

THE HERALD

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY. Entered at the Postoffice at New Orleans as Second-Class Mail Matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. One Copy, One Month, In Advance, \$1.00. One Copy, One Year, In Advance, \$10.00.

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NEW ORLEANS, LA., APRIL 24, 1913.

THE HERALD may be found at the following places: THE HERALD (Algiers Office), 509 Verret Street. THE HERALD (City Office), 823 Perdou Street.

SCHROEDER'S BOOK STORE, Opelousas Avenue. GEO. E. BAYES, Slidell Avenue.

Subscribers failing to get THE HERALD regularly, will please notify the business manager, No. 509 Verret Street.

Please send communications for publication as early as possible, and not later than Tuesday night.

All communications, such as letters from the people and news notes of balls, lawn parties, dances and personal mention will be inserted in THE HERALD free of charge.

No communication will be received unless signed by the sender. We do not publish your name in connection with the material unless you so state, but we must insist upon having your name as a guarantee of good faith.

ALLEGED PRINTING TRADES UNION COUNCIL NEW ORLEANS

ROLL OF HONOR.

McDONOUGH NO. 4 SCHOOL. Scholarship and Department.

8 A—Thomas Dupuis, Clayton Borne, Ansel Gibson.

8 B—Lee Bairnsfather.

7 A—Walter Wells, Edgar Cayard, William Tufts.

7 B—Struemy Drumm, John Stassi, Joseph Rumore.

6—Harry Hoke, Milton Marcour, Daniel Martin, James Moffett, Raymond Spitzfaden, Clifton Wattigney, Sylvester Wingenter.

5 A—John Cabibi, Lawrence Dinapoli, Lee Donner, William Fitch, Eldred McNeely, Benjamin North, Adolph Schwab, Fred Umbach, Victor Zatarain, Andrew Yuratic, Harry Lauffer, Hillard Bach, Harold Seymour.

5 B—John Schwarzbach, Walter Davidson, Archie McNamara, Julian Hogan.

4 A—Byrns Anderson, Stanley Baras, Salvador Calabrisa, Louis Lauffer, Tisdale Daniels, Leslie Steurman.

4 B—Herbert Hingle, Francis Sadler, Camille Pitre, Leslie Schroeder, Dewey Viano, Joseph Simon, Frank Beninate, Charles Penisson.

3 A—Melford Pitre, George Adams, Edward Laughlin, Walter Pope, Samuel Bentel, John Forest, John Kramme, Joseph Hambacher, Cleve Duvic, Haywood Vallette, Gaines Gilder, Walter Jones, Cyril Schindler.

3 B—Hellas Adams, Archie Sinclair, Carroll Crane, Henry Tierney, Joseph Folse, Alvin Hoffman, Lemly Hubener.

3 C—Michael Brown, Morgan Wattigney, Harold Wingenter, Austin Spahr, Malvin Vinson.

2 A—Roland Cayard, Milton Acker, Otto Meder, Arthur Felsher, John Taluto, Leslie McMahon, John Tierney, Colie Mongano, Leo Richard, Edward Ketchum.

2 B—Melbourne Reed, Clement Bink, Roland Briel, William Parker, Rene Comeaux, James Curren, Ira Oroyd, Roy Drumm, August Pujol, Emmett Hogan, Frank Serpas, Charles Henly, Don Duffy, Arthur Grundmeyer, Edwin Gerrets.

1 A—Tony Caruba, Joseph Gast, Clyde Gilder, Horace Harris, Stanley Leonard, Albert Monroe, Albert Newberry, Bertrand Peck, Delmar Pitre, Floyd Umbach, Sidney Swayne, John Calvin, Carson Smith, Joseph Burke, Peter Anderson.

1 B—Joseph Calabrisa, Alvin Covell, John Hunn, Roy Hingle, George Shorey, Joseph Susslin, Joseph Brune, Martin Haven.

Scholarship. 7 A—Magnus Harper, Robert Durand, Robert Kennedy, Daniel Knowles.

