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365 REHALL REMEDIES that we sell under a positive guarantee of satisfaction....We have the largest prescription department in the State....Orders shipped the same day received.

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Shreveport, Louisiana

Webber and Columbus Wagons  
Deering Mowers, Rakes and Binders  
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All kinds of Wagon Repair Work

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EXPERT Gun, Lock and Safe Repairer. Cash Registers and Sewing Machines repaired. Key fitting a specialty. Lawn Mowers ground. Best equipped gun repair shop in the city.

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Jeweler and Optician

Plain Dealing

Solicits your fine Watch and Clock Repairing  
Located in Walker Brothers' Drug Store

## Save All Your Meat

A patron has left at this office for sale a number of Daniel's Farmer's Meat Salters, for which he is agent, and which he describes as follows:

"It is a little instrument worth its weight in gold to you who have joint meat to save. It is used in injecting salt in the joints and along the bone. By its use you force the salt where the spilling first begins—at the bone. That's the secret of saving meat."

We will find pleasure in exhibiting the Salter to you and quoting price. 1-1-p

## Seed Corn

I have for sale 200 bushels of Sentell's White Dent Seed Corn; \$2 per bushel at my place, or delivered at the station, Benton. This corn is good and sound, and has been carefully selected and "nubbed" by myself. Good sound planting corn is scarce. This is your chance. Address me at Benton.

E. S. BURT.

## Cotton Seed

FOR SALE—100 bushels of Bank Account Cotton Seed, grown from seed from H. G. Hastings & Company of Atlanta, Ga. Produces 43 per cent lint. The seed I have for sale is from cotton picked during August, and had no rain on it. At retail, \$1.50 per bushel; for the entire lot, \$1 per bushel.

L. C. BIGGS, Bellevue.

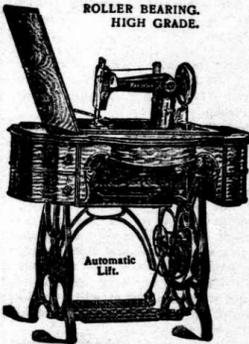
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Save Money by buying this reliable, honest, high grade sewing machine.

STRONGEST GUARANTEE.  
National Sewing Machine Co.  
BELVIDERE, ILLINOIS.

Snags in English. A Russian artist who has so thoroughly mastered the English language that all its subtleties are as familiar to him as are those of the language of the czar was telling a few friends about the difficulties he encountered. "You have so many superfluous letters," he said, "that when I began to think I was becoming a master of your language I succeeded in having myself laughed at a dozen times a day. I began to learn English in Boston, its American fortress. One day while walking with a friend I saw a street sign. 'Oh,' I said, 'what a funny name for a street! Kneeland street!' I pronounced the K. 'You're wrong,' said my friend. 'You pronounce it "Needland" street. The K is silent.' I took the lesson to heart. The next day I went into a restaurant. I looked over the bill of fare. 'Give me some "id-neys,"' I said. The waiter looked at me aghast. Finally in desperation I pointed to the record of what I wanted. 'Oh! Kidneys,' he said. 'Excuse me,' I rejoined haughtily, 'the K is silent.'"

Two Ways. "Be mine" is the proper form when proposing to a girl because you love her. "Be my mine" is all right if she's rich, but slur the pronoun carefully.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wifely Cheer. "I haven't a pull with any one," said the unsuccessful man. "Oh, yes, you have, dear," said his wife encouragingly, "with the fool killer."—Life.

We feel most lonely when we feel most selfish

Leonard Wortman

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Saddles, Harness, Buggies, Bridles, Collars

And all kinds of Leather Goods.

Cor. Texas and Spring Sts., Shreveport.

## If Your Store, Mr. Merchant, was located in the heart of a pathless forest

cognizant of the wants of the community and make every legitimate effort to gain and increase trade. They advertise because they know the value of a truthful, well-written statement in print which describes the wares they sell and names a price that wins the attention of the consumer....Your advertisement should appear as often as his. The Banner is a good medium. We do not know of a cleaner and neater country weekly anywhere.

Six inches one week, 75 cents; two weeks, \$1.50; four weeks, \$3. Only a slight charge is made for composition

And there was not a settlement within a radius of fifty miles it would then be useless for you to advertise. But you are not so located and you never expect to be. You are located in a live and hustling town where there is competition—shrewd competition. Your competitors are not so located and you never expect to be. They advertise because they know the value of a truthful, well-written statement in print which describes the wares they sell and names a price that wins the attention of the consumer....Your advertisement should appear as often as his. The Banner is a good medium. We do not know of a cleaner and neater country weekly anywhere.

