

Give Your Percolator a Chance to Make Good



The best percolator and the finest recipe cannot produce a good pot of coffee if the dry coffee isn't exactly right to start out with.

The Luzianne Guarantee: If, after using the contents of a can, you are not satisfied in every respect, your grocer will refund your money.

LUZIANNE coffee

The Reily-Taylor Company, New Orleans

Foto's Folly Theatre

Week Ending June 30. SUNDAY, June 24—"The Snaarl," Triangle, Bessie Barriscale, 5 parts.

Auction. Gold Rooster. Lois Meredith, 5 parts. 2nd Episode "Sign of the Double Cross," Mollie King, 2 parts.

WOMEN WHO TOIL NOT.

Love wakes and weeps While Beauty sleeps. Oh for music's softest numbers, To prompt a theme For Beauty's dream.

A woman writes me in all seriousness asking which are the best loved—the women who toil not—pretty dolls that fascinate men—or the earnest women who believe that they should accomplish some good in life?

Such questions as these cannot be answered offhand. The heart of one man cannot be judged by the hearts of 20 others.

I am happy to say that the latter are few and far between. The coming of children changes the majority of men's natures completely.

It is no credit to a woman to do nothing more than to play the piano, entertain week-end guests, make a good appearance at theater and ball and ride round in her automobile.

A woman who toils has the blood in her veins. It is a great giver and beautifier despite all that may say to the contrary.

They are the women who win out in the long run. Women who toil not are like the butterflies, short lived and easily shorn of their beauty.

PERSONALS.

(Continued from Page 1)

Mrs. J. A. Garland and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. Adams and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hoffsetter and baby, Mrs. Raeder and daughter, Mrs. Fred Geigenheimer and daughter, Mrs. Miss Gertrude Finley, Thos. Entwistle, Mrs. H. J. Stansbury and daughter, Frederica, spent a few days at Milneburg last week.

Auctioneer Paul and Gugel sold a quantity of movable effects of the Algiers Distilling Company, Monday, at the site of the plant here. Various bidders secured the material, the entire proceeds being \$3200.

The Matrons Club met at the home of Mrs. R. A. Tansey. The successful players were Mrs. H. T. Malone, Mrs. R. A. Tansey, and Mrs. G. W. Pollock (playing for Mrs. A. Short). Mrs. A. Graf received the consolation. At the next meeting, Mrs. McKinley Vezein will entertain.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Peterson and daughter, Evelyn, spent a few days at Convent, La., for the commencement exercises of Jefferson College. Charles J. Witherup, master mechanic of the Texas Oil Company at Port Arthur, is a visitor to Algiers, his former home.

The many friends of Miss Leah Davis will be pleased to learn that she is getting along nicely after undergoing an operation for appendicitis at Touro.

Miss Pearl Langwith and Mrs. W. D. Troyer and daughter, Joy, left Sunday night for New York to spend awhile with their uncle, Mr. C. J. Kelly.

Mr. Jas. Talbot, chief of the Ella Andrews, has taken up his residence in Slidell avenue.

Mr. Wm. Talbot left Tuesday night for Sabine Pass, from whence he will go to Africa. From Africa he will go to China.

The Misses Virginia Brodman, Nettie Fabares, Camille Nelson, Eleanor Richardson, and Florence Senior and Messrs. Kirby Barrott, Earl Gates, Charles Nelson and George Golden spent a delightful day Sunday at Mandeville, the guests of Mrs. Mickles at the Cedar Hotel.

Mr. Harry Tompson has returned from Texas City and from Mexico for a short vacation.

Mrs. S. J. Hogan and daughter will leave shortly for Mobile to attend the wedding of Miss E. Springer to Mr. F. McGowan at that place.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Nelson and son, Norman, have returned to Philadelphia to reside.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis W. Peterson and little daughter, Evelyn, spent Sunday at Chatawa, Miss.

Thursday Afternoon Five Hundred Club was entertained by Mrs. J. P. Nolan. The successful players were Messdames J. P. Nolan and A. Thcard. Mrs. George Herbert received the consolation.

