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Pushing and Pulling.
It has been wisely observed that most operations can be more efficiently performed by drawing them along through their proper course than by attempting to push and jam them through, just as it is much easier to pull a rope than it is to push it. There are probably not many persons who have tried to push a rope, but very many have attempted things almost as perverse. In many manufacturing establishments, for example, there may be seen numerous examples of men wasting a large part of their energy endeavoring to move heavy pieces of work upon small trucks, pushing and laboring in the exertion of effort, a small fraction of which goes to cause the actual progression. Even when such an effective aid to transport as an industrial railway is installed it is often used as less than its proper efficiency because there is too much pushing and not enough pulling.—Cassler's Magazine.

Bags That Last.
"The young chap whose morals I tremble for just now is my nephew," the city salesman remarked. "He has a position as errand boy in a banking house. He is a bright lad and as steady as they make 'em, but since he got that job in the bank his women relations are urging him into crime. They do not advise him to pick his employers' pockets or run away with the day's deposits, but the principle involved is just as reprehensible. They ask him to abstract a few bags that the women want those bags for sofa pillow covers. They are made of material that will never wear out and feathers and down simply cannot sift through. By boldly asking for what he wanted the boy has secured enough bags to incase his mother's sofa pillows, but if he supplies the rest of the family I see nothing ahead of him but a career of crime."—New York Sun.

Do You Want to Get Slender?
A food specialist said of dieting: "The simplest, easiest and most efficacious diet to bring down the weight is the one dish diet. At no meal, that is, should more than one dish be eaten. The dish may be what you will—Irish stew, macaroni and cheese, roast beef, vegetable soup, bacon and eggs—but no courses are to precede or follow it. You may eat as much as you choose of the dish, and yet, for all that, you will lose weight steadily. It's the variety of dishes—the oysters, soup, fish, turkey, mince pie, ice cream—it's the variety of dishes, creating an artificial appetite when the body has really had all it requires, that causes corpulence. If we confine ourselves to one dish we know when we've had enough—we don't know otherwise—and the result is that we soon drop down to the slimmest natural to children, animals and temperate and healthy men and women."—Kansas City Star.

A Miracle Under Orders.
In "The Glory of the Shia World," translated from a Persian manuscript, is a story that will interest Christian Scientists: "Nadr, builder of the golden porch of Nadir, in the sacred city of Meshed, was a world conqueror and a lord of perception, albeit cruel. Of his power of perception they relate that one day when he entered the sacred shrine he saw a blind man invoking the aid of the Imam, and upon inquiry he learned that he had been there for several months. The great monarch asked him why his faith was so weak that his sight had not been restored and swore that if on his return he found him still blind he would cut off his head. The wretched man prayed so fervently and fixed his mind so intently on the Imam that within a few minutes his sight was restored."

Might Be in a Nice Fix.
Two men of Milwaukee were discussing the case of a person of their acquaintance whose obituary, it appears, had been printed by mistake in one of that city's newspapers. "Oh, ho!" exclaimed one of the Germans. "So dey had brinted der funeral notice of a man who is not dead already! Vell, now, he'd be in a nice fix if he vas one of those beebie vot believes everything dey sees in der papers."—Harper's Magazine.

Sorry He Asks.
"Have you any special terms for automobilists?" asked the man in bear-skin goggles. "Waal, yes," responded the old toll-gate keeper, whose gate had been broken down by speeding machines. "Sometimes I call them deadbeats, an' sometimes I call them blamed rascals. Anything else you want to know, mister?"—Chicago News.

Parsimony and Economy.
"Papa," said a child, "what is the difference between parsimony and economy?" "I will explain the difference by an example," the father replied. "If I cut down my own expenses that is economy, but if I cut down your mother's then it is parsimony."

His Suggestion.
The great road builder had his mind on his work that morning, as the following dialogue between him and his wife will show: "How do I look, dear?" "Fairly well, but I should say that your face needed resurfacing."—New York Press.

The Only Kind.
Ella—Did you get a plain view of Miss Luglie? Emma—Certainly. That was the only kind I could get.—Exchange.

AVOID THE RUTS.
The most beaten and frequented tracks are those which lead us most astray. Nothing, therefore, is more important than that we should not, like sheep, follow the flock that has gone before us and thus proceed not whether we ought, but whether the rest are going.—Seneca.

Depends on What's Out.
"What are proper calling cards?" "Depends altogether what's out against you, old sport."—Exchange.

