



CLOTHES

By HAZEL R. LANGDALE

Henry let the magazine he had been reading slip to the floor as he reached for his tobacco to fill his pipe. Then he glanced at the clock and put his pouch back in his pocket, unopened. Stretching his arms above his head, he yawned.

"Gosh, Jenny, guess I'll turn in. I've had sort of a hard day at the shop, and it's later than I thought. You mind?" His wife, over her basket of mending, shook an indifferent head. "Night, Henry. Don't forget to wind the clock and set the alarm. I'll finish here and then read a spell to rest me."

Silence settled on the Crampton household—a silence that lasted long after Jenny had placed a skillful patch on a worn tablecloth, had darned several pairs of Henry's socks, and had read her spell in Henry's discarded magazine.

For as she picked up the book where it lay open on the floor beside her husband's chair, a glaring title caught her eye: "Have you kept your husband's love?" Powerfully as a spoken accusation, it riveted and challenged her attention, and she read the indictment which followed with a breathless fascination. Then, when she had finished the article she laid it down with a deeply indrawn sigh.

Why, that writer had drawn Henry and her! For wasn't Henry getting unromantically on in years, and wasn't she middle-aged and run-down-at-heel and unattractive? And hadn't Henry long ago gotten over showing any of those intimate little signs of affection which women prize? The occasional tender word—the kiss at the door before going away in the morning—the comradely pat on the shoulder now and again?

And there was a warning tacked on at the end of the article. "Be careful," it read, "that your husband, in a sort of second youth, doesn't look for his happiness elsewhere. If he shows signs of sprucing up himself, unmindful of your appearance, beware!"

Absent-mindedly she followed in Henry's footsteps, making sure that doors were locked and bolted. Then she climbed the stair and crept into bed, only to lie there for many wakeful, planning hours.

The next day she experienced a sharp and sudden pang when Henry left the house without even saying good-by.

Late that afternoon, bundle-laden, weary, yet with exhilarated, Jenny returned from the city. Her feet dragged a bit, but in her eyes was the light of—was it battle or merely feminine anticipation? Shut in her bedroom, she unwrapped her purchases and spread them upon the bed. Then she did various things to her hair, dabbed a bit of powder on her nose, put a polish on finger nails that had been recently manicured, and, finally, she arrayed herself from head to foot in attire that was brand new, rather expensive, and extremely up-to-date.

As she waited for her husband on the little porch the minutes passed slowly. One suburban car after another stopped at the corner and disgorged its passengers. Still no Henry.

Arrived an in-between rush-hour car, which let out only two women and a man in gray. Jenny bit her lip nervously. This was even later than usual. Why—why—that man in gray was stopping at the gate. He had swung it open—was coming up the path! Why, it was—Henry!

Yes, it was Henry in a new gray suit, new hat, new shoes. And even a new lift to his walk, a new set to his shoulders. Jaunty, almost. Yet his expression was that of a man who has been caught red-handed in crime. It set badly with his air of rejuvenation.

Suddenly that expression changed. Amazement, bewilderment, incredulity chased one another across his countenance. Jenny felt impelled to explanation. Then she would demand the same from him.

"I read an article," she said, just a bit defiantly, "about keeping your looks to prolong your husband's love. But you, oh, Henry, what made you?"

Henry drew her gently into the hall within, his arm exerting a tender pressure. "Why, Jenny dear," he said, "I read that same article, and decided that 'what's sauce for the goose,' you know, 'is sauce for the gander!'"

"Henry!" Jenny's voice fairly sang the word. "Wasn't it odd that we both—"

"It sure was," interrupted her husband, hastily. "It sure was."

But considering that Henry had taken pains to drop his magazine open at that particular spot, perhaps it wasn't so very odd, after all!

NIAGARA FALLS.

John Thomas, a small lad of Bedford, Ind., en route to join the father at Rochester, N. Y., had been told they would see Niagara falls before reaching Rochester. They were met at the Indianapolis station by friends with whom they were to spend the day. As they drove around the monument, the youngster, his face aglow with enthusiasm, said: "Oh, mother, is that Niagara falls?"

FOOTPRINTS.

