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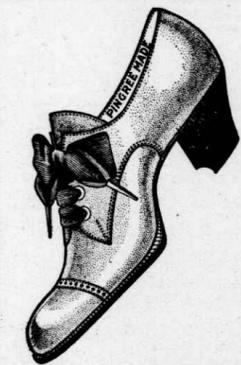
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DRAGGING OF ROADS.

Split Log Drag's Inventor Tells How to Use It.

MAN THE GREATEST FACTOR.

D. Ward King Emphasizes Necessity of the First Dragging—How to Hitch Your Team and Regulate the Drag-Making Good Roads Without Money.

[Copyright, 1907, by D. Ward King.] You have been told how to make a drag, and I have tried to give you some slight idea of the benefits to be had by a little judicious effort. And I am now to show you, as best I may, how the drag should be used.

The drag you have made, measured by the best, may be good or poor, and its quality will have an influence on the results obtained. But the man is the greatest factor. A good man with a poor drag will improve a road more than will a poor man with a good drag. So before getting to the drag I want to remind you of a few facts which you know perfectly well, but may, unless I caution you, escape your attention for the moment when you first begin to drag. First, you will be certain to improve your road if you are in earnest, but must not expect to construct a five-year-old road in five minutes or in five hours. Five long years are required to construct a five-year-old road. The benefits I have described cannot be



SPLIT LOG DRAG.

got at the first dragging, yet it is equally true that without the first dragging they never can be realized.

Then I would have you remember you are apt to do better work after a year's experience. And your team also is green, uncertain what you want them to do. The team will learn presently to walk to suit the drag, and you will find that helps much. At first you will find yourself driving the team and ignoring the drag. Shortly thereafter you will be caught driving the drag and ignoring the team. Experience will teach you to give attention to both simultaneously.

Hitch to the chain at a point which compels the unloaded drag to follow the team at an angle of about 45 degrees, then step on and regulate it by shifting your weight from point to point. The action of the drag is governed by four things—first, by the distance of the double trees from the drag, which is regulated by slipping the chain backward or forward through the hole in the ditch end of the drag. The length of the chain determines the hold taken on the ground. To make the chain longer is equivalent to adding weight to the drag. If the drag is too heavy, shorten the hitch. Second, the place where the clevis is fastened to the chain. When you desire to move much earth place the clevis pretty close to the ditch end of the drag and stand with one foot on the extreme end of the front slab. Hold the team



DRAG IN USE.

steadily at a slow walk when using this hitch. Third, the position and condition of the steel cutter. Half an inch below the edge of the slab is enough for the steel to project. If the steel is very sharp, but less of your weight on the front slab. Fourth, your own position. If you want to move dirt, proceed as advised in No. 2. In a soft spot step back on to the rear slab. On a hard spot step to the front and drive very cautiously, for if the steel catches on a root or strikes a solid boulder the drag might tip over. When the drag clogs step to a point as far from the ditch end of the log as possible and pull your team toward the center of the road for a few steps.

In order to do all these things satisfactorily a safe platform should cover the space on top of the stakes between the slabs. Use inch boards; nail to three cleats; place two cleats so they will drop just inside the end stakes; place third cleat so it will not interfere with middle stake; make the cleats to fit neatly between the slabs, butt space the boards an inch from each slab and from each other. These cracks will allow earth to sift through.

If you make the spaces much wider than an inch you will catch your shoe here.

Here is the recipe for making good roads without money and with the least possible expenditure of time and energy: Assuming you have your drag made, hitch the team as directed and drive down one wheel track to your neighbor's front gate and back on the other wheel track, with one horse on each side of the rut and with the drag moving the loose earth toward the



REGULATING THE DRAG BY STEPPING ON IT.

center of the road. One trip will answer, but another one or two will hasten matters. After the next rain drag in the same manner, and following the third, fourth and fifth rains, when the center of that portion of the roadway you have been dragging will be the highest. It may be rather narrow; if so, plow one shallow furrow on each side of the dragged portion, turning the furrow in the road. Spread this loose earth over the road with the drag. By this operation the road has been widened about two feet. Plow no more until after another rain. Plow after each rain until the road is wide enough to suit you. If you follow this plan you will have a good solid road from the beginning. There will be a minimum amount of mud and dust, the center of the road will be always fit for travel, and you can build the grade as high as you wish. The road will be very much better from the beginning, but it will not reach its highest state of efficiency until it has been dragged regularly for four or five years.

ROADMAKING TEST.