## MADE A GOOD GUESS.

He Had No Thermometer to Tell Him the Temperature.

It often happens on sledge journeys among the arctic ice that the thermometers are broken. In that case the party fads itself without any means of determining the temperature. But Rold Amundsen, the discoverer of the south pole, says that if the explorer acustoms himself to guess the temperature it is possible to estimate the mean temperature for a month with a fair degree of accuracy. This fact he proved by means of a guessing competition during the winter that his party spent in camp on the great ice barrier.

As each man came in in the morning he gave his opinion of the temperature outside, and each guess was entered in a book. At the end of the month I went over the figures, and the man who had guessed correctly the greatest number of times won the prize—a few cigars. Besides giving practice in estimating degrees of cold, it was a very good diversion with which to begin the day. When one day is almost exactly like another the first hour of the morning is likely to be a little sour. The competition engaged every one's attention pleasantly. Each man's entrance was awaited with excitement, and one man was not permitted to make his guess in the hearing of the man who followed him. Therefore they had to speak as they came in, one by one.

"Now, Stubberd," I would say, "what's the temperature today?" Stubberd had his own way of calculating, which I never succeeded in understanding. One day, for instance, he looked about him and studied the various faces. "It isn't warm today," he said at last, with a great deal of conviction. I could immediately encourage him with the assurance that he had guessed correctly. It was —69 degrees F.

The monthly results were very interesting. So far as I can remember, the best performance in any month was eight approximately correct guesses. A man might keep remarkably close to the actual temperature for a long time and then suddenly one day make an error of 25 degrees.

The winner's mean temperature agreed within a few tenths of a degree with the actual mean temperature of the month, and the mean of all the competitors' mean temperature gave a result that was almost exactly correct. So if we had been so unskily as to lose all our thermometers we should not have been entirely at a loss.

## What Peppy Saw in Church.

Once Peppy goes to Hackney church, "chiefly," he says, "to see the young ladies of the school, whereof there is great store and very pretty." And on another Sunday, "After dinner I did by water alone to Westminster to the parish church and there did entertain myself with the perspective glasses up and down the church, by which I had great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that and sleeping, I passed away the time till the sermon was done." And again on a Sunday afternoon to the same church, "I thinking to see Betty Mitchell and stay an hour in the crowd, thinking by the end of a nose that I saw that it had been her, but at last the head was turned toward me and it was her mother, which vexed me."—George Hodges in the Atlantic.

## Damaraland.

Mistakes such as that which makes Uganda of Buganda are frequent when the white man bases his geographical nomenclature on his understanding of the native. Sometimes they are amusing when one gets the explanation. For instance, Damaraland should really be Damaqualand, just as Namaqualand and Griqualand, for "qua" is the masculine plural, meaning "men." "Ra" is the feminine dual. The explorer, with a sweep of his hand, questioned his native guides as to the name of the country. But they thought he was pointing to two Dama women in the distance and answered, "Damaraland." So this portion of German Africa bears a name which signifies "land of two Dama women."—London Chronicle.

## Told of a Tailor.

A Viennese tailor was so fascinated by his own figure in a suit ordered by a court functionary that he could not make up his mind to part with the garment. He passed hours daily before the mirror admiring the elegant fit until his mind gave way to lunacy. He finally had to be consigned to an asylum, whether he was entitled, says a correspondent, on pretext of his being invited to attend a levee in his court dress.—Pall Mall Gazette.

## Happy Relief.

"You seem happier." "Yes," responded the clerk in the department store. "I've been transferred from the silk counter to the grindstone department. And very few women out shopping insist on pawing over that stock!"—Washington Herald.

## Call Money.

"I wish I had a lot of that call money." "What for?" "To pay my telephone bills with, stupid."—Baltimore American.

## Base Hit.

"You talk about men!" exclaimed the suffragette. "What has man ever done for woman?" "He invented the ballot box," came timidly from the rear of the ball.

Where a man can live he can also live well, but he may not have to live in a palace.—Marcus Aurelius.

