

Our Christmas Edition

On next Thursday, the 16th of December, The Herald will present to its readers the customary Christmas Edition, which will contain many Christmas stories both for the young and old, interesting reading matter pertaining to the season of the year, short stories by some of the best writers in the country, and principally the advertisements of the liveliest merchants in our city.

It will pay the readers of The Herald to consider the advertisements in this issue because the prices given on the articles in most cases are made especially for the Algiers people and it is a bid for their business.

A few weeks ago at the Tulane theatre there was a play having as its title "It Pays to Advertise," and those who were fortunate enough to see this very interesting and instructive comedy, left there convinced that it does pay to advertise and while it is a recognized fact by both the merchants and those who have advertising space to sell that it does pay to advertise, it doubly pays the purchasers to avail themselves of the opportunities offered by the advertisers.

The best class of stores advertise only the truth; for instance, take our large department stores; it would be commercial suicide for them to advertise a garment "reduced from one fifty to one dollar" if they could not prove that this was really a fact. The slyster firms are soon recognized by the women who do the trading and are blacklisted as being worthless and their advertisements are seldom read, but the stores who do a legitimate business and do legitimate advertising are confidently relied upon.

In this connection we say with pride that The Herald would not under any circumstances accept for publication any advertisement of which it was not satisfied was positively true; it is for this reason that each year we forego the pleasure of raking into our pockets many hundreds of dollars that we could have merely for the asking, for advertisements of worthless patent medicines. We do not accept ads from patent medicine concerns under any circumstances, because their advertisements do not tell the truth and they are on a par with Clairvoyants, Fortune Tellers and Mind Readers. The Herald will stand back of the information given the public by its advertisers.

Look over our Christmas Edition next Thursday very thoroughly and in winding up your Christmas shopping remember those who have advertised in Algiers and feel assured that what they have advertised is positive truth.

"Boys," said a teacher in a Sunday school, "can any of you quote a verse from Scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?"

A bright boy raised his hand. "Well, Thomas," said the teacher encouragingly. Thomas stood up.

"No man can serve two masters!" he said.

Capt. Henry Blatchford was one of those old New England sea captains who "lived better stories than the novelists can make up." On one voyage he arrived at Rio de Janeiro while a rebellion was going on, and while a rebel fleet was blockading the port. He was notified that if he tried to enter he would be sunk. Three hundred other vessels lay outside, overawed by the same threat, but the Cape Cod mariner refused to be bluffd.

Hoisting an American flag at each masthead, he started to enter the harbor. A shot was fired across the ship's bow, but Captain Blatchford sailed steadily on.

He triumphantly entered the harbor; the other vessels followed; the blockade was ended; that ended the rebellion. "Fighting Bob" Evans, who had witnessed the affair, personally visited Captain Blatchford to congratulate him.

Rufus White, an old negro, was being prosecuted for carving Jake Hostetter, a fellow laborer, with a razor. The lethal weapon was on the stenographer's table, marked Exhibit A for the state.

The lawyer for the defense rounded up a half dozen negro witnesses who declared Rufus' reputation for peace and good conduct was fine, and that they had never known him to carry a razor. This created a doubt in the minds of the jury, and Rufus was acquitted. He thanked the jury with fervor, and then turned to the judge.

"Yo' honah," said Rufus, "kin Ah ax a question?" "I suppose so," returned the court; "what do you want to know?" "Does Ah git my razor back?"

A little boy was walking down the streets of a town where whiskey was sold when he saw the town drunkard lying in the gutter dead drunk.

He called out to the saloon-keeper to come to the front. The saloon-keeper did so and said, "Well, what do you want?"

The little fellow pointed to the drunken man and said, "I just wanted to tell you that your sign had fell down."

BAPTISMS.

Clara Eva, daughter of Ralph Dunbar Price and Silvia S. Brady, 325 Bernuda, born Nov. 29, 1915, baptized Dec. 5 by Rev. J. P. Cassagne, S. M. Sponsors: Robert C. Servat (by proxy) and Cecilia Brady.

Loise Adeline, daughter of Nicholas Beaudou and Victoria Wattigney, 411 Wagner, born Nov. 2, 1915, baptized Dec. 5 by Rev. J. P. Cassagne, S. M. Sponsors: Ulysse Wattigney and Ada Kenney.

