

PARISH NEWS.

Pointe-a-la-Hache.

Miss Rose Rebeaud returned home Sunday, after spending several weeks with friends in New Orleans.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Favret spent several days in New Orleans the first of the week.

Mr. Clarence Favret left last Sunday for New Orleans to enter Holy Cross College.

Dr. Wm. H. Pipes was a visitor here Thursday.

Mrs. Harry Lester, of New Orleans, is spending several days here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Favret were visitors here Thursday.

Mr. Clarence Henritzy was a visitor to this town Thursday.

Mrs. Mary F. Savage, teacher of the Oysterville school, arrived in Pointe a la Hache Thursday and will stay over for the teacher's meeting on Friday.

Miss Agatha Lee was in Pointe a la Hache Tuesday soliciting funds for the benefit of the Presbyterian Hospital of New Orleans.

To Develop More Louisiana Land.

Having nearly completed the reclamation work in the rear of the town of Dalcour, the Fidelity Land Company has made arrangements for the installation of an up-to-date modern pumping plant with a 35-horse-power internal combustion engine. The contract has just been awarded to the A. M. Lockett Company and the plant will be put in operation at an early date.

The Land Company, which has been operating on the Lower Coast for some years, has already developed a large tract and has established a small colony at Dalcour, where several hundred building lots have been sold to prospective home builders. Completing the major portion of the improvements in the townsite proper, the Land Company of which Ernest J. Coulon is president, devoted its attention to the reclamation of a large tract directly in the rear of Dalcour.

They propose planting the trees for market purposes, though the tract will be divided into small groves in about five years and sold to the farmers who decide to locate in one of the best and most profitable small fruit growing sections in the United States. The groves in the immediate vicinity of the Dalcour tract are in first-class condition and are bearing the very finest quality of fruit, more especially the delicious Louisiana sweets, which are growing more and more in demand each season.

The Fidelity Land Company will also undertake the reclamation of another part of its vast acreage on the Lower Coast just as soon as the improvements above referred to has been completed. This will probably be during the early part of the coming season, when the Dalcour orange groves have been set out.

There is not the least doubt as to the great wealth that lies in the Lower Coast soil, which is particularly adaptable for orange growing purposes. Several groves are in cultivation in the immediate Dalcour section, one of them being owned by Mr. Heyl, another by Mrs. H. G. Hester, one by B. P. Weston, A. M. Miller and still another by D. D. Daunov, general store keeper at Dalcour. The success they are meeting with will no doubt encourage many others to engage in the development of the orange industry, which, it has been declared by experts, can be made the most profitable crop in the whole State of Louisiana.

Louisiana Publicity Commission Bulletin No. 3.

Wanted—Pure-bred hogs; also Hereford and other beef breeds of cattle. This should be the first step in solving the market problem, so far as corn is concerned.

A few gilts obtained now and bred for spring farrowing will produce for you a profitable market for the additional acreage of corn you intend to put out next spring. If you really want them write this office.

Throughout the state the problem of profitably marketing our corn crop, that crop which has already attracted the attention of other states to Louisiana, is engaging the attention of our farmers.

Some large buyers of pure-bred seed and stock have already applied for a list of these producers, and we want the name and address of every farmer who is progressive enough to have for sale high-grade farm seeds or stock. We are trying to learn the good things our state is producing, and when we get this information we want to publish it, not only to our own people, but it will be valuable information with which to supplement our invitation to the desirable immigrant from other states.

Many inquiries have come in already for pure-bred live stock. Louisiana farmers should not overlook the great opportunity now of catering to the profitable business of producing high grade pure-bred grain and live-stock. Taking advantage of this invitation may benefit you directly, and you will incidentally become a booster. Publicity built achievement is the kind which attracts. Let your light shine; tell us about it.

You, who want some of the good things, perhaps growing near you, write us. We will try to put you in touch with the party who has what you want. LOUISIANA PUBLICITY COMMISSION, Baton Rouge, La.