"Women are taking a wonderful leadership in affairs of state." "They are," replied Senator Sorghum. "Fame has recognized feminine genius. I shouldn't be surprised if in a little while all the footprints in the sands of time were left by high-heeled shoes."

Many Minor Planets.

There continues the discovery of asteroids or minor planets, especially with the aid afforded by celestial photography. Among a vast multitude of stars, crowding a photographic plate one, perhaps, will be seen to have drawn a short thin line on the plate during its hours of continuous exposure. The astronomer knows at once that it is either an asteroid or a comet. Subsequent observations soon decide the point. Only the more interesting ones are afterward observed with attention, but once discovered they cannot be ignored, and the rapid growth of the flock becomes an embarrassment. Eros, which at times approaches the earth nearer than any other regular members of the solar system, except the moon, and asteroid No. 585, which at aphelion is more distant than Jupiter, as far as their orbits are concerned, remain the most interesting members of the entire group and are kept under constant observation whenever circumstances permit.—New York Herald.

Sun Still a Mystery.

The sun is a hotter place than the old orthodox hereafter. Its temperature is about 6,000 degrees centigrade. In breadth Old Sol is 865,000 miles across. Compared with him, our earth is like a kernel of popcorn in the center of a dinner plate. But although Old Sol regulates our life, growth and health from a distance of 92,590,000 miles, to be exact, science as yet knows little about him, observes Capner's Weekly. People realize in their subconscious minds that the sun is closely related to the mystery of life, which is one reason they are forever talking about the weather that is regulated by the sun as completely as a furnace regulates the temperature of a house in winter. But the big day star is almost as much of a mystery to us as he was to the ancients.

Anti-Fat Campaign in 1863.

The fattest man of all history is a title that has rested undisputed on Daniel Lambert, who died in his fortieth year at Stamford, Eng., in 1809. Mr. Lambert is said to have weighed 739 pounds, almost 200 pounds more than his closest competitor, Mr. Bright, who lived in Essex in the previous century. Bright, however, was scarcely a slyph, for his waist-coat is reputed to have enclosed seven persons of ordinary size, with room to spare. One of the first recorded anti-fat campaigns was that inaugurated by William Banting, who published a pamphlet on the subject in 1863. He urged as a cure greater moderation in the eating of sugar and starch, and gained so much fame that today "banting" is common vernacular for undertaking a restrictive diet.

He Would Like to Know.

An official of the village improvement society in New Jersey tells of a note received from a Japanese of an inquiring turn of mind. The subject of the inquiry is one that is familiar to most parts of the world, but no doubt the community of which it was made felt flattered by this evidence of its popularity. The note read: "The honorable society are asked in what way do they rid themselves of him the much troublesome mosquito? How do they approach him in his house among the reeds and marshes, so as to remove him effectually from the dangers that he does to people of good minds whose skins he must puncture? All this I would like so much to know."

Ancient Yucatan Relics.

At Chichen-Itza, in Yucatan, where there is a sacred sinking well, all sorts of beautiful sacrifices have been found embedded in the mud. Jade necklaces, gold plates and small jars heavily studded with jade, sometimes containing human hearts, have been found in this well, says the Detroit News. The Maya Indians made these sacrifices when they wanted rain or a blessing for their crops. Beautiful gold knives that were undoubtedly used to carve up the victims of sacrifice, usually young women, have also been found. The Maya Indians of northern Yucatan probably use the same language as the builders of the ruins among which they live, says Prof. A. M. Tozzer, of Harvard university.

Strange Birds in Belgian Congo.

Strange birds make their habitat in the Belgian Congo, in the dense forest and high grass region of Central Africa. The hornbill, for instance makes a curious nest. The female lays her eggs in a hollow tree. The hole is filled up with mud, leaving an aperture, too small to allow the female to get out, but through which the male supplies food while the eggs are hatching. Weaver birds weave their nests out of strips of grass or leaves, and, although the entrance to the nest is from below, it is so constructed that the eggs never roll out. A variety of birds called grass warblers sew their nests of grass between leaves or weeds in the same manner.

Qualities Statesmen Require.

