



Mrs. George E. Walters, of 1426 Teche street, returned home Tuesday night from a brief visit to the home of her sister, Mrs. Galas, of El Paso, Texas.

A motion picture and vaudeville show will be given at the H. N. G. C. Theatre on May 26th for the benefit of church repair funds. It will be given by the Daughters of Isabella. Admission, 10-20 cents. Pay at the door.

On May 24th the Merry Maids will give a dance at the Avenue Academy. A good time will be in store for all who attend.

Mrs. Guidroy left Tuesday for Raceland to spend a while with her parents.

Mrs. Paul Borne has returned after a week's stay with her sister, Mrs. J. B. Williams, of Etate street.

Mrs. McK. Vezien and little daughter, Clarisse, are home from Alexandria, La., where they spent two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Morvan and Mr. and Mrs. J. Beday spent Sunday as the guest of Mrs. O. J. Malbrough.

Mrs. O. J. Malbrough entertained Mrs. James Albert and family at tea Monday evening.

Mrs. Edward Nussally has recovered from a serious illness.

Mrs. W. Nason was a week-end visitor to her sister of Algiers.

Mrs. Ed. Nussally and daughter, Edwina, spent Sunday in Algiers.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Boudreaux have returned home after a week's stay in the country.

Mrs. H. Robeau and daughter, Elvira, spent Sunday in Algiers.

Mrs. P. A. McCloskey entertained Mrs. P. Hentz of Nashville, Tenn., at dinner Thursday.

Mrs. H. Webster spent Thursday in Algiers the guest of her mother.

Mrs. C. V. Kraft entertained the Thursday Afternoon Euchre Club. The successful players were Mrs. L. F. Gisch, Mrs. P. O. Caffero, and Mrs. C. V. Kraft. Mrs. U. J. Lewis received the consolation. The next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Lewis.

The many friends of Mrs. John O'Brien will be pleased to learn that she has been brought home from St. Rita's Hospital.

Miss Alice Judlin will be one of the soloists at the concert, to be given by Prof. Henry Wehrman at the Elk's Home on May 23rd.

Miss Christine Raushkohl is spending a few weeks in Franklin, La.

Little Mary Gertrude Escouse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Escouse, has recovered from an operation for the removal of tonsils and adenoids.

The annual Sunday school picnics of Mt. Olivet Episcopal Church and of Trinity Lutheran Church will take place Saturday at City Park.

The many friends of Mrs. Robichaux of Evelina and LeBoeuf streets will be pleased to see her out again.

Mrs. Clabare Juno entertained Mr. and Mrs. Trosclair (formerly Miss Eugenia Albert) at tea Thursday evening.

Mr. Charles Bergeron, of Thibodaux, is visiting relatives in Algiers. Mr. and Mrs. Champion will leave shortly for Thibodaux to be gone some time.

Mr. George Picon was a visitor to Thibodaux last week.

The band of the Santa Maria Council, K. of C., accompanied the New Orleans party of knights to Biloxi Sunday. A large delegation represented the Algiers knights.

The marriage of Miss Frederica B. Stansbury to Mr. Hugh E. Humphrey will take place Wednesday, June 1st, at the Church of the Holy Name of Mary at 5:30 o'clock.

The kindergarten will hold a penny party this afternoon from 3 to 6 p. m.

Somebody is forever doing something for the farmer, but nobody seems to love the city flat dweller, upon whom the prosperity of the farmer largely depends.

Our conception of a man who stands at the top of his profession, remarks American Legion Weekly, is the highwayman who held up a theater ticket scalper in Chicago.

Baby-Carriages for Fishers. There is a man in Redondo, Cal., who wheels a perambulator to the dock every time he goes fishing. Minding the baby while he waits for a bite? No; his perambulator contains fishing tackle and assorted bait, arranged neatly in drawers and on shelves. There is no child present.

At the front of the perambulator there is a seat on which the fisherman sits while he angles for small fish. At the back of the perambulator there is a bracket that holds a large fishing-pole set for large fish. A small cement garage houses the perambulator when it is not being used. There is a drop-door to the garage, which when let down serves as a runway.—Popular Science Monthly.

WEDDINGS ANNOUNCEMENTS CALLING CARDS INVITATIONS STATIONERY RECEPTION CARDS AT HOME CARDS WRITE FOR SAMPLES

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at the school. The proceeds will go towards the treasury of the Kindergarten Mothers' Club. There will be no admission fee and a good time is promised to all who attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Labau were weekend guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Giblin.

