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A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

The decision of the Supreme Court of Louisiana rendered in New Orleans Monday in the case of the State vs. Oytave and Josephine Treadway, appealed from the District Court of Orleans Parish, is amazing, at least to the layman possessing a definite understanding of the difference between a person being a negro and one being white.

The African and his descendants is the opposite of the Caucasian and his offspring, whose mingling with the African.

From such mixture is produced the mulatto.

From the mulatto and the Caucasian is produced the quadroon, and from the quadroon is the octoroon, which is one-eighth negro and seven-eighths white, a negro still regardless of social attainments, wealth or standing in life.

To the Caucasian of warm blood a negro is a negro, whether black as the ace of spades or white as alabaster. The negro can no more be eliminated from the octoroon than the spots of the leopard could be removed with whitewash or paint or varnish.

The decision of the Supreme Court is remarkable, indeed extraordinary, at least to the Caucasian of warm blood, in that the crime of concubinage is confined only to blacks and whites who cohabit together. Reasoning then from this interpretation, no crime is possible if the cohabitation is between a mulatto, a quadroon, not to say octoroon. It may be noted that Justices Land and Nichols dissented to this decision.

Perhaps, if in the understanding of the law there was embraced the mulatto, the quadroon and the octoroon who may be classed as being colored, hundreds if not thousands of men and women in Louisiana would be amenable to the law applying to concubinage. With the lights before us, it will devolve on the Legislature at its next session beginning in May to revise the present act or to adopt one more specific in which the word "colored" shall be specialized that the mulatto, the quadroon and the octoroon are no less negroes than the black negro.

It is generally accepted rule by laymen everywhere in the United States and so recognized in the jurisprudence of States that any descendant of a negro is a negro and can have no claim in law to being white. The octoroon is not recognized in Louisiana as being white nor colored, but as being a negro more refined and attractive than the ordinary black face negro.

Under the Court's decision persons who are being held for concubinage must be released from custody except in the cases where the cohabitation has been between a black and a white person. Under this decision the colored (mixed bloods) and the white may cohabit with impunity and without the fear of restraint or of interference by the law.

THOMAS TAGGART.

The Democrats in Indiana are in a tangle, the bone of contention being Thomas Taggart, who aspires to a seat in Congress as the successor of Mr. Beveridge, Republican.

In all candor it should be said that the country has tired of Taggart and when of his stamp, politicians and time-servers who should be shelved politically.

At this time and in time to come, every disreputable element in Democratic ranks should be silenced. The Democrats expect to secure success they must not permit the Taggarts to control and dominate. In Democratic ranks Taggart is synonymous with defeat. At this time the Taggart stripe of Democrats will insure the triumph of the Republic.

In opposition to Taggart is Mr. Beveridge, whose course in the Senate appeals to the independent voters who in Indiana, as in other States, control the final results in an election.

The Democrats of Indiana could not expect to defeat Mr. Beveridge with Mr. Taggart.

While the independent voters of Indiana would delight to affirm their resentment and emphasize their displeasure of the treachery of the Republicans, they will vote for Mr. Beveridge instead of Taggart.

The people are tired of the machine men and the machine politicians and are despatching a new deal, not so much of party name, but of men who will stand by and for the people and their welfare in opposition to the venal, unscrupulous politicians and time-servers of either party.

Enter our about your supply of Bill and statement heads before the first of the month. You'll need 'em. Phone 1000

MARK TWAIN'S INFINITE JEST

Some of the Many World Laughs Evoked by Tongue and Pen of America's Premier Humorist in Fifty Years of Fun.

He Explains Why He Is Greater Than Washington and Tells the Amazing Contents of the Practical Joker's Head.

