

THE HERALD

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BUY NOW.

"Who buys your product? No matter if you are a farmer selling crops, a worker in a factory, mine, railroad, store, etc., selling your labor—somebody else must buy what you have to sell OR YOU LOSE.

Who is that buyer but YOURSELF?
Who buys the product?
How can you keep working unless you keep on buying?
Keep on buying what you need now—or the man who would buy the things you depend on for a living cannot buy. Each helps the other.

IS THIS NOT AMERICA'S MOST SERIOUS PROBLEM?

The Survey, a journal printed in New York more especially for social workers, is noted for its radical opinions and its defense of even Bolsheviks in our midst. Certainly nobody of education would think of calling The Survey conservative.

And yet we read in that journal a letter quite evidently written by a workingman—one who thinks even if he does not think very straight according to educated standards, denouncing the radical Survey as an organ of the exploiters of labor. He talks in a half rambling manner of cutting to the ground the thing that he declares is the cause of all our trouble—capital. He would totally change the economic system upon which present civilization rests. Of course, without saying it, he is for the Bolshevik system. The man's name is Butler, so nobody can sweep him aside as "an ignorant foreigner."

But even though he is not a foreigner, and even though he is undoubtedly ignorant or he wouldn't believe as he does, he breathes the sentiment that so many of our working people hold today without being I. W. W.'s or Bolsheviks or Anarchists.

What does it all mean? Does it mean that the civilization which we and our ancestors have slowly, patiently and with so much sweat and blood and agony built up over 2000 years, is to be thrown into the discard? Does it mean that people who are yet children and incompetent to think, except as they think crookedly through such educational hypocrites and liars and enemies as Lenin and Haywood, are to completely overturn the progress of centuries and throw us and our children back into even worse than the middle ages?

It is a vast and serious and even blood-curdling problem, and those who are carrying forward progress by evolution may well become alarmed into definite action. It is not a problem for the rich and the cultured and the super-educated alone. It is much more a problem for the great mass of middle-class people of America who work with their hands or their brains for a living and are glad that they work. In considering that problem, it might not be amiss to quote Lincoln, as follows:

"Labor is prior to, and independent of, capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights, which are worthy of protection as any other rights. Nor is it denied that there is, and probably always will be, a relation between labor and capital producing mutual benefits. The error is in assuming that the whole of the community exists within that relation."

SOB STUFF AND STONE HEARTS.

GO GET 'EM.

Two boys were quarreling in the shadow of the () church last Monday after school and we stopped for a minute to get the language as still talked in Boyville.

"I'll knock your block off if you call me that again," one of them said, nudging up to the other, and doubling his dirty little fist. "No you won't," replied the other, shouldering the first boy toward the gutter, "you ain't man enough." Well, maybe I ain't, sniffed the first belligerent, edging away, "but I'm just tellin' you that I'm dern fool enough to try it if you give me any more o' yer lip."

MOVIE NEWS.

Two ladies attended the picture show the other evening and had a most unpleasant experience. Two men were sitting behind them and chewing tobacco assiduously. They emptied their mouths of the accumulated juice at such regular and frequent intervals that a veritable stream of the filthy spit soon was running beneath the ladies' skirts. In a short time a pool of the nasty stuff had gathered about their feet and soaked their dresses.

We can find no words to express our detestation of such men and are tempted to print their names so that other ladies may give them a wide berth when they see them at the picture show.

NERVE.

We heard of a lady who suffered with carache the other night. She could not sleep and the pain was most annoying.

Along about the wee small hours, when she became convinced that rest was out of the question, she calmly arose and dressed. Then she lit the fire and proceeded to do her week's washing. She found more comfort in working than in tossing in bed, and after breakfast when the pain had ceased, she went to bed with the added satisfaction of having her work done on time.

Few women would have the determination to follow this lady's example. Most of us, male or female, would have tossed and groaned and had the family up filling hot water bottles and waiting on us.

It is a great thing to have nerve and self-possession and determination, and we admire the lady's course beyond expression.

LAST PICTURE OF WILSON AS PRESIDENT



President Wilson, leaning on a heavy rubber-capped cane, walked into the executive offices at the White House for the last meeting of his cabinet when this picture was taken, Feb. 15. The president had gained in weight, but showed plainly the suffering through which he had passed.

STUFF BY GILKY SWIPES

GILKY'S DIARY.

Friday—ma went to a wedding this after p. m. and when she cum home she sed she had all ways herd that marriages witch was on Friday was unlucky. Pa sed he reckon they was, he sed he diddnt see why they shud ought to be any difrent from other marriages. ma sed WHAT. What also sed I, because I diddnt understand what he ment. So while they was decideing it out I tuk the dog & we went up to Jakes house & chased the cat.

Saturday—pa & me went down town to watch & lissen at the pragd & evry 1 witch walked a past pa tuk a look than laffed. Finely pa got sore & sed he wood bust sum body on these noses if they kep on that-away. Finely I looked up above his hed & there was a stne hung up & it sed Unfurnished Room For Rent & thats what was the cause of the laffing.

