



ROLL OF HONOR.

McDonogh No. 4 School.

Scholarship and Department.

8th A—Cecilia Costello, Edward Barthet, Joseph Rumore, Mervine Umbach.

8th B—Walter Wells, Edgar Cayard, Strubev Drumm, William Tufts, Magnus Harper.

6th A—Harry Lauffer, George Thornin, George Donnelly, Harry Hoke, Emile Hofman, Elmer Burton, William Barry, Joseph Sparacio, Reems Bleher.

6th B—Orrin Christy, Philip Gayaut, Ringold Olivier, Hilliard Bach, Eldred McNeely, Thomas Spahr, Benjamin North, William Hildebrand, Harold Seymour.

5th A—Stanley Barras, Tisdale Daniels, Eldred Drumm, Noel Davie, Charles Burgis, Henry Gerrets.

5th B—Walter Davidson, Guido Guendisch, Herbert Brattand, Louis Lauffer, Matthew Morse, Elliott Hafkesbrink, Leslie Sturtevant.

4th A—Bernard Grundmeyer, John Bennadie, Leslie Schroeder, Francis Sennier.

4th B—Gaines Gilder, Hart Schwarzenbach, Harold Ulmer, John Kramme, Charles Leber, Marion Ryan, Cleve Duvic, Walter Pope, John Forrest, Walter Forrester, Charles Garback, George Adams, Joseph Hambracker, Rubie Dore, Edward Laughlin, Ralph Gerrets.

3rd A—Joseph Folsie, Aulton Dauenhauer, Henry Fierney, Andrew Buniff, Helias Adams, Carl Hatfield, Carroll Crane, Morgan Wattney.

3rd B—Morris Lauffer, Hilary Schroeder, Harold Maronge, Leonce Andre, Otto Meder, Henry Clement, Arthur Felsher, Milton Acker.

2nd A—Arthur Grundmeyer, Ralph Umbach, Mark Senner, Patrick Dugan, Frank Serpas, William Parker, Emmett Hogan, Floyd Christy, Birge Reichard, Emile Mothe, Roland Briel, Henry Rouprieh, Edwin Gerrets, Rene Comeaux.

2nd B—William Kassner, Joseph Gast, Louis Acker, Henry Gregory, Floyd Umbach, Charles Christiansen, Albert Monroe, Sidney Swayne.

1st A—Joseph Brune, Fred John, Alvin Coville, John Huns, Louis Croan, Roy Hing, Andrew Myers, George Shorey.

1st B—Louis Broussard, James Carter, Wilton Dauenhauer, Isadore Davis, George Zatarain, Curtis Hynes, John Curran, Day Wilson, Sandford Ulmer, Sidney Andre.

Scholarship.

5th B—Dewey Viganio.

4th A—Joseph Simon, Robert Hammond.

4th B—Milton Burge, Frank Grundmeyer.

3rd B—Eldon LeJeune, Roy Cayard, John Talbot.

2nd B—Albert Newberry, Bertrand Peck, Stanley Leonard.

1st A—Stanislaus Kennedy, August Brune, Joseph Umbach, Melville Umbach.

Department.

4th B—Charles Garrick, Haywood Vallette, Reaney Angelo, Norman Ramos, Lee Acker, Melford Pitre.

3rd B—Felix Farrington, Emmett Schwaner, Joseph Dennis, Noel Richards.

1st B—Majorly McNeely, Guy Pont, Maurice Roddy, Robert Serpas, Walter Smith, Albert Spier, Arthur Sutton, Chester Sutton, Leonard Chauvin.

LOUISIANA SPECIAL DAY.

Superintendent J. M. Gwinn, of the School Board, has received a copy of the "Louisiana Special Day" book, just issued by State Superintendent T. H. Harris. It contains the list of special days to be observed in the public schools of the state for the year 1914, as follows: Jan. 16, "Health Day," instructions for observance to be obtained from the State Board of Health; Jan. 19, "Lee Day," Feb. 9, "Arbor Day," Feb. 22, Washington's birthday; March 30, "Agricultural Day;" April 30, "Louisiana Day;" May 10, "Bird Day," and June 14, "Flag Day." It contains poems and fragtises appropos of the days suggested and also suggestions for the most attractive and appropriate programs.

