

Write to us for it

- One of the greatest conveniences in living so near Shreveport is the nearness of the Shreveport Drug Company's large and varied and low-priced stock.
When you feel the need of our services, write to us for it.
You will be surprised at the quick service.
You will receive your order fresher, finer and cheaper. The mail order service is akin to our personal service. See why?

Shreveport Drug Co THE ORIGINAL CHEAPEST DRUG STORE

Texas at Market Street 'phones, 637

Cotton

To obtain full market value for cotton you must have a broad market, with free competition. To borrow money on cotton advantageously you must have a bonded warehouse receipt to offer as collateral. We enjoy the above advantages, and solicit your cotton shipments.
You will find our Office and Sample Rooms at the corner of Commerce and Travis Streets.

THE HICKS COMPANY, Limited Shreveport, Louisiana

Shreveport Roofing and Metal Works

Manufacturers and Jobbers...

"Dux-Bak" Metal Shingles, Tinners' Tools, Roofing Cement and anything in Sheet Metal

Shreveport

Splendid Offers Here

These properties offer the chance you have been seeking. They won't be on the market long. So act quick.

- A nice residence and lot in the town of Plain Dealing.
If you want 40 acres of first-class farm land (about 25 acres in cultivation) within three miles of Plain Dealing, on a public road and rural mail route, at \$10 per acre, see me.
A bargain!—200 acres of well improved, fertile land, 120 in cultivation, 20 will grow ribbon cane; four good houses; near school and church. Six and a half miles east of Plain Dealing.
100 acres—30 under fence, 120 in original timber, less pine cut off. Enough timber on the land to more than pay for it. A four-room house and other improvements. Fine cattle and hog range. Three miles from Red Land Graded School; free transportation for pupils. Price, \$6.50 per acre.
A tract of 120 acres—50 acres in cultivation, 20 acres in enclosed pasture, remaining portion in original woods. A five-room dwelling, tenant houses, barn, stables and three good wells. Six miles from Plain Dealing, free transportation to graded school located within four miles, on rural mail delivery route, telephone, etc. One of the best farms of its size in this section. For quick sale, \$12.50 per acre, one-third cash. If you want a good home, you can't beat this. Apply at once.
J. T. MANRY, Plain Dealing, La.

R. P. MORTON dealer in Saddles, Harness, Buggies

Wagon and Buggy Umbrellas. Special attention given to CUSTOM WORK and repairing Saddles and Harness. Give us a trial. Store and Work Shop at No. 209 Texas Street, SHREVEPORT.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

- JOANNES SMITH Attorney at Law Office at Court House, Second Floor BENTON, LOUISIANA
CLAUDE B. PROTHRO Attorney at Law Office at Caddo Parish Court House SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA
EDWIN W. DORAN Attorney at Law Office in Court House, Second Floor BENTON, LOUISIANA
DR. FREDERICK RATZBURG Dentist Levy Building SHREVEPORT, LA. Telephone, No. 1160.
Winding Clocks. Be careful about winding clocks. Wind them always at the same time and never wind them too tight. Find out just how many full turns of the key it takes to wind the clock to the proper point and always stop with that number of turns.
Requefort Sheep. The milk of a single Requefort sheep will in a year provide from thirty to forty pounds of cheese. In that district of France there are about 8,000 sheep devoted to the cheese industry.
A Born Orator. "Senator Wombat is considerable of an orator, I take it?" "Oh, yes. He waxes eloquent in boring a match."—Pittsburgh Post.

THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER

A Romance of the Bear Tooth Range By HAMLIN GARLAND

Copyright, 1914, by Hamlin Garland

CHAPTER XVIII. The Private Car.

IN the midst of a lame pursuit of other topics, the elder Norcross again fixed his eyes on Berie, saying, "I wish my girls had your weight and color." He paused a moment, then resumed with weary inflection: "Mrs. Norcross has always been delicate, and all her children—even her son—take after her. I've maintained a private and very expensive hospital for nearly thirty years."

This recital note in his father's voice gave Wayland confidence. His spirits rose.

