

Santa Claus' Treasure Box

By J. F. HENDERSON

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CHRISTMAS was at hand, and Philip Draper's heart was heavy. For a number of years he had seemed to be the particular pet of misfortune. As an artist his work displayed the magic touch of genius, and he was in a fair way to achieve fame and worldly success when the first of a series of calamities befell him. Soon after Philip's marriage to pretty Lucille Girard, his father failed in business and died within a month thereafter, leaving nothing but a mass of debts as a legacy to his son.

Philip, who had just been taken into partnership with his father, and whose outlook on the future was tinged with the color of the rose, was crushed by this blow; but with a quixotic sense of duty he set himself the tremendous task of paying off the debts of the firm. To accomplish this he had nothing to depend upon but the sale of his pictures; yet, year in and year out, he toiled on stubbornly and uncompromisingly, while he and Lucille and

their little boy were deprived of many of the comforts of life that his credit of his earnings might go to the creditors. The house in which they lived was a roomy old mansion on the outskirts of the city, left to Philip by a maiden aunt, who had passed away since the death of his father, and which Lucille had persuaded him not to sell. This house, by the way, had originally belonged to an eccentric old sea captain, Jeremiah Suggs by name, who was reputed to be a something of a miser, and who lived and died a recluse.

The crowning calamity came to Philip Draper when the debt was all but cleared off. It was then he was overtaken by a wasting illness, which kept him confined to his bed for almost a year, and leaving him destitute. The butcher and the baker threatened to deny him further credit, and his home was heavily mortgaged. The outlook was gloomy. "And tomorrow is Christmas," he remarked to his wife, with a grim smile.

"Never mind, dear; let us hold fast to our courage," said Mrs. Draper, trying to speak cheerfully, though there was an ominous quaver in her voice.

"What hurts me most is the thought that Christmas is so close at hand and that there will be no Santa Claus for Bobby."

"Poor, little dear!" said Mrs. Draper. Suddenly she started up with an anxious glance about the room. "I wonder where that child can be? I haven't seen him for at least two hours."

"Oh, don't be alarmed. I dare say he is rummaging about in the cellar or attic or some out-of-the-way closet, and is wholly absorbed in his investigations."

Mr. Draper had hardly finished speaking when Bobby popped into the room, held out a grimy little fist, and, as he opened the chubby fingers, revealed a twenty-dollar gold piece lying on his upturned palm.

"Money!" gasped Philip. He snatched the coin and examined it critically. "Where did you get this? What does it mean?"

"I found it in the attic!" explained Bobby. "There are lots more there. Come on, I'll show you where."

The next moment the father and mother, each grasping a hand of the frightened youngster, were hastening up the stairs. When they reached the attic the whole astounding truth was laid bare to them. Bobby had been rummaging, as usual. Finding a loose brick in the crumbling masonry of the big chimney, he had pulled it out and made a startling discovery.

"I wanted to find out how Santa Claus comes down the chimney," said the boy, regretfully. "I didn't mean to do any harm."

An exclamation from his father interrupted him. Philip, tearing away the bricks to enlarge the opening, had thrust his arm into the cavity and drawn forth two small boxes, accompanied by a shower of yellow coins. Among them was a scrap of paper on which was written:

"I have no heirs, no kith nor kin. This property goes to the finder, and may he enjoy it. It consists of \$30,000 in gold and government bonds, and twice that amount in gems."

"JEREMIAH SUGGS."

Bobby was the hero of the hour, and the rejoicing that followed may better be imagined than described. Was it a merry Christmas for the Drapers? Ask Bobby, who firmly believes he found Santa Claus' treasure box.

"The cost of living is something terrible!"

"I know it. A man on a salary has no chance at all any more. I took a cheaper house last spring. We've had to take our daughter out of boarding school, instead of sending our son to college we've had to let him go to work in an office, and my wife has had to go to doing her own housework. Why, confound it! If things don't improve pretty soon we'll have to give up our automobile!"—Judge.

