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A JUDGMENT.

No. 8807.—First District Court, Parish of Caddo, State of Louisiana—M. S. Vinita Tarkington vs. A. R. Tarkington.

This case having been taken up and tried after issue joined, and by reason of the law and the evidence being in favor of the plaintiff and against the defendant, it is therefore ordered, adjudged and decreed that the plaintiff, Mrs. Vinita Tarkington, have and recover judgment against the defendant, A. R. Tarkington, in the full sum Four Hundred and Twenty-five Dollars with legal interest from judicial demand.

It is further decreed that plaintiff have judgment of separation of property from defendant, and that the community of acquits and gains heretofore existing between them be dissolved, and that she be and is hereby authorized to administer her own affairs separate and apart from her husband as though she were a femme sole.

It is further decreed that defendant pay all costs of this case. Done, read and signed in open court on this, the 17th day of November, 1900.

A. D. LAND, Judge of the First District Court. A true copy. F. A. LEONARD, Clerk. November 21.

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SEEING WALES AFOOT

THE UPS AND DOWNS EXPERIENCED BY CHEAP LIVERS.

Swansea a Busy City—Among the Coal Miners—Moral of the Story of Social Economists Who Experimented With Foreigners.

[Special Correspondence.]

SWANSEA, Wales, Nov. 9.—Here we are in the famous old Welsh town where grimy miners from the outlying districts and hardy sailors from off the deep sea trading vessels elbow one another on the streets and where the hustle and bustle of thriving industries are everywhere in evidence. Soverel, Martin and I have concluded that economizing, especially in the matter of eating, is a tiresome and unthankful pastime. We left Greenock rather unexpectedly a few days ago, thinking that we had seen enough of Scotland for the nonce. Fortune shunted us far to the south in County Glamorgan, Wales, where we proceeded to continue existing on a cut rate basis, but the Welsh folk with whom we came in contact did not—would be mean to say that they could not—appreciate the aesthetic side of our venture. Forsooth, they took us too seriously, and the locality hereabouts will shortly be bereft of the presence of the three Jersey men who set out to electrify the whole of Europe with their original plans for cheap living.

The story of the forming of our resolve to leave Wales and the Welsh as speedily as possible is one which will ever remind us that experimenters in social economy should first choose a "trying out" place in a friendly neighborhood before foisting their schemes on unappreciative foreigners. On deciding to leave the Greenock shipyards we thought that a tramp through the hills and mountains of Wales would be both inexpensive and interesting.

In what afterward proved to have been an evil moment Soverel offered the suggestion to hunt up a mining town where we might possibly find an opportunity for earning a small amount of money.

"It would look well," said he, "for us to be able to return home with plenty of cash in our pockets. Our friends would then be convinced that we really had 'lived on the land.'"

Rickety, Jerry built horse cars left us at Mumbles head, on Swansea bay. Near by were anthracite mines, and noon of the second day in Glamorgan county saw us plodding toward the hills plainly visible from the town of Mumbles, where were sunk the shafts. "What's all this coming down the pike?" cried Martin, breaking an interval of silence. Pushing onward in our direction was a motley crowd of men



SCENE IN A WELSH VILLAGE.

and women, and as the procession drew nearer a weirdly pitched, monotonous, chanting sound saluted our ears. The words in the Welsh dialect were mostly unintelligible, but we finally made out the following:

Remember Job, that patient man,
What trials and troubles he did stan',
How in distress he found a friend,
And so shall we when the times do mend.

Questionings developed that a strike was in progress at the mines and that this song, which had been handed down from one generation of miners to another, was used to cheer the workers as they marched from place to place looking for assistance.

We hunted up the superintendent of the mines, a man about 39 years old, who seemed very much impressed with his importance. He told us that we had better move on to some locality where there was no disaffection among the employees. "Your lives would not be safe an hour here if I were to put you at work," he informed us.

"But we aren't regular laborers," we said. "Our object is to see the country under novel circumstances, and this is only one of our experiments."

The superintendent then became excited and told us to "clear out." He also called us a pack of fools who didn't know enough to stay on their own side of the Atlantic.

"Let's get out of this country," was Martin's first words as we resumed the dusty highway leading to Mumbles. "What a nice fix we are in. If I ever come to Wales again, it will be in a coffin."

The trio "turned in" at Mumbles at 1:30 o'clock a. m. The next day we returned to Swansea and without delay made arrangements to sail for the United States. Each was of the opinion that our cut rate trip should end in a blaze of glory, so first-class passages on the steamer Oceanic, leaving Liverpool shortly, have been engaged, and we will go to our native country convinced that economy in foreign travel is a good thing, a very good thing, unless carried to excess. But we aren't saying now we found it out.