REPAIR SHOP WANTED

There are indeed very few localities in this country the size of our district that do not have a repair shop of some kind. Just at the present time there is no place in Algiers or even Gretna where small repairs may be made. We have reference to the repair of bicycles, sewing machines, guns, roller skates, mending of all kinds of utensils, household goods, etc.

During the Christmas times, there were brought into our district to the children many bicycles, hundreds of pairs of roller skates and many other toys and things that require from time to time repair of some kind.

There are but two stores here who make minor repairs to bicycles, but this is not done for the profit there is in it but merely for the accommodation of customers. These stores not being regularly equipped for the repair of bicycles and skates, of course make these repairs at a loss, but were there a regular shop for the repairs of all kinds of things, it would mean a very profitable business to one or two men.

In localities of from five to six thousand people repairs can make a good living, together with such other work that they may pick up. Surely in a district of about twenty-five thousand people there should be a fine living and good money for the right sort of man. Algiers is really in need of such a work shop.

With this line of business could also be added the repair of gas stoves of which there are thousands here in our district. It only requires that a party going into this business make it known to the public in order that he might reap the benefits of his labor. We say this will pay, and it will pay, but it must be conducted by the proper party, one who can do good work and will do it promptly. Bicycle and skate repairs alone would pay from twelve to fifteen dollars a week. Much of this work is being sent to the city when it should be left here in our district.

We trust that some local artificer will recognize this opportunity and establish himself here for the kind of work mentioned.

MT. OLIVET NOTES.

The Woman's Auxiliary held a most interesting meeting at the rectory Tuesday night.

There will be a paper shower given during the last week in January for the benefit of the Woman's Auxiliary.

On Sunday morning Dr. H. Henry preached to an appreciative congregation.

Letters had been sent to the membership for an every-member-present service. There were 122 present at night and a New Year program was carried out as follows: I.—Review of Old Year. 1. Material Progress. T. P. Bell; 2. Progress in Religion. A. S. Daniels; 3. Song, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." II. Plans for New Year. 1. What can I do for the church this new year? H. H. Gibson; 2. How may I best grow as a Christian? L. E. Lorio; 3. Soul-winning for the New Year. Mrs. H. H. Gibson; 4. Prayer, Frank Henning; 5. Song, "Oh Happy Day." Consecration service by pastor. Benediction.

During Christmas week the pastor solemnized two marriages at the parsonage—Mrs. Ida Harvey to Wm. McEron, Miss Mae Autumn Hill to Frank Hartley.

We pray God's blessing on these unions.

Our Sunday school has made an auspicious beginning, both in numbers and work. Ten dollars were given Sunday for missions.

The pastor and his wife are very happy over the visible work which the Christmas spirit took. Many lovely cakes and other substantial remembrances.

They take this medium of expressing their appreciation to the Missionary Society, for the neat furnishing of the study, and to the Board of Stewards for the increase of salary.

We are sorry to lose Mrs. A. W. Borrell and Mrs. Willis from our church. They go to California. Mrs. Borrell has been a faithful member twenty-two years.

Two made application for membership Sunday evening.

KILLED BY THE BELT.

Ned Stokes, a laborer, of Saux Lane, was killed by a train of cars of the Public Belt Railroad at the head of St. Louis street a little after midnight.

There were thirty-one cars being backed by a switch engine, and Stokes, in trying to cross the tracks, was knocked down and several car wheels passed over his neck. His body was conveyed to the morgue. Engineer B. McGuire was held for running over and killing.

TRINITY LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Service Thursday at 7:30. Subject of the sermon, The Lutheran Church and the Bible.

English service Sunday at 8 a. m. German service at 10:30. If possible have your current expense envelopes for the past year in by Sunday. Congregational meeting Monday, 7:30 p. m.

