

PARISH NEWS.

Pointe-a-la-Hache.

Mr. and Mrs. John Meyer motored down to Pointe-a-la-Hache Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Meyer were in New Orleans Wednesday.

A fine line of 1914 and Christmas Toys of every description will be found at the store of G. Favret & Son.

Judge R. E. Hingle and family were in New Orleans Wednesday.

Mrs. Harry Hingle, accompanied by Miss Marie Pratt and Mrs. Edward G. Bolte, spent the day Sunday in Pointe-a-la-Hache.

Handy Goods at the right prices at G. Favret & Sons.

G. Favret & Son have everything you need in the way of Christmas Goods.

Special Christmas excursion rates on the Louisiana Southern Ry. For particulars apply to B. A. Favret, Agent.

Married.

At the home of Mr. Francis Scarrabin, Oysterville, La., Mr. Thomas Picau, of Austria, and Miss Delia Scarrabin, of Buras, were united in marriage at 8 p. m. on Saturday Dec. 6, 1913, Judge Geo. W. Desiderier officiating, attended by two maids of honor and two groomsmen. Many relatives and friends being present.

Refreshments were served in abundance. The young couple have the wishes of their friends for a long and happy life.

Entertainment at Home Place.

An entertainment will be given in Home Place on Saturday, Dec. 28 for benefit of the Home Place church. The public are cordially invited to attend and help a good cause. An enjoyable time is promised to those who attend.

Hingle-Martin.

The marriage of Miss Olevia Hingle to Mr. Richard Martin, of New Orleans was celebrated Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at St. Thomas church. The church was filled with friends and relatives of the young couple. Rev. John Eyrard performed the ceremony. During the ceremony "Oh, Promise Me," was sung very sweetly by Misses B. and M. Hingle, with organ and violin accompaniment. Immediately after the ceremony the bridal party left for New Orleans.

Notice.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 8, 1913. Highway Department of the Board of State Engineers, Room 104, New Orleans Court Building. Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Highway Department, Board of State Engineers, of Louisiana Room 104, New Orleans Court Building, New Orleans, La., up to 12 o'clock noon, Monday, January 6th, 1914, for the construction of a main public highway known as Section No. 2, Pointe a la Hache Highway, Plaquemines Parish, Louisiana, a distance of about one mile.

Information as to location, character of work, amount, extent and class of material, terms of payment, regulations governing manner of submitting proposals and executing contract, may on application be obtained at the office of the Highway Department.

W. E. Atkinson, State Highway Engineer. Frank M. Kerr, Chief State Engineer and President Board of State Engineers.

The State of Louisiana, Parish of Plaquemines.

Delmar Morand vs Joseph Morand et als. No. 1065. Twenty-ninth Judicial District Court. By virtue of and in obedience to an order of sale to me directed by the Honorable, the Twenty-Ninth Judicial District Court in and for the Parish of Plaquemines, dated the 25th day of October 1913, in the above entitled suit I have advertised and will proceed to sell at public auction at the Court-house at Pointe a la Hache on Saturday the 10th day of the month of January 1914, at 11 o'clock a. m., the following described property, to-wit:

A certain tract of land, formerly forming a part of the estate of Hippolyte Morand, situated in the Parish of Plaquemines, having and measuring one arpent front on the Mississippi River by forty arpents in depth, bounded below by the tract of land formerly belonging to R. J. Morand, and above by lands formerly belonging to Mrs. Armandine Maurier, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, and rights, ways and privileges thereunto belonging or appertaining. Being the same property which was acquired from the estate of Hippolyte Morand by act of partition executed before Robert Hingle, Notary Public for the Parish of Plaquemines, on the first day of May, 1891, registered in the conveyance office of the Parish of Plaquemines.

Terms of Sale: Cash. FRANK C. MEYERS, Sheriff of the Parish of Plaquemines.

4, 13, 20, 27, 3, 3, 10.

The Better Way.

