

MUSICAL OF MISS FARRAR TONIGHT

The pupils of Miss Celeste Farrar, assisted by a number of other artists and musical pupils, will give a recital tonight at the Farrar residence, 50 Morgan boulevard. Considerable interest will attach to the event in musical circles, where Miss Farrar is well and favorably known.

Miss Mary Mustache will assist Miss Farrar as accompanist. Miss Mustache is quite accomplished in a musical way, and is a graduate of this year in music at the Ursuline convent. Miss Farrar recently completed a musical course in the city under some of the best masters here, and has attracted considerable commendation of a favorable nature concerning her musical ability.

The program for tonight's musical is as follows:

- Cantata, "The Moon Queen," Cast of characters: Moon, Miss Sadie Green; Sun, Miss Theodora Smith; North Star, Miss Mimi Alberici; Evening Star, Mrs. Walter Luffoure; Princess Sunbeam, Miss Vera Malone; Princess Sunshine, Miss Louise Riley; Rainbow, Miss Celeste Russell; Raindrops, Misses T. Smith and R. Luzzi; Haze, Miss Celeste Russell; Stars, Moonbeams, and Glowworms, Misses T. Smith, R. Luzzi, V. Malone, A. T. A. and C. Russell.
- "A Little Gray Home in the West," Roman Lahr, Miss Margaret Burness.
- "You Had Better Ask Me," Herman Lohr, Miss Margaret Burness.
- "My First Love," Florence A. Patton, Miss Jalomina.
- "You and I," Miss Rosie Luzzi.
- "Don't Henry," W. Fred Sanderson, Miss Mary Mustache.
- "A Little Pink Rose," Carrie Jacob Bond, Miss Sadie Green.
- "Somewhere a Voice is Calling," Arthur Tate, Mrs. Walter Luffoure.
- "Rose of My Heart," Herman Lohr, Miss Sadie Green.
- "Sunshine of Your Smile," Lillian Ray, Mrs. Walter Luffoure.
- "Aria from Louise," Gustave Charpentier.
- "The Greatest Wish in the World," Theresa Del Rizzo, Miss Celeste Farrar.
- "The Star Spangled Banner," Francis S. Key, accompanist, Miss Mary Mustache.

COL. MATIAS BETANCOURT



Col. Matias Betancourt of the Cuban army, who will be in direct command of the 25,000 men President Menocal put at the orders of the United States for service in the war with Germany.

DENIES U. S. SOLDIER WILL WEAR A MUFFLER

New York, June 16. Lieutenant J. W. Wilcox of the Brooklyn navy yard, representing Admiral Fisher, held a large gathering of prominent women in the Fitz-Carleton what the sailor likes to wear. He recommended sleeveless sweaters and helmets in place of mufflers, and discarded wristers. It was a get-together meeting of a number of women's war relief organizations, Miss Alice Carpenter, chairman of the women's section of the Navy league, presiding.

"A helmet is better than a muffler," said the lieutenant in answer to a question. "I have never seen a sailor wearing a muffler. I was talking with Admiral Fisher about wristers. We have never seen a sailor wearing one of them."

"I saw the men in the English navy preparing for the North sea and they all had mufflers and hats," said an Englishwoman. "Don't be afraid to send them."

Gum Arabic

Gum arabic naturally exudes from the bark of acacia Senegal, a tree native to north Africa, though other species of Acacia are drawn upon, however, yielding a slightly inferior product. Tragicanth is from shrubs of astragalus species native to Asia. While astragalus are common in western America none of them seem to be of value for tragacanth. The most shrubby local species is A. Brauntonii.

Never Besieged.

Petrograd is one of the few European capitals which has never been besieged or captured by enemy forces. May 27, 1703, Peter the Great founded the city by building himself a small wooden hut. In 1710 Count Golovkin built the first brick house, and in the following year the emperor laid the foundation of a house of the same material for his own home, and transferred the seat of government from Moscow to the new capital.

Amending the Constitution.

To amend the federal Constitution, a two-thirds vote in house and senate and ratification by three-fourths (not two-thirds) of the states is necessary. A national law, of course, supersedes state law in conflict. A federal amendment adopted by three-fourths of the states becomes the law in all the states—those voting against it included.

Java's Coca Trade.

For many years the Dutch colony, Java, has controlled the market for indochina bark, at least so far as the material used in the manufacture of quinine is concerned. On a much larger scale, this fertile island has, of late, been supplying the demand for coca leaves, the raw material from which cocaine is derived.

Really Fit for Something.

