

THE BOSSIER BANNER.

R B Hill 1 Oct 16

Established July 1, 1859.

"A Map of Busy Life, Its Fluctuations and Its Vast Concerns."

Subscription, \$1 per Year.

FIFTY-FIFTH YEAR.

BENTON, BOSSIER PARISH, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1916.

NUMBER 21.

BUY your Drug Store Articles by mail from Shreveport's greatest Drug Store—at lowest CUT-RATE prices

Every mail order received by the Shreveport Drug Company is read and priced by its manager and in every way is guaranteed to be satisfactory to the customer.

Shreveport Drug Co
THE ORIGINAL CUT-RATE DRUG STORE
Agents for Whitman's Candies—Vino!

Typewriters — Typewriters — Typewriters
Remingtons Underwoods L. C. Smiths Oliviers
We Carry in Stock All Standard Makes
We can save you from 50 to 60 per cent. Good serviceable machines \$15 and up. We will rent you a typewriter cheaper, we will repair your typewriter cheaper and better, and we will give you a better trade than you can secure elsewhere. We are agents for the wonderful little Corona Typewriter, which weighs six pounds, but is equipped with every essential feature required on a first-class machine. It is the machine for personal use.
A full line of Typewriter Ribbons, Carbon Papers and Typewriter Accessories.
Drop Us a Line and Let Us Prove Our Assertions.

Shreveport Typewriter Exchange
226 Milam Street

HARMAN & BANKSON
Garage Shreveport, La.
We are working men with ten years practical experience, therefore do skillful repairing and can safely guarantee all jobs. It will be to your interest to get our prices before giving out your work.
Now Located in OUR OWN BUILDING at 1046 Jordan Street

Elston, Prince & McDade
Incorporated
Wholesale Grocers and Cotton Factors
Store and Office at 115-117 Texas Street
Shreveport, Louisiana
Large and Small Orders Solicited, and With the Assurance of Courteous Treatment and Prompt Shipments at All Times
DIRECTORS—J. W. Elston, A. W. Prince, J. T. McDade, Ross E. McDade, W. E. Connell, E. A. Shaw and J. W. Elston, Jr.

GREENE and BELL
distributors
Wood's Mobilette and Pullman Automobiles
1028-30 Texas Avenue
Shreveport

We Pay 4 Per Cent Interest on Time Deposits
Every loan made by our bank is carefully considered, as is evidenced by the fact that we have been in business eleven years and have never lost a dollar on a loan. Can you deposit your money in a bank with a better record?
We want your business and in return will render you prompt and accurate service.

Bank of Benton
Benton, La.

Office Stationery
You should bear some stamp of individuality. If not that, then it should at least bear the mark of painstaking and skillful workmanship. We print to please, and the most modern fixtures known to the craft enable us to achieve that end. Let us have that next order.

CASTLE PRINTING CO.
301-21 Spring Street Shreveport

The New Footwear For Spring Is In
You will appreciate the smartness of our Spring Footwear. Not in a long while have we shown such stunning models. Fashion's tendency is fully expressed in our exhibition now on display
awaiting your early inspection

Because footwear is to-day the most important detail of your dress, you should not fail to see our new creations. You are sure to find exactly the shoe for your taste, price and foot.

REGENT SHOE STORE
The Store That Satisfies
320 Texas Street, Shreveport

Get Shaved at Rettig's
and Read Signs of Good Times
When in Shreveport
44-11

A TALE OF RED ROSES

By **GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER**
Copyright, 1914, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

CHAPTER XII. A Friendly Chat on the Peaceful Sabbath.

MARLEY, as president of the Ring City Street Railway company and as chairman of the impromptu convention of street car magistrates, was so full of business that he felt stuffed like a sausage. To his mind the fund they had raised to fight Allerton's iniquitous legislation was woefully inadequate, and the men who should have been most interested were strangely optimistic. He suggested to several of them that they appoint a committee to see Allerton and arrange some sort of compromise, but here again he found an unexpected lukewarmness. Nobody seemed to think that Allerton could be "reached," and as a matter of fact every time he broached that subject he found his fellow magistrates evasive. The newspapers need not have blazed so much about the probable corruption fund, because there positively was none. The subscription secured was only for the conduct of a publicity campaign and to pay for the services of a perfectly legitimate lobbyist, who would explain the reasonable rights of the street car men.

On Saturday morning the visitors all went home, looking fagged about the eyes, without having done much more than pass some frothy resolutions and raise the feeble fund referred to and investigate by electric light whatever the keys of the city would unlock; and President Marley, staggering under the burden of his position, was very much worried.

He confided his fears to his future son-in-law after he had seen the last tired, hard working magistrate on a train headed for home and remorse.

"I don't think these men appreciate, as I do, the need of controlling street car legislation," he complained. "Allerton's bill looks like a menace to all my interests, and I am a little bit surprised that Sledge, since his entrance into the game on a big scale, does not seem more concerned about it."

"It was Sledge who arranged to have these fellows come together," Bert reminded him.

