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122-24 AUDUBON BLDG., New Orleans, La.

Algerines Representative:
C. L. HYMEL, 315 Alibi Street.

Algerines at Law.

Frank H. Twomey vs. Edward C. Bero, \$2000 recovery process.—E. J. Dreyfus.

Succession of Thomas Finnegan, notice of publication of final account by administrator.

Lucy Kadler vs. Algiers Ry. & L. Co., rule dismissed 5 days to answer.

Southern Brickbath Co. vs. N. W. Murphy, judgment appointing P. F. Hennessy, Esq., curator ad hoc.

Southern Brickbath Co. vs. N. W. Murphy, rule fixed for trial November 13, 1914.

L. Weiner vs. S. Ridge et als, judgment for plaintiff against Ridge for \$221.50 and against Ridge and B. A. Hintz, \$291 in solido.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Real Development Co. of La., Ltd., to Philip J. Coyne, 1-11th of lot Pa-

ville, Evelina, Elmira and Opelousas, \$47.55 cash. (Redemption)—Cotonio.

City of New Orleans (unto) Albert G. Thomas, lease of property, in square Patterson, Morgan and Seguin streets and Public Levee, for ten years at \$73 per annum.—Legier.

A. G. Thomas to Nathan Stern, transfer of above lease (Value received).—Private.

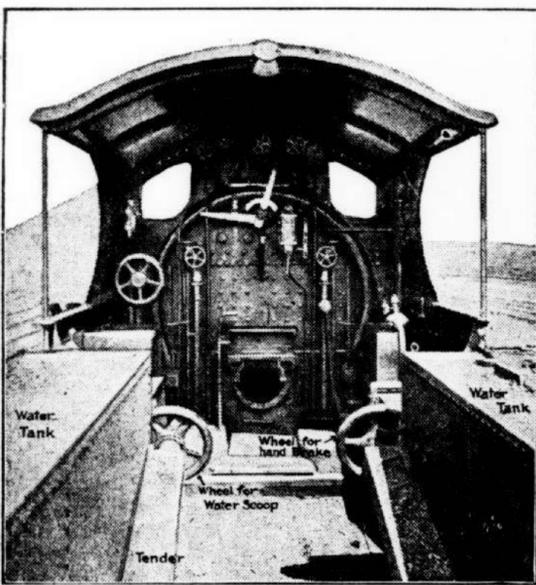
Nathan Stern to the Johnson Iron Works, Ltd., transfer of above lease. (Value received).—Private.

Edward Gilroy to Mrs. Louis Lutz, lot Alibi, Eliza, Bonny and Powder, \$2,500 cash.—Legier.

LIENS AND PRIVILEGES

Jos. White to Algiers Cornice and Plumbing Works, Ltd., \$96.50 balance due on work property 826-28 Elmira Ave.—Mahoney.

CAB OF ENGLISH FREIGHT LOCOMOTIVE



The above view shows in addition to the cab part of an express goods engine tender. The water tanks are arranged on both sides. On the left hand side is the water-scoop wheel and on the right hand is the hand-brake wheel. The controlling apparatus is very largely the same as on the locomotives of the most approved of the types used in America, but the fire boxes differ. The passenger engine fire box is square in shape, giving greater capacity for firing.—London Magazine.

MRS. WILSON IS OVERWORKED

State of Health of the President's Wife Demands a Long Summer Vacation.

There is no sort of doubt that Mrs. Wilson, wife of the president, has broken in health to the extent that a long and very quiet summer will be necessary to have her in shape to endure the strains of the winter festivities.

Mrs. Wilson, in her eminent desire to be, as all wives of the presidents have been, a good lieutenant for her husband, and do in a social way what the president does in a political way, has willfully but unerringly given away, as all over-ambitious women do, and worn her nerve forces to a frazzle.

Mrs. Taft did the same thing when she took her place in the White House. Never a particularly strong woman, she was interested in reforms and desired to return to official society life something of the prestige it had during the early years of the nation, when the wives of the presidents were as strong minded as their husbands. Mrs. Taft was also interested in a more beautiful Washington, and helped to push the plans to make Potomac park one of the beauty spots of the world. She, too, broke down, and will suffer for it the remainder of her life.

Mrs. Roosevelt never did anything at all in the White House except to be the wife of the president. She performed her social duties as a faithful chateleine should, and was always a gracious and genial hostess, but the best friend that Mrs. Roosevelt ever had could never have called her magnetic or particularly attractive. It was not that Mrs. Roosevelt had not the brains or ability, but she was always so utterly and absolutely submerged in the individuality of her husband, President Roosevelt, that she never made any attempt to be other than just the wife of the president.

