

# Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

## A WORKING GIRL WIFE.

Young Mr. Knox, son of the secretary of state, ran away with a young girl who worked for a living and married her.

The couple eloped because the parents of the young man objected to his marrying the girl.

Well—  
A great fuss was made about the matter. It was not expected the young man would select somebody "below the salt." Some girl of aristocratic breeding from upper Fifth avenue or Newport would have filled the bill.

Meantime Knox junior has gone to work to support his wife.

"Good!"  
If some such thing did not happen once in a while in "the upper circles" of our American life we might begin to feel as if a part of our population had lost its red blood.

In all likelihood the Knox family will not need to go very far back in its history to find wives and mothers who worked for a living.

The most of us are now on earth and in the enjoyment of reasonable health because of working fathers and mothers, and we are proud of it!

Mr. Knox, Sr., himself is an able man. No doubt about that. But he got his healthy body and his keen brain from some strong, wide hipped, sensible and hardworking grandmother, a grandmother either on this or the other side of the sea.

And the boy's brain came in a like way, as shown by his strength of purpose and sturdy independence.

And this is true:

You will find the mothers or grandmothers of the future presidents and state secretaries and successful business men among the working girls in the kitchens and shops and fields. Quite certainly you will not find them in the congenial society of lap dogs or smoking cigarettes.

Good for young Knox!  
To say nothing about his being in love with his girl, an all sufficient reason for marrying her, he may be thankful to her all the days of his life because to get her he had to become a self respecting, self supporting worker, owing no man anything save good will.

And he will get in his working girl wife no doubt just what he wants—a devoted, loyal, loving wife and a good mother of his children.

What more could a man want in a wife?

## AN UNWICKED SINNER.

Deserted by her husband, forsaken by her friends, her dream of a cozy little home rudely destroyed, Mrs. Frank Standish, a frail little woman of Chicago, stood weeping in the divorce court.

She had stolen a few articles from a department store.

She was not a "kleptomaniac," a name given to those women who have plenty at home, but who are not able to withstand the lure of pretty things. "I am guilty," she said.

Asked her motive for taking the things, the sobbing woman replied to the court:

"I wanted a little home. I took table linen and goods on that order to furnish the little place."

"Of course had Mrs. Standish been a rich woman the goods would have been returned or paid for; there would have been no arrest, no fine, and nothing said."

But her husband had turned his back upon her because she had "disgraced him," her friends had deserted her, and there was nothing to do but to throw herself upon the mercy of the court.

The fine was \$50.

It took nearly all her meager fortune, leaving only enough to get back to her Michigan home.

The fragile little woman staggered from the police station to leave forever the turmoil and temptations of a great city. Her earthly belongings packed in a worn suit case, she started for the depot to join her aging parents on a Michigan farm.

Sordid story of a foolish woman? Foolish, yes, but not wicked. Shall I say she sinned because she was good at heart? She had the normal longing of every good woman for a little home of her own and to furnish it. Shall I say she sinned because of her virtuous desire?

Did you ever think how easily one's virtues may lead one astray?

Put an innocent young girl under a subtle temptation she does not understand and her very innocency may prove her undoing.

The laudable desire of a young man to get on in the world, carried to lengths, may ruin him.

Push a virtue too far and you have a vice.

Which fact of our complex being ought to make us very kind to those who sin not out of wicked but out of innocent desires.

## AT EVENTIDE.

The day is done.  
The shades of night have fallen, cloaking the garish lights and the turmoils of the day. The tired body is relaxed and the mind is freed.

It is a time for reverie and for meditation.

Looking backward on the paths by which you came—paths you never shall tread again—what has been the history of the day?

Where have your thoughts traveled

when they have wandered in the intervals of your daily task?

"Thoughts are things." What you think each day determines what you are. By some mysterious fashioning, your thoughts body forth what you are to be.

Today have your thoughts taken you up or down? Have you dragged your mind through sewers of foulness, slime pits of evil, or has it been fixed on whatsoever things are true and honest and lovely and of good report?

And, moreover, what thoughts of yours have you contributed to the world's great treasure house?

You say you are but a humble body and your thoughts may not be written down for the world to read and benefit?

