

Jacob's
HIGH GRADE
SANDBIES
MADE LAST NIGHT

Supreme in purity,
daintiness and freshness

Note—What's the use of finishing
this ad since everybody knows the
quality of **Jacob's** SANDBIES, and the
freshness and the purity.

**LIGGETT'S
DRUG STORE**
Canal Street Agents



Our Customers
soon find that our Laundry
work has reached a degree of
perfection that few ever attain.

**We
Launder**
Collars, Cuffs and Shirts to a
way that insures your satisfaction
and delight.

**American
Laundry,** Julia and
Magenta.

B. J. NORTH, - - Agent.

T. A. POLLOCK, Jr.
Contractor and Builder
See me for an estimate on that building
Phone Algiers 267 440 Vilette Street

Roofing All Kinds—Place Your Order
With Us—Can Make Immediate
Shipments.

Rubber---V Crimp Corrugated
B. V. REDMOND & SON
309-311-313 Decatur Street.

FOR
**TORNADO, FIRE, AUTOMOBILE
INSURANCE**
SEE
R. A. TANSEY

157 Delaronde St. Phone Algiers 9126

Rents Collected

Model Sheet Metal Works
FRANK BRAAI, Prop.

Repair Work, Gutter Spouting, Steam and Gas Fitting,
Sheet Metal Work of All Description. Gas
Stove Repairing Our Speciality.

PHONE ALGIERS 377 319 NEWTON STREET

The Johnson Iron Works, Ltd.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Machine, Forge and Pattern Shops and Foundry,
Shipyards for Building and Repairs to Steel and Wooden Vessels,
Boiler, Tank and Pipe Shops.

MORGAN, PATTERSON AND SBOUIN STREETS
P. O. Drawer 241 ALGIERS, STA. Telephone Algiers 491

Make, Repair and Paint
Anything on Your
Automobile
O'CONNOR & CO., Ltd.
518 JULIA STREET

DUNBAR-DUKATE GO.
New Orleans La.

Largest Fishery in the world of
High-Grade Canned Goods, Oysters
Shrimp, Okra and Figs.
Our Goods Sold by Wholesale Dealers the World Over.

M. Abascal & Bros., Ltd.
Dealers in
GROCERIES
And WESTERN PRODUCE.
Imported Spanish Sherry Wine,
in bottles and in bulk; 75c a
quart in bulk.
PELICAN AVE., Cor. Varret St.
ALGIERS, LA.

**Home-Made Cakes
and
German Coffee Cake**

**Ice Cream, Ice Cream
Cones**

SCHOOL SUPPLIES
Candies, Bread, Milk

ORDERS TAKEN FOR ICE CREAM IN
ANY AMOUNT. IMMEDIATE ATTEN-
TION GIVEN FOR SPECIAL ORDERS FOR
BIRTH DAIKING OF CAKES, COOKIES
AND GERMAN COFFEE CAKE.

Mrs. F. Goebel
COR. VERRET AND ALIX STS.

B. G. NORTH
Agent AMERICAN LAUNDRY
Zelon Dry Cleaning and Dyers

Phone Algiers 250 Phone, Call or Write 626 Elmira Avenue

WE SELL ONLY
Choice Western Meat
From Inspected Cattle of the
Western Prairie Lands
John Couget
St. John Market

Smoke
Portina Cigars
WE SELL LOTS OF 'EM
U. Koen & Co. Distributors
NEW ORLEANS

Are You a Slave to Your Car?
Stop Riding on Wind.
Noblo In your tires is a guar-
antee against Punc-
tures, Blowouts and
Tire Troubles. Lasts for years.
Standard Roller and Filler Co.
745 St. Charles St.

Printing—Book Binding
Algiers, Gretna and vicinity orders
given particular attention and
delivered promptly. Call us up.
EUGENE JOUBERT
"First Class Work Only"
300 Chartres Main 5132

The Problem
By Ella Charlotte Hammond

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

For six hours Eustace Warde had
crouched in the long grass and shrub-
bery surrounding a pretty bungalow,
moving from spot to spot cautiously,
furtively. He was bent on a special
mission, whose issues were vital and he
dared not take any risk as to being dis-
covered and defeated in his design.

"The sister was right," he solilo-
quized, feeling that he was handling a
hard problem. "I haven't caught even a
fleeting glimpse of the girl. She must
be in the house, though, and, just as
she wrote her sister, the place is
guarded."

This latter fact was evident. Seated
knitting in a rocking chair in the
garden so as to command a perfect view
of all the entrances and exits of the
house, was a portly, keen-eyed woman
who swept the prospect with a probing
glance every other minute. On the
other side of the house, reclining on
the grass, a gun by his side, was a man
past middle age, apparently the hus-
band of the other watcher.