Everybody will regret that Mrs. Wilson so early broken down, and the sincere hope will go with her to her summer home that she will return to Washington in her wonted health.

MME. NAON'S SPLENDID HOME

Argentine Ambassador's Mansion is One of Best Conducted Houses in Washington.

The Argentine embassy is one of the splendid mansions which cluster about Dupont Circle. It is managed with the exactness of a royal palace and Mme. Naon is the radiating point for all its activities, but never burdened with its routine. After the new method, coming here possibly first from England, Mme. Naon has retained the services of a trained house mother, or a house-keeper, graduated from one of the great schools of domestic science and able to cope with every emergency, even such a dining as the lord mayor of London would give to the populace. Dinners, receptions and tea dances followed each other, always brilliantly planned and executed, throughout the winter, but all that fell to Mme. Naon's lot was to be gowned appropriately and to appear at the hour to aid her husband in receiving the guests.

SENATOR LEE S. OVERMAN

Walking through the United States capitol these days one is impressed with its summery aspect. Stately senators, members of the "greatest deliberative body on earth," who are ordinarily garbed in the long black coats and shiny silk hats of statesmanship, are now seen about the building dressed in the lightest of summer garments. The picture above shows Senator Lee S. Overman of North Carolina, dressed in his summer "toys."

Why Shouldn't He Worry?
Tucker—"Why do I look so troubled? Well, last night I dreamed I died and was buried, Parker, and I saw the tombstone at the head of my grave." Parker—"Saw your tombstone, eh? And what of it?" "Why, I'm trying to live up to the epitaph."

What is the Reason?
A man can walk a block with another woman and discuss 4,678 subjects in a delightful manner. And he could walk nine miles with his wife and not be able to think of a darn thing to say.

A Beginner.
"Are you a socialist?" "I am."
"What do you understand by socialism?" "I haven't got as far along as the understanding part. I picked socialism because I don't like any of the regular brands of politics."

All Women Are Observing.
The world is the book of women. Whatever knowledge they may possess is more commonly acquired by observation than by reading.—Rousseau.

Had the Gall, All Right.
Mr. Needmore—"If you refuse my life will be filled with bitterness and gall." Widow Bullion—"I don't know about the bitterness, but you're there with the gall, all right."

Where Skirts Are Not Wanted.
No lady climbing who wears skirts or bloomers will be allowed to take a place on a rope, as these have been found a distinct source of danger to the party making the climb.

What He Should Do.
There's not much usefulness to be expected from a man who thinks he is doing a great public service by digging up new questions instead of digging up answers to the old ones.

Only Outside Clean.
There are some frenzied financiers who appear to think that taking two baths a day and donning fresh linen ought to excuse them for being thieves.

Didn't Like Fat Hair.
Hair Dresser—"Your hair's very thin on the top, sir." Customer—"Ah, I'm glad of that; I hate fat hair."

Lost Gun.
Percy E. Benedict, a prominent New Orleans lawyer, who is fond of the hunting pastime, is mourning the loss of a valuable shotgun which disappeared Sunday in the waiting room of the Grand Isle road. Mr. Benedict laid the gun down and left it for a few minutes, but it was gone when he returned for it. The gun is valued at \$137.

Depths of His Love.
My little son went into the living room where my invalid mother was lying on a couch and in the following quaint way expressed his love for her: He knelt down, put his little arms about her, and said: "Gamma, I tess wish they would all die so I tuss make pancakes for 'oo."—Exchange.

Rice Paper From Wood.
So-called Chinese rice paper is made from the pith of a Formosa tree.

HISTORIC KEY MANSION

ITS MEMORY LIVES ONLY IN A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

Old Home Torn Down to Make Room for Small Shops—It Stood in Georgetown, the Old West End of Washington.

Although all efforts to preserve the old Key mansion were unavailing and the picturesque house was torn down months ago to make room for some small shops, there is a beautiful picture of the place painted by a member of the Key family, which will appeal to the patriotic sentiment of generations to come, while its irresistible charm as an old colonial home places it in the art gallery beside those of Mount Vernon and Arlington.

The Key house, in which Francis Scott Key lived for many years of his life, stood in Georgetown, the old aristocratic West end of Washington, which is full of historic interest from the time when General Braddock landed there with his red-coats. It was a small, red brick house of two stories and a gable, and stood directly on the street, not far from the ridge leading over the Potomac to Arlington. There was a beautiful colonial door which opened into the hall with the white winding stairway, and mahogany rail, while, in the early days, there was a garden all about the place, terraced to the river.

