

Rent-2
Furnished rooms, with private bath, for gentlemen. Rate very reasonable. 621 Pelican Avenue. Jan. 6.

Wanted to Rent
Five room house, situated with lot, in the Algiers district. Mrs. F. Thompson, 359 Ogden Avenue.

For Sale-3
BATHS-20 assorted, ranging from 85 to 100. Apply 247 Pacific Telephone AL 497.

New Bath Tubs for Sale
Very cheap, see me at once. 1222 Constance St. Phone Jac. 222

Furniture wagon, good mule, and harness all for \$100.00. 1222 Constance St. Phone Jac. 222

White Rotary Sewing Machine. \$10.00. Will sell for \$50.00; cash, balance \$5.00 month. Apply to 500 Verret St.

Real Estate For Sale-4
Double two-story house and lot, 447-449 Maple Ave. Apply 335 Vallette St. 1-6-21

Adams' Hats
121 ST. CHARLES STREET.

Special Notices-6
CIVIL DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH OF ORLEANS, STATE OF LOUISIANA.

Miscellaneous For Sale-8
Plumbing and plumbing materials, heating, cooling, express lumber. DEMOLISHING CO., INC. 128 LAFAYETTE ST., M. 668.

Wanted to Purchase-9
YOUR BONES, ROPE, METAL AND IRON TO M. GLASER, 110 TCHOUPILOUS STREET.

Business Personals-10
Learn MECHANICAL DRAWING Day & Night-Regner School 613 Canal St.

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Business Personals-10
Delivery in Algiers every Thursday. Bruce Seed & Poultry Co. INCUBATORS, BROODERS, FEEDS HIGH-GRADE FLOWER, FARM AND VEGETABLE SEEDS. 732 Poydras St. NEW ORLEANS, LA.

GAS STOVES, GAS GRATES. Instantaneous and Automatic Heaters Refined and Repaired. C. J. MARS 1118 Melpomene St.

Citizens Bank & Trust Company of Louisiana 620 Gravier Street OLDEST BANK SOUTH Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps for Sale Savings Deposits Bear 4% Interest. Compounded Semi-Annually

7% Interest on Mortgages \$500 Payments on principal reduces interest. No bonus. Liberty Homestead 730 COMMON

SMITH'S Repair Shop We repair anything Bicycles, Clocks, Umbrellas, etc. \$19 Teche St.

KEYS MADE, LOCKS REPAIRED, models made, inventions perfected. R. R. Hollbrook, 610 Bourbon St. Hemlock 1453.

CHICAGO DEMOLISHING COMPANY Hem. 2888. 1128-40 N. Villere St.

PUPILS WANTED. ALL MODERN DANCES AND JELLY BEAN STEPS TAUGHT PINTARD SISTERS every evening, 7 p. m., 1716 St. Charles Avenue. Phone Jackson 1345-W.

F. A. BRUNET Established 1878 JEWELRY 313 Royal St. Expert Repairing Done

Adams' Hats 132 ST. CHARLES STREET.

FELIX BORNE, JR., Mill, Plantation and Engineers' Supplies, Paints and Oils. 611-613 Patterson Street. Phone Algiers 365.

WOOD AND COAL JOHN KAPPLER, Dealer in Coal, Elmwood and Ice. Express to hire. 447 Elmira Avenue. Phone Algiers 825-W.

MULTIGRAPHING, MIMOGRAPHING, TYPEWRITING, PRINTING, EDNA WATSON & CO. PHONE M. 2228. 311 MASONIC TEMPLE.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT Well & Weber Auto Repair Co., oils, supplies, tires, accessories, automobiles repaired, stored and washed. 1415 Canal, Main 3070.