DICKING A PRESENT FOR PLATT

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

W HEN Harry Platt and that girl friend of the Greens (I forget her name) were married, it was one of those my-goodness-gracious-just-think-of-that affairs, with no one in

on the secret except the suburban minister who tied the knot, the cabman who drove them out there and the girl from the minister's kitchen, who was a witness, and left a thumb-print of grease on the certificate (she was frying doughnuts at the time) and the minister's wife (at least the name was the same). Let's see, where was I? Oh, yes, when the Platts were married, it being that kind of a wedding, there was no chance to send them a wedding gift as I would have liked to do, or to have done, (whichever is proper, or grammatical, though I'm sure I can never tell which.) But Mr. Platt is one of the nicest men in the office, that is, he was before this happened. So I felt we ought to do something for him, just to show our good will—and, anyhow, we've dug down for others we thought much less of, so why shouldn't we for him? But the wedding was over, without invitations, or even a reception, and they were housekeeping before we knew it. So what could we do?

Well, just then Christmas came along not just then but two months after the wedding. They were married October 29, so it wasn't quite two months, but that's close enough. When Christmas came along, that is, just before it, I suggested that I make up a purse and give them a sort of delayed wedding present, just to show our good will. Everybody thought it was a splendid idea, that is, of course, except Mr. Platt, whom, of course, I didn't count. So I got up a subscription paper and went to everybody in the office (except Mr. Platt, of course). I got \$26.60, including ten cents from the janitor, who wasn't expected to give anything but wanted to give something, which shows just how popular Mr. Platt was with everyone in the building, when a janitor even would chip in.

Christmas shopping is hard enough, goodness knows, when you do it for yourself; but when you do it for a stock company capitalized at \$26.60, with 28 stockholders, with 28 different kinds of ideas and tastes, then Christmas shopping rises above a mere annoyance to the dignity of a real trouble. And that's what I was up against. I thought it would be nice to get an expression of opinion. So I went around one morning and asked for ideas. But I couldn't get a word. Nobody could think of anything. I couldn't myself. At noon I went out and looked. I walked miles. I priced, then I went back to the office. You should have seen my desk. Honest, you would have thought some one had turned in a general alarm. They couldn't wait for me to get back. There they were—28 of them, (that is, 27, or 28 with me). They all had suggestions, and they were all different.

The head book-keeper thought an arm chair would be nice. (He stands up all day). The collector thought a raincoat would be best, while Miss Jones suggested a dress pattern. They all said, of course, that they left it entirely to me, and then each went away sadly, as much as to say that he hoped I wouldn't be so foolish as to buy any of those other things that the others had proposed.

The next day I looked again. But either a thing was too expensive or I would have money left. It is remarkable how few things there are in the world you can buy for \$26.60, no more, no less. And then I saw it. It was in a department store, and marked down from \$50 to \$26.60! There it was, a cent! A great, big, glittering, magnificent Punch Bowl! Nobody had thought of that!

But, to make sure, I sent the sales ticket with it and told the Platts they could exchange the punch bowl, if they wished, for something they liked better. And what do you suppose those Platts did? In January they traded in that magnificent punch bowl for three tons of coal!

Woman Stonecutter. Miss Agatha Troy of Utica, N. Y., is said to be the only woman in this country who is a professional stonecutter. She acts as her father's assistant as a granite and marble cutter. She is Sicilian by birth, and though less than five feet high, is said to be able to handle a five pound hammer with the ease and skill of any of the young men employed in her father's yard.

Can't Be Beat. "Oh, yes, we have a wonderful climate," said the man from southern Texas. "Why, only last season we raised a pumpkin so large that, after sawing it in two, my wife used the halves as cradles in which to rock the babies."

"Yes," replied the man from New York, "but in my state it's a common thing to find three full grown policemen asleep on one beat!"—Lippin

The Angel Doctor's Christmas

By Carl Jenkins

PROPOSE each other in the cosy morning room sat a young woman and a girl of twelve.

"Now, Cousin Hilda," said the latter, as she smoothed down her dress and settled herself in her chair, "I'm going to begin at the beginning and tell you all about it, and then we are to go out and buy a Santa Claus present for Polly."

"Yes, Polly," answered the young woman.

"You had gone to Europe. You had just packed up and skated as if the police were after you. Mother said she didn't believe you wanted to go the least little bit, but that your mother made you."

"Don't talk nonsense, Polly." "Well, you skated anyhow." "And don't talk slang."

