

THE HERALD

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY. Established May 17, 1833.

Entered at the Postoffice at New Orleans as Second-Class Mail Matter. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Copy, One Month, in Advance. \$1.00 One Copy, One Year, in Advance. \$10.00

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THE HERALD may be found at the following places: THE HERALD (Algiers Office), 500 Verret Street. THE HERALD (City Office), 634-636 Carondelet Street. Hill's Book Store, 108 St. Charles Street.

All communications, such as letters from the people and news notes of balls, lawn parties, dances and personal mention will be inserted in THE HERALD free of charge. No communication will be received unless signed by the sender.

VOL XXVI DECEMBER 26, 1918 No. 33

THE TIME TO KICK IS NOW

A few days ago Messrs George Koppel and E. A. Farley of the Parking Commission called on Mayor Behrman regarding the planting of trees on four of our Streets this fall.

We believe the Parking Commission is making a very big error in planting this kind of a tree. Sycamore trees are far from being beautiful, except the four months in the year when they are in full foliage.

We appeal to you Mr. Parking Commission not to plant Sycamore trees in Algiers. Leave them "On the banks of the Wabash," where they properly belong and let us have evergreen trees so much in keeping with our Glorious South.

WHY! AND WHY NOT?

In Paris horse meat costs as much as the best cuts of beef. Germany has 10,000 "substitutes," of which 7,000 are for food. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey had 1,404 men in the war. Colored saleswomen in St. Louis department stores have proved a wartime success.



In Ye Olde Dayes Folkes Knew Goode Coffee



WHEN good fellows of long ago gathered about ye festive board for a snack and a smack, they demanded that coffee be ye very best in ye land.

That's the kind you get today when you drink Luzianne. Just try it. If it doesn't taste better than any other coffee, you've got a real "kick" coming to you.

"When It Pours, It Reigns"

LUZIANNE COFFEE

The Sunday School children and teachers should be present at this meeting, since the classes will be graded anew for the coming year.

On the evening of December 31, the last evening of the outgoing year, there will be a special service at 7:30.

On New Year's morning there will be a special service beginning at 8:30. Let us all start the new year aright by worshipping God, who has safely conducted us through another year.

Methodist Church Notes

Rev. C. C. Weir, Residence 236 Olivier Street, Phone Algiers 138

Last Sunday the services were very interesting, and both morning and evening services partook of the Christmas spirit.

PERSONALS

Miss Fordna R. Holmes, supervisor of the state normal university, at Carbondale, Ill., was the guest of Mrs. Wier last Friday night, December 20.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Prayer meeting to-night at 7.30. Services next Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Church of the Holy Name of Mary

Rev. Daniel O'Meara who will preach the sermon at Midnight Mass arrived last Sunday morning from Jefferson College.

ALGIERS ALWAYS AHEAD.

The Holy Name parish maintained its lead in the recent collection. Several other parishes of the city and country endeavored with all their might to dislodge Algiers from the enviable place it now holds.

Thursday night, December 26, the Salem Evangelical Lutheran congregation of Gretna will celebrate its Christmas Tree Service, with program by the Sunday children.

On Sunday morning, December 29, we will have our regular service at 8:30 and Sunday School at 9:30. All

Albert Guy Donewar Jr., son of Albert Guy Donewar and Olive Biery. Sponsors, Peter Buck and Edna Biery.

Edith Marie Louise Ayo, daughter of Abdon A. Ayo and Elizabeth Laura Hock. Sponsors, Samuel Hock, (proxy) and Edna Daigle.

Rita Malvarine Laigast, daughter of C. Laigast and Eveline Dellam. Sponsors, James Lusignan and Rita Bass.

Rollan Ignatius Kennedy, son of Cornelius Alex Kennedy and Marie Marguerite Barrosse. Sponsors, Rollon Louis Barrosse and Zulma M. Barrosse.

SUGAR SHOWED OUR BACKBONE

American Willingness to Give Up Luxury Demonstrated Nation's War Conscience.

STAND WITH THE ALLIES.

By Reducing Consumption People of the United States Averted a Famine at Home in Spite of Low Supplies.