It is more than 50 years since the house passed out of the hands of the Key family, and in the meantime, with deplorable disregard for historic spots, and an utter indifference to American shrines, the place was allowed to fall into a state of neglect and decay.

A thrifty shopkeeper, who carried on a small trade within the low-ceilinged rooms, realized that a certain commercial as well as patriotic value might be obtained, if the place were identified, and painted the Key mansion above the door. Thus for years it was pointed out to the tourists as the house where the man who wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner" used to live, but today there is nothing to tell the stranger about the house that once stood there, and the history of the spot is known only to those who remember.

Francis Scott Key was a successful lawyer in Washington, and he was living out in the Georgetown house when he went to Baltimore to undertake the release of his friend, Doctor Beanes, who had been taken prisoner, and his life was threatened by the British Admiral Cochrane. Key boarded the flagship under a flag of truce, but was not allowed to leave until after the bombardment of Fort M'Henry. It was all during the night of September 13, 1814, that Key watched o'er the ramparts for the broad stripes and bright stars that he had hailed "at the twilight's last gleaming," and when by the "dawn's early light," he saw the flag was still there, he was inspired to write "The Star-Spangled Banner."

It was hurriedly done, in notes and broken lines, on any kind of paper, but when he went to Baltimore that morning he put the words into shape and showed them to a friend to whom he was telling the story of his thrilling and perilous experience. Instantly the friend recognized the national significance of the hymn of which Key himself did not dream, and insisted that the verses be published immediately.

It is John Ross Key, the grandson of Francis Scott Key (who, with one other, was specified in his will), who had painted the beautiful old Key mansion, and thus preserved for the American people at least a portrait of what it once was, and what it might be today if there had been enthusiasm enough to preserve the walls and restore its garden. Said Mr. Key:

"Of course I regretted that the house could not be saved, and I know the other members of the Key family felt the same unwillingness to see the old place go, but there seemed to be no alternative, either practical or sentimental."

It will be 100 years on the 14th of September since the song was written, and the city of Baltimore is making ready for the celebration of the centennial, when, in the midst of all the spectacular display of ceremony, and the splendor of the pageant, the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner," printed on handbills, will be distributed on the streets and thrown into doorways.

Appreciation of Reporters.
I have always had great sympathy for newspaper reporters, a class of men generally about equally feared and criticized. During a large part of my life since my graduation I have been brought in constant contact with the men of this profession. Only on rare occasions have I suffered at their hands serious injustice, due either to deliberate intent or to gross misunderstanding. I have generally found them courteous and considerate, honestly desirous of getting the truth and reporting it accurately.—Lyman Abbot in the Outlook.

Might Have Been Easier.
In a case tried in a Philadelphia court the prosecuting attorney had a good deal of fun at the expense of counsel for the defendant, each of whom seemed as stupid as the other. "Ignorance of the law," interposed the judge at a certain juncture, "is no excuse for violation of law." "May I inquire of your honor," asked the prosecuting attorney, "whether your honor's remarks are directed at the defendant or his counsel?"

Unusual.
"Anything new?" asked the reporter. "Yes," replied the desk sergeant. "A man and a woman were badly smashed up in an automobile accident a little while ago."

"That happens every day." "But this is an extraordinary case. She was his wife."

They Who Write May Read.
Women and men now writing mushy letters to the husbands and wives of other women and men can get an idea of just how they will look in type at some future date by perusing the current divorce reports in the papers. But no warning will stop the predestined author of a "human document."

Where Brier Pipes Are Made.
The brier-pipe industry of France is, for all practical purposes, centered in the little town of St. Claude, in the department of Jura, where not only pipes, but cigarette and cigar holders and other kindred necessities of the smoking world are manufactured. The sources of supply from which the brier roots are obtainable are, in order of importance, Sicily, Calabria, Corsica and Algeria.

It's a wise bull team that kills the fowl that lays goose eggs.

No, Jason, we would not speak of the door of a bungalow as a bungalow.

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MEN ARE SO QUEER

By R. S. JONES.

"Tom was terribly annoyed," said the young woman with the fluffy hair and the hint of a baby stare. "It is perfectly funny the way a man acts just because he is your husband—did you ever notice it?"

"It is, indeed!" said the others in chorus.

"How was I to know that sensible business men would take me so seriously?" pursued the fluffy young woman. "I thought they were supposed to have discernment and sense. At least, Tom is always preaching about their superiority in that respect. Tom explained to me very carefully before we went to the automobile show last month that we couldn't buy a car. He said we couldn't afford it, considering my hat bills and his cigars and the notes coming due on the house we bought last year. I am sure I had it all perfectly clear in my mind, so I am positive I was not to blame."