Automobiles, Etc.-11 FOREMAN OF THE CADILLAC PAINT SHOP HAS OPENED BUSINESS FOR HIMSELF. GET YOUR CAR PAINTED WITH HIM. 2222 DRYADES. JACKSON 1474. 5-12

QUICK SERVICE General blacksmithing, auto repairs, spring work and rubber tiring a specialty. WALTER E. FILIE, Successor to Babet & Filie 716-718-720 Girod St. Main 914

FARMERS' Truck Bodies and Trailers Also Lumber Trailers Built to Specifications SCHAYER & SONS, Inc., Formerly O'CONNOR & CO. Wagon Mfy. and Repairs General Black Smith Work 518-534 Julia St. Phones M. 3557-3602

UTO DELIVERY BODIES Made to order. Repairing and painting done promptly and at low prices than elsewhere. Wagon manufacturers. J. W. O'CONNOR 824 Ursuline, bet. Bourbon and Dauphine

Music-13 Harold Seymour Pianist, teacher, and composer, Music for all occasions. Piano composition 15c up. Phone A 567. 226 Morgan.

Typewriting, Etc.-14 Commercial Typewriter Exchange TYPEWRITERS AND ADDING MACHINES. Rebuilt typewriters always in stock, any make bought, sold, exchanged; all repair work and rebuilt typewriters guaranteed. 300 Chartres. Main 2219. 11-24-21

Florence E. Oneal 416 Godchaux Bldg. Teacher of Shorthand, Typewriting and Bookkeeping. Day and night classes. Established 1893. 2-17-21

Mispelled Words The word elsewhere in the ad of J. W. O'Connor, was misspelled in our last issue. Those to receive the Jacobs candies are Florence McQuillan, 717 Evelina St., Miss Marie Grace, 7719 Adams St., and George Schwartz, 2919 Melpomene St.

Mother's Cook Book Innumerable men and women have seen the kettle boil, but it occurred to only one, that the force which lifted the lid might be confined and made to do human service. The man finds or makes his opportunities and in turn they help him.

SELECTED GOOD THINGS. When there is a little popped corn left try this wholesome dessert: Popped Corn Pudding. Scald three cupsful of milk and pour over two cupsful of popped corn which has been pounded until fine and let stand one hour. Add three eggs slightly beaten, one-half cupful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of salt and stir until well mixed. Turn into a well buttered baking dish and bake in a slow oven thirty-five minutes. Serve hot with thin cream or maple syrup.

Peach Whip. Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff, add three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and beat to a glossy meringue. Peel half a dozen peaches and press through a sieve; gradually add this pulp to the meringue, beating all the time and sprinkling in one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Heap in tall glasses and serve at once.

Crispa. One cupful of butter, add gradually two cupsful of sugar, three eggs beaten until light, the grated rind and juice of a lemon and flour to make a mixture to roll. Knead slightly, cut in shapes, brush with white of an egg, sprinkle with coarse granulated sugar and chopped nuts. Bake a light brown.

Velvet Sherbet. Take the juice of six lemons, and the grated peel of two, soaked in the juice one-half hour. Add one cupful of sugar to each lemon, or sugar to taste; three pints of rich milk and turn into the freezer. The mixture will curdle but the freezing will make it smooth and velvety. Turn the freezer slowly at first.

Chess Cakes. Put into a mixing bowl, one-half cupful of butter, add the grated rind of two oranges and one-half cupful of powdered sugar, one-half cupful of currants, one well beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of grated coconut and half a dozen crumbled macaroons; mix the ingredients and pour into small patty tins lined with pastry. Bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

Baked Pears. A delicious way of serving pears is to cut them in halves, core them, place in a baking pan with a generous sprinkling of sugar and half fill the pan with water. Cook slowly two hours in a moderate oven. Serve with sweetened whipped cream.

Cucumber Sauce. Beat one-half cupful of heavy cream stiff, add a few grains of salt, cayenne to taste, two tablespoonfuls of malt vinegar, one medium sized cucumber grated and drained, season with the juice of an onion. This sauce is especially good to serve with fish.

Cherry Sherbet. Take one pint can of cherries, drain and cut in small pieces. Add one cupful of water to the juice, cook five minutes and add a tablespoonful of gelatin that has been softened in a cupful of cold water. Add the cherries and four egg whites beaten stiff. Freeze and serve in glasses, garnished with candied cherries.

