# THE RICE BELT JOURNAL.

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FRIDAY, MAY 26TH, 1905.


GOOD MORNING! Welsh is going to have an ice factory, but keep cool.

The best bonds of sympathy are the golden bonds of truth.

It's the kiss of love that lingers the longest in an honest woman's heart.

Why do so many men object to being bald when they were born that way?

Curiosity and cussedness are the two evils which generally go hand in hand.

Little Rock reports a woman who sleeps in the cemetery. Maybe she has grave intentions.

Strange, but true, when a man is down and out he feels as though it was all up with him.

Things look pretty blue sometimes but you ought to thank your stars that they are not black.

The only real imagination existing is when a love-sick youth and a silly girl believes they can't live without one another.

An old professor has discovered the man who invented kissing. Glad it was invented before the copyright laws went into effect.

New Orleans is going to start a cooking school. Any man who marries a girl from a cooking school ought to receive a medal for bravery.

A New York man, who is over 80 years of age, offers $300 for a wife. He probably forgets that women are not to be found on the bargain counters.

An Iowa woman is asking for a divorce from her husband because, she says, his money is tainted. But this makes no difference in the matter of alimony.

A St. Louis boy forgot to take the gasoline can off the stove before starting the fire. He saved himself from being taken to task by not showing up at breakfast.

An exchange says: Iowa reports a number of women tramps. Pretty soon they will be monopolizing this industry and the poor, weak man will have to go to work.

While her mother is at work on the back porch with the week's washing, it is laughable to hear the girl in the parlor play: "Who'll Care for Mother When I'll Gone."

A young man passed through Welsh last Wednesday on a tour of the continent pushing a wheel barrow. He is trying to win a bet. This is one of the best opportunities the fool-killer ever had to get in his work.

Up in Ohio they have discovered a wild boy who refuses to sleep in a bed, never combs his hair, nor washes his face.—Exchange.

Pshaw! He is not wild, that is just the plain old time boy developing himself

An exchange asks, "What has become of the boy in patches?" Why, bless your soul, he is out on the farm chopping clods and cordwood sixteen hours a day. He will come to town after awhile to run the banks and the stores and be the successful lawyers and preachers and physicians. Don't worry about the boy in patches. It's the slick-looking, store clothed, nicely groomed lad who writes his middle name in full and parts his hair in the middle you want to inquire about. He's the fellow that's going to drop through a crack in the sidewalk out of sight one of these days.—Centralia (Mo.) Courier.

### WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS COUNTRY.

There is nothing the matter with this section.

But the towns are dull and there is no business.

That is all right. The farmer is the cause of this. He is living at home this year and boarding at the same place. He is raising his garden, his chickens and his hogs. He is using milk from the cow on his place and has turned the tin-cow out to dry up for good. He makes his own butter and he has sent word to Elgin that he doesn't want any more of their pretty printed boxes with three-quarters of a pound of butter in it for 30 cents. Last year the farmers of this section supported two large feed stores and bought thousands of bushels of corn and oats from these two stores at Welsh. Now they raise some corn and some oats, and take their low grade and red rice to Jones Bros' mill in Welsh and have it ground into feed stuff or exchange it at the rice mills for bran or polish. One of the aforementioned feed stores has gone out of business, and the other is not doing near so much business in corn and oats as it did before, but it is handling more of the home production. That is feed stuff made from rice.

Don't you be uneasy about the farmer; he's all right. Experience is the best of teacher, and it taught him a lesson he will not soon forget. He paid high for it, but in the long run it was cheap. There is nothing the matter with Welsh and this section. Both Welsh, as a town, and the vicinity as a farming section, are to be congratulated upon learning their lesson before it was too late.

This section has settled down to a good, safe bases, and is making the headway that will count the most profitable to all concerned.

Don't you lose any sleep worrying about the farmer because you don't see him in town every day. He is at home raising that $4.00 a bag rice. He will be in this fall in all his glory, and he will tell you how it all happened. He is too busy making this section to loaf around on the streets. His absence from town is a good indication that he is going to prosper, and the Journal is glad he has learned his lesson so thoroughly.

Last year eggs and hogs were shipped into Welsh, but bless your soul, we are now shipping eggs and hogs out of Welsh, and we are going to make our ice, too, you bet your boots we are.

There is nothing the matter with this section and her people. The fellow who thinks there is, should have a bucket of cold water dashed on him to wake him up, and let him look around, and it would do him so much good we will bet he wouldn't go back to sleep again, and he would join us in that old time song, "A Better Day is Coming, Bye-and-Bye."