The statesman of today requires as comprehensive a vision and as profound a wisdom as those of former times, with intenser labor, and a far wider range of knowledge; but he requires other gifts once scarcely needed; for he has not only to decide what ought to be done, and the wisest way to do it, but he has to do it or as much of it as he can, in the face of obstacles which would have baffled Mazarin, and before which Chatham and Walpole might well have stood aghast. To be useful and great he must carry the nation along with him, and be the embodiment of its sincerest and maturest wisdom.—David Gregg.

What He Meant.

She—The idea of your telling Angel that her face was like a poem. He—I meant like one of Browning's poems—there are some hard lines in it.

Also Has Power.

Son—Father, what's the difference between majority and minority? Father—Well, a majority rules, my boy, but a minority tells it how to do it.



BAD ENOUGH TO BE NAMED

A diner at a restaurant called for his bill. "Let me see," said the waiter. "What have you had, sir?" "Three fish—" commenced the diner. "Three, sir?" questioned the waiter. "I only brought you two, I think." "No," replied the customer with a sad smile. "You brought me two mackerel and one smelt."—Tit-Bits.

Feared the Worst.

Camera Man—The director tells me we're going to film the landing of the pilgrim fathers. What do you suppose he'll give you? Curly the Cowboy (gloomily)—I dunno. But, judging from the fool parts I've had to play lately, I wouldn't be none surprised if I'd have to be the gangplank.—Film Fun.



Her mouth was not so very large. Yet in a confidential minute, she told the dentist that she had Three well-developed achers in it.

Mary.

Mary had a little beau. He took her every place. The reason he did this, you ask? Because he loved her sea.

Personal Bias.

"Is gambling wrong?" "Most certainly! And yet," continued Senator Sorghum, "I can't help having a warm corner in my affections for the boys who bet that I would be re-elected."

Modified Brutality.

"He's a brute! When she married him he promised to do everything in his power to make her happy and now he spends all his time at the club." "Well, if he's really a brute that ought to help some."

For Strategic Reasons.

Mrs. Kawler—Do you ever permit your husband to have his own way? Mrs. Stuart—Oh, yes, occasionally. He is sure to make a fool of himself and that makes him easier to manage next time.

The Wrong Pup.

"I asked the pretty girl to tell me what kind of a pup it was she was leading." "Well?" "She gave a brief classification of gay genus and species, instead."

Free, but Expensive.

The Chairman of the Committee—We'd like to book you for a talk in our lecture course this season. The Eminent Orator—Very well, I'll give you my address on Free Speech for \$300, not a cent less.

His Way.

"No matter how you feel," said the jolly person, "you should always try to seem cheerful." "I do," replied the morose one. "I always laugh when I go to a comic opera."—Wayside Tales.



Mrs. Bug—How often must I tell you to eat your soup out of the side of a spoon?

Parting.

They met on the bridge at midnight. "They'll never meet again. For one was a cow—eastbound. The other a west-bound train."

Her New Hat.

Till—That new bonnet of Margaret's is very fetching. Phil—Yes, I understand when friend husband saw it he fetched a lot of language.

Security.

"Did you lend that forgetful friend of ours the book he asked for?" "Yes, but I took care to borrow his umbrella the same day."

Man's Salvation.

"Now they are advocating a fixed pay for married women." "That will interest husbands who hand over their entire salaries."

Apprehensive.

"This is a fashionable grillroom." "Yes, Tessie, all the other ladies are smoking." "So I see. Do you think they will put us out for not smoking?"

Had to Be Sharp.

"But why did the speaker make such pointed remarks?" "He had to get his meaning through their leads, I suppose."

(Continued from Page 1.) Mr. and Mrs. Louis W. Peterson and daughter Evelyn left last week for Alexandria, Va., to attend the provincial and supreme assemblies of the Fourth Degree, Knights of Columbus. They will also attend the convention at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Walter Nason left last week for Galveston, Tex., after spending awhile in Algiers with relatives.

Mr. A. J. Amuedo left Saturday on the S. S. Liberty Bell for Naples, and Genoa, Italy.

