

THE PROGRESS

OUR MAIN MISSION: THE UPBUILDING OF SHREVEPORT AND NORTH LOUISIANA.

VOL. I.

SHREVEPORT, LA., SATURDAY MARCH 26, 1892.

NO. 8.

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DISGRACEFUL

Rowdism Runs Riot in Shreveport.
Her Public Streets the Scene
of Wild Disorder.

On Tuesday last, the day of the
primary election, there were en-
acted on the most public streets of
Shreveport several scenes which
were a disgrace to civilization and
an outrage on common decency
and good society. Intoxicated to
a degree that made them bestial,
several citizens became so boister-
ous and unruly that the police
were forced to interfere in order
that the law should not appear a
mere play thing, to be trampled
under foot as an object fit only for
ridicule. It was then, when the
officers interposed, that the most
unbecoming conduct was indulged
in. Not only did the rioting parties
resist arrest, but likewise gave
expression to language that was
horrible to listen to. Nor did the
outrage stop here, for several by-
standers who witnessed the affair,
instead of lending their assistance
to the officers, Chief Busbey and
Patrolman Boynton, and helping
them to quell the disturbance,
rather urged the offenders to fur-
ther acts of lawlessness by impeding
the efforts of the officers, who
were assaying to make arrests and
thus restore peace. By this act of
encouragement Chief Busbey re-
ceived a severe blow in the face
and Officer Boynton a slight
scratch, while Mr. G. V. Evans,
who came to their aid, would have
been murdered but for the alert
action of the chief, who arrested
the arm which was about to crush
Mr. Evans' head with a stone.
But for the assistance of Col. S.
J. Ward and Mr. N. B. Murf and
one or two others, there doubtless
would have been several murders
in the broad light of day, on the
public streets of our city, and in
all probability two of the victims
would have been policemen of the
town, killed by her own citizens
for discharging their duty.

On learning of the affair, Dis-
trict Attorney Shepherd, after in-
quiring thoroughly into the case
by a public examination before
Justice C. D. Hicks, had that
magistrate to issue the proper war-
rants charging the participants,
some with using vulgar, obscene
and blasphemous language in a
public place, and others with il-
legally resisting and wounding an
officer in the discharge of his duty,
and others with assault and bat-
tery, as the cases merited.

THE PROGRESS reflects with
grave disquietude on such an oc-
currence, from such a source. Our
community, one week ago, would
not have believed that such an
event would have happened here,
and is now considerably wrought
up over it. It is not pleasant mus-
ings which teach us that such a
state of affairs can exist in our
community, and does not augur
well for its peace and quietude.
The character of the parties en-
gaged only adds to the enormity
of the offense, for they are not
cloaked with the excuse of the
hoodlum, though at this time they
were playing the part to perfection.
Drunkenness is no palliation for
such an infringement on public
order, and every one engaged in
the disturbance should be made
to pay the fullest penalty of the
law. The fact that they are gen-
tlemen only adds to the gravity of
the offense, and justice demands
that an example be made of the
actors in this affair, and all found
guilty should be made to pay the
utmost farthing.

In closing, we must pay a com-
mendable tribute to the forbear-
ance of the policemen, who, under
the trying circumstances, would
have been justifiable in seriously
hurting several of the parties en-
gaged in the affray.

Charges were lodged in the po-
lice court against the rioters, and
Mayor Vinson showed his dis-
pleasure of the occurrence by as-
sessing a good-sized penalty
against them.

THE PROGRESS can be found on
sale at Hyam's book store.

Farm Hints.

After this year we will be pre-
pared to keep up our end of the
row, even on the subject written
of under the head above. We are
making preparations to issue a
challenge to any farmer in the
Southern States on the subject of
the best methods of cultivating
any plant or vegetable known to
our climate. We have gone into the
business on a grand scale and ex-
pect to be known in a few years
as the Jay Gould of agriculture.
We are cultivating a vast tract of
land, nearly a half acre, and ex-
pect to raise nearly enough table
supplies to feed my only family of
three persons besides the cook.
But, farmers, don't become envi-
ous and heap maledictions upon
our head, for we shall not be in the
least stuck up and shall treat you
all kindly, and will be as sociable
as our exalted position will warrant.
Until that time, however, The
PROGRESS will continue to rely on
other sources for its hints, among
which is a valued contributor who
has an excellent article in this issue.
Don't fail to read it for it is from
the pen of one who writes from
practice and not theory.