Harold Arthur, son of Arthur Lusignan and Aline Molevant, 625 Atlantic avenue, born Nov. 22, 1915, baptized Dec. 5 by Rev. J. P. Cassagne, S. M. Sponsors: Victor A. Sae and Alice Lusignan.

Irvina Frances, daughter of Eli Gauthreaux and Anna Burmaster, 823 Atlantic, born Nov. 23, 1915, baptized Dec. 5 by Rev. J. P. Cassagne, S. M. Sponsors: Irvin Feist and Leona Carpenter.

Anthony Muri, son of Jesse Burkhardt and Osa King, of 147 Pelican avenue, born Sept. 28, 1915, baptized Dec. 5 by Rev. J. A. Petit. Sponsors: Oscar Thidodeau and Lillian Morgan.

Mount Olivet Church

The Choir Guild met on Tuesday at 8 p. m. and elected the following officers to serve for the year 1916: Mr. A. R. Woolf, choir-master and president; Miss Edwina Thorning, organist and vice president; Miss Hazel Maegher, secretary-treasurer; Mrs. A. R. Woolf, choir-matron.

Services on Sunday, third Sunday in Advent: 7:30 a. m., holy communion (Woman's Auxiliary corporate celebration). All members are urged to be present. The open offering will be used for the general missionary work of the church. 9:30 a. m., Sunday school; 11 a. m., morning prayer and sermon; 4 p. m., confirmation class; 7:30 p. m., evening prayer and sermon.

Since last report the following have contributed to the funds of the Birth-day Guild: Mrs. A. Conway, Mrs. M. E. Fortier, Mrs. Horace Nelson; Misses Dora Forrest, Eugenia Hartnette, Corinne C. Hughes, Irma Tufts, Florence Borne, Florence Fillery, Ethel North, Elizabeth Glisch, Evelyn Schaefer; Rev. S. L. Vall, Messrs. L. J. Peterson, George Herbert, Jr., Warren Seymour, McK. Vezien; Mas-

ters Walter Babin and Roland Briel.

On Thursday, at 10 a. m., the Rev. S. L. Vall officiated at the burial of Mrs. Aaron Johnson, aged 82 years. Mrs. Johnson passed away at her home, No. 920 River street, on Wednesday, Dec. 8th. Service at house, church and grave. Interment in Mc. Donoghville Cemetery.

"Father, in Thy gracious keeping Leave we now thy servant sleeping."

Methodist Church Notes

The prayer meeting topic for the next few weeks will be taken from the book of Acts. This ought to appeal to the older members of the Sunday school, since the lessons for 1916 are taken almost exclusively from this book.

If you have not attended church for some time you do not know what you are missing in the way of good music. The faithful and thorough practice which the choir has been doing for the past few months is bearing its fruits. There is no part of the service that is more important or more helpful when it is conducted by those who are moved by the highest motives.

Presbyterian Notes

Sunday school every Sunday, 10 a. m.; preaching service every third Sunday 11 a. m.; Ladies' Aid Society, first Friday in each month. Rev. W. H. Leith, pastor.

Last Friday evening Rev. Leith preached a cheering sermon to the members of the church at the home of Mrs. Hafkersbring, Sr. After the sermon the Ladies' Aid held a business session, at which time new officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: President, Mrs. Albert Hubener; vice president, Mrs. Hafkersbring, Sr.; recording-corresponding secretary, Mrs. N. E. Small; treasurer, Mrs. Robt. Hafkersbring.

First Evangelical Lutheran Church

No news received this week.

OBITUARY

JOSEPH TALLON

Shortly after midnight Sunday, Joseph Tallon, one of our best known business men, was claimed by Death. Although Mr. Tallon had been ill for some time, his death was indeed a blow to the community. He was one of the most charitable men in our district, always giving to the needy, and no church or benefit was ever refused a generous donation from Joe Tallon. His charity was dispensed not publicly, but in his own quiet way he helped all. He was a man of high principles and one that anyone was proud to call a friend.

Mr. Tallon was recuperating from a severe attack which had necessitated his being brought to Hotel Dieu, where he was stricken with pneumonia, which caused his death.

Mr. Tallon was born in Dublin, Ireland, April 11, 1865. He remained in Ireland until he was 27 years old and started life as a baker. When Mr. Tallon came to America he landed in New York and remained there until April, 1892, when he came to New Orleans.