Candy Without Sugar. Take two cupsful of raisins and one cupful of nuts, put them through the meat chopper, mix with one-fourth of a cupful of honey; pack under weight for a day, then cut into bars.

Neelie Maxwell (© 1920, Western Newspaper Union.) You can't blame the man who buys your Liberty bond at 80 cents on the dollar. He was just naturally born with more sense than you have.

The books will never balance satisfactorily so long as you try to operate a crepe de chine taste with a cheese cloth income.

Of course, shirt-sleeve diplomacy has its good points, but we think shirt-sleeves industrialism would be more to the point right at this time.

I wouldn't hurt you, darlin' she

The Shadow of the Sheltering Pines A New Romance of the Storm Country By GRACE MILLER WHITE Copyright by the H. K. Fly Company.

SYNOPSIS. CHAPTER I.-Lonely and almost friendless, Tonibel Devon, living on a canal boat, child of a brutal father and a worn-out, discouraged mother, wanders into a Salvation army hall at Ithaca, N. Y. There she meets a young Salvation army captain, Philip MacCauley.

CHAPTER II.-Urriah Devon, Tony's father, returns to the boat from a protracted "spee", and announces he has arranged for Tony to marry a worthless companion of his, Reginald Brown. Mrs. MacCauley, and Urriah beats her. She laments there is a secret connected with Tonibel.

CHAPTER III.-In clothes that Urriah has brought Tony finds a baby's picture with a notification of a reward for its return to a Doctor Pendlehaven. She goes to return the picture.

CHAPTER IV.-With the Pendlehavens, a family of wealth, live Mrs. Curtis, a cousin, her son and daughter, Katherine Curtis and Reginald Brown. Katherine is deeply in love with Philip MacCauley.

CHAPTER V.-Tonibel returns the picture to Doctor John, and learns it belongs to his brother, Dr. Paul Pendlehaven. It is a portrait of Doctor Paul's child, who had been stolen in her infancy, and her loss has wrecked Doctor Paul's life. Doctor John goes with Tony to the canal boat and ministers to Mrs. Devon while she is unconscious.

CHAPTER VI. "Tony" Swears an Oath. When Tonibel bent over the bunk, she saw her mother's eyes were open. She smiled sadly down upon her, sat on a stool and took one of the woman's thin hands in hers.

"Where's your daddy?" murmured Mrs. Devon. "He's gone, mummy dear," breathed Tony. "I guess he thought some one was after him. You're feelin' a lot better, huh, honey?"

"Yep, but I'm thirsty, awful thirsty, baby dear." Tonibel gave her a drink, and re-seated herself.

"You're goin' to get well," she ejaculated. "I brought a awful nice doctor here when you were so sick. He's just gone, and he left you them pills and that medicine in the glass."

The woman stared at the speaker as if she hadn't heard rightly. "A doctor?" she whined. "What doctor?"

"Doctor Pendlehaven," replied Tonibel. "He's a real nice man--John Pendlehaven."

Edith struggled up on her elbow. "What'd you bring him here for?" she cried. "I hate the Pendlehavens. Urriah hates 'em--"

"I know that, mummy," Tony cut her off with, "but you was too sick to tell me what to do, and daddy wasn't here, so I just went and got the doctor myself. . . . Here! You mustn't sit up!"

"I will! I will! Now tell me all he said from the beginning to end."

In silence Tonibel helped her mother to a sitting position and wrapped the blankets around her. Then she began to tell her what had happened. The only thing she omitted speaking of was the baby's picture.

"He were the only doctor I knew about," she offered finally, flushing. "and he's the beautifullest man I ever saw. Mebbe he'll come down tomorrow to see you."

Edith dropped back on the bed, shivering in desperation. "Get your clothes off, baby," she whispered. "Crawl in beside me. You're all wet."

