

YOUNG FOLK'S DEPARTMENT

MORE ABOUT DARING BOYS OF THE CIVIL WAR

A Strange Craft With Which to Navigate the Turbid Mississippi

In this issue of the Woman's Enterprise I will attempt to describe the method adopted by one of the boys who escaped from this federal invested city during the Civil war to enter "the tented field" of the Confederates; "to seek bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," as the poet has it, but that readers of this sketch may better understand the subject it will be necessary to go back beyond the Civil war to relate the way adopted by cattle drivers to get stock across the river so as to avoid the expense of ferrage.

Previous to the Civil war an extensive section of southwest Louisiana was known as the Attakapas and as railroads had not yet penetrated that portion of the state to furnish transportation, horses, mules and horned stock were raised in enormous quantities and these, to reach markets, had to be driven long distances. Owing to lakes and swamps between that section and New Orleans the stock, or at least quite a large number, was driven to West Baton Rouge to cross the river and the village now known as Port Allen, then as the depot, was the point generally selected at which the stock entered the river.

Several cattle men usually combined in a drive and I have seen as many as five hundred head of cattle forced to take the water at the same time. A novel and interesting sight was to observe hundreds of horned heads bobbing over the surface of the swift running water in efforts to reach the eastern bank, which they generally did within or near the limits of the city. As they emerged from the river they were assembled by cow boys who with their horses had crossed on the ferry boat.

Local boys of that period were generally strong and fearless swimmers, quite a number of whom considered it no great or remarkable feat to swim from one side of the river to the other and it was great fun for such bold fellows to enter the water as cattle were driven in, catch one's tail and be towed out as far as he cared to go.

This brings me to the adventure of the late Mr. Joseph Favrot, father of Mr. St. Clair Favrot, who having reached the age of sixteen years thought the time had arrived for him to take up arms in defense of his native South. But how to get through the Federal lines was a question he long pondered over. So many of the boys had evaded the alert sentinels of the enemy that they, the Federals, were unusually active and vigilant, not only guarding all roads and by-paths with infantry but employing cavalry to scour the country for miles in every direction.

Within their lines were quite a large number of cows which the citizens were permitted to keep to furnish milk, not only for themselves but for officers' messes as well, and as there were no water works at that time it was necessary to drive the animals daily to the river for water. To accomplish this several boys would band together and join in the drive to some point accessible for the purpose and on one occasion while engaged in watering the stock in the evening about dusk an idea penetrated the mind of Joe that a chance offered for escape by imitating the cow boys from the Attakapas and driving two or

three cows in the river and forcing them to swim to the other side. His companions were younger than he and not such expert swimmers and were therefore afraid to undertake the risky venture proposed, but all agreed to go help Joe start the animals westward and they did.

The cattle selected were forced to take the water and Joe, after leaving a message for his father, followed his right hand and constantly waiving. Grabbing the tail of one beast with his left to keep her in the direction he wished her to take soon had her headed for the opposite bank. Occasionally he would release the tail and swim alongside, thus relieving somewhat the strain upon the animal of towing him along. The strain was not severe, however, as Joe kept swimming himself.

Reaching the west bank in safety, Joe proceeded to the home of his uncle, Judge Favrot, where he was warmly welcomed and his wants supplied. Here he learned that his cousin, H. L. Favrot, was colonel of a regiment somewhere in the neighborhood of Shreveport, and thitherward he bent his steps. Along and wearisome walk it is from Port Allen to Shreveport, but with a stout heart and firm resolve to succeed, Joseph undertook and finally accomplished the feat and thus became a soldier at a time when recruits were sadly needed to replace those who had made the supreme sacrifice and gun bearers were in great demand.

Almost every description of craft has been used by passengers to cross the Mississippi but it was left to Mr. Joseph Favrot to invent a cow for the purpose. His feat was the limit in navigation. I would not advise boys of the present generation to attempt such a risky undertaking as struggling against the Mississippi current is somewhat more difficult and more trying to one's strength than swimming in the Community club pool.

Robert's Trip to Mars.

By Virginia Bransford.

The day was very, very warm, and the meadow covered with clover, and the old apple tree full of blossoms standing in its midst was very attractive to Robert.

Robert had a good book he was anxious to read, so he took it out under the apple tree—putting it down on the grass, he laid on his back and tried to read, but he fell to watching a lazy bee droning away among the blossoms. The shadows, and sunshine playing hide and seek made him dizzy; long he laid there thinking of something he had heard father reading about, that was very wonderful; strange signals had been caught over the wireless, supposing to be from the planets Mars.

May be way up yonder there was another earth like ours, may be there were boys and girls on it just like our girls, and—but as Robert softly closed his eyes to get a mental vision of those dream girls, suddenly an airship circled above him and came gracefully down, in it were two dear little aviators, with such quizzical smiles. They invited Robert to take a trip with them. Now Robert had just hoped some day he would get to take a ride in an airship.

Robert had just been gazing at the lazy bee and wishing he too could fly. Of course he accepted the invitation. Just one last look at his home as the plane ascended higher and higher.

Robert felt just like a bird, he forgot everything but the conversation by

signs between the two little men, and he gathered the fact that they were on their way to Mars.

