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WE will be pleased to have our friends call and look over our New Spring Stock.

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Tomato Plants, 50 cents per hundred; sweet potato plants, 10 cents per hundred.

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Nasturtiums, 10 cents each; Pansies, 25 cents each; Verbenas, 10 cents each; Periwinkles, 10 cents each.

Seed Corn
Hickory King, Gilmen's Yellow Dent, Reed's Early Dent, Boone County White and White Pearl.

Field Seeds
Soy Beans, Whippoorwill and Clay Peas, Soudon Grass and all other varieties of Field Seeds.
Our line of Garden Seeds is complete.
Call and see us.

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With one of our new auto tops. Then the sun will not bother you or the rain spoil either auto trimmings or ladies' gowns. We'll put one on your car for so reasonable a sum that you'll wonder how you ever came to fear the expense of having one of our tops.

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How Eskimo Women Die.
On her first entrance to her new hut of snow an Eskimo woman is buoyed by hope of welcoming a son. What of her last incoming to those narrow confines? She knows that the medicine man has decided that her sickness is mortal when she is laid upon her bed of snow. She gazes upon the feebly burning lamp beside her, upon food and drink set close at her hand. She sees her loved ones pass out of the doorway that needs no tunnel entrance to keep chill air away, for presently the door is sealed with snow. The chill of death pierces through her enveloping furs. Her tomb insures that no long tarrying will be hers. The soul, commingling with her, may refresh itself with food; but, starving and freezing, her feeble body will witness even that soul's departure and know that its hour has come to perish alone. —Harper's.

A Bed For Seventeen.
Probably there is no bed capable of holding so many as seventeen in this country. But such a bed is to be found in the Mount Tet but (10,000 feet above the sea), one of the Swiss mountain cabins belonging to the Alpine club. The bed is really constructed to hold only fourteen, but the day on which a party visited the hut was so exceptionally clear and the conditions for climbing were so favorable that twenty-one members and friends, besides the guides accompanying them, turned up at the cabin to stay the night. The guides took possession of the kitchen, and the twenty-one sorted themselves out as follows: Seventeen "slept" on the bed, three on the floor and the remaining one in a chair.

Lumber for Sale

I have purchased all the remaining buildings, trams, sheds and foundations at Bolinger, as well as enough of the lumber to take care of the local trade. Any one wanting lumber will find a stock on hand there, at low prices. Will handle Windows, Doors, Lime, Brick, Cement and Shingles. I expect to handle all kinds of building material. Come and see me. Yours truly,
R. C. PURCELL.

For Sale

A Duroc-Jersey BOAR; registered, two years old, weight 275 pounds. A good individual.
A small MARE; will work anywhere. These will be sold cheap.
They may be seen at my farm, two miles from the east end of the Shreveport bridge.
Address, Bossier City, La.
21-11 TOM GARDNER.

For Sale

A JERSEY BULL CALF, one month old. This calf is from registered stock on both sides. The price is \$12.50, f. o. b. Plain Dealing.
E. WYCHE, Plain Dealing, La.

For Sale or Trade

A good JACK; price, \$100. Using horse reason for selling. Also, 50 bushels of Sweet Potatoes—seed or eating. Telephone, 722 W, or address me at Benton, La. 10-11 T. W. W. STINSON.

The Scrap Book

Made the Kaiser Laugh.
Among the officers who resemble the Kaiser, Wilhelm II, is a young captain who has a prodigious talent of imitation. Some months before the war this captain found himself in a hall of the Imperial palace at Potsdam. He was there with other of his friends who were officers and began an imitation of the Kaiser with extraordinary precision in tone, quality of voice, gesture and appearance. All at once a terrible silence. Wilhelm II. had arrived in the hall. The officers saluted respectfully and remained motionless. "Very well; go on!" said the Kaiser, addressing the captain. "I did not know you had this talent." The officer hesitated a moment; then, extending his arm and reproducing the intonation of his sovereign, cried in a strong voice, "Captain, you should be chased out of the army, but in consideration of your youth and because I know you to be a worthy and brave soldier I pardon you." The Kaiser laughed, and the captain was not punished. —Nouvelle Revue.

Life and Work.
Isn't it strange that princes and kings And clowns who caper in sawdust rings And common people, like you and me, Are workers for eternity?
Each is given a bag of tools, A shapeless mass and a book of rules, And each must make ere life be flown A stumbling block or a stepping stone. —Tamar Faed.

