

# Holmes Serves Algiers as It Does New Orleans.

A fast delivery service (trucks leave the store every day at 2 o'clock) puts the Holmes store next door to every person living across the river from New Orleans.

Goods may be bought by mail or telephone. Orders received in the morning are sent out the same afternoon.

Shoppers from over the river, when they come to Holmes are shown that splendid courtesy which has been the prime factor in building this institution.

Whether you buy by mail, over the telephone or in person, Holmes welcomes you, and will serve you well.

## D. H. Holmes Co.

Paris, New York, London and Florence. LIMITED Established April 2, 1842.

### STUFF BY GILKY SWIPES

Friday—mister Gillem & pa was tawking of polatix agen today, since pa is running for mair he cant tawk of nothing else only polatix, mister Gillem sed mebbey they was a panick coming & we shud ought to be care full as munney was a getting close, pa sed it wassent getting close to him as he cud notis.

Saturday—as I went home after passing bills for the storekeeper for ten ets I seen a new ford Seodan setting in front of are house & I thot mebbey pa had traded in his 2nd handed masheen or the house or sum thing & I was tickled for I new we cud go a fishing & get back on the same date, wen I got in the house I seen whose it was, are washing woman was delivring are close.

Sunday—ma sed you can all ways tell when people is bored which you are tawking to, she sed they all ways have a weery look on there faces, but I dont think that is a verrie good sine because neerly evry I wch I tawk to all ways looks weery. So she dussent no it all.

Monday—mister Triggs thinks he knows all about the female race and

wifes and etc. he told pa if he wood just buck up to ma once his trubbel with her wood be over, pa grined sadly & replied & sed Yes they wood and all the rest of the balance of my trubbels wood be over to, he nose.

Tuesday—pa is very intrested in the high cost of livings & he sed 2 ma it takes all he makes 2 live on & ma sed 2 him do you think it is wurth that much, Pa sed We got 2 have Productshun the brick layers are not laying enough neether are the hens.

Wednesday—this was a hot 1 & I was tired & swetty haveing played ball neerly all after noon, score 28 to 16, are pitcher had collera morbis, this evening pa sed Lizbeth wont you walk down & get sum ice creme, She sed she was wore out, she wanted him to go, I seen rite away how it was & I sed to miself Here's where the son goes down, I got to make a joak once in awile, But I was afrade they mite get to arguwing & not get the cream a tall.

Thursday—to tired to rite.

Yours truly,  
GILKY SWIPES.



**Civil District Court.**  
Succn. of Louise Virginia Church; Adam Thomas Boyd as applied for letters.  
Succn. of Roselius Folse; administration—Daniel Wendling.  
Mrs. L. L. Koester v. Jno. T. Koester, motion and ordered defendant show cause July 21, 1920.

**Real Estate Transfers.**  
Miss Mary Louise Hounay to Third Dist. Bldg. Assn., lot, Houndy, Alix, Powder and Peter, \$4000 cash.  
Purchaser to Matthew R. Sutherland, same property, \$3300 terms—Wegener.  
Peter Pircepo to Giovanni Centino, two lots, Teche, Nunez, De-

Armas and Lamarque, \$4500 terms—Daly.  
Anthony Beninate to Frank Calmi, portion, Homer, Nunez, Slidell and Verret, \$10,400 terms—Hennessey.  
John Kleinkemper to Hibernia Bank & Trust Co., lease property corner Alix and Verret, term ending Sept. 30, 1921, \$45 month.

**Court of Appeals.**  
John M. Couget v. Hy. Vezien and Raymond Nelson, appeal Civil District Court, Div. E.—C. T. Starkey, for defendant and appellant.

**Mortgage.**  
Elle Randolph to James A. McIntosh, \$851.80, lot, Hancock, Bringer, Lawrence and Franklin—Higgins.

**Sensations of Heat and Cold.**  
The feeling of cold or warmth is caused by sensations in the skin and has little significance as to the body temperature. On a hot day one may feel very hot when the body temperature is quite normal. Again at the beginning of a fever one may feel cold as in the case of a chill. This chilly feeling is caused by the contrast between the higher temperature of the internal organs and still normal temperature of the skin.

