

THE PROGRESS.

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BY HICKS BROS.

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SHREVEPORT LA., FEBRUARY 29, 1896

DEMOCRACY'S LEADERS.

STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
MURPHY J. FOSTER, of St. Mary.
LIEUT. GOVERNOR,
R. H. SNYDER, of Orleans.
SECRETARY OF STATE,
J. P. MICHEL, of Orleans.
ATTORNEY-GENERAL,
M. J. CUNNINGHAM, of Natchitoches.
TREASURER,
A. V. FOURNET, of St. Martin.
AUDITOR,
W. W. HEARD, of Union.
SUP'T. PUBLIC EDUCATION,
JOHN B. CALHOUN, of Orleans.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

T. C. BARRETT, Parish of Caddo.

PARISH TICKET.

FOR REPRESENTATIVES,
W. H. B. CROOM, Mooringsport,
P. J. TREZEVANT, Shreveport.

DISTRICT JUDGE.

A. D. LAND.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

JOHN R. LAND.

CLERK.

F. A. LEONARD.

SHERIFF.

CEL. JOHN S. YOUNG.

CORONER.

DR. H. C. COTY.

WARD TICKET.

U. S. OFFICE OF THE PEACE.

HOYLE TOMKIES.

HENRY HUNSECKER.

W. T. SLATON.

CONSTABLE.

M. McDUFFIE.

JAS. A. CAIN.

B. J. RUDDER.

The "straight road" generally has
many crooks and curves.

Nearly every man has at least one
good trait.

The silver question will always
command a great interest among the
people of our State.

That mongrel ticket has put even
the canines of our State to guessing
at the various breeds it contains.

Super-sensitive people who are al-
ways looking for slights deserve lit-
tle consideration.

Equal rights to all, special privi-
leges to none," except to Brian, Tetts
& Co. This is the revised version.

Captain Pharr a silver advocate?
Bah! the claim is too demagogic to
command the attention of children
even.

It is certainly a misapplication of
satire to claim that we may expect
political economy at the hands of
Warmoth or Kellogg.

Bre'r Tetts' paper, Our Battle
Flag, came out in improved size and
dress last week. He evidently took
advantage of an opportunity.

The public acts of officials are sub-
ject to legitimate criticism, but not to
attack by innuendo of the personal
characters.

Bro. Kearney criticises Bro. Mob-
ley's English. Well now that's rich.
If the latter doesn't understand this
language the editor of THE PROGRESS
needs to go back to his school books.

Some of our Populist editors
should open a school for social eti-
quette. They never apply the lie in
matters less grave than an expres-
sion of a difference of opinion on
some public issue.

The political nondescripts at Alex-
andria tried to sugar coat the negro
and thus deceive the white people
into Africanizing the State; but the
plan was Pharr-fetched and will be
flattened on the face of the earth.

The Populists prate of bossism and
ask its overthrow; and yet that
Alexandria dicker reeks of this dis-
gusting so much that it is even a
stench in the nostrils of many honest
followers of the faith.

The lawless element is no more in-
different nor aggressive than it has
been during the past four years. It
will continue to dominate our city as
long as business policy keeps the
mouths of the better closed.

Read This, Lovers

Of White Supremacy.

Those lovers of white supremacy
who may be indifferent to the politi-
cal situation in this State, or who
may have been deceived concerning
the complexion and element of the
ticket which opposes the Democracy,
should read the ticket which the Cr-
sader of New Orleans carries at its
masthead. It must be borne in mind
that the Crusader represents the ne-
gro race in Louisiana, and is one of
the most persistent advocates of
equal political rights and prefer-
ments among the races, that exists in
our commonwealth. We do not
mean to infer that its utterances are
ever insulting or intolerant; to the
contrary, we have never seen any-
thing in the language or tone to
take offense at per se; but the fact
that it strongly advocates equal rep-
resentation for the negro race makes
it an enemy of Caucasian rule, an
approver of the doctrine so dear to
that race, white supremacy, and there-
fore the white people of the State
should array themselves against the
ticket it advocates, because there can
be nothing in common with them and
such a ticket. Observe too how the
ticket is headed.

"Republican Ticket—For Govern-
or—J. N. Pharr; of St. Mary.

For Lieutenant Governor—J. B.

Kleinpeter, of East Baton Rouge.

For Secretary of State—J. W. Mc

Farland, of Claiborne.

For Attorney-General—L. F. Suth-

on, of Terrebonne.

For Treasurer—John Pickett, of

Bossier.

For Auditor—H. P. Kernochan, of

Plaquemines.

For Superintendent Public Educa-

tion—Dr. G. A. M. Cook, of St.

Landry."

Now in all candor, would the Cr-

usader support this ticket if it did not

think there was some opportunity

offered the negro to be recognized

politically? Would this champion of

the sons of Ham, Republican to the

core, advocate this ticket if it didn't

promise some fulfillment of its cher-

ished dream of negro preferment and

supremacy? Would it dare label the

ticket, Republican, unless it was so in

spirit and there was no authority, ex-

pressed or implied, given it to do so?