A Hearty Meal.
"When I was a little girl," says a correspondent, "I had the honor of being introduced to Mark Twain. It was just before Thanksgiving, and I very proudly told him that I was going to spend the holiday with my aunt in New York."
"Really?" he drawled, with the most flattering show of interest. "Well, I hope you will feel after dinner just as I did when I went there to a banquet a few months ago."
"Of course I instantly demanded to know, 'How was that?'"
"Very thankful," answered Mr. Clemens, with preternatural solemnity. "Very, very thankful because I still had one article of apparel that wasn't too tight a fit for comfort."
"Oh, I know," I guessed eagerly. "Your shoes!" But the humorist shook his head.
"No, no," he corrected, with gentle sadness; "my umbrella!" — Youth's Companion.

He Aimed High.
President Lincoln once had a singular interview with a persevering stranger. This was a man who had been noticed laughing about the White House in Washington. Asked his business, he said he wanted to see Mr. Lincoln and was not going away until he had seen him. Ultimately the president granted the visitor an interview.
"Say, Mr. Lincoln," he began, "do you want a secretary of war? For, if you do, I'm your man."
The president informed him that at that moment he was not in need of such an article.
With that the stranger withdrew, but as he was leaving the room he turned and said, "Say, Mr. Lincoln, have you such a thing as a pair of old trousers?"
After a hearty laugh Lincoln told his visitor he almost deserved the secretaryship, "because," he added, "you aim high."

Left Him in a Daze.
Not that it has anything to do with statecraft, but when George Ade and Orin Wells went around the world together a steamship agent at Rangoon "done 'em dirt." They had paid extra fare on a stateroom to hold it all the way from Calcutta to Singapore, but the British agent at Rangoon crowded another passenger into their cubby hole.
"Clear up to the limit" of sitting they fussed with the agent, but he was a snarling, snarling wreck of humankind, and they were in a strange land. "Twasn't any use."
It was a desperately hot morning, and the agent was the only white man in sight. Just before the gangplank was pulled in Wells walked over to the agent and said:
"You have played us a contemptible trick, but we are going to get even with you."
"Oh, you are, are you?" says he. "I should jolly well like to know how you intend to get even."
"Well," replied Wells solemnly, "we are about to leave this place, and you have to stay here."
All the way out of the harbor they could see him still standing there trying to figure it out. —Detroit Free Press.

Lack of Precision.
Most important to Marshall Canrobert's mind was the wording of an order so that it could not be misinterpreted, and his favorite story was "Le Bourgeois de Falaise." In the town of Falaise an order was for some good reason issued that no one should go out at night without a lantern. The first night after the issue of the order an official ran up against a man in the dark and took him before the authorities. "Where is your lantern?" "It is here." "But there is no candle in it." "Your order said nothing about a candle." On the next night the same bourgeois was again run into and again brought up. "What have you to say?" "Here is the lantern and the candle in it." "But the candle is not lighted." "Your order said nothing about its being lighted."

A Sensible Query.
Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett once told a good story about his going to Ireland for the first time. "As soon as I landed in Ireland I attempted to look for traces of some of my ancestors, who came from the extreme north of Ireland. Meeting an intelligent looking Irishman, I informed him of my mission, saying that my ancestors emigrated from about that spot a hundred years ago and I was there trying to look them up. He answered: 'Ye say your ancestors emigrated from our town about a hundred years ago? Thin why are ye looking for them here?'"

ONE RESOURCE IN RESERVE.

Mrs. Minkler's Pie Was Big, but It Had Its Limits.
"That's the third time," observed Mrs. Minkler, who was visiting country relatives, "that I've heard reference made to 'Mrs. Minkler's pie-pudding,' and it usually brings out a laugh. If there's any joke about it I'd like to hear it."
"Well, I'll tell you the story," said one of the cousins. "Mrs. Minkler does the cooking for her family of four, and as she isn't in love with the science of cookery it's very little in the way of extras the family gets. Mrs. Minkler says she considers 'apple sass and molasses' a good enough dessert for any one."
"Well, one day for a special treat she baked a plum pie for dinner, allowing



"IT WON'T STAND ANY MORE CUTTING."
a quarter apple for each member of the family. But while she was preparing dinner her sister-in-law looked into the kitchen and announced that two cousins had come over from Rushville to spend the day.
"Shucks!" said Mrs. Minkler. "Now I'll have to cut the pie into six pieces." "A half hour later two neighbors, Judge and Mrs. Peters, called, and Mr. Minkler asked them to stay for dinner, to which they agreed.
"Mercy sakes!" grumbled Mrs. Minkler. "Now I'll have to cut the pie into eight pieces."
"Just as dinner was being dished up who should drop in but an old bachelor friend of the family from the other side of town, and he also accepted Mr. Minkler's invitation to take dinner.
"Amanda Jane," declared the exasperated Mrs. Minkler to her sister-in-law, "I'll make out to cut that pesky pie into nine pieces, but I tell you now it won't stand any more cutting than that. If a single other person comes here to dinner today I'll squash the pie up, dish it round with sass on it and call it a pudding." —Youth's Companion.