"Skated isn't slang. It means that you just glided off like a streak of lightning. You had skated, and I was lonesome, and I was out walking with poor Flora, when a boy came along with a big dog. He was tough. So was his dog. He shouted at me: 'Take care of your dog!'"

"Why?" I answered. "'Cause my dog will chew him up!'"

"I was just going to tell him that if his dog did there would be trouble in his camp, when it sprang upon poor Flora and ended her life. I can't describe my feelings as I saw her breathing her last."

"Well, don't try to—not if there's any slang in it."

"Why, Hilda, I haven't said a slang word. You know how very, very particular mother is with me. No, I can't describe my feelings, but I remember that I went for that boy, tooth and toe-nail. I hit and scratched and kicked and bit, and I was doing him up when—"

"Polly Sewell!" exclaimed Miss Hilda in horror.

"Now what's happened?" Polly asked. "I told it to papa just this time, and he patted me on the shoulder and called me good girl. As I was saying, I was putting in my best licks when along came a taxi with a fat woman in it. Maybe she was eloping, and maybe she only wanted to get home to lunch. Maybe the chauffeur yelled 'Hi!' at me, and maybe he just wanted to kill another girl. However it was, he ran me down. Yes, cousin, I was knocked out."

"You mean you lost consciousness?" "Gracious, but how ignorant you are for a girl of twenty! Nobody can be knocked out without losing their consciousness. That's the whole idea of it. Yes, I was knocked out and counted out, and when I came to I was in the hospital with three broken ribs. That fat woman must have weighed a ton. It was hours and hours before I came to, and then—oh, then—"

"Then what?" "Then there was the loveliest angel standing beside my cot in the hospital you ever saw. Nobody knew who I was, and they had rung for the ambulance and taken me to the hospital. And, oh, that angel, cousin—that angel!"

"You mean a nurse, of course." "I don't. I mean a man—a doctor. He had hold of my hand. He was looking down on me with his sad, sad eyes. I saw at once that he had some great sorrow on his mind. Yes, he had the finest eyes—and curly hair, and a handsome nose, and when he spoke to me there was pathos in his voice. And the fun of the whole thing was that I knew him at once, while he didn't know me from a side of sole-leather. Oh, you are interested, are you?"

"Polly, I was just thinking how frightened you must have been to find yourself in a hospital," said the blushing Hilda.

"Oh, I see! Well, save your sympathy. A hospital with an angel-doctor to fix up your broken ribs isn't a half bad place. In fact, I liked it so well that I lied to stay there."

"Polly Sewell!" "I sure did. They had gone through my outfit without finding my address and had concluded I was a stranger in the town. When I opened my eyes and sort of winked at the angel—"

"Polly, that's surely slang!" "No it isn't. I told papa about it, and he said things had come to a pretty pass if a girl with three broken ribs couldn't wink at the angel-doctor who has set them. When I had opened my eyes and winked the doctor said: 'Little girl, what is your name?'"

"It's Hannah Jones." "And where do you live?" "At far-off Blackberry Corners."

"Polly, you ought to have been sent to jail!" was the emphatic comment. "But I had my little scheme to work, you see. Papa hunted for five days

before he found me, and then it was ten more before the angel would let him take me home. Cousin Hilda, a girl who is the real thing can accomplish a heap in fifteen days, even if she has broken ribs. I wanted to have a chat with that angel on outside matters, and I had three or four of them. You ought to have seen his face when I told him where I had seen him before and asked if he didn't remember me."

"But—but I don't—don't—" protested Hilda in a puzzled way. "But you will in just a minute. I told him I had seen him in this very house! Now, then?"

"Oh, it wasn't eh? Want to bet a \$20 hat it wasn't? Of course it was, and I was so mad at you that it set my broken ribs back all of three days. Dr. Charles Mortimer, and because he isn't rich your mother is down on him and she skated you off to Europe. Oh, I got on to the racket right away."

"Polly Sewell, you are a wicked girl! You use slang, and you fit to be the doctor, and you meddle with other people's affairs, and—"

"And such dark eyes—and such a deep, pathetic voice! And we had several confidential chats together—very confidential. We didn't even let a trained nurse come within ten feet of us. Hilda, you don't know how confidential a girl becomes when three of her ribs are broken and she is afraid to draw long breaths!"