"Take your medicine first, then I will," said Tonibel. "Here--" She picked up the glass and then stood staring at the place she'd taken it from. "Why, the doctor must have left this money," she exclaimed, taking up a roll of bills. "Look, Edie, look!"

"Get off your clothes," repeated the woman, impassively. "Come on to bed, and go to sleep."

In another moment the girl had stripped off her wet clothes, had blown out the light and was in bed beside her mother.

When Edith was assured the girl slept, she crawled out of the bed and lighted the lamp. She tried to collect her thoughts, to lay a plan for the future for herself and husband, John Pendlehaven had been there! Pendlehaven, the one man in the world she dreaded the mention of! And Tony had said he would come back tomorrow!

She turned and looked at the sleeping face, half-hidden in the blankets. She had stolen this child from her father, and now she had to escape the consequences of her wicked deed. She had to go away, and that quickly. If she had dared to face her husband's wrath, she would have, then and there, communicated with Paul Pendlehaven.

She reached out and touched Tonibel's face. "Baby, darlin', wake up," she said. "I want to ask you something!" Tony opened her slumber-laden eyes and smiled.

"Don't go to sleep aguin'," exclaimed Mrs. Devon, hoarsely. "Tell me this. Do you honest believe what you said about that thing on the card? About it bein' holy?"

"Yep," asserted Tony, with drooping eyelids. "You don't want to hurt Urriah and me, do you, honey?"

The girl shook her head slowly, and a doubtful shadow settling in her eyes, seemed to make her wider awake.

"I wouldn't hurt you, darlin' she

replied at length, "but sometimes, when daddy's beatin' you, I feel like whackin' the life out of him. Why, today--" Edith stopped her by a tug at her sleeve. "If you swore by that card you brought, I mean if you took an oath, would you keep it?" she asked hoarsely.

"You bet I would," she asked hoarsely. "You bet I would," she asked hoarsely. "You bet I would," she asked hoarsely.

"Didn't you tell me the feller said Jesus was a holy bird?" Tony nodded.

Mrs. Devon gripped her fingers about the girl's arm. "Mebbe he's in the Dirty Mary here, only you can't see him, baby dear?" The woman's voice was slyly toned, but she shivered in superstition.

"He's right here," affirmed the girl, thinking of a boy's earnest upfitted face and vibrant assurances.

"Then say after me what I'm thinkin' of," said Edith. Tony lifted her eyes to her mother's, but drew back when she discovered how terrible she looked, white like a dead person.

"I swear by the livin' Jesus," began Edith, and then she paused. "Say it," she blessed.

"I swear by the livin' Jesus," Tony repeated fearfully. "I swear to my mummy never to say nothin' mean agin' Urriah Devon, my daddy," went on Mrs. Devon. Tony repeated this, too, almost frightened into fits. She had never seen her mother look and act so mysteriously.

"Now say this, keepin' in your mind you'll be blasted to hell if you break your word, I won't never tell that my father beat my poor mummy, or that he's a thief and a liar--" A thick tearless sob burst from the woman's lips and brought an ejaculation from the girl.

"I dunno," she answered, putting Gussie under one arm. "I mightn't be home when you come."

"Can I come tomorrow?" the boy urged. "Yep, you can come," said Tonibel, with filling throat, "but if there's any one around, don't stop."

This was all the warning she dared give him. Then she paused long enough to see him jump into the canoe, and for a few minutes she stood watching the craft as it danced away on the water toward Ithaca. Then she started for the doctor's.

CHAPTER VII. Tony Finds a New Home. Many a person turned in the street and looked at the bareheaded and barefooted girl as she made her way through the city with a little pig snuggled in her arms. Tonibel was hurrying to Pendlehaven place, for she had promised Doctor John she'd come to his office at two o'clock that afternoon, and, if she didn't, he might take it into his head to visit the Dirty Mary.

When John Pendlehaven came in and saw her he noted how pale she was. "Your mother," he began--

"She's gone away visitin'," gasped Tony. "I don't know where she is."

"Didn't you see her this morning? If she was able to get up, then she's better. Isn't she? Is she?" Tonibel bobbed her head.