"He doesn't look as smart and vigi-
lant as the woman," decided Warde.
"Twice he has nodded. Ah! he is gone
now. Dare I venture a rush for the
house?"

Warde could distinctly catch the
sound of muffled snoring. The man lay
perfectly still, his face buried in his
arm. Across a 40-foot space Warde
glided. He darted through a doorway
to find himself in a narrow hall. Then
beyond its other end he made out a
graceful feminine figure.

"Miss Alice Boyden?" he spoke in a
low tone, and as he extended an en-
velope toward the amazed girl he added
quickly: "From your sister at Mel-
ville."

The hands of Alice Boyden trembled
as she opened the letter and hurriedly
perused its inclosure. She was at once
aroused to manifest animation and ex-
citement. The young man pressed close
to her side.

"Beyond the grove yonder," he said,
"I have a horse and buggy. Don't de-
lay. The man outside is asleep, the
woman is on the other side of the
house and cannot observe your escape.
Come."

His frank, open face pleased her. Be-
sides, did he not come from her sister,
Lucia, and under the directions of
Lucia's husband, who was a lawyer?
And was she not practically a prisoner,
surrounded she knew not by what sor-
did plots and plotters?

Her father had died leaving a fairly
large estate. His half-brother, Hugo
Blair, dominated the town. Through
one of his creatures, a Judge, Blair had
been appointed guardian of Alice and
had been given arbitrary charge of the
estate. He did not intend that the rich
pickings should escape his clutches.

In a vast flurry Alice followed the
directions of her helper and guide. A
great sigh of relief escaped her lips
as they passed the sleeping sentinel in
safety. They reached the grove. The
color came back to that fair face, her
shining eyes expressed her deep grate-
tude as the horse started up.

Warde took a lonely road, but they
were seen by quite a number of per-
sons, and he urged the mettled steed to
his best pace, fearing pursuit. It was
just at dusk when they reached the
end of the one traversed road in that
wild district. Beyond it spread a 20-
mile stretch of prairie, smooth as a
floor. Twenty different trails had been
broken through the high pampas grass.
The horse was tired and Warde al-
lowed him to rest. Then they resumed
their journey.

"Look!" exclaimed Alice, an hour
later.

Perhaps two miles distant, and seem-
ingly directly on their trail, was an au-
tomobile. Its rapid puffing echoed faintly,
but its lights flared like evil
eyes probing to locate the refugees.

"It is Mr. Blair's machine!" flattered
Alice in terror. "He will overtake us.
Oh, do not delay! Let us hurry for-
ward."

Warde halted the horse. Now
he ran back about a hundred yards.
He flared a dozen matches. He set the
grass blazing in a dozen places. Then
he leaped into the buggy and urged
up the horse. He knew that the au-
tomobile would not dare dash into
the advancing mass of flame, nor traverse
the burned-over route where a spark
might precipitate an explosion.

Warde was right. They reached Mel-
ville in safety. At once Alice was hur-
ried to another town and placed in
charge of a lady friend, and the law-
yer prepared to legally dispute the ju-
risdiction of the scheming half-uncle.
He called upon Alice a few days later.

"I don't know what the result may
be in the courts," he told Alice grave-
ly. "It is a pity there is not some fa-
vored young man who could give you
his name and his love. That would
completely baffle Hugo Blair."

Alice blushed, and perhaps with rea-
son. She had not ceased to think of
the clever and self-possessed young
man who had rescued her from the
enemy. Craftily or incidentally, the
lawyer sent Warde with a message one
day. The wily lawyer smiled to him-
self as he noted the happy light in his
young partner's eyes upon his return.

"I fancy the problem will soon be
solved," he told his wife, and it was,
for when Hugo Blair came upon the
scene with all kinds of dreadful legal
documents, he found it of no avail, for
he had to deal with Alice's husband
this time.

COULD SPARE HER



"Fapa, George says he wants me all
for himself."
"Well, don't you think you can live
up to that requirement?"

SLIPPERY



"He is a pretty slippery fellow."
"Yes, if he were an automobile, you
would call him a skidder."

Sure Enough Family Pride.
"Blubbis seems all puffed up with
conceit."
"Case of family pride."
"Ancestors?"
"No. He has a boy in the army."

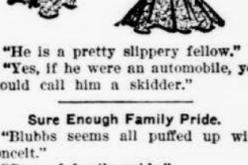
The Huffy Colonel.
"May we have the pleasure of your
company this evening, colonel?"
"Company, madam? I command a
regiment."

VERY LIKELY



"Well, old man, how does it feel to
be married to an heiress?"
"Just like working in a subtreas-
ury."

KEEPING IT IN THE FAMILY



"Did he kiss you for your mother?"
"I must decline to discuss family af-
fairs."

A Quick Perception.
"My dear, the times and all the ef-
ficiency experts declare we must
economize."
"John Butts, have you been losing
at that poker club again?"

