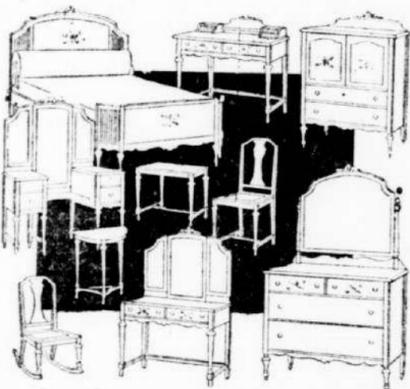


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The Longer You Hold Off the More You Will Have to Pay

The labor conditions with the furniture factories throughout the country is critical. Skilled help is growing scarcer every day and necessarily wages are going up, which forces prices on furniture higher. Anticipate your furniture needs now and buy now.



Exquisite Bow-End Bed Suite in American Walnut \$179

This graceful bedroom suite possesses all the daintiness and attractiveness so much desired by the particular homemaker of today. It has all the earmarks of a superior suite, combining style, workmanship and durability. The suite includes the newest vanity dressing table, the latest bow-end bed, high-base dresser and chiffonette. The interior work and drawers are absolutely dust-proof, hardware of solid silver. 179.00

The Same Suite Can Be Had in Old Ivory for \$200



This Graceful Adam Period Bedroom Suite in American Walnut \$159

Is one of a number of rare examples we placed in our stock for the Fall season, and in which is combined an unusual degree of rich luxury without putting it beyond the range of the popular in price. It is admirable in the way in which it meets wartime conditions, and is within faithful keeping with the well known BRADFORD quality. Suite includes bed, chiffonier, high base dresser and wardrobe. 159.00



Sleep on it for 60 Nights

Then tell us whether you ever found a mattress so comfortable as the Sealy. It has a soft, even support that has never been equalled. No humps to tire you. No hollows to catch dirt.

Guaranteed, too, for 29 years against packing, spreading or becoming lumpy. It never has to be remade.

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Just Received a Carload of Sealy Mattresses

BRADFORD'S

Howard Avenue and Carondelet

ADVICE TO LOVELORN

By VINCENT G. PERRY.

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Dear Joan:—The young man I am engaged to insists upon using rose perfume on his hair, and I just detest the odor of rose perfume on anybody's hair. I am afraid it is going to cause us to break off our engagement. I love him dearly, too. What would you advise?" Broken Hearted.

Bob Clarke read the letter over and showed a piece of copy paper into his typewriter. In less than half a minute he had written a paragraph of advice to "Broken Hearted" and pinned it to her letter, ready for the printers. There was a heap of letters before him and he dealt with the ones on top. They were all along the same line.

When Bob had answered more than he thought the editor would let go through, he sat back in his chair and looked at the pile of unanswered ones that would have to go into the waste-paper basket. It seemed as if every person in love in the city wrote to "Joan" for advice. If he had known that Joan was a man—and a very young one, too—perhaps there would not have been so many letters.

Lovers' quarrels had always seemed a joke to Bob, until he had had one of his own. It was no joke. He paced up and down to think it over and then sat down again. He had the room to himself, so he was able to think it out undisturbed.

He wished there was some one to tell him how to go about it to fix things up. Then the idea came to him. Why not follow some of his own advice? he thought. He had his column on file for a year back and he went through the paper to locate a case like his own. He did find one that was very much like his. The girl in the case had been just as stubborn as Cleo and had banged down a receiver just as Cleo had done. Receivers seemed to be a popular weapon in lovers' quarrels. He read his answer and noted each instruction.

"Be bold; don't let her see that you are down-hearted; go to her home and demand admittance; show her that you mean business, and she will be sure to forgive you," he had said. That answer didn't seem to fit his case at all. But if "Pining Away" had been successful, he didn't see why he couldn't be, by carrying out the same plan. It wouldn't hurt to try, at any rate. Cleo couldn't do anything worse than close the door in his face.

Cleo didn't slam the door in Bob's face, but after she had snubbed his every effort to talk to her, for fifteen minutes, he wished she had. "Why won't you be reasonable, Cleo?" he pleaded at last. "Reasonable!" she exclaimed. "Have I not been reasonable? It is you who are not reasonable. If you really had loved me you would be."

"But I have apologized, dear, and taken all the blame," he said. "Won't you be your old self again? Why did you allow me to come here if you weren't going to speak to me?" "I don't want you to take the blame and I didn't want you to come here. If you really thought you were to blame you wouldn't acknowledge it—men never do."

There was an entirely new argument for Bob. He had always been of the impression that women were odd, but now he was convinced of it. "Any one will tell you I am to blame," he said. Then he was struck with a sudden thought. "Why don't you write to the 'Advice to the Lovelorn' column in the paper? The answer will convince us who is to blame. 'Joan' knows all about such things."

