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In the South American Dutch Colony

(Special Correspondence.)

Paramaribo, Surinam, Jan. 5.—In 1595 Walter Raleigh, knight, poet, explorer and enthusiast, landed on the northeast coast of South America and journeyed many weeks through the land of Guiana, called after the name of a great Indian tribe in that region. There were many hundred thousands of these fine natives then. Now in the land of Guiana, British, Dutch and French, there are no more than 25,000 all told. Brave and gallant Sir Walter sailed up the rivers of this great Guiana to find the land where perfect happiness and all plenty are to be had without working for them. Mankind is wiser now and knows that no such El Dorado exists this side of Jerusalem the Golden, and even that has to be earned.

Sir Walter Raleigh and his fearless crew found swamps, mountain torrents, snakes, venomous insects by the million, malaria and a jungle that only a snake or mosquito could penetrate. Broken in health by the hardships of their quest, they gave it up and returned to England. Fifty-seven years later the English made a settlement in this Guiana territory. They called their colony Surinam, shortened soon to Surinam, and that is the official name today of the colony planted by the English, traded by them to the Netherlands for the colony in North America which is now the state of New York, taken back again, swapped to the Batavian republic in 1802, captured once more by the English and by them held till 1816, when they gave it over permanently to the Dutch.

Meantime the Dutch had introduced African slavery. The African race is the all conquering one of tropical America. No Indian or Spaniard could stand up against the negro. The Indian natives dwindled away before him and the white man together till now in all Dutch Guiana, whose right name is Surinam, there are no more than a few thousands. The negro, on the other hand, multiplied and increased. He could endure the climate of the lowlands better than his Dutch master. Slaves ran away from their owners by the hundred and dwelt in the jungle. Food was to be had for the gathering of it from banana stalks and native fruit trees and shrubs. The jungle agreed with the black man, and he stayed there.

The African multiplied and increased in the jungle. His children and posterity developed a magnificent physical



A HOUSE IN THE JUNGLE.

size and strength. A fine race sprang up called "bush negroes." There they are still, physically the finest of any of the peoples of Surinam. Time and again, generation after generation, the Dutch tried to whip and bring under subjection as slaves these liberty loving bush negroes. They tried in vain. Finally the Dutch were compelled to make peace by granting to them a large tract of land for themselves, agreeing to let them alone thereafter.

The bush negroes now work in the recently discovered goldfields of Surinam. Hundreds of Malay and Chinese coolies have also been imported from the Dutch East Indies to work in these mines, which are very rich. The sugar plantations, Surinam's source of wealth in former years, have been neglected of late years for the gold diggings, but industrial development in every field is crippled because in all Surinam there is not a railway, a trolley line or even a horse car or a decent road. "The rivers of Surinam are its only roads," says Mrs. Weiss, the devoted missionary of the Moravian church, who with her husband, Rev. H. Weiss, is giving herself to the work of caring for a leper colony of Surinam. The whole race of the earth here teems with life. It looks as though the universal life had been let loose and sprung up in pestiferous little live things.

One afternoon Mrs. Weiss was trying to write. Mosquitoes annoyed her, and she began to kill them by slapping at them like Mark Twain's young woman who amused herself by "busting skeeters." For curiosity Mrs. Weiss counted those she killed as fast as she could strike at them. In less than no time the corpses numbered sixty, and before one could count ten the teeny ants were after the corpses, devouring them.

The soil of the lowlands of Surinam is of extraordinary fertility, mostly unutilized to this day. The interior has never been fully explored.

WILHELMINA SCHIFF.

Her Cruel Mother.

Ella—Mother doesn't want me to marry.
Stella—Does she say so?
Ella—No, but she tells everybody that at my age she looked just as I do now.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

CHAT ABOUT AUTHORS.

Jack London and His Unconventional Ways—Mrs. Humphry Ward.

(Special Correspondence.)

New York, Jan. 19.—Mr. Jack London appeared in this city not long ago after a prolonged absence from the United States. No one who did not know his habits would have suspected him of being a successful author returning from a trip abroad. He wore a wrinkled sack coat, the pockets of which bulged with letters and papers. His trousers were bagged at the knees. He was minus a vest, and his outing shirt was far from immaculate. A leather belt around his waist took the place of suspenders. On his head he wore a "dinky" little cap, and he was sadly in need of a clean shirt.

But that is Jack London's way. He is a refreshing person at all times, yet



THEY WERE DELIGHTED TO SEE HIM.

his short stories are ranked with those of Kipling, and his new novel, "A Daughter of the Snows," is one of the popular books of the year.

Jack London is only twenty-six years of age, but he has been earning his living since he was sixteen—before the mast on a whaler, as a tramp or journeyman laborer and in the Klondike mines. When his London publishers were putting out his first book in England, they wrote and advised him to come to Europe and see something of the old world, especially of the east end of London, where, they thought, he would find endless material of the kind that he would know how to use. This was some time last spring. He wrote from his home in California saying that he hoped to do it—some day.

Along last September he walked into the publishers' offices. They were delighted to see him and asked him when he arrived in England.

"About two months ago," was the reply.