Points as to Pigs.

I have found boiled small pota-
toes excellent food for young pigs,
in connection with skim milk and
house slops. We cook them in
two iron kettles on the back of the
range, being at no extra expense
for fuel. Unsalable or scabby pota-
toes are used, and when cooked
are mashed and mixed with the
swill. If skim-milk form the
greater part of the liquid the pigs
will thrive as well as on any other
feed that can be given them. I
consider them worth two-thirds as
much as wheat middlings. In very
cold weather I feed a little corn or
cornmeal in addition, as the pigs
crave carbonaceous food at such
times.

Growing pigs should not be fed
to repletion; the quantity should
be gauged so that they will always
come to the trough with a good
appetite. If they get hungry a
little before feeding and squeal a
little in anticipation it is better
than to have them lie stupid in
their beds until stiffer up. Growth
is to be aimed at rather than fat,
which is to be put on in the last
few weeks of their existence. Pigs
will not be idle all the time; I give
them a sheaf of oats three or four
times a week; they keep busy for
hours eating off the seed, and then
make a bed of the straw. Some
give a separate room with coal-
ashes to root in.—New York Tri-
bune.

To Keep Fruit.

It is said fruit may be readily
kept several months by taking
sawdust and thoroughly drying it
on a stove so as to get out all
moisture. Tissue paper is treated
the same way. Then bunches of
grapes are cut when fully ripe in
the fall, and every bad or imper-
fect berry removed. Then each
bunch of grapes is wrapped in the
prepared tissue paper and placed
in a box, and the space between
the bunches being filled with the
prepared sawdust. The box should
then be wrapped up tightly in
paper and placed in a fruit-house.
Fruit has been kept in fine condi-
tion in this way until April, when
the "bloom" was as fine as when
cut from the vine. Tomatoes were
stored away on May 1, and when
examined October 24 turned out in
excellent condition.—Home and
Farm, Louisville, Ky.

Ignorance in the Orchard.

Ignorance is at the bottom of
most fruit failures. The sons of
ignorant fruit growers learn little
from their fathers—except as they
learn to hate learning. Some day
we may have schools for fruit cul-
ture. Why not, indeed? If fruit
growing or farming are to be pro-
fessions, why should not boys be
trained for the work they are en-
gaged in? They certainly fail to
get suitable learning now. The
cutting away of large limbs of

fruit trees is murderous work.
There would be no occasion for it,
in case the trees are properly
pruned when small. When large
limbs must be cut away the stumps
should be coated to protect the
exposed wood. One aim in prun-
ing should be to have the fruit
grow on large limbs, and not at
the extremities of small limbs
where the wind has full sway to
snap it off. Judicious pruning will
secure this result to a certain ex-
tent.—Colman's Rural World.

Clover hay and corn fodder are
the best feed for milk cows. Oil-
meal is a good laxative where all
dry feed is fed, but it is not as
good a milk producing food as cot-
ton seed. Bran from the roller-mill
is no good. Middlings or shipstuf
and crushed ear corn are good.
Kindness is cheap, and good care
and shelter a profitable investment.
—Home and Farm.

The Possibilities of Farming.