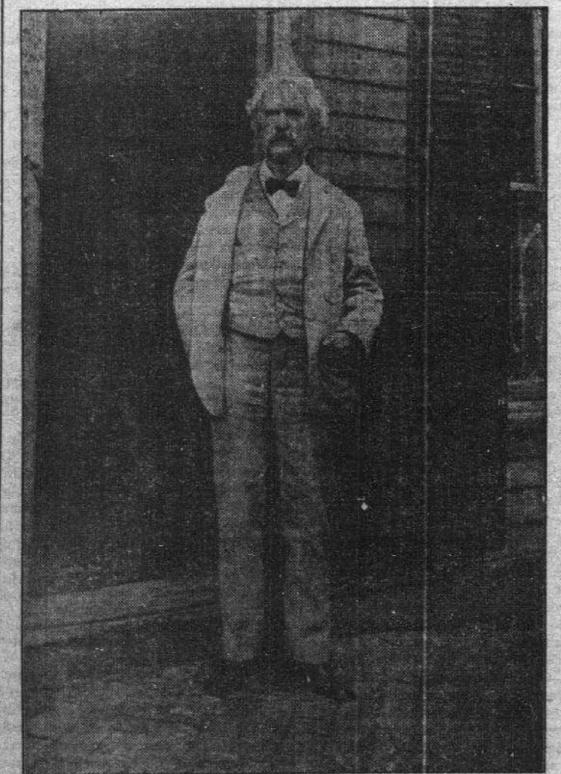
WHEN Mark Twain returned from a winter's health seeking sojourn in Bermuda, so ill that he had to be carried off the ship to his carriage and rolled in a wheel chair from carriage to train, the news of his serious condition carried sorrow to millions of hearts throughout the world—the hearts of those who for many years have laughed with but never at this "fellow of infinite jest."

"It's tough, isn't it?" was all he said to the newspaper men who awaited him at the pier. He referred to his illness, and verily it was tough to see him so enfeebled, not even able to smoke his favorite cigar. It is remembered that when he left for Bermuda shortly after the sudden death of his daughter Jean last Christmas eve he took a cigar from his pocket and remarked to a reporter:

"The only friend I have left." There was more pathos in this remark than truth. Probably no man in the history of the world has had so many friends as Mark Twain. Millions who never saw him, never looked

Mark Twain's only scholastic education was acquired at the village school in Hannibal, Mo., the place where he grew up. Nevertheless he received in later life three doctoral degrees—one from Yale, one from the University of Missouri and one from Oxford, in England.

"Who would have supposed," he said, "that I needed so much doctoring?" Hannibal seems to have been, like many other towns, a matter of fact place when the youth who had left there as Sam Clemens returned a few years later as Mark Twain and delivered a lecture in Brittingham hall, on the east side of the public square. It was in 1889, not long after his story of "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras" had started him on the path of fame. In Hannibal lived John Staveley, to whom a primrose by the river's brim was a yellow primrose, and nothing more. Staveley attended the lecture. Holliday's hill was about the biggest thing around Hannibal in the boyhood of the humorist. Old John Lennox, who drove a dray drawn by an ancient mule, had the loudest voice known to the townfolk. When Mark



From photo by Robertus Love. MARK TWAIN AT THE DOOR OF HIS BOYHOOD HOME, HANNIBAL, MO., IN JUNE, 1902.

into his kindly countenance, never felt the warmth of his smile nor drank the melody of his voice have been his friends because his genial, jovial manner as evinced in his writing always made for friendship.

Weeping at Adam's Grave. As an all round funny man perhaps the world never knew his equal. Many of his quaint quips and turns have woven themselves into our common fund of imperishable material for mirth, such as his account of his visit to the grave of Adam, where he wept because his illustrious ancestor never lived to see him. Nobody else ever knew the location of Adam's grave, but Mark Twain not only found it—in his fertile imagination—but paid to the universal ancestor the filial tribute of tears.

Years ago, when a report was published to the effect that Mark Twain was dead, the person chiefly concerned issued a statement in denial. "The report of my death," he said, "has been greatly exaggerated." How many times since then, on similar occasions with relation to other persons, has somebody quoted Mark Twain's denial!

The Mark Twain definition of cauliflower—"cabbage with a college education"—is another old favorite, which reminds us of Mark Twain's indignation when the late Mrs. Astor, leader of "masses" in New York, remarked that a college education was a thing no gentleman could be without.