The WOMAN
A Novel by Albert Payson Terhune
Founded on William C. de Mille's Play
Illustrated with Photos from the Play and Drawings by V.L. Barnes

walls—anywhere except at Matthew Standish. Yet he had missed not one detail of the younger man's expression. There was nothing, however, to be read in that expression. Standish's heavy face was mask-like, blank, save for a faint tinge of polite bewilderment.

But Blake was far too wise a reader of men to go by the sign in a face. He let his mildly wandering glance shift, as if by accident, to Standish's hands. They were tight-clenched. So tight that the knuckles showed white from the convulsive pressure.

"Another campaign yarn," smiled Standish, and his voice was as inexpressive as his face. "Isn't it rather old-fashioned to spring lies of that sort? The public doesn't stand for them nowadays. Proofs are needed." "Really?" drawled Blake. "Why, Standish, sometimes your knowledge of up-to-date conditions simply dazzles me. That's what it does. Dazzles me."

"And now—" pursued Standish, turning to go. "And now," echoed Blake, "we've got you with the goods. Don't bluff, man. No bluff ever won a penny after the cards were laid face upward. And they're face upward now. You know what I mean. And you know we've got you dead to rights. Five years ago you spent a week with a woman at a hotel whose proprietor can and will identify you. Any expert can swear that the registered name, 'Fowler,' is in your handwriting. It was in March. Congress was still in session. But you gave out word that you'd gone to the mountains to rest. We've got the dates. We've got ever fact proved. Man, can't you see I'm trying to help you? Give me a chance to try."

Standish, his face still a mask, was staring at the floor. At last he raised his eyes—the dark tired eyes in whose depths Self and Love and Happiness had so long ago burned out. And turning to Blake, he said evenly: "So you have dug all that up, have you? I might have expected it. In fact I have expected it. But it hasn't worried me. Because you can't harm me with such a story."

"No?" asked Blake, with real interest. "Why not?" "You know perfectly well why not," answered Standish, "the story won't amount to the paper you would print it on unless you can supply the name of the Woman. And you can't do that."

"What makes you think we can't supply the Woman's name?" demanded Blake. "What makes you think we haven't found her?"

"Because," began Standish; then he checked himself and said somewhat lamely, "because—I have good reasons for knowing you haven't."

"H'm! Still keep as close in touch with her as all that? Mark's detectives must be foolish-house graduates. Well, I'll admit we haven't found her—yet. But we will before midnight. You left some pretty easy clues and they're being followed. That's the trouble with a man who has something to hide. He'll lock and double-bar nine doors to discovery; and leave the tenth wide open with a 'Welcome' sign over it. And that's just what you did. Why, son," he went on, noting Standish's half-smile of incredulity, "if I wasn't dead sure of getting her, would I be such a fool as to tell you all this? And whatever else Jim Blake's been called, no one's yet tied 'fool' to his name. I tell you once more, we'll have her name by midnight at the very latest. Of course she doesn't know we're tracking her," he continued, chuckling as at his own shrewdness. "I've seen to it that she hasn't the slightest suspicion. And that makes our work all the easier. She doesn't know. And there's no one to warn her. It's a cinch!"

His voice trailed off into a self-satisfied laugh. Nor was the laugh wholly assumed. For he saw Standish's hands slowly clench again. And a few beads of sweat were beginning to show themselves upon the insurgent's forehead.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Trap Is Sprung.

There was a pause. Neither man seemed desirous to be first to return to the attack. The buzz of the city crept in from outside. The half-stifled rhythm of the dining-room orchestra reached them in snatches.

Standish got to his feet; slowly and more like a very old man than one in his prime. But he looked down with crass stolidity at his tormentor. And in his deep tones there was more of sorrow than of nervous dread.

"Mr. Blake," he said, "there's one point I can't quite grasp. Even your admiration for my worthy qualities and your very kind desire to save me trouble, can not wholly explain your action in telling me. Why are you giving away your hand like this?"

Blake looked pained. "Can't a man do a decent thing for once," he grumbled, "without having his motives picked apart?"