7 B—Joseph Rosamano, Bernard Rice.

4 A—Elliott Hafkesbrong, Albert Johnston, Warren Lawson, Joseph Orlesh.

4 B—Harry Lecourt, Clyde Martin.

3 A—Theodore Wattigney.

3 B—Alcee Ellis, John Ellis.

2 A—Wallace Owens, Morris Lauffer.

1 A—Louis Bollinger, Henry Caruba, Robert Smith.

Department. 5 B—Alton Humphrey, Floyd Mahler, George Reynolds.

4 A—Noel Duvic, Herman Trosclair, Warren Strasser.

4 B—Frank Spahr, Frank Grundmeyer, Sidney LaJane.

3 A—Olney Platt.

2 A—Alfred Peterson.

1 A—Clifford Angelo, Frank Floyd, Joseph Grundmeyer, Robert Evans Smith.

1 B—Chester Camus, Andrew Meyer, Millard Schindler, Elmore Voegtlin, Gilbert Floyd.

Scholarship and Department. 6 A—Alvin McGivney, Alfred Christy, Ernest Delucky, Thomas Butler.

6 B—Archie Chestnut, George Donely, Reems Biehler.

NEAR ACCIDENT.

Little Leon Cowan, Jr., aged three years, had a narrow escape from being run over by an electric car Sunday evening at the corner of Bouny and Evelina streets.

The motorman stopped the car just in time to save the child from instant death.

SONNY WAS ON JOB

By EDNA FERBER.

In breezed Emma McChesney. Her quick glance rested immediately upon Meyers and the boy. And in that moment some instinct prompted Jock McChesney to shake his head, ever so slightly, and assume a blankness of expression.

And Emma McChesney, with that shrewdness which has made her one of the best salesmen on the road, saw, and miraculously understood.

"How do, Mrs. McChesney," grinned Fat Ed Meyers. "You see, I beat you to it."

"So I see," smiled Emma, cheerfully. "I was delayed. Just sold a nice little bit to Watkins down the street."

She seated herself across the way, and kept her eyes on that closed door.

"Say, kid," Meyers began, in the husky whisper of the fat man, "I'm going to put you wise to something, seeing you're new to this game. See that lady over there?" He nodded discreetly in Emma McChesney's direction.

"Pretty, isn't she?" said Jock, appreciatively.

"Know who she is?"

"Well—she does look familiar, but—"

"Oh, come now, quit your bluffing. If you'd ever met that dame you'd remember it. Her name's McChesney—Emma McChesney, and she sells T. A. Buck's featherless petticoats. I'll give her her dues; she's the best little saleswoman on the road. I'll bet that girl could sell a ruffed, accorrdion plaited underskirt to a fat woman who was trying to reduce. She's got the darndest way with her. And at that she's straight, too."

If Ed Meyers had not been gazing so intently into his hat, trying at the same time to look cherubically benign, he might have seen a quick and painful scarlet sweep the face of the boy, coupled with a certain tense look of the muscles around the jaw.

"Well, now, look here," he went on, still in a whisper. "We're both skirt men, you and me. Everything's fair in this game. Maybe you don't know it, but when there's a bunch of the boys waiting around to see the head of the store like this, and there happens to be a lady traveler in the crowd, why, it's considered kind of a professional courtesy to let the lady have the first look. See?"

"I get you," answered Jock.

"I say, this is business, and good manners be hanged. When a woman breaks into a man's game like this, let her take her chances like a man. Ain't that straight?"

"You've said something," agreed Jock.

"Now, look here, kid. When that door opens I get up. See? And shoot straight for the old man's office. See? Like a duck. See? Say, I may be fat, kid, but I'm what they call light on my feet, and when I see an order getting away from me I can be so fleet that I have Diana looking like old Weston doing a stretch of muddy country road in a coast-to-coast hike. See? Now you help me out on this and I'll stick in a good word for you, believe me. You take the word of an old stager like me and you won't go far."