"But where have you been all the time?"

"In the east end—down by the docks. This is the first call I have made."

And it was a fact. He arrived in London, told no one, went straight to an old clothes shop, rigged himself out in a shabby secondhand suit and promptly lost himself somewhere "down by the docks" and stayed lost for two months. The sequel will probably be a set of new stories located in the London slums.

Stirred by Gabriele D'Annunzio's good example, Mark Twain announces that he is giving his skull to Cornell university, where it can be studied for the enlightenment of future generations.

"I am getting pretty old," said Mr. Clemens, speaking on this subject, "and shall probably not need the skull after next Christmas, I dunno. But if I should, I will pay rent."

He modestly declined to state what rental he thought a skull like his ought to bring in the open literary market.

The story of how Lord Tennyson came to write "Crossing the Bar," as told by Canon Fleming, is interesting reading. When asked the question by Dr. Butler of Cambridge, the poet, pointing to a nurse who had been with him some eighteen months and had great influence over him, replied: "That nurse was the cause of my writing 'Crossing the Bar.' She asked me to write a hymn, and I replied, 'Hymns are often such dull things.' But at last he consented to write one, adding, 'They say that I compose very slowly, but I knocked that off in ten minutes.'"

An observing writer who has just made a literary pilgrimage to England says: "Buried among rural scenes Mrs. Humphry Ward, the great novelist—the modern George Eliot, as some have called her—lives a life of ideal work at the pretty little village of Tring, Stock, Hous., the name of her country estate, rests on the crest of a high hill, from which a magnificent sweep of the surrounding country can be seen. Mrs. Ward's books are full of word pictures of this country.

"For many years previous to taking up a country residence Mrs. Ward lived in dingy London. But, even while residing in an old, rickety mansion of Russell square, her mind was full of country life. One would never suspect that 'Robert Elsmere' could have been produced by a person who looked down upon a London park, where even the leaves of the trees wear on their upper sides a coating of gray smoke."

RICHARD TUPFER.

THE CUP THAT CHEERS.

A Home Delight and How to Have It in Perfection.

The tea table habit is a gracious one to cultivate. The influence of this tiny board makes for rest and meditation, for hospitality, for friendship and cheer in the daily journey. If madam comes in late from shopping or calling, cold and tired, what is so refreshing and comforting as a cup of the hot amber liquid? If the wretched tea hour is the appointed time for the meeting of a refractory committee, do not the ideas flow with the tea, and under the grace inspiring influence of the goodly aroma do not differences and irritations steal away? If the day is dark and dreary and duties press, and you feel that your doll is indeed stuffed with bran, try a cup, my dear! 'Tis a great restorer of serenity, soothing in effect like unto a man's after dinner cigar. But—alas, there are always "buts"—do not rush through the ceremony in a "one more thing done" fashion. Let the busiest woman lay aside her work, relax body and mind, take an easy chair between the softly crackling fire and the little table and whether alone or in the company of family, friend or book sip a tranquilizing cup of the orient's best. It is blessed "lost time!"

A fine quality of black tea is considered best for general use. In curing green tea the leaves are steamed as soon as gathered. In the case of black tea the leaves are allowed to ferment before drying. The result is that the finished black tea contains far less tannin than the green. The original tea leaf possesses an oxidizing principle which is destroyed in the steaming process, but which oxidizes the tannin during the curing of black tea and gives it its color. But, whether hyson or souchong, orange pekoe or English breakfast, do not use cheap tea or dusty tea, or tea whose bouquet you cannot enjoy. Do not allow it to steep till instead of the essence and fragrance the deadly bitterness and blackness are "yours for indigestion." And above all never conduct your gentle ministrations with a metal teapot as an ally, solid silver excepted. Any other metal kettle is permissible for heating the water alone. The chemical action after the tea is added is what makes mischief—and poison.

A silver tea ball has its advantages for preparing a single cup, but for more than that the better way is to measure your favorite mixture or brand of tea into small cheesecloth bags and keep these ready for use in an airtight caddy. Find out the number of cupfuls your teapot holds and allow the regulation even teaspoonful of tea to each cup. For convenience make the bags in two sizes, both being large enough to give the required amount of leaves room to swell. Drop a bag into a hot china teapot or a highly polished silver one, add the proper quantity of freshly boiling water, else, even with the best quality of tea, you will never succeed in having it in its perfection. Cover the nose of the pot if you do not use a cozy and allow the tea to infuse not more than five or eight minutes over a very low alcohol flame; then with a fork remove the bag of leaves and its capacity for harm.

If any pass your way who like novelty—and novelty bath charms—serve them a brew carefully prepared according to the foregoing hints and put into the bottom of each heated cup a bit of loaf sugar, a thin slice of lemon minus the yellow rind and three cloves; then add the tea. Or sweeten, use the lemon slice and two candied cherries before filling the cups. These two concoctions are very popular in a certain eastern college town. The palates of lovers of English breakfast tea are often tickled by the addition in the pot of a strip or two of dried orange peel.—Good Housekeeping.

Household Philosophy.

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in. Forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day. Begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.—Emerson.