### AUTO ACCESSORIES LOWEST IN THE CITY

New tops with beveled plate glass windows. Autos painted. Seat covers. Victor Cord and Fabric casings. Prest-O-Lite storage batteries. Gargoyle Mobile Oils.

COME SEE  
**GENERAL AUTOMOBILE CO.**  
418 Carondelet St.

Manager Cravath is making good by running a team entirely on his own lines.

Billy Southworth is amassing a nice record for stolen bases thus far this season.

Aaron Ward of the Yankees hits a ball as hard as any young player in many a day.

Mannuel Cueto, sold by Cincinnati to Seattle, has joined Joe Harris' team at Franklin, Pa.

Heinie Schultz, who pitched for the Toledo club several seasons, is now a member of the Brewers.

New York critics are hinting at a reconciliation between John McGraw and Heinie Zimmerman.

Big crowds at the Western league openers indicate the Tearney class A wheel is in for a good year.

The Phils are a neatly uniformed club—a symphony in light gray—stockings and caps to match.

Tris Speaker says Dick Niehaus will do and that he is going to be just the southpaw the Cleveland team needs.

Catcher Yelle and infielder Siglin of the Tigers have been released. Yelle goes to Frisco and Siglin to Portland.

### TWIN FIRES

By GEORGE ELMER COBB  
(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

The banalities of gossipers, the clatter of housewives, the shop talk of salesmen, the general buzz of the vast human hive—all these elements were far distant from Chester Dale, and he was glad.

It was in a remote part of New Mexico that he had arrived, tramping it with a light camping outfit, and for two days he had not come across half a dozen human habitations.

He had got his sleeping bag in readiness, had a small fire of brush and wood and sat smoking contentedly before it when he caught a gleam from a like illumination just beyond a slight rise. Companionship was at once suggested. Slinging on belt and rifle Dale moved in the direction of the twin glow. A new interest was added to the occasion as he made out a young girl flitting near the fire. A graceful, sprightly figure was silhouetted with clearness. She wore the conventional short dress and leggings of the true border girl and was apparently preparing a meal. As he came nearer Dale observed a horse tethered near a light wagon, and lying upon some blankets in the latter was an old man. As Dale came tramping through the bushes the girl looked startled, and then as the firelight showed him to be a well-appearing young man, placed back against a tree the rifle she had hastily taken up.

She was browned by the sun and her garb showed the dust and wear and tear of a strenuous journey, but her eyes told of character and soulfulness. "I am a transient wanderer," Dale introduced himself, "and as I have not met a fellow being for two days, the glow of your campfire was a lure I could not resist."

"We noticed your own," said Electra Raymond, "Father, here is a stranger, a visitor."

The old man sat up in the wagon, scanned Dale with a critical eye, and a certain uneasiness at first manifest gradually left his face. As Dale went into details regarding himself confidence seemed inspired with both father and daughter.

"The fire is no longer necessary," spoke her father, and she scattered the dying embers. "We are on the last stage of a journey to Cerito," added Adam Raymond. He was anxious to get to Cerito, a county seat, as speedily as possible, he said, and Dale spent an hour in the company of a young lady he would not soon forget and left the twain to return to his own camp.

There had been something significant and mysterious in the tone and manner of the old man as he directed the extinguishment of the fire; he had acted watchful and startled at times, as if fearing intruders, and Dale scattered what was left of his own fire before he crept into his sleeping bag.

He seemed lulled to sleep by the scent of some flower or shrub, all unaware that the perfume was extended towards the mouth of his sleeping bag by one of two men who had crept up to the spot guided by a few lingering sparks of the campfire. A "sleeping shrub" victim, Chester Dale was as dead to the world as if he had been chloroformed. The two men lifted him up by shoulders and feet. They carried him nearly two miles until they reached a cave in the rocks. Here he was drawn from his covering and hands and feet securely tied.