The door opened. Simultaneously three figures sprang into action. Jock had the seat nearest the door. With marvelous clumsiness he managed to place himself in Ed Meyers' path, then reddened, began an apology, stepped on both of Ed's feet, jabbed his elbow into his stomach and dropped his hat. A second later the door of old Sulzberg's private office closed upon Emma McChesney's smart, erect, confident figure—Ames loan Magazine.

NO DOUBT

Mrs. Black—Say, person, don't it 'pear mighty strange dat de cullard folks should hev been made black?

The Parson—Deed it do. It must 'hard been dat de Lawd created de cullard people 'way back in de dark ages.

A Good Reason. "Yes, he married her because her first husband left her."

"That's hardly a good reason for marrying a woman."

"It was in this case. He left her \$400,000."—Chicago Record-Herald.

AUNT ANNA'S ANXIETY

By LUCILE CUMMINGS.

Going to the country in midwinter seems so out of the question to me that when I received a letter from Aunt Anna asking all the family out to the farm for New Year's day I did not think the invitation needed to be taken seriously.

She wrote to me because she wanted me to change the gloves I had sent her for Christmas. They were several sizes too small for her and she appeared to think it would be an easy matter for me to exchange them for the right size. They are gloves that Carl Bates brought me from Europe two years ago, and though they are beautiful they are a little too tight for even my small hands. I thought, of course, that Aunt Anna would simply put them away to keep for one of the children. That is what she should have done instead of insisting that I take the trouble to change them.

One's responsibility for a present ought to cease when the gift is made, but Aunt Anna is one of those terribly thorough-going persons who never let a matter rest until it is settled to their satisfaction. I shall have to buy a pair of gloves, I suppose, though I have resolved to be as economical as possible this year.

Arthur Knight had invited me to go down to one of the hotels and see the old year out, but when I inadvertently mentioned it before father Saturday morning he immediately vetoed the plan.

"But, daddy," I told him, "it will be awfully dull for me to sit drearily at home the last night of the year when one always expects to have a little fun." The disappointment was so great that I couldn't keep my tears back.

"Well," said father, "if you are dreary in the midst of your own family ask some of your friends in and have a quiet celebration by your own fire-side."

I acted at once upon this suggestion and when I called up Arthur Knight he said he was glad of the change of plan.

"I don't believe you would have enjoyed the downtown celebration as much as you thought you would," he said, laughingly. "Your father is quite right. We shall have a much better time at your house."

Although I am really fond of Arthur, I think he is rather foolishly strait-laced in his ideas.

I was fortunate in finding a number of friends who had no engagements for New Year's eve and so it was a congenial party that gathered to watch the dying of the old year. I think every one was a little surprised at the somewhat elaborate hot supper we had just at midnight.

I managed things so well that it was really very little trouble. I got Cousin Fannie to prepare in advance creamed chicken for me to serve from the chafing dish and have the coffee ready in the percolator so Betty could preside at that.

This careful prearrangement of mine made it possible for Cousin Fannie and mother to stay in the kitchen and fry the fresh mushrooms, fill the patties and make the hot biscuits. In the morning grandmother had made some of her old fashioned molasses cake that the men always rave over. I should have suggested it absolutely fresh, but when I suggested it mother immediately objected.

"Blanche," she said, "it would be preposterous for you to keep your grandmother up till after 11 o'clock at night merely to bake molasses cake."

"Why, I believe she would like to do it," I answered. "Grandmother is such a wonderful woman that late hours never faze her. I'm always bragging about how young my granny is."

This pleased grandmother so much that I think she would have stayed up all night to bake the cake if that had been necessary, but still mother would not let her do as I had suggested. Mother really ought to let grandmother have her own way more.

We were in the midst of our gay little feast when the bell rang. Father emerged from the library and found a telegram messenger boy at the door.

"Why, what's this?" he exclaimed when he had glanced at the message from Aunt Anna: "Why didn't you come? Is any one ill? I am terribly anxious."