It's wiser being good than bad; It's safer being meek than fierce; It's fitter being sane than mad. My own hope is a sun will pierce The thickest cloud earth ever stretched That, after last, returns the first, Though a wide compass 'round be fetched; But what b-gan best can't be worse —Robert Browning.

It's wiser being glad than grim; It's better being warm than cold; It's nicer to be glad than dumb; It's luckier to be young than old. My own hope is that, after all The eager faith or foolish doubt, It may not be my faith to fall In where I never can crawl out. —Chicago Record Herald.

It's finer to be kind than mean; It's cleverer to be true than great; Pure thoughts are nobler than mean; It's menlier to love than hate. My own hope is through every shock That comes as on through life I wend That some day I may buy a stock That really pays a dividend. —Detroit Free Press.

It's better to be free than slave; It's easier to loaf than work; The sure way to an empty grave Is always working like a Turk. My own hope is that with a few More years the way we're going now We'll get the work we're doing through And have more idleness somehow. —St. Louis Post Dispatch.

The School Superintendent's Christmas Message to the Patrons and Children of the Plaquemines Parish Public Schools.

A little less than a month ago we celebrated Thanksgiving, but we now have even more cause for thankfulness. We were thankful then for the products of the field, the orchard and the factory, the material things of earth, but we are now to offer thanks for the spiritual salvation of mankind through the establishment and the spread of Christianity.

At the glad Christmas tide our hearts are touched at the sweet remembrance of the greatest gift ever made to man—God's gift of His only begotten Son—and almost unconsciously it may seem our soul goes out with love to our fellow beings. That alone should be sufficient proof of the ever present living Christ, for though apparently dead Christ still lives within the portals of every pure and loving heart. Among the things that we must not forget that He emphasized both by His life and His teaching here on earth, was that man should love his fellow man. "Love thy neighbor" said He, but also added thy neighbor is he who needs thy assistance.

Let us pause and ponder over the wonderful change that has been wrought upon the world by this humble little babe of Bethlehem. He found the earth a battlefield, and He, Himself, without the shelter that one more ordinary might have claimed, yet by His life and teaching which ever echo the glad refrain, "Peace on earth, good will to men," this Prince of Peace as He is called, has completely transformed, reformed and revolutionized the world until now His benign influence reaches even the remotest corner, and there are some who hope for one common brotherhood of man, as well as a Universal Peace. Indeed the story of Jesus is most inspiring—it is a priceless heritage to those who grasp the full meaning of God's gift to man. The men and women, the boys and girls who shape their lives after the life of the Great Teacher are better human beings. They love their work better, love humanity more, and live in a realm of happiness which those who are unacquainted with him can never enter.

With hearts full of love for our work, and for mankind, and with the desire to render assistance wherever possible, let us strive to imitate the Savior, to be daily more and more like Him, who died that we might have a new spiritual birth. Thus shall we keep Christmas every day, and our life become as a living prayer. "Heaven is not reached at a single bound, We build the ladder by which we rise From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, And we mount to its summit round by round, We rise by the things that are under feet, By what we have mastered of good and gain, By the pride deposed, and the passion slain, And the vanquished ills that we daily meet."

For Sale.

A tract of land about 3 arpents front on the Mississippi River and 40 arpents deep, a few miles above the Court House and fronting on the shell road, Address Jos. Domengue, Nero P. O., La.

Notice.

I hereby give notice that I will apply to the Police Jury of the Parish of Plaquemines for a license to operate and conduct a colored barroom at English Turn in this Parish.

JAMES H. DICKSON.

Notice for Barroom Permit.

I, Germain Gueydan, am applying for a permit to operate a colored barroom at Disculer, La.

GERMAIN GUEYDAN.

An entertainment will be given at the Court-house School on Saturday, December 20th, for the benefit of the school. The patrons and friends of the school are cordially invited to attend.