The Congregational church was filled to its utmost capacity last Sunday night. The monthly stereopticon sermon by the pastor was both inspiring and instructive. Dr. Mente in his impressive way lectured on the Old Testament from the Deluge to the confusion of tongues; the views were beautiful and the solo by little Miss Shirley Davidson "Hello Central" filled us with desires to meet loved ones gone before.

### THAT WHOLE DAM FAMILY.

We received a picture this week from a publishing house of a family we heard of in our boyhood days. The picture was that of "The Whole Dam Family." We placed this picture in the show window, believing that the general public would appreciate a glimpse at this noted family, and that it would further demonstrate to it that our kindness in doing this was only exceded by our progressiveness. We always call for blessings on the moment in the day which furnishes us the greatest amount of innocent fun, regardless of the cost, and we hold that the most despisable creature on earth is the one who is holding out a big bundle of fun from his neighbors. We are fond of a good laugh, and if there is any one who elicites our most profound sympathy, it is the boy who is tickled to death and afraid to laugh. We feel like snatching him up and carrying him off about a mile to a green, shady place where he could wear out the machinery in the human body that produces the laughing gas.

As we were going to say, we placed this picture in our show window to enjoy with others the innocent amusement, but here comes along several ever-pious people, who probably secretly prefer Peck's Bad Boy to the bible, and condemned the picture and the book store, too, and called it profanity. Now in all seriousness, we want to ask the public if it considers the word d-a-m cursing? Webster says: D-a-m, a bank or structure across the current or stream, intended to obstruct or keep back the flow of water for any purpose.

Is there any profanity in this?

The picture is that of a family of eight, and constitutes "The Whole Dam Family," and reading from the left to the right as follows: Lizzie Dam, Annie Dam, Miss U. B. Dam, Herself, (that's the old lady,) Mr. I. B. Dam, (that's the old man,) Billy B. Dam, Baby Dam and the Dam Dog. Copyright applied for by J. S. Knight, Kansas City, Mo.

Now this is all there is of it. No one, even with the excessive modesty of a young lady we once knew could object to this. This young lady was so modest she wouldn't say legacy, but called it limbacy, and she would turn her head and blush every time she passed by a pile of undressed lumber. She would go into the house and pull down the blinds when she wanted to change her mind.

The last we heard of this young lady she was travelling with a one-horse circus, doing the dance act, and sorely in need of a loan from Eve of a handful of fig leaves. It was just such exactness that caused the Bible writers to agree to make a record of "Straining at a Gnat and Swallowing a Camel." Their foresight was so great they knew it would take thousands of years to get the world rid of curious people.

### GOOD TIMES.

We are asked what the business prospects are for this country for the next four years. Will the times be good? Good times is a very general term, and people's ideas differ as to what constitutes such good times. With some it is a wave of intoxicated and riotous speculation, when values of all commodities are inflated—a sort of financial drunk which is inwardly followed by a national headache. We do not look for and do not wish to see any good times of this sort, for the American people have learned some lessons well and today possess more financial horse sense than they ever did before. But we do look to see a continuance of a conservative and healthful prosperity, such demand for labor, such prices for agricultural and manufactured commodities as will bring profit to the laborer and producer. We look for abundant and cheap money, the enlargement of markets for our surplus products and increasing profitable relations with the world at large American finances are now on a sound basis there are no vexing and distracting issues for the people to scrap over, while the opportunities for individual and national development and progress have never been better. It is a grand time in which to live, and the United States is also the best country in which to live. All the same, it is going to be just as hard for the lazy and shiftless man, the dishonest man and the man who has neither the sense nor the ability to improve his opportunities as it ever was. The best policy for the average man is to work as hard and as intelligently as he can, to keep out of debt, to be content with small profits and safe investments. If this course is pursued we shall have four years of first rate good times.—Gueydan News.

## CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

### DR. MENTE'S WEEKLY BULLETIN FOR NEXT SUNDAY MORNING. AMONG OTHER THINGS, WILL SAY:

Juniors will meet at 3:30; Elsie Reeves, leader.

Y. P. S. C. E. at 7 p. m; B. Moore, leader.

Prayer services Wednesday 7:45 p. m.

The date for the second of the series of illustrated lectures for the benefit of the Marys and Marthas has been changed to June 9th. We shall have a rare treat in a visit to the great "St. Louis World's Fair."