Food Conservers.
"How did they entertain you last
evening?"
"Patriotically."
"I don't understand you."
"They didn't serve a lunch."

**The Beloved
One**
By JASPER WRIGHT MARLOWE

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

Whenever Miss Aida Worth visited
the law office of Wade Guthrie she ex-
hibited a hauteur and mandatory in-
civility that cut the young attorney to
the quick. Not that he cared for the
young lady in the least, but it hurt his
sensitive nature to realize how faith-
ful he had been to the interests of the
imperious beauty and how unappreciated
were his efforts.

There was a manifest contempt on
her part, a certain latent threat in her
cold glance, as though she knew some-
thing of his past. Her younger sister,
Jessica, was quite the reverse. She
had never forgotten the day when her
father died. As she leaned over him
to kiss him, he said solemnly:
"My child, it has been necessary to
leave Wade Guthrie with full power
to manage my estate. Trust him im-
plicitly. He is a man among men, and
our family owes to him lasting re-
spect and gratitude."

More than once Jessica had remon-
strated with her sister for her treat-
ment of Wade Guthrie. "He is the
hired servant of our father," Aida
said, indifferently. "Besides—" but
there she paused and failed to enlighten
Jessica as to what further was in
her mind. Now, Aida was about to
marry, and her money exactions from
the estate had become extensive. She
flounced into the office of Guthrie one
afternoon, a red spot on either cheek,
an angry expression in her eyes.

"I sent for some money yesterday,"
she began, stormily.

"Yes, Miss Worth," responded
Wade, "and I very much regret that I
could not supply it."

"Could not supply it?" repeated
Aida, contemptuously. "You perhaps
forgot that the estate you handle for
my father is the property of myself
and my sister."

"Miss Worth," spoke Wade, gravely,
"you have forced a crisis that I have
hoped to avoid. Not only has the es-
tate exhausted all of its present ready
cash, but is in debt, and only by the
most rigid economy and careful man-
agement can we be able to carry it to
a point where it will pay out."

Miss Worth grew white to the lips,
but with anger, suspicion and resent-
ment.

"Mr. Guthrie," she said, "it is your
business to have money on hand. You
will either get me what I require or I
shall secure another lawyer, go to
court and demand an accounting of
the affairs of the estate."

Now he, too, had a bloodless face.
"I beg of you not to do that," he
said. "As to resigning my trust and
making a full private accounting you
have only to send me your lawyer."

"You are trying to avoid the direct
issue," snapped out Aida, "but I shall
force you to the wall and expose you."
"You will expose me?" repeated
Guthrie, vaguely.

"Yes. I know your position precise-
ly. I know that you are an ex-convict
upon whom my father took pity. Why
a man of his judgment was swayed to
place his estate in your charge I can-
not imagine."

Wade Guthrie gripped his hands and
set his face in a rigid mask. The
deadly insult of the moment, the en-
venomed fury of his client stirred him
to the depths.

"But for your sister, whose interests
must not be imperiled by your rash
act," he responded, "I would summa-
rily go into court and surrender my
charge of the estate. As it is, you will
please send me your legal representa-
tive and I will satisfy him."

It was a remarkable story which
Wade Guthrie recited to the new con-
fidential advisor of Aida Worth. It
told of how he had for three years
made up for a continuous deficiency in
the estate income. His own money
had gone to cater to the expensive
caprices of the elder sister. There was
no promise whatever of the estate pay-
ing out unless collection could be made
of a decidedly desperate claim.

"For the sake of Miss Jessica
Worth," said Guthrie, "I am willing to
continue to bear the burden of main-
taining the estate. I will give her
five thousand dollars to relinquish
her claim to the estate, out of my own
means."

Aida accepted the tender. She mar-
ried. Then it became the one impell-
ing motive of Wade Guthrie's life to
see that the interests of Jessica Worth
were cared for. He saw her rarely,
because he loved her, little knowing
that she esteemed him as her true and
nearest friend.

The desperate claim unexpectedly
paid out. Just after that Jessica came
to his office one day in a state of con-
siderable agitation.

"Mr. Guthrie," she said, tremulous-
ly, "my sister had that once
hinted to me of a certain dark passage
in your past life. Today I found
among my father's papers a letter that
enlightened me. To save my dear
brother from the penalty of a crime
you assumed his guilt and took his
sentence. Oh, that you should have
borne the contumely! Oh, how base
the ingratitude of my sister!"

Her eyes were suffused with tears.
Her hands, placed in his, remained
there. Wade Guthrie had kept silence
through the years. He maintained it
now.

But Jessica Worth understood and,
understanding, venerated him, loved
him. He knew it soon, and all his
loyalty and self-sacrifice were reward-
ed at last.

