

Railroad Schedules.

NEW ORLEANS, SOUTHERN AND GRAND ISLE RAILWAY CO.

Leaves Algers 4:00 p.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun. 9:45 a.m. 8:00 a.m. Monday only. 7:25 p.m. 5:30 p.m. ...

SPORTSMAN'S SPECIAL

5:00 p.m. ... Saturday only ... 11:15 p.m. 2:00 p.m. ... Sunday only ... 9:00 p.m.

SUNDAY EXCURSION

8:07 a.m. ... 7:25 p.m. ...

ELECTRIC CAR SERVICE

Between Algers and Gretna. Leaves Gretna, (Jackson Ave. Ferry Landing) ...

GRETTA TO IMMIGRATION STATION

From Gretna, 8 minutes, 28 minutes and 45 minutes after the hour. ...

IMMIGRATION STATION TO GRETTA

From Immigration Station, 10 minutes, 30 minutes and 50 minutes after the hour. ...

PACIFIC AVE. BELT CAR

From Canal Street Ferry, on the hour, 20 minutes and 40 minutes after the hour. ...

ELECTRIC CAR SERVICE BETWEEN GRETTA, HARVEY'S CANAL AND AMESVILLE

Leaves Gretna (Jackson Avenue Ferry Landing), along Copeland Street, ...

SCHEDULE:

LEAVE GRETTA—5:50, 6:30, 7:10, 7:50, 8:30, 9:10, 9:50, 10:30, 11:10, 11:50 a.m.; 12:30, 1:10, 1:50, 2:30, 3:10, 3:50, 4:30, 5:10, 5:50, 6:30, 7:10, 7:50, 8:30, 9:10, 9:50, 10:30, 11:10, 11:50 p.m.

QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE

(Terminal Station, Canal Street) 7:30 p.m. ... N. Y. & Wash. ... 9:10 a.m.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL

11:00 a.m. "Panama Limited," Chicago and St. Louis. ... 6:00 p.m.

YAZOO AND MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

7:15 a.m. ... Delta Express. ... 6:20 p.m.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

(Union Station) 6:45 a.m. ... Texas Local for Houston and all stations intermediate. ... 5:25 p.m.

TEXAS AND PACIFIC

6:35 a.m. ... Texas Express. ... 9:40 p.m.

FRISCO LINES

(From Terminal Station) 11:45 p.m. ... Houston. ... 1:15 p.m.

Leave Shell Beach

Lv. Shell Beach. 7:40 am 6:00 pm Ar. Poydras. 8:20 am 6:40 pm

LOUISIANA RAILWAY & NAVIGATION COMPANY

(Terminal Station, Canal Street) No. 2. 6:10 p.m. Lv. New Orleans. Ar. 8:30 a.m.

PONTCHARTRAIN RAILROAD

WEEK-DAY SCHEDULE SOUTH. Leave Milneburg—6:00, 7:00, 9:30 a.m.

SUNDAY SCHEDULE

Leave Milneburg—6:00, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30 a.m.; 12:30, 2:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:00, 7:00, 8:10 p.m.

NEW ORLEANS GREAT NORTHERN

(Terminal Station) Daily Except Sunday. 6:50 a.m. Jackson, Columbia, Tyrtown, Folsom and Intermediate. ... 5:50 p.m.

SUNDAY ONLY

7:45 a.m. Jackson, Columbia, Tyrtown and Intermediate. 8:00 p.m.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS

7:45 a.m. Folsom, Covington, Abita, Springs, Mandeville, LaCrosse, Forest Glen, Bogalusa and Intermediate. ... 8:00 p.m.

MYSTERIOUS MISS BELL

By JANE OSBORN.

If being a mystery makes a woman fascinating to the man she mystifies then it is not hard to see why Clarence Banks, who had never before met the girl he cared to marry, had fallen very much in love with the new stenographer.

But besides being a mystery, Miss Bell was fascinating enough to charm a more strongly fortified heart than that of Clarence Banks. She was one of those tantalizing quiet young women that countless years ago occasioned the sage remark that "still waters run deep."

"I say, Miss Bell," he said. "How about staying down to dinner with me tonight. You give a fellow so little chance in the office, and I am naturally a friendly sort."

Eventually, however, she did with reluctance consent to go to luncheon with him and Banks could not help noticing the apparent—or was it feigned?—enjoyment she derived from their chat, nor could he hide from her his admiration for her.

Then for a few weeks they drifted into a delightful friendship. She was aware of his admiration for her but in her consciousness of it she kept him at bay. Still Banks could not help the gleam of easy friendliness that came over Varnum's face when she was with him.