Sunday—when pa started in to shine his shoes ma sed go out in the shed. when he lit his pipe she sed go out doors. Finely he put on his hat & went out & ma sed Where you going & he answered & replied I am going down to the crick & spit.

Monday—The teacher ast 1 of the girls if she had ever tuk Per-centage & she sed she was exposed to it but never ketchted it. Got a slap for snickering.

Tuesday—ma had Co. this evening witch is a reglar Gosip. Pa sed Less me & you go out in the shed the only nice thing that woman ever says is about her own self.

Wednesday—are skool studies is getting harder evry day. Had to stay in tonite because when the teacher ast me what was a Referendum I sed it was sum thing you shoot off of the 4th of July to sell-abrate I got caught in the rane. also in a lie beings I sed I stayed to help the teacher clean up the skool. Pa new difrent.

Thursday—I gess Jane is peaved with me agen. I think I will let her go forever this time. She sung the Love nest to me & then ast me if I thot she ever cud do anything with her voice & I told her they was a lot of money in being a auctioneer.

Yurs truly,
GILKY SWIPES.



ALGERINES AT LAW.

Civil District Court.
State ex rel, Perseverance Ben. Assn. of Algiers, v. Andrew Thompson et als., mandamus.—W. J. & P. F. Hennessey and W. G. Wedig. Succession of Ernest Lucien; will.—E. C. Brodtmann.

Peter L. Bocage et al., v. Octave Bocage, et al., judgment, signed.
Katie McCauley v. Chas. W. Aikman; default.

Mr. and Mrs. John Schroeder v. N. O. Ry. & L. Co.; motion and order bonds for costs.

Chas. O. Romme, Jr., v. Frank M. Callaghan, motion and order of appeal, returnable to Court of Appeal.
Succession of Mrs. Frank E. Whelan; judgment signed putting in possession.

Court of Appeal.

Mrs. Fannie Fleming, et als., v. Mrs. Josephine Jones, et al., appeal Civil District Court, Division A.—Geo. P. Platt and Robt. E. O'Connor, for defendant and appellant.

Mortgages.

Thos. Charlie to Oliver Dorsey, \$1000, lot, Elmira, Pacific, Socrates and Lamarque.—O'Connor.

Sales and Chattel Mortgages.
Stanley Behrman to Hugh P. Burbank, et als., certain amount of boom drag line dredge, etc., \$1000 cash, \$4500 mortgage.—Starkey.

Menefee Motor Co., Inc., to P. Alain Streck, Ford Sedan, engine 437-

7104, \$336.52 cash, \$673.05 mortgage.—Forcelle, Jr.

Real Estate Transfers.

Mrs. Sebastian M. Hopper to Eloi L. Bordelon, lot, Atlantic, Pacific, Slidell and Homer, \$1800 cash.—McCall.

E. P. Brady to Jules Plaisance, 2 lots, Magellan, Hermosa, Bringier and other property, \$300 cash.

Xeter Realty Ltd., to Tony Salamone, two lots, at Leesburg, fronting on Public Road, \$450 cash.—Mahoney.

Oakdale Co., to Geo. Spiland, 2 lots, Thayer, Socrates, LeBoeuf and Ptolemy, \$250 cash.—Deibel.

Philip Rauschkolb to John Queyrone, portion Belleville, Newton, Diana and Vallette, \$400 terms.—Leverich.

J. Bodenger Realty Co., to R. J. Williams, et als., lot, Verret, Pelican, Alx and Bermuda (ratification)—O'Connor.

Olivier Land & Impt. Co., to Geo. Sadler, 2 lots, Behrman, Slidell, Sumner and Newton, \$5,950 terms.—Hennessey.

Acceptances of Contracts.

Reliance Homestead Association, owner, from Alfred Sheldon, property, Seguin, Bouny, Delaronde and Morgan.—Olivier.

Same owner from same contractor, property, Seguin, Delaronde, Bouny and Morgan.—Olivier.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE SAD BROWNIE.

When the girl and the boy began adventuring along the road they began to get a very fine opinion of themselves—and not only that, they didn't act in the least like a regular boy and girl, but they acted as though—well! You'll hear for yourselves how they acted!

"Ah," said the girl, "this road is very bumpy, but then it is interesting. I am constantly seeing all sorts of quaint little creatures, funny little plants, and, too, it seems to me that the sun shines down more brightly upon this road than upon the Road Commonplace which we took once by mistake."

"I say we have some food," said the boy after a few minutes.

"Yes," said the girl, "for we had quite an exciting time in the woods when we found we almost went the wrong way, and I'm very hungry."

So the boy took his knapsack from his back and they undid the luncheon. It was extremely good. There were delicious sandwiches and some jam and some good, cool brook water which had been put in a crystal bottle.