**WHAT
CAN WE
DO?**



International
Film
Service

The activities of the woman's divi-
sion in Red Cross work are so varied
that there is something for every woman
to do. And the same work must be
done over and over again. When we
consider the numbers of men in the
armies and hospitals, and the refugees
and orphans, all looking to the Red
Cross to relieve them from suffering,
something of the size of its gigantic
task dawns on us. During the month
of December the central division in-
spected and shipped 3,130,203 articles,
all of them the work of women's fingers.

In order that no labor may be wast-
ed it is essential that all these articles
be made according to Red Cross stand-
ards. Every chapter has manuals of
instruction to be given out to any wom-
an who needs them as a guide in doing
the work she elects to do. Women who
must work at home may make refugee
garments, hospital garments and linen,
in addition to knitting. It is going
without saying that our knitting bags
should be always with us. Some wom-
en enjoy making and fitting up com-
fort kits, and they are constantly need-
ed to reft the men at the front. Sweaters
and helmets (if knitted according to
the directions in the Red Cross Man-
ual No. 400) are in constant demand.

While on the subject of knitting,
there are a few "don'ts" that must be
considered if our work is to pass the
inspector. Don't put colored bands in

knitted articles, except in socks. These
may have colored stripes, if the col-
ored yarns are balled before using so
that the color will not run when the
socks are washed.

One of the things asked for by the
Red Cross is the kid waistcoat for sol-
diers and sailors. Soft leather of every
description may be used for making it,
such as cast-off kid gloves, discarded
furniture covers, pieces of book leath-
er. Factories where leather goods are
made should be asked to donate all
their waste clippings for this purpose.
To make this garment, a waistcoat bag-
toning up to the throat is first made of
cotton goods. The leather is applied to
this foundation by machine-stitching
the pieces onto it. When this is done
the foundation is backed with brown or
khaki-colored silesia, or galatea, or
other inexpensive material. The waste
coats are made so that they meet or
lap over in front, but are not provided
with buttons or fastenings of any kind,
and they may be made from as large or
small scraps of leather as are avail-
able. The leather does not show, for
it is worn inside. When old gloves are
used they are to be cleaned and cut
open and the leather used in single
thickness only.

Julia Bottorly

Separate Skirts Make Early Entry



The separate skirt and the separate
blouse are made for each other and
each makes its entry very early and
in force, in the vanguard of spring
styles. Sport skirts and blouses and
those for morning and street wear are
necessities in the smart woman's ap-
parel; she needs them wherever she
goes and whatever she does.

In all new materials for spring,
whether of wool or cotton or silk,
stripes and plaids and crossbars ap-
pear. Plaids are large and stripes are
varied and each inspires the designer
in his work of providing new models.
Combinations of plain goods with all
the others promise a season of endless
variety and clever ideas in separate
skirts.

A good beginning with striped mate-
rial is apparent in the skirt illustrated.
There is a smart overdrapery that be-
gins and ends under a wide fold made
of the straight of the goods at the
front. There is a narrow belt, made
of the light stripe in the goods, that
extends part way about the waistline.
Large buttons and simulated button-

holes finish off the design, which com-
mends itself for washable stripes of
cotton or silk.

An effective sports skirt is made of
a crossbar in two colors, as tan brown
with blue, set on to a yoke that is
extended into pockets at each side
and cut from plain blue material. The
yoke narrows to a wide girdle at the
back and front. In front it is attached
into two short straps, each having a
buttonhole in the end. These straps
cover flat buttons. A single button
finishes the pockets.

These skirts with surfaces broken by
plaids and stripes, are to be worn with
blouses in a plain color or white. The
blouses with collar and cuffs, and they
have narrow shoulder yokes like the
skirt result in pretty costumes, mak-
ing the skirt the privilege of changing
partners if it is so minded and experi-
menting with other blouses that do not
imitate its colors.

Julia Bottorly

Up-Stairs
I am now located up-stairs
—immediately above our
old location—
DR. DAVID C. WILLIAMS,
O. D.
145 Baronne Street

MRS. F. POPOVICH
FASHIONABLE MILLINERY
We have received our New Stocks
of FALL HATS
Special School Hat
for Children . . . 50c
504 Frenchmen St., Near Decatur
Phone H-1382

FLORIDA HAT SHOP
MAKERS OF HATS—REMODELERS AND RENOVATORS OF ALL KINDS
OF HATS; LADIES' HATS A SPECIALTY.
We are prepared to serve you with most Prompt and satisfactory Work.
Our Plant is equipped with New and Modern Machinery, and Most
Workmanship. Our Prices are right. Let us do your work—we will
gladly.
\$2.50 SEE OUR SPECIAL HATS \$2.50
FLORIDA HAT SHOP
509 CANAL STREET. NEW ORLEANS, LA.