old gingham dress and her dusty shoes. The leading musician, playing absent, and seeing Elizabeth, was startled out of the correct time, and made a sad business of getting back to it. The dancers' feet halted, started to move once more, and stopped. Necks were craned, heads were lifted in an effort to see the reason for the disturbance; there was at once a general movement of the dancers toward the arrested gentleman and the little girl.

"What!" said the gentleman, in amusement, when he had heard Elizabeth's story.

Elizabeth repeated her request; to her it did not seem in the least strange; she was so earnest that even her own position there among these fine people did not seem unnatural. She did not realize that the music had stopped.

Then she felt herself taken by the hand and led up the steps to the platform where the musicians sat. It was the lovely lady who took her in charge. The lady wore a yellow dress and long white gloves.

"Tell them all what you want," she said to Elizabeth. "Don't be afraid."
To Elizabeth the lights seemed to rush together into one mighty star, and the floor to reel beneath her feet. Then she realized that somehow she was speaking.

"My father broke his hip," she said, in her clear voice. "He will have to stay in bed till fall. All his grain is out. My mother has driven all over the country, and she can't find any one to help. I should like to engage some men to help with the harvest. We will pay two dollars a day. We ought to have fifteen men. I thought" Elizabeth's breath had begun to fall, her heart beat so rapidly that speech was almost impossible — "I

thought you were strong men because you could hit the little ball so hard and could move so fast in the heat. I thought—I thought—" Elizabeth's breath gave out now entirely, and the lady in the yellow dress began to speak.

"O strong men who chase the little ball!" said the gay voice. "Mr. Pennock, you were a farmer before you took to buying railroads, you must be the head harvester. Dicky will go and Paul Bates will go. Who else will go?"

Amid shouts of laughter, the promises were made. Then, seized with an agony of shyness, declaring that she was afraid to ride in the automobile that the lady in yellow offered, Elizabeth went home alone. Her mother was watching for her anxiously.

"What have you been doing, Elizabeth? Where have you been?"

"I have engaged harvesters," explained Elizabeth. "There are fifteen men coming in the morning."
"From where?"

"The hotel. I went where all the people were and asked for hired men, and those men are coming."
"Elizabeth!"

"They laughed at me, but they are coming."
"They will never come, child! They were fooling you. Don't tell your father, and go to bed. Why, Elizabeth!"

Elizabeth climbed the stairs heavily. She heard her father moan in his sleep. No moan escaped his lips in his waking hours. She heard her mother close the house; she sat looking out over the grain-fields, with wet eyes. She saw herself in her old clothes speaking to all the strangers; she wished now that the earth would open and swallow her.

In the morning the Blakes slept late; that is, they slept until five o'clock, which is late for harvest-time. Mr. Blake, in his misery of mind and body, had been awake most of the night, and Mrs. Blake, on her cot beside his bed, had kept vigil with him. They had no bright hopes to wake them early; this day would surely bring a storm and the ruin of their crops. In the night, Mrs. Blake thought uneasily of Elizabeth, and was sorry that she had been sharp with her; but what Elizabeth had done was madness. Mrs. Blake knew more than her daughter about the ways of the rich.

At five o'clock Mrs. Blake opened her eyes, and saw that her husband was sleeping. Bright daylight was at hand, the birds were singing, and already the heat was almost intolerable. Mrs. Blake's throat was dry, her lips were parched. She rose, and moving as quietly as she could, drew the shutters close, and stole out of the room. She dreaded the day unspokenly; she almost wished that a storm would come to end their anxiety.

She closed the door softly behind her. She did not like to rouse Elizabeth, but she must do so, for the days had not enough hours for all the tasks to be accomplished.

But Elizabeth was already up. She stood at the window and motioned wildly to her mother, as if speech had forsaken her. Mrs. Blake looked out. The doors of the great barn were open, the broad gates into the field swung wide; directed by a tall man, several young men were mowing the first swath, so that the great reaper might be driven into the field. To the reaper, Mr. Blake's strong horses were, being hitched.

"O Elizabeth!" cried Mrs. Blake. "Dear Elizabeth!"

"What is the matter" asked a voice from the other room.
Mrs. Blake did not pause to answer her husband. "Tell him, Elizabeth. We shall have to get meals for them. Come right away, Elizabeth! It seems as if it could not be!"

All day long Mrs. Blake cooked happily in her stifling kitchen; all day long Elizabeth moved about, now carrying water to the laborers in the field; now setting the long table under the grape arbor; now waiting upon her father, whose bed had been moved to a room that overlooked the wide fields. Several times the tall gentleman came to Mr. Blake's room for orders; three times the fifteen laborers flocked to the table, and ate like the harvesters that they were.