Advantage of Solidly Rolled Earth as an Element in Permanency.

At Bement, Platt county, Mo., a road-making experiment is in progress which will be watched with much interest, says the Carrollton (Mo.) Gazette. It is conducted under the direction of the state highway commission and is intended to demonstrate the advantage of the highly compacted earth as an element in the permanency of the roads.

A stretch of road a half mile or more in length was excavated to a depth of twenty inches to two feet and the earth thrown out at the side. Then an enormous steam roller was put into this excavation, which is about twenty feet wide, and the bottom rolled down as solid as it could be made. Then the excavated earth was thrown in by degrees, drenched with water and rolled thoroughly, and so on till the excavated earth was put back. This rolling process is so rigid that the earth thrown out will not nearly fill the excavation, and to complete the filling up ample ditches are cut at the sides of the road, the earth thrown into the excavation and thoroughly compacted with the roller. The excavation is filled up to the height desired for the roadway, and thus the road consists of a body of earth nearly or quite two feet thick compacted as firmly as it is possible for a roller to compact it.

Now, the theory is that if this road is thoroughly drained, so that it cannot be undermined by water, and is dressed down on the top with a drag when ever it is wet from rain it will shed the water on the top and be a permanently solid and smooth road and one that can be constructed at moderate cost.

Canada's Cash Road Tax System. Canadian townships, particularly those of the province of Ontario, are adopting the cash road tax system in place of the ancient method of working out the road tax, which is in too many cases a farce, says the Good Roads Magazine. Supervision of the work on the roads is entrusted to from one to four responsible commissioners, who use labor saving machinery, build better bridges than the roads had and make the highways permanent and durable. During the decade from 1896 to 1905 the outlay on county roads of Ontario amounted to \$21,000,000. Of this \$10,432,902 was cash, and \$10,510,900 represented days of statute labor.

This equaled an average of \$2,100,000 per annum and included the expenditures by the townships and a part only of that made by counties on their country highways. Cities and towns spent a large amount in addition to the above sums. The good roads movement is said to be extending widely in Canada.

Gumbo Roads.

State Engineer George W. Cooley of Minnesota was recently quoted as saying that he is convinced that there is no reason why good gumbo roads cannot be built. "The gumbo road built last year near Crookston," he stated, "is now in excellent condition and has been every day during the year in which it has been in use."

Long Island Motor Parkway.

It is expected that the work of constructing the Long Island motor parkway will soon be begun in order to have it finished about a year hence, says the Good Roads Magazine. The length of this roadway is to be over sixty miles, from 75 to 100 feet wide, and its cost is estimated at over \$2,500,000.

LIGHTNING GUN PLAY

One Time When Wild Bill Hickok Was Too Rapid.

HE KILLED HIS BEST FRIEND.

The Plucky Marshal Had Settled the Leader of the Desperadoes Who Had Started to Shoot Up the Town When He Made the Fatal Mistake.

In September, 1874, the good people of Dickinson county, Kan., had reached the definite conclusion that it was a farming country and proceeded to emphasize this opinion by giving an old fashioned county fair at Abilene. Six hundred thousand longhorns came up from Texas that year, but their owners took the hint and understood that there would be no room for their stock on the prairies of that country the following season. They had sold their cattle and were ready to depart. Abilene was to be their stamping ground no more.

It was in order to celebrate the occasion in the old time way, and it was generally understood that the ceremonies of the evening were to conclude by killing the town marshal, Wild Bill Hickok, and metaphorically taking his scalp back to Texas. A few of them drew lots as to which should have that dangerous honor, and Phillip Coe got the short straw.

It was a beautiful autumn day, and the county fair was a great success. As the sun went down Pat McGonigal and his brother tied their bronchos in front of the drovers' cottage, strolled down Texas street, met their cowboy friends, and the fun began. A dozen cowmen picked up Jake Karatosky, the merchant, carried him down to the Applejack and had him set up the drinks. A score of more or less prominent citizens and cattlemen were used in the same manner and in quick succession.

The crowd increased, and the liquor and excitement spread. The cowboys were giving Abilene her last Roman holiday. Wild Bill was dining at Mrs. Smith's restaurant, and the roisters went to drag him to the bar. Bill said they might go to the Novelty bar and get a drink of him, but pointedly declined to accompany them and called particular attention to the ordinance against shooting in the city limits.