"Come, let's adjourn to the parlor and talk things over at our ease."

They all followed him, and after showing the mother and daughter to their seats near a window, he drew his father into a corner, and in rapid undertone related the story of his first meeting with Berie, of his camping trip, minutely describing the encounter on the mountainside and ended by saying, with manly directness, "I would be up there in the mountains in a box if Berie had not intervened. She's a noble girl, father, and is foolish enough to like me, and I'm going to marry her and try to make her happy."

The old lumberman, who had listened intently all through this impassioned story, displayed no sign of surprise at its closing declaration, but his eyes explored his son's soul with calm abstraction. "Send her over to me," he said at last. "Marriage is a serious matter. I want to talk with her—alone."

Wayland went back to the women with an air of victory. "He wants to see you, Berie. He's mellowing. Don't be afraid of him."

She might have resented the father's lack of gallantry, but she did not. On the contrary, she rose and walked resolutely over to where he sat, quite ready to defend herself. He did not rise to meet her, but she did not count that against him, for there was nothing essentially rude in his manner. He was merely her elder and inert.

"Sit down," he said, not unkindly. "I want to have you tell me about my son. He has been telling me all about you. Now, let's have your side of the story."

She took a seat and faced him with eyes as steady as his own. "Where shall I begin?" she bluntly challenged. "He wants to marry you. Now, it seems to me that seven weeks is very short acquaintance for a decision like that. Are you sure you want him?"

"Yes, sir, I am." Her answer was most decided.

His voice was slightly cynical as he went on. "But you were tolerably sure about that other fellow—that rancher with the fancy name—weren't you?" She flushed at this, but waited for him to go on. "Don't you think it possible that your fancy for Wayland is also temporary?"

"No, sir," she bravely declared. "I never felt toward any one the way I do toward Wayland. He's different. I shall never change toward him." Her tone, her expression of eyes stopped this line of inquiry. He took up another. "Now, my dear young lady, I am a business man as well as a father, and the marriage of my son is a weighty matter. He is my main dependence. I am hoping to have him take up and carry on my business. Do be quite candid. I didn't expect him to select his wife from a Colorado ranch. I considered him out of the danger zone. I have always understood that women were scarce in the mountains. Now don't misunderstand me. I'm not one of those fools who are always trying to marry their sons and daughters into the ranks of the idle rich. I don't care a hang about social position, and I've got money enough for my son and my son's wife. But he's all the boy I have, and I don't want him to make a mistake."

"Neither do I," she answered simply, her eyes suffused with tears. "If I thought he would be sorry?"

He interrupted again. "Oh, you can't tell that now! Any marriage is a risk. I don't say he's making a mistake in selecting you. You may be just the woman he needs. Only I want to be consulted. I want to know more about you. He tells me you have taken an active part in the management of the ranch and the forest. Is that true?"

"I've always worked with my father—yes, sir."

"You like that kind of life?"

"I don't know much about any other kind. Yes, I like it. But I've had enough of it. I'm willing to change."

"At the same time you figure he's going to have a large income, I suppose? He's told you of his rich father, hasn't he?"

Berie's tone was a shade resentful of his insinuation. "He has never said much about his family one way or another. He only said you wanted him to go into business in Chicago and that he wanted to do something else. Of course I could see by his ways and the clothes he wore that he'd been brought up in what we'd call luxury, but we never inquired into his affairs."

"And you didn't care?"

"Well, not that exactly. But money don't count for as much with us in the valley as it does in the east. Wayland seemed so kind of sick and lonesome, and I felt sorry for him the first time I saw him. I felt like mothering him. And then his way of talking, of looking at things, was so new and beautiful to me I couldn't help caring for him. I had never met any one like him. I thought he was a 'lunger'—"

"A what?"