Mrs. William Ford and baby are spending a few days at Covington, La.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Stenger and Miss Mamie Stenger spent Sunday at Biloxi, Miss.

Mr. Edwin Wolf, of Jefferson College spent Sunday in Algiers, the guest of Mrs. O. J. Malbrough.

Mrs. C. Corbett entertained the Matrons Club on Tuesday. The successful players were Mrs. L. Brookes, Mrs. C. Corbett and Mrs. L. F. Gisch. Mrs. P. O. Caffo received the consolation. The next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Gisch.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Engler left last week for Hot Springs, Ark. and Washington, D. C.

The Friday Night Euchre Club met at the home of Miss M. Neff. The successful players were Mrs. H. Acker, Mrs. Fallon and Miss Stella Abribat. Mrs. F. Goebel received the consolation. The next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. J. Owens.

A Mother's Club, in connection with the local Child's Welfare Association, will be formed tonight at the local courthouse. All those who are interested in this club are asked to be present.

Mr. J. C. De Armas, Sr. has returned after spending a few days on the Lower Coast.

The many friends of Miss Clemence Spierier will be glad to hear she is convalescent at her home in Pacific Avenue.

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SETTING PACE FOR MIGHTY RUTH



"Bingo" George Kelly, first baseman of the New York Giants, and nephew of the former big leaguer, Bill Lange, has startled baseball fans by jumping out in front of the mighty Babe Ruth in knocking home runs. Ruth, after breaking all records with 54 home runs last year, got away to a flying start this year with six circuit smashes in the first three weeks of play—but Kelly went him one better—with seven. It is a great race. Pictures show how Kelly holds the bat for a sharp, well-timed swinging blow which meets the ball squarely.



BASEBALL

The Olympians, a 59-inch team from Algiers, won their eighth consecutive game Saturday when they defeated a select team measuring about 66 inches picked to beat them, in an 11-inning game. This team is undefeated and will play any 59 or 60-inch team in the city. For games write to Harry Israel, 235 Belleville street, or telephone to him at Main 3688.

C. MORRIS HURLS NO HIT GAME AGAINST CITY BOYS.

Charles Morris, youthful southpaw hurling for the Algiers Tigers, helped the team to win their thirteenth victory of the season by pitching a no-hit game against the Red Dots of



New Orleans. Not only did he pitch a no-hit game, but he also fanned fifteen of the twenty-three men that faced him. Morris also got a home



run, three bagger, two bagger and a single at five times to the bat. Now to talk of the home run Talbot made, it was his first of the season, but maybe it wasn't a wallop. Talbot also slammed out a two sack-

A. Peterson and H. Schroeder walloped out two long three-base hits in the first inning. The following is a summary of the game:

Two-base hits, Talbot, Morris and Schroeder; three-base hits, Schroeder, Peterson, Morris; home runs, Morris and Talbot; stolen bases, Legendre, Schroeder, Peterson, 2, Talbot, Gilder, Morris, 2, H. Adams, 2, Hoffman, Manginie, 2; double plays, Bread to Mahe, to Manginie. Struck out by Morris 15, by Ernst 3; bases on balls of Morris 2, off Ernst 4. Time of game, 2 hours. Umpire, John Curry.

Her Description.

A bright ten-year-old girl, whose father was addicted to amateur photography, attended a trial at court the other day for the first time. This was her account of the judge's charge: "The judge made a long speech to the jury of 12 men, and then sent them off into a little dark room to develop."

Intricacies of a Watch.

It might be interesting to the average person who carries a watch as a matter of course, to know that it comprises 175 different pieces, the manufacture of which embraces some 2,400 different operations.

Do You Know Kapor?

The Borneo camphorwood or kapor has a pronounced camphor odor when fresh, says the American Forestry Magazine. It belongs to the dipterocarp family, nearly all of the trees of which are resinous.

When Milk is About to "Turn."

If you think milk is nearing the "turn" a pinch of baking soda often overcomes the difficulty and saves the milk as well as the "day," in the season of many and unexpected guests.

Trout a Cannibal.

The trout is cannibalistic, feeding upon its own kind when necessity compels, says the American Forestry Magazine, and in numerous instances when necessity does not compel.