By 10 o'clock at night the mob surged from one end of Texas street to the other in reckless abandon. Everybody who claimed to be civilized hunted cover. Marshal Hickok and Policeman Williams were watching at the Novelty, where generally the most friction occurred.

It was about this time that Bill Hill Coe, keeping faith with his comrades, but with no eager avidity, leisurely walked up in front of the Abilene, then packed with excited men, and fired his gun at a dog, as he claimed. Wild Bill told Williams to stay at the Novelty, ran swiftly across to the rear door and sprang into the crowded Abilene, roughly inquiring as to who was doing the shooting.

Coe stood at the well curb outside and said that he had fired the shot. Immediately he fired another, which grazed Wild Bill's side as he stood at the bar. With that wonderful swiftness which stood him in good stead so many times, Bill threw two guns on Coe and shot him twice in the abdomen, exclaiming, "I've shot too low."

At the same instant he turned and fired twice at another man who came running down the dark sidewalk and burst on the scene, showing two guns in front of him. Coe fired one more shot and fell across the well curb. A hundred guns clicked as Wild Bill fired his first shot, but before the fourth the place was cleared and not one bad man was left to stand by Coe.

The stranger, with two bullets within an inch of his heart, threw both hands in the air, dropped his guns to the floor and pitched forward stone dead. It was Mike Williams, the deputy, a brave fellow, who, despite his chief's instructions to remain at the Novelty, could not keep away from the fight.

Wild Bill cried out that he had killed his best friend, gathered the little man to his arms, and with eyes full of tears, laid him across a poker table. The fury that burned in his veins when he whipped the McKandlas gang sprang to life again at this accident, and he proceeded to hold the Texas men responsible. That night the desperate heroes of border strife hid in cellars and sunflower patches or on swift ponies found their way to their cattle camps, for they had made a fizzle by trying to shoot up the wrong town—Denver Field and Farm.

First Aid in Accidents.

A country boy knows that the fine dust of brown fungi he calls puffballs will stop bleeding. When he cuts himself he hunts for one of these if the cut is not serious. If the cut is deep it is wise to bathe it in warm water with carbolic in it or a tablet of chloride of mercury dissolved in the water. Carefully remove all foreign matter in the washing and then, pinching the lips of the cut together, put on strips of adhesive plaster. Be sure to leave little spaces for pus to run out. This running of pus is a natural process and is not alarming unless persistent and the pus comes in unreasonable quantities. Sometimes the blood flows so rapidly that you cannot close the wound with plaster. If so tie a bandage tightly above the wound before you attend to the wound itself. This will stop the flow of blood, and nature having formed her clot, you can do your part with plaster.—Harper's.

NOTICE, SUBSCRIBERS!

THE Postmaster General has issued an order to all postoffices of the union which demands that publishers of newspapers must require subscriptions to be paid in advance. The order allows the publisher no alternative but to discontinue sending his paper to a subscriber as soon as the time limit expires. The penalty for violation of this order is severe, the maximum being to bar the publisher's entire circulation from second-class mailing privileges.

Under the terms of the order the publishers of all weekly papers are permitted to send their papers one year before collection is made. But if the subscriber does not pay by that time the Government demands that the subscription cease immediately, and punishes the publisher if this is not done.

The Banner's subscription list is for most part paid in advance. There are, however, some subscribers who owe for more than a year. In order that we may obey the law, we ask all these subscribers to come forward this week and pay up. Otherwise, we will be forced to discontinue your paper no matter how good your credit is with us, or elsewhere.

Remember, that we cannot mail you a paper at second-class rate if you are more than twelve months in arrears. Every time we did so we would be subject to the penalty mentioned above. We are this week mailing out a number of copies of the Banner under separate wrappers and affixing the usual postage for printed matter. We cannot, of course, afford to keep this up week in and week out as only \$1 per year is all we get out of each subscriber. Even when this amount is paid promptly there is little or no profit in subscriptions at the present price of printing paper. The matter is not in the least optional with us. Delinquent subscribers must make prompt remittances or it will be necessary to drop their names from our list. All publishers will be forced to comply with the law.

However, we trust that our patrons who are affected by this ruling will use their utmost endeavors to settle their arrears so we will not be compelled to discontinue their papers. You are our friends and we do not want to lose you as subscribers.

What Was the Matter With Colonel Prim?

Why Colonel Prim opposed Captain Plumer in his suit for the hand of the colonel's daughter Marian no one in the garrison could find out. Before the captain evinced such aspirations his commander showed an especial partiality for the young officer, who was the most popular man at the post. The change can only be accounted for in that distaste of a father to giving up his daughter to any man.