JOSEPH LENNOX SECURES CONTRACT FOR NEW SCHOOL.

The school board of Jefferson parish, through the building committee, awarded the contract for the construction of the Amesville new frame school on Saturday, Joseph W. Lennox, the contractor, offering the lowest bid and receiving the plum. There were four bidders, as follows: Jos. W. Lennox, \$8,500; Pollock & Killen, \$7,519; Geier Brothers, \$7,877; J. A. Potts, \$8,457. Mr. Lennox's bid was the only one within the board's limit, \$7,000.

President Cox signed the contract with Mr. Lennox on Wednesday and the work on the new building will start immediately. The structure will be completed within one hundred and twenty days' time, according to the contract, and this will give ample time for the installation of the furniture and fixtures so as to have everything in readiness for the use of the building when the next term begins.

SEWALL-VALLETTE.

Yesterday morning at the Church of the Holy Name of Mary, Miss Gertrude Sewell, one of our very prominent young ladies, and Ross Vallette, also a popular young Algiers resident, were married at a nuptial mass at 6 o'clock. The bride was beautifully gowned in a blue suit with a black hat with plumes to match the dress, while Mr. Vallette wore the conventional black. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Fr. Larkin. Miss Sewell was attended by Miss Florence Brownlee, while Walter Lily attended Mr. Vallette as best man. The bride was given into the safe-keeping of the groom by her brother, Wm. Sewell. The young couple will reside with the bride's mother in Vallette street.

HATCHING TIME.

Mr. Jos. P. A. Gast, who has taken quite an interest in chickens and has some very fine specimens, enjoys the distinction of bringing to our district the fourth prize for Rhode Island Red Rooster. Besides his line of Rhode Island Reds he is advertising in this issue to-day his having eggs for sale. As the hatching season is about to come on, it will pay those who are interested to look into his display.

POPULAR MECHANICS.

A Fancy Dress and Masquerade Ball is to be given by the Royal Pleasure Club Saturday, January 10, at Lee's Hall, Gretna. Arrangement committee is as follows: C. Huber, chairman; W. J. Judge, ex-officio; G. E. Palmer, P. McGivney, R. J. Williams, J. Sweeney, W. A. Mahoney, Lee Whittaker, Ed. Montgomery, L. S. Stinger, P. J. Lauman, M. Keenan.

POPULAR MECHANICS.

300 ARTICLES 300 ILLUSTRATIONS

POPULAR MECHANICS CO. 318 W. Washington St. CHICAGO

INTO ARMS OF LAW

By J. A. TIFFANY.

I had been engaged in the practice of law for a period longer than I care to state before I made as much as a policeman earns.

But, now, I had been fortunate enough to secure the appointment of municipal court judge.

This had been my first day of office, and there had not been a single case for trial. It looked as if my experience as a private practitioner was to be repeated in my official capacity. Even the law-breakers and litigants shunned me.

I was aroused from my meditations by the sound of footsteps.

In a few moments a man's figure appeared in the open doorway. He was unmistakably from the country.

A clumsy, ungainly man, apparently about forty-five years of age, he advanced toward my desk with a stealthy, nervous step. The fellow had a hunted look.

"Say, mister," he said, in a whimper, "what will you charge to get me off?"

"Off what?" I asked.

"Well, I don't want to tell, but I suppose I shall have to; it's all over town. Please don't let them take me to jail, mister."

"What's the trouble? What have you done?" I asked the fellow. "But, I may as well warn you, before you go any further," I added, remembering my new appointment, "that I am a judge, as well as a lawyer."

"You a judge," the yokel exclaimed, in a tone of horror. "Oh, gosh, I've run right into the arms of the law, when I was trying my best to escape. Please, sir, don't send me to jail," the fellow whined.

"If you are in need of professional advice, I think you had better go to another law office, and not tell me anything about your troubles," I said. "I can't send you to jail until you are brought before me in the ordinary course of justice."