No Shortage.

"I rented a house in the Street of Dreams," sings a poet. Well, even a poet can pay the rent of that kind of a house.—Boston Transcript.

Concerning Ideas.

An idea, like a ghost (according to the common notions of ghosts), must be spoken to a little before it will explain itself.—Dickens.

Besides, Few Believe.

Jud Tunkins says a man who brags about leaving office poorer than when he entered it merely irritates the bill collectors.

Speed of Gulf Stream.

It is estimated that two years are required for the Gulf stream water to travel from Florida to the coast of Norway.

The Volunteer Nurse

By KATE EDMONDS

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There was great excitement in the social circles of Mayville when the successor to the practice of old Dr. Cyrus Dall arrived. For forty years the latter had been the chosen physician of the town. When he had sold his practice to Dr. Brian Eversley, a young, handsome and wealthy member of the profession, all Mayville was agog, and speculation and gossip held the various social coteries in a kind of pleasant thrall.

The young doctor had purchased The Oaks, a beautiful estate near the edge of the village. A maiden sister was to be his housekeeper. When a new automobile and some wonderful house furnishings arrived, Miss Cyrille Rushton, aged thirty, but passing for twenty-two, as the real leader of the real social set of Mayville, was said to brighten up at a chance to once more angle for a husband.

The young doctor arrived, and he was not a disappointment. He was something more than handsome—earnest, affable and intellectual. He was pleased at the gracious attentions of Miss Rushton, and it seemed to interest him to listen to the ceaseless chatter of Miss Dorman.

The Ladies Aid society held weekly meetings in an old store, which had been neatly fitted up for them. The society clothed the ragged, fed the poor and had done some very fine nursing—Miss Dorman very little, however. She acted as the ornament of the group. As to the haughty Miss Rushton, all she pretended to do was to donate the raw material for the really industrious ones of the club to sew into garments.

One of these latter was Nettie Lane, who sat in a corner of the room now, engrossed in the task of making four tiny night robes. The rest of the group were chattering and gossiping. Whenever Doctor Eversley's name was mentioned, Nettie's eyes brightened with interest. It was mentioned very frequently.

"The way Cyrille Rushton has set her cap for the doctor is simply brazen," observed Sarah Bates, who had graduated into old maidenhood several years ago.

"Not half as bold as Breda's sly puss way," broke in cynical, wasp-tongued Selma Marton. "She pretended to have neuralgia, just to get the doctor's attention."

Plain, quiet Nettie smiled to herself. She was happy in knowing that the doctor had made quite a friend and confidant of her. Miss Eversley had taken a decided fancy to her. Nettie was, in fact, very close to the doctor; something in their natures harmonized.

If anybody had told Nettie that these ripening friendships indicated a chance to capture the handsome young physician, she would have been overwhelmed with confusion. Such an idea had never entered her sensible little head.

Nettie finished her work somewhat late and went home. Miss Rushton came in, then the lady president, and then a messenger arrived. He brought a note from Doctor Eversley. It was addressed to the society. A contagious sickness had broken out in a poor family without means or friends. Could the society appoint some one to give half a day for a week to day nursing for two little children in the family?

The group gradually broke up and the doctor's note received no reply.

That afternoon Doctor Eversley's automobile stopped in front of the poor home where his services were so sorely needed. He was a trifle disappointed at receiving no recognition of his message, and had decided to enlist the sympathies of his sister. His knock brought a neat figure wearing nurse cap and apron to the door.

"Miss Lane!" he exclaimed in wonderment.

"Yes, it is I," Nettie smiled back. "A neighbor told me of this case."

"You are an angel," said Doctor Eversley with heightened color as he entered the sick room.

Never had a poor family such royal donations as those received by the one now under the care of Doctor Eversley as physician and Nettie Lane as nurse.

That dread word "contagious" made greetings on the street quite few and far between for the doctor.

When the truth got out that the contagious feature of the case did not extend beyond light measles, Miss Rushton bit her lip and Miss Dorman denounced Nettie as a schemer.

"This is one of the great pleasures of a physician's life" said Doctor Eversley, as he and Nettie walked away from the home where they had taken the part of true ministering angels.

There came a day when Miss Rushton took a sudden journey to relatives, and Miss Dorman resigned from the Ladies' Aid society. Two lines in the weekly announced an important engagement.