Hope.
Hope throws a generous contempt upon ill usage and looks like a handsome defiance of a misfortune, as who should say, "You are somewhat troublesome now, but I shall conquer you." —Jeremy Collier.

The Undying Flame.
In a certain Kentucky town Uncle Ike, a local character of color, was doing odd jobs for a gentleman when he was seized with colic in his most violent and painful form. His employer went to his relief with the only aid in liquid form he could find on the premises, the same being a bottle of tobacco sauce.
Uncle Ike swallowed a large spoonful of the stuff and returned to work, weeping comically.
A few minutes later the gentleman went to look for him and found him doubled up in the hay loft.
"Ike," he inquired, "how do you feel now?"
"Mos' dadd, boss!" was the plaintive answer.
"Better let me give you another dose of that medicine, then."
"Boss," said Uncle Ike, "I'd hate to die on yoh hands, but I don't never ag'n spect to take nothin' 'whut water won't squench." —Saturday Evening Post.

The Lawyer Countered.
On one occasion, Judge Bodkin tells in his reminiscences, Lord Justice Holmes was amusingly countered by a junior barrister who was defending a prisoner before him. Though the prisoner was a rather elderly man, counsel made frequent appeals to the jury to take into account the fact that he was an orphan. The judge grew impatient.
"I really don't see," he exclaimed, "how the fact that your client is an orphan bears on the case. He is old enough to take care of himself, and it is quite natural at his age he should have lost his parents. For instance, I myself am an orphan."
"Yes, my lord," interposed the counsel, "and should your lordship ever have the misfortune to come before a jury of your fellow countrymen I trust that circumstance will be taken into consideration in your lordship's favor."

Wellington's Coolness.
The Duke of Wellington was one day sitting at his library table when the door opened and without any announcement in stalked a figure of singularly ill omen.
"Who are you?" asked the duke in his short and dry manner, looking up without the slightest change of countenance upon the intruder.
"I am Apollyon. I am sent here to kill you."
"Kill me? Very odd."
"I am Apollyon and must put you to death."
"Bliged to do it today?"
"I am not told the day or the hour, but I must do my mission."
"Very inconvenient; very busy; great many letters to write. Call again or write me word. I'll be ready for you."
The duke then went on with his correspondence. The maniac, appalled probably by the stern, immovable old gentleman, backed out of the room and in half an hour was in an asylum.

Retiring Before the Enemy.
Owens—My tailor will be here in half an hour. Elevator Boy—Yes, sir; shall I ask him to wait? Owens—Certainly not, you idiot! What do you suppose I'm going out for?—Boston Transcript.

RETROSPECTIVE

Fifty Years Ago.
From the Banner of June 23, 1866—Bellevue.
"The papers say that a black man in Virginia is gradually turning white. Poor fellow." (Those were hard days for native white men all over the South.)
"The property in South Carolina, which was worth \$400,000,000 in 1860, is reduced in value to \$50,000,000. Cause, the emancipation of the slaves and the havoc of war."
"Fighting seems to be the business that is the liveliest the world over just at present. Let us see: Here are the Fenians fighting the Knucks, there the Mexicans are fighting Maximilian and the Imperialists. A little further down on the map the Peruvians are fighting the Spaniards, with Chili to help them. Then, just over the way, Paraguay is fighting Brazil and the Argentine Confederation. All Europe is getting ready for a big fight. The Russians are fighting the Bokharas, the Chinese are fighting the Mongolians and the Tartars. In fact, this wicked world, somehow, was never so full of fight as it is just now. The Peace Society, we fear, is drifting sadly astern." (We thought those skirmishes were war fifty years ago. Such a condition would be called a world peace now.)
"The LaCross (Wis.) Democrat, in speaking of the stealing of a plantation bell belonging to President Davis—by radical plunderers during the war—makes the following honest admission of their dishonesty: 'Not only bells, plates and sewing machines, but thousands of other things are scattered all over the North—stolen plunder of Southern homes! Only a day or two since we saw in a home in this city two volumes of a novel once the property of "Julia Rhett, from B. R.," bearing on the title page the advertising card of a Charleston bookseller. On the same page in a bold, brazen hand was written the name of a Wisconsin captain, with the date and position of his command at the time! And the book is passed from hand to hand with scarcely a thought that it was once filched from a home in the South. The time will come when these stolen goods will be buried out of sight.'" (Well, maybe the time will come, but it hasn't come yet. Articles in Northern newspapers are still seen from time to time alluding to such trophies of war. The press of the North and of the South is just now filled with protests of German outrages in conquered territory. In fact, war has always had plunder as its chief aim. The soldier is the servant of the statesman who would take provinces and trade from the conquered. The soldier merely imitates his government on a smaller scale when he plunders a home where he cannot annex a province.)

