

PARISH NEWS.

Democratic Executive Committee.

Pointe a la Hache, Oct. 4, 1913. Pursuant to adjournment, the Plaquemines Parish Democratic Executive met here this day at noon, with the following members present either in person or by proxy:

- 1st. ward, Jos. Meyer. 2nd. ward, Henry Meyer. 3rd. ward, Simon Leopold. 4th. ward, Joseph Cosse, proxy R. Emmet Hingle. 5th. ward, Joseph Savoie. 6th. ward, Frank Lobrano, proxy Capt. Ben Michell. 7th. ward, Brad J. Williams, proxy Capt. Ben Michell. 8th. ward, Joseph Bernard, proxy R. Emmet Hingle. 9th. ward, C. Grabert, proxy R. Emmet Hingle. 10th. ward, C. R. Sarpy, proxy John Dymond. 11th. ward, George Fried, proxy W. H. Pipes. 12th. ward, J. B. Fasting, proxy R. Emmet Hingle. 13th. ward, Marc Cognovich, proxy Ernest Alberti.

At large: John Dymond. R. Emmet Hingle. Capt. Ben Michell. John Dymond Jr., proxy John Dymond. A quorum being present, the Chair stated that the meeting was held to consider applications from candidates for the proposed Constitutional Convention, and that only one application had been filed, together with the deposit required by the resolution of this Committee and which resolution was adopted at a meeting held on Sept. 22, 1913. The application was from Simon Leopold.

The application of Mr. Leopold being the only one filed with the Committee same was taken up for consideration, and on motion of R. Emmet Hingle, duly seconded by Ernest Alberti acting as proxy for Marc Cognovich, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "Whereas, in answer to the call issued by this Committee at its last meeting held on Sept. 22, 1913, for candidates for members in the proposed Constitutional Convention to present their applications to this Committee, it appears that only one candidate, namely, Simon Leopold, has filed an application as such with this Committee.

Be it Resolved, that Simon Leopold be and he is hereby declared the Democratic nominee as delegate to the Constitutional Convention for the Parish of Plaquemines and that the Secretary of State be duly notified of this nomination by the Chairman of this Committee.

The Chairman announced that Mr. Leopold was the Democratic nominee as a member, or delegate, for the Parish of Plaquemines to the proposed Constitutional Convention, in accordance with law and the resolutions of the Plaquemines Parish Democratic Executive Committee.

There being no further business at this time, on motion of Ernest Alberti, proxy for Marc Cognovich, duly seconded by R. Emmet Hingle, the meeting adjourned.

JOSEPH SAVOIE, Secretary.

Daisy.

Quite an enjoyable dance was given in Daisy on Wednesday as a farewell dance to the teachers of this place. A large crowd was present and everything tended to make the dance a success. Music was furnished by the City Price band.

Miss Alice Pleschis, of New Orleans, is visiting relatives in Daisy.

Messrs. Tim and Hayes Lincoln and Hermann Sylve attended the dance here Wednesday.

Rev. W. S. Slack, who held service here last week, announced that he would leave for New York to be present at the general convention of the Episcopal church. During his absence Rev. F. A. Rennie will officiate at the church services in Daisy and Dime.

Misses Lizzie Vogt, Elsie Fox, Norma and Etta Duran attended the teachers meeting in Pointe a la Hache.

Misses Adie and Elsie Fox and Lillian Louderbough and Mr. V. Fox were the guests of Miss Lizzie Vogt on Sunday.

State of Louisiana, Parish of Plaquemines.

Twenty-ninth Judicial District Court, No. 1068. Succession of Morris W. Hill Jr., alias Clarence Hill.

Whereas, Mrs. Margaret M. Biddle, widow of Morris M. Hill Jr., alias Clarence Hill, of the town of Richmond, Union county, state of Ohio, in her capacity as the duly qualified guardian or tutor of the persons and estate of the minors, Eugene B. Hill and Margaret Alona Hill, residents of the said town, county and state aforesaid, has applied to this Court for the authorization to take possession of and to remove from the State of Louisiana the property belonging to the said minors; Notice is hereby given to whom it may concern to show cause within thirty (30) days, if any they have or can, from the first publication of this notice why the application of the said guardian, or tutor, should not be granted.

By order of the Court. R. C. FAYRET, Dy. Clerk of Court.

13, 20, 27 & 4, 11.

"Isn't that a beautiful island." "Entrancing. That's called the Isle of Yew."

"Why, Mr. Montague This is so sudden."



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

"before the Mullins bill comes up for a vote it will be of no use to me. And we'll lose. I must know the name tonight."

"I'll make up my mind tonight," answered Wanda cryptically; and she returned to her novel.

Blake glared at her in angry doubt. Before he could speak again, Robertson came out of the booth.

