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For the Children

A Happy Prize Winner, Yonkers Baby Parade.



Photo by American Press Association.

Five hundred babies and little boys and girls took part in the baby parade held recently at Yonkers, N. Y. And to make the event of more than usual interest, the parade was reviewed by Governor Whitman of New York state and Mrs. Whitman. The governor placed the crown of roses upon the head of Miss Gladys Sutherland, who was the queen of the day, and then the queen sat by the governor's side while the procession went by—quite an honor for a little miss of eight years. The judges had a difficult task to select the winners, so uniformly handsome were the little paraders. The little girl here pictured won a prize. She is Miss Ruth Ryder, and she rode in a beautiful flower decorated carriage constructed to represent a seashell.

The Pipefish's Pocket.

The kangaroo has always seemed to have the monopoly of that convenient way of carrying its babies in a pouch, but it has been discovered that a fish has the same useful receptacle, which it uses for precisely the same purpose. The pipefish, as it is called from the length of its jaws, has a pocket on the underside of its body nearly half its length. It is found in the male fish only and is the only part of its body not covered with large flat plates, which take the place of scales in its protective armor.

If a pipefish is taken from the water and its little ones shaken from the pouch they seem either unable or disinclined to swim away. But if the father is placed back in the water again all the little ones immediately swim back into the pocket. These curious little creatures have prehensile tails to use to hold on to seaweed and prevent themselves from being carried away by the tide.

Shut Your Eyes.

This is a funny little game, enjoyed by every one. If one has never tried it is very amusing to find anything with your eyes shut or to guess distance.

First place a piece of paper on the floor in front of you, shut your eyes, take two steps backward, then try to walk to the paper and pick it up. Then stick a pin in the wall about four feet up and try to pick it off blindfolded. Stand about four to six feet from the table, shut your eyes and then try to walk up to it without knocking against it.

Many other tricks may be devised to show how much we depend on our sight.

A Fighting Monkey.

"In one of the Belgian regiments is a perky little monkey mascot," says Home Notes of London. "He wears a jersey and cap, and his wrinkled face is very wise and sad. He looks as if he could tell us far more than the newspapers know about this terrible war! He has been through some of the hottest of the fighting, and the men of his regiment are very proud of their mascot."

The Squirrel.

See the squirrel in the tree. Pleasant quarters has he; His home is a knothole, convenient and free.

How he runs on the limb, Then sits up straight and trim— The rascal! He knows we are talking of him.

Here he comes, nose in air, To partake of your fare. He's found you have nuts and expects you to share.

Now he holds up his paws, And with teeth and with claws He soon has a goodie bestowed in his jaws.

Catch him? Well, you may try, But I fear he's too sly. He sees everything with that bright little eye.

There! I knew you would fall. With a flirt of his tail He's up and away like a leaf on the gale. Never mind; let him stay In the treetop and play. We'll find him again when we're walking this way.

Police and Press.

It was Senator Everts who paid this compliment to the police of New York at an annual dinner of the force: "As compared with the press you exhibit a striking contrast. You know a great many things about our citizens that you don't tell, and the press tells a great many things about our citizens that it doesn't know."

Pruning the Grapes.

In pruning the grape cut back to the third bud, as it is usually the first entirely perfect bud produced.

For the Children

Crown Prince Humbert, Heir to Italian Throne.



Photo by American Press Association.

Crown Prince Humbert of Italy, King Victor Emmanuel's son, was eleven years old Sept. 15 last. Recently the prince has been very happy because he was permitted to become a member of the boy scouts. Last July at a fete given to raise money for the Red Cross he was guarded by an escort of boy scouts.

At the close of the afternoon he complained to his mother that he had been made to act just like a girl. He wanted to be a boy, like other boys, and nothing would satisfy him but permission to don the boy scouts' uniform, exchange his handsomely trimmed sailor cap for their broad brimmed brown hat and carry the staff.

A few days later the prince was initiated in the gardens of the Villa Savoy when Queen Elena received the chief officers of the scouts and then reviewed a detachment of the boys, her son taking up a proud position in the middle of the first line, his black eyes bubbling over with delight as he gave the salute and went through the movements. It was explained that his tutor, Commander Bonaldi, had been training him in the meantime and that the boy had been assiduously practicing so as to be able to show as much skill in the maneuvers as his comrades.

Boy Policemen.

America has one city wherein boy policemen are doing real work. The city is New York, and the organization is known as the Junior Police Force of the City of New York.

Good results have already come from the union of these 300 or more youngsters, who are banded together to uphold the law, maintain order and keep clean the streets near the Bowery.

Captain John Sweeney of the regulars who heads this force, says that bonfires have been reduced 98 per cent in the district, complaints of disorderly street gatherings have been cut to less than half, street cleaning has been made lighter, fire escapes cleared, garbage cans put in order and cigarette smoking made unpopular.

