

Railroad Schedules.

NEW ORLEANS, SOUTHERN AND GRAND ISLE RAILWAY CO.

Leaves Algiers... Arrives Algiers... 4:00 p. m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun. 9:45 a. m. 8:05 a. m. Mixed, daily ex. Sun. 7:25 p. m. 8:30 p. m. ... TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1913, AT 6 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSION

4:05 a. m. ... 7:35 p. m.

ELECTRIC CAR SERVICE

Between Algiers and Gretna. Leaves Gretna, Jackson Ave. Ferry Landing... District Ferry, Southern Pacific Terminal and Alibi, crossing over the Newton St. Viaduct, the Southern Pacific R. R. Yards, along the rear of the U. S. Naval Station, to the U. S. Immigration Station.

GRETTNA TO IMMIGRATION STATION

From Gretna, 8 minutes, 28 minutes and 45 minutes after the hour. From Immigration Station, 16 minutes, 30 minutes and 50 minutes after the hour.

IMMIGRATION STATION TO GRETTNA

From Immigration Station, 16 minutes, 30 minutes and 50 minutes after the hour. From Gretna, 8 minutes, 28 minutes and 45 minutes after the hour.

PACIFIC AVE. BELT CAR

From Canal Street Ferry, on the hour, 20 minutes and 40 minutes after the hour. From Gretna, 10 minutes, 30 minutes and 50 minutes after the hour.

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

Leaves Gretna (Jackson Avenue Ferry Landing), along Copernicus Avenue, passing Texas and Pacific and Southern Pacific Depots to Fourth Street, thence along Fourth Street to Public House, crossing Harvey's Canal to Amersville.

SCHEDULES:

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

SUNDAY SCHEDULE

Leave Milneburg—6:10, 7:10, 8:35, 10:00, 11:30 a. m.; 12:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:45, 7:00, 7:30 p. m.

WEEK DAY SCHEDULE

Leave Milneburg—6:05, 7:10, 7:30, 8:35, 10:00, 11:30 a. m.; 2:00, 3:25, 3:25, 5:30, 7:00, 7:30 p. m.

AT THE HEAD OF OUR CLASSIFIED COLUMN EACH WEEK WE WILL ANNOUNCE HOW YOU MAY RECEIVE SOMETHING VALUABLE BY LOOKING THROUGH THESE LITTLE "ADS."

LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

There was a time when half the college graduates of America became clergymen, and when the legal and medical professions swallowed up nearly all the other half. Now, less than 5 per cent. of the men who complete college courses go into the ministry, and the other three "learned professions" together number only a minority of the college trained population of the country.

O. HENRY'S STORIES

X.—The Greater Coney

By O. HENRY Copyright, 1911, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

"NEXT Sunday," said Dennis Carnahan, "I'll be after going down to see the new Coney Island that's risen like a phoenix bird from the ashes of the old resort. I'm going with Norah Flynn, and we'll fall victims to all the red goods deceptions, from the red flannel eruption of Mount Vesuvius to the pink silk ribbons on the race suicide problems in the incubator kiosk.



"'Tis a story teller ye are, Norah," says I.

ed to quit work the same day on account of a sympathy strike with the Lady Salmon Cannery's lodge No. 2 of Tacoma, Wash.

"'Twas disturbed I was in mind and proclivities by losing me job, bein' already harassed in the soul on account of havin' quarreled with Norah Flynn a week before by reason of hard words spoken at the Dairyman and Street Sprinkler Drivers' semiannual ball, caused by jealousy and prickly heat and that devil, Andy Coghlin.

"So, I says, it will be Coney for Tuesday, and if the chutes and the short change and the green cork silk between the teeth don't create diversions and get me feeling better, then I don't know at all.

"Ye will have heard that Coney has received moral reconstruction. The old Bowery, where they used to take your tintype by force and give ye knockout drops before having your palm read, is now called the Wall street of the island. The wienerswurst stands are required by law to keep a news ticker in 'em, and the doughnuts are examined every four years by a retired steamboat inspector. The nigger man's head that was used by the old patrons to throw baseballs at is now illegal, and, by order of the police commissioner, the image of a man drivin' an automobile has been substituted. I hear that the old immoral amusements have been suppressed. People who used to go down from New York to sit in the sand and dabble in the surf now give up their quarters to squeeze through turnstiles and see imitations of city fires and foods painted on canvas. The reprehensible and degrading resorts that disgraced old Coney are said to be wiped out. The wipin' out process consists of raisin' the price from 10 cents to 25 cents and hirin' a blond named Maudie to sell tickets instead of Micky, the Bowery Bitch. That's what they say—I don't know.