Up, and up, the plane arose till they seemed to be floating on a cloud; all at once they began to descend.

Sure enough there were the Martians out in full force to meet them, they came in crowds and seemed filled with awe over the strange boy the Martian aviators had brought with them.

Robert wondered if his suit was clean, and looked down on his short legs with interest.

Looking up, what do you think he in green oet uniforms uniforms fmm saw? Why, the dearest little soldiers in green uniforms, and each one carrying a bow and arrows.

Robert was wondering about it all, when a great big man with scarcely any clothes on, came out, and all the people saluted him.

Robert recognized him as Mars, the god of war; he had seen his picture in Brothers Mythology, that book had always been a mystery to him till now; so this was where he lived and he was responsible for the cruel war the poor Earth people had just been through.

Robert stood at attention and gave the Scout salute; he could hear his own heart beating. Mars was pleased he could see, and gave Robert some kind of order, but of course he could not speak the Martian language and so could not tell what he said, but he knew from the look that passed between the two little aviators he had not obeyed. He was so frightened he didn't know what to do, and when Mars came toward Robert to get a better view of the strange Earth child, Robert broke away from the little aviators and ran for the plane; jumping in, he grabbed the steering wheel, and to his horror found he was crashing down to the earth.

Robert landed, where do you think? Why, in the meadow right under the old apple tree; he was so dazed and frightened he scarcely heard mother when she laughed and asked him if he knew it was nearly sundown and he had been asleep two hours.

WHEN JOHNNIE WENT FISHING ON SUNDAY.

By Virginia Bransford.

"How I wish I was not a Methodist." Mother looked at Johnnie with dismay. Father lowered his Sunday paper, and looked over his glasses at his young hopeful with a puzzled expression, while big sister plainly giggled.

"Mother, just lots of boys are going fishing today, and because I am a Methodist I can't go," added Johnnie, while he stared out of the window at a lazy buzzard, flying high in the blue sky, and the warm air came in caressing touches on his flushed, unhappy face.

Mrs. Benton was a wise mother; she didn't lecture or give a preachment, as Johnnie termed it; she just reminded him that it was almost church time, and he would have to change his collar and wash his face.

On the way to church Mrs. Benton, in her gentlest manner tried to show her boy the true meaning of keeping the Sabbath day holy, and that Methodism and Christianity were synonymous terms.

Johnnie liked the minister; he was young and strong, and out of the pulpit he was real jolly—yet he liked him much better out of the pulpit than he did in it.

Just about the time Johnnie's mind had gone back for the fiftieth time

to a vision of the "Gang", on the way to the fishing hole, Mr. West's strong voice startled him with the words "And Jesus said, Follow me and I will make you fishers of men". Now, this was the first text that ever held Johnnie's attention. In graphic terms Brother West pictured the scene of Peter's fishing trip; you could almost smell the air of the lake and the fishy odor of the nets—it had not been long since Brother West was a boy himself, and he knew what he was talking about.

Then in simple language, so even Johnnie could comprehend, the way was shown how Peter became such a successful fisherman for his Lord, that he caught many men for the Kingdom of Heaven.

Going home from church Johnnie was perfectly enthused with a new vision; he might become a fisherman like Peter; why not?

The subject was broached timidly to his mother; she might laugh at him, and if there is anything on earth that a boy dreads it is to be ridiculed.

No, mother had noticed his rapt attention, and fully agreed that he might start on his fishing trip that very evening.

You see, Johnnie's mother was a

wise "fisherman" herself, she wanted to put her active young son to work before his enthusiasm waned, knowing the good seed sown in his heart should be carefully nurtured.

"But Mother, you forgot," said he, "today is Sunday, and people shouldn't fish on Sunday."

But mother explained the difference, and Johnnie was so relieved, for he was in real earnest.

"Now son," said mother, "do you like to fish for minnows or big fish?"

"Oh, big ones, sure."

"Well then," said she, "tell me of some boy whom you think is not a good boy, and if you feel he is worth catching."

Johnnie hung his head, for the first boy he thought of was Jimmie Crunch, the ring leader of the gang, the one who had tried to entice him to go fishing on Sunday.

"Say, mother, I would sure like to catch Jimmie; I wish he was—well, I wish he was a Christian."

Mother smiled to herself; "Come Johnnie; we will go fishing if you will let me carry the bait." Mrs. Benton fixed a nice lunch and she and Johnnie went fishing.

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NATIONAL WOMEN'S PARTY WILL WORK TO SECURE RIGHTS

The only organization in the United States that has adopted a purely feminist policy—in other words, that is working solely for the advancement of women—is the National Woman's Party, with headquarters at 25 First Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

The old National Woman's Party, the militant suffrage organization whose wonderful gesture made history so dramatically for the eight years preceding the ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment, went out of existence on February 18th, 1921; its work in securing political rights for women in the United States having been accomplished. Immediately thereafter, the new National Woman's Party was organized, the sole purpose of which is to remove the legal and civil discriminations against women now existing on the statute books of the United States and of the several

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Welcome

Visiting Delegates to the Federation of Women's Clubs

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