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FULL AUTHORITY VESTED IN THE PARISH COMMITTEE

It is noted from the New Orleans press that five questions have been submitted by Hon. Horace Wilkinson, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Democratic State Central Committee, to Attorney General Guion, as follows:

1. In cases of failure of any parish to elect a parish committee in the recent primaries, does the old committee hold over or is it compelled to call a primary election for a new committee?

2. Where elections have been held for parish committees in certain wards of a parish, and not in other wards, do the old members hold over or has there to be another primary to fill the positions not filled in first primaries, and if a new election is required, upon whose call should said election be held?

3. Has the Democratic State Central Committee authority to order primaries to fill vacancies in the parish committee, in case the local committee refuses or fails to act?

4. Would it be permissible or legal to hold a primary election for delegates to the Baton Rouge convention of June 4, or to elect members of a parish committee at the same polling places with the same commissioners and officers as are delegated to conduct the general election on April 16 next?

5. Where a senatorial district committee ceases to exist by reason of death, removal or failure to act, in causing an election of their successors, what step will be necessary to revive such committee or to re-establish the same?

It would seem from the Caucasian's interpretation that each of the queries may be answered categorically if considered from a practical common sense basis.

Indeed there are rulings, in precedence, which have been applied and have met all the queries without the reference to the Attorney General.

The only query which concerns the Caucasian and the Democracy of Caddo Parish is the fourth query.

The opinion of the Attorney General submitted recently in the case of the Parish of Washington is all sufficient, but it is not possessed of the legal scope that would annul the election of the delegates from Caddo to the State convention if chosen as already devised by the Democratic Executive Committee of Caddo Parish.

In ordering this primary election for the nomination of delegates to the State convention, the Democratic Executive Committee of Caddo Parish had for guidance the mandates of the Democratic State Central Committee.

The Caddo Parish Executive Committee could have directed the selection of the twenty-three delegates to the State convention by a parish convention, or could have reserved to themselves the appointment of these delegates, but such proceeding was not believed to be consistent with the oft repeated and proclaimed principle, if not a pretence, "let the people rule."

Incidentally, it is threatened that, if heed is not given to the anticipatory ruling of the Attorney General, there will be contests of delegation in the convention and it is suggested as advisable that it would be better to wait and find out what is the law.

By what law or authority could the delegates from Caddo Parish be excluded from participation in the State convention when the delegates are duly and fully accredited by the Democratic Executive Committee?

Would not such credential be equal, if not better than the certificate of a parish committee which has arrogated to itself the authority of selecting the delegates, who should be chosen by a majority of the votes participating in a primary.

Is it suggested by implication that the Democratic State Central Committee was without legal authority when it decreed that the selection of delegates to the State convention could be by primary, by convention or by the committees of each parish?

If the Democratic State Central Committee is and was possessed of legal authority to devise and to decree how the delegates from each parish could be named why invoke the opinion of the Attorney General on a question self evident and which is thoroughly consistent with the broadest of Democratic teaching?

The programme of the Caddo Parish Democracy as devised and adopted unanimously is not only acceptable but is being indorsed as the medium through which the Democrats who vote and carry elections may manifest their choice for the delegates for committeemen and for the presidential candidate.

Having been given this Democratic opportunity to exercise their prerogatives as Democrats, the Democratic Parish Executive Committee will be guided and governed by this Democratic expression and will issue the necessary credentials to the delegates so named by the majority voting at such primary.

Perhaps it is proposed by technicalities to finally compel the selection of delegates to parish committees, regardless of any expression of choice from the Democrats of their respective parishes.

Such a proceeding as maintained throughout the State would strengthen the already prevalent belief that the State convention is to be as others have been, a packed assemblage with a prearranged programme, which is to be approved and endorsed regardless of the protest of the minority.

It is declared that the Caddo Democracy will not stand for such programme.

ROUND THE GLOBE

Eight million sterling is given away in charity every year in London.

Three million pairs of rubber shoes are sent out of this country annually.

The mineral production of the United States is valued at about \$3,000,000,000.