"Yes," admitted Marley, "but he seemed to have such feeble ideas about what to do after he had them here. It wasn't like his usual vigorous methods."

"Then he has something up his sleeve," decided Bert. "I wish that fellow would drop dead. I'm afraid of him."

"You've been talking to Molly," laughed her father.

"No; I've been talking to Sledge," denied Bert. "I had just as lief have a rattlesnake devote its life to the ambition of sinking a fang into the calf of my leg as to have Sledge fussing in with me. If I can find a buyer for it I'm going to unload my stock in that amusement park while the public still thinks it will be built."

Marley frowned his crushing displeasure.

to be rather decent in the last few days, and I am only annoyed because he does not seem to see the necessity of using his influence with Allerton to stop this street railway bill. I think I shall see Allerton myself tomorrow. He comes home every Saturday night."

Pursuant to that happy idea, the president drove out to Allerton's house the next morning and found the senator in the luxury of pajamas, easy slippers and lounging robe amid an extravagant confusion of Sunday papers. At his right hand was a table, on which bubbled an electric coffee percolator, and at his left hand was a feather-weight serving table, on which was a comfortable supply of cigarettes. In front of him sat Ben Sledge.

"Hello, Marley," greeted the senator. "You're just in time for coffee."

"Had mine hours ago," returned Marley, nodding his return to Sledge's grunt.

"Then it's time again," insisted the senator pleasantly, ringing for another cup. "Or would you prefer a cocktail?"

"A little of your exclusive rye, I think, if you insist on anything," accepted Marley, drawing a chair into the cozy little circle. "You're trying to save that rye or you would have offered it in the first place."

"No; only trying to promote sobriety," bantered Allerton. "I suppose, however, that a memory of that good Kentucky stock is what brought you out here on this peaceful Sabbath morning."

"Hardly," denied Marley. "Frankly I suppose I came on the same errand as my rival and competitor here."

"What's that?" asked Allerton, with a glance at Sledge.

"To find out what the dickens you mean by that infamous street railway bill of which you are the disreputable parent."

Allerton gazed at him blankly for a moment and again glanced quizzically at Sledge. There was a low rumble down in Sledge's throat, but neither his face nor his eyes betrayed any sentiment or emotion whatsoever.

"I mean to protect the honest workman, to save our houses and fire-places and add honor and glory to the American flag," responded Allerton solemnly.

Marley accepted that merry quip with the courteous chuckle which it deserved.

ommitted some atrocious social blunder. The horror and the menace and the magnitude of that smile increased upon him as he drove into the city. In front of the telegraph office he abruptly stopped, and hurrying in sent this message to his up state syndicate:

Wire best offer controlling interest.

Bert Glider, a necessary adjunct to the Sunday dinner, came just in time to sit down at the table with the family, and he was so preoccupied that Molly was half vexed with him.

"Now, who has won part of your marbles?" she chided him, attempting to conceal her annoyance with him under the guise of gay gallantry.

"Bert already looks like a married man," laughed Fern. "I'd be frightened to death, Molly. Think what he'll look like at a breakfast on the first of each month."

"He'll never see the meat bill," declared Molly. "I intend to begin with allmomy."

"I hope I can pay it," responded Bert, catching the all too jovial spirit of the assemblage and pretending to gawky himself. "I think my first step toward making a living, however, will be to move out of this state where I can buy and sell a piece of property without asking permission of some alderman or ward wad."

"I think we'll all go," suggested Marley, who had been looking studiously into his soup. "What has happened to worry you, Bert?"

"Since Sledge smiled?" queried that neatly mustached young man in order to head him off from that reproach. "I think I have good cause for this time. I took a drive out Lincoln road this morning, and they're going ahead with their amusement park project."

"Impossible," asserted Marley, straightening in outraged dignity, "while the Ring City Street Railway company has a Lincoln road franchise, which would prevent our competitors from obtaining one. It has not announced any intention of building in that direction and will not do so."

Bert laughed quite without mirth.

"You remind me of that good old standard story of the man who was arrested for some trifling offense. He sent for his friend and explained the circumstances. 'Why, it's confounded nonsense!' exclaimed the friend, holding the bars and looking through the grating of the cell door. 'No policeman on earth can throw you into jail for that.'"

"Why, he was in jail at that very minute," protested Fern.

"I think that's supposed to be the point of the story," guessed Molly. "Of what is it apropos, Bert?"

ang with red roses," laughed Molly, "tons and tons of them. This is a different proposition. He has reduced everything in life to dollars and cents, and he thinks that if he can only break Bert and father there'll be no wedding bells for us. Bert and I will each be compelled to seek a more lucrative match."

She glanced smilingly at Bert and surprised on his face a curious expression, which plunged her into deep and not overly pleasant thought.

"He'd have bluffed me long ago," confessed Fern. "I'd have been so scared to death that by this time I'd be sending out afternoon tea invitations on his business stationery."

"You spiritless wretch!" chided Molly.

"It might not be so bad, after all," returned Fern, persisting, now that she had started, in revealing the entire depth of her depravity. "I suppose I ought to be ashamed to acknowledge it, but I like Sledge."