"And—and you talked about—me?" "We did. I told him just what I thought of your mother, and I told him I was going to have a plain talk with you, and I told him—"

"Polly Sewell, I'll never speak to you again!" declared Miss Hilda as she rose and tried to look very angry. "You'll have to, as we are going down town right away to buy Christmas presents for your Sunday school kids. I want you to help me pick out something for our angel-doctor."

"You—you can do that by yourself."

"But you can tell me whether the diamonds are all O. K. or not. No rhinestones for the angel with the deep, dark eyes. Dear me, while I can't help but grieve about poor Flora's death, I almost wish I could

have three ribs broken on the other side!"

It was three days before Christmas, and the streets were crowded and the stores packed like a ward caucus. It was crowd and jam and push. The cousins had to link hands to prevent separation. They had visited two or three stores and were still in the jam when Polly suddenly disengaged her hand and whispered:

"Watch my hike!"

"And ten seconds later she was lost in the crowd, and the angel-doctor and Miss Hilda stood face to face. They were penned in. They had to lean against a show-case and hold their own. They had to talk and say things, and by and by the angel-doctor had to help select the presents for the Sunday school children and to help Miss Hilda through the jam to a taxi, and—"

"Say, now," observed the twelve-year-old Polly when she made a call three days later on her cousin, "I don't claim to know everything, but I do know when to—'hike!'"

And she wasn't even asked what "hike" meant!

Holly and Mistletoe. In the language of flowers holly signifies foresight, and mistletoe means "I have surmounted all difficulties." Holly, as everyone knows, is the symbol or sign of Christmas, but the custom of using it is older than Christianity. The Romans sent friendly greetings and sprigs of holly to one another during their winter festival. For this reason, perhaps, it was taken to stand for the spirit of love and good-will.

Muetn't Spin at Christmastide. In North Germany, where the practical yet poetic spinning wheel still hums in the cottages, one must not spin during the twelve nights of Christmas lest he or she walk after death. If the spinning is done after sunset on Saturday, mice will eat the work. If one wishes to have money and good luck all the year, one should not fail to eat herring on New Year's Day.

Quicksilver From California. California furnishes about three-fourths of the quicksilver produced in the United States.

Bavaria's Awakening. Graphite mining has been carried on in Bavaria for centuries and the methods today are as primitive as they were two hundred or three hundred years ago. Improvements are about to be introduced.

ENTERTAINED EUCHRE. On last Friday night Miss Edwina Thorning entertained the Seguin Euchre Club. This was the first meeting of the club and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The winners of the prizes were: Ladies' first prize, Adelaide Giblin; second prize, Edwina Thorning; gentlemen's first prize, Claude Lagarde; second prize, Philip Lagarde; consolation prizes were won by Mamie Martinez and John Cieutat. After the prizes were awarded, refreshments were daintily served and a jolly time indulged to a late hour. Those present were: Misses Edwina Thorning, Aline Brodman, May Feeney, Adelaide Giblin, Alma Goebel, Louise Lynch, Mamie Martinez, Florence Olroyd, Irene Sinclair, Halloween Thorning, Grace Vallette; Messrs. Claude Lagarde, Philip Lagarde, Walter Martinez, Philip Reidaner, William Bartell, Ernest Kokemor, Mat. Brodman, Peter Ruff, John Cieutat, Paul Lacassin. Officers of the club are: Ernest Kokemor, president; Adelaide Giblin, secretary; Edwina Thorning, treasurer.

BELLEVILLE NOTES. The big hospital entertainment is going on this week at the Athenaeum. The Belleville delegates to the Public School booth are: Clair Finley, Olga McNeely, Evelyn Brodman, Naomi Lynch, Nanette Fabares, Agnes Dennis, Thelma Rooney, Mella Butcher. These will be glad to dispose of tickets to those who may wish to attend the fete.

In the recent city contest for the gold medal to be awarded the writer of the best composition on the "Cause of the War Between the States," some very creditable articles were written by Belleville pupils. Those selected as the two best of the grades competing were: 8th A Grade, Cora Schields, Clair Finley; 8th B Grade, Alice Judlin, Fredonia Monrue; 7th A Grade, Rita Lauman, Irma Tufts; 7th B Grade, Martha McNeely, Blanche Pollock.