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Explosives in Your Body.
The human body contains no fewer than four substances which are so inflammable that in a pure state they will "go off" by spontaneous combustion. For instance, there is phosphorus. The body of a person weighing 120 pounds contains twenty-two ounces of this substance, which, as everybody knows, readily takes fire of its own accord if exposed to the air. It is combined with lime to make the bones, taking the form of phosphate lime. The body of a human being weighing 120 pounds contains nearly one and a half ounces of magnesium, two ounces of sodium and nearly two and a half ounces of potassium. The first of these, a substance of silvery whiteness, is so readily and fiercely combustible that it has to be kept tightly corked in bottles to prevent it from igniting of its own accord. Sodium will take fire if thrown into water, and so likewise will potassium—the latter with great violence, finally exploding and throwing a shower of sparks into the air.—New York World.

Hospital Fighters.
Into a hospital came two men with battered faces. "Street fight?" said the surgeon in charge. It was under the doctor's directions orderlies moved beds and patients around until the newcomers were separated the length of the ward. "In this case that precaution may not be necessary," he said, "but after a street brawl it very often is. Before we learned the peculiarities of those people it happened more than once that two men who were mortal enemies were brought in and laid out side by side. Each saw his advantage and was foxy enough to keep still until both were left alone in adjoining cots; then they sailed into each other tooth and nail, trying to finish the job that had been interrupted in the street. Once or twice they nearly succeeded. Now chance patients with pugilistic tendencies are placed so far apart that a neighborly interchange of uppercuts is out of the question."—New York Press.

The Word "Chap."
"Chap" is simply an abbreviation of chapman, the merchant of former days, and is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "ceap," a bargain. The word almost brings before us the loud voiced "cheap Jack" as he cries his wares in the cheaping or market. Chap seems to have come into common use at the end of the sixteenth century and is rarely mentioned in books before 1700. Johnson does not recognize it, though Steele uses it in 1712 in the Spectator ("If you want to sell, here is your chap"), and it is found in Bailey's Dictionary, 1731. Its original meaning of a buyer or seller still lingers in the dialects of many counties. Coupled with the adjectives old, young, little, poor, it was and is used in familiar language, as in its relative, a queer "customer." Todd, 1818, affirms that a good chap meant one to whom credit might be given, whereas not qualified by good it was a term of contempt.—London Standard.

A Mighty Appetite.
We eat, but we no longer stuff. The great stuffers of the past are dead. What of that seventeenth century Kentish man Nicholas Wood, for example, who would eat a whole hog at a sitting and follow it up the next day with thirty dozen pigeons? Withal this possessor of a "Kentish stomach" was a sportsman. As proof of this there is that record of his "cheat to Taylor, the water poet, to 'eat at one time as much black pudding as would reach across the Thames at any place to be fixed by Taylor himself between London and Richmond." Well might old Fuller moralize over that appetite of Wood's. "Let us raise our gratitude," he said, "to the goodness of God, especially when he giveth us appetite enough for our meat and yet meat too much for our appetite."—Westminster Gazette.

The Moss Troopers.
Moss troopers was the name given to the desperate plunderers and robbers who secreted themselves throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in the "mosses" on the borders of Scotland. These outlaws were largely made up of deserters and criminals from the armies of England and the continent, and their depredations and cruelties were the terror of the region infested by them. Many severe laws were passed against them, but they were not fairly extirpated until the eighteenth century.

Watered.
"If you are looking for bargains," said the broker, "I can suit you. I can offer you some stocks at 10 cents a share." "But why are they so cheap?" demanded the lady shopper. "You see, they have been slightly damaged by water."—Washington Herald.

He Took It.
Mrs. Stoptale—Do you remember when we were children and I used to come and play with you? Miss Terslepp—Yes, and your mamma never let you stay more than an hour. Those were the happy days!

Landman's Idea.
In the port of Galveston one day a darky from the interior was looking at the shipping in the harbor. A roustabout was explaining the whole thing to him. Finally the roustabout said: "It's low water now." At that the negro, shaking his head sagaciously and pointing to a heavily laden tramp steamer that was passing, said: "Den it's a good thing for dat ship dat's going past. De water's near edge of her now."—Harper's Magazine.