The next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. L. W. Peterson.

Mrs. Arthur Herthum of Baton Rouge is visiting Mrs. Berthelot of Seguin street.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Hayes and little son, T. G., left for their home in Covington, Sunday.

Mrs. Mollie Tierney left last week for Covington to spend some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Crane and daughter, Louise, formerly of Vicksburg, are making their home here. Mr. Crans has accepted a position as machinist at the Naval Station. They are residing in Pelican avenue.

During the past week Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Duffy have entertained, their father, Mr. J. M. Barlow, Mr. and Mrs. F. Albion Daniels and L. V. Labarre.

Miss Edna Barlow, who was operated on for appendicitis at Touro is recovering rapidly.

Mrs. Edith Clark of New York arrived here Monday to attend the funeral of her sister, the late Mrs. Martin Koning.

The many friends of little John Aikman of Powder street, will regret to learn that he met with a very painful accident. The little fellow was making a little house in his back yard when he fell and severely cut his leg, necessitating several stitches. Dr. W. H. Weaver was in attendance.

Mr. Joseph Ruiz has arrived at Santander, Spain, where he will make his home.

Miss Mary Traub was hostess at the Thursday Night Euchre Club. The successful players were Misses Sadie and Stella Aribrait, Miss Rosabelle Garland received the consolation. At the next meeting Miss K. O'Brien will be hostess.

Mrs. Leon Daniel and daughter have returned to their home in San Antonio after spending two months with her mother, Mrs. A. Cararas.

Misses Ermine Hopper, Adalade Giblin, Eulalia Giblin, Anna Louise McNeely and Messrs. John Ford and Henry Drueding spent Sunday at Bay St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Reaney and daughters, Misses Dorris and Ruth, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sanchez and daughter, Miss Anna Bell and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Reaney are visiting the Emmer Home on Point Comfort, near Covington, as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Emmer.

Mr. John Gamor called at the Herald office to deny that her son was guilty as charged before the Juvenile Court, where he was given a sentence a few days ago.

Gets His Usefully.

Mountain climbing, golf, football is popular with some people because it is man's need for action asserting itself. The farmer can get this action in a little different way.

Self-Reliant Daughter.

Daughter doesn't expect mother to do everything for her. She writes her own love letters.—Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

Many Birds Lost.

Every spring the lights of the light-houses along the coast lure to destruction myriads of birds en route from their winter homes in the South to their summer nesting places in the North.

Greater Than All Else.

We take care of our health, we lay up money, we make our roof tight and our clothing sufficient, but who provides wisely that he shall not be wanting in the best property of all—friends?—Emerson.

THE LOST PIN

By SHIRLEY MORRIS.

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The girls, six of them, looked cautiously up and down the squalid little street before venturing forth. The house they were leaving bore on a door plate the portentous words, "Mme. Cecile, Psychologist. Your Future Foretold."

"Wasn't it a lark!" cried Catherine Barr. "I'm terribly anxious to know who the light-haired Adonis is I am to meet this summer, and Peggy, wasn't it wonderful what she told you about the pin you got for Easter, and how you'd lose it and have it returned by your future husband?"

"Yes," shivered Peggy. "I can't get over it. While she was describing it I felt as though her eyes were looking clear through me. You see, I have it on, pinned to my waist."

The crowd separated. "Come along with me, Lois," begged Peggy. "I have to stop in Tukif's to see about a brass candlestick for mother."

"I can't today, dear! I've got to dress and go to Graystone's to tea." Tukif's seemed to be deserted, but finally an old man appeared, and after Peggy stated her errand, he retreated into the mysterious region in the rear of the store from which he had emerged.

Peggy, still feeling uncanny from her recent experience, had a sensation of unreality among the assemblage of ancient and oriental curios. She came to an old mirror and stopped, regarding herself intently. "You big goose!" she said to the reflection in the glass, "to believe in such nonsense as that old faker told you! Take a long walk before you go home, and get it all out of your system."