He was employed by Maurice Kenny, in his grocery business, for four years, and later went to work for Jos. Dwyer, at the corner of St. Charles avenue and Thalia street.

In February, 1901, Mr. Tallon moved to our town and opened up his business at the corner of Seguin and Morgan streets. All who had any business relations with him had naught but praise to say of him, and his genial nature, combined with honesty and integrity, made for him a host of friends.

Mr. Tallon was prominent in fraternal and benevolent organizations, including Division No. 9, Ancient Order of Hibernians; New Orleans Lodge No. 477, Loyal Order of Moose; New Orleans Lodge 30, B. P. O. Elks; Workmen's Union and Benevolent Association of Algiers, and the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

The funeral was held at 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon from the family home, 211 Morgan street, interment being in St. Mary's Cemetery. Mr. Tallon is survived by his wife, who was Miss Aloysius Longuepe, of Baton Rouge, and five children. A brother, James Tallon, also survives.

GEORGE C. PALMER.

It was indeed a shock to the entire community to learn of the death of George C. Palmer, the well-known clerk of the Second City Court.

Stricken with apoplexy while walking in Canal street, just after leaving the ferry, Mr. Palmer died instantly Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. He was on his way to the Touro Infirmary to visit and was in company with Joseph Umbach, 423 Patterson street, when the stroke came. "Oh! I feel so sick," were the words he uttered as he placed his hand to his heart and sank to the sidewalk. Mr. Umbach caught hold of him and lowered him gently. The ambulance was summoned, but Mr. Palmer was beyond human aid when it reached the scene. The body was moved to the morgue, where it was later taken in charge by Undertaker E. J. Mothe and prepared for burial.

Mr. Palmer was a native of the city, but had resided in Algiers for twenty-seven years. He formerly was connected with the Southern Pacific Railroad as a clerk. Later he became clerk of the Third Recorder's Court and then clerk of the Second City Court, over which Judge Thomas F. Maher presides. Mr. Palmer is survived by his wife, who was Miss Emma Koopmann, and two sons, George and Harry, besides other relatives. He belonged to no organizations, but was well known and popular. He possessed a heart as big as his body, so to say, and there are many who will miss him because of this characteristic. The funeral was held Monday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, from the family home, 315 Pelican avenue, with services at the Church of the Holy Name of Mary, Rev. A. J. Petit officiating. Interment followed in the McDonogh Cemetery.

The pallbearers were: L. W. Peterson, Fred Stansbury, Tim Daly, Chas. Ketchum, Jos. Crowley and Ed Grimes.

Mr. Victor Blanchard, a resident of Algiers, for the past two and one-half years, died at his home in Plaque mine-La., on Monday. Deceased was 29 years old and is survived by a sister, Mrs. Camille Gary.

JAMES—The body of William Michael James, a former well-known resident of Algiers, was brought from De Witt, Arkansas, at 6 o'clock Wednesday morning. Deceased was 25 years old and was the son of Mary Powell and the late Michael James. He had been employed as a rice grader at Crowley and other points before going to Arkansas a short time ago. He leaves a wife, who was Miss Iris Hockaday, of Crowley, and three children, besides his mother, Mrs. Michael James, two brothers and two sisters. The funeral was held Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from his mother's home at 341 Vallette St., interment being made in the Metairie Cemetery, following services at the Church of the Holy Name of Mary.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

ORANGE GROVE NO. 9, W. C.

At a meeting held Thursday night at Pythian Hall, Orange Grove No. 9, Woodmen's Circle, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Mrs. Amelia Smith, guardian; Mrs. Anna Vanderlinden, past guardian; Mrs. Mary Jacobs, advisor; Mrs. Lizzie Borden, clerk; Mrs. May Stalcup, assistant attendant; Mrs. J. Mook, inner sentinel; Mrs. M. Matchett, outer sentinel; Miss Katie Cassidy, manager; Dr. J. E. Pollock, physician; Mrs. J. Owens, love; Mrs. J. Parker, wisdom; Mrs. K. Miller, power; Mrs. J. Amedeo, remembrance.

CRESCENT LODGE NO. 3, K. OF P.