"But, I don't want to go to jail at all, judge. I didn't think they would hold it against me all these years. I haven't been in the city in thirty years, and if you'll only let me go this time, I'll promise never to come here again."

"Now, see here, my man," I said sharply, for the fellow was becoming tedious. "If you have anything to say to me, I will listen to it, and treat it confidentially, so far as I can. Either tell me your troubles, or go and tell them to some other lawyer."

"No," said the man, desperately. "I'll make a clean breast of it to you, judge. You see, mister, when I was a boy—thirty years ago—I came to the city one day, in my father's sleigh, and while the old man was around town doing his business, I played about the stable where he put up his horse. There was a lot of snow on the ground, and some of the city boys began calling me a hayseed, and pelting me with snowballs. I didn't like it—not so much the snowballing as their calling me a hayseed. So I made some snowballs myself and shied back at them. Well, just as I was throwing a good hard ball at one of the boys, a policeman came round the corner, and it knocked off his hat. I started and ran as hard as I could. I never stopped till I got to my father's farm away out in the country, ten miles from here. I laid awake all that night, expecting that they would be coming for me; and I've been expecting them ever since. But, as I had not heard of it in all these years, I plucked up courage and came in today, thinking it had all blown over. But I see that I was mistaken. They're after me."

"There's notices all over the city," the man whined.

"What kind of notices?" I asked.

"I haven't seen anything of them."

"Why, one says, 'Bill Posters beware, and another, 'Bill Posters will be prosecuted!'"

"What's your name?" I asked, as a light seemed to break in on me in all this nonsensical tragedy.

"Posters," the man replied. "William Posters. But they generally call me Bill—Bill Posters."

"All right," I said, with a sigh of relief. "And you want to settle this quietly—without any exposure?"

"Well, this is a case, I am afraid, that can't be settled with a fine," I said, rising and confronting the villain, who shrank from me, and cowered near the door.

"You won't send me to jail, judge?" he pleaded.

"No, we'll settle it without that," I said. "Just turn round."

As Mr. Posters turned his back on me, I gave him a good, hearty kick, that sent him clear through the doorway.

"Is that all?" he asked, with a bucolic smile.

"Yes, that's all—for the present," I replied. "But, if you ever come near this office again, I'll give you a good deal more than that. Now—skedaddle, Bill Posters, and get back on the farm, where you belong."

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Bunkoed.

Hobson (leaving the ball grounds)—Bah! Baseball is a regular skin game. Here I paid my money to see a game, and the game is called on account of darkness, with the score nothing to nothing.

Dobson—Heavens man! That is usually considered a great game.

Hobson—Yes; but I think they should give one a run for his money, anyhow.—Puck.

The "Alleged Gentleman."

This quaint notice was recently posted in a Cardiff club. "If the alleged gentleman, who took three brushes from Mr. —'s color box imagines they will paint properly without the assistance of the master hand he is gravely mistaken and therefore may as well return them to their rightful owner."—Pall Mall Gazette.

RENECKY SELLS THE FAMOUS BUSTER BROWN SHOES FOR THE CHILDREN.

RENECKY IS SATISFIED WITH A LESS PROFIT. BUY YOUR SHOES FROM HIM.

PHIL LOST THE BET

By IDA SHEPLER.

McQuire languidly watched the smoke curl from his cigar, play it weaving circles about his shapely face and head, then float off to the realms of pipe dreams. Presently a dream, satisfied smile stole into his blue eyes. He was so sure of her truth, integrity and love for himself. Adorable Lora. He was hastening back to her and their wedding day at steamer speed.

The half closed door of his room let in the sound of voices. It was Ed Rainey and Tom Larkin. McQuire had run into them somewhere abroad. They were coming home on the same steamer.

"Gone, gone bad, isn't he?" Rainey was saying. "Believes that Lora is innocence personified. Doesn't know that she's a good five years or more older than himself. Don't guess that she's out to marry a fortune. Don't know that she's, in turn, been sweet-heart to all of us, or anything of that affair of hers and Lambert's, does he?"