The colonel carried his antagonism against the captain so far as to keep his eye open for derelictions of duty on the part of his inferior. Did the captain when called upon to report in person at his commander's headquarters do so with a single button on his uniform coat unbuttoned he was sure to receive a snarled reproof. Was there a speck of dirt on any of the men composing the captain's company on parade the colonel declared the whole company a disgrace to the service. Plumer soon saw the necessity of constant watchfulness, but he was very absentminded, and no care was sufficient to head off the colonel's reprimands. The whole garrison was cognizant of this injustice, and since all the world loves a lover, every one sympathized with the captain.

One morning when Plumer was officer of the day, Colonel Prim, looking out of the window of his quarters, saw him crossing the parade without his sword. Raising the shades, he ordered his subordinate to come up. Fortunately for the captain, an officer was passing, and Plumer, borrowing his sword, hooked it to his belt, then mounted to his colonel, whom he saluted respectfully.

"Captain," growled Prim, "why in—?" He stopped short, his eyes fixed upon the sword.

"Captain," he continued in a more subdued tone, "I didn't like the appearance of the men at guard mounting this morning. Tell the sergeant that if he marches a guard on again without every man's boots being blacked I'll break him."

"Yes, colonel. I didn't see you at guard mount."

"I wasn't there, sir, but—I saw them from my window."

This was said shamefacedly, for the guards' backs were turned to the colonel's quarters.

The same afternoon the colonel again saw the captain from his window passing over the parade and again without his sword. He called the delinquent officer to come up. Before his arrival Marian came into the room.

"Sir," snapped her father, "do you see Captain Plumer coming?"

"Yes, papa."

"Has he a sword?"

The girl was about to say no when she remembered that for her lover to be without a sword while on duty would be a delinquency and would incur a reprimand. Then she wondered why her father asked such a question. The result was precaution. She looked up in feigned surprise.

"What's the matter with your eyes, papa?"

The colonel sank into a chair. "I

knew it. It isn't my eyes," he moaned. "I've had queer feelings in my head lately. Something's going wrong in my brain. I saw Plumer awhile ago crossing the parade. I thought he hadn't a sword and called him up here. He had his sword. Now I see him again, and he hasn't. But he's coming up. Not a word of this."

There was a knock at the door, and the captain entered. A sword—brought again—hung from his belt.

"Captain," said his commander, "you may—I called you up to say—that there will be no dress parade this evening."

As soon as Plumer had gone the colonel turned to his daughter and in a faint voice said:

"Call my orderly, Sir, and send him for Todd."

Todd was the post surgeon, and Miss Prim, instead of calling the orderly, went to Surgeon Todd's quarters and told him the story about her father's sudden symptom.

"Leave him to me," said the doctor, and, first completing his uniform so as to be presentable to his colonel, he went to the latter's quarters.

"Todd," said Prim indignantly, "I'm going down hill fast, and he told the doctor all the symptoms he had and more besides."

"Colonel," said the surgeon after asking a multitude of questions, "in case this should turn out as I fear, would you leave your family in comfortable circumstances?"

"You don't mean it?" gasped Prim.

"It is as bad as that?"

"It would be no harm to put your house in order."

"I haven't a cent in the world; pay accounts discounted."

"It's a pity Marian hasn't married."

"Marry that puppy Plumer! She shall starve first."

But the doctor was an old friend of the colonel's and knew his foibles. The result of the interview was that the colonel was ordered to depart the next morning on surgeon's certificate for rest and change of air, and the news of Marian Prim's engagement to Captain Plumer was promulgated by Mrs. Todd as soon as her husband rejoined her after leaving his patient.

Before the colonel's departure Surgeon Todd, it being too late for Prim to recall his consent to his daughter's wedding, told him that he need give himself no uneasiness as to his condition, for rest and change would doubtless bring him back a well man. Indeed, he returned for the wedding greatly benefited. And now—well, now he swears by his son-in-law.

WINIFRED ROBERTS.

One Was Assumed.

A fool tricked out in motley smiled on his lord and said to him, "Sir, what is the difference between your foolishness and mine?"

"Say on," quoth the lord.

"Well, of mine," quoth the fool, "I make a profession."

A Word For Nero.

"Neroiddled while Rome burned!" exclaimed the student.

"Well," replied Mr. Growcher, "that's better than the custom many violinists have of practicing at a time when everything is nice and quiet otherwise."

—Washington Star.