The boy policemen are all working toward good citizenship.

"Judge and Jury."

An enjoyable game for a party is judge and jury. The players or jury form up two rows facing each other. The judge sits at one end and asks questions. These may be of any description. Perhaps he will say, "Miss A., do you think it will rain tomorrow?" Now, although the judge addresses Miss A. and looks at her, it is not she who must answer, but the player opposite to her. And he, in his answer, is not allowed to say either "Yes," "No," "Black," "White," or "Gray." If the player who was addressed answers she becomes judge, and the judge takes her seat, or if the opposite player does not answer before the judge has counted ten, he becomes judge, and the judge takes his seat.

Jumping Letters.

Jump the first letter backward to the end of the word.

1. Jump an organ of the body and have the whole world.
2. Jump to suffocate and have your best and truest friends.
3. Jump a swift bird and have to roll in the mud.
4. Jump to trip and have falls.

Answers: 1, heart-earth; 2, smother-mothers; 3, swallow-wallows; 4, stumble-tumbles.

Riddle.

My first natural position is a lowly one, but I rise to great heights. Unable to hold to the higher place, I gradually fall. In that very weakness you discover my strength. I do more good by falling than by rising. All bless me, and yet at times I spoil all pleasure.

Answer.—Rain.

The Bumblebee.

Last night Jack Frost came round with nips For Dotty's nose and finger tips. He spoiled, with a few short hours, mother's flowers And blackened every bud and blossom.

When Dotty went outdoors "to see," She found a "poor dead bumblebee" And took it from the frosty grass— Alas, alas! That "bumblebee" was "playing possum."

Living Indelible Ink.

If the shell of the Purpura lapillus be broken there is seen on the back of the animal, just under the skin, a slender, whitish vein which contains a yellow liquor. When this liquor is applied to linen with a small brush and exposed to the sun it becomes successively green, blue and purple and finally settles into a brilliant unchangeable crimson.

POLITICAL AGITATORS

POLITICIANS WHO CAPITALIZE STRIFE A MENACE TO GOVERNMENT.

Neglect of Agricultural and Industrial Opportunities a National Crime.

By Peter Radford.

There never was a time in the history of this nation when we needed statesmen more or agitators less than at the present moment. The opportunities now afforded us on land and sea demand the best there is in statecraft and the possibilities that are confronting us call for national issues that unite the people, build industry and expand trade. The agricultural and industrial development of this nation has suffered severely at the hands of agitators who have sent torpedoes crashing into the port side of business and whose neglect of the interests of the farmer makes them little less than political criminals. We want no more of these evil spirits to predominate in government. Too long their hysterical cry has sent a shiver down the spinal column of industry. Too long have the political agitators capitalized strife, pillaged progress and murdered opportunity. An industrial corpse is not a desirable thing, a crippled business an achievement or neglect an accomplishment about which any representative of the government has a right to boast.

Issues that Breed Agitators Should be Eliminated.

The political agitator must be eliminated from public life before thoughtful consideration can be given to a constructive program in government. The liquor question is the most prolific breeding ground for agitators and whether pro or anti, the hatch is equally as undesirable. This article is in no sense a discussion of the liquor question but deals solely and by way of illustration with the political products of that issue. Other subjects will be dealt with in the order of their importance.

In the history of our government the liquor issue has never produced a constructive statesman worth mentioning and it never will. It has sent more freaks to Congress, Lilliputians to the Senate and incompetents to office than any other political issue under the sun.

The recent experience of the English Parliament which lashed itself into a fury over the liquor question has a lesson that it is well for the farmers of this nation to observe; for the subject in some form or other is constantly before the public for solution and oftentimes to the exclusion of more important problems to the American plotmen.

Too Many Political Drunkards.

Lloyd-George, the Prohibition leader of Europe who led the prohibition fight in England, has declared that he will never again take a drink politically and there are many American politicians—pro and anti—who would render their country a service by climbing on the water wagon or signing a pledge of political temperance. Too often our legislative halls are turned into political bar-rooms and many of the members become intoxicated on liquor discussions. We have too many political drunkards—pro and anti—in our public affairs. No one who is a slave to the political liquor habit is quite so capable of dealing with the business affairs of government as the sober and industrious. We have few public men in this day who are strong enough to resist the temptation of strong drink politically and when the demon Rum once becomes firmly entrenched in the mind of a politician, he is less capable of meeting the demands for constructive statesmanship now confronting this nation.

We have in this country too many red-nosed politicians—both pro and anti. A candidate with political delirium tremens, a preacher with political snakes in his boots and an agitator drunk on the liquor question are the saddest sights in civilization and they should all be forced to take the political Keeley Cure.