"A consumptive. That is, I did at first. And it bothered me. I seemed terrible that any one so fine should be condemned like that, and so I did all I could to help him, to make him happy. I thought he hadn't long to live. Everything he said and did was wonderful to me, like poetry and music. And then when he began to grow stronger and I saw that he was going to get well, and Cliff went on the rampage and showed the yellow streak and I gave him back his ring—I didn't know even then how much Wayland meant to me. But on our trip over the range I understood. He meant every thing to me. He made Cliff seem like a savage, and I wanted him to know it. I'm not ashamed of loving him. I want to make him happy, and if he wishes me to be his wife I'll go anywhere he says—only I think he should stay out here till he gets entirely well."

The old man's eyes softened during her plea, and at its close a slight smile moved the corners of his mouth.

"You've thought it all out, I see. Your mind is clear and your conscience easy. Well, I like your spirit, and guess he's right. The decision is up to you. But I have your father and stays in Colorado can't expect me to share the profits of my business with him, can he? He'll have to make his own way." He rose and held out his hand. "However, I'm persuaded he's in good hands."

She took his hand, not knowing just what to reply. He examined her fingers with intent gaze.

"I didn't know any woman could have such a grip." He thoughtfully took her fingers in his left hand. "You are magnificent." Then in ironical protest he added: "Good God, no! I can't have you come into my family. You'd make caricatures of my wife and daughters. Are all the girls out in the valley like you?"

She laughed. "No. Most of them pride themselves on not being horsewomen. Mighty few of 'em ever ride a horse. I'm a kind of a tomboy to them."

"I'm sorry to hear that. It's the same old story. I suppose they'd all like to live in the city and wear low necked gowns and high heeled shoes. No, I can't consent to your marriage with my son. I must save you from corruption. Go back to the ranch. I can see already signs of your deterioration. Except for your color and that grip you look like Upper Broadway."

She flushed redly, conscious of her new corset, her silk stockings and her pinching shoes. "It's all on the outside," she declared. "Under this tattered I'm the same old trapper. It don't take long to get rid of these things. I'm just playing a part today—for you."

He smiled and dropped her hand. "No, no. You've said goodbye to the cinch. I can see that. You're on the road to opera boxes and limousines. What is your plan? What would you advise Wayland to do if you knew I was hard against his marrying you? Come, now, I can see you're a dear sighted individual. What can he do to earn a living? How will you live without my aid? Have you figured on these things?"

"Yes, I'm going to ask my father to buy a ranch near here, where mother can have more of the comforts of life, and where we can all live together till Wayland is able to stand city life again. Then, if you want him to go east, I will go with him."

They had moved slowly back toward the others, and as Wayland came to meet them Norcross said, with dry humor: "I admire your lady of the cinch hand. She seems to be a person of singular good nature and most uncommon shrewd."

Wayland, interrupting, caught at his father's hand and swung it frenziedly. "I'm glad!"

"Here! Here!" A look of pain covered the father's face. "That's the fist she put in the press." They all laughed, and then he gravely resumed: "I say I admire her, but it's a shame to ask such a girl to marry an invalid like you. Furthermore, I won't have her taken east. She'd bleach out and lose that grip in a year. I won't have her contaminated by the city." He mused deeply while looking at his son. "Would life on a wheat ranch, accessible to this hotel by motorcar, be endurable to you?"

"Come along with me to California"—"Governor, you're a wonder!" exclaimed Wayland.

"That'll give us time to get better acquainted, and if we all like one another just as well when we get back—well, we'll buy the best farm in the North Platte, and—"

"It's a cinch we get that ranch!" interrupted Wayland, with a triumphant glance at Berie.

"Don't be so sure of it," replied the lumberman. "A private car, like a yacht, is a terrible test of friendship." But his warning held no terrors for the young lovers. They had entered upon certainties.

THE END. Essay on Shoes. Shoes come in pairs.

They go the same way except in the case of solo legged persons. Horse-shoes are signs of good luck except when planted in the middle of one's person by the accompanying horse.

In former times we wore shoes as seldom as possible. Our feet were about four stabs sturdier than the stubborn gleebe that Mr. Elogy Gray writes about.

In the gentle springtime when we first divorced the leaky winter boots that had grown irksome, the southern exposure of our farm feet was of about the consistency of patent leather.

In June it resembled horn.

In September harveyized steel had nothing on our hoofs.