"But to Coney I goes a-Tuesday. I gets off the 'L' and starts for the glitterin' show. 'Twas a fine sight. The Babylonian towers and the Hindu roof gardens was blazin' with thousands of electric lights, and the streets was thick with people. 'Tis a true thing, they say, that Coney levels all rank. I see millionaires eatin' popcorn and trampin' along with the crowd, and I see eight dollar a week clothing store clerks in red automobiles fightin' one another for who'd squeeze the horn when they come to a corner.

"I made a mistake, I says to myself. 'Twas not Coney I needed. When a man's sad 'tis not scenes of hilarity he wants. 'Twould be far better for him to meditate in a graveyard or to attend services at the Paradise roof gardens. 'Tis no consolation when a man's lost his sweetheart to order hot corn and have the waiter bring him the powdered sugar cruet instead of salt and then conceal himself, or to have Zoosookum, the gypsy pianist, tell

Population of the Tropics. More than half of the world's population live in the tropics of the old world. Under British rule alone are over 325,000,000 tropical natives.

him that he has three children and to look out for another serious calamity; price 25 cents.

"I walked far away down on the beach to the ruins of an old pavilion near one corner of this new private park—Lun Park. A year ago that old pavilion was standin' up straight, and the old style waiters was slamin' a week's supply of clam chowder down in front of you for a nickel and callin' you 'cully' friendly, and vice was rampant, and you got back to New York with enough change to take a car at the bridge. Now they tell me that they serve Welsh rabbits on Surf avenue, and you get the right change back in the movin' picture joints.

"I sat down at one side of the old pavilion and looked at the surf spreadin' 'tself on the old beach and thought about the time me and Norah Flynn sat on that spot. 'Twas before reform struck the island, and we was happy. We had tintypes and chowder in the ribald dives, and the Egyptian Sorceress of the Nile told Norah out of her hand, while I was waitin' in the door, that 'twould be the luck of her to marry a retheaded gossion with two crooked legs, and I was overruled with joy on account of the allusion. And 'twas there that Norah Flynn put her two hands in mine a year before, and we talked of fats and the things she could cook and the love business that goes with such episodes. And that was Coney as we loved it and as the hand of Satan was upon it—friendly and noisy and your money's worth, with no fence around the ocean and not too many electric lights to show the sleeve of a black serge coat against a white shirt waist.

"I sat with my back to the parks where they had the moon and the dreams and the steeples corralled and longed for the old Coney. There wasn't many people on the beach. Lots of them was feedin' pennies into the slot machines to see the 'Interrupted Courtship' in the movin' pictures, and a good many was takin' the sea air in the Canals of Venice, and some was breathin' the smoke of the sea battle by actual warships in a tank filled with real water. A few was down on the sands enjoyin' the moonlight and the water. And the heart of me was heavy for the new morals of the old island, while the bands behind me played and the sea pounded on the bass drum in front.

"And directly I got up and walked along the old pavilion, and there on the other side of it, half in the dark, was a slip of a girl cryin' by herself there, all alone.

"'Is it trouble you are in now, miss? says I. 'And what's to be done about it?'"

"'Tis none of your business at all, Denny Carnahan,' says she, sittin' up straight. And it was the voice of no other than Norah Flynn.

"'Then it's not,' says I, 'and we're after having a pleasant evening, Miss Flynn. Have ye seen the sights of this new Coney Island, then?'"

"'I have,' says she. 'Me mother and Uncle Tim they are waiting beyond. 'Tis an elegant evening I've had. I've seen all the attractions that be.'"

"'Right ye are,' says I to Norah; and I don't know when I've been that amused. After disportin' meself among the most laughable moral improvements of the revised shell games I took myself to the shore for the benefit of the cool air. 'And did ye observe the Durbar, Miss Flynn?'"

"'I did,' says she, reflectin'; 'but 'tis not safe, I'm thinkin', to ride down them slantin' things into the water.'"

"'How did ye fancy the shoot the chutes?'" I asks.