She drew the pins out of her sailor hat and started to gather in some of the stray wisps of hair.

The street door opened and a man came in. Looking around hurriedly for a salesman, he saw nobody at first, then, spying a girl in a recess patting her hair, he gave a curt order. "Please tell Mr. Tukif to deliver the lamp I ordered to this address."

He held out a card and Peggy took it impassively. Of course he thought her a saleswoman, but what difference did it make.

The customer turned to leave, but he hesitated, and looked deep into the serious blue eyes. The eyes returned the look calmly and coolly.

There was no excuse for staying, so he went, but, passing the chair in which Peggy had been sitting, he stopped and picked up something.

Peggy looked at the card and read: "Mr. Cyrus Harding—Riverstreet drive."

The old man returned just then. Peggy delivered the card and message, completed the business upon which she had come and left the store. Outside, she slipped her hand under her jacket to reassure herself that her new diamond pin was safe. But to her dismay it was gone.

Then it popped into her head that the customer who gave her the message had picked something up and put it into his pocket.

She hurried out and called a taxi. At the Riverside drive house, a Japanese servant answered her ring. Mr. Harding had just returned.

She was ushered into a sitting room, a wonderful combination of black, old gold and blue.

And then Mr. Harding pulled aside a portiere and stepped into the room. He recognized her instantly, but if he was surprised he gave no sign.

"How do you do?" he said courteously—interrogatively, for her visit puzzled him.

"Good afternoon," choked Peggy. "I've—I've come for the pin you found," with a little deprecating gesture.

"Pin?" "Yes. The pin you picked up in the shop."

He frowned. "I don't seem to understand. I didn't find a pin."

"But you picked up something. Don't you remember—right in front of that teakwood chair?" earnestly.

"Yes, I see now. But I didn't know you wanted it so much or I should have returned it. I really didn't think it so very valuable and—I wanted it. No matter why! I didn't know what you meant when you spoke of a pin. I would have given it another name. Here it is!"

His hand went into his pocket and he held out a tiny tortoise shell comb, the mate of one in her hair.

Peggy flushed furiously. "Is that what you found?" "Yes. Isn't it what you came for?" "No! You see—I lost a pin, a diamond pin today. I don't work in the store. You made a mistake. I was in seeking about a candlestick, and I lost my pin. Then I remembered seeing you find something, and recalling your address, I came right away. I am very sorry and I beg your pardon. Good afternoon."

"But," he intercepted hastily. "I'd like to help you find your pin! You're sure it's gone!"

"Why, yes! I think I am," running an investigating hand over her waist. Then something dropped to the rug, and Cyrus Harding picked it up.

"The pin," cried Peggy with delight. "What a goose I've been!" "A very charming goose, whose misfortune has been my gain."

And as it turned out the fortune teller was right, for Peggy did marry the man who returned her pin.

Called for Repetition.

Grandma had a very bad cold one day when her little granddaughter made her a visit. Suddenly she sneezed very hard. Much pleased by the unexpected excitement the child looked up and said: "Honk again, grandma."—The Christian Herald.

Elevation Lessens Power.

It has been calculated that a gas engine loses about 1 per cent of its indicated horsepower with every thousand feet of elevation.

HIS CONSCIENCE

By ARTHUR PEACH.

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The convention during the afternoon had been a busy one, and the men were glad to gather for a comfortable smoke and chat in one of the smoking rooms of the hotel. They were mining engineers and had come from different parts of the West. Naturally, while the cigars were going, stories began to appear of experiences that ranged from the tragic to the ludicrous. Finally, they swung, under the guidance of the spokesman of the group, Granger by name, to a consideration of what might be called the meanest act they had ever witnessed.

After various experiences had been related, a man who was known to be a friend of Granger spoke:

"Suppose you picture yourself driving up a winding road in New England, up among the hills, and coming to a lane that leads to a house set some distance back. It is almost twilight, and as you approach you see a figure at the entrance. Driving nearer, you find the figure is that of a girl. And, then, suppose you recognize her as the girl who had been waiting there at dusk for ten years for a chap who had never returned."