## Borrowing a Match.

Weedon Grossmith in "From Studio to Stage" tells of his friend Heather Bigg, who annoyed him frequently by asking him for a match while angling during intensely cold weather. To supply the request meant pulling in his line, unfastening his mackintosh, then the overcoat and finally the undercoat. But, then, who can grudge so small a thing as a match?

The second day we fished it was positively colder. Heather Bigg's pipe had gone out as usual. "Weedon, got a match?"

It suddenly occurred to me he must have brought matches with him or how did he light his pipe, so I answered, "No."

"What a nuisance!" he replied and drew in his line, undid his mackintosh, then the overcoat and undercoat and at last took out a box of matches. "Why," I said, "you've got your matches with you." "Yes," he replied, "but I didn't want to catch cold getting them."

## Ships That Kick.

Ask a sailor if his ship is a kicker, and he knows well what you mean, for it is about the first question he asks when he takes the helm.

Up there on the bridge in rough weather the man at the wheel has many a tough tussle if his ship, owing to her constructive lines or ballasting, is inclined to be skittish. Sometimes when rearing at the onslaught of a big roller the vessel may throw her heels in the air, the rudder swinging clear and her propeller racing.

The next moment, sinking into a watery hollow, the enormous side pressure causes a violent drag on the ruder chains. Then, unless stoutly held or secured by kicking straps, round whizzes the wheel. Many a seaman, unable to let go in time, has been thrown, bruised and battered, to the deck or, caught by the spokes, has even been tossed overboard into the boiling surf.—Pearson's Weekly.

## Freaks of Memory.

As to freaks of memory, Mark Twain has told us of the pilot who knew every bend, creek, current and shallow in the Mississippi river throughout its whole mighty length, but could not remember what he had had for breakfast. Probably most memories are like that. One man I know has a memory that apparently collects only figures. He can always remember your age, even if he forgets your name. He will memorize easily the times of all the trains to a given place, but he generally forgets the platforms from which they start. Reel off to him a column of statistics, and he will recite them again to you a month later without a mistake, having in the meantime forgotten everything else about you. But then he is a born mathematician. Evidently memory is largely a question of sympathy. We remember the things we are really interested in.—London Chronicle.

## Tenderness of Tenors.

No principal singer could sing every night in one week. Star tenors seldom sing more than twice in one week, and at rehearsals they sing for the most part in a falsetto, says the Manchester Guardian.

It is said that the great Tamagno used to take such care of his voice that he never even spoke during the day when he was singing at night. He carried on a conversation by means of a slate hung around his neck.

Some harlots, on the other hand, have been habitually careless about their voices, and Berlioz speaks of a splendid bass singer who tramped about the mountains in the snow all day with his throat exposed and sang magnificently the same night.

But in the wings at Covent Garden you may see Stegried in shining armor with a woolen muffler round his throat.

## Bismarck's "Mol."

As might be expected of a man of iron, Bismarck's wit was of the sledge hammer sort. In 1862, according to "Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III.," by Baron d'Ambas, he went to Paris as the Russian ambassador.

"I have never heard a German speak French as you do," complimented the emperor on the occasion of their first meeting.

"Thanks, sire," returned Bismarck. "I have never heard a Frenchman speak French as you do."

The emperor spoke with a perceptible German accent.

## Beginning Early.

"Yes, sir," said the proud young father, "that baby of yours is going to be a successful politician. He'll be a great vote getter before he's of age." "Why, he can't talk yet!" "No, but he has started right in, trying to kick and shake hands at the same time."—Washington Star.

## Positively Uncanny.

"There's something very queer about that woman," said the clerk. "I don't know what to make of her." "Why? The floorwalker asked." "She was satisfied with the first piece of goods I showed her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## His Long Suit.

Bacon—How long have we been married, dear? Mrs. Bacon—Three years, love. "Is that all? I thought I'd been wearing this suit longer than that, dear."—Yonkers Statesman.

## Her Strong Hint.

"Miss 'I'm a bow do you like my new hat?" "I like it ever so much better, Mr. Smykins, when you are holding it in your hand."—Chicago Tribune.

## SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS

BY REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D.D.

## POLLYANNA.

Text, "Be glad in the Lord and rejoice."—Ps. xxxiii, 7.

