



C. D. HICKS Editor
Published by C. D. HICKS
Entered in the Postoffice at Shreveport as
Second-class Mail Matter.

219-205 Milon Street, between Mar
cel and Spring Streets.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:
One Year, in Advance, One Dollar
Six Months, in Advance, Fifty Cents
Three Months, in Advance, Thirty Cents
Retail Journal Club's Parish Farmers
Alliances.

SHREVEPORT, LA., DECEMBER 31, 1918.

Some men never contribute one
cent to the public welfare.

This is the last day. Pay your
poll tax and be on the safe side.

The fiery furnace is not a very
severe ordeal to the person who
subjects the other fellow to it.

Bienville Bell:

Shreveport is preparing for a
Mardi-Gras carnival the coming
season.

Hon. M. C. Elstner's appoint-
ment to the U. S. District Attor-
neyship of the Western District of
Louisiana, was confirmed by the
Senate, without opposition.

The New Orleans Republican
(colored newspaper) says: "No
white Republican party in Louisi-
ana can ever succeed." What do
you think of this, white Republi-
cans?

Ex-Governor Kellogg, of Lou-
isiana, is still "fine as silk," a
power in Louisiana Republican-
ism. It is credited to him, more
than any other, the confirmation
of Captain Wimberly.

Hon. John P. Altgeld, ex-Gov-
ernor of Illinois, and Hon. Carter
H. Harrison, present incumbent,
will contest for the honor of the
mayorality of Chicago, at the next
election. This will be a splendid-
ly fought battle, and The Progress
is for the ex-Governor.

Banner-Democrat:

State Auditor Heard, in a letter
to the editor of the Arcadia Ad-
vance, says the sheriff is bound
under the law to receipt for poll
tax, whether the ad valorem tax is
paid or not. Pay your poll tax by
December 31st, or you may regret
it.

HALLOWED WORDS.

The Progress doesn't know the
parties, but the hallowed words
from childish lips we clip from a
memorial from a mother's pen of
her three-year-old baby, written
to the Mansfield Journal. We re-
produce it because its tenderness
and trust appeals to our own
hearts, as in the meridian of life
though we are, we think of our own
precious mother, now in Heaven:
"Just before the dawning, Dec-
ember 7, 1898, the immortal spirit
of little Reuben Gentry Warren
returned to the God who gave it.
'Take me, mother,' was the last
sentence framed by the baby lips,
when sweetly and peacefully the
blue eyes closed and the soul
awoke in a realm of glory, 'safe in
the arms of Jesus.'"

SPLENDID WORDS.

The Progress has before had oc-
casion to call attention to S. H.
Ralph, a negro, editor of The
Watchman of this city, and his
endeavors to build up his race on
the only basic principle, educa-
tion, morality and fealty to gov-
ernment. To-day The Progress
takes pleasure in reproducing from
recent issue of his paper an editor-
ial which commends itself to all
houghtful white men. There is
not a negro in Shreveport, or Cad-
do parish, or any surrounding par-
ish, that knows our editor but that
knows that he (our editor) always
insists and demands that the negro
shall keep his place. But, having
done so, we believe he is entitled
to protection in his civil, religious
and moral liberties.

The negro of the South has been
misled by pretended friends—of
both his own and the white race
—but who have merely used him
as a draught horse for their own
pleasure and emolument. But
Mr. Ralph is a different man from
these. He has ambition for his
race; and this is clearly demon-
strated in the following editorial
taken from his paper:

"We are glad that all white men
are not our enemies. All of them
are not color-foolish nor crazy.
Some of them, in spite of false
alarms, keep cool heads and warm
hearts. Editors Cal D. Hicks of
The Progress, and Leon Jastrem-
ski of the Weekly Outlook, are for
"law and order." They are against
lynch law and mob violence, and
think that "the law should have
its course."

"You are right gentlemen. You
have no more reason to fear your
negroes than a flock of lions to
fear a flock of lambs. With all
the wealth, laws and intelligence
in your own hands, if you cannot
control a weak, ignorant and help-
less people, without burning and
lynching them, the civilized world
should mock at your integrity and
laugh at your intelligence. Your
helpless neighbors cannot harm
you. Your fears are unfounded
in reason and in fact. You are
fighting imaginary foes and load-
ing cannons to kill shadows. It
does not take a thousand men to
put one poor black soldier to flight.
He may wear an ugly frown upon
his untutored brow, but there are
no weapons in his hands, and very
often there is no malice in his
heart. His bold badness is the
result of his bad ignorance.

"Educate you negroes and com-
pel your negroes to educate them-
selves, and your troubles and his
troubles will come to an end.