It took a long time to find out that the arid plains and valleys of the Southwest were really fit for something. All the deserts needed was water; with plenty of moisture these areas could be made to grow almost anything from horse-shoe nuts to alligator pears, and incidentally fruit the like of which we have never before known.

His Best.

She (on board ship)—"Mr. Jones, if I fell overboard and were drowning, would you jump in and save me?" He (hesitating, but honest)—"By Jove, you know, I don't believe I could. But I tell you what I would do, I would watch you drown with the deepest sorrow and regret."—Life.

The Turkey.

"Though a little vain and silly, the turkey," Franklin said, "is a native American and a bird of courage." Had he known more on the subject he would have added that the turkey is both wise and cleanly and is never vain or silly except during the mating season. "Can more be said of any other bird—or man?"

FINGER OF PROMISE

By SUSAN E. CLAGETT.

Tired in body and soul, Louise Tomlinson dropped into a chair and stared blankly out of the Washington hotel window. She was conscious of nothing outside of the immediate problems threatening the life she had carefully regulated for twelve years or more.

Judge Tomlinson had been dead five years the autumn Louise had come to Washington, and as she sat, with her unseeing eyes centered upon that finger of light far off in the heavens, her mind was slowly going over the few words that had passed between herself and the man who still had the power to arouse emotions she had thought were past, but that now held her in a grip the intensity of which she resented.

They had met that evening at dinner. She was late. Moving swiftly across the reception hall to greet her hostess, the lace of her gown caught in the signet ring of a man who moved aside for her to pass. Impatient at the detention, she spoke quickly as he endeavored to untwist the delicate threads.

"It does not matter. Break them, please."

"I would rather you would unfasten it at your leisure," he said, and, slipping the ring from his finger, he offered it to her.

Annoyed by the incident, but unable to wait longer, she pushed the ring within her glove and moved away.

She was seated next to her at the table, by one of those fateful happenings that come about in the most natural way. It was then that she looked at him, and from him to the ring she held in her hand, a sapphire set in diamonds with a crest and motto familiar to her.

"Am I so changed that you do not recognize me, Louise?" he asked, but before she answered his dinner partner claimed his attention. It was some time before he again turned to her, then only for a moment.

"Will you drive with me tomorrow? Keep the ring until then. You cannot give it to me now without attracting attention."

"At three," she said. She did not again have opportunity to speak to him.

The following afternoon there was little talk between them until they reached the open country. Then he turned to her.

"It is twelve years since I received that letter, Louise," he said, going back to their talk of the evening before. "I had not heard from you for weeks and I was homesick for a line. We moved at daybreak and the chances were against any of us returning for every kopje held a sharpshooter. I could not read it at once, but the very feel of it in my pocket gave me comfort. Then when I was at last alone I could not sense the contents. I had been so sure of you, and there in black and white were words that at last burned into my consciousness. Your reason was inadequate. Your father needed you. Sometime you would give me a full explanation. I do not like to think of that time; but afterward, as I lay in that Johannesburg hospital, I tried to reason it out, but could not. All through those endless days your eyes looked at me steadfastly, giving the lie to that letter. They seemed to say, 'Wait, only wait.' I wrote to you, but my letters were returned from your dead-letter office; yet as the years passed I still waited."

"One day I met an old friend who had known you, Colonel Arthur. From him I learned of your father's trouble, and for the first time I understood the reason of your break with me. Through Arthur I also heard of his death. I sailed on the next steamer for New York. Arthur was with me. He went on to Seattle and I came to Washington, hoping to find some trace of you here. I could not believe my luck when you brushed against me last evening." He leaned forward and touched his ring shining upon her unglazed hand. "It seems natural to see it again in place."

Then it was that she became conscious of something that had been haunting her memory since the night before. Rising from out of the clouds into the clear atmosphere was the tip of Washington's monument, an ethereal thing pointing like a finger of light into the beyond; a finger of promise.

"I heard your name when I changed cars in St. Paul," she said at last. "Two gentlemen were speaking of you. They stood with faces from me and I did not recognize either, but their chance remark changed my plans. Some time I will explain to you fully why I sent that letter, but just now I only want happiness."

"And you find it with me?"

"For the first time in twelve years I am content, Lawrence."

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Keeping Track of Sun.

In addition to telling you the time of day, your watch may be used for keeping track of the sun. When the orb of day finishes its day's journey and disappears in the west, note the time by your watch. Then draw a horizontal line (imaginary, of course) from the point of the hour hand to the opposite side of the dial. The time indicated by the line on this side will be the time at which the sun rises in the morning. Thus if the sun sets at eight at night, the line shows that it will rise at four in the morning; if it sets at seven it will rise at five; if at five it will rise at seven, and so on.