One day—Miss Bell's last day in the office—something happened to strengthen Banks' suspicions. Mrs. Varnum, a kind-hearted, gray-haired woman whom Banks had heard her senior partner speak of with the greatest admiration, called at the office on her unexpected arrival in the city after several months' absence from home.

"Say, you just got out in time, Betty. She almost caught you," Banks heard Varnum saying in the next room with a jovial laugh and then the young man moved towards the door to listen.

"I think Mr. Banks was surprised when I came into his room," said Betty. "Do you think he is suspicious? Of course we will have to let him know some time."

There was a silence and then Varnum said: "I have arranged with the agent to get the car day after tomorrow and you are to pick it out. Do you think you can learn to run it?"

"Of course I can," said Miss Bell joyfully. "How wonderful of you!" "But it is only in honest payment. You have earned every cent it cost. You have been here six months and you are worth two of the usual sort. I don't know how I will do without you, little girl, but you have had enough and now you and your mother must enjoy the car together. Come Betty give me a kiss and skip home. It would never do for us to go together."

Banks could stand no more of this. He was ashamed of himself for having listened, but having heard what he had he could hold back no longer. With a bound he rushed through the door into Varnum's room.

"I have been listening to you for the last ten minutes," he said, fairly glowing at Betty, who had stood at Mr. Varnum's side in confusion. "You are on then," said Varnum with a jovial laugh as he put his arm around Betty's waist.

"Isn't it wonderful?" said Betty with the most innocent of smiles. "Why Mr. Banks—"

There was a childlike look of disappointment in her face as she saw that Mr. Banks failed to join in the general joy of the situation. Then she went up to him to explain. "Don't you see I have been earning the car for mother, and all the time she was away she thought I was just staying home doing nothing. She didn't want me to work, but Dad couldn't afford the car unless he cut down expenses somehow, and she was so crazy to have one. Now she sees that it hasn't hurt me she won't care. You didn't really think I was Miss Bell, did you?"

"Oh, Betty," said Banks suddenly realizing the truth and calling her by her first name for the first time. "Betty, forgive me—I thought, but never mind what I thought."

This was Betty's last day in the office but a few days later when Clarence Banks joined the Varnum family for the presentation of the new automobile to Mrs. Varnum, Betty gave her heart to Clarence Banks.

COUSIN FANNIE'S HAT

By SUSAN LYNCH.

When Aunt Rachel came to see us one day last week I noticed the moment she stepped out of her automobile that she had a millinery box with her.

I ran to the door to let her in, and as I offered to relieve her of the package she said in a manner that was snippy, to say the least: "Not for you Lucile. Once in a while some one else must be remembered."

There are times when I find Aunt Rachel very trying, but one has to make allowances for the peculiarities of the rich relatives, and I always feel it my duty to overlook any disagreeable remarks she makes.

The hat she brought was a perfect dream. She said her milliner had persuaded her to buy it against her better judgment, and when she tried it on before her own mirror she felt more than ever that the long, drooping white plume and huge pink roses were too young for her. So she decided to give it to Cousin Fannie.

It was almost pathetic to see poor Cousin Fannie in that hat. She had not the style or carriage to wear such romantic finery. So as soon as Aunt Rachel left the house I kindly offered to relieve her of it.

"I'll give you \$5 for that hat," I said, "and then you can buy herself a nice, sensible little turban that will be of some real use to you."

"Why, Lucile," interposed mother, "how can you offer \$5 for that hat when you must know that the plume alone must be worth at least \$25?"

I said no more, for I was hurt that mother should receive so ungraciously my desire to help Cousin Fannie.

That afternoon, while she and Cousin Fannie were at a meeting of their church guild, I decided to make a few calls. I dressed in my pink and white marquisette and then, just for fun, tried on Cousin Fannie's new hat. It was so tremendously stunning with my frock that I simply had to leave it on, for it was most satisfying to my artistic taste. Everywhere I went that day I could see the hat created quite a sensation.

As I was going home late in the afternoon I happened to meet Canby Fuller, who is now living in a bachelor apartment near us. "You are a symphony in pink and white," he said admiringly as he turned to walk my way. "Neapolitan ice cream couldn't begin to look as cool and refreshing as you do."

"Ice cream!" I exclaimed. "Do you know, Canby, I've been making calls nearly all this hot afternoon, and in not one house have I been offered anything cold to eat or drink?"