FREDERICK ROCKWOOD.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

The Ultimatum Versus Diplomacy in the Household.

Luminous and inspiring as were the utterances of the ladies of the National Household Economic association, who met in Toronto recently to wrestle with the great servant girl problem, one can but regret to notice that they missed the chief trick in the game, after all—that is, diplomacy. The real reason so many mistresses are persona non grata with their hired girl is because women have not yet found out that there is just as much scope for diplomacy in the kitchen as there is in the parlor.

Both sides are too fond of presenting ultimatums. "Shure an if the policeman that is me own cousin's cousin can't drop in for a bit of tay, an to pass the time of day, once in awhile, I'll be lay-in." "Really, Bridget, unless you can have dinner at the proper time, much as I dislike to do such a thing, I will have to dismiss you when your month is up." Now, an ultimatum is a thing that roils the blood of nations and individuals. It means fight or back down, and either contingency is full of unpleasantness.

The servant girl, as we know her in the average American family, is as full of complacency and as resentful of advice as a collegian in his first year at the varsity, when it is a mortal insult to recognize him for what he is. She bristles with feeling as a porcupine does with quills. She loathes the cap that is the badge of her servitude and rebels at the name that designates her occupation. Under the demure black frock of every hired girl there is the red petticoat of the anarchist, and she is doing her daily best to assassinate her employer by the slow and agonizing process of underdone bread and overdone meat and lukewarm gravy.

Into this hotbed of discontent with her lot the mistress' brusque order and unchastened criticism fall like a lighted match in a powder magazine, and in the explosion that results homes are wrecked and entire families blown into hotels and boarding houses. Yet the catastrophe may be averted, and since all other known methods of settling the servant problem have failed it is up to women to try the effect of diplomacy on their domestics and to recall the ancient truism that no woman ever yet lived who was case hardened against a compliment judiciously applied.

This has no reference to commendation of their work. The hired girl having no pride in her occupation is indifferent to your opinions as to whether it is well done or ill. It means the compliment, direct, personal, eternally gratifying, that extols her face or figure. A feminine diplomat who is worthy to treat a measure with Li Hung Chang assures me that this is a device that never fails. For instance, she had a girl who was manifestly sulky about having to wear a cap. The first time she appeared in it her mistress raised her eyebrows. "Upon my word, Julia," she exclaimed in an enraptured tone, "I must have you photographed in that cap. It's altogether the most fetching and picturesque thing I've seen in an age in the way you have it on," and that closed the cap incident. On another occasion she was afflicted with a maid who was the sort of person you would like to send for death, secure in the fact that you would have lived as long as you wanted to before she got back. Neither tears nor prayers nor bribes ever hurried her one iota. She seemed hopeless, but this Talleyrand in petticoats was equal to the situation. "Of course," she said sweetly to the maid, "it doesn't matter to me how long you take to do your work, but I should think as pretty a girl as you are would dress up and go out where she would be seen." The reformation was instantaneous and complete.

These are but a few illustrations that point the way and show what a field for the diplomatic talents of women is opened up in the servant question. The hired girl has proved beyond all possibility of doubt that she cannot be coerced into the path of duty, but she can be jollied along it. What she pines for is not an eight hour day or more afternoons out, but gilt edged compliments and flattery adroitly applied. And in this she shows she is merely human and woman.—Dorothy Dix in New York Journal.

Cured of Gambling.

Leigh Hunt, who owns more gold mines and hydraulic concessions from the government of Korea than all the other foreigners in that country put together and, although not yet 35 years of age, is reported to be worth \$20,000,000, arrived at Vancouver from the orient recently. On the second day out he was drawn into a poker game on the steamer. The limit soon touched the ceiling, and Hunt and Baron de St. Laurent, the Belgian vice consul at Shanghai, who was on his way home on official business, were soon the only ones who could stand the pressure. The men gambled with huge jack pots until early in the morning, by which time the Belgian diplomat had parted with all his loose cash and 10 U's aggregating \$3,500.

At this juncture Hunt said cheerfully: "I don't want to keep your money. Let's shake dice, and you can win it all back by doubling every time you shake."

Fifteen minutes later the \$3,500 had increased to something over \$12,000, and then the baron broke down and wept.

"I wouldn't take your money," said the American. "You can't play poker or shake dice, anyhow, and I'll let you off on one condition."

Five minutes later Captain Pybus before the 200 passengers took the solemn oath of Baron de St. Laurent over a Bible that he would never play cards again.—Argonaut.