But think a moment! Have you this day put a single one of your clean, gracious, uplifting suggestions into somebody's mind?

The power of suggestion is tremendous. A good or evil thought well planted in the heart of your friend is mental dynamite. And if that suggestion goes from the heart of your friend to the heart of his friend, who knows the end of it and the influence of it?

What have you done today?

Have you dodged some duty or lolled slothfully, loafer-like, through precious hours? Have you passed by some opportunity to be a minister of some good deed?

Or maybe you have manfully worked at some ungenial task. You have revived the drooping soul of some man or woman or child by some word of kindness, some deed of mercy. You have put your shoulder under some brother's load and lifted.

If so, "at eventide it shall be light." Retrospect is good for us. It is the only means by which we may measure progress or retreat. He who, ashamed of his record, is afraid to look backward will never get onward.

The day is done.  
What has been its history?

## THE FLAVOR OF LIFE.

The flavor of the peach, the perfume of a rose, is a subtle thing. You cannot weigh the flavor or the odor.

But flavor is a real thing.  
So of the flavor of one's life. It is subtle, but real. The flavor of your life is what you really are, your personality.

What you say or do, the opinions you hold, the position you occupy, the clothes you wear—none of these things counts when put beside your real personality, the flavor of your life.

"Your actions speak so loud I cannot hear what you say," said the native to the missionary.

I know a minister who preaches better sermons out of his pulpit than in it. When I am with him I feel like virtue is gone out of him into me.

Why?

Because of the flavor of his life.  
Because what affects me is not what he says as a minister, but what he is as a man.

The flavor of the fruit is part and parcel of the fruit. It cannot escape from the peach or the peach from it. It pervades the fruit and is of the essence of it.

So of the flavor of your life.  
It is part and parcel of you. You cannot assume it and throw it off at will. It pervades you as subtly, but as really, as the perfume of the rose.

Personality—we call it that for want of a better term—is the flavor of self.

Great men are great because of personality, the flavor of character. They do not pretend to be great or assume their greatness. They are great. The flavor is of their real essence.

Lincoln, Grant, Lee, three great men of a single epoch, had the flavor of greatness. There was nothing artificial about them. They were single in motive, not posers. They were genuinely great, and the flavor of their lives was genuine flavor. Their personality exhaled greatness because it belonged to them.

What is the flavor of your life?  
There is nothing complex about it. If you appear to be kind and courteous and just there is no flavor to your life unless you really are courteous and kind and just.

You cannot create flavor of life by assuming to be strong or honest or loving. You must be honest and strong and loving or there is no real flavor.

To put it Scripturally, flavor is the salt of character.  
"But if the salt hath lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?"

## THE GREATEST THING.

Once upon a time an Englishman wrote a book entitled "The Greatest Thing in the World."

Of course you know the theme he wrote about. There is only one greatest thing.

Take that out and life would not be worth the living. It is the only torch that lightens the way, the way which to all of us sometimes grows dark and dreary.

And love is eternal.  
It lives in the hearts of the old as well as in the hearts of the young. Youth is its budding season. Its blossom and its fruitage come with the passing of the years. Love grows the stronger as hearts grow older.

Love is a tender blossom.  
Like a delicate plant, it needs the sunshine. If it grows and thrives it must be nourished. If you shut it away in the dark and silence it will wither as the flowers wither. And it will die as the flowers die. It must have attention. It responds to care.

And yet love does not ask so much.  
It is easily satisfied! It will treasure up the memory of a single kiss for long. For many a day it will still feel upon a weary shoulder the touch of a loving hand tenderly laid. How

it thrills at the meaning smile, and how eagerly it responds to the spoken word!

We let love grow dumb for want of expression.  
Contradiction of human nature! We allow the trivial things, the vexations of the day, the small annoyances of the moment, to stand in our way while the hearts we love slowly starve for want of the language of love. Is it not so?

Worse than that—  
Sometimes, when we forget, we allow ourselves the bitter tone, the harsh spoken word, even the deliberate and studied unkindness and neglect—all this to those we love the most!

But for our own the bitter tone.  
Though we love our own the best.

Why do we do this? Why select our own, only to remember when it is too late how much we loved them?