"You poor little thing!" laughed Canby. "If it weren't so near dinner time and if the clouds in the west didn't look so threatening I'd insist upon taking you over to Demonet's, the new place where really and truly French ices are served."

"Well I insist upon going," I returned gayly. "I'm sure it's not going to rain."

But it did rain, and rain hard, as we were going home. Canby felt dreadfully about my wetting but I assured him that it didn't matter about the hat. I always find that nothing increases a girl's popularity with man friends more than the faculty of making light of little annoyances and accidents.

"You are simply drenched," cried mother as I ran into the house. "And you've actually got on Fannie's hat! It's a perfect sight!"

"I'm afraid, mother that I've caught cold," I said. "I feel awfully shivery. Will you please have Tilly bring me some hot coffee?"

"Oh, Lucile, I hope it won't go to your lungs," said mother. "Don't worry, dear, for I'm sure I'll happen to observe in the glass for mother is always foolishly anxious if I have the least ailment."

After I had removed my wet garments and eaten the dinner that mother brought me on a tray I determined to repair the damage done to Cousin Fannie's hat. I took the feather off and curled it with a penknife over the gas jet as I had seen grandmother do to her bonnet tips when I was a little girl.

As I stood before my dressing case all right," I answered, soothly, the becoming disorder of my curls and it gave me an idea for a new coiffure. I was so much interested that for a moment I forgot the plume in my hand, and then I was startled by the odor of burning feathers. Of course the plume was ruined. Somehow whenever I try to be especially helpful or economical some mishap is sure to occur.

Points for Mothers

Individuality in Children's Clothes.

The aim of every fastidious mother is to dress her child simply and in a becoming manner. Her clothes should be a part of her and not obtrude themselves. Some mothers think that if the child takes too much interest in her clothes she will become self-conscious.

On the other hand, the child who knows that she is appropriately dressed, as a rule, forgets entirely about herself and her frock, and it becomes as much a part of her as her hair.

The growing mind of the child is very sensitive to impressions, and if she learns early in life the cardinal principles of good dressmaking it will be as easy and as natural for her to apply them as she grows up as any of the other lessons of life.

Sensitiveness to Color. Some children are very sensitive to certain colors. A red gown on a very high strung girl has been known to bring on a degree of excitement which frequently resulted in tantrums, while a frock of a more pleasing color would instantly soothe and quiet her.

Child Must Be Considered. It takes, as a rule, such a little time and so short an explanation to get the child's point of view that it is a pity many mothers go ahead and order their children's clothes without a thought of the individuality of the wearer, for children are so set in their ideas that they will not listen to reason and will not be guided by their mother's judgment, but it is necessary for them to feel that the mother is a competent judge. In these days, when the whole system of teaching in the schools is to bring out the individuality of the child, it is not surprising that the girl, even before she enters her teens, may feel competent to question just how much mother does know about the right clothes for her.

It is necessary for the mother of today to study the clothes problem as it presents itself for her child. She will find that it is not the least of the problems which confront her, nor can it be solved offhand at a minute's notice. The day when one dress could be passed down the line from one youngster to another is over. The manufacturer as much as any one has hastened its departure, for few of the present day fabrics will withstand more than a season's wear and tear.

If the mother is to guide her child in the selection of becoming and appropriate clothing she will teach her to study herself. The designers of children's clothing are quite ready to help the perplexed mother by offering her gowns and coats and hats of many styles, almost as varied as those for older folk. The mother who selects successfully the costumes most appropriate for her daughter will cast aside her own preferences. She may delight in the fascinating Kate Green away gowns and coats, but unless her girl is of a picturesque type she will be wise to pass them by.

The Awkward Child. The robust, tall, awkward child who promises to be a fine looking woman, but who in her early teens is the despair of many mothers, would look ridiculous in a Kate Greenway frock whereas she would forget her awkwardness in a well cut Russian blouse, where the low waist line would detract from her height. Just as there are women who always look well in severe costumes, so there are children who have a certain style in the simplest of costumes and who become wholly commonplace in appearance the minute they are dressed up in frills and furbelows. It is far better to dress a girl of this type in a plain little frock of soft woolen or cashmere, if a wash material is not desired, than in a frock decorated with lace and embroidery, with ruffles and shirtings. On the other hand, there are children who are fairly irresistible in dainty muslin frocks be ribboned and befrilled.

What a Yawn Tells. When children bite their nails this often points to some digestive trouble, so do not scold your bairns for this nasty trick, but diet them very carefully and consult a doctor if they seem at all out of sorts. In older people the habit often goes with a hasty temper, which, in its turn, may be traced to a bad digestion.