Sampson Replied.

Five-year-old Georgie Wells, the son of Dr. George Miles Wells of Wayne, is an ardent admirer of Admiral Sampson. Several days ago, when Georgie learned that his hero was ill, he laboriously composed the following letter of condolence and mailed it:

Dear Admiral Sampson—My old nose read in the paper that you are sick. I am very sorry. I send you a picture of a dog. I hope you will like it. I am 5 years old. I hope you will soon be well again.

The other day the little fellow received a letter from the admiral as follows:

NAVY YACHT, BOSTON.
My Dear Miles—I have received your letter, with the picture of the dog, which pleased me very much. I am now well again and, of course, am glad of it, but I received so many nice letters, though none were nicer than yours. What it made most worth, while to be sick. With my very best wishes, I am, yours sincerely,
W. T. SAMPSON.

—Philadelphia Record.

CALIFORNIA'S TRIBUTE.

Honoring the Memory of Her Soldiers and Sailors.

[Special Correspondence.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 14.—California is to signally honor those of her heroic sons who gave themselves to their country in the war with Spain and in the maintenance of American supremacy in the Philippine Islands. This is to take the form of an enduring monument erected to the memory of the California volunteer soldiers and sailors who have lost their lives since the dec-



PROPOSED MEMORIAL SHAFT.

Invasion of war against Spain which so quickly followed the destruction of the battleship Maine in the harbor of Havana on Feb. 15, 1898. In the battles on land and sea in the Antilles and in the orient California's sons have borne an honorable part, and it is fitting that the commonwealth should pay tribute to those who gave up their lives. The money for such a tribute has been generously contributed by the people of the state, and a number of designs have been submitted to the committee having the matter in charge. These were recently displayed at the Art museum and attracted much attention.

The design which has apparently received the most favorable consideration is one by L. Amateis of Washington. This is a fluted shaft which bears aloft the Roman tripod. In front of the rising shaft is the figure of California offering the laurel to the memory of her sons. In front and back, where there are spaces for tablets, will be placed four war scenes and as many panels, bearing the names of the dead. The treatment of the bases is wide and free, and the scope of the figure is excellent.

Speaking of the war with Spain and the subsequent insurrection in the Philippines, one naturally turns to the Presidio, one of the abutments of the Golden Gate, which has been the rendezvous of an army outward bound for the Pacific and the resting place for tropic tanned veterans returning after a wearying chase of the wily Filipino. Of course the Presidio is not now the scene of such activity as it was when the big military expeditions were being fitted out for Manila a year, and a half or two years ago or when a few months ago troops were being forwarded from here to China, but it is still a point of much interest to visitors to the Pacific coast. The Presidio, which everybody knows is division headquarters for the department of California, United States army, was established as an army post by the Spaniards about 100 years ago and was first occupied by American troops in March, 1849, by Captain Lippett's company of Colonel Stevenson's New York volunteers, the original "Plug Uglies," who cut something of a figure in the old Argonaut days. The locality was declared a military reservation by the president on Nov. 6, 1850, and originally embraced about 1,500 acres, but since the adjoining posts of Fort Point and others were included it now contains over 2,000 acres, with a water frontage of over four miles. Division headquarters were established there July 1, 1878.

The Presidio is situated in the northwest suburbs of the city on a slope which ascends gradually from the sand and salt water marshes on the southern margin of the bay of San Francisco. It overlooks the bay and has a fine view of the fortifications on Fort Point, a mile to the north, and the batteries on Alcatraz and Angel islands and those of Point San Jose and Lime Point. Back from the post the ground rises into grass covered hills dotted with clumps of trees. However, shade is not a serious necessity, as the sun is nearly always welcome. The climate of the locality is varied and variable, generally mild and pleasant during the early part of the day, but usually chilly and damp at its close. In the matter of sanitary conditions, both natural and artificial, the army surgeons regard the Presidio as admirably located for an army post.

The buildings of the Presidio are of brick and wood, substantial, commodious and picturesque. "Officers' Row" is a long street of cozy, handsome cottages with broad verandas and pretty lawns dotted with flowers and shrubbery. The barracks are built on three sides of a parallelogram inclosing a smooth, level and spacious parade ground. Within the past year there have been large additions to the Presidio hospital for the accommodation of the sick and wounded soldiers, returning from the Philippines. Here many of the nation's brave boys have found balm for their wounds and restoration to health and vigor from the ills incident to the camp and field, and here doubtless many more will find care and comfort before the complications in the orient are fully adjusted and we have no longer occasion for soldiers in the far east.

CHARLES E. ROBINSON.