The following officers were elected Friday night at the regular meeting of Crescent Lodge No. 3, K. of P.: H. L. Kirkpatrick, chancellor commander; R. Chestnut, vice chancellor; J. B. Babin, prelate; E. E. Babin, keeper of records and seals; Geo. Lecourt, master of finance; L. J. Peterson, master of exchequer; A. S. Covell, master of work; C. Miller, inner guard, and L. Martin, outer guard; Dr. J. E. Pollock, physician.

STS. JOHN LODGE NO. 153, F. AND A. M.

Sts. John Lodge No. 153, F. and A. M., elected the following officers last Tuesday night: Thos. Reagan, W. M.; Robt. A. Anderson, S. W.; Philip Mangiaracina, J. W.; George Herbert, Jr., treasurer; L. J. Peterson, secretary; John Cieutat, S. D.; W. F. Spier, J. D.; W. A. Thomas, M. of C.; Wm. Senat, tyler; Ed Doshier, chaplain; Wm. Lucas and Curtis Green, stewards.

The newly-elected officers will be installed on Sts. John's night, Dec. 27, 1915. Prior to the installation ceremonies there will be a Masonic service at Mt. Olivet Episcopal Church.

For Young Folks

Teddy Roosevelt 3d is a Happy Outdoor Youngster.



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As his picture indicates, Teddy Roosevelt 3d is a wholesome and robust little lad. He is a great favorite of his famous grandfather and spends much of his time at the ex-president's home at Oyster Bay, N. Y. He is the son of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and is the third of his family to bear the well known name. The youngest Teddy is very fond of bathing and may frequently be seen sporting in the waves at Southampton, N. Y. It was at this resort that the camera man snapped Teddy 3d. He had just emerged from a ducking in the waves, but was good natured and willingly posed for his photograph. He is too young to swim as yet, but by this time next year, if he inherits the qualities of his grandfather, he will have acquired that accomplishment.

Proverb Puzzle.

In each of the following ten sayings a word of five letters is omitted. When these ten words are rightly guessed and placed one below another in the order here given the central letters reading downward will spell the name of a famous poet, who was born in February, 1807:

- 1. Idle — are always meddling.
2. A bird is — by its note and a man by his talk.
3. Make yourself all — and the flies will devour you.
4. A — is a fool's argument.
5. — a fool your finger and he will take your whole hand.
6. A small leak will sink a — ship.
7. A person's — ought to be his greatest secret.
8. He that shows his ill temper — his enemy where he may hit him.
9. A rascal — rich has lost all his kindred.
10. Do as most do and — will speak ill of thee.

Answer—Longfellow. Words—folks, known, honey, fight, offer, great, folly, tells, grown, fever.

The Difference.

Case and Comment says that at a recent meeting in Hampton one of the speakers told of a colored witness who was rebuked by the judge for the constant repetition of the phrase, "also and likewise." "Now, Judge," replied the witness, "there's a difference between those words. I's gwine to spain. Yo' father was an att'ny and a great one, wasn't he?" The judge assented, somewhat placated. "Well, Judge, yo's an att'ny also, but not likewise. See, Judge?"

Jimmie's School Marks

By F. A. MITCHEL

An old woman entered a bank and asked to be advised how to send money to her son in another city. The president was the only one of the officers present, and the woman was referred to him. She was a garrulous old lady and, like most women when started talking about their sons, poured a steady stream in the president's ears of her son's superiority over other women's sons, mingled with some hard luck he had had.

"Jimmie," she said, "was always an affectionate child, truthful, thoughtful and never gave me a bit of trouble. He was so smart when he was at school that he never needed to study much at home, and his marks were always C and D, which are the highest. He never got A but once, and he said that was a mistake. One day he came home and said he wasn't going to school any more; he didn't approve of the system of education. He thought the boys were treated like sausage meat—all put into a hopper and ground out together. He said he had found that he could do one thing; well and it was very easy for him. I asked him what it was, and he said it had nothing to do with school work and didn't need any education at all. He would show me instead of telling me; then I would understand him. He lifted the clock from the mantle, took it all to pieces and put it together again.

"For land's sake, Jimmie," I said, "are you going to be satisfied to be a clock tinker?"

"Oh, mother," he said, giving me a hug, "you don't understand what I'm driving at."

"The next day he bid me goodbye and said, 'You won't see me again till I've made some success in the world.'"

"You won't make much of a success," I said, "without an education. I was in hopes you would have some ambition and go to college. I could have paid part, and you could have earned the rest teaching school or something."