"I'm afraid not—in your case," answered Standish.

"All right," agreed Blake in no whit chagrined. "Let's look at it from a business standpoint, then. If you'll decide suddenly to let this Mullins bill pass, and if you'll support Mark Robertson for the speakership, everything will be perfectly smooth and harmonious. And we won't have to use those painful means—"

"Oh, I see. A bargain?"

"One that you won't lose by," said Blake. "A mighty good one, since it saves you your political skin, instead of forcing us to nail it to the barn." Despite his confidence Blake was vaguely worried. He knew men, as a pianist knows his key-board. And now a subtle intonation, quite at variance with all his keen logic, warned him

that Standish was not in the least frightened by the threat of political death. Knowing the insurgent's high ambitions as he did, Blake could not account for this absence of terror. So, feeling his way, he shifted to the other tack.

"The Woman, too," he added. "Think of her!"

He grinned under his sparse mustache. For again he saw Standish's hands clench. And he knew he had struck the one right note.

"Yes," went on Blake. "Think of the Woman! She's walking blindly, unsuspectingly, right straight into the trap we've set for her. It'll be hell for her. Pure, undiluted, sky-blue hell. If she's got a husband or kids or parents it'll blacken the whole world for them all. Oh, don't make us do this thing, man! Think it over. Don't decide in a rush. Take your time. By eleven o'clock or so I'll have her name. Then it will be early enough for you to tell me your decision. You'll find me somewhere about the hotel, if I'm not over at the Capitol. Good-by."

He strolled off toward the dining-room. As he passed Wanda he glanced covertly at her through his lowered lids. She was raptly absorbed in the novel she was reading. And her dainty lower jaw moved slowly up and down in a gum-chewing cadence that bespoke years of practice.

Standish watched Blake out of sight. His face, now that the mask was no longer so full, worked almost grotesquely. All his swarthy skin was a pallid yellow. He looked like a pugilist who tries dazedly to rise after a knock-out.

He was thinking rapidly; despite his haze. After a moment or two he crossed hastily to the telephone switchboard.

"Get me a New York wire, please," he said, looking nervously down the corridor, "as quickly as you can." As he spoke he was running over the pages of one of the telephone books on the desk. Wanda drove a plug into the switchboard and droned:

"H'lo! Long distance? That you, Jessie? This is Wanda. Say, get me a New York wire—on the jump, please. Yes. Oh, have you? Good! Let the other party wait, and give it to me, won't you? Thanks. I've got one already," she added, glancing over her shoulder at Standish. "What number, please?"

"One thousand and one, Plaza," he answered, looking up from the directory.

"Plaza one—o—o—one!" she droned into the transmitter. "Any name, Mr. Standish?"

"No," he answered huskily. "Just the number."

"A'rl! Here you are—number one booth, please. H'lo New York!" she continued into the transmitter, shoving a plug in and out of the switchboard three or four times, "Plaza one—o—o—one. Yes, Plaza one—o—o—ONE!"

Standish had gone to the first of the numbered booths. At its door he paused.

"Miss Kelly," said he, "would you mind taking that receiver off your head while I'm telephoning?"

"Certainly," she answered in evident ill-temper at the slur implied by the request.

She carefully removed and hung up the metal crescent that held the receiver to her left ear. Standish had closed the booth door and, from the corner of her eye, Wanda could see



"You're Sure the Number Will Give You the Clue to the Woman?"

him through the glass pane, speaking into the transmitter. But she had barely noted the first movement of his lips when Blake and Mark Robertson appeared from the dining-room. She turned her attention to them.

Blake glanced unobtrusively toward the row of telephone booths and his half-shut eyes lighted ever so little as he made out Standish's figure behind the glass. But he made no other sign that he noted the successful springing of the trap he had so painstakingly set. In fact, he was talking interestedly to Robertson on indifferent topics.