Russia has an army of 1,200,000 men in time of peace and 4,500,000 in time of war.

Electric lights are to be installed in one of the oldest and most famous Hindu temples in India.

The British exchequer between April 1 and Dec. 31 last received £18,181,000 in estate or death duties.

The Los Angeles (Cal.) Y. M. C. A. has expended over \$450,000 on its new athletic field and grounds.

The Salvation Army recently stated that its property holdings in the United States exceed \$5,000,000 in value.

Her Othofahl of Christiania has a process for making iron and steel plates impenetrably hard, yet normally elastic.

A machine to hold a drill by which it may be sharpened by hand on an ordinary whetstone has been invented in England.

The population of Switzerland, according to the census of 1910, just published, is 3,753,293, a gain of 437,850 in ten years.

The tools and apparatus used on the Panama canal may be turned over to the reclamation service when the canal is finished.

Since elephants have grown scarce in Africa attention has been turned to the immense amount of ivory to be found in the frozen north.

Photographically to measure and record the vibrations of a medicine or building is the purpose of a simple apparatus invented in England.

Irish exports last year exceeded Irish imports for the first time on record. The amount of money on deposit in the joint stock banks was the highest ever recorded.

A lot of wood cut from the apple tree in Sir Isaac Newton's garden which gave the world the theory of gravitation has been presented to the British Royal Astronomical society.

The recent discovery of some glass mirrors dating from the second or third century in a cemetery in Austria has upset the theory that the ancients had to depend upon polished metal to see themselves.

Two British officers have set out with an escort to locate the great fairs of the Brahmaputra, which are traditionally reputed to be among the most notable in the world, but which have thus far defied discovery.

One of the English railways has provided an alleviation of the discomforts of travel which does not seem to have occurred to the companies in this country. It provides a box of toys with which a child may amuse itself during the journey.

A project is on foot for lighting Copenhagen by means of a submarine cable connecting the great hydraulic plant at Trollhattan, Norway. An electric line is somewhat of a novelty, and the results will be watched with interest.

Worthy of the name are the traveling libraries of the American Seamen's Friend Society of New York. Last year this organization placed forty-five selected volumes on each of 228 vessels, some of which were departing for the other side of the world.

Among the curiosities of the United States patent office is an invention by a six-year-old boy. This is a toy with sliding disks capable of making a delightful noise—to a six-year-old—and its inventor is said to be the youngest person in the world to whom a patent has ever been issued.

During the year 1911 forty warships were launched in the British navy. These include eight super-Dreadnoughts carrying 13.5 inch guns, two protected cruisers, two unarmored cruisers, twenty-three torpedo boat destroyers and five submarines. These ships aggregated 221,000 tons and will cost when completed over \$35,000,000.

The Eclipse of Cupid

Love Balked to Aid Plans of a Woman Reporter

By ZOE HARTMAN

"Senator Howland isn't at home to callers this evening, ma'am." Anne Cullom produced a smile of ingratiating sweetness. "But my business isn't like ordinary business," she said confidentially.

"He said he wouldn't be disturbed on any account, ma'am."

And Anne found herself staring at the inhospitable panels of a door, in stead of an expressionless domestic.

"A paving stone couldn't have been more polite," she observed pensively. "And I had such confidence, too, in the efficacy of my smile!" She seated herself on the front steps of Senator Howland's country home and looked around her, aggrieved. "I suppose that old crab apple saw reporter in my eye. Even the stray cats are under suspicion since Fielder had the idocy to misquote his senatorship in the Post. It's a crime to make a politician gun shy. Well, if I was a fool to come, Raftery was certainly a fool to send me."

Descending the steps, she tiptoed around the house, reconnoitering.

"There ought to be some way of access to the house of Howland," she argued, craning her neck up at the unresponsive windows. "I suppose I might as well take a snapshot of the place while there's daylight left."

She started to get her camera from the touring car she had left in the road, but suddenly stopped, and her head went up like a hound that scents the quarry voices, surely—voices from within! She stole back into the shadows of the piazza.