"That is what I experienced one early evening last year. I was going there to see a man of the name of Upson, who owned a small right in a stream that we were planning to dam. There I heard the whole story."

"I found Upson to be a grim sort of fellow in a way, and yet friendly enough after he thawed out, and that night, after the rest had retired, he and I smoked a pipe together. In the midst of our conversation, I happened to think of the young woman at the entrance, and I asked him about her."

"Upson smoked in silence for some time. Then he said slowly: 'Ten years ago, I had quite a little money, and I was looking around to invest it, and wrote in to a Boston firm. Well, it was not long after I had written that a young fellow came from the city and explained a proposition to me. He seemed to be a fine sort of chap in every way. The boys took him off for a fishing trip, hunted with him a little and all the time he was talking to me about the proposition."

"Well, I fell for it. But I wasn't the only one who fell. That girl seemed to find in him just the man to love. They were together a good deal, and many times alone, and the upshot of this was—she came to me one night in this very room, with him following close behind her, and told me they were engaged."

"She was so happy that her happiness went all through the house. They made preparations for the wedding and the wedding day. He talked about it as much as, if not more than, she did."

"One day he departed, taking my money and her love. 'Everything moved on smoothly until I could see her beginning to be troubled. Finally, I got the truth. He had not written. My suspicions were aroused, and I wrote to the company. 'The information I got was like a bomb in our quiet home. It seems he had left the employ of the company to go West, had vanished so far as they were concerned, and had never reported the money I had given him."

"She recovered from the shock, for she comes of stern stuff, but the girl still believes that he will return. 'She goes down to the road about the time you saw her, for if he came back he would arrive about that time. It used to make my old heart ache to see her standing there in the dusk, waiting for a scamp and a scoundrel; but, some way, I have come to see a meaning in it. It has helped my faith in humanity after the jar he gave it. She is serene and sensible through it all. It's a case of a splendid woman having an undying trust in man, without her soul being wasted."

"That, gentlemen, is the story as Upson told me," said Granger's friend, "and I have always thought of it as a story of the meanest man and the meanest act within my knowledge."

Suddenly a tall figure arose, and in a voice that was strained with emotion said:

"Gentlemen, that was the meanest act—it is more than that—but I tell you that the chap who did it has suffered for those years. He stands right here—I'm the man. I thought I had forgotten, but I can't forget. I give you my word that I shall take the next train for New England and, God giving me the chance, I shall reappear there. I did not think she could be so faithful. I did love her, and I have always in my way. I hope I may yet be worthy of her. I'm sorry."

Without another word, the tall, thin figure passed from the room.

The silence that followed his withdrawal was broken by Granger: "You did a good job in telling that story, Mason. You gained your end."

"What do you mean?" someone asked.

"Why, the facts are these," said Granger's friend: "I recognized him just before I came in. I had sort of looked him up. I told Granger to steer the conversation so that I could tell the story. I thought if the man had any conscience it might be touched."

"I should like to be about when he drives up in the evening and she—well, she"—said one of the men, and not one waited for him to finish the sentence.

Dealing With Life's Tasks.

Take things as they come if you know what to do with them when they come. If not, make them come in the manner or quantity that you can handle them.

Don't Forget the Shut-Ins.

If there are shut-ins around you, don't fail to call on them frequently. You need the blessing the shut-in can give you as much as the shut-in needs the blessing you can bring.

HOW HE PROPOSED

By SUSAN CLAGETT.

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In the half light of an October evening the room was charming. To the man coming from the frosty outside air it was full of luxurious comfort.

The man paused an instant, his eyes taking in every familiar detail; then they rested upon the woman standing before the open fire.

"The fates are indeed kind," she said as he advanced toward her. "I was beginning to think myself forgotten."

"Never that," he answered, a smile lighting his face. "Think it the exigencies of business, anything, but not that."

As he spoke he pushed an easy chair nearer the fire and sank into it with a sigh of content. "I have lost much, I know. You, who have it always, cannot appreciate the charm, the delight of such a room as this to a weary man. It is always before me as a haven of rest and has so tantalized me this day that I was forced to yield to my mood although my desk is piled high with unfinished work."