Between barfoot days when we attended Sunday school, circus or some other devotional exercise we wore congress gaiters.

The congress gaiters (one of ours is now on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institution) had an elastic gore on each cheek.—Indianapolis Star.

Taught by Example. Mrs. Mordca Hammerfest turned pale as her husband entered the dining room for breakfast.

"Mordy," she gasped, "do you—don't you feel well?"

"Perfectly," he replied in seeming surprise.

"But—but you are in your?"

"Tell me something I don't know. Pass the butter, please."

She passed the butter, remarking nervously, "But, Mordy, dear, as you came in I saw you didn't have any shoes on."

"Well, what of it? Your hair is in curl papers, isn't it?"

"Why—y—yes."

"And you have on a wrapper?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then."

And he went on eating his breakfast in silence except when he asked her to pass the butter. Then he went up stairs and finished dressing, and the next morning and on succeeding mornings she reported for breakfast in regular clothes.—Boston Journal.

Changing Matter. "Can the diamond be destroyed by intense heat?" asks a reader.

Yes. Any substance known can be vaporized in the fierce heat of the electric furnace. The word "destroyed" should not have been used. Diamond is chemically pure carbon—that is, lamp-black—and the same quantity still exists after the diamond has vanished. Man is now able to destroy the form of all matter known to chemists—that is, matter disappears as matter, only to resolve back into its primordial elements. These are pure electricity, and nothing else exists. These man cannot create nor destroy. All that any human can create is a thought that had not been created before. But this is a theory, for all thoughts may be eternal. But here one must stop, for our minds cannot think of the meaning of the word eternal.—Edgar Lucien Larkin in New York American.

ROAD BUILDING BY CONVICT WORK

Old Idea Adopted to Modern Requirements.

AN ECONOMIC PROBLEM.

Relative Efficiency of Convict and Free Labor as Given by Various Authorities Varies Greatly—John B. Riley a Warm Advocate of Convict Road Work.

While the idea of using prisoners to build roads is probably as old as the art of road building itself, the systematic use of municipal, county and state prisoners in that work is a comparatively recent development, says the Good Roads Magazine. It is growing in favor, however, as the recognition of its advantages become more general and as the lease system becomes more generally condemned. At present the laws of practically every state in the Union permit some use of convict labor in road building, and it is worthy of note that although only about a dozen states have made extensive use of such labor, it has been found economical and efficient wherever given a fair trial.

Aside from the fact that the employment of convict labor effects a considerable saving in the cost of road work, no definite conclusions can be reached as regards the relative cost and efficiency of convict and free labor. The cost data available show that the cost per convict per day for road building varies from perhaps as low as 25 cents to something over a dollar, depending upon the locality, the character of work upon which the convicts are engaged, the system under which



CONVICTS WORKING ON STATE ROAD IN COLORADO.

they are employed and other local conditions. The relative efficiency of the convict and the free laborer as given by different authorities also varies greatly, some rating the convict as only about half as efficient as the free laborer, and others rating the convict as more efficient.

Those states in which convict labor has been or is at present employed extensively are Alabama, Colorado, Georgia, Louisiana, Montana, New Mexico, North Carolina, Oregon, South Carolina, Virginia and Washington. In addition, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Texas, West Virginia and Wisconsin have used convicts to some extent recently and may be expected to make greater use of them in the future.

John B. Riley, New York state superintendent of prisons, is a warm advocate of the use of convicts for road work, and in a recent interview he said:

"The inmates of our prisons who are accorded the privilege of working on highways will, on the average, do as much work as the paid laborer. Quite as important as the value of the services the prisoner renders the state in building roads is the beneficial effect upon the individual inmate and, indirectly, the moral effect upon the whole body of inmates in our state prisons."

"The demonstration that there are several hundred men in each of our state prisons who may be employed outside the prison walls at manual labor also has shown that it is entirely feasible to raise all vegetables required for use in the prisons, thereby making it possible to save many thousand dollars annually by the expenditure of a comparatively small sum in the purchase of prison farms."