"You may pack up your things and go home," laughed Molly, not really blaming her for the sentiment, however. "You're positively hopeless, Fern."

"All right," insisted Fern. "I don't think there'd be any more fun than taming and managing a big brute like him."

"Throw her out," begged Bert. "She's dangerous!"

CHAPTER XIII.
Molly's Anxiety Well Founded.

MOLLY'S anxiety was by no means feigned, for the next morning, at 10 o'clock, she called up her father at his office and asked him if he had received an answer to his telegram. In rather a worried tone he replied that he had not, but that he would let her know as soon as he had done so.

She wandered about the house, quite ill at ease; then, unable to content herself, suggested to Fern that they make ready for a drive. When they were ready she hesitated a moment or two in front of the telephone, but conquered that temptation. Instead, she made their first stop at her father's office, and, with a curious degree of consideration, waited in the little red reception room to be announced. She was told to come right in, and found Bert with her father.

Marley silently handed her a telegram. Our Mr. Coldman will see you in two weeks from today.

"Two weeks," she worried. "Can't you possibly hurry them up?"

Marley handed her another telegram: impossible to arrange earlier date.

fuse to take your orders," she calmly informed him, surprised to find in herself an inclination to giggle over her use of that splendidly ringing remark. "Molly will shield you from all harm," she added, and she was snickering when she rejoined Fern.

"What's the joke?" asked that young lady. "I've been dying all morning to hear somebody giggle."

"You're to chaperon me while I go over and make love to Sledge," Molly gaily informed her.

"You're not really," protested Fern. "I am really," retorted Molly, her eyes flashing a trifle more than a mere jest would seem to warrant. "I must, Fern. I plunged both father and Bert into this trouble, and Bert seems to think it's up to yours truly Molly to fool Sledge along until they have time to get out of it. Besides that, it's a sort of a game between Sledge and myself, and I'm not going to have that big duffer win it."

"This is too delightful for anything," applauded Fern. "I'm perfectly mad about it, Molly. I hope Sledge is in."

Sledge was in. He was closeted with Senator Allerton and Governor Waver on a most important conference, one involving the welfare and prosperity of half the voters in the state; but, nevertheless, he promptly stifled his conscience and allowed the interests of the sovereign people to suffer when Davis whispered in his ear that Molly Marley wanted to see him.

"Bring her right in," said Sledge. "Men, you'll have to go. It's a lady," and he opened the rear door for them. "Just one moment," parleyed Governor Waver, his hand on the door-knob. "I'm returning to the capital this afternoon, and—"

"I'll see you up there," interrupted Sledge, pushing the door and the governor with it.

"By the way, my coat," called the senator from the rear corridor.

The knob of the other door rattled. "All right," granted Sledge, closing them out in the draft just as Molly and Fern came in. "Hello, girls!" said Sledge. "Sit down. Excuse me a minute till I poke a guy's Benny out to him."

Dynamite.
Dynamite if carefully made and kept will not explode except by shock or a blow; hence a cap or detonator is affixed to a charge just before firing to set it off. Fet fire in open air dynamite burns fiercely with a smoky flame, but does not explode unless several sticks are closely piled together or packed in a box. The most common cause of premature explosion of dynamite is separation of its nitroglycerin, slight friction or shock causing this to explode and, in turn, explode the dynamite. Separation of nitroglycerin usually occurs when frozen dynamite is being thawed out; hence so many cases of explosion by careless or ignorant persons who use a perfectly good stove in a course of instruction in how to handle dynamite. The force of a dynamite explosion is usually greatest downward. Thus a stick of dynamite exploded on a rock would not be covered will shatter the rock, but will produce little effect in other directions. Like all explosives, dynamite must be inclosed to produce its maximum effects. Dynamite is sometimes prepared in granular form for producing certain explosive effects, but its action is too rapid and intense for use in rifles or cannon.—American Druggist.

An Exception.
"No man would approve of the recals as applied to himself."
"Oh, yes, an actor would!"—Baltimore American.

Portable Hostelry.
"When I landed I took the car for a hotel."
"What a singular mistake!"—Boston Transcript.

Thought and action are inseparable. As is the thought, so is the life.



"I don't see how unless Molly marries Sledge," suggested his father.

claims above yours," Bert hedged, his impatience, however, only slightly mollified. "The fundamental fact is that we must gain time."

"I don't see how unless Molly marries Sledge," suggested her father, with a laugh.

Crash—!
Go Your Glasses
—but just send us the pieces

—don't even take time to find your original prescription—just send us the pieces of your broken lenses and from them we will grind in our own work shop new lenses of exact strength, size, compound, etc.

new lenses back in a day's time
Send us your broken glasses to-day and have them back to-morrow. You will never be charged more; usually not as much.

don't be deceived by imposters
We have no traveling representatives and warn you to avoid any one claiming to be such. We offer a \$50 reward for the arrest and conviction of any person claiming to be our representative.

SCHWARTZ Optical Company
Exclusive Opticians
306 Texas Street Shreveport