"Tom tells me," Wanda heard him say, "that Grace is coming down."

morning. And that reminds me: I meant to call her up and ask which I want to meet her at the station. Miss Kelly," he went on, "can you get me a New York wire?"

"Yes, sir," said Wanda; "but it'll take a few minutes to get the connection."

"All right," replied Robertson, as she busied herself amid the labyrinth of switchboard plugs, "I'll wait here for it. I—"

He stopped as Standish came out of the booth and laid down a bill for Wanda to change. Robertson, the happy light of anticipation dying out of his face at sight of his foe, turned his back ostentatiously upon him. Nor did he speak again till Standish had gone away. Then he looked around, to find his father-in-law in eager conversation with the telephone operator.

"Well," Blake was saying. "Could you hear anything?"

"No," answered Wanda, still deeply offended at Standish's request. "Not a word. He made me hang up the receiver."

"Hub!" grunted Blake. "He's got more sense than I thought. But the number? You got the number, of course. Didn't you?"

"Oh, yes," she returned, "I got the number, all right."

Blake unceremoniously reached over the rail and picked up the pad on which a list of numbers was jotted down.

"Is that the one?" he asked, pointing to the last number inscribed there.

"Oh, no," said Wanda, recovering her pad and laying it back in its place on the desk, with a little slam to emphasize Blake's rudeness in taking it away. "That isn't the one. I'm leaving the line blank, so I can fill in the number later. It's too valuable to put on paper—just yet."

"You're a born diplomat," he approved, a trifle rudely. "Well, what was the number?"

"Just a minute," she interrupted. "Wasn't there a question of—of—?"

"Of a thousand dollars for you. Yes, there was. That goes."

"Does it?" she queried sweetly. "Not with me, it doesn't."

"Look here, young woman!" snarled Blake, his habitual calm giving place to a sort of vulpine savagery. "Don't you try to hold me up! If you do you'll find you've got a wildcat by the tail."

"Dear me!" she cried in pretty terror. "Well, I'll—I'll have to think it over. Here's your New York wire, Governor Robertson," she called to Mark. "What was the number you wanted, please?"

Robertson came across to the rail. Get Mrs. Robertson—my wife—on the phone," said he. If she's not in, get one of the servants. I—"

"You didn't tell me the number," she reminded him.

"Oh," he laughed. "Careless of me! I forgot I wasn't talking to my secretary. He generally calls up my New York home for me. The number is 'Plaza one—double o—one.'"

There was an imperceptible pause. A momentary contraction of Wanda's throat. Then, in her everlasting professional monotone she droned into the receiver:

"H'lo! New York? Plaza one—o—o—one!"

CHAPTER IX.

A Lion in a Rabbit Trap. Mark hurried into the nearest telephone booth. Wanda stared after him, in scared fascination. Her face had turned oddly white.

"One—o—o—one," she repeated to herself, dazedly, as she mechanically jotted down the number on her pad.

"Now then!" Jim Blake was demanding at her elbow, "you and I will settle this thing, my girl. I want that number!"

"But—" she pleaded.

"You've got a bit of knowledge that we need—and need d—d bad. A bit of knowledge we've got to have—and mean to have. Understand that? And what we've got to get, we get. Now, is it fight or not? Will you take the money I've offered you or will you run your silly young head into the hottest bunch of trouble a girl ever met with? Which'll it be? Speak out!"

"I—I don't know. It'll disgrace the Woman, won't it, if I tell?"

"It'll smash you if you don't! What is it to you if she's disgraced or not?"

"That's so," purred Wanda, suddenly recovering her shattered nerves. "What is it to me—or to you—if she's disgraced, so long as the machine wins? And it'd be perfectly terrible if the machine shouldn't win. Now wouldn't it?"

"It'll be terrible for any one who tries to block it," retorted Blake, grim and wrathful.

"Well," sighed Wanda distractedly. "I'll just have to think it over very carefully. Of course, I like you, Mr. Blake. I've always admired you a lot. You've got such a lovely personality and—"

"Drop that!" he roared.