"I am glad it was so," she answered cordially. "Of my many friends, your presence is the most acceptable."

"Are you not mistaken?" he questioned gravely. "It has seemed to me that I have lately been on the outside. It is as if you had shut a door in my face and said, 'Thus far, but no farther.'"

"She dropped her fan and looked at him in silence. Then she said gently: 'Your voice sounds angry. Are you trying to provoke a quarrel? Do not. I will not quarrel with you.'"

"Then why do you always fence with me?" he asked impatiently. "It has been this way for months past, but it is unlike you. I value our friendship. The privilege of coming and going as I will has for years been my chief pleasure. But this 'rift within the lute' that you will not explain away leaves me stranded. Our old-time friendship is gone."

"Believe me, I have been most unfortunate if my manner has conveyed such an impression," she said slowly. "Jack, with a swift glance into his gloomy face, 'for how long have we been friends?'"

"For more years than I care to remember," he responded promptly.

Quietly she watched him, but there was a nervous tremble to her lips nearer to tears than laughter.

"I have been a fool," he exclaimed abruptly.

She let the accusation pass in silence. "And a coward."

"You are beginning to see how unreasonably you are?" she asked as she raised her fan to hide a smile.

"No. On that point my opinion is unchanged. I was thinking of the loneliness of my life. The friendship on my side has always been make believe, for I love you, Margaret. I think I have always loved you. It is a commonplace way of putting it, but then I am a commonplace man. I would have told you long ago, but I was afraid that my doing so would end everything."

"I think you should also add 'cruel' and 'selfish.' The words would be applicable," she replied with hardly concealed bitterness.

The years had risen in a flash before her; years in which she had trained herself in the difficult art of friendship when her heart was crying against such dissimulation.

Something in her voice again attracted his attention, but her face was still in the shadow.

"I am in an unlucky humor this afternoon else I would not have jeopardized my greatest pleasure. Will you forget it and let me come as heretofore?"

"Forget it? No!" She replied with deliberation. "I see no reason for changing the habit of years because a mood forced a confession from you. I well understand it was not voluntary."

"You anger me. It is you who will not understand. There is no little misapprehension in my mind that I ask you to give me an explicit answer at once."

"To what?" "To what? Was there ever such a woman! Surely my meaning is plain enough. It does not speak well for your intuition to ask 'what,' under the circumstances."

"And yet I do ask it, Jack. You have talked and talked. At first accusing me. Then you dropped into a sort of monologue about friendship and love, and—that is all."

"Do you mean me to understand that I have not asked you to marry me?" "You did not even suggest it."

"Well, I am waiting for my answer."

"But you haven't asked me anything—yet."

"Good heavens! How many times do you want to hear it?" he exclaimed in exasperation.

"Once will be often enough," she answered in a voice quivering with restrained tenderness.

He leaned toward her, looking steadily into the amused eyes.

"Will you be my wife, Margaret? Is that what you want me to say? Do the words make my meaning any plainer?"

She drew his hand against her cheek with a little laugh.

"Why didn't you say that before, dear? Surely after all these years you owe it to me."

Friends and Their Uses.

Use your friends in such a way that they won't mind your using them, and also encourage them in using you the same way.

Its Class.

"Coal is one of our most important products, isn't it?" "Of course." "And yet it is but a minor industry."

Be Faithful in Small Things.

There is no little thing so little that it cannot be done with great faithfulness.

CHARTERED WAREHOUSE COMPANY... This corporation was organized under the laws of the State of Louisiana... The undersigned, recorder of mortgages for the Parish of Orleans, Louisiana, do hereby certify that the incorporation of the Charter Warehouse Company, Inc., as provided in the Charter of Incorporation, is in full compliance with the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of Louisiana, approved July 19, 1917, and that the Charter of Incorporation is on file and of record in the office of the recorder of mortgages in New Orleans, Louisiana, on June 28, 1918.