"Blanche," said father, calling me out in the hall, "do you know anything about this?"

"I suppose she expected us out at the farm today," I replied.

"Why should she expect us?" inquired father.

"Well, she wrote me asking us all out for New Year's. She said she'd expect us if she didn't hear to the contrary. Of course I knew that none of us would care to go and in the excitement of getting up this party that you wanted me to have I forgot to write her."

"Forgot!" exclaimed father in a very unkind way. "Blanche, without exception, you're the most rattle brained person I ever knew. Now sit down and write a telegram apologizing for your inexcusable negligence."

I was really shocked that father should start the new year by speaking so harshly to me. All my guests no doubt wondered what family calamity had overtaken us. It was very embarrassing for me. However, none of my relatives ever appears to care what awkward position I am placed in by their thoughtlessness.

The weather man is frequently reminded that the unexpected happens.

Johnny on the Spot. "Johnny," said the teacher, "write a sentence using the words 'horse sense.'"

Johnny wrote, "One night pa forgot to lock the stable, and he hasn't seen his horse since."—Kansas City Star.

A Biography in a Nutshell. Born, welcomed, caressed, cried, fed, grew, amused, reared, studied, examined, graduated, in love, loved, engaged, married, quarreled, reconciled, suffered, deserted, taken ill, died, mourned, buried and forgotten.

WANT COLUMN

FOR SALE. A first-class set of buggy harness, almost new; will sell for \$10. Apply to 305 Vallette street.

FOR SALE. Rose Comb White Wyandotte Eggs, per setting of 13, \$1.50.

FOR SALE. One small camp on the pier; 1 large room and 2 small; front and side gallery; will sell for \$200; furnished; CASH. Apply 512 Elmira ave.

FOR RENT. One-half of nice cottage; five rooms and fine bath; 213 Delaronde street. Apply to 324 Bermuda street.

FOR RENT. Six-room house, 207 Morgan street. Apply 201 Morgan street.

WANTED. I desire to purchase an old cap front belonging to one of the firemen's caps of the old Volunteer Fire Company, Brooklyn No. 2. Address Sam Levy, 335 Slidell avenue.

MOUNT OLIVET NOTES.

The Alter Guide will meet tonight at the rectory, at 7:30 P. M.

We were glad to have with us last Sunday, our beloved Bishop. Reaching the church before Sunday School had been dismissed he gave a short talk to the school encouraging them in the work of laying the foundation of a true education. At 11:00 A. M. he preached one of the most masterly sermons that we have ever listened to. The text was found in the Acts of the Apostles, Chapter I, Verses 1-8, and was marvelous setting forth of the proofs of the resurrection. The music was beautiful at this service.

The rector spoke at night upon the tremendous wastage that is annually seen in our country in the liquor bill, his subject being "Temperance."

Next Sunday at 11 a. m., Mrs. Helen Pitkin Schertz will be with us and assist in the musical portion of the service with her harp. It will be a pleasure to have her with us, as it is of record that she was baptized in this parish, and we will all the more gladly welcome her in our midst.

Last Sunday morning Lillian Amelia, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alosee Lee Plaswith, was baptized, the sponsors being Miss Inez Gay and Mr. Gay.

Edward A. Shields, president of the State Assembly of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, was a guest at the rectory last Sunday and in the evening spoke to some of the boys in reference to the reviving of the Chapter of the Junior Brotherhood in this parish. The boys seemed very enthusiastic and met at the rectory at 3:30 p. m. on Monday for organization. The following were elected for the ensuing two months: vice-director, Harold Seymour; secretary, Milton Massie; treasurer, William Eastwood. The time for meeting was set at 3:30 p. m. every Monday, and the place, the rectory. Now we want to see the Senior Chapter enter upon a vigorous growth and work.