"And," pursued Wanda, "I've always admired the machine a lot, too. It does things in such a businesslike way. But—but, of course, I couldn't really take money from you. If I tell that number I'll just be because I want you to win. That's all. Just because I want to see you win."

"That's better!" grunted Blake, his face clearing. "You won't be sorry."

For Sale. Gasoline Launch, W. A. Rodriguez, excellently adapted to the oyster business. Can be seen at Dymond Island in Bay Adam. For further particulars apply to John Dymond Jr., Empire, La.

LEO UFFY
Successor to APPEL & UFFY.

Solicits your shipments of Louisiana Oranges, Mandarins, Grape Fruit and vegetables.

216 POYDRAS STREET. NEW ORLEANS, LA.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. WALLACE A. NUNEZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Perez & Mevers, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

N. H. NUNEZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

JOHN DYMOND, JR., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

JAS. WILKINSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

You Can Paint Your Home
at a small cost if you use proper materials, but it is an expensive job if you don't know how. Write us for information if you intend to Paint your house, barn or fences; we can tell you how to do it most economically because we have had the experience and we manufacture the right kind of Paints. You can get anything you need in the Paint line from us.

Home Paint Store, WELHAM P. BRICKELL, Mgr. New Orleans, -LA- Louisiana.

Marx weil & Son Crockery Glassware, Cutlery, Etc. 100-10 Magazine St. NEW ORLEANS

Mark Twain in Satirical Humor. "Even the cleverest and most perfect circumstantial evidence is likely to be at fault, after all, and therefore ought to be received with great caution," said the late Mark Twain. "Take the case of any pencil sharpened by any woman. If you have witnessed, you will find she did it with a knife; but if you simply take the aspect of the pencil, you will say she did it with her teeth."

St. Bernard Cypress Co., Ltd.

ARIBI P. O. LA. —MANUFACTURERS—
Band-Sawed Red Cypress LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATHS, Rough or Dressed. Special Attention for House Bills. Get Our Prices.

Launch Standard
EUG. DE ARMAS, M. O. BURAS and M. G. BURAS, Owners; Eug. de Armas, Masters; J. C. DE ARMAS, Clerk Leaving Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6 o'clock a. m. Wednesdays for Port Eads. Saturdays for Venice. Returning Thursdays and Sundays. Freight received Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays foot of Ursuline Street.

Murray Hill Club Whiskey SOL LEVI, Agent.

Funeral Parlor and Stable PHONE ALGIERS 22. Cumberland Connections. JOHN A. BARRETT, Undertaker. CORNER VALLET & PELICAN AVE. CITY AND COUNTRY ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. ALGIERS, LA. FIFTH DISTRICT OF NEW ORLEANS

B. F. LOCHTE, Pres.; VAL A. FABIAN, Vice-Pres.; E. W. LOCHTE, Sec. & Treas. The HENRY LOCHTE & CO., Ltd. Wholesale Grocers and Importers WINES and LIQUORS. 319, 321, 323 and 325 Tchoupitoulas Street and No. 421 Natchez Street New Orleans, Louisiana. Special Attention Will be Given to Mail Orders

Jacob Schoen & Son Funeral Directors And Embalmers Country Business Solicited And Promptly Attended to 519-527-529 Elysian Fields Avenue New Orleans, Louisiana Phone, Hemlock 1001.

HEADQUARTERS FOR LOUISIANA ORANGES JOHN MEYER, Fruit and Produce and General Commission Merchant. 218 Poydras Street, New Orleans, La SEED POTATOES A SPECIALTY. Special attention given to produce shipments of all kinds. Correspondence solicited, any reference furnished on application.

The First Consideration in Life Insurance is SECURITY The Equitable Life Occupies a Pre-eminent Position as to Financial STRENGTH H. C. ELDER Special Agent FRANK L. LEVY General Agent, New Orleans, La.

E. J. MOTHE, Phone Algiers 20 UNDERTAKER Practical Embalmer 222 Morgan Street Algiers, Louisiana.