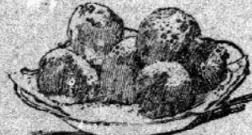
Rather Right.

A suitable place for everything and everything in its place. A proper time for everything and everything done in its time. A distinct name for everything and everything called by its name. A certain use for everything and everything put to its use.

A New Variety of Apple Fritter.

An attractive and timely dish is apple fritters an surprise, for which the Boston Cooking School Magazine gives the following recipe:

Select seven or eight apples that will cook quickly (mellow greenings are good for this purpose). Cut out the stems together with a round piece of apple and clean out the core carefully.



APPLE FRITTERS EN SURPRISE.

Cut out the blossom end, but do not cut deep enough to meet the cavity in the center. Pare the apples, fill the centers with marmalade, dip the corresponding pieces of apple with stem adhering into fritter batter and press them into place. Dip the apples in fritter batter, covering every portion, and fry in deep fat. They will require six or eight minutes cooking. Drain and dust with powdered sugar.

NUMBERS HAVE DIED

Blockade Measures Have Resulted in Much Destitution.

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

One Hundred and Twelve Men and Five Women Are Reported Having Starved to Death on Island of Los Roques.

Caracas, Jan. 24.—No news has been received here tending to confirm the report that the German warship Panther had entered. La So Maracaibo and that the Venezuela cruiser Miranda had surrendered to her. The rumor is believed to be without foundation.

It developed that the Dutch cruiser De Ruyter, which arrived at La Guayra Wednesday from the island of Los Roques, which is nearly unhabited by charcoal burners, trading with La Guayra found that 112 men and five women had died of hunger and thirst as a result of the blockade measures of the allied powers, which prohibited schooners from carrying provisions and water to the island.

As previously cabled, the De Ruyter left provisions and water sufficient to last eight days with the inhabitants of Los Roques, who are to be conveyed in a schooner to Curacao at the earliest possible date.

SCHEDER REPORTS.

Gives His Reasons for Sheltering the Fort of San Carlos.

Berlin, Jan. 24.—Commodore Scheder, commanding the German fleet in Venezuelan waters, officially reports the bombardment of Fort San Carlos from Maracaibo under date of Jan. 21, as follows:

"On the 17th inst, while the Panther was passing the Maracaibo bar, she was unexpectedly attacked by Fort San Carlos which opened a heavy fire on her. To this the Panther replied and a cannonade was exchanged for half an hour. Owing to the difficulties of navigation the Panther desisted.

"In order to exact immediate punishment for this attack, the more so as the Venezuelan government had proclaimed it a victory, I bombarded the fort with the Vineta on the 21st inst, and destroyed it.

WILL NOT INTERFERE.

Action of German Warships Is Much Deplored by Minister Bowen.

Washington, Jan. 24.—The departure of the German charge from Caracas after the presentation of his ultimatum (with the ensuing attack upon the legation building) and the repulse of the Panther by the Venezuelan forts is regarded as affording motives but not excuses for the continuing of the hostilities of the German men of war. It is understood that both these incidents have been a source of considerable chagrin to the German emperor, and on this ground his orders to the Vineta, Falke and Panther are not so surprising.

It is hoped, however, that the fatalities reported Wednesday from the fort will be sufficient to avenge German pride. Delay is to be expected in the negotiations at Washington because of the limited powers given representatives of the allies here. It appears that they are unable to make a move save under specific instructions of their foreign offices. In the matter of the blockade all they can do is to transmit their government's answers to Mr. Bowen.

Much as he deplores the inexplicable action of Germany in twice bombarding the San Carlos forts with a force many times as large as that of the Venezuelan, Mr. Bowen is disposed to treat this parade of strength as "local" and so far as he is concerned will not let it interfere with his effort to secure peace.

Restaurador Armed.

La Guayra, Jan. 24.—The former Venezuelan gunboat Restaurador, now in the possession of the Germans, arrived here at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon from Puerto Cabello and anchored near the shore. Her presence caused great popular indignation. At 3 o'clock several rifle shots were heard in the distance. Shortly afterwards the Restaurador left her anchorage and moved to a position outside the harbor and under the protection of the guns of the British cruiser Tribuna She has been armed.

Possession of Government.

Maracaibo, Jan. 24.—At 2 o'clock Friday afternoon Fort San Carlos was in the possession of the government forces and the bombardment by the German warships was still going on. There has been no material change in the situation. The Gunboat Panther was the only vessel to come inside the bar. Communication with the fort is very difficult. Great excitement prevails in Maracaibo.

Called to Arms.

Maracaibo, Jan. 24.—President Aranguren of the state of Maracaibo has, by a decree published Thursday night, called to arms all citizens from sixteen to sixty years of age, belonging to the militia in order to resist the possible landing of German forces at Lake Maracaibo. About 500 men immediately answered the call.

Engineer and Fireman Killed.

Wichita, Kan., Jan. 24.—A Missouri Pacific passenger train was wrecked while entering the yards at Yale's Center. A coal train which had taken the switch was too long and one car had been left on the main track. J. Grover Nettles of Eldorado, the engineer and Richard Dillenbecker of Eldorado, fireman, were killed.