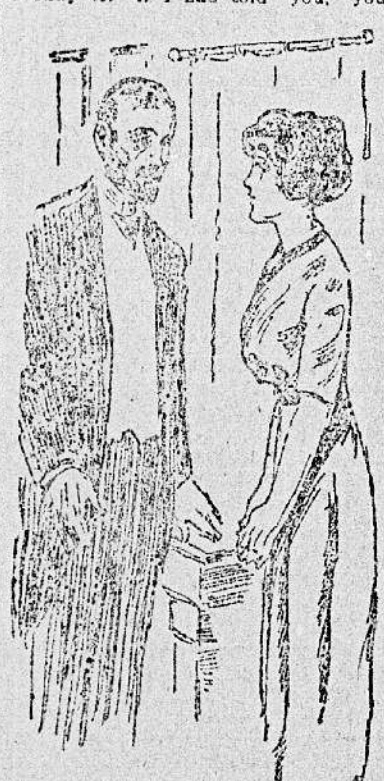
The WOMAN

A Novel by Albert Payson Terhune

founded on William C. de Mille's Play

Illustrated with Photos from the Play and Drawings by K. L. Barnes

It was bad. It expressed none of the stark moods that seethed in him. Yet as she did not answer, he found himself asking once more: "Why didn't you tell me?" And now, unknown and unvisited for, there crept into his bald question a note that was almost of entreaty. And at the sound, the dumb devil that had looked Grace's lips departed. "Tell me," she cooed. "Oh, if you knew how I've wanted to!"



"Haven't I Told? Won't You Say We're Square?"

would never have forgiven me. You know you wouldn't. If I've wronged you—" "If you had loved me as a true woman loves, you would have told me. You would have had to. You could not have deceived me like this. Love doesn't feed on lies. It was my right to know everything, so that I could decide my own course. Instead, you have led me into this trap. There is no escape now. And it is too late to reproach you or to try to make you realize what you have done. You say your love for me kept you from telling? Believe that, if it is any consolation to you."

"You say I don't know what true love is," she laughed bitterly. "I'm afraid I can never learn it from you. So your love has died? Love can't die, any more than God can die. You have never loved me."

"Never. I see now that you didn't. For you don't know what love means. I lived for you. Every thought and word and act of mine was shaped for you. And for you alone. I knew you. I knew your faults, your follies, your brute savagery. And I loved you for them as well as for the good that was in you. But what was it you loved? The woman you married—or a snow-white saintly reputation? If you cared only for the reputation—that is gone forever. But if you loved me—the woman I am—then I've been every thing you thought I was and wanted me to be—ever since the first moment you had the right to think of me at all. I gave you my life, from that time on and forever. And it has been all yours. Before then, it was mine."

"And yet you let me believe it was everything—your whole life—your first love."

"It was. All that had been worth the giving. All that had ever been worth the giving. It was my self. Oh, can't you see that a woman's body and heart and soul belong not to her first lover but to her first love? No woman can even guess what love is until she has found it. And I found it only when I knew you. I gave you everything."

"I'm trying to make it easy. We've never had a real quarrel, you and I, Mark. So don't let us wind up our married life with one, now. You are in the right. I am hopelessly in the wrong. I have cheated you. I admit it, and I'll accept the consequences. It is in the blood. There is much in heredity. My father is a politician. I don't know who my grandfather was. And if he had been worth knowing about, I'd know. There is a bad strain running through the family. It cropped out in me. Yes, I have cheated you. You had the right to demand in our bargain the hard-and-fast terms the world has decreed: All of a wife's life in exchange for a frayed and battered remnant of her husband's. I can't meet those terms, though I tried to fool you into believing I could. So I must meekly give up the love whose price I can't pay. Don't let's make it harder by having a scene over it. Good night. I'll stay with father until you can decide just what you want to do and on what basis we're to separate. If it would do any good to ask your forgiveness I'd ask it. That's all. Good night, Mark."

love is dead. And I lied when I said it. I planned to put you out of my life. And, even while I planned, I knew I couldn't do it. It doesn't matter what I want to do or what I ought to do. Out of all this hideous tangle, blazes forth just one thing that I must do whether I want to or not. I must go on loving you with all my strength and life. "Do you mean," she panted wildly, "do you mean that you can—that you will—" "I mean," he cried brokenly, his self-control smashing to atoms under the hammer blows of his heart. "I mean there is nothing in all this world for me, dear love, away from you! I love you. And I can't go on without you. You are earth and heaven and hell to me. I love you. And I have forgotten everything but that. Girl of my heart, will you let me make you forget, too? Oh, I love you! I love you!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Victor?