Life is so short! And without love it is both barren and bitter. Why, O soul of man or woman, should you wittingly lose so much of your little day?

Let not the sun go down on that day whose eventide brings no recollection of thoughtful kindness, a kiss, a smile, a tender word, to those you love.

Do not wait to wait out over a coffin lid your regrets of those things you might have done, the words you might have said.

## IN THE MAKING.

In one of George McDonald's books is this scrap of conversation:

"I wonder why God made me," said Mrs. Faber bitterly. "I'm sure I don't know where was the use of making me."

"Perhaps not much yet," replied Dorothy; "but, then, he hasn't done with you yet. He is making you now, and you don't like it."

We are in the making.  
What we shall be doth not yet appear, because we are only in the process of completion.

It is difficult, looking into the loom and seeing but the one side, to prophesy what the pattern of the perfected weaving will show.

Nor can one judge the picture by the first few strokes of the artist on his canvas.

Nor can one sense the flavor of the fruit until it is ripened.

If we could get these facts firmly fixed in our minds we could bear with better grace our painful experiences, better understand the meaning of our failures and better content ourselves in the midst of imperfections.

The fruit is not yet ripe. The picture is not painted. The weaving is not completed.

In every life is a design. Although we may not be able to see the pattern, the Weaver knows. No life is accidental or without ultimate purpose. There is a guiding power. It is rough hewing and shaping and polishing and perfecting, even as the potter shapes the clay.

Take your failures. Every man of middle life, looking back on the way by which he came, easily can see that his failures oftentimes were blessings in disguise.

At the time the failures were grievous, but out of them came new purpose and new opportunity. Out of the furnace of trial came the pure gold of character. Therefore let us be patient.

Oh, I know it is hard sometimes to get our lessons! And sometimes the tears must fall on the pages of the book. But we have not yet mastered our lessons. We are still under tutelage.

Wait! Life is a serial story, complex, full of plot and action, full of pain and blessing and "to be continued." The final chapter has not yet been written.

Wait and trust. Most miserable is he who must stand and wait with hopeless heart. There is an outcome, never fear. God reigns. You may sometimes strain your eyes in vain, but—  
"He has not done with you yet."

## Why He Didn't Flirt.

Napoleon when a lieutenant was quartered with his fellow officers at the house of a barber in Auxoune. Most of the young men spent their time flirting with the barber's pretty wife, but the little Corsican was always busy with his books. A few years later, as Napoleon, then commander of the army of Italy, was on his way to Marengo, he paused at the door of the barber shop and asked his former hostess if she remembered a young officer of the name of Bonaparte who was once quartered with her family.

"Indeed I do," was the pettish reply, "and a very disagreeable inmate he was. He was either shut up in his room or if he walked out he never condescended to speak to any one."

"Ah, my good woman," said Napoleon, "had I passed my time as you wished to have me do I should not now have command of the army of Italy."

## Sour Milk.

Most housewives do not know that sour milk is a preservative. Even oysters will keep in it for some time. A piece of beefsteak was found to be perfectly fresh after an immersion of four or five months. Professor Elie Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, explains that the sugar in the milk encourages the growth of certain germs which form lactic acid. This acid destroys the germs of putrefaction. For this reason sour milk and buttermilk are often beneficial in alimentary disorders which are accompanied by bacterial infection. Sweet milk will not serve because the sugar is promptly assimilated and the friendly germs are without sustenance. On the other hand, the casein of the milk remains, and in it the bacilli of decay multiply. It is they which cause the class of symptoms known as biliousness.

# A BANK FOR WOMEN ONLY

It Has Just Been Started In London With Miss May Bateman as President—She Tells About Her Work.

EVERY one knows how difficult it is for the woman with a small allowance to manage it and keep track of where it goes. She is debarred from the use of a check book, which would simplify matters, because it takes a certain amount of money to open an account of this sort.

If she carries the money around with her she spends more than she should and, what is more, fritters away the whole amount in small ways until finally she does not know where it is all gone. Englishwomen have found a solution. They have started a woman's bank in London. No man may enter there, but any woman may open an account with as little as \$25 and become the proud possessor of a check book, from which she can draw against the said amount.