"In the most organized labor has opposed the employment of convicts in highway construction. Having seen that they are performing work in the construction of highways that would not otherwise be improved and that the money appropriated is used in the employment of citizen labor and payment for teams and wagons required to render convict labor effective, at opposition to the plan has been withdrawn."

ROAD MAINTENANCE.

In nearly every state the system of building roads is fairly good. Where a road is bonded and built it is usually built in an approved manner. It is the system of maintenance that is a shame and a disgrace. We have yet to learn that when a road is built it is not built to stand through time and eternity. Experts may build them, but unless they are looked after by men with some knowledge of how they must be maintained their life is short.

Build the roads right and work out a system of maintenance and there will be a vast saving. This will result in a reduction of taxes and will make the burden of road financing one that can be carried better and will be carried far more willingly. The thing that really scares most of us is not the increased taxation for a few years, but the prospect of having to go through with the same burden again in a few years later when the roads have been allowed to go to pieces.—Farm Progress.

ROUGH ON ROADS.

Heavy Cars and Trucks Chief Tax on Maintenance.

To build and maintain good roads would be comparatively easy and inexpensive were we assured that the bulk of their use would be by light weight automobiles, says Roy D. Chapin, chairman good roads committee, National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. It is from very heavy cars and from trucks that roads receive their hardest use. Boulevards and parks, where travel is restricted to light vehicles, require an astonishingly small expense for upkeep. Moderate weight on fairly large section tires should be encouraged by all municipalities interested in building and maintaining good roads. To be sure, this can hardly be attained by legislative action, but much may be done by educational campaigns tending toward the fostering of this idea in the public mind.

The oiled roads of California are famous. Yet many of them cost but a nominal sum to build and maintain. Florida seems recently to have hit upon a method of building a combination oil and sand road that promises to revolutionize road building in that delightful state. I look to see great improvement in the construction of cheap and excellent roads in the near future.

Could we but be assured that only lightweight motorcars would be used on them the problem really is simple. Even a good dirt road, however, is a big improvement over the highways that usually are found in the major part of the United States, and a good dirt road, excepting in the very worst season of the year, can be had with the expenditure of practically nothing but a little labor. It is perhaps too much to expect that concrete or brick roads could be laid through all the rural districts, but it is not too much to expect that the cheap improvement of roads that already exist is something which should be taken up by every municipality. What is needed is not so much money as it is energy and willingness to improve the roads. The fact that many farmers are buying automobiles is a big assistance, because no sooner does a farmer become possessed of a motorcar than he realizes as he never did before the advantage of the good road and the ease with which it may be constructed and maintained.

Tractor Better Than Horses.

A tractor is far superior to horses for road work. The tractor does better work and at less cost. Depending on the size of the tractor, it easily will replace fifteen to thirty sturdy horses in road construction work and cover more ground at far less expense and with much better results. The operator can handle and guide a tractor with greater ease than an equivalent number of horses required to do the same amount of work. It also is possible to start the tractor more gently and work at a faster, steadier pace than with horses. Then, too, the tractor exerts sure, continuous power at all times and even on sharp turns travels along with the same consistent speed and power. This is not true, however, of a team of eight or ten horses engaged in road building work. More often than not they furnish inadequate, unreliable power, and when the work is especially hard require frequent rests, involving considerable loss of time. Weather and soil conditions that often necessitate a layoff when operating with horses do not hamper the work of the tractor.

Surface Treatment of Roads.

The surface treatment of gravel or macadam roads with bituminous materials falls under the head of maintenance. The process may be briefly described as follows: The road surface is first thoroughly cleaned by hand brooms or a street sweeper. The bituminous material is applied when the surface is thoroughly dry at the rate of from 2 to 5 of a gallon to the square yard and is usually broomed into the surface. It is then covered with a thin layer of clean stone screenings or fine gravel free from earth or vegetable matter. The screenings should be spread evenly over the surface and only enough should be used to take up the surplus bitumen. The surface is then rolled and opened to traffic. This method is comparatively cheap, but the treatment has to be repeated from time to time as the binding value of the material becomes inert.