How Gold Plate is Made.
Talking of silver gilt plate, it is often spoken of as gold plate. One hears of the gold plate owned by sovereigns of Europe and by other persons in this country as well as abroad. As a matter of fact, these so-called gold services are silver gilt, and only a few pieces of pure gold are owned by the English crown or any other crown. It may interest our readers to learn how this fine, mercurial or water gilding—for it is known by all of these three names—is done. Pure gold and mercury are mixed into a paste. The silver article to be gilded has been chemically cleaned, is rubbed all over with this paste, which has been placed in a silk bag, just as the blue used in washing is put in a bag. When the piece of plate has been rubbed over it is perfectly white. It is then put into an oven, and gradually the mercury goes off in fumes, leaving on the article a deposit of pure gold, which has practically become one with the piece of silver and will last for centuries.—London Cor. New York Post.

The Spider Cure.
The request for a "nut to put a splinter in to cure baby's whooping cough" which recently startled a Somerset shopkeeper recalls the spider "cures" of the past. There was, and indeed is, for instance, that Irish belief in the web as a remedy for cuts, warts and bruises and that superstition of the eastern countries which credited it with power to cure fevers. The weaver of the web, too, was looked upon as a doctor of medicine. A note from an ancient Notes and Queries gives the illustration. "One of my parishioners suffering from ague," wrote a Somerset vicar, "was advised to catch a large spider and shut him in a box. As he pines away the disease is supposed to wear itself out." A similar belief prevailed in the south of Ireland, but there treacle had to be substituted for the box as coffin for the ague healer.—Westminster Gazette.

The Doctor's Joke.
A physician who never goes out at night without leaving directions as to where to find him if wanted professionally was at a theater near Forty-second street recently with a friend. Just before the curtain went up on the second act an usher handed him a note reading: "Come to the office at once. Don't telephone. Come." The note was signed by a colleague, and the doctor lost no time in obeying the peremptory summons. Arriving at his destination, he was confronted by several friends, who coolly explained that he had been used to decide a bet as to the length of time it would take to cover the distance which he had traversed. The victim's anger was only slightly appeased when he was assured that the perpetrators of the joke knew no one else who was good natured enough to furnish the information looked for.—New York Tribune.

Putting the Owl to Use.
There is a choice old recipe, in which the owl figures, "to make any one that sleepeth answer to whatsoever thou ask," given in "Physick For the Poor," published in London in 1657. It says that you are to "take the heart of an owl and his left leg and put that upon the breast of one that sleepeth, and they shall reveal whatsoever thou shalt ask them."

The Demons.
"Critics are fine chaps," said an English actor, "but I must confess that when they condemn your play you feel annoyed. 'I wonder why we call the people in the top of the house gods?' an actress asked an unsuccessful playwright once. 'We do that,' the unsuccessful playwright answered, 'so as to distinguish them from the people in the bottom of the house who write the criticisms.'"

It Depends.
An actor and a retired army man were discussing the perils of their respective callings. "How would you like to stand with shells bursting all round you?" the general demanded. "Well," replied the actor, "it depends on the age of the egg."

Poor Venice.
Friend—And were you ever in Venice? Mr. Richwick—Yes. Slowest town I was ever in. The sewers were busted all the time we were there.—Puck.

A Warm Welcome.
Sapleigh—Are you positive that Miss Outer is not in? The Maid—Yes, sir I'd lose my job if I wasn't.—Boston Transcript.

On the Trail.
"I'm gunning for railroads," announced the trust buster. "Then come with me," whispered the near humorist. "I can show you some of the tracks."—Brooklyn Life.

He Was Immune.
Howell—Her laugh is contagious. Powell—Well, I was in no danger of catching it. She was laughing at me.—New York Press.

ENERGY.
Energy will do anything that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a man without it.—Goethe.

His Inheritance.
"And now," said Professor Long as he greeted Henry Peck, "what shall we make of your little boy—a lecturer? He has a taste for it." "I know he has," replied the male parent; "he inherits the gift from his mother."

Too Precious.
"Makers to his majesty" and "imported" are words that carry much weight to many minds. It is strange what a glory a foreign label can cast upon a commonplace article. The fact of a commodity having crossed the water, however, is not taken quite so seriously today as it was some fifty or sixty years ago. M. C. D. Silsbee gives an instance in her "A Half Century in Salem." Miss Ann M. Rust was one of the two milliners. She had a large collection of finery, shelves full of handsome ribbons and glass showcases of rich embroideries, besides the inevitable bonnets. Once she imported a quantity of exquisite French caps. The strings were somewhat crushed in the transit across the ocean. The caps were quickly disposed of. An aunt bought one, and Miss Rust innocently observed that a "warm iron would make the creases all right." "What?" indignantly exclaimed the aunt. "Smooth a crease made in Paris? No, indeed; never!"