"'True, then, I'm afraid of guns,' says Norah. 'They make such noise in my ears. But Uncle Tim, he shot them, he did, and won cigars. 'Tis a fine time we had this day, Mr. Carnahan.'"

"'I'm glad you've enjoyed yerself,' I says. 'I suppose you've had a roarin' fine time seein' the sights. And how did the incubators and the helter skelter and the midgets suit the taste of ye?'"

"'I—I wasn't hungry,' says Norah, faint. 'But mother ate a quantity of all of 'em. I'm that pleased with the fine things in the new Coney Island,' says she, 'that it's the happiest day I've seen in a long time, at all.'"

"'Did you see Venice?'" says I.

"'We did,' says she. 'She was a beauty. She was all dressed in red, she was, with—'"

"'I listened no more to Norah Flynn. I stepped up and I gathered her in my arms.

"'Tis a story teller ye are, Norah Flynn,' says I. 'Ye've seen no more of the greater Coney Island than I have meself. Come, now, tell the truth—ye came to sit by the old pavilion by the waves where you sat last summer and made Dennis Carnahan a happy man. Speak up and tell the truth.'"

"'Norah stuck her nose against me vest.

"'I despise it, Denny,' she says, half cryin'. 'Mother and Uncle Tim went to see the shows, but I came down here to think of you. I couldn't bear the lights and the crowd. Are you forgivin' me, Denny, for the words we had?'"

"'Twas me fault,' says I. 'I came here for the same reason meself. Look at the lights, Norah,' I says, turning my back to the sea. 'Ain't they pretty?'"

"'They are,' says Norah, with her eyes shinin'; 'and do ye hear the bands playin'? Oh, Denny, I think I'd like to see it all.'"

"'The old Coney is gone, darlin'; I says to her. 'Everything moves. When a man's glad it's not scenes of sadness he wants. 'Tis a greater Coney we have here, but we couldn't see it till we got in the humor for it. Next Sunday, Norah, darlin', we'll see the new place from end to end.'"



A Promoter.

"I'd like to interest you in a business venture that will make us both rich."

"But I'm a stranger to you. Why do you wish me to share in this prospective wealth?"

"I like your looks. I can see that you are the sort of man I can depend on."

"Well, if you think as much of me as that, go get rich yourself; then come back and give me a job."

A Considerate Wife.

"A beauty specialist offered me a remedy yesterday that she guaranteed would make me look ten years younger," said Mrs. Twobble.

"Why didn't you try it?" asked Mr. Twobble from behind his paper.

"She wanted \$25 for the recipe," answered Mrs. Twobble, "and I was afraid the price would make you look ten years older."

Discussing Their Wives.

"It akes my wife so long to dress when we want to go to the city that we always miss the train," complained the first suburbanite. "How is your wife? I don't hear you kick much."

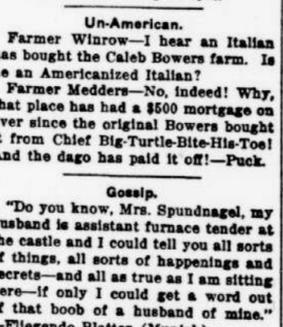
"My wife has a system that isn't so bad," said the second suburbanite. "She's so late for one train that she's generally on time for the next."

A Bad Sign.

"How does Henry like your cooking?" asked her mother.

"He doesn't say anything," answered the bride, "but he sighs every time he takes a biscuit."

NOT AS HE WROTE.



First Novelist (who writes historical novels)—I hate to hear Boozem talk when he's intoxicated.

Second novelist (who writes dialect stories)—So do I. He doesn't speak with the correct dialect of intoxication at all.

Be Keerful.

It may be true that love is blind. This fact brings no surprise; But love should always bear in mind That others have good eyes.

Un-American.

Farmer Winrow—I hear an Italian has bought the Caleb Bowers farm. Is he an Americanized Italian?

Farmer Medders—No, indeed! Why, that place has had a \$500 mortgage on ever since the original Bowers bought it from Chief Big-Turtle-Bite-His-Toe! And the dago has paid it off!—Puck.

Gossip.

"Do you know, Mrs. Spundnagel, my husband is assistant furnace tender at the castle and I could tell you all sorts of things, all sorts of happenings and secrets—and all as true as I am sitting here—if only I could get a word out of that boob of a husband of mine."—Fliegende Blatter (Munich).

Slim Support.