Daniel T. Devoll, in a paper read
before a recent meeting of the
South Bristol farmers club said:

"I am a firm believer that farm-
ing has large possibilities yet and
that the farmer has as good a
chance as any other class of men to
make what we all ask for, a living.
I find myself troubled to believe
that farmers have as hard time as
they say that they do. I know that
they work hard, but I see hard work-
ing people in other walks of life.
I know their hours are long but I
see business men putting in as
many hours as they. I look at those
present here to-day and I say to
myself are there many kinds of
business that allow the heads of it
with his wife and helpers to take a
day off to cultivate the social side
of nature. In this day the members
of this club and farmers generally
all have comfortable and handsome
carriages to cart them about. I can-
not believe farming with all of its
ups and downs, its droughts and
its wet seasons, its long hours has
difficulties any greater than all
who work find." Southern Live
Stock Journal, Meridian, Miss.

Bud Worms in the Corn.

I wish to give to the farmers of
my county my experiments on
keeping the bud worms from kill-
ing the corn. I have been trying
for several years to find a remedy
for them, and I think I have found
it at last. I have been trying it
for five or six years, and I have
not had any trouble with bud
worms killing my young corn in
the spring. My remedy is, just
before planting, to sun it until it
is perfectly dry and then plant it.
Last year I tried it to my satisfac-
tion. I had a piece of bottom
land—about two acres—which I
planted all the same day, and for
about half of it I sunned the corn,
and for the other half I did not
sun it. Of the half that I sunned
I do not believe that I lost a stalk
by the bud worms, and of the half
that I did not sun I came very
near not getting a stand at all.—J.
R. Wilson to the Home and Farm.

It is estimated that an acre of
land in broom corn will make 1000
pounds at each of the two cuttings
per annum, besides 30 bushels of
seed and four tons of hay. Two
good workings will make the crop;
thin it out, leaving from three to
four stalks in a hill and requiring
no other cultivation. The first
cutting should take place about
July 10, and the second on Novem-
ber 1. The seed is fine for feed-
ing purposes for any kind of stock,
and the hay is superior to prairie
hay. In view of the fact that the
price of cotton is so low as not to
pay for cultivation, in casting
about for other products for the
farm the cultivation of broom
corn should come in for a share of
the attention of our farmers, es-
pecially as the broom factories in
the State are importing their ma-
terial from St. Louis.—Colorado
Citizen.

We would like that some of our
planters to put this matter to practical
test themselves. If broom
corn will do all that is claimed for
it in the article above, it will cer-
tainly pay well to cultivate it here.
At this time it would seem that
anything which poomises some-
thing is at least worth a trial.

The Household.

The following "Definitions of
Home" (taken from the Nashville
Christian Advocate) bear so close-
ly on my former comments of
home and mother that I append a
few for the benefit of my readers.

"Home is the blossom of which
heaven is the fruit." Is not this a
beautiful comparison? Let us
pause a moment and ask our-
selves is our home such an one?
You know some blossoms are gau-
dy and gay; they have no fra-
grance, but decoy us by their flash-
ing colors, a typical illustration of
the vanities and deceits of the
world, while the violet and the hya-
cinth in touching humility crouch
close to mother earth for pro-
tection, and betray their presence
by their subtle aroma. Let us
strive to have the dove of peace
reign in our homes, and nurture
blossoms there which will bear
fruit in God's Kingdom.

"The only spot on earth where
the faults and failings of fallen
humanity are hidden under the
mantle of charity."

The world flaunts our frailties,
criticises our actions and com-
ments on our short comings, but
there is one spot on earth dear to
us all where our failings are hid-
den under the folds of charity's
ample garment. Especially does
this apply to wayward boys. Long
after the powers of paternal en-
durance have been exhausted,
does the patient and long suffer-
ing mother conceal her boys faults
and strive to make a man of him.
Too often her heart echoes
Christ's apostrophe to Jerusalem,
in these words: my son how often
have the loving, sheltering arms of
home and mother reached out for
you and yearned for your coming,
but you would not. "Behold your
house is left unto you desolate."

Take care young man that this is
not your fate. After mother is laid
under the sod and the old home is
broken up, it is too late then to ask
forgiveness or take back the heart-
aches you have caused.

What we need is more Christian
mother. God's beneficent smile
and strengthening arm will be our
stay then, and we will raise more
christian sons and daughters.

Our Little Folks.