There was also some candy.

"I hope it isn't magic tandy, which can disappear when it wants to," said the boy.

"What a horrible thought," said the girl. "Why did you have to think up such a terrible thought about the candy? It would have been better if you had thought it about the sandwiches, though for that matter the sandwiches are what I most want at the moment. I'm so extremely hungry."

They sat down and ate their luncheon and peeked into the basket and saw three other packages, one with a card attached which said:

"For supper this evening," and the second package said:

"For breakfast tomorrow morning."

And there was a third package which was marked, "Extra goodies for extra times." This had all been fixed for the adventurers by Mrs. Wood Elf.

"She was nice, was Mrs. Wood Elf," said the girl. "I am going to be very careful to like only nice people and I'm going to make no mistakes, and I'm going to think of serious things and not behave in a foolish way."

"Why, I'm even going to enjoy things when they're hard, for I'll be feeling they are doing me great good."

"Maybe we will find the House of Secrets that way sooner," agreed the boy.

"Well, let's be off," said the girl a little later, as she wiped her mouth with one of Mrs. Wood Elf's leaf napkins. "You are through, aren't you?"

"All through," said the boy.

Just then they heard a sobbing. It sounded very near.

They walked along a little way, looking in the direction from which the sobbing came.

"Oh, it's a poor little creature, a little bit of a brownie, or something of the sort," said the girl. "See, he is hidden behind this stone."

"I'm hidden because you made me so small," said the little brownie. "You aren't behaving like a regular boy or a regular girl at all, and it breaks my heart!"

"What in the world was, or is, the matter with you?"

"Do you always stay behind that stone where we found you and so never get a chance to grow, but make folks wait on you and spoil you like a little gnome we once met?" asked the girl.

"No," said the brownie, "I'm no relation to that gnome at all."

"We're having adventures," said the boy, "and we're going to the House of Secrets. I hope you're feeling better now, little sir. We really must be off if you haven't anything special to ask us. You've dried your tears, I see, so you must feel better."

"Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!" sobbed the brownie again, and burst into fresh tears.

"This is a nuisance," said the boy.

"A perfect bother," said the girl. "I do believe he is just doing that because we said we were going on as he had dried his tears."

"No," said the brownie, "only I've grown small because you've talked as if you didn't want to be joyous. That's one of the most important things in life, and what's more, do things that are hard because you won't let them get the best of you—not because it makes you feel so proud of yourselves! I'll grow big again if you become natural."

Which he did!

He's Hidden.

He was a Plausible Peddler and a Smooth Talker

He sold Mrs. So-and-So a bottle of magic fluid—but there was a sad ending to the story.

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\$1.50	\$1.50

Values up to \$6.00, all in this sale at \$1.50. Articles on sale are discarded patterns, all of standard makes and everything bears the usual stamp of MEYER Quality—from the "Store of Confidence Since 1853."

Meyer's Jewelry Store
1233 Decatur.



PEANUT PIETRO
RAYEM GRIER

I MAKA meestake deesa morning and show up for da work. And da boss he maka meestake and show up, too. He geeva look wot day ees on da calendar and tella me go home.

When nobody else show up for da work I tink mebbe was out late and no gotta amblsh deesa morning. But da boss tella me was no trouble lika dat. He say today was da Labor day and nobody work. He tella me I can go home and hava da vacash.

I dunno somating bouta Labor day. I tink every one was da labor day eef you gotta steady job. I no tink today was moocha deefrence—jusa plain Monday, September six time.

But he say een deesa country one day every year ees beega celebrash and no work. He say da union taka da vacash and maka member pay da fine eef he go to work. And when da union queeta work, da boss say, everybody else no works, too.

Da boss tella me I no losa da wage and can go home and maka da celebrash. Righta queeck I tink da Labor day was greata stuff. So I go home and feegure out smarta idee.

I no tella my boss, but I am gonna finda guy wot maka da calendar. I tell a heem eef he maka tree hundred and sexxaty four Labor day every year and jusa one day for lay off ees greata stuff. We go to work on da lay off day and lay off on all da Labor day. Da boss forgetta deesa morning was da Labor day before he geeva look at da calendar. So weeth jusa leetle change een da print mebbe he forgetta every day. I tink I am pretty smarta guy alla right.

Wot you tink?

If abundant goods are produced the country will prosper and prices will continue their downward course. If production is large the markets will be filled and every dollar will buy more. But few business men can accomplish a great deal if they constantly have a grudge, and few workmen can do good work quickly when they wear a permanent scowl. Work is the one big factor upon which increased production depends. Efficient work on the part of everyone, from manager to office boy, is essential if there is to be enough to eat, enough to wear and enough houses in which to live, says Cleveland Plain Dealer. The prospects are bright if the American people put their shoulder to the wheel. Everyone should find pleasure in filling his job. There is reason to work with a smile.



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American Laundry, Jalls and Maguire

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