These will be published as the season progresses.

CHARTER

OF THE INTERSTATE REALTY COMPANY.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, STATE OF LOUISIANA, PARISH OF ORLEANS, CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.

Be it known, that on this ninth day of December, 1911, in that year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eleven (1911), before me, Frederick C. Marx, a Notary Public, duly commissioned and qualified, in and for the parish of Orleans, Louisiana, residing, and in the presence of the witnesses hereinafter named and undersigned, personally came and appeared the several persons whose names are hereunto subscribed, who severally declared that availing themselves of the provisions of the laws of the State of Louisiana, and more particularly of Act No. 78 of 1904, they have consented and agreed, and do by these presents covenant, agree and bind themselves, as well as such other persons as may hereafter become associated with them, to constitute and form a corporation and to be governed in all respects by the laws and regulations in force in law for the objects and purposes and under the articles and stipulations, to-wit:

ARTICLE I. The name and title of this corporation shall be the INTERSTATE REALTY COMPANY, and by that corporate name it shall have the right to sue and be sued, and to make and use a corporate seal, to issue bonds, borrow and lend money in any manner deemed most advisable, and to secure by any collateral or securities that it may see fit to have and employ managers, officers, agents, clerks or superintendents, as the interest of the company may require; to make and establish by-laws, rules and regulations for the management of the corporation, and to possess all powers granted and intended to be granted by law to corporations in general, and to do all things which are necessary and proper to carry out the objects and purposes for which this corporation is organized.

ARTICLE II. The domicile of the corporation shall be at New Orleans, in the parish of Orleans, State of Louisiana, and all citations or other legal process shall be served upon the president, or in his absence upon the secretary, or in the absence of either upon the secretary-treasurer, at the domicile of the corporation, and the corporation shall have power to establish such branch offices for the transaction of its business both within and without the State, as it may deem best or proper.

ARTICLE III. The objects and purposes for which this corporation is formed and the nature of the business to be carried on by it is hereby declared to be to acquire, purchase, hold, lease, as well as selling, mortgaging, bonding real estate in any of the forms that may be deemed most advantageous for the purpose of carrying on its business; to hold, to sell any mortgage improved and unimproved property, real or personal, in the State of Louisiana; to develop, reclaim, drain or cultivate for the account of the company or on a share basis any lands or property in the State of Louisiana and elsewhere; to engage in commercial enterprises, such as the operation of boarding houses, hotels, restaurants, the exploitation of fisheries and fisheries, the operation of railways, tramways, canals, building and construction of boats and the operation of other means of transportation; to construct roads and highways, the construction of wharves, warehouses, landings, piers and docks, and other structures; to engage in the manufacture of lumber, raising of cattle and the growing of farm products generally the operation of mines and the manufacture of all kinds of goods, and to do all other things that may be deemed best or proper for the objects and purposes of this corporation. It shall have the right to establish branches in and out of the State of Louisiana, and in general to do anything that may be deemed best or incident to the lines of business outlined and set forth in this article.

ARTICLE IV. The capital stock of this corporation is hereby fixed at the sum of \$100,000.00, divided into one thousand shares of the par value of \$100.00 each, paid for in cash or its equivalent, or in kind, or in part, or partly actually received. The corporation to be a going concern so soon as Three Thousand dollars of its stock shall have been subscribed and paid in. No stockholder shall ever be liable or responsible for the contracts, debts or obligations of the corporation, but the effect of rendering this charter null or of exposing the stockholders to any liability beyond the unpaid balance of its capital stock.

ARTICLE V. The corporate powers of this company shall be vested in and exercised by a board of not less than three (3) directors, a majority of whom shall constitute a quorum to transact business, and they shall elect from their number a president, vice president and a secretary-treasurer. The directors shall be elected annually by ballot, by the stockholders, or by a majority of the company, on the second Tuesday of December of each year. Each stockholder shall be entitled, either in person or by proxy, to one vote for each share of stock in his or her name, and such election shall be held under

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Bring the children to see him. Promptly at 8 o'clock every morning Santa Claus appears at the Big Store, where he holds his daily reception distributing TOYS FOR ALL GOOD CHILDREN.

such rules as may be prescribed by the board of directors, and a majority of the votes cast shall elect. J. N. Colomb, C. M. Barton and W. Y. Kemper are declared to be the first board of directors of said corporation, to serve until the second Tuesday of December, 1912, or until their successors shall have been elected and qualified, with J. N. Colomb as president, W. Y. Kemper as vice president, and C. M. Barton as secretary-treasurer. Any vacancies occurring on said board shall be filled by the remaining directors for the unexpired term. The said board of directors shall make and establish as well as alter and amend any and all laws, rules and regulations for the government of said corporation.