The sudden death of Miss Louisiana Morton cast a gloom over her many friends in the parish and out of it. For so many years she was very actively engaged in all the church work of the parish. But of recent years she had been unable to realize her wishes in that regard. The funeral took place from her late residence in Pelican avenue, the interment being in Greenwood cemetery, Monday morning. Our sympathy goes out to the bereaved family in this their hour of suffering, and for her we will breathe the prayer of the early church, "May she rest in peace."

We are sorry to see from the church papers that Rev. Wm. McCracken, formerly of Algiers, where he was well known as a boy, and at one time was superintendent of our Sunday school, has been very ill at his home in El Paso. For some years he has been unable to do any ministerial labor and has retired to the little home which he owns in the suburbs of El Paso.

HOUSTON—LE BLANC.

On Thursday, April 17th, the marriage of Miss Ethel Houston to Alex. LeBlanc was solemnized in the Church of the Holy Name of Mary.

Sydney E. Jemumson accompanied the bride to the altar where the groom was awaiting her. Ellef Jemumson acted as best man to Mr. LeBlanc. Miss Margriet LeBlanc, the groom's sister, acted as bridesmaid. Mr. Daley and Walter LeBlanc, the groom's brother, were ushers. The most beautiful part of the assistance extended the happy couple was the gracefulness of the ring bearer and flower girl, little Phillip and Edith Rhum, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Rhum, while leading the bride-to-be to the heavenly altar where she was joined in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Father Larkin.

After the ceremony the happy couple received their friends at the home of the bride's mother, where a very pleasant and enjoyable evening was had.

The happy couple were recipients of many valuable presents that were displayed on the dining-room table, where a beautiful bell of roses made by Mrs. Adolph Nicklaus put the finishing to the beautiful decorations and handsome presents.

The bride and groom were extended the heartiest congratulations and best of luck for the happy future by all their friends.

DIED.

Morton—On Sunday, Miss Louisiana Morton died after a short illness. Deceased was sixty-three years old and was well known in our town. The funeral took place Monday morning at 10 o'clock from the residence of her brother, Wm. Morton, 515 Pelican avenue. Rev. Slack conducted the services.

THE HERALD

MYSTERY IN A POCKET

By C. D. JAMES.

Usher one day not long ago shouted upstairs to Mrs. Usher that he found his watch was slow and that she had just five minutes to make the train to the golf club.

"Gracious!" wailed Mrs. Usher back at him, "I never can—there's a thin spot in the heel of my stocking right above the edge of my low shoes and it'll rub into a hole in no time. It's silk—"

"Take along another pair!" ordered Usher, gruffly. "You can change out there and there won't be a soul around and it's such a bully day—oh, come along!"

Thereupon Mrs. Usher came along, frantically struggling into a heavy coat and stuffing hosiery and handkerchiefs into her husband's pockets.

"There!" she said, triumphantly, when they had played nine holes, "Look at my stocking!" An unmistakable hole showed above the line of her low shoe. "What did I tell you?"

"You can change when we go in for luncheon," said Usher. "I left my coat hanging up in that little hall just outside the luncheon—everything else has been shut up for the winter."

Mrs. Usher found the coat. There were two others next it. Only a few hardy persons were playing golf in the nipping air. After a while she reappeared bearing in her hands a crumpled ball of brown silk, the discarded hosiery. Just as she reached her hand toward the overcoat pocket Usher called from the hall.

"Yes," she answered, "I'm coming!" and hastily rammed home the hosiery.

Let it be said at this point that Usher's coat hung very close to the next one. The next one belonged to Benning.

That evening as Benning settled himself comfortably with the evening paper there was a little choking sound.

"So I see," smiled Emma, cheerfully. "I was delayed. Just sold a nice little bit to Watkins down the street."

She seated herself across the way, and kept her eyes on that closed door.

"Say, kid," Meyers began, in the husky whisper of the fat man, "I'm going to put you wise to something, seeing you're new to this game. See that lady over there?" He nodded discreetly in Emma McChesney's direction.

"Pretty, isn't she?" said Jock, appreciatively.

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