A Famous English Clock.
Wells cathedral contains one of the most interesting clocks in the whole world. It was constructed by Peter Lightfoot, a monk, in 1320 and embraces many devices which testify to the ancient horologist's ingenuity. Several celestial and terrestrial bodies are incorporated in the interesting movement and relationship. They indicate the hours of the day, the age of the moon and the position of the planets and the tides. When the clock strikes the hour two companies of horsemen fully armed dash out of gateways in opposite directions and charge vigorously. They strike with their lances as they pass as many times as correspond with the number of the hour. A little distance away, seated on a high perch, is a quaint figure, which kicks the quarters on two bells placed beneath his feet and strikes the hours on a bell. The dial of the clock is divided into twenty-four hours and shows the phases of the moon and a map of the universe.—Harper's.

He Made Them Listen.
"X" Beldier, the old vigilante leader of Montana, was elected sheriff of Lewis and Clark county, in which Helena is situated. During Beldier's incumbency the jail was rebuilt and one of the new fashioned steel cages for the prisoners installed. Beldier visited all the notables down to see the cage when it was completed. The governor and the state and city officials and many prominent citizens accepted the invitation. "X" took them into a cage and excused himself for a minute. He went out and locked the door. Then he took a chair and sat down outside. "Now, dern ya," he said to the imprisoned notables, "ye've bin edgin' off lately when I was tellin' my stories of the old days an' not listenin' to 'em. Now I reckon ye'll listen."

Max O'Rell's Reply.
Max O'Rell at a dinner in Montreal at which were present English, Scotch, Irish and French was asked to give his opinion of the different races. Here is the answer he gave on the instant. "The Scotchman," he said, and he dined his right hand tightly and retended to try to force it open with his left. "The Englishman"—And he went through the same performance, opening the hand at the end after an apparent struggle. "The Irishman"—And he held out his hand wide open, with the palm upward. "The Frenchman"—And he made a motion with both hands as if he were emptying hem on the table.

A Good Shot.
A sportsman of great imaginative gifts and fond of telling his exploits related that at one shot he had brought down two partridges and a hare. His explanation was that, although he had only hit one partridge, the bird in falling had clutched at another partridge and brought that to earth entangled in its claws. "But how about the hare?" he was asked. "Oh," was the calm reply, "my gun dicked and knocked me backward, and I fell on the hare as it ran past!"

An Old Christmas Law.
The general court of Massachusetts Bay Colony, following the example of the English parliament, in 1650 enacted a law that "anybody who is found observing, by abstinence from labor, feasting or any other way, any such day as Christmas day shall pay for every such offense 5 shillings." This law was repealed in 1681.

It Got Warmer.
Little Willie—Say, pa, doesn't it get colder when the thermometer falls? Pa—Yes, my son. Little Willie—Well, mrs has fallen. Pa—How far? Little Willie—About five feet, and when it struck the hall floor it broke.

Hazing Him.
"Mr. Chairman," said the new member of the literary club, "I move you, sir." "I rise to a point of order, Mr. Chairman," interrupted one of the other members. "State your point of order." "The gentleman says 'I move you.' It is not only out of order but utterly absurd for a man of 114 pounds to talk of 'moving' a chairman who weighs 300."

A Cent.
A cent is a little thing, but in the aggregate it is mighty. We speak of the "copper cent," but it is not entirely copper. Its composition is 95 per cent copper, 3 per cent tin and 2 per cent zinc. That alloy is in reality bronze, and the official name of the cent is "bronze." There used to be a copper cent, but an act discontinuing its coinage was passed in 1857. For seven years (1857-64) we had a nickel cent and up to 1857 a copper half cent.

Sheep in India.
Sheep used as beasts of burden in north India carry twenty pounds weight apiece.

DECISION.
Good habits bring a personal freedom that is impossible to obtain otherwise. He who has the habit of doing anything he ought to do with regularity is saved from a galling bondage of uncertainty, time consuming, energy wasting debate with himself, renewed daily and growing more of a burden as life advances. When the matter is relegated once for all to the realm of unquestioning, automatic habit that man's life passes from bondage to freedom in at least one detail.

Doesn't Know What She Says.
Stella—Is she a friend of yours? Bella—How can I tell? We haven't a mutual acquaintance.—Illustrated Bits.