"I haven't time to go to college," he said. "I've got a big work before me. I'm going to make something that has never been successfully thus far constructed."

"He went away, and I've not seen him since. I'm sure he will succeed, but I wish he would tell me how he is getting on. You see, he has had to contend with. First he was taken sick and didn't earn a cent for months, besides paying something for being in a hospital. Then he—"

"Madam," interrupted the banker, "I'm too busy to listen to all this. From your description of your son I judge that he is a ne'er-do-well."

The old lady looked at the banker wonderingly. "Jimmie a ne'er-do-well! Why, he's the smartest boy you ever saw. How do you suppose he ever got those high marks at school unless—"

The banker cut her short, asking her how much money she wanted to send her son, but when she said that she was going to let him have \$1,000, for which he was to send her a thousand shares of stock in a manufacturing concern he was organizing, the president implored her not to rob herself by putting her money in some wild scheme that would surely explode and leave her in the lurch.

"Wild scheme!" she exclaimed. "Do you suppose my boy would let his mother put her money in a wild scheme? Why, he wouldn't!"

"Enough, madam. Let me have your \$1,000 and I'll give you a draft for it that will be as good as money for your son. But remember that I warned you."

The old lady opened a hand bag and took out a stocking, from which she poured a quart measure of bills, gold and silver. The banker called a clerk and directed him to count the money and, finding the amount as the old lady had stated, gave her a draft for it.

Two years passed. One day a carriage drove up to the bank, and an old lady wrapped in expensive furs was helped to alight by a maid who carried a satchel and, going into the bank, asked for the president.

"I've got a lot of papers," she said, "I want you to take care of for me." And, opening the satchel, she drew forth a pile of securities which the president, on looking over, found to be of great value. He locked them in a box in the safety deposit branch of the bank and, handing her the key, told her that she, and she alone, would be able to unlock the box and would have access to it at any time during business hours.

"You don't seem to know me," she said.

"Really," replied the banker, "I must confess that I don't."

"Don't you remember my coming in here and emptying a stocking full of money and you giving me a paper for it to send to my boy? Well, Jimmie was getting up a company to make something he had invented. He'd saved \$2,000 himself and needed \$1,000 more. I sent it to him, and he gave me a third interest in the concern. After he got to making money he 'watered the stock,' whatever that means, and gave me a thousand shares. Jimmie says each share is worth \$300. I knew that Jimmie couldn't have got all those C and D marks at school if he wasn't mighty smart."

"Madam," said the banker, "I am glad that you didn't accept my advice. I fancy your son is a genius, and one never can tell what such persons are going to do."

"And they told me he had been expelled from school," added the old lady triumphantly.

A Plateau in Papua.

The most singular plateau in the world is in the island of Papua. The plateau is 6,000 feet above the sea, and there are summits towering 5,000 feet higher, but owing to the proximity of the equator the great plain is covered with luxuriant vegetation. The climate is a perpetual May, birds sing in every bush, and the only animals are a few marsupials, such as ground kangaroos and opossums. Yet this lovely region is almost deserted. The Papuans live in the sweltering coast jungles and rarely visit the uplands.

New Type of Prodigal.

"The people in his home town, he never could or would amount to anything."

"And now he's rich. I presume he went back and paid off the mortgage on the home place or something of that sort."

"No. The old home place was mortgaged. He went back and mortgaged his good old parents by obliging them a high power automobile. Now they are the worst off in town."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Singular Vindication

By DONALD CHAMBERLAIN

Nearly a hundred years ago New York city was what would be considered a small town. A man stood on a dock in the harbor waiting for the arrival of a ship that was coming up the bay. The ship arrived, was docked and a dozen passengers that had come from England on her began to disembark. The young man noticed a woman with a patch over her eye and called upon a constable to take her to the headquarters of the law, where she proved to be a man. A young woman who stood by her arms about the man who had eluded the arrest and silently waited for relief, with her head on his shoulder. Ten years before, at seven o'clock, had married Abel Williams, two years her senior, a clerk in the counting room of Edward Hooper, a china merchant. They were very happy, and a little while after the young man was born. One evening the young husband was playing with his little daughter several months old and arrested him on a charge of stealing money from his employer.

For some time Williams was unable to understand why he, conscious of being perfectly innocent, had been convicted with a fellow clerk named Skinner. He came to the conclusion that Skinner was the defaulter and had laid