I'm glad I've read Mrs. Eleanor H. Porter's story of "Pollyanna." It is a distinct message of cheer in an age that tends to pessimism and despair; an age when men are slipping some from the hope of the gospel; to the cynical view that they are but cogs grinding in the great wheel of life. Into one's psychic world slips this eleven-year-old preacher's daughter; father and mother dead; raised by the "Ladies' Aiders;" finally shipped from the western mission parsonage life, dressed in her pink checked gingham dress and straw hat; taken from the "missionary barrel" to her rich maiden aunt in the east. Into the cold glare of that unwelcome home the forlorn and homesick little orphan girl fits as a ray of sunshine on a March day. This wife of the cheerless mission station was a preacher of a quaint little philosophy which she called her "game."

Briefly stated, it was "to find something in everything to be glad about." It began when she prayed for a doll to come to the missionary barrel and found a pair of crutches instead. While the little lassie's heart was broken in disappointment, her father taught her the "game." "I can't see anything to be glad about—getting a pair of crutches when you wanted a doll," says Nancy, one of Pollyanna's first disciples. "Goose! Why, just be glad because you don't need 'em." Beginning at the pitifully cheerless and barren attic room, where her aunt had shored her, convinced she had now done her duty, she gazes at the bare space above the bureau. "And I can be glad there isn't any looking glass here, too, 'cause where there isn't any glass, I can't see my freckles." From that point an entire community becomes saturated with her sunny creed. Personally, I am "glad" for the chance to play the "game" as taught by this winsome, yellow haired Miss Thankful, with the rainbow in her sky.

Grouchiness. But what a mean thief of sunshine the grouch is! Like the mackerel in "Pilgrim's Progress," he fails to see the crown. He is grouchy because somebody came late in his row of seats; there was no seat in the trolley; the train was a minute and a half late; he didn't take his umbrella, though it threatened rain; he slipped on his neighbor's ice covered sidewalk, though his own was not cleaned; the minister preached thirty-five minutes, though the ball game was two hours long; the telephone operator gave him the wrong number because he growled indistinctly; the show is "rotten," the players "on the bum." Each time the grouch speaks he takes 10 per cent off some one's happiness. The grouch is a skilled bully over every one who is helpless. I've seen folks break down under his devilish spirit. He is a coward and has no right to darken the lives of those who must stand in his shadow. Grouchiness may not be a mortal sin but let us add to our private litany.

"From grouchiness in myself and from those who are grouchy, good Lord, deliver us!" "Just Be Glad." "Find something in everything to be glad about," says this clear eyed Miss Laughing Water. Sure! There are two ways of looking at things. "It would be laughable if it were not so serious," says the pessimist. "It would be serious if it were not so laughable," says the optimist. Most of our troubles yield before a sense of humor. If you can get a person to look humorously at what he regards as an embarrassing circumstance, a strained situation may be relaxed, a rupture may be healed, a break mended, a chasm bridged. Ever see those jovial mannikins sold in the toy stores, unannouncedly weighted in their hemispherical pedestal, so that though you bowl them over they come right up again smilingly? I've met folks like that. They are insusceptible. Bless 'em! They make us forget the raven's croak when we hear the woodchuck sing. There is plenty of trouble here. Lots of folks are dying ahead of their time, broken spirited.

## "Be of Good Cheer."

Three times our Lord said, "Be of good cheer!" Our religion is not a thing of gloom, though some folks seem to want to make it so. "Wanted—a companion for an invalid. Must be a Christian, but cheerful," said the newspaper ad. If you have faith preach it; if you have doubts bury them; if you have joy share it; if you have sorrow bear it. Find the bright side of things—God's side—and help others get sight of it too. Do you catch Pollyanna's shrewd, sprightly, kindly comment on life? The boy's face is dirty, but notice his bright eyes. You have a cold and can't go to the dance, Miss Butterly? Well, stay home and read a book. You may learn something. You will miss the luncheon at the grill, Mr. Business Man? Very well, take a stroll about your plant at noon hour, see how happy your employees may be on a couple of sandwiches from home. The winner smiles; the loser frowns. Don't look like a loser. The grouch tightens away dollars as well as friends. Tenyson wrote "In Memoriam," but hear him laugh. Lincoln carried the saddest heart in Washington, but notice his keen sense of humor. The Man of Galilee bore the sins of the world, but hear him say, "Be of good cheer!"

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GRIFFING BROTHERS, Port Arthur, Texas

## Announcement

I wish to announce to my Bossier friends that I am associated with the Louisiana Land and Immigration Company, at Shreveport, and will be glad to have those wishing to sell or buy lands to call or write me.

JESSEE F. WISE.

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