"But, papa, you said—"

"Never mind what I said. I tell you, young Brackett's out of the question. His father's my political enemy, for one thing, and, for another, you're too young for such nonsense. Drop it!"

"But, papa, you didn't object to George at first."

"Now, Betty"—the deep, resonant voice within sharpened with exasperation—"teasing won't do the least good at this time of all times, when I'm worried gray with other matters. I simply won't listen to your marrying at seventeen. Come to me two years hence, say, when there's some likelihood of your knowing your own mind."

"I do know my own mind." The girl's treble took on a piercing nasal quality. "I think it's perfectly horrid of you to say such mean things about George."

"Lower your voice, Betty. Your mother is resting for the first time today, and that clack of yours will set her nerves jumping again. You're acting like a spoiled baby. Now listen to reason. I suppose you're dazzled by the prospect of becoming daughter-in-law to the biggest mining king in the state. I had hoped my girl would have sense enough to prefer brains to money, but it seems she hasn't. However, let that pass. The main point is an alliance with old George Germaine

"Jump in, Betty; we'll take it anyway." The groom was already laying possessive hands on the motor.

"I seem to have no choice," Anne was enjoying herself tremendously.

Anne watched them till they were well under way, feeling very much as though she had at last found a lever long enough to swing the world. Then she flew back to the house and gave the front bell a violent pull.

"I must see Senator Howland instantly! Do you hear—Instantly! It's a matter of life and death!"

Her vehemence must have carried conviction, for the aperture of the door widened a cautious six inches, and the stolid domestic backed off a few feet in ungracious invitation. Suddenly from the far end of the hall a deep, testy voice boomed out: "A matter of life and death, eh? Humph! What's a matter of life and death?"

Anne's heart pounded a little unevenly as she stepped forward and confronted the man whose name was on everybody's lips.

"My name is Anne Cullom." She went straight to the point. "I hate to butt in, but I thought you'd like to know that your daughter is about to elope with a young man she calls George."

"My daughter! What the devil—what do you know about it, ma'am?"

"I was there and saw it, you see. They couldn't find their motorcar, so they took mine," said Anne.

"Took your motorcar?" The lion was now thoroughly aroused. "Why in blazes did you let 'em do that? Are you crazy?"

"I couldn't help myself. Your new son-in-law has such a taking way," aggrievedly. "He took it forcibly. There isn't enough gasoline in the engine to carry them half a mile, so we can easily overtake them if you'll call your motor."

"Good Lord! I wouldn't have had 'em escape for all the money in the world. Are you sure they'll get stranded in your car?"

"Dead sure. Her eyes followed him in friendly commiseration as he mopped his damp forehead.

"I suppose you see no occasion for these hysterics, but there happens to

be more at stake than a mere business sentiment. That young gooding my daughter's eloping with is the son of George Germaine Brackett, president of the Superior Mining Syndicate and head of that big gang of corporation pirates were trying to clean out. This is one of the dodges in the game to get my silly daughter married to his son, so they'll have a plausible foundation for their lies about old Andrew Howland's selling out to the syndicate. They're taking advantage of my low financial condition—Anne liked the grim set of his jaw—"

spread the report that I'm to have my debts canceled and a big block of their stock as the price of betrayal. Because I won't talk for the press—the whole perfidious reporter gang would rather misrepresent a man's words than not—they pretend to interpret my silence as double dealing. Now that my waste land bill has passed the house I'm raising heaven and earth to put it through the senate and make those fellows pay roundly for all the country they cursed smelter smoke has ruined."

"Senator Howland, here's your car." And she assumed the initiative by springing in first.

"Do you mean to say," she pressed with discerning guilelessness as he set the big machine in motion, "that Miss Howland's marriage to young Brackett could seriously affect the passage of the waste land bill?"

"Oh, you don't understand!" she shouted irritably above the chugging of the car. "Why, the fate of that bill hangs on a hair! Ah! Our bates in the woods, eh? Down in that hollow. Humph! They're shipwrecked that enough."