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The Goose Tower.
In the early years of the fourteenth century the "free cities"—Hamburg, Lubeck and Bremen—sent a delegation of seventy-seven members to King Valdemar to demand increased rights and privileges in their trade with Denmark. The delegates were not very respectful in their language and demeanor, and the king, who was at Vordingborg, told them they acted like a drove of geese and clapped them into prison in the tower, telling them they would stay there until they learned better manners. Over the heavy tower door the king put up a stone with the inscription: Siben und sibenstog Ganser; Ware nicht so viele Ganser. Hat ich auch nicht so viele Ganser. Translated this reads: "Seventy-seven houses and seventy-seven geese. If there were not so many houses I would not have so many geese." On top of the tower, which still stands solid and strong, was placed a big gilt goose, with neck outstretched as if it were hissing.

The Jerboa and the Melons.
An odd fact relative to a little African melon is thus related by an official of Khartoum: The Jerboa or kangaroo rat is found in considerable numbers in places miles and miles away from any water or even dew, and I was at a loss to understand how these little animals could exist through the ten months of drought. It appears, however, that after the scanty rains a small wild melon of bitter taste, but full of juice, flourishes in the desert. The Jerboa, as soon as the melon is ripe, bites off the stem and proceeds to dig away the sand under the melon, so that it gradually sinks below the level of the ground. The constant wind soon covers it with six to eight inches of sand, which protects it from the scorching sun and from drying up. When all other moisture has evaporated the Jerboa goes to his lair and drinks the juice of the melon till the rains come on again. One Jerboa will bury as many as forty of these little melons to last him through the dry season.

The Automobile.
In some respects the automobile is the most marvelous machine the world has yet seen. It can go anywhere at any time, floundering through two feet of snow, ford any stream that isn't deep enough to drown out the magnet, triumph over mud axle deep, jump fences and cavort over plowed ground at fifteen miles an hour. It has been used with brilliant success in various kinds of hunting, including coyote coursing on the prairies of Colorado, where it can run all around the broncho, formerly in favor, since it never runs any risk of breaking a leg in a prairie dog hole. Educated automobiles have been trained to shell corn, saw wood, pump water, churn, plow, and, in short, do anything required of them, except figure out where the consumer gets off under the tariff law.—Outing.

Brignoli in a Temper.
On one occasion Bianchi, the noted teacher, went on the stage to see Brignoli, the famous singer, whom he found pacing up and down like a madman, humming over his part. "Why, Brig, what is the matter with you? Are you nervous?" he asked. "Yes, I am nervous," was the reply as he walked harder and faster than ever. "But, Brig, you ought not to be nervous. I've heard you sing the part 200 times. I heard you sing it thirty years ago."

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The Word "Gaiters."
Episcopal gaiters cannot date from a very remote antiquity. The very word "gaiters" is almost a newcomer to the language. Johnson's Dictionary does not recognize its existence. It does not occur before 1700, and even in 1802 a military dictionary had to define it as "a sort of spatterdash." "Guetre," however, the French original, goes back at least to the fifteenth century, and the origin of that is lost, though etymologists compare all sorts of words in all sorts of languages, including an old German word for a baby's christening cloth. The one certainty is that gaiters has nothing to do with gait in spite of the punning line in the "Rejected Addresses"—"Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait."—London Standard.

The Self Sacrifice of Fadzeau.
A fine historical dog story is recalled by Mr. Edwin Noble in "The Dog Lover's Book." The incident is connected with the flight of William Wallace to the mountains after Emeside, accompanied by only sixteen followers, among whom was one named Fadzeau. When the baying of the bloodhounds was heard announcing the coming of the English Fadzeau refused to go any farther, affecting weariness, and Wallace, suspecting him of traitorous intentions, killed him. When the English came up the hounds stayed upon the dead body and refused to follow beyond the stains of blood.

He Beat Her.
A woman said to the railway station ticket agent angrily: "Look here, sir, I've been standing before this window twenty-five minutes!" The agent, a gray, withered little man, answered gently: "Ah, madam, I've been standing behind it twenty-five years."

Evolution.
Brown—Do you believe in the theory of evolution? Black—Sure thing. For six years a young fellow named Jones has been calling on my daughter, and today she became Mrs. Jones.—Judge.

Well Off.
Fred—I proposed to Miss Dingley last night. Joe—Don't believe I know her. Is she well off? Fred—Yes, I guess so. She refused me.—Stray Stories.

A Would Be Widow.
He (who has just proposed)—I hope you don't think that I am too old for you? She—Oh, no! I was only wondering if you were old enough.—Illustrated Bits.

Queer Comparison.
"Briggs reminds me of an encyclopedia." "Smart?" "No; thick."—Boston Transcript.

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