"I guess so," she mumbled. "When I woke up, she was gone. I guess she went to find--" She hesitated, then ran on, "to see some one we know. So me and Gussie come to tell you she's better."

"Sit down," urged the doctor. "Again the curly head shook negatively. "I got to go," she told him, swallowing hard. "I just got to go."

Then as her homelessness pressed down upon her, she began to tremble, convulsive sobs shaking her from head to foot. The doctor forced her into a chair.

"There," he said sympathetically. "Now tell me what has happened."

"I can't," came in a gasping sigh. "But mummy's gone away, mebbe forever, and I got to find work. And--and I don't know how."

Doctor Pendlehaven looked at her thoughtfully. All through the night the white face had haunted him.

Suddenly Tonibel put her hand to her blouse. "I brought back what's left of the money," she said, holding it out. "Mummy took some. You don't care about that, do you? She needn't it awful, mummy did! But I couldn't keep this because I dickered with you last night about the picture, and you done your share."

"Keep it," exclaimed Doctor John, huskily. "No," said Tonibel. "I couldn't ever sleep a wink if I did. And she thrust the roll of bills into his hand, giving a long sigh as if she were glad to be rid of it."

It might have been this action on her part that brought to quick fruition the resolve that had begun to live the night before when Doctor Pendlehaven had tramped along the boulevard to Ithaca. From what she had told him now, she had been left alone. Then there was no one to ask permission of to help her.

"Where's your father?" he said, abruptly. "I dunno," answered Tonibel, a little sulkily. She didn't intend ever to speak of Urriah to anyone.

"Then you are all alone, now that your mother's gone? Do I understand you haven't any relatives?" "Not anybody," she hesitated, "at least, not now. Not anybody but Gussie-Pie here."

She touched the little animal with exquisite tenderness. Doctor Pendlehaven leaned over and, placing one finger under the girl's chin, raised her face to his. "Come with me," he said softly.

Tonibel followed him through what seemed to her long miles of halls. When he ushered her into a room and closed the door, she stood a moment taking in all its magnificence. The atmosphere was laden with a heavy perfume of flowers, and then she saw something else. A man lay partly propped up in bed, his burning gray eyes staring at her.

"Is this the boat you told me you lived on?" he asked, climbing up beside her and holding the canoe fast by a rope. "Yes, the Dirty Mary," answered Tonibel, with a little catch in her voice. "Now I live on her, I mean to do."

"What do you mean by 'now you live on her'?" he asked. "Isn't this your home? Didn't you tell me that?" The girl's dark head drooped, and the shower of curls almost covered Gussie to her short hind legs. Tears dropped silently.

Philip touched her gently. "Where's your mother?" he questioned. She lifted her head and looked at him through her tears. She wanted to confide in some one--yes, she did want to tell him, but the earth shod taken on the gentle Christ dashed into her mind.

"She ain't home 'jest at present," she replied in a low voice. "Oh, how she wanted to ask him if he knew of any work she could do. As if he had read her thoughts, he asked abruptly, 'Can I do anything for you? I brought you this.'"

She made a slight movement with her hand but accepted the card he extended. "I swear by the livin' Jesus," began Edith, and then she paused. "Say it," she blessed.

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"Is this my brother, Paul Pendlehaven, my child," said Doctor John. "He wants to thank you for bringing back the picture."

"Sit down a while," murmured Doctor Paul. She snatched unceremoniously upon the bed beside the pig. "Our little friend here is in trouble," said Doctor John to the brother, "and wants work. Tell me how after three." Then he went on.

For a long time Doctor Pendlehaven looked at Tony, and Tony looked back at him. Tony was mentally playing him with all her loving heart. He was thinking over the proposition he and his brother had had about this strange little girl who had slipped from a thief's don the picture of his baby.

"How would you like to stay here a while with me?" he asked at length. "I love 'em," cried Tonibel. "I love 'em," cried Tonibel. "I love 'em," cried Tonibel.

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