"But Joan must be a friend of yours; do you know who she is?" Cleo asked suddenly. "Joan is my worst enemy," he answered. "My knowing who Joan is won't make any difference in the reply. I will guarantee that."

"You will have to help me compose the letter," Cleo said, as she secured the stationery.

Bob did most of the dictating and Cleo did most of the writing, changing his views of it here and there. "Read it over," Bob said, when it was completed. Cleo read it aloud. "Doesn't it sound foolish?" she asked, as he finished. "It is as silly as the ones that appear in the paper. Bob, we'll make idiots of ourselves if we send this in. We really didn't have anything to quarrel over."

"I don't think we had, either," he agreed. "Let's settle it without sending this letter in. Tear it up."

Cleo needed no second bidding. The letter was reduced to fragments.

"I am so glad we didn't decide to send it," she sighed, wearily. "Newspaper people must have lots of fun out of letters like this one."

"We do," he answered seriously, "but do you know, I'm never going to laugh at another of those letters. I'll answer any one of them and I'll spend more thought on them."

"You'll answer them! What have you got to do with them?" she demanded.

Bob had to confess.

"To think that you deceived me so," Cleo began, but the smile on Bob's face silenced her. "We'll be quarrelling again in a minute," she laughed, "and we've decided quarrels are foolish, haven't we?"

"You bet we have," he answered. "Let's kiss and make up for good."

Talking for Effect.

A good conversationalist is not one who talks for effect. It is generally easy to pick out the man who is talking in order to make an impression, who says not so much what he thinks, as what he imagines his listeners will consider clever.

Why He Felt Good.

Daughter—"Papa went off in great good humor this morning." Mother—"Mercy! That reminds me I forgot to ask him for any money."—Boston Transcript.

NEGRO BOY IS SAVED BY DREAM

Acts on Vision and, Sure Enough, Dynamite Goes Off.

Bristol, Tenn.—Had Benjamin Scott, foreman of the city stone quarries here, heeded the dream of Johnnie Briggs, a fourteen-year-old negro boy of dwarf proportions, he would have escaped death in a dynamite explosion. The negro youth, who assists in work about the pumping station and blacksmith shop, said to Scott only a few minutes before the explosion: "Mistah Scott, I see done tote you to put de lid on dat dynamite. I dreamed las' night dat dis dynamite am already 'sploded. I see not goin' to stay in here any more unless you covers dat box."

Then young Briggs "lit out," leaving Scott preparing to use the forge and anvil, with the dynamite still uncovered.



The Dynamite Exploded.

A few minutes later the dynamite exploded, probably due to a flying spark. Scott's legs were blown off, a negro laborer was seriously injured and a third man was hurled through the doorway. Johnnie Briggs says the shadow of a bad dream will put him under cover quicker than that long-range German gun.

MAD STEER ON A RAMPAGE

Holds Five Men Prisoner in Trees Until Finally Dispatched by Rifle Shot.

Faxinos, Pa.—Five men were held prisoners in trees on the farm of Galen Clark, a butcher, when a big steer suddenly became mad, broke away from a herd that was being driven to the slaughter house and viciously attacked them. Harvey Lewis, a man of powerful physique, tried conclusions with the steer, was tossed high in the air, attacked by the animal when he landed on the ground and suffered a badly fractured right leg and other injuries, necessitating his removal to the State hospital.

Shotguns were procured by farmers who went to the rescue of the men in the trees. Ten charges were fired into the infuriated steer, but it was not until Claude Lewis, a boy, brought a high-powered rifle into service that the steer was killed. The animal's body was fairly riddled with shot.

Thirteen Pool Balls Prove Rather Unlucky

St. Louis.—Thirteen is an unlucky number for Edward Schneider. He was arrested here by Patrolman Gratiot, who noticed his pockets bulging out. Investigation showed they contained 13 pool balls. "I just knew I was going to get into trouble when they were given to me," Schneider said. "Thirteen is an unlucky number."

"BABY" PROVES TO BE RYE

Booze Wrapped Up to Resemble Infant Costs Man 60-Day Sentence.

Greeley, Col.—Six quarts of whisky, wrapped to resemble a baby, and clasped fondly to the breast of Mrs. Jesus Leon, cost her husband a sentence of 60 days in jail. The solicitous care with which Mrs. Leon and her husband guarded the "baby" aroused the suspicions of officers when the pair alighted from a train arriving from Wyoming. Investigation disclosed a six-quart demijohn containing rare old rye. Mrs. Leon told the officers her husband had forced her to the deception. Leon was sentenced for bootlegging.