"Then Mrs. Astor as much as says I'm no gentleman," he said, "because I wasn't fortunate enough to have a rich father to send me to college. Well, I wonder if she thinks Andrew Carnegie isn't or Abraham Lincoln wasn't a gentleman?"

On another occasion, when he was on a lecture tour, somebody asked him who in his opinion made the most responsive and sympathetic listeners. "College men," he replied after a moment's reflection—"college men and southerners."

Twain warmed up to his lecture he said, hoping to win applause from his old neighbors:

"In returning to Hannibal I do not feel that I am among strangers, for I played here as a boy. It seems to me as if I have known Hannibal from the remote beginning of things. Why, my dearly beloved fellow citizens, I can remember distinctly the time when Holliday's hill was no bigger than an ash pile and when old John Lennox couldn't speak above a whisper."

Two or three persons uttered, but for the rest it was silence. John Staveley's brow wrinkled in scorn. After the lecture he collected a crowd on a street corner and said:

"I've known this Sam Clemens ever since he was a boy, and he always vuz a liar, but he's a bigger liar than ever now. I was here in this very town before Sam Clemens ever seen it, and Holliday's hill then vuz as big as it is right now, and old John Lennox never seen the day when he could talk low enough to whisper."

Artemus Ward, who died shortly before Mark Twain began to get a reputation, had a similar trick of droll exaggeration on the platform, but the later humorist found the faculty of putting such things into writing in a manner that made them just as effective as the spoken word.

His Drawl Inherited. Much has been said and written about the Mark Twain drawl. Captain Horace Bixby, who taught Sam Clemens the art of piloting a Mississippi river steamboat, once asked his pupil why he "pulled his words so."

"You'll have to ask my ma, cap'n," he replied. "She pulls 'em the same way." Friends of the humorist are aware of his aversion to the telephone. One day at his home in Hartford he answered a telephone call. After many "hello's" he failed to get a response at the other end of the line. Finally he reversed the word. To his discomfiture an eminent clergyman, whose

voice he recognized at once, disclosed his identity as the one who had called him up.

"Is that you, doctor?" asked the humorist innocently. "I didn't hear what you said. My butler has been at the phone, and he said he couldn't understand you."

Mr. Clemens always enjoyed a joke at the expense of one of his clergy friends. The Rev. Dr. Doane, later a bishop, was rector of an Episcopal church in Hartford. Clemens, after listening to one of his sermons, said to the preacher:

"I have enjoyed your sermon this morning, for I welcomed it as I would an old friend. I have a book in my library which contains every word of it."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the minister indignantly.

"It is true nevertheless."

"Then, sir, I shall trouble you to send me that book."

Next day Dr. Doane received, with Mark Twain's compliments, a dictionary.

As an Art Critic.

The late H. H. Rogers, a special friend of the humorist, was something of an art connoisseur. Once he showed Mr. Clemens at his home a beautiful marble bust—a young woman coiling her hair—and asked what he thought of it. The visitor glanced at it and said:

"It isn't true to nature."

"Why not?" asked the host.

"Because her mouth is not full of hairpins," said Mark Twain.

Here's another Twainism that sticks: "Honesty is the best policy. I know, for I have tried both."

As the original chronicler of this jest said, there are persons on earth who are grieved by such a remark, but heaven rest their souls. Though the early Hannibalite was emphatic as to the mendacity of Sam Clemens, we have the word of the illustrious accused himself in attestation of his truthfulness.

"I am a greater man than George Washington," he remarked once upon a time.

While his hearers were mentally observing that while he might be greater in some respects he should let others say it for him, Mark Twain continued: "Yes; I'm greater than Washington. George could not tell a lie, while I could tell a lie—but I never do."

His Opinion of Practical Jokes.