"Now, then, you keep watch until I go for Jim and the rest of the gang," spoke one of the men. "It will take a full twenty-four hours to reach them, but it will be worth the while. Jim will be liberal when he learns we have run down this Raymond before he got to Cerito and filed his papers to that property Jim covets."

"Why not search him for the document, if that is all Jim is after?" was queried.

"No, that's not orders. We've struck a streak of money luck, I can tell you." All this Dale dimly heard and then relapsed into drugged sleep again. It was late the next afternoon when he was once more aroused. The messenger had returned with Jim and several others. Jim was in a frenzy of disappointment and rage.

"You blundering idiot!" he shouted. "He isn't Adam Raymond at all. You've missed the man I sent you after, who is probably safely in Cerito by this time."

Dale was pretty well assured by this time that it was Adam Raymond he had been mistaken for by his two captors.

A thousand miles from home, among strangers, without a cent of money, Chester Dale reached Cerito and the first person he met as he entered its one hotel was Adam Raymond. He found a friend, indeed, when he had related his story to him and asked for pecuniary aid until he had telegraphed home for funds.

"All I have is at your command," declared the old man. "Come up to our rooms and let my daughter and myself thank you. But for your mistaken capture I would have been the victim, and once those schemers got my papers all we had was lost. The documents were duly recorded yesterday and no one can rob me of my mining rights now."

Electra Raymond encountered Dale anew, robed in more becoming attire than her woodland rough-and-ready suit. He thought of her always, however, as he had first seen her, a true child of forest and mountain. And when the natural sequence of wedded life had come to those two he cherished always a memory of the twin fires that had led them together.

WHAT'S THE USE.  
Wife—Do come over to Mrs. Jones with me, Frank. She'll make you feel just as if you were at home.  
Hubby—Then what on earth is the sense of going there?

JEALOUS.  
Mr. Dauber said my face was classic. What is classic? Oh, most anything old.

BELLIGERENT.  
Hard to get along with, isn't he?  
Oh, yes. He is as quarrelsome as a pacifist.

UNKIND.  
A fool and his money are soon parted.  
Yep. Who got yours away from you?

TOOK IT, ANYWAY.  
Dat mean guy I just wanted on insulted me wid a dime.  
What did ye do?  
I accepted it wid indignashun.

JUMPING THEM.  
I'm kept on the jump all the time.  
Owe as many board bills as that?

### ECONOMICAL ARRANGEMENT



Hub—Do you think it saves you anything to have a running account at the department store?  
Wife—I know it does. You can't imagine the amount of time it saves me. Why, I never have to stop and ask the price of anything I want to purchase.

### RETORT COURTEOUS



He—Here's a woman killed herself because she could not find an ideal husband. Women are such fools.  
She—Yes, aren't they, to believe there is such a thing.

### GOOD REASON



"The widower who was all broken up by his wife's death has married again."  
"If he was all broken up, the more reason he had to be re-paired."

### IN LATER LIGHT



"What did Shakespeare's character mean when he told his enemy he had him on the hip?"  
"I guess he meant he had located his last bottle."

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### THE MOMENT OF FATE

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE.  
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It was twenty years since I had seen Luigi Rizzio, but the strong features that suggested a certain Roman nobility of character about the great Italian tragedian was yet manifested in the face, aged, furrowed, but still capable of expressing the true fervor of dramatic art.

I had become first violinist in the orchestra of the Theopian theater, and a protege by my side had heard me speak so often of Rizzio, but having never seen him, that he was quite eager and excited over the appearance of the greatest master in his line. Rizzio had originally made his success in "Ophedra," a classical masterpiece. He was billed for this the last day of the week by the request of old admirers, but in the meantime was the star in a modern drama called "The Shadow," of which a young man of genius and wealth, Allison Deane, was the author. The opening night was a distinct success, and over our customary midnight lunch Waldner and I discussed the event and its principal interpreter.