There are a safety deposit box annex and a brokerage branch where stocks and bonds can be bought or sold by depositors. Miss May Bateman is the president of this new bank. She is the author of a number of poems and novels and has had wide journalistic experience, extending from London to South Africa. As regards her financial experience, she was for years secretary to Sir Douglas Gordon of the board of trade and handled all his accounts. In a recent interview she gave the following facts about her novel position:

"One must remember certain things as a bank manager. I admit that I have been keenly interested in the progress of woman's advancement. But when you take up the management of a bank you have to bury all your personal views about politics, the ballot and similar controversial subjects. You must preserve a detached or, at any rate, an absolutely impartial attitude. I am hugely enthusiastic, however. Think of it! This is the first woman's bank in this country. That means a new profession for women, and who knows what may come of it? The whole staff is composed exclusively of women, and I want to say, too, that their salaries compare well with the wages paid male employ-

ees in any bank, so there will be no talk about women ousting men from professions by taking lower wages.

"We hope to provide special advantages for women. In the first place, they can open a checking account with a deposit of only \$5. Heretofore the large deposits required by nearly all other banks have barred that privilege to women of limited means. Interest will be paid at the rate of 2½ per cent a year on the amount standing to the credit of the account where a minimum balance of \$10 has been maintained for six months.

"There will be no fees exacted for the handling of small accounts. That will be a convenience for the girl with a small dress allowance who wants a check book, and I think it is only when a girl possesses a check book that she really understands the use and value of money."

MARY DALE.

She Speaks Fifty-four Languages.

Miss Elizabeth S. Colton, a citizen of Easthampton, Mass., has a great advantage over the rest of her sex because she can express her thoughts in fifty-four different languages, while most of them have got to get along the best they can with one. Probably only one other woman in America, at least, approaches Miss Colton as a linguist, and that is Miss Mary Montgomery, daughter of a Presbyterian missionary in Turkey, who astonished the faculty of the University of Berlin by her linguistic accomplishments and is now editing a dictionary of oriental languages in New York.

Miss Colton has studied the live and dead languages at various schools on three continents and has recently returned from a stay of a year and a half in India.

Easy Way to Brown Potatoes.

Boil in usual way without breaking, strain off, raise saucpan lid to let dry a few minutes. Have ready deep pan containing very hot fat, put potatoes in a few at a time. They will become a golden brown. By putting in hot the potatoes do not cool the fat and a better result is obtained.



MISS MAY BATEMAN.

ees in any bank, so there will be no talk about women ousting men from professions by taking lower wages.

"We hope to provide special advantages for women. In the first place, they can open a checking account with a deposit of only \$5. Heretofore the large deposits required by nearly all other banks have barred that privilege to women of limited means. Interest will be paid at the rate of 2½ per cent a year on the amount standing to the credit of the account where a minimum balance of \$10 has been maintained for six months.

"There will be no fees exacted for the handling of small accounts. That will be a convenience for the girl with a small dress allowance who wants a check book, and I think it is only when a girl possesses a check book that she really understands the use and value of money."

MARY DALE.

She Speaks Fifty-four Languages.

Miss Elizabeth S. Colton, a citizen of Easthampton, Mass., has a great advantage over the rest of her sex because she can express her thoughts in fifty-four different languages, while most of them have got to get along the best they can with one. Probably only one other woman in America, at least, approaches Miss Colton as a linguist, and that is Miss Mary Montgomery, daughter of a Presbyterian missionary in Turkey, who astonished the faculty of the University of Berlin by her linguistic accomplishments and is now editing a dictionary of oriental languages in New York.

Miss Colton has studied the live and dead languages at various schools on three continents and has recently returned from a stay of a year and a half in India.

Easy Way to Brown Potatoes.

Boil in usual way without breaking, strain off, raise saucpan lid to let dry a few minutes. Have ready deep pan containing very hot fat, put potatoes in a few at a time. They will become a golden brown. By putting in hot the potatoes do not cool the fat and a better result is obtained.

# S. G. DREYFUS CO.,

Wholesale Dealers in

Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats

CORNER SPRING AND CROCKETT STEETS.

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO COUNTRY ORDERS.