ARTICLE VI. This charter may be modified, changed and altered, and this corporation may be dissolved or the said corporation may be merged or consolidated with any other corporation with the assent of three-fourths of the stockholders convened for that purpose at a general meeting of the stockholders, called by the stockholders, mailed to his last known residence as it appears on the books of the company. Said commissioners shall remain in office until the affairs of the corporation shall have been settled and liquidated, and in case of death of one or more liquidators the vacancy shall be filled by the survivor or survivors.

ARTICLE VII. Whenever this corporation may be dissolved, either by limitation or by any other cause, its affairs shall be liquidated by three stockholders elected as commissioners of liquidation at a general meeting of the stockholders to be convened for that purpose after ten days' previous notice shall be given to each stockholder, and mailed to his last known residence as it appears on the books of the company. Said commissioners shall remain in office until the affairs of the corporation shall have been settled and liquidated, and in case of death of one or more liquidators the vacancy shall be filled by the survivor or survivors.

ARTICLE VIII. This charter may be modified, changed and altered, and this corporation may be dissolved or the said corporation may be merged or consolidated with any other corporation with the assent of three-fourths of the stockholders convened for that purpose at a general meeting of the stockholders, called by the stockholders, mailed to his last known residence as it appears on the books of the company. Said commissioners shall remain in office until the affairs of the corporation shall have been settled and liquidated, and in case of death of one or more liquidators the vacancy shall be filled by the survivor or survivors.

ARTICLE IX. THE UNDERSIGNED AND PASSED IN MY OFFICE at New Orleans, this day, month and year first above written, and in the presence of H. L. Favrot and T. H. Elliott, Jr., both competent witnesses, who sign their names together with said applicant and me, notary public, after reading of the whole. Two words in-terlined and approved before signing. Witnesses: H. L. Favrot, T. H. Elliott, Jr. (Signed) Jno. H. Colomb, 200 shares; C. M. Barton, 50 shares; Walter Y. Kemper, 1 share.

FRED C. MARX, Notary Public, State of Louisiana, Parish of Orleans, in and for the parish of Orleans, Mortgages and underwritten, personally came and foregoing act of incorporation of the Interstate Realty Company was this day duly recorded in my office, Book 1051, page 1.

New Orleans, La., December 12, 1911. (Signed) EMILE LEONARDI, Deputy Recorder.

A true copy: (Signed) FRED C. MARX, Notary Public, State of Louisiana, Parish of Orleans, in and for the parish of Orleans, Mortgages and underwritten, personally came and foregoing act of incorporation of the Interstate Realty Company was this day duly recorded in my office, Book 1051, page 1.

CHARTER

OF "THE JOHN REILLY HOE COMPANY, LIMITED."

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, STATE OF LOUISIANA, PARISH OF ORLEANS.

Be it known, that on this second day of December, 1911, before me, William Andrew Collins, a Notary Public, duly commissioned and qualified, in and for the parish of Orleans, State of Louisiana, and in the presence of the witnesses hereinafter named and undersigned, personally came and appeared the several persons whose names are hereunto subscribed, who declared that, availing themselves of the laws of this State, they have agreed to form a corporation and their successors into a body corporate in law for the objects and purposes and under the following stipulations, to-wit:

ARTICLE I. The name of this corporation shall be "THE JOHN REILLY HOE COMPANY, LIMITED." It shall exist for ninety-nine years, unless sooner dissolved, and its domicile shall be in New Orleans. It shall have, possess and exercise all of the powers, privileges and immunities conferred by law upon corporations of this character. All citations and other legal process shall be served upon the president, or in his absence upon the secretary-treasurer.