The fact that the people of the United States were able to reduce by more than one-half million tons their July, August, September and October consumption of sugar proves conclusively that their war conscience was thoroughly awakened and that the country as a whole stood ready to follow the injunctions of the Government.

Our normal consumption of sugar in the four-month period beginning with July has been 4,000,000 tons per month, a total of 1,600,000 for the quarter year.

In July, when our sugar stringency began to reach its height, consumption was reduced to 200,000 tons. In August only 325,000 tons went into distribution and in September only 270,000 tons.

If the general public had failed to observe the injunctions of the Food Administration this country would have been in the throes of a sugar famine before the end of August.

Few accomplishments of the Food Administration will stand forth so prominently as this reduced consumption of sugar. By it we have been able to bridge over the period of stringency until the new beet and Louisiana cane sugar crops were in sight.

Now the nation is in a position so that if we choose we may return to our normal home use of sugar, and Europe, with the release of ships to go far afield, can maintain its recent restricted rations.

AMERICAN SPIRIT RELIED ON TO WIN.

In the light of succeeding events it is interesting to recall the confidence with which the United States Food Administrator viewed the gloomy outlook in July of 1917, when this country had been in the war for less than four months and the Germans were steadily sending the western front nearer and nearer to Paris.

"Even though the situation in Europe may be gloomy today," he declared in a public statement, "no American who has knowledge of the results already obtained in every direction need have one atom of fear that democracy will not defend itself in these United States."

LOYALTY IN LITTLE THINGS LAST PROOF OF PATRIOTISM

Americans without murmuring cut their sugar allowance from four pounds a month to three and then as long as need be to two pounds for loyalty's sake.

FOR CATARRH, COUGHS, AND CROUP

Nothing equals Vacher-Balm for quick relief; it is harmless. Avoid imitations. 25c in Jars or Collapsible Tubes

THE LIVING MEMORY By MILDRED WHITE.

John Ruggles swung about in the revolving chair before his desk, to gaze over the high roofs beneath the glaring July sun. There it was again, that evasive memory of something sweet and half forgotten!

Business and its success had for years absorbed him, blotting out all that had been before, making wealth alone his goal. Now, wealth was achieved, what had it brought him?

Lillias had dropped out of his life so long ago he had lost regard for her when she had chosen in preference to himself a sort of wandering nomad for a husband.

It was in his youthful engineering capacity that he had visited the little village almost buried beneath its encircling hills. Lillias had met him in the quaint flower garden of her home, and it had been Will who took him there.

John Ruggles had been glad to accept. There were valuable books on the crude shelves of Will's one roomed habitation—interesting curios from all parts of the world—and Will had taken him to see Lillias; when the engineer looked into the girl's rare blue eyes, he decided to remain indefinitely in the village.

Then he went back to the great city where bluebell eyes and fair faces were "but a thing apart," and not "man's whole existence." Many women had come and gone in John Ruggles' life since that youthful time, and he had been content to let them go; without companionship of women his life seemed complete. But now—

Across the tall chimney tops romance called to him, flaunting a memory not unmixd with pain, of a grass-grown village street, a quaint old garden set back behind a cedar hedge; and about the garden in his memory dream moved the girl Lillias.

John Ruggles turned abruptly to press an electric button. He would humor his fancy, satisfy this clamoring impulse, by a walk down that same village street, a peep into the old garden which upon actual observation would undoubtedly lose its fanciful charm.

Lillias had married Will; poverty then must be her dowry. Uncared for women do not as a rule grow in attractiveness. Reality should forever silence this tormenting memory, so implicitly awakened.

But first he must dismiss the new stenographer whose work his secretary had pronounced hopeless. Again John Ruggles pressed the electric button. It was the secretary who responded.

"The new stenographer had not reported that day for business," he explained, "and her dismissal would be unnecessary. Realizing her own unfitness for the position, the girl had telephoned a resignation. Unbusinesslike to the last in method," he added smilingly.

The great man paused reaching for his hat. "I recall the young person," he said "she possessed at least the quality of respectful courtesy." The secretary bowed. "With a personality quite too diffident for office work," he replied, "as one could tell from a glance of her eyes."