Certainly not. We have not seen

any violation of journalistic ameni-

ties practiced by the Crusader and

we are not prepared to believe it

would attempt to do so, and there-

fore we believe it was fully overpow-

ered to publish that ticket with the

label there given. And that being

the case, will any white man, how-

ever, dissatisfied, even hesitate to en-

thusiastically rally to the support of the

Democratic ticket?

Say boys of the press! Did you see

Duval's big edition last week? The

boy got a lively hustle on himself and

got out a splendid issue. It was

large, well put up and contained a

large amount of valuable informa-

tion. But he played the Joe Mul-

hatten on the "Terrebonne Oyster

Beds" as the map he printed showed

they were situated in several parish-

es. The Progress hopes our parish-

es will take notice of this and let

the editor of the Honma Courier hear

from him when the association meets.

GRAND LODGE I. O. O. F. CELEBRATION.

Grand Opera House, March 3, at 8

O'clock P. M.

PROGRAM.

Master of Ceremonies,

Mr. Leon I. Kahn.

Opening Ode,

Prayer by Grand Chaplain.

Address of Welcome,

Hon. W. H. Wise.

Music.

Response,

Hon. C. D. Hicks, P. G.

Music.

Review of Odd Fellowship,

Hon. M. C. Elstner.

Music.

An Odd Fellow as a Citizen,

Hon. M. M. Dickinson, P. G. M.

Closing Ode.

Prayer.

The public is cordially invited to

attend.

Special Notice.

All members and visiting brethren

are requested to call at Odd Fellows

headquarters, Market street, and get

badges.

C. D. Hicks,

Secretary of Committee.

Our old friend, Mr. J. H. Tubbs, of

Reisor, gave us a cordial shake of

the hand Tuesday. We regret to

know that his wife is quite ill.

Our former fellow-townsmen, Mr.

H. R. Johnston, of Birmingham, has

been in town this week and received

many cordial handshakes.

We never saw so many strangers

in town except when some gala day

was in progress.

The new enterprises in our city are

constantly multiplying.

MADAM RUMOR SAYS

That saloon men should not be made
to close their business on Sundays and
the clothiers, dry goods or grocery men
be allowed to keep open. One is as
much a violation of law as the other,
and all should be treated alike.

That Mrs. A. L. Durringer does type-
writing, copying and stenograph work
and always gives satisfaction.

That she wishes the owners of the
electric cars could see their way clear
to give better service, as the present
mode of running is having an injurious
effect on the price of suburban prop-
erty.

That a full horse should be given the
right Mr. Hyams' benefit is given. He
deserves it.

That many of our people are wonder-
ing why it was that Judge Land instead
of Judge Taylor passed sentence on
prisoners at the last term of court.

That she hopes a good number of
base ball lovers will meet at THE PRO-
gress office at 5 o'clock Monday after-
noon.

That the Grand Lodge of Odd Fel-
lows will meet here Tuesday, and a
large number have expressed their de-
light at being able to see Shreveport's
favorite attraction, upper 24 and 26
MI street.

That she was not aware that Sheriff
Young had ever failed to do his duty;
and hence his application of a remark
of hers last week, to himself, was en-
tirely gratuitous.

That it is as much a crime to sell a
car on Sunday as it is a drink of whis-
key; and she wonders if our district at-
torney ever heard of this being done.

That a report has been going the
round that the gamblers and Sunday
law violators intend running an in-
dependent candidate for district attor-
ney, alleging that the nominee was not
quite as lax as he had promised to be.

That some people seem to delight in
fault-finding.

That the Mini ters of our city are
all capable men.

That THE PROGRESS is prepared to
do first class job work.

That Col. Romago would make an
excellent adjutant general and can no
doubt get the solid endorsement of
every man, woman and child in the
city, and the State perhaps, for the po-
sition.

That since he was told to raid sus-
pected places our chief would do well
to keep his eyes on Andy Malon's
shop.

That she would like to know how
much longer that old shell, the jail,
will be allowed to disfigure the court-
house square.

That Mr. Highhouse is as courteous
and accommodating an assistant post-
master as we ever had here.

That if the Republicans win the
next National election, our people want
Mr. P. B. Weeks postmaster here
again.

That "my courthouse square," is get-
ting to be quite attractive—save that
old, ugly jail.

That she has heard that the saloon
men are very generally observing the
Sunday law; but not so with some of
the cigar dealers, clothiers and dry
goods and grocery merchants. These
should be made to obey the law and
the district attorney should see to it
that they do.

THE HYAMS' BENEFIT.

THE MOVE GENERALLY
APPROVED.

NOW GIVE HIM A CROWDED HOUSE.

It is with great pleasure that THE
PROGRESS notes the promptness with
which this suggestion to give Mr. H. P.
Hyams a benefit was taken hold of by
both our city press and people.

The fact that this paper was the first
to suggest the matter is of small con-
sequence; with us, the idea now up-
most in our mind being the determina-
tion to do our best to make it a suc-
cess.