In the evening there appeared a low bank of clouds in the west, as Mr. Blake had prophesied. As the sun sank lower they rose higher and darker. The sun went down in a blaze of orange glory, but almost at once the dark clouds shut out the glow. For the first time in many days there was a rustle among the leaves, then a long, sighing breath. The laborers had gone, each with his two dollars to add to the thousands, or perhaps the millions, that he already had. They had laughed happily at their tired muscles and their aching backs; evidently even very rich men enjoyed a bit of good hard work.

From the window of the Blake farmhouse three persons had watched them until they could see them no more. The Blakes said little to one another; they were never talkative. Elizabeth had told about the beautiful room; room; then they sat silent, waiting for the storm.

"It will surely come," said Farmer Blake, happily. "Now that the harvest

is safe, the rain cannot fall too soon upon the stubble."

Presently the heat-lightning changed to great flashes close at hand, the thunder rolled heavily, and the rain closed in upon the farm-house in great, wind-driven sheets. Elizabeth went closer to her father and took his hand. She was always frightened by heavy storms. She sighed a little, for she wished that she were braver. If she had been a boy instead of a girl, she might have helped with the harvest.

Then suddenly Elizabeth forgot her fright, even her regret, in a great thrill. The grasp in which her hand was held tightened; her father laid the tanned fingers close against his cheek.

"Elizabeth," said he, a little unsteadily, "the first thing in the morning you are to write for the piano man to come back."—Youth's Companion.

The Day of the Oyster.

By Henry C. Rowe, President of the Oyster Growers' and Dealers' Association of North America.

It is not my custom to prophesy, as I value the advice of the late Samuel L. Clemens, who is alleged to have said: "If you do not know, do not prophesy," but in response to a special request for an article on oysters, I feel justified in departing from this rule to say that the day of the oyster is at hand.

This is my opinion for several reasons, and among them I would mention the fact that the prejudice created by certain sensationalists against oysters during the past few years has been exploded by the authoritative statements of Dr. Carl L. Albers, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of United States Department of Agriculture, and of Prof. Julius Nelson, professor of biology, Rutgers' College, New Jersey, and biologist of New Jersey State Agricultural College Experiment Station; Professor Frederick P. Gorham, professor of biology, Brown University; Prof. Earle B. Phelps and Prof. Sedgwick, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Dr. Herbert D. Pease, of Lederle Laboratories, and many other scientific men of unquestionable authority.

The prejudice to which I refer has never extended to those persons who are well informed concerning the oyster industry, but it affected a considerable number of timid persons and those who are readily impressed by sensational statements by food demagogues looking for notoriety, and by the lurid headlines of the yellow press.

Dr. Albers, who is now the official scientific authority on such subjects in the United States, has publicly said: "I could wish that the number of dangerous sources of milk supply was as small and that the percentage of pure, wholesome milk was as great as the proportion of wholesome, safe oysters that reach our tables."

People do not discontinue drinking milk and water because it is alleged that they have occasionally caused disease. What the reasonable consumer requires is that care shall be observed that the milk and the water shall be pure, and shall be kept pure for their use. And that is all that is necessary in the case of the oysters. There have been a thousand times as many cases of illness traced to the use of oysters, and as far as statistics show, it is infinitely more dangerous to ride in an automobile or on a railroad train, or even to walk in the streets where automobiles abound, than it is to eat oysters every day in the year.

The prejudice which was commenced by certain sensationalists years ago has gone on until the Oyster Growers' and Dealers' Association of North America has placed before the people of the country the real facts, and the presentation of the facts which was made by this organization during the last season will have a great effect during the coming season and in future years, and this work will be continued through many avenues of public information.

These efforts to educate the people to the true facts concerning oysters have already caused the prejudice to recede, and it will decrease until the accusations against oysters will be regarded as they deserve, as an attempt to acquire notoriety on the part of food demagogues.

Last winter when I presented the facts concerning the oyster industry to Dr. Albers, I also had the privilege of an interview with the president-elect (then Governor) Wilson. To both of these gentlemen I presented the facts concerning the oyster industry and it is gratifying to say that I never had conferences with two men who grasped the subject in its various bearings any more promptly than they. And it was obvious also that they would apply the test of reason and the light of a broad intelligence to every question which they considered. After these interviews I felt confident that the authority of the United States Government would be hereafter employed in the preservation of the purity of food products and

(Continued on page 4)