"You see, my brother is a very practical young man," was the way Miss Eversley explained the situation. "He thinks, as I do, that a good nurse makes a good doctor's wife."

Australia's Floral Emblem.

The blossom of the wattle, a tree of the gum family, has assumed a distinct national significance and has been recognized as Australia's floral emblem.

The Convict's Wife

By WILLIAM FALL

(©, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

The Little Gray Lady had left our boarding house!

It was all the more astonishing because she had lived there, so Mrs. Potter said, for fourteen years. She had occupied that little half bare room of hers on the top story nearly all of that time. When she had come, most of us young fellows had been children playing Indians and making mud puddings. Nobody had thought that she would ever leave. She went out every morning at 8:30 to her work—she was cashier in some office downtown—and came back promptly at six; she had no friends; she never went out in the evening.

We looked at each other in astonishment that evening at the dinner table when Mrs. Potter told us. No, the Little Gray Lady had given no explanation. She had merely said, very sweetly, that she was going away, had packed her trunk and gone, giving some address in a modest uptown street.

"Perhaps she's gone to get married," suggested Parsons, a shock-haired youth who sat at Mrs. Potter's right.

"Mr. Parsons, there isn't any man worthy of her," said Mrs. Potter severely, and to that he heartily agreed.

I remember that night vividly, for we were all engrossed by the news that Governor Cowper had pardoned Melchior Jetley, the murderer. Jetley had served seventeen years for the murder of Sam Briggs. Jetley had recently married a very charming woman, the daughter of a fashionable clergyman of our town. Their short married life was singularly happy. They had been married about eighteen months when Jetley was called West on business. Somebody—some busy-body—sent him a telegram which brought him back in a hurry. He went home; Mrs. Jetley was not there. The scared maid told him she had gone to Kling's restaurant, frequented by a rather flashy "sporty" set. Jetley went there in a hansom, entered, saw his wife seated at a table with Sam Briggs, drinking a cocktail. Jetley pulled out a revolver and shot Briggs dead.

He was tried, sentenced to death, and had his punishment commuted to imprisonment for life. After seventeen years Governor Cowper pardoned him. And the imprisonment, and the pardon, too, divided society into two hotly antagonistic camps.

"Look at it this way," said Parsons. "The man shot a fellow man in cold blood. The law prescribes a penalty for murder. It should have been exacted."

I maintained that it was every man's duty to defend his home. We were divided half and half.

"I don't believe the taking of life is ever justified," put in Cranborne, our Socialist boarder. "Jetley was the victim of his environment. How many of us would not have done the same? Besides, did you fellows ever stop to think that he may have had loved ones who would suffer more than he by his death?"

"You're a sentimentalist," sneered Parsons. "I'd like to have a look at Jetley when he arrives at the station tomorrow. The papers say he'll come down on the 2:45. I guess there'll be a mob of sightseers."

"Yes, ready to mob him," said Cranborne.

"Well," I interposed, "let's go and see."

The train came in half an hour late. We were jammed into the heart of a huge throng that blocked the entire station.

Suddenly a shout went up. "That's him!" they yelled, "that's him!" And they surged forward and about him.

Then through the crowd a little woman pushed her way, forcing aside the strongest men by some super-humanly endowed strength. She went up to the tired man and put her arms round his neck and kissed him, and the tired man dropped his bag and stared at her and said something softly and then covered his face with his hands; and I was near enough to see the tears trickling between his fingers. And the woman was the Little Gray Lady!

That's all I know. That's all I can tell, and I don't know her name, which wasn't that of his wife, but may have been assumed. I'm only recording what I saw before the police pushed us away, and the tired man and the Little Gray Lady disappeared from our sight for ever.

Tuesday's Children.

People born on Tuesday (Mars' day) have a loving though quarrelsome disposition; short lived, and skilful artificers. They will have a desire to gain a fortune in an easy and sometimes fraudulent way. They will be in danger of wounds on the head and hurts from steel instruments. They would make good generals or military engineers, and would be much thought of by men of the highest rank for their bravery. They would excel as surgeons, bakers and cooks. They need not fear sudden death. They will only marry once, and will not have many children.

A Small Part.

"I thought you said you had a part in the new play."
"I have."
"That's funny! I didn't see you at all."
"Well, you must have winked during the performance."

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