Never did stern parent override a more forlorn looking runaway couple. Upon the approach of the parental car the valiant groom elected scrambled out of the car, where he had been jerking fruitlessly at the motor, and, giving

"I'll break his cursed head for him when I catch him!" fumed George.

"Dear, what if papa should come?" moaned Miss Howland. "George, we'll have to walk to the city. Come on; it's only four miles. Why—why, there it is! There's the car at the gate. Why didn't we look there before? Run quick!"

It was not in Anne Cullom to hesitate when action was possible. She scrambled to her feet and, composing her features to accommodate an expression of mild and seraphic astonishment, faced the fugitives serenely as they came panting up. With a smothered shriek Miss Betty promptly beckamed into the arms of Mr. George Germaine Brackett, Jr.

"Tisn't yours at all, George!" she gasped.

"Good evening," said Anne sweetly. "Is anything the matter?"

"We've—we've lost a motorcar!" Womanlike, Miss Betty was the first to recover. "It was to wait for us, but I'm afraid the chauffeur's misunderstood and gone off without us, and we simply must get to town tonight. Oh, won't you let us have your car? George will pay you anything you ask—anything. Won't you, George?"

George stood to his guns valiantly. "Yes, and I'll have a man bring it back to you the minute we get to town. You will have it back in half an hour."

"That sounds straight," admitted Anne cautiously, "but you never can tell. I never lend my car to any but persons of—er—acknowledged good character. That was a good one for Raftery," she added mentally. It was Raftery's car.

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"JUMP IN, BETTY, WE'LL TAKE IT ANYWAY," SAID GEORGE.

avengeful parting kick, made of down the road at the top of his speed. The senator leaped to the ground and looked after the retreating figure of his would be son-in-law. Then, turning mildly to his daughter, "Well, Betty, I didn't think you were really in earnest about leaving me."

"It was a horrid, hateful trick!" sobbed Miss Betty, trying to annihilate Anne with a look, while submitting to being bundled into the back seat of the big car, where she wept stormily all the way home. Not so the senator.

"Miss Anne Cullom, shake!" he said bluntly as he handed her out at the front steps. "You've done me a service I shan't forget very soon, and, though I don't know your motives, I'm grateful just the same, and some day this fool daughter of mine will be grateful too. Temporarily I'm at your service."

Anne pulled herself together for the great plunge. "There's only one thing you can do for me," she began with masterly diffidence, "and that is go on talking about your fight with the corporations. I'm a reporter for the Evening Telegraph—There, there, don't take it so hard!"

"A reporter?" he croaked, staring at her, his jaw dropping. "A nice dish of scandal for the morning papers?"

"Well," eying him composedly, "for a man of your position I must say you are the stupidest. A really bright politician would be casting about for a strong inducement to keep me silent, and he wouldn't be long finding it either. Do you suppose that I came out here for such small fry as your daughter's elopement?"

"Which one of those mis-information bureaus did you say you came from?" he growled after a brief struggle.

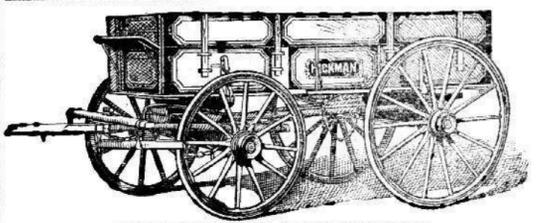
"The Telegraph, not the Post, please!" she went here to interview you on political issues and particularly on the waste land bill. Your servant was—er—unkind enough to refuse me admittance this afternoon, but of course you knew nothing about that."

"Um-m-m—the Telegraph, Raftery's paper, eh? Well, Raftery's a pretty clean chap—pretty clean. Got a fairly good bump of courage too. Still—"

"I swear I'll quote you exactly, precisely and mathematically right," cried Anne in a burst of enthusiasm. "If-it takes a leg!"

"Come into the library. Miss Anne Cullom," he exploded, yielding to a great guffaw. "You shall have your interview. By George, you've earned

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