We will pause right here to say,
however, that the readiness of the other
papers to give the one who origi-
nated the movement the credit and
then fall in line, shows a spirit of fra-
ternality and friendliness which is
commendable.

THE PROGRESS hopes that a packed
house will attest the appreciation of
our people for the many charitable
acts performed for others in his ready
and ever willing assistance to all per-
formances when similar objects were
aimed at.

Like wise our people will owe this to
Mr. F. Leonard Pooley who readily re-
sponded to the call THE PROGRESS
and our people made on him to lead
this movement, as well as other girls
and boys, ladies and gentlemen who as
quickly gave an assent to the request
made of them to assist in this most
laudable undertaking.

So now that the entire town should put
on her working clothes and give the old
gentleman such a benefit as his past
services and present circumstances so
richly deserve.

A Man

When hungry wants something to
eat, and the place to get it when in
Shreveport is at the Lunch Parlors of
Frank Serwich on Market street.
Frank's parlors are headquarters for
fine fish and oysters where they are
served to his patrons in the highest
style of culinary art. Cell and be
convinced.

To Be a Girl.

RELA FORM.

PART I.

(Continued from last week.)

"It is not Grandaut, who is un-
kind," goes on Dick, becoming more
excited. "At least she is not always
sneering at my effeminacy, since you
choose to call it that."

Two dewy tears creep into his blue
eyes, these on to the long lashes,
where they tremble uncertainly, then
fall on his flushed cheeks.

Instantaneously, the impudent
smile vanishes from Jack's lips, and
a look of almost tender solicitude
replaces it.

"Tell me, for I am almost sure
now, haven't you a—?" Was ever
there a more provoking occurrence?
"What! How long have I slept?"
Grandaut is saying.

"About three minutes," answers Jack,
with anger and impatience that
startle the questioner.

Grandaut gazes from one to the
other. Grandaut has had experi-
ence in witnessing scenes on the or-
der of the one, to which she awakes.

A half tender fight still lingers in
Jack's fine eyes—a troubled anxiety
is depicted in Dick's.

"Humph!" she ejaculates morn-
tously.

"It is late; you will take cold,"
cries Dick, putting the old lady's
small hand.

"Let us go in."

They go.

PART II.

After that evening Benson ranch
assumed a noticeable change. A
constrained relation, a forced un-
pleasantness—inexplicable but never-
theless evident, fell upon its inmates.

Grandaut grew peevish and more
tyrannical; her suspicions of a con-
spiracy were daily dinned into her
grand nephews' ears. She exercised
her authority with increased arro-
gance. Jack lost some of his buoy-
ancy. Dick became more pale and
fragile than of old.

This state of affairs culminated in
a long confidential conversation, held
in the library between Dick and his
grandaut.

When after two long hours the
former stepped into the hall, Jack
who was waiting impatiently in an
opposite room, rushed forward.

"What is the matter? You look
ghastly!" he cried anxiously.

"Do I?" reiterated the unhappy
youth, with a pitiful attempt to
smile. Then "Oh if you only knew!"

"If I knew what? Tell me what
the trouble is. Perhaps I can help
you."

"No you can't sobbed Dick, throw-
ing himself with reckless abandon on
a sofa. "Nobody can help me. I've
disgraced myself."

A joyous light leaped to Jack's
eyes.

"Then you are a—"
"Yes, I am a woman! A shameless
creature, masquerading in masculine
attire, all for the sake of a few thou-
sand dollars."

"I guessed it all long ago," said
Jack with a tender pressure of the
trembling little hands. "Don't worry
about it, Dick. I'll make it all right
with grandaut and nobody will ever
know. Will you let me?"

Crimson waves surge the fair
cheeks as the girl's eyes travel over
her costume. She springs toward
the staircase and in another minute
is beyond Jack's calling.

That evening when the young man
enters the dining room, a vision of
girlish loveliness greets his eyes. The
transformation has accomplished
wonders.

Grandaut despite the peevishness
pre-eminent in her tone seems pleased
with the change.

"You see," says Alice, (that is her
name) as she sits by Jack's side in
the dimly lighted hall. Some hours
later, grandaut wrote papa to send
a son or nobody. "Well, we were so
in need of money and she has so
much that I determined to be des-
perate and I was. Do you think it
was so awful? But good comes of
evil sometime, Jack, for you see I am
going to be an heiress after all."

"And that is all the good that came
from your evil, Dick—Alice?" inquires
Jack tenderly.

"No," says Alice, the blushes mant-
ling her cheeks. "Our love."

Edgar W. (Bill) Nye, the graceful,
gentle and popular humorist, died at
home last week. Bill Nye has fur-
entertainments by his pen and on the
lecture rostrum to the people of our
land for years, and in his death
Wit and Humor has lost an able ap-
ostle; while the intelligent world feels
keenly the loss.

Shreveport is a splendid wagon
market.

YOU DON'T

Have to carry your prescriptions to a certain Drug Store
because the doctor who writes it may office there, or writes on
certain Drug Store blanks.

We Fill Them Right.

Send them to us. We don't charge 75 cents for some-
thing that cost only 3 cents either.

All orders given prompt attention, both large or small.