"You have more than once told me the story of Rizzio," said Waldner. "Tell it to me again."

"He is the last of his race, a noble and intellectual family of Palermo," I narrated for the fiftieth time. "There was a vendetta in the family. One by one his relatives fell at the hands of the vengeful Paoli family. Exile was necessary to prevent Rizzio from becoming a victim to insatiable assassins. He fled to American shores. There was a girl at home he loved. Poverty came to her and she wedded another. There was a little child, a girl, named after her mother, Celeste. Ten years ago I learned that both her parents had died. Rizzio had sent for the orphan and adopted her. She has been the loving link to his unhappy past. I hear that his whole soul is wrapped in care for the daughter of the only woman he ever loved. You noticed in the lower box tonight the bewonderingly beautiful young lady seated with the author of the play?"

"All eyes feasted on the radiant creature," responded Waldner.

"I understood that quite a friendship has sprung up between those two," I proceeded. "It is the great wish of Rizzio's soul to see Celeste well provided for before he leaves this life."

Every evening of the week after that the bright young pair occupied the stage box. It was quite natural that they should do so, and the audiences were pleased and interested, for the young author of the play was popular and the fact that he was paying attention to the adopted daughter of the impersonator suggested romanticism. The last evening of the engagement, when Rizzio was to appear in "Ophedra," when he first came on the stage I noticed his glance fixed upon the young girl he idolized and a glint of pride and joy came to their depths.

Following his gaze I observed that the dainty, graceful hand of Celeste bore upon one finger a glittering engagement ring. Never had I seen Rizzio act as he did that night. The audience was entranced, and I knew that his strength and power were sustained by the thought that his darling one had gained a protector to take his place when he was gone.

I remembered that in the earlier years of my knowledge of Rizzio, I had many times heard other actors say that he was ever possessed with the idea that some dark day the Paolis would seek him out and complete the vendetta sworn to nearly half a century previously. I wondered, as the curtain raised on the last scene of the tragedy, if Rizzio still brooded over this menace. It was later that I learned the cause of the presence in his statuesque face of a tenseness and agony he betrayed as he came upon the stage in the fifth and last act.

It appeared that Rizzio had gone to the rear stage door, opening on a little court, to get a breath of the cool night air to inspire him with freshness for the great death scene in which the tragedy culminated. He stood there alone for a moment or two gazing at the stars and awaiting his call. A stealthy figure gained his side. Before he could draw back something glittered in the air in consonance with an uplifted arm.

"The hour has come!" pronounced a stern, vengeful voice. "The Paoli never fails!"

And then a pointard was driven to its hit directly between the shoulders of the doomed man. The assassin flitted. Rizzio staggered back, then braced himself. At that moment the call came for his appearance on the stage. With a powerful effort the master of the historical art straightened up. He drew a costume cape over his shoulders. He was deathly pale, but there was a smile upon his lips—he was thinking of Celeste and her sure future happiness.

The rendition of that last vivid act held the audience spellbound. The moment of that final scene when he portrayed the grandeur of death as well as its agonies enthralled all with in sight and hearing. As he sank prone his eyes sought those of Celeste and Deane. He smiled, then reaching behind him he drew out the fatal dagger and his life blood gushed forth.

"Tell Celeste I die happy!" he spoke in expiring accents, and the victim of the Paoli Paolis lay lifeless.

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Last Thursday, July 22, 1920, Mr. Martin Coehell of Arcadia, Florida, and Miss Lorena Steehlen of Gretna were united in marriage in the parlors of the Methodist Parsonage, Natchitoches, the Rev. John W. Lee officiating. The happy couple are at home, 413 Stidell avenue, Algiers.

### FOSTER-RANDOLPH

An event of interest was the wedding of Mrs. Titine Reynaud Randolph of Baton Rouge, daughter of Dr. L. F. Reynaud, to Mr. George Foster of New Orleans, which took place in New Orleans on Saturday, July 17, in the presence of relatives and a few close friends. Mr. and Mrs. Foster returned to Baton Rouge where they will make their home, the former being connected with the office of the State Department of Agriculture.