The pastor is anxious to organize a normal class for more efficient Sunday School workers; who will join us?

We wish to remind our people that the yearly offering for the Sunday School and Publishing Society will soon be taken: last year's offering of $6.88 should be increased to meet the demands made upon our church at large.

On account of memorial service at the M. E. church, no morning sermon. Sunday School as usual. In the evening the pastor will speak on the country inwhichwe live.

Marys and Marthas report a very enjoyable meeting last Friday afternoon.

"Gwan'pa," said three-year-old Elsie, whose mamma had been reading Bible stories to her, "was 'oo in ze ark?"

"Certainly not, my dear," replied the old gentleman.

"Zen," continued the small inquisitor, "why didn't 'oo det dwowned?"

The monthly Stereopticon sermon last Sunday, as usual was enjoyed by a very large audience. The solo "Hello Central Give me Heaven" by Shirley Davidson illustrated upon canvas, touched a tender spot in our hearts.

Preparations are in progress for observing Childrens' day.

**The Union service of the Juniors and Seniors last Sunday night was a spiritual feast. The children under the leadership of Mrs. Robinson and helpers are becoming ideal Christian Endeavors.**

**The boys of Mrs. Robinson's class organized a Boys Club, particulars in our next.**



### Out of His Element.

"I don't believe I'll be able to find the room alone," frankly admitted the guest as he took his key from the clerk. He was accordingly intrusted to the care of the bell boy and for the tenth time since his arrival escorted to one of only twenty rooms on the fifth floor. "That man," said the clerk, "is perfectly sober, and if he were in Wyoming he could lose me on the plains in daylight, and do it easily, while he would find his own way through Stygian darkness, but he has been in the house for three days and is still unable to find his room alone. It only suggests the perplexity of the cat in a strange garret."—New York Tribune.

### Elephant Rock.

Elephant Rock, the last remaining and the most colossal idol of the fast fading western Indians, stands out against the sky a few miles northwest of Meacham, in the Blue mountains. The tourist in making the journey through the mountains by the old stage road can look above him and see the giant elephant, molded in the rugged and crumbling stone as it juts out against the sky line, perfect in every part, and he will wonder as he gazes at the likeness at the perfect lines of the great hulk and its natural attitude as it stands stretching longingly toward the north.—New York Herald.

### Wanted Her Money's Worth.

A lady who knew that her servants were reading a certain serial inquired of the cook her opinion of the story. "Well, ma'am," was the reply, "we wanted to know what became of Mr. Treherne." The mistress explained that Mr. Treherne was but a minor character and that something must be left to the imagination of the reader. The cook considered and retorted, "But I don' 'old with paying a 'alfpenny a day for me story and then 'aving to think for meself."—London Chronicle.

### Quite Poetic.

"Tell me, Harry," said May Brightley's admirer to her young brother, "who is this other fellow that's been calling on your sister?"

"I don't know his name," replied Harry. "I just call him 'April showers.'"

"What for?"

"Because he brings May flowers."

### (R)ejected.

Bertie—When you pwoposed to his daughter did you meet old Foote? Reggie—Yaas. Bertie—Befwoh or aftaoh pwoposing? Reggie—Ah—on leaving the house.—New York Times.

To make knowledge valuable you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom. —Emerson.

### The Hedgehog's Frown.

A hedgehog curls itself up by a frown—that is, by muscles like those which produce a frown—and it frowns severely or gently, according to circumstances. If it is poked hard it "sighs" itself tighter. If really hurt it frowns into a tight ball. The prickles can be erected in a measure, though as they point all ways this is not needed. They are as sharp as needles. We have only known one dog, a large black and white setter, which would deliberately bite a hedgehog till it killed it. But this dog was quite mad and shared some of the anaesthesia common to certain lunatics.—London Spectator.

### Books In the Home.

Some curious remarks are sometimes overheard at the counters of public libraries. At Hull a young girl was heard to whisper to her sister: "Don't get one of Miss Braddon's books. Ma will want to read it, and we shall have to wash up the supper things." In another case a boy went boldly up to the counter and said: "A book, please. Anything will do; it's for father."—Westminster Gazette.

### He Was Home Early.

**Mr. Newed (two weeks after marriage)—Don't sit up for me tonight, dear, as I may be detained downtown until after midnight. Mrs. Newed—Oh, that'll be all right. By the way, in case you should return before I do, kindly leave the gas burning in the hall, will you?**





### Cheapest Excursion of the Season

on June 9th, to the great and only St. Louis World's Fair. Round trip tickets 25c. Get your tickets at Congregational Church.