"Her eyes," the casual remark came to John Ruggles like a flash of inspiration. Here was the solution of his awakened memory, the eyes of the little stenographer he suddenly recollected were strangely like the bluebell eyes of Lillias.

"Life was unsatisfying," he told himself as he crossed the marble floor of the railroad station, "wealth, power, what had they to do with happiness the elusive? Where might it be found?"

The village street was unchanged, the familiar houses too, like those of yesterday. Suddenly the man drew in his breath while his eyes widened as if seeing a vision. For about the garden moved gracefully a girl in white, and in her hair a rose.

As he lingered unbelievably, she came toward him, her bluebell eyes searching his across the hedge, then she smiled.

"Oh! Mr. Ruggles," his recent stenographer exclaimed, "you came away but to see me? I was obliged to resign my position," she added flushing prettily, "because I had too long imposed. My business education was too brief to be efficient. I have not been long alone in the world."

Across the face of John Ruggles flashed an understanding light. All at once its lines of care seemed erased by some great inner joy.

"You," he murmured, "are the daughter of Lillias?"

"You knew my mother?" the girl asked quickly.

He smiled. "It is," he answered, "as though Lillias herself were here beside me again."

The girl threw wide the gate. "I also am—Lillias," she said, and John Ruggles entered into the garden.

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Beautiful Mount Desert



Beachcroft Path on Pickett Mountain.

THE hill before congress to create the Mount Desert National park upon Mount Desert Island, Maine, has called special attention to one of the most distinguished scenic places in the country.

Already it is a national reservation, President Wilson having proclaimed it the Sleur de Monts National monument two years ago. The movement to promote it to national parkhood marks the appreciation of New England and the country generally resulting from the public attention devoted to this spot in consequence of the president's act.

Sleur de Monts is the only spot on the Atlantic coast where sea and mountain meet. Also it is typical in the best sense of the magnificence of the deciduous forests of the East; these are not elsewhere represented in the national scenic group.

Many thousands of persons who do not identify this splendid group of seagirt mountains under its present title of Sleur de Monts will place it at once under the title proposed for the national park, as the granite heights which rise behind Bar Harbor and the other resorts of Mount Desert Island.

The rounded summits of more than a dozen low mountains and the beautiful lakes which nestle at their feet are included in the reservation. Nowhere else may the pleasures of seashore and rock-bound coast be combined with those of a wild mountainous wilderness.

Favorite Summer Resort. For many years these mountains have lured summer visitors into their fastnesses. Their splendid forests of oak, pine, hemlock, chestnut, beech,



View From Dry Mountain.

Fighting With Smoke. Smoke is a valuable weapon in this war; it is extensively used on both sides to mask military and naval movements, and elaborate means have been devised to throw up clouds of smoke.

A very interesting use of smoke is described thus in Scientific American: "During a poisonous gas attack smoke is employed to ward off the fumes. Being considerably heavier than the poisonous gases generally employed, a barrage of smoke causes the dangerous fumes to pass over trenches and dugouts and to dissipate themselves in the higher regions."

Fans and Flags. "I see a Texas inventor has patented an attachment for sewing machines to wave a fan as a person is sewing," remarked the lady.

"Well," replied friend husband, who was utilizing a strong nail in lieu of a suspender button. "I know a man who would wave a few dozen flags if a certain party would do a little sewing."

Be Sure It's Worth It. Who would boast a victory that cost no strategy and no careful disposition of the forces? But let a man be very sure that the city is worth the siege.—Ik Marvel.

Rain Tree. Ranging from Mexico down to Brazil and Peru is a tropical, acacia-like tree, Pithecolobium saman, known as the rain tree. Its foliage and fruits are sweet and much sought for by stock.

Violin Resin. For violin resin, boil down turpentine with a little water and a drop cooled on a piece of glass to proper consistency. During the boiling cold water must be added from time to time. When sufficiently thick pour into cold water; knead well, and when cold break into pieces. Repeat to smn until dry and transparent. Select the best clear brown wax, melt it in a clean basin, to which add which will clear it of suspended matter. Pour in glass molds.