ARTICLE II. The objects and purposes of this corporation shall be, to buy, manufacture, sell and import in all kinds of machinery, tools and implements, and especially hoes; to make in-

ventions and improvements of all kinds of farming tools and implements, and to make patents therefor and to acquire and dispose of others; to buy, acquire, sell and dispose of real estate; to acquire the patent rights and other assets of the present corporation known as "John Reilly Hoe Company, Limited," and to do and perform any and all things incidental or convenient to said business.

ARTICLE III. The capital stock of this corporation is hereby fixed at forty-five thousand (\$45,000) dollars, divided into four hundred and fifty shares of one hundred and fifty dollars each, which said stock shall be paid for in cash or its equivalent, and the amount used shall be issued fully paid and non-assessable. Three hundred and thirty shares of said stock, representing thirty thousand dollars, shall be denominated "common stock" and fifty shares of said stock, representing five thousand dollars, shall be denominated "preferred stock" and shall have preference and priority over the "common stock" in the assets of this corporation and shall be entitled to an annual dividend, the date of its payment to be determined upon the par value of same, which dividend shall be cumulative and shall be paid in preference to the "common stock" in any year in which the earnings of the corporation justify a dividend exceeding eight per cent upon the five thousand dollars of said "preferred stock" and shall be distributed to the shareholders proportionately to the number of shares of each class of the class of stock of the corporation. In the event of liquidation or of the disposal of the assets of the corporation, the holders of said "preferred stock" shall be entitled to the value of the same together with the dividends above provided before any payment is made on the "common stock."

ARTICLE IV. The officers of this corporation shall consist of a president, a vice president and secretary-treasurer, who shall be elected by the board of directors from among its members. The board of directors shall consist of seven stockholders, four of whom shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of its business, and all of whom shall be elected, and the first board of directors shall be elected and exercised by said board. The first officers and the first board of directors shall be: John R. Reilly, president; Henry E. Chambers, vice president; George F. Baker, secretary-treasurer; and John B. Reilly, James C. Reilly, William Burkhardt and Joseph E. Randall, directors. They shall serve until the second Tuesday of June, 1912, or until their successors shall have been elected, and thereafter shall be elected annually on the second Tuesday in June of each year or as soon thereafter as a meeting of the stockholders shall be held for that purpose, due notice of which shall be given to each stockholder in writing mailed or delivered in person to his last known address, and foregoing act of incorporation of the John Reilly Hoe Company, Limited, shall be by proxy and a majority of the stock present or represented shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE V. No stockholder shall ever be held liable or responsible for the contracts, debts or obligations of the corporation, but the effect of rendering this charter null or of exposing the stockholders to any liability beyond the unpaid balance of its capital stock.

ARTICLE VI. This charter may be modified, changed and altered, and this corporation may be dissolved or the said corporation may be merged or consolidated with any other corporation with the assent of three-fourths of the stockholders convened for that purpose and after its approval by a majority of the stockholders, called by the stockholders, mailed to his last known residence as it appears on the books of the company. Said commissioners shall remain in office until the affairs of the corporation shall have been settled and liquidated, and in case of death of one or more liquidators the vacancy shall be filled by the survivor or survivors.

ARTICLE VII. This charter may be modified, changed and altered, and this corporation may be dissolved or the said corporation may be merged or consolidated with any other corporation with the assent of three-fourths of the stockholders convened for that purpose and after its approval by a majority of the stockholders, called by the stockholders, mailed to his last known residence as it appears on the books of the company. Said commissioners shall remain in office until the affairs of the corporation shall have been settled and liquidated, and in case of death of one or more liquidators the vacancy shall be filled by the survivor or survivors.

ARTICLE VIII. THE UNDERSIGNED AND PASSED IN MY OFFICE at New Orleans, this day, month and year first above written, and in the presence of John B. Reilly and A. Redding, both competent witnesses, who sign their names together with said applicant and me, notary public, after reading of the whole. (Original signed): Wm. Andrew Collins, Notary Public, State of Louisiana, Parish of Orleans, in and for the parish of Orleans, Mortgages and underwritten, personally came and foregoing act of incorporation of the John Reilly Hoe Company, Limited, was this day duly recorded in my office, Book 1051, page 1.

New Orleans, November 2, 1911. (Signed) EMILE LEONARDI, Deputy Recorder.

A true copy: (Signed) WM. ANDREW COLLINS, Notary Public, State of