Young Bride Disappears

Chicago.—Strange visions that suddenly obsessed Mrs. Mary Shields, nineteen, bride of ten months, in connection with her mother's death two years ago, are believed to be responsible for her disappearance. A country-wide search is being made for her.

A Man's Manners

Whilst one man by his manners pins me to the wall, with another I walk among the stars.—Emerson.

Japanese Rice Cultivation

Twelve thousand square miles—7, 680,000 acres—constitute the rice land of Japan, which feeds a nation of about 50,000,000 people on an average of a pound a day for each person. It takes 135 days to grow a crop of rice, and in Japan the laborious work of cultivation is done almost entirely by hand.

FITTED THE CASE



"Say, there never been a fish in dat pond, you boob!" "Well, that's all right! you see I ain't got no hook anyhow!"

VERY CANDID



Mr. Coyne—When I was your age I didn't have a dollar. His Son—Well, when I'm your age I probably won't have a dollar. SHYLOCK, M. D.

TOO STRENUOUS



Marshall—I saw the doctor stop at four house yesterday. Anything serious? Merryman—I should say so. He came to collect his bill.

SAME THOUGHT



"Movin' Fido?" "Yes, I'm goin' to change into some funny what ain't got seven small boys."

DOLL EFFIGIES ON GRAVE

Queerest of all dolls are those one finds in some of the Indian cemeteries of British Columbia. They represent the buried dead, and, being carved out of wood, suitably painted, are images of the defunct persons as they appeared, suitably clad, in life.

Man and Money

A Fort Scott preacher, talking about riches last Sunday, told his people that it isn't a question of the amount of money a man has, but of the amount of man the money has.—Kansas City Star.

Mother, Why Don't You Take Nuxated Iron

And Be Strong and Well and Have Nice Rosy Cheeks Instead of Being Nervous and Irritable All the Time and Looking Haggard and Old?—The Doctor Gave Some to Susie Smith's Mother When She Was Worse Off Than You Are and Now She Looks Just Fine



Any Woman Who Tires Easily is Irritable, Nervous and Run-Down Should Take Nuxated Iron to Help Increase Her Health, Strength and Vitality. "There can be no strong, healthy, beautiful, rosy-cheeked woman, without iron," says Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author. "I have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard-looking women patients. Pallor means anemia. The skin of an anemic woman is pale, the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags, and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women the roses go from their cheeks. "In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tap-dan, sage, farina, degenerated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss. Therefore you should supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt. "Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much of what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take a few grains of Nuxated Iron, and see how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of children is, alas! not that kind of iron. It is a form of iron that can be absorbed and assimilated to do its work. It may prove worse than the iron that is prescribed and recommended when the physician is not a secret renegade. It is well known to druggists. Unlike the iron that is prescribed and recommended, it does not injure the stomach. It blackens the teeth. The American factory workers successful and enterprising will refund your money. It is expected to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take a few grains of Nuxated Iron, and see how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of children is, alas! not that kind of iron. It is a form of iron that can be absorbed and assimilated to do its work. It may prove worse than the iron that is prescribed and recommended when the physician is not a secret renegade. It is well known to druggists. Unlike the iron that is prescribed and recommended, it does not injure the stomach. It blackens the teeth. The American factory workers successful and enterprising will refund your money. It is expected to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take a few grains of Nuxated Iron, and see how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired.

Foto's Folly Theatre

Week Ending Saturday, August 31st. SUNDAY, August 26th—"Vivette," Vivian Martin. "Love Loops the Loop," Sen-net Comedy. "Screen Telegram," Latest War News. MONDAY, August 26th—"Up Romance Road," Wm. Russell. "No. 9 Fighting Trail," Wm. Duncan. "Universal Screen Magazine." TUESDAY, August 27th—"Resurrection," Pauline Frederick. "Ray Photograph and Big V. Comedy."

Pearce's Theatres

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AUGUST CLEARANCE SALE

\$5.00 Silk Shirts \$2.00 Shirts \$1.50 Shirts 50c Wash Neckwear 75c Fancy Silk Hosiery

There is certainly no over-modest reticence in those who are sure they know all about running this end of the war. The trouble is that the more certain they are the less they seem to agree.

One soldier, writing from France, says that his Red Cross socks are worth their weight in gold, and, at present prices of yarn, the raw material of a hand-knitted pair costs about their weight in silver.

Some writer says Uncle Sam is the largest employer in the world. That may be true, but we believe it will be admitted that the German emperor is keeping more people busy than any man who ever lived.

The Aristo Co.

ALBERT DE BEN, Mgr. 209 Carondelet Street. Move to 211 St. Charles St. September.

Smith The Sycamore