"I must be off," said Mark. "My butler says Grace took the train that's due to reach Washington at eight this evening. I've no time to waste if I'm to be at the station when it comes in."

He hurried off. After a second glance toward the utterly oblivious Wanda, Blake followed him from the corridor. Wanda did not look up. Her eyes were still bent eagerly on her book. But the type was a twisting blur to her senses. To herself she was murmuring disjointedly: "His own daughter—Mark Robertson's wife—Tom's sister—! And Jim Blake moving heaven and earth and a quarter-section of hell, too, to get her

nothing but three spoiled sheets of white paper."

"It'll represent one perfectly good innumerate chief split up the back, before another hour's past," retorted Blake. "I'll have the Woman's name by that time."

"What is that stubborn little telephone girl holding out for, I wonder?"

"It's past me!" growled Blake. "If it was a man I could size up the game at a glance and I'd know just what move to make. Every man has always had his price. Except One. And you crucified Him. But with women it's different. You can't tell what a woman's going to do. For the mighty good reason that she doesn't know, herself. This Kelly girl's got me guessing. She let me think I could buy her dead easy. Then she played for time. And now she's thrown us down altogether and won't say a word."

"You've sent over to central for that duplicate list of all the numbers that were called up from the Keswick today? Let me look at them."

"They aren't here yet," replied Blake. "I only sent for them a few minutes ago. You see, I thought I could save a lot of time by getting the information, direct, from the girl herself."

"The girl!" echoed Van Dyke disgustedly. "We've already wasted too much time on her. Can't we get hold of Standish?"

"He'll be along pretty soon." "You've sent for him? You're sure he'll come for your sending?"

"No," drawled Blake, "I didn't. And he wouldn't. But Gregg started a whisper in the house that a scandal will break before morning. And he threw a hint of the same sort to the newspaper boys."

"Oh, if we can publish this as it's written here," broke in Van Dyke, "we've got him! This story makes him out the lowest blackguard un- hung."

"And," amended Blake with ingenuous self-congratulation, "there isn't a word in it that hasn't got some sort of foundation on fact. That's saying a whole lot for a campaign scandal. We've got facts—real facts. Maybe some of 'em are twisted around so that you'd have to look at 'em twice before recognizing their dear familiar faces. But they're facts, just the same."

"And they're useless," grumbled Van Dyke, "just because the one fact we need we haven't got."

"You mean the Woman?" "The Woman's name. We can't get any one to believe a word of the story without that. What time is it? Oh, I didn't notice the clock. The time's getting short—dangerously short. If we want to get this story in any of tomorrow's papers we must have her name mighty quick. As it is, I'm afraid it'll be too late for anything but the last editions of the morning papers. What did the Associated Press people say, when you—?"

"Jennings promised to hold a wire till the last minute. Better take the story around to him and tell him to have it ready. He understands. Be sure to tell him not to let it go till I give the word. A false move just now would be a boomerang that we couldn't stand. Come back as soon as you can. We may need you."

Van Dyke, pocketing the typewritten sheets, departed on his mission; almost colliding at the door with Tom Blake, who was coming in.

"Hello, dad!" hailed Tom. "I just dropped in, on the way to the club to say 'howdy' to Grace. Where is she? Turned in?"

"No. Hasn't even got in. The train's hours late. Washout on the road somewhere. Mark telephoned up from the station. He's gone back there. They ought to be here any time now. Want to wait?"

"I'm sleepy!" yawned Tom. "Gee, but I wish Grace would show up!"

"So does Mark," answered Blake. Then, after a moment, a chuckle of genuine amusement startled his son. "What's the joke?" asked Tom. "Did I miss it?"

"Yes, you missed it, all right. Both you and Grace always miss it. But I never do. I was just thinking—my little Grace—my kid—keeping the former governor of New York cooling his heels in a drab railway station. And, forty years ago, her father was a bare-foot kid with one suspender, pan-handling kind-hearted old folks and getting nickels from 'em. And even as lately as twenty-two years ago, what was I but a Chicago city clerk making an honest living by keeping my eyes shut and my palm open?"

"Dad," complained Tom, "I can't make you out! You always seem to take a savage delight in rubbing in the fact that everything we've got we owe to graft."

"Well," asked Blake, puzzled, "don't we? If we don't owe it to graft, what do we owe it to, I'd like to know?"

"To change the subject, dad," broke in Tom, "I've been making some plans."

"Have, hey?" queried Blake as though listening to the prattle of a somewhat backward child of six. "Such as what, for instance?"

"Well," answered Tom, trying not to show his irritation at Blake's tone. "The fact is—I want to get married."

"The blazes you do! Is that a boast or a confession?"

"I don't quite understand you," said Tom stiffly.