J. R. Robichaux, Welsh Meat Market for good treatment.

### PROCLAMATION.

STATE OF LOUISIANA,
Parish of Calcasieu. } TOWN OF WELSH.

Be it Remembered: That we, the Mayor and Board of Trustees of the Town of Welsh, acting as a Board of Election Commissieners, under the Charter and Ordinances of said Town, did on this 2nd, day of May 1905, repair to the office of the Mayor and Board of Trustees of said town for the purpose of compiling the returns sent in by the Commissioners of Election in said town of an election held in said town on May 2nd, 1905, for Mayor and Board of Five Trustees of said town to serve for a term of Two years as provided by Ordinances. Said election having been held according to the provisions of State law and the Ordinances of the Town of Welsh and or a proclamation of Lee E. Robinson, Mayor of said town. We proceed in the presence of C. W. Kimball, Eloi Hebert and E. M. Powers witnesses known and hereunto required, and qualified electors of this town, and as many others who have chosen to attend, to compile said returns, and have ascertained from the said compilation that the votes cast in the polling place in said town at said elcdtion, for Mayor and Five Truntees are as follows to-wit:

FOR MAYOR:

Jno. H. Cooper, sixty-two ..... (62)

FOR TRUSTEES:

E. C. Willard, sixty-one ..... (61)
E. H. Boling, sixty ..... (60)
C. E. Carr, sixty-one ..... (61)
A. T. Jones, sixty-two ..... (62)
Philip Miller, sixty-one ..... (61)
S. A. Covey, one ..... (1)

Having completed said complitation which we certify to be correct, we do hereby make public proclamation of the above result, and declare Jno. H. Cooper to have been elected Mayor, and E. C. Willard, E. H. Boling, C. E. Carr, A. T. Jones and Philip Miller, to have been elected Trustees, in and for said town for a term of two years.

Witnessed our signatures and these of the witnesses herein named, at Welsh, La., this Second day of May, 1905.

Witnesses:

C. W. Kimball,
Eloi Hebert,
E. M. Powers.

LEE E. ROBINSON, Mayor.
JNO. H. COOPER,
CHAS. P. MARTIN,
S. W. DAY, Trustees.

Subscribed and sworn to before me at Welsh La., on this May 2nd, 1905.

{SEAL.} H. ALBERT DAVIDSON,
Notary Public.

### Constable Sale.

Second Ward Justice Court Parish of Calcasieu, Louisiana.

F. G. Romero, Fred Miller and Eli Hebert,
v. s.
No. 174, 173 and 172 C. R. Switzer.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued and to me directed by the Honorable Court aforesaid, I have seized and will offer for sale at public auction to the last and highest bidder with the benefit of appraisement at the Terry Oil Well, at the oil field in the Second Ward of the Parish of Calcasieu, La., on

**SATURDAY, JUNE 3rd, 1905,**

between the legal hours the following described property to-wit:

50 feet of 2 inch pipe,
78 feet of one inch pipe,
2½ inch boiler,
One 6 inch spear,
One pair No. 16, chain tongs,
3 two inch fluein union,
1 six inch gate valve,
1000 feet of 4 inch pipe,

seizee under said writ. Terms—Cash on day of sale.

ISAAC FONTENOT, Constable,
of the Second Ward Justice Court.

### Constable Sale.

Second Ward Justice Court, of the Parish of Calcasieu, Louisiana.

Jos. A. Ball, B. H. Flaspollers & Son, Water Pierce Oil Co., T. E. Compton and Thos. T. Taylor, v. s. No. 143, 141, 171, 177, 178, T. H. Walton & Son.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued and to me directed by the Honorable Court aforesaid, I have seized and will offer for sale at public auction to the last and highest bidder with the benefit of appraisement, at the store building of the said T. H. Walton & Son, in the Town of Roanoke, of this Parish of Calcasieu, La., on

**SATURDAY, MAY 27TH, 1905,**

between the legal hours the following described property to-wit:

One lot of Drugs,
One lot of Dry Goods,
One lot of Hardware,
One lot of Oil,
One lot of Hats,
One lot of Shoes,
One lot of Groceries,
Five Show Cases,

seized under said writ. Terms:—Cash on day of sale.

ISAAC FONTENOT, Constable
of the Second Ward Justice Court.