"There is something radically
wrong in your dealings with "Cuf-
fee." You pull him too hard at
the wrong end. You have the
laws in your own hands, why not
use them? Make your darkies
work, pay them for it. Lengthen
his school term and shorten his
jail term. Quit choking him before
your children. It will be fatal to
them as sure as they are born.
Lynching does no good. It is only
an imaginary pleasure of several
hundred frenzied brains, and after
the wild, barbarous dream is over
leaves only a dead negro and a
fruitless victory.

"Legislate against his idleness
by putting a premium on industry
and thrift. Hush up his fuss and
corn songs. Shut up his bad mouth
and lock his slack jaw in all public

places and on your streets. Stop
selling him your hell water, and
take from him the handy gun. Let
him know that he is in a civilized
country, among a civilized people,
and must be a citizen or a slave.
Your efforts in these directions will
be approved by all good negroes.
Raid his gambling dens and put
an end to his tussy balls, and his
gasty rowdyism will disappear as
surely and as silently as the mid-
night cloud disappears before the
noon-day's sun. You let the negro
do too much that which you know
he ought not to do, and while you
know that you hold the whip in
your own hands, you fail to make
him do that which you know he
ought to do. You are his silent
partner in crimes, and it will be a
wonder to me if you don't let their
barbarous habits wipe your civili-
zation off the face of the South.
Southern neighbors this is your
problem. It can only be settled
one way—right. If solved any
other way it will unsolve itself,
and you will have to resolve it
again and again, and the negro
and his blood will stain your gar-
ments forever. Solve it right
Solve it with honor. Solve it
yourselves, for yourselves, inde-
pendent of all the rest of the world,
without fear and without favor,
and God and the negro will help
you; but pray don't unwind the
problem and don't undertake to
cure a crime by committing a
crime with ropes and chunks. It
would have done in darker, dirtier
ages, but Heaven will not stand it
in the nineteenth century of civil-
ized communities.

MADAM RUMOR SAYS

That it is just as easy, and it is
far more manly, to be polite as it is
to be discourteous, but some peo-
ple don't seem to think so. This
She dedicates to Master Seixas at
Bowers' drug store.

That no one is a gentleman who
does not act one.

That a soliciting committee for
a public enterprise learns valuable
lessons about human nature.

That Mr. Ben Holzman has en-
deared himself to the committee
of the Grand Order of the Orient.
He will always do to depend upon.

That the Mardi Gras committee
need \$3,000 to make a creditable
display. She hopes our people
will see to it that that amount is
raised.

That She wants to know what
about that are light on the corner
of Lacy street and Southern ave-
nue.

That She often wonders why
some people think they are en-
titled to put on airs.

That the general dead beat is
usually the most severe collector.

That stinginess and selfishness
are awful detestable traits.

That Mayor McKellar gave the
show band to understand that the
Salvation Army was under police
protection, in this city. Our peo-
ple are not barbarians.

That there are some people in
Shreveport who are anxious to
have things here that will help the
town, if other people will pay for
it.

That E. Phelps, Jr., is a splen-
did committee worker. And so
are Julian Saenger, Jake Simon,
A. L. Terrell and Watson Nolen.

That the Grand Order of the

Orients are going to make a show-
ing in the coming Mardi Gras fes-
tival that will be a credit to the
Princes. The Grand Pa Di Shah
has so ordered it.

That the next query is, "Who
will be the Grand Pa Di Shah
(king) of the Carnival?"

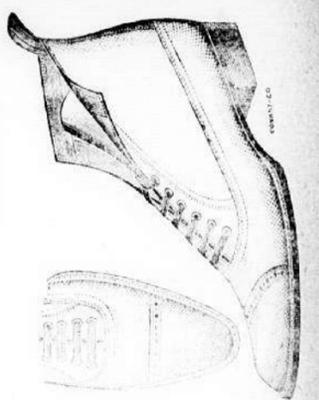
Hon. Calvin S. Brice, one of
Democracy's greatest strategists,
died in New York recently. He
represented Ohio in the United
States Senate for a term of six
years, and was ever high in the
councils of his party.

Home Again.

Corporal E. H. Irvine, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Irvine is home again,
after an absence of eighteen
months. He was connected with
the First Texas Cavalry when en-
listed to help subdue Spain, but
was not called into active service.
His command was mustered out
at Halletsburg, Tex., on the 14th of
November. Mr. E. H. Irvine
(now) is an exemplary young
man and his arrival at home Mon-
day, was an enjoyable Christmas
present to his parents.

The Burn Outs.

Among the fire sufferers of the
last Texas street fire, Bigart & Co.,
Miss Louise Rew and the Mary A.
Files Millinery Co., have an-
nounced their intention to resume
business as speedily as possible.
We have not heard from the Kahn
Dry Goods Company yet; the
members have not yet decided
what they will do.



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To the contrary, I have a splendid stock of Ladies' Dress and General wear, Fancy
Notions, Shoes and Millinery. And Low Prices is my motto. My house is now a
Ladies' Bazaar and Rendezvous. Come and see my stock and rest during shop-
ping hours.
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