Constant, uncontrollable yawning may sometimes point to a growth in the nose and throat. The person cannot breathe properly, so he is forced to yawn, but by weariness, but in order to draw more air into his lungs.

Games For Children's Parties. Do not choose an elaborate game for a children's party. You must not, for instance, have one which involves the use of a song or speech, as many of the children will not know the words and consequently will feel "out of it."

A clever game of the "sit down and think" kind may be very good for grown people, but it merely bores the little ones and makes them cross and tired.

International Yachting. San Francisco will be well represented in the international yacht race which is to be held here in 1915 during the world's fair. Frank Stone, who is known to yachtsmen all over the country, states that he will have charge of the \$200,000 sloop which yachtsmen of San Francisco are to build.

Pretty Meek. Blobs—Henpeckle's always reminds me of a mouse. Blobs—Nonsense! If he was anything like a mouse his wife would be afraid of him.—Philadelphia Record.

Milady's Mirror

Style Versus Beauty.

"Handsome is as handsome does" is a good old fashioned axiom, and beauty of soul is a fine thing; so is being good hearted. Many a plain looking woman has found consolation in the two latter attributes. In ancient Greece there were two kinds of women, the Venuses and the Minervas. When Venus frowned on one consolation was sought in Minerva. One is always a Minerva from second choice. Venus sits back in a porch rocking, calm, cool and serene in the knowledge that her hair won't blow off and she doesn't have to talk—just a smile, and everybody backs in it.

Minerva works hard, her hair is limp, her nose is shiny, and she can't keep cool because she engages in heated arguments. Venus marries the millionaire and rides in a chaise; Minerva marries the professor and darns stockings. What a giddy world it would be if women were all Venuses, for it is undoubtedly the Minervas who are the balance wheel of society.

In modern days the next best thing to being a Venus, if one cannot be a Minerva, is to be stylish.

What is this seemingly indefinable thing called style? What is it that differentiates one woman from another? Why is it that one woman will be stylish and the other dowdy, though gowned in the same manner? Why will a pretty woman often pale into insignificance beside her plainer sister? One of the first things when the desire is born to be stylish or smart looking, as the English say, is to feel stylish. This is easier than to feel beautiful, as is occasionally advocated. The feeling that one has style is bracing. Unconsciously the body straightens, the head goes up and the step becomes smarter and brisker.

Another point to consider in this achievement is the poise of the body. She who slinks along and shuffles her feet will never attain the desired end, if style be her desire. Much has been accomplished when once you have thrown your shoulders back, your head up and acquired a smart step, for the proper carriage and walk are the foundation of style.

Beauty Hints For Travelers. For the traveler there is a neat little case in pink linen, which is more practical than silk, because it can take many visits to the laundry without injuring its usefulness. This little case when unrolled displays pockets for the soap, talcum powder, cold cream, tooth powder or paste and toilet water. It will save many precious minutes in the dressing room of the Pullman sleeper, though it costs only \$1.50.

Another article which is sure to be appreciated by the traveler—and there are few not among this number these days—is the manicure set, with all the necessary little implements packed compactly into the buffer. This does away with those vexatious moments when the hurried traveler searches madly among the dozen and one articles in the bottom of the bag for the nail file or perhaps the orange stick. By pressing the catch at the side of the buffer the top springs up, revealing a velvet lined compartment containing a pair of scissors, half a dozen emery boards, a duplex file, an orange wood stick, a box of nail luster and another box of the same. Close the catch and the buffer is ready for use. Many women buy them nickel plated for \$2 to keep in the bathroom, where the guest may use them easily and where they will not take up the room that the different articles would if spread out separately. The silver plated set costs \$2.50 and the solid silver \$3.

Care of the Body. Castile soap andorris root in equal parts make a cleansing and fragrant tooth powder. Don't rub the face with too coarse a towel. Treat it as you would the finest porcelain, tenderly and delicately. A little carbolic acid added to the water in which burns, bruises and cuts are washed greatly lessens the soreness.



In An Emergency—Telephone

THE TELEPHONE is the first to summon aid in accident or emergency. It is invaluable at the time when assistance is needed at once. Your first thought should be "TELEPHONE."

In every-day life, emergencies may arise that demand quick and effective action. With a telephone in your home you are prepared to send for assistance by the quickest route. Doctor, druggist, police, fireman—all are within instant reach by telephone. In fact, nearly everyone whom you wish to reach quickly should have a telephone.

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