Apple-Growing is Profitable.

Apple-growing is not the easiest business in the world, but it is one that is full of pleasure, and when conducted along the right lines, there is good profit in it.

HIS DREAM CAME TRUE

By ELSIE LEE.

Alice was beginning to realize a long-cherished dream of an old-fashioned flower garden. When the last brown beds of loose earth had been smoothed and the tiny border plants had been transplanted by her rheumatic old negro gardener, she surveyed the result with a satisfied smile.

At precisely the same moment, David Markham, seated at his desk in the town's biggest bank, was saying to himself that he could not live without Alice. Two weeks before Alice had told him that it would be easily possible, as well as desirable, for her to live without him. Their quarrel, resulting from David's demand that she refrain from publicly endorsing equal suffrage, was probably responsible for Alice's undivided attention to her garden-making.

The county convention was to take place the next day, and Alice was to appear before it as one of a committee of three women who would request the convention's indorsement of equal suffrage. David, though younger than the other members of the "old guard," was a local leader, but his efforts to prevent giving a hearing to the woman's committee had been fruitless.

The morning session of the county convention was given up to reports from township chairmen and to other routine work. After the midday dinner at the Watkins house, each man went back to the afternoon session sanguine of carrying the day according to his desires. Not a man of them suspected that the suffrage committee had collaborated with Mrs. Watkins in arranging the men for that satisfying dinner, so they did not realize that an unseen wire connected their optimistic frame of mind with the appearance of the woman's committee immediately after the afternoon session opened.

First, Mrs. Worthington spoke. Being the middle-aged mother of four successful sons, there was some weight to her argument.

Second came Mrs. Ellis. She was a handsome matron who had been a trained nurse before her marriage.

Third, Alice Hanson spoke, and chivalry was her theme. David Markham tightened his lips as if to prevent releasing the bitter words within. At first he heard not a word she said, but even a surreptitious glance showed him that he had never seen her look more bewitching. And her speech was brief.

Concluding, she said: "Is chivalry built upon such an unstable foundation that it falls tottering to earth merely because a woman walks into a booth and puts a piece of paper into a box as a means of approving or disapproving of certain public servants? We women well know that it is not."

It was significant that just at this point she dropped her lace handkerchief, and of the four men who darted for it, David was the successful captor who restored it to her.

"I have planted a garden of flowers," she resumed. "I shall have to use much care to keep the soil in good condition and to keep away harmful insects. That care will require proper tools. All over the world women are planting gardens—home gardens, school gardens, kitchen gardens, civic gardens—gardens that grow human flowers. They need the ballot as a tool to keep conditions such that their human flowers may grow strong. Is it chivalrous to withhold that tool? We women do not ask to usurp the place of men; we ask you to help us step from the pedestal where your well-meant but misguided chivalry has so long kept us, and we ask you to understand that what we want is to walk and work side by side with you. Knowing the underlying principle of justice in the heart of the American man, we know that what we ask will be given us."

After the completion of the speeches the carefully planned psychological moment came and went with the convention's unanimous indorsement of equal suffrage. David's "aye" was given in an unnatural voice, and he had a trembling feeling in his legs as he rose with the other men while the ladies passed from the room.

As Alice passed through the door she turned her head, pressed her lace handkerchief to her lips and flashed upon David a forgiving glance that made him entirely oblivious of what transpired for the next few minutes. He gave himself up to a brief but ecstatic dream of days to come when he would be a welcome visitor to the summer house in her flower garden and subsequently his dream came true.

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A Tart Waitress.

Dr. Oliver Hobson was defending certain appropriations.

"Don't call these appropriations pork barrel appropriations," he exclaimed. "Though Pocotella numbers only 517 souls, she can appreciate a \$90,000 post office as well as any bloated metropolitan could."

"Cut appropriations of this kind, gentlemen, and you would your electors as cruelly as the drummer was wounded at the Pocotella house."

"This drummer, being very fond of corn on the cob, ate corn after corn. Finally the pretty waitress, after she'd brought him his fourteenth or fifteenth corn, said, tartly:

"Don't you think you would save half a dollar or so a day if you boarded at a livery stable?"—Washington Star.

A Difference.

"I hope you find your daughter much improved since she went to college," "She's educated," replied the old-fashioned mother, "but I can't say she's improved."—Life.