### GIEPERT-DENHERDER.

A very pretty wedding of the week was that of Miss Zita Giepert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Giepert, Sr., to Mr. G. J. DenHerder of Grand Rapids, Mich. The wedding was solemnized on Wednesday, July 21st at 7:00 o'clock mass in the Church of the Holy Name of Mary, Rev. Father Petit officiating.

The bride looked lovely in a flesh colored georgette crepe dress trimmed in lace with picture hat to match and wore a corsage bouquet of brides roses and lilies of the valley. Her bridesmaid, Miss Eola Mitchell, wore a blue voile dress trimmed in lace with picture hat to match. She wore a corsage bouquet of pink roses.

The groom has as his attendant Mr. Harold LeCourt. After the ceremony a breakfast was served for the bridal party and relatives. The "Wedding Cake" was cut the same day and Misses Victoria Giepert pulled the "ring," Eola Mitchell the "wish bone," Rita Santos the "thimble," Florence Green and Hazel Giepert the "dimes" and Mrs. J. L. Cunningham the "button."

The young couple were the recipients of many handsome presents. They left the same day at 12:30 on the "Panama Limited" for Chicago and Waukegan, Ill., to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Keller for a week. They will then leave for their future home in Grand Rapids, Mich.

### ALEXANDER-LUSK.

The church of the Holy Name of Mary, was thronged with relatives and friends on Wednesday evening, July 21, who came to witness the union of two of the most popular people of our community, when Miss Florence Lusk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Lusk, became the bride of Mr. Henry J. Alexander, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander of New Orleans. Rev. Father Petit, assistant pastor of the Holy Name church performed the ceremony.

Standing beneath an arch formed of tulle and white brides' roses, surrounded by their youthful attendants, this young couple formed a bewitching picture of loveliness and grace.

Mr. Lusk gave his daughter in marriage. She wore a handsome gown of cream colored lace and tulle, over chiffon, trimmed with orange blossoms. Her tulle veil, arranged in cap effect, with a wreath of orange blossoms, formed the trail, which was caught with spray of orange blossoms. She carried white brides' roses and lilies of the valley arranged in shower effect, tied with tulle and white ribbon.

Miss Vera Lusk, sister of the bride was maid of honor. She was becomingly gowned in pink organdie with hat to match. She carried pink roses tied with tulle.

The bride's maid, who was handsomely gowned in pale green organdie trimmed in dainty lace, looked charming. Her hat, of pale green tulle, was most becoming. She too carried pink roses.

Little Miss Lusk of New Orleans, a cousin of the bride, was charming in a dainty costume of pale pink organdie. As she walked up the aisle of the church, strewing flowers in the path of the charming bride, she was a picture of loveliness—one long to be remembered.

Following the ceremony, there was a reception at the home of the bride's parents, which was attended by the relatives and a few very intimate friends of the family. Among the honored guests of the evening was His Grace, Very Rev. John M. Shaw, archbishop of New Orleans, who called to extend his best wishes to the young couple and wish them "God Speed" in their new life. His Grace was accompanied by Very Rev. T. J. Larkin, pastor of the church of the Holy Name of Mary and Rev. Fathers M. J. Larkin and Petit.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander left immediately after the reception for the Gulf Coast. The bride's going-away costume was of blue crepe with accessories to match. After August 8th Mr. and Mrs. Alexander will be at home to their numerous friends at the home of the bride's parents "Naval Reservation," Algiers, La.

The gifts, which were numerous and costly consisted of silverware, cut glass and finest china.



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An event of interest was the wedding of Mrs. Titine Reynaud Randolph of Baton Rouge, daughter of Dr. L. F. Reynaud, to Mr. George Foster of New Orleans, which took place in New Orleans on Saturday, July 17, in the presence of relatives and a few close friends. Mr. and Mrs. Foster returned to Baton Rouge where they will make their home, the former being connected with the office of the State Department of Agriculture.