It is far more important in government to make it easier for those who toil to eat than to make it more difficult for a few toppers to drink. There is not one person in one hundred of our rural population that ever touches liquor but we all eat three times a day.

THE LAYMAN'S DUTY

There never was a time when preachers and politicians formed an unholy alliance that civilization did not shriek out and Christianity cry aloud. Since the beginning of government, politicians have sought to decoy the ministry into the meshes of politics and make them carry banners in political processions. They have taken the ministry to the mountaintop of power and offered to make them monarch of all they surveyed, and while most of them have said, "Get thee behind me Satan," a few have fallen with a crash that has shaken every pulpit in Christendom.

Trout Eggs.

A trout egg takes from thirty-five to sixty days to hatch, according to the temperature of the water.

IN THE WHITE HOUSE

How Presidents of Past Enjoyed Christmas Holidays.

No Celebration by John Quincy Adams Because He Regarded Religious Festival as a Foolish Extravagance.

ACCORDING to history the only president of the United States who did not celebrate Christmas (because he regarded it as a foolish extravagance) was John Quincy Adams, "the most economical man known in public life."

Mrs. John Adams, the wife of the second president of the United States, had a most discouraging time trying to make merry in the White House during the Christmas holidays. (She was the first wife of a president to celebrate Christmas in the executive mansion in Washington, for the president and Mrs. Washington were always at Mount Vernon for the holidays.) She had no dominating sense of economy, but it was the White House itself that was shabby, and a Christmas reception given to the members of congress by the president proved, from her point of view, to be a ghastly failure.

President Jefferson was a widower with four daughters, and during his second administration Martha, the eldest, was the head of her father's household, and made Christmas the happy and festive occasion it was designed to be from that time when the star stood still above the manger in Bethlehem.

There were trees, and decorations, and all sorts of entertainments for the children of the official families, as well as gifts for the poor of the capital.

Although the Madisons did not spend all of their Christmases in the White House, on account of the little historical interruption by the British, when they occupied other quarters for a time, the brilliant Dolly managed a record for holiday hospitality and merrymaking that has never been surpassed.

When Andrew Jackson came to the White House he was bowed and broken by the death of his wife and depressed by political animosities. He had neither heart nor the slightest inclination for holiday celebrations, yet he pulled himself together at Christmas time, and saw to it that the day meant something happy to those in the White House.

In the meantime the Monroe administration was marked by nothing in the way of holiday celebrations beyond what was conventionally prescribed, and after President Jackson's efforts at keeping the spirit of Christmas in spite of his own personal sorrows, President Harrison did not live to see a Christmas in the White House.

Mrs. Tyler lived to celebrate only one Christmas in the White House. After his second marriage the Tyler administration was noted for its brilliant entertainments. Whether it was Christmas or any other time of the year, hospitalities were dispensed in the old Virginia style, and there was no stint of merrymaking at the White House.

The Polk administration reverted to the grim and practical idea of John Quincy Adams. Perhaps it was not economy that changed the Christmas celebration at the White House; it is difficult to define the reason why President Polk did not make the holidays a festive event in the executive mansion; it may have been the temperance of the chief executive; perhaps it was because Mrs. Polk did not believe in the gay and festive way of celebrating the holidays, as, according to intimate history, she did not.

President Zachary Taylor, brilliant figure in military history, who had no chance whatever in the social history of the White House, because he died in little more than a year after he had taken his seat as president of the United States, and spent only one Christmas in the White House, bequeathed his administration to the Fillmores, people pitifully distinguished by sorrow and in no way adapted to the social obligations of the great national responsibility of sustaining the political and social obligations of the White House.

"Shortly after becoming president," someone writes of President Fillmore, "his wife died, and a year later a daughter, an only child, passed to the great eternity."

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

No tramp of marching armies,
 No banners flaming far;
 A lamp within a stable
 And in the sky a Star.

Their hymns of peace and gladness
 To earth the angels brought,
 Their Gloria in Excelsis
 To earth the angels taught;

When in the lowly manger
 The Holy Mother Maid
 In tender adoration
 Her Babe of heaven laid.

Born lowly in the darkness,
 And none as poor as he,
 The little children of the poor
 His very own shall be.

No rush of hostile armies then,
 But just the huddling sheep,
 The angels singing of the Christ
 And all the world asleep.

No flame of conquering banners,
 No legions sent afar;
 A lamp within a stable
 And in the sky a Star!
 —Margaret E. Sangster, in Collier's Weekly.

A Misplaced Letter.

The transposition of letters in the same word sometimes produces the most ludicrous results. In "The Still Hour," which was written by Professor Phelps, is the fine line "The stillness of the hour is the stillness of a dead calm at sea." A large number was printed and disposed of before it was discovered that "clam" had been printed for "calm."

Thought He Was Smart.

Wife—I wonder why there are no marriages in heaven. Husband—Because it is heaven, of course.

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