"I mean," began his father, "I mean—oh, never mind all that. Who's the girl?"

"Before I tell you," evaded Tom, "I'd like to get your views on the proposition in general."

"Then I'll tell you now. There's no real need in your calling any farther under sealed orders. I've made you a pretty fair lawyer. You'll have one more term as assistant district attorney. Then one as district attorney. Then as attorney-general. After that a term or two in the cabinet—just to get the run of things—"

"There's only one thing left," said Tom, almost in awe, as his father hesitated.

"Yes?" replied Blake grimly. "Well, maybe that won't be left when we get through. Now you can see why the girl must be of good family and have social position and breeding and all that kind of thing. Those are the things I'm shy on. And my children must make it up for me. This girl you want to marry—can she help you? Can you take her with you—right up to the White House?"

"I don't know," returned Tom. "You see, I've never thought of her as a political asset. Happiness means a good deal more to me than position. I've already told her so. I—"

"Told her so? Then—then, you've asked her to marry you?"

"She's refused me—so far."

"Well!" grinned Blake, vastly relieved. "That's far enough, I guess. Don't go overplaying your luck."

"I'm going to stick at it till I win out!" declared Tom. "And I'm—"

"No, no! Don't do a crazy thing like that, son," pleaded Blake. "Take your medicine like a man. Don't keep on posturing the poor girl. By the way, you haven't told me who she is."

"She's—" faltered Tom; then, taking the plunge, he blurted out: "she's Miss Kelly."

"Kelly?" repeated Blake, mystified. "Yes. Wanda Kelly, the phone operator downstairs."

"What?" exploded Blake. Then he collapsed in the nearest chair and stared in blank helplessness at his son.

"Well," demanded Tom, instantly on the defensive.

"It's—it's a bum joke," growled Blake. "Maybe it'd go better with the banjo. Stop guying me, boy, and tell me who the girl really is."

"I told you," repeated Tom. "She is Wanda Kelly."

There was a dead pause. Blake at last broke it.

"There's about forty-five million women in the United States," he muttered dazedly, "and out of that whole lot, you had to go and—fall in love with—"

"What's your objection?" bristled Tom. "You don't even know her, yet?"

"I don't, hey?" retorted Blake. Then, checking the impulse to tell his son the story of his verbal tilt with Wanda, he added:

"Maybe I don't. But I know her kind. She's after a rich man's son. She's an easy-mark hunter. And she's found one all right, all right."

"That's absurd. You don't know—"

"Abundant or not," snapped Blake, "it's got to stop short! I'm not going to let you throw yourself away on a girl like that. If it comes to a show-down, I'll withdraw my support from you. And then what can you do? Hey? Answer me that. Here I've given you the softest snap there is—a big salary for loafing around an office a few hours a week. How 'much could you do for me?"

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can't classify 'em any more than you can classify a nest of hornets that you happen to step into. Hell's full of women. So's Heaven, I guess. But neither class got to either place by following any 'proposition in general.' Tell me," he demanded, his philosophical mood changing in a flash to one of almost savage intensity, "is this girl the sort who can help you in getting where I want to put you?"

"How can I tell? You've never told me just where you intended to put me."

"Then I'll tell you now. There's no real need in your calling any farther under sealed orders. I've made you a pretty fair lawyer. You'll have one more term as assistant district attorney. Then one as district attorney. Then as attorney-general. After that a term or two in the cabinet—just to get the run of things—"

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continued after Saturday, October 11th, and shippers and consignees are requested to note particularly the change in location, which change is made entirely with a view to better serving their interests.

E. W. BURGIS, General Superintendent.

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JAS. WILKINSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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"Cut Out Any Flowery Stuff and Bang Away at the Point."

make by your own law practice if once I take my hand from under you? You haven't got an earning ability of a thousand dollars a year. And you know it. Suppose I try that; and see if she's so blooming anxious, then, to marry you."

"I understand," said Tom bitterly. "But you're wrong. I didn't ask your consent. I just told you what my plans are. That's all."

"It's enough, I guess."

"Look here, dad. You spoke just now of coming to a show-down. Also you claim I'm no good without your backing. If I can't make a living on my own hook, it's high time for me to begin to learn how. If all the education and money and training you've spent on me have fitted me for nothing except to be a political catspaw or you, it's time I started along a

(To be continued.)

Notice to the Public of New Orleans and the Lower Coast.

The New Orleans Southern and Grand Isle Ry. Co., will receive and deliver freight, commencing Monday, October 6th, at its new freight station, located in the St. Ann Street Depot of the M. L. and T. R. R. on Decatur Street, opposite Jackson Square. The present depot in I. C. Shed No. 2 at Front and Gaenine Streets will be dis-

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