"But did you ever notice what perfectly fascinating young men they put in charge of the exhibition cars at an automobile show?"

"I should say I have noticed them!" said the brunette girl.

"And, anyhow, Tom had no business to run across two college friends the minute we got inside the show and pay so much attention to them that he couldn't pay any attention to me! Those three would cluster together over a chassis with a lot of cigar machinery stuck on it and talk like mad. So I simply had to do something to kill time."

"Of course you did!" agreed the others.

"So when at the first booth a good looking man who saw me studying a touring car asked me if I was interested I said I was. Then he was just as nice as could be. He told me everything about the car and made me get in it and explained just how I could run it myself and wanted my address to send me a catalogue. He said he'd be pleased to come out some day with the car and show me how it ran and give me a lesson. He was so on coming that I hated to hurt his feelings, so I did not refuse."

"It was just the same way at the next place and ever after. Tom and his friends were so busy over horrid old machinery that I was considerably left out. However, I made lots of friends among the agents."

"All of them wanted to bring out their cars to demonstrate to me how superior they were and, as I had told one man he could come, it didn't seem a bit fair to the others to refuse any of them, so I said I'd be delighted. It had occurred to me that I owed a terrible lot of calls and that it would be such a nice way to get around and pay them."

"I didn't think it necessary to mention the matter to Tom. He did remark that a huge lot of catalogues was coming to our house and it was a wonder where those fellows got good news, he didn't have a machine eating its head off and making him poor! Men are so selfish."

"The Zero automobile man came out the very day after the show closed and we had a beautiful ride. I made six calls. However, I quite changed my opinion of him, because when I came out of the last place he seemed actually cross and said things about waiting in cold weather. I don't see how he expects to sell cars without showing a little consideration for customers. I told him I didn't think I liked his car at all."

"Then there was the Largo car man and the Allegro man and the Fortissimo man and the Solendiferous man and about six different electric companies and a lot more whose names I forget. When they came one at a time it was lovely."

"I did two teas one afternoon in the Largo car, but the man lost his temper, and when I came from the second tea the wretched creature had driven off and I had to go home on the street car!"

"The queer thing was that every one seemed so indignant when I refused to give an order for a car and said things about my leading them. The worst of it was that Tom came home ill with the grip one afternoon just as seven different cars arrived at once to take me out! He said he thought I was giving a funeral or a tea."

"When he understood—my dears, have you ever seen a man suffering from bad temper and grip simultaneously?"

"I explained to him most carefully that it wasn't my fault at all, but he roared that he was ashamed to look a man in the face from that time on for fear he was one of the automobile agents I had shamefully deceived—yes, that's what he called it—and that he'd like to know what women had in place of consciences anyhow. What do you think of that? Aren't men utterly queer?"

"They surely are!" the other young married women agreed. "When you hadn't done one single thing, either!"

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"That happens every day." "But this is an extraordinary case. She was his wife."

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WASHINGTON LEADS CAPITALS

United States Has More Ambassadors Than Any Other Nation in the World.

With the elevation of Senor Don Romulo S. Naon, of Argentina, the American capital has now the ranking number of ambassadors serving at any seat of government, eleven in total, as against ten accredited to the other great world capitals, London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Vienna. The capital city of Italy has but eight diplomats of the first rank and Madrid having recently elevated the representative to Argentina to the rank of ambassador, has climbed into the same class as Italy and Constantinople. There are rumors that 'Chill' will soon follow the lead of Argentina, making the diplomats of the highest rank an even dozen, an imposing host indeed and surely indicative of the rapid ascent of the United States into the councils of the nations. In Washington, where court customs do not prevail except in the broadest sense, the ambassadors gain little by their elevation, except the honor of transacting affairs with the secretary of state in most expeditious manner. Mr. Bryan is an exceedingly amiable official and few experience any difficulty in getting his ear, if the importance of the topic warrants it. But socially the ambassadors at Washington form a privileged class.

CLAM WINS FIGHT WITH RAT

Grips Inquisitive Rodent's Nose and Desperate Battle is Witnessed in a Cafe.

A desperate battle between a rat and a clam was fought on the mosaic floor of a fashionable Washington cafe the other day, while the patrons watched the encounter.

The cafe is owned by Thomas R. Marshall, who occasionally receives the vice-president's mail in mistake for his own. Mr. Marshall keeps his clams in a bin at one end of the bar and a curious rat investigated the clam bin.

One of the clams had opened its shell. The rat tried to nibble the membrane that protruded from the shell. The clam closed down.

For nearly ten minutes the rodent tried to rid itself of the deathgrip the clam had taken on its nose. Finally witnesses killed the rat. The clam came through without a mark.

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