Ask Your Grocer For

# Rose's Sugar Sticks

Finest Made

# Henry Rose Merc. & Mfg. Co.,

(LIMITED)

517-521 Spring St.

Shreveport, La.

## FARMOGERM (High Bred Nitrogen Fixing Bacteria)

MAKES Poor Soil Rich with oil

## The FARMOGERM Method

DOES AWAY

with the use of expensive fertilizers by using nature's method of supplying nitrates. Lime, potash and phosphates are comparatively cheap and in many cases there is an abundant supply of these in the soil which can be made available for plant food if right methods are used—and the "Farmogerm Method" is the right method. If you wish to improve the condition of your land and grow bigger crops, send for book on "Farmogerm Method." What it has done for thousands of people during the past two years it will do for you. For sale by

H. M. Weil's Seed Store

Cor. Commerce and Milam Sts.

SHREVEPORT, LA.

# The Florsheim Bros. Dry Goods Co. Ltd.

Exclusively Wholesale Dealers in

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes and Hats.

510-512-514 Levee St.

New York Office 77 Franklin St.

## CHARTER

OF THE CELESTE FIG PRESERVING AND INDUSTRIAL COMPANY, LIMITED.

State of Louisiana, Parish of Caddo: Before me, Robert A. Crain, a notary public in and for Caddo Parish, State of Louisiana, personally came and appeared P. T. Hedges, C. L. Jones, R. P. Moore, Lee N. Bush, Roland Williamson, T. C. Aubrey, R. R. Emery, W. B. Daniels, all residents of Caddo Parish, Louisiana, and T. M. Cook, a resident of DeSoto Parish, Louisiana, who declared that availing themselves of the provisions of the laws of the State of Louisiana relative to corporations, they have formed and do by these presents form and constitute themselves into a body politic and corporation for the objects and purposes and under the conditions, stipulations and articles as follows, to-wit:

1911. The first board of directors, who shall hold office until their successors are elected, are hereby declared to be P. T. Hedges, C. L. Jones, T. M. Cook, R. P. Moore, R. R. Emery, Roland Williamson and Lee N. Bush, with the following officers: P. T. Hedges, president; C. L. Jones, vice president; R. P. Moore, secretary-treasurer.

## ARTICLE V.

This charter may be amended or the corporation dissolved, by a vote of three-fourths (3-4) in amount of the capital stock at a meeting called for that purpose. Whenever said corporation shall be dissolved by limitation or otherwise, its affairs shall be liquidated by two liquidators selected for that purpose by the stockholders, and they shall hold office and liquidate the affairs of the corporation until fully settled. In event of death or resignation of a liquidator, the other liquidator shall serve alone.

## ARTICLE VI.

No stockholder of the corporation shall ever be held liable for its contracts or faults in any further sum than the unpaid balance of his stock; and no informality in organization shall have the effect of rendering this charter null or of exposing any stockholder to any loss beyond the unpaid balance due on his stock.

In witness whereof the parties have signed this act of incorporation, in the presence of J. J. Lyon and W. S. Dennis, competent witnesses, on this the 14th day of March A. D. 1910.

P. T. HEDGES.  
C. L. JONES.  
T. M. COOK,

per C. L. Jones.  
R. P. MOORE.  
R. R. EMERY.  
LEE N. BUSH.  
T. C. AUBREY,

per P. T. Hedges.  
ROLAND WILLIAMSON.  
W. B. DANIELS,

per P. T. Hedges.  
Witnesses:  
J. J. LYON.  
W. S. DENNIS.

R. A. CRAIN,  
Notary Public.

State of Louisiana, Parish of Caddo: I hereby certify that I have examined the above and foregoing charter, and finding nothing therein contrary to law, I hereby approve the same on this the 4th day of April A. D. 1910.

J. M. FOSTER,  
District Attorney First Judicial District of Louisiana.

Endorsed: Filed and recorded April 4, 1910.  
A. S. HARDIN,  
Deputy Clerk.

State of Louisiana, Parish of Caddo: I hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original act as the same now appears on file and of record in my office. Given under my hand and seal of office this 4th day of April 1910.

A. S. HARDIN,  
Deputy Clerk and ex-Officio Deputy Recorder.