McQuire's cigar dropped from his parted lips. The red leaped in an ugly flame to his face. They were talking, these friends of his, of the girl he was to marry. His right hand opened to slap little Rainey fair in his calumniating mouth. Larkin's answer came slowly, between puffs at his pipe: "McQuire is young. She isn't good enough for him, that's only too true. But, Rainey, the girl was only a little reckless, too much of a flirt. Nothing worse. Lambert is a liar. McQuire's a good looker and nobody's fool, if he was born to revel in gold."

"Lora would not marry any man unless he brought her gold?" Rainey still persisted. "Oh, you need not worry about shutting the door; McQuire is on the deck. I saw him go up an hour ago."

McQuire fidgeted and worried about his cabin for an hour after. Not a doubt of Lora's love edged itself in his mind. No one but himself had ever possessed her heart. Of that he was sure.

After while the plan he would work to confute these friends came crowding itself into his head. It was neither new or original, but it would do.

Rainey and Larkin found him dull company forthwith. Then his reason came out. He had received a telegram at starting. Hoped it was not so bad as stated. His fortune, to the last dollar, was in jeopardy. He had made some foolish investment. Further he would not talk. Simply moped, smoked and read.

"Rainey, the little sneak, will go straight to Boston and tell Lora," McQuire thought to himself. "Nothing will suit him better. Nothing will suit me either, either."

From New York McQuire wrote a brief letter to Lora:

"My Dearest: I'm viewing the hole where it has all gone down. You no doubt have heard of the Parkinson company crash? The private fortunes they swamped with their own stupendous failure? I have trusted Parkinson as I might have my father, had I one at present. Well, I'm not going to cry over spilled milk. It's done, and can't be helped. I can work for my darling. I have youth, health, strength and love left. You know I studied law. Behold a future Webster in your husband. I cannot wait to see you. Lovingly, Phil."

Rainey was with Lora when she received this epistle. He watched her pretty face turn pale, then flushed.

"Of course it's love in a cottage," said Rainey.

"Of course it isn't," she flared. "Is it a fact that he was fool enough to trust his immense fortune in the keeping of that company he refers to?"

"Guess he did. He was tolerably frank about the matter. He is playing chuckle to you in this letter. He believes that nothing would separate your love from him."

"What!" she nearly shrieked; "marry a pauper? Bah, he hasn't brains enough to get a first client. Me do kitchen work and make my own clothes for love's sake? Well, hardly."

Phil was nearly a month getting over everything that followed that letter. At the end of that time he was as good as new.

Glady's, Phil's cousin, went calling on Lora, her cousin's late betrothal ring shining on her hand.

It wasn't fitting for Lora to notice this, but she did the lovely bracelets Glady's was wearing. "A gift from Cousin Phil," the girl quite innocently answered.

"I never knew that you had a cousin so fond of you. Seems to me that I heard your cousin lost all his money." Lora's eyes were wide with surprised inquiry.

"Oh, no," Glady's went on, still more innocently; "Phil never lost his money. Not a cent. He was engaged to some girl. I couldn't get him to tell me who. He brought her so many presents from abroad. Then, because one of the friends he came home with bet him, or something like that, his affianced wouldn't marry him if he were to lose his money, wrote her he had lost all. Phil lost the bet, of course, but wasn't it lucky for me?"

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Large Heart.

Mrs. Brown—My husband lost a great deal of money on that decline in stocks.

Mrs. Jones—I'm sorry! Whenever I hear of those declines in stocks I think wouldn't it have been a good thing if everybody had sold out before the market began to go down!—Puck.

Primitive Shaving.

The Harput barber places around his customer's neck a peculiar pan on one side, so that it fits partially around the neck under the chin. Water is put into the pan and the barber makes a lather with his hands and rubs it on the customer's face, usually using his hands for this purpose also.

Election of Officers.

The Workmen's Co-operative Association have elected the following officers: Albert Tufts, president and manager; Willin Giepert, vice-president; L. J. Peterson, secretary, with the following directors: J. B. Babin, A. J. Hauser, L. J. Burton and E. J. Bethancourt.