Thirty Years Ago.
From the Banner of June 21, 1866—Bellevue.
The closing exercises of Bellevue Academy took up about three columns of the paper. Following are some of the numbers on the program of the two evenings' entertainment: Salutatory, by James Wyche. "We Hope to Please You," by Marvin Blocker. "I Wish I Was Grown Up," by Augustus Cade. "I Don't think It Quite Right," by Charles F. Skannal. "Hard Times," by Bertie Baker. "When This Old Hat Was New," by Henry L. Skannal. "May Queen"—Miss Sallie Cade, Queen; Misses Lilly Blocker, Delia Lilly, Joe Wyche, Mattie Oneal, Corrie Connell, Lena Lilly, Nina Brasher, and Masters Beal Moore, Willie Thompson and Abney Scanland. "The Boy Stood on the Riddled Fence," by Pierce Oneal. "Weary Heart," by Minnie E. Wyche. "The City Dude," by E. E. Moore and John M. Scanland. "Showers," by Misses Ketha Callaway, Willie Head, Georgia Bixler, and J. Hamiter Wyche and Isaac M. Callaway. "In Memory of the Confederate Dead" (tableau)—Misses Mamie Thompson, Zula Rasmussen, Lina Tidwell and Willie Head. "Furl That Banner," Abney D. Scanland. "Married by the New Justice," by Prof. A. J. Murff, Shea Prince, Miss Maggie Cade, E. C. Braden. "The Curfew Must Not Ring To-night," Miss Lura Blocker. "What Shall Be Our Record," by R. Beverly Hill. Col. John M. Young of Shreveport was introduced by Prof. Murff at a few minutes past ten o'clock in the evening and he spoke about an hour. Among the visitors present were people from about every town in the parish. Mrs. J. F. Edwards and child were present from Haughton; Misses Fannie and Leona T. McDade, from Filmore. Square Jordan's string band of Shreveport furnished the music. The number of people in attendance was estimated at upwards of 400. The stage was beautifully decorated. On the background of the stage, which was snow white, were the words in rustic letters: "Bellevue Academy—1835-86." It seems to have been a great occasion, as no doubt some of the old pupils will remember.

Ten Years Ago.
From the Banner of June 21, 1866—Benton.
"There are in Louisiana 3715 Confederate pensioners, 2350 of whom volunteered from the state and 365 from other states. There are 800 applications for pensions that cannot as yet be granted because of the limit of \$7,000 per year in the appropriation." (The number of pensioners has about doubled since 1906, as has also the appropriation.)

LOCAL.
"Mr. P. C. Taylor has accepted a position with Mr. J. P. Creswell."
"Master Jack Murff and his sister, little Fannie, of Shreveport, are visiting friends in Benton this week."
A paragraph from the Haughton report read: "Dr. H. H. Barncastle and Mr. Willard Byron will each erect a cottage on their vacant lots for the use of families who will move here to patron-

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next fall. What steps are you taking to enjoy the fruits of your labor in the fall of life? A few dollars saved each week as you tread the path of life will care for you in comfort and independence as you grow old.

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ize our school. We look upon this as the beginning of a substantial boom for our town and community."
"Good times are surely ahead of us if crops turn out as well as present prospects promise." (The same can be said of crop conditions of even date, 1916.)
"We have been informed that Mrs. J. B. Thompson died at her home near Alden Bridge last Friday and was buried at Cottage Grove Cemetery the following day."
"We have now been using our new press one year, long enough to demonstrate its usefulness and learn all about its mechanism. The first issue of the Banner printed on it was dated June 15, 1905."
The Plain Dealing correspondent said: "Mr. C. H. McClenaghan, of this place, and Miss Hall, of Stephens, Ark., were married a few days ago, and 'Bun' came in on the Cotton Belt Monday morning—bringing his bride—the happiest looking man in all these diggings."
Get the Banner free one year by securing us three new paid subscriptions.

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Native Game, Oysters and other Sea Foods when in season.
Courteous treatment, clean linen, wholesome food at popular prices.

Berkshire Boar
I have for sale a fine brood, well developed Berkshire Boar, now seven months old. Can be seen at Chute plantation. Address, Benton, La. R. F. D. No. 2. 11-11 W. G. BROWN.

For Sale
JUNE CORN and SPECKLE PEAS, at 60¢ per bushel, as long as they last. Also a 6-horse power Gasoline Engine and Feed Cutter, both in good condition. 19-8 W. E. IVEY, Benton, La.
Write for the Banner's advertising rates.