BLACK LAYS OUT THEATRE OF WAR

Washington, June 16. Even before any concrete plans were formed for the part the United States would play in the great war, General William M. Black, chief of the bureau of engineers, urged upon the war department the necessity of sending a detachment of engineers to France to make ready for the arrival of any army which the President determined to send. His recommendation was approved and immediately the raising of nine regiments of volunteers to serve under army engineers was ordered. Always engineers will go in advance of the other forces and prepare the camp sites for the fighting forces.

General Black is congenial and is "fair," but is considered one of the strictest disciplinarians in the army. This feature is considered a necessary requisite for a chief of engineers on account of the fact that so much of the work of his department is of a confidential nature, such as the mapping of the theatre of operations and the construction and maintenance of fortifications.

He also has to plan in advance the plans of defensive and offensive works of the troops in the field as well as lay out the routes of communications for supplies and for military movements.

PROPERTY OWNERS SECURE AN INJUNCTION IN PAVING SUIT

A preliminary injunction against the city of New Orleans to prevent it from proceeding with certain paving contracts in which an agreement had been made with the contractors whereby the city was to furnish material, was granted yesterday by Judge Theard in civil district court. James B. Bossier, Jr., and others are the plaintiffs, alleging that the city has embarked in an unconstitutional business. The clause which relieves the contractors from furnishing a five-year guarantee, in case they secure their supplies from the city, is also attacked as unconstitutional.

CIVIL SUITS FILED

The following suits were filed in civil court yesterday: Succession of Hugh McCloskey; Interdiction of Louise Levy; Henry Mosser vs. Jacques Mosser, damages, \$2,800; Succession of Marie Jones Mallard; possession, Seraphine St. Arthure vs. Noah W. Arthur, separation; Mrs. Annie Peres et al. vs. City of New Orleans, to annul city tax sale; Succession of Patrick McGuire; Succession of Anna Brissbaum; Augusta Grandpre vs. City of New Orleans, injunction; Succession of Marie Lemaire, possession; Christian Johnson et al. vs. Henry Anderson et al., partition; Succession of John E. Fennin; Emancipation of Herbert Albert Gagnon; Emancipation of Richard Dalton and Miss Nola Williams.

"L'endroit où L'on Mange"

COMUS RESTAURANT

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715 RUE COMMUNE

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"Don't you think you would save half a dollar or so a day if you boarded at a livery stable?"—Washington Star.

LE TUDOR DE PEARCE, AUJOURD'HUI LA FRANCE HEROIQUE

Nos allies combattant — Ou nous soldats sont envoyés

Huit films de vues cinématographiques saisissantes prises sous les auspices du BUREAU CENTRAL DU SECOURS AMERICAIN A PARIS VOUS VERREZ:—

Les héros américains de l'air lancant leurs avions de combat contre l'ennemi. Batailles dans les tranchées. Prisonniers allemands travaillant aux champs.

Instantanés de chefs militaires Anglais et Français. — Vues de champs de bataille prises d'un aéroplane flant cent milles à l'heure. — Les ruines de Verdun.

RAPPELEZ-VOUS:—Que 25 pour cent des recettes de ce spectacle seront versées à la caisse de Secours Français.

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SUNDAY IN KENNER

Grounds for Tennis and Baseball
Dancing in Felix Park Free
With O-K Line round-trip tickets.

Heintz's Military Band, 4 to 10 p. m.

ALL IN FAMILY DOING THEIR BIT

Pittsburg, June 16.—Because their five boys, an adopted son, three daughters, a dozen nephews and two aunts, together with themselves, are "doing their bits" in the war for democracy against Germany and her allies, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Malins of Aliquippa, near here, declare that they are one of the happiest couples in the United States.

The lads are serving in varied capacities and all are making good. T. W. Malins, the eldest son, is a sergeant major in the Australian message corps; F. A. Malins is a petty officer on the British warship Glory; Sergeant Albert Malins is a member of the Tenth Middlesex regiment; Lieutenant Arthur Malins is a war correspondent and cinema operator of some note in England, included one of our national heroes; E. J. Malins is a lance corporal in the military foot police; Fred Pennell, the adopted son, is chief policeman on H. M. S. Hibernia.

The mother and daughters make weekly trips to local Red Cross headquarters to red bandages. Miss Florence Malins, the eldest daughter, is an expert in this line, having taken a seven-year course in England as a member of the St. John's First Aid to the Injured association at Weymouth.

Warning.

"These pills have a horrible taste," said the lady customer. "Please take them back and give me something I can enjoy." "Very well, madam," answered the obliging druggist, "but please remember that the difference in the price of a box of pills and a box of bonbons is considerable."