### GIEPERT-DENHERDER.

A very pretty wedding of the week was that of Miss Zita Giepert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Giepert, Sr., to Mr. G. J. DenHerder of Grand Rapids, Mich. The wedding was solemnized on Wednesday, July 21st at 7:00 o'clock mass in the Church of the Holy Name of Mary, Rev. Father Petit officiating.

The bride looked lovely in a flesh colored georgette crepe dress trimmed in lace with picture hat to match and wore a corsage bouquet of brides roses and lilies of the valley. Her bridesmaid, Miss Eola Mitchell, wore a blue voile dress trimmed in lace with picture hat to match. She wore a corsage bouquet of pink roses.

The groom has as his attendant Mr. Harold LeCourt. After the ceremony a breakfast was served for the bridal party and relatives. The "Wedding Cake" was cut the same day and Misses Victoria Giepert pulled the "ring," Eola Mitchell the "wish bone," Rita Santos the "thimble," Florence Green and Hazel Giepert the "dimes" and Mrs. J. L. Cunningham the "button."

The young couple were the recipients of many handsome presents. They left the same day at 12:30 on the "Panama Limited" for Chicago and Waukegan, Ill., to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Keller for a week. They will then leave for their future home in Grand Rapids, Mich.

### ALEXANDER-LUSK.

The church of the Holy Name of Mary, was thronged with relatives and friends on Wednesday evening, July 21, who came to witness the union of two of the most popular people of our community, when Miss Florence Lusk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Lusk, became the bride of Mr. Henry J. Alexander, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander of New Orleans. Rev. Father Petit, assistant pastor of the Holy Name church performed the ceremony.

Standing beneath an arch formed of tulle and white brides' roses, surrounded by their youthful attendants, this young couple formed a bewitching picture of loveliness and grace.

Mr. Lusk gave his daughter in marriage. She wore a handsome gown of cream colored lace and tulle, over chiffon, trimmed with orange blossoms. Her tulle veil, arranged in cap effect, with a wreath of orange blossoms, formed the trail, which was caught with spray of orange blossoms. She carried white brides' roses and lilies of the valley arranged in shower effect, tied with tulle and white ribbon.

Miss Vera Lusk, sister of the bride was maid of honor. She was becomingly gowned in pink organdie with hat to match. She carried pink roses tied with tulle.

The bride's maid, who was handsomely gowned in pale green organdie trimmed in dainty lace, looked charming. Her hat, of pale green tulle, was most becoming. She too carried pink roses.

Little Miss Lusk of New Orleans, a cousin of the bride, was charming in a dainty costume of pale pink organdie. As she walked up the aisle of the church, strewing flowers in the path of the charming bride, she was a picture of loveliness—one long to be remembered.

Following the ceremony, there was a reception at the home of the bride's parents, which was attended by the relatives and a few very intimate friends of the family. Among the honored guests of the evening was His Grace, Very Rev. John M. Shaw, archbishop of New Orleans, who called to extend his best wishes to the young couple and wish them "God Speed" in their new life. His Grace was accompanied by Very Rev. T. J. Larkin, pastor of the church of the Holy Name of Mary and Rev. Fathers M. J. Larkin and Petit.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander left immediately after the reception for the Gulf Coast. The bride's going-away costume was of blue crepe with accessories to match. After August 8th Mr. and Mrs. Alexander will be at home to their numerous friends at the home of the bride's parents "Naval Reservation," Algiers, La.

The gifts, which were numerous and costly consisted of silverware, cut glass and finest china.

### FOSTER-RANDOLPH

An event of interest was the wedding of Mrs. Titine Reynaud Randolph of Baton Rouge, daughter of Dr. L. F. Reynaud, to Mr. George Foster of New Orleans, which took place in New Orleans on Saturday, July 17