H. J. Rabeau and Clarence McCloskey motored to Plaquemine last week.

Miss Katie Mahoney has returned from Bay St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Duval of McDonoghville, left for Los Angeles, San Francisco and Yosemite Valley.

Miss Helen Baker of Boyce and Miss Rosa Lee Harper of Alexandria, are spending awhile in McDonoghville as guests of Mrs. Tobe McCabe.

Messrs. Kennery Miller, John Ruiz, Hillary Schroeder and Karl Saleeby left last Wednesday night for an army training camp in Alabama.

Miss Arma Gayral of Gibson, La., is visiting in New Orleans and in Algiers the guests of friends.

Miss Florence Whittenburg, returned Friday from a ten-day stay at Bay St. Louis. She left Monday with her mother and other relatives for a few weeks visit to the lake.

Miss Bessie Pyle has been spending the past week at Milneburg, the guest of Mrs. Jas. Murtagh and family.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Lecourt are located in their new home in Prytania street.

Mr. W. P. Salathe Sr., Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Salathe and children motored to Bay St. Louis, Monday, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Worrell entertained in honor of Miss Geraldine Sullivan of Memphis, Tenn.

Mr. Marion Ryan is home after spending a few days in Biloxi, Miss.

Mrs. A. J. Ruhlman and daughter Dorothy, of San Francisco, are guests of her sister, Mrs. F. C. Hymel.

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POLITE INDEED

A wealthy man had engaged a new coachman who was advised to be very polite if he wished to keep his place.

Accordingly, when the master visited the stable this dialogue ensued: Master—Well, John, how are the horses? Coachman—They are quite well, sir, thank you; and how are you?—Scotsman.

Not Registering Well.

"I thought those photographers were complimentary when they sent around to get motion pictures of me," said Senator Sorghum.

"Have you changed your mind?" "Yes. When I saw myself on the screen I became convinced they had played a trick on me to spoil my popularity."

Mild Humor.

"How is the repartee at your boarding house?" "Rather poor."

"Yes." "Since our star boarder left most of the snappy replies have fallen to an elderly spinster who has been teaching the young idea to shoot for the last thirty years."

Reason for Faith.

Mrs. Maggs—I believe in profiteers." Mrs. Naggs—Oh, no Susan, you don't really.

"Oh, yes, I do! Last night Charlie wouldn't write me out a check for a new hat, so I laid my head on his shoulder and wept until the poor man sat down and wrote that check. Oh, I do believe in profit-tears!"

Knew That Before.

"Don't you know that the population of London is more dense than that of New York?" remarked the Englishman.

"Of course I do," replied the American. "I have often tried to make a Londoner see the point of a New York joke."



"What an unusually large mouth he has." "Yes, it reaches from ear to ear, and his ears appear to have been set back, in order to make room for it!"

Under Conversational Cover.

Old Satan favors discontent. Our lofty favors to talk; He often starts an argument And works while others talk.

Bilae for the Motorist.

"In heaven the streets will be paved with gold." "I don't care anything about the paving material," replied Mr. Chugklas. "If only they won't consider it necessary to put up a lot of 'One-way' signs."

Deep Stuff.

Offended Lady—That shopkeeper insulted me. He said he kept everything in his shop I could think of.

Policeman—Well, where is the insult, ma'am? Offended Lady—When I looked in his shop it was empty.

Good Taste.

"Any person of luxurious tastes would rather any day see a game of baseball in preference to one of football."

"Why of luxurious tastes?" "Isn't a diamond more of a luxury than a gridiron?"

Right Church but Wrong Paw. Movie Director (to applicant for position)—Can you swim, my dear? Beauty—Certainly! not! I'm applying for a position as a bathing beauty, not a fish.—Cartoons Magazine.

Would Split the Expense.

"Do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"I don't know, sir, but I can certainly save you 50 per cent of her present cost to you."

The Remedy.

Jack Brokeley—I told your father I loved you more than any girl I ever met.

She—And what did papa say? Jack—He advised me to try and meet some more girls.

Watchful Waiting.

Little Pat was invited to a party. His host saw he was not paying attention to his plate and asked the reason why.

"Oh," said little Pat, "I am waiting for the mustard to cool."

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