List of unclaimed letters remaining at Station A, New Orleans post office for the week ending Jan. 8, 1914:

Ladies—Mrs. Ethel Barber, Mrs. M. Roy, Mrs. Louise Small.

Men—Albert Bernad, Paul Clark, Joe D. Hall, Alex Ryan.

A. F. LEONHARDT, P. M. J. W. DANIELS, Supt.

SPECIAL NOTICE COLUMN

FOR SALE—FOR RENT, WANTS, ETC.

FOR RENT. One-half double cottage, 335 Bermuda street, near Pelican avenue. House contains five rooms and five bath; gas lighted. Apply 234 Bermuda.

FOR SALE. One Mission dining room set. One Mission library set. A Coal heater. All practically brand new. Apply 301 Elmira Avenue.

FOR SALE. Fine vacant lot on Verret street, only lot vacant between Opelousas and Slidell, second lot from telephone exchange. Worth \$1,900. Will sell for \$700.00. L. J. Peterson, 518 Verret St.

FOR SALE. A few articles of household furniture, in good condition. Apply 235 Olive street.

FOR SALE. Double one-story frame slated dwelling in Elmira avenue, Algiers, \$1,500. L. J. Peterson, 518 Verret street.

FOR SALE. Single one-story frame slated dwelling including the adjoining lot on Nelson street, two blocks in rear of Naval Station, \$1,400. L. J. Peterson, 518 Verret St.

Learn to Fit Eye-Glasses. A Profitable Profession. We teach by mail, conferring degree Doctor of Optics. New Orleans Optical College, Inc., Dr. D. C. Williams, President, 145 Baronne St., New Orleans, La.

LOST. At the Market Theatre a silver vanity case having initials "F. E. W." Finder will please return to the Herald and receive a reward.

FATHER GUEYMARD APPOINTED IMMIGRANT AGENT OF TEXAS AND P. FOR STATE. For the first time in the history of railroads in the South a Catholic priest becomes attached in an official capacity with a New Orleans line. The priest is Rev. Father E. P. Guymard, who was some years ago assistant rector at the Church of the Holy Name of Mary.

Father Guymard was appointed immigration agent of the Texas and Pacific for the State of Louisiana by E. F. Kearney, first vice-president of the line, and Father Guymard will devote his time to peopling some of the sections along the Texas and Pacific with the right sort of immigrants. Father Guymard two years ago received the permission of his superiors to enter the service of one of the lines in the Northwest as immigration agent, and his efforts were devoted to peopling a rich section of the country with desirable Catholic immigrants. His services were of great value to the railroad and he returned to New Orleans to repeat his triumph for the Texas and Pacific.

Father Guymard was a very popular priest in New Orleans and had many friends here. His headquarters will be New Orleans.

CIVIC LEAGUE. The regular meeting of the Fifth District Civic League was held at the residence of its president, Mrs. J. E. Huckins on account of cold weather, and it is probable that in the future the meetings will be held there during the winter months.

Mayor Martin Behrman, in answer to a letter from the Fifth District Civic League, has assured the members that if there are any rooms in the Algiers courthouse available for the milk station which will be established, they will be put at the disposal of the league.

The Civic League has been successful in having established here a milk station, a free physician and nurse for the poor children. This is a signal success for the league, who have all worked hard for the station during the past eight months.

Just as soon as a location can be had, Dr. Butterworth will place at the service of the league a physician and trained nurse, who will make it a point to call upon the poor children and administer to their wants. In the beginning milk will be furnished only to the most urgent cases and will be supplied from the city side of the river for the present.

The league reported that Miss Eola Abbott, the new playgrounds supervisor, is meeting with much success and has already increased the attendance at the grounds. The very best of order is maintained and she has won the respect and appreciation of all the children.

Sunday morning Miss Abbott has arranged for two games to be played by picked teams, both tennis and croquet will be played.