"They didn't seem exactly to be hankering after my society in there," observed Wanda Kelly, "so I came back."

Jim Blake turned from the window at sound of the telephone girl's purposely raised voice. Just within the threshold from the inner rooms of the suite, Wanda, with elaborate care, was shutting the door behind her. Blake glanced quickly about the room.

"Yes," said Wanda, answering the question in his look and jerking her pretty head back in the direction of the rooms she had just quitted. "In there, I wouldn't worry if I were you."

Jim Blake's grim face took on a light as incongruous as the play of sunset rays on a mummy. The mask of age and defeat seemed to melt beneath it. He took an eager step toward the inner door.

"Just a minute," Wanda halted him. "You asked me to wait. If you don't need me here any longer—"

"Yes," hesitated Blake, trouble flitting across the new light in his eyes. "I wanted to ask you—to not to let Tom know about this. His sister—" "I'll never tell him," she promised. "I sent him away so he wouldn't find out."

"You're white, clear through," grudgingly admitted Blake. "Will you do one thing more?"

"What?" "Bring him back to me."

"If I meet him again," she assented primly. "I'll send—" "I didn't say 'send,'" corrected Blake. "I said 'bring.'"

"That's different. I—" "I'm out of politics. My own game has broken me at last. I'm old. I know it now. I never did till tonight. I'm old and I want my children around me."

"I'll tell Tom," she agreed, softened despite herself by the new suppleness in a voice that had never before been turned to the uses of entreaty. "I'll tell him. I'm sure he'll come back to you—when he understands. Good night, Mr. Blake."

"There's another thing," he broke in roughly, staying her departure, "a thing that isn't easy to say."

"Then, why say it?" "Because," he growled, "like all things that aren't easy to say, it's a thing that's got to be said. Miss Kelly, hasn't tonight pretty nearly equaled the old debt between you and me? You and yours have suffered a lot at my hands. But, after what's happened here this evening, I guess you haven't got much on me. Haven't I paid? Won't you say we're square?"

"We're—we're square, Mr. Blake," she returned in a tone she could not make wholly steady nor impersonal.

"And," pursued Blake, "and—Tom?" "That's different, too," she faltered. "I—"

The jangle of the telephone interrupted her. Blake, who was beside the desk, picked up the instrument.

"Hello," he called into the transmitter. "Ye—yes—she's here. Who wants her? Oh! Yes, put him on this wire."

He lowered the telephone.

"Some one to speak to you, Miss Kelly," he reported.

Mechanically she took up the receiver, and, by long habit, her voice took its professional drone: "Hello!" she called.

Then, turning on Blake, in surprise, she cried: "Why, it's Tom!"

"Yes," drawled Blake. "So I gathered from the name. I'm glad. Glad clear down to the ground. For both of you. Tell him so, won't you?"

The winter sun was butting its way over the eastern sky-line. The dawn was bitter-cold, mercilessly clear.

And into the track of the first white glittering rays walked a tired man. A man who that night had won a mighty victory. A victory that foreshadowed the richest gifts his country could bestow. Before him the future stretched bright as that winter's dawn. As dazzlingly brilliant, and as cold and starkly empty.

In Matthew Standish's ears, as he returned toward the loveless abode that he hated to call home, still rang echoes of the pandemonium that had broken loose in the house when the Mullins bill had gone down to defeat. His arms still ached from the pump-handling a host of shrieking admirers had forced on him.

"There is only one lasting victory," he muttered disjunctively to himself, as he moved onward in the dazzling ice-cold trail of light. "At the last, it won't be the world's applause that the world's great men will remember. It will be the love smile of a Woman. And—I shall never have known that memory. What is the rest worth?"

(THE END.)

"Grace," he began. "I've told you my

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