Bless thier little hearts, what
oases of pleasure and comfort they
are to us, in this work-a-day and
business like world. Their inno-
cent and confiding love, is as
strengthening an elixir of life as
would have been Ponce de Leon's
Fountain of Youth, and their
quaint sayings and incessant prattle
as refreshing and gladdening
as an April shower. The expect-
ant look on the little faces and
the glad light in the sweet eyes
when "the day is done," are tokens
that papa's home coming is nigh.
Then there will be a glad reunion,
father and mother grow young
again.

"And the cares that infest the day
Fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

One little tot in our neighbor-
hood recently gave vent to an ex-
pression as cute as those often
seen in print. Her mother had
given her some milk, a beverage of
which she is not overly fond, so
she said "Mother it is veary thinky
in you to give me this milk, but I
dont believe I want it." One of
the other little ones then chimed
in, mother she means thoughtful.

Some of my readers I know are
not perfectly satisfied unless they
are acquainted with the very latest
wrinkles in fashions, while others
are content with a moderate de-
gree of modernizing. The following
I hope will please both classes.

Hints on Dress.

Some of the new hats and bon-
nets have strings that tie under
the chin with long ends falling
from there to the foot of the dress.

We are without doubt return-
ing to the severest form of empire
style, and young girls often wear
lace now, which in old days was
considered bad style. But there is

lace and lace, and it must be out
of a light to make. Many beauti-
ful reproductions of ancient laces
are sold tinted a deep yellow.
Large balls of ribbon, which sway
with the movement of the wearer,
have found their way to skirts as
well as bodices. Red velvet and
black are most fashionably worn,
and black brocade, more with
the slightest tinge of red, and
massive trimmings of chenille and
fringe, form as handsome a
gown as an elderly married wo-
man could desire.

That lovely old lace so much in
vogue with our mothers and grand-
mothers, say half a century ago,
and called Spanish blonde, is
coming into great favor this year.
It always looks like frosted feath-
ers, so softly does it fall and grace-
ful are its patterns.

The newest skirts which are
made over foundations or separate
linings, have no binding about the
foot, the lining being edget with a
narrow plating of silk or of the
dress goods, and protected in be-
neath by the dust ruffle of silk.

For the first spring wear, the
suits of round skirted gown and
long, plain jacket of the gown ma-
terial will be serviceable street
costumes. One of this kind
worn now is a brown tweed, trim-
med in bands of brown velvet. The
skirt clears the ground, and the
jacket, shorter than three quarter,
is fitted loosely on the back and
cut straight in front like the chev-
ion coats of the wipier. Made of
lighter goods, these suits may be
sufficiently trimmed by groups of
stitching.—The Ladies Home
Companion.

An exquisite little poem is the
following, which every mother
will appreciate:

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee—
Your tired knee that has so much
to bear—
A child's dear eyes are looking lov-
ingly
From underneath a thatch of tan-
gled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet
touch
Of warm, soft fingers, holding yours
so tight;
You do not prize the blessings over-
much;
You almost are too tired to pray to-
night.
But it is blessedness! A year ago,
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We all are so dull and thankless, and
too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips
away;
And now it seems surpassing strange
to me
That, while I wore the badge of
motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me
only good.
And if some night, when you sit down
to rest,
You miss the elbow on your tired
knee,
This restless curly head from off your
breast,
Th's listless tongue that chatters
constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands
had slipped,
And near would nestle in your
palm again,
If the white feet into the grave had
tripped—
I could not blame you for your
heartache then.
I wonder that some mothers ever fret
At their little children clinging to
their gown;
Or that the foot-prints, when the days
are wet,
Are ever black enough to make
them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber
floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my house once
more;
If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a Kite to reach
the sky,
There is no woman in God's world
could say
She was more blissfully content
than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my
own
Is never rumped by a shining head!
My singing birdling from its nest has
 flown—
The little boy I used to kiss is—dead.
—City Item.

ROSAMOND.

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isiana know that THE PROGRESS has
a first-class job printing office.