"You don't like Wiggs?"

"No."

"Still, if he were drowning you would try to save him, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes. I would throw him my walking stick."

A Temperance Conundrum.

"I can't understand finance. One thing puzzles me extremely."

"What's that?"

"If they put so much water in the stocks, how can money get tight?"

Proof of Prosperity.

"I hear there is going to be a congressional inquiry into Backmay's business."

"I had no idea he was so prosperous."

Life.

The Retort Courteous.

She—Why are you so unlike me in company? Why is it you talk so little?"

He—Because, my dear, I wait until I have something to say.

Weaker Than Water.

"Waiter, return this tea whence it came," said the sad-looking individual.

"If I drank much of that I would get so that ordinary water would make me drunk."—Current Opinion.

How to Discover Mastoiditis.

Tenderness discovered by pressing the hard bone behind the ear is apt to indicate mastoiditis, especially if the ear itself discharges. If the disease is recognized before serious trouble begins, a most grave operation and possibly death may be avoided.

Mountain railways in Switzerland seem to have proved very profitable. All of them this year were paying big dividends. If the demands for concessions now being considered by the federal authorities are granted, practically every Alp will have its own funicular railway after the war is over. It seems to be the fashion nowadays to climb the Alps by funicular. The proper Alpine habit is to breakfast at the station on arrival, lunch in the mountain tops and dine in the hotel in the valley in the evening—all within 24 hours. According to the official figures over seven hundred and fifty thousand "climbed" the Alps by the mountain railways last year. A large proportion were Americans.

For the manufacture of pottery of the better grades considerable clay, mainly kaolin, is imported into this country from Europe and China, the value of these imports last year exceeding \$2,250,000. It seems probable, says the United States geological survey, that under the necessity due to the war of now finding a domestic supply these finer clays can be in large part replaced. Already a process of decoloring kaolin is reported as successful, and this may make large deposits of kaolin and ball clay available for the manufacture of white ware and pottery.

In the six weeks ending September 24 the country exported 47,301,000 bushels of wheat, or 13,600,000 more than in the same period last year. Cotton exports, on the other hand, are diminished because the cotton is much less an immediate necessity in Europe than is food. But the mills of this country and Japan will take more raw cotton than last year; while those of England and France will take a considerable amount in time.

Geologists estimate that the coal fields of Shansi province, China, are great enough to meet the world's demands for more than a thousand years. Iron ore has also been found in large deposits in central China, and of the finest quality.

Bacteriologists having pronounced modern bullets sanitary, it is inconceivable and obstinate on the part of soldiers to die from their effects.

To other horrors of peace should be added the man who brings with him to the restaurant table his dead and decomposing cigar.

People who say, "I know I'm hard to get along with, but I can't help it," wouldn't do better if they had a chance.

By the time all the seas are filled with mines the only reasonably safe navigation will be by airship.

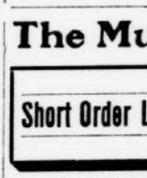
Shirt sleeve diplomacy beats the bare bayonet kind, anyway.

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THE ILLEGALITY OF THE TRIAL OF JESUS.

By Hon. John E. Richards, Associate Justice of the Court of Appeals For the First District of California.

The detail of the arrest and trial of Christ from a legal standpoint by this eminent jurist is a masterful production. It is indeed a classic—a judicial review of every phase of the world's most tragic courtroom trial. It is a perfect and complete exposition of an event which in importance stands alone in the Christian world. It places the author in the front rank of religious historians.

THE LEGALITY OF THE TRIAL OF JESUS.

"In a court of competent jurisdiction for an infraction of the law's decrees, Jesus was given a fair trial on charges which constituted an offense against the prevailing law of the Roman Empire. The evidence sustained the finding."

This is the contention of Dr. S. Srinivasa Aiyar, High Court Vakil of Mysapore India, late editor of the Criminal Law Review of Madras.

The article by Judge Aiyar; treats of the same facts as dealt with by Judge Richards, but his conclusions are entirely different. His paper abounds with citations and translation from old Indian documents discovered at Taxila in the Punjab District of India, and to the conquering of that region in 326 by Alexander the Great. Reference is made to the narrative of Rab. Tagore, one of the great teachers of the Rishis; again the writer refers to "Acts of Pilate" translated from ancient manuscripts of the Eleventh Century, discovered at Turin, Italy.

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