It is highly gratifying to the upholders of humor as one of the refined arts to know that Mark Twain never has had any liking for the practical joke. His opinion of the practical joker the present writer once had the pleasure of hearing him express. One of the old stories in connection with his career is that about his pipe, nicknamed "the morgue." It was in Virginia City, Nev., when Clemens was a hardworking reporter on the Enterprise newspaper. His income in those days was not sufficient to permit him to purchase the long black cigars which in later years became almost a part of his personality. He smoked a pipe—an ancient one, too—that smelled dreadful, according to his coworkers. They had named it "the morgue" because of its odoriferous quality.

The other fellows in the Enterprise sanctum had dropped gentle hints and some hints not so gentle as that pipe's absence being more desirable than its company, but Clemens continued to puff away at the old pipe every night when he sat down to write his copy. Finally the others fixed up a conspiracy. They pooled contributions and bought a pipe of highly showy appearance. When Clemens appeared the next night smoking "the morgue" the chairman of the committee thus addressed him:

"Uh—Mr. Clemens, your associates in this office, observing how much you love to smoke a pipe and holding you generally in high esteem, have contributed to a fund and purchased for you this fine new pipe, which, as you will see, is a much showier pipe than the one you now smoke. It occurred to us that you would appreciate, coming from your fellow workers, the gift of a new pipe. No pipe is too good for you, Sam, and we do not begrudge the money we have spent for this one. We only trust that you will smoke it from day to day and night to night and that beneath its curling smoke and enwrapped in its fragrant aroma you will continue to write for the Enterprise those valuable and interesting stories which have been gracing its columns ever since you became one of us. Now, old man, in behalf of your associates I take pleasure in presenting to you this costly—if we do say it ourselves—this costly and beautiful pipe, and long may it cheer you!"

Mr. Clemens was overcome with emotion. He arose, accepted the new pipe, went to the window and threw "the morgue" into the back yard of the office and in a broken voice thanked his fellow members of the staff for their kindness, which, he said, touched him deeply.

The other fellows were happy, having got rid of the evil smelling pipe, as they fondly believed. The next night Sam Clemens sauntered into the sanctum and sat down at his desk. In his mouth was "the morgue," resurrected, with great clouds of smoke issuing from it. He had discovered that his new pipe was a cheap affair, a thirty-cent fraud, and he had gone down into the back yard and recovered his old one.

Several years ago I asked Mark Twain if this story was true. He did not make direct reply. He said slowly and with that deliberate drawl which helped to make him famous: "A practical joker is a fool. He has no brains. His head is full of stewedysters."

Query: Is the pipe story a true one?

MOUNT M'KINLEY ASCENT DOUBTED

Charles Sheldon Says Public Should Await More Details.

SOME POINTS INCREDIBLE.

New Yorker Familiar With Region About the Peak Points Out That Only One of Fairbanks Expedition Has Reported Its Success.

Charles Sheldon, a big game sportsman and explorer of New York city, who for years has known Tom Lloyd, Charles McGonigle and W. R. Taylor, three of the four men who, according to Lloyd, reached the top of Mount McKinley on April 3, declared the other night that the public could well afford to await a fuller report of the details of the ascent before complete acceptance of the claim.

Mr. Sheldon has hunted big game and explored all through the Alaskan country about the base of Mount McKinley. He said he was thus fully acquainted with many of the difficulties which any party would have to surmount to reach the top of this tallest peak on the American continent.

"I think," said he, "it is due to Tom Lloyd and the three others with him to withhold judgment as to the partial statements transmitted from Fairbanks to the effect that they reached the summit of Mount McKinley. The press reports contain so many assertions that are not in accordance with the facts that little reliance can be placed on them. It is not reasonable to believe that the party had an aneroid barometer which would record an altitude of 20,500 feet with any degree of accuracy. It is ridiculous to suggest that a trail was established to the top of the mountain. It is ridiculous to say that snowshoes were used most of the way up the mountain.

Top of the Mountain a Double Summit. "It is reported that the flag they left at the summit could be seen from the north side of the mountain, which would be an impossibility, since the top of Mount McKinley is a double summit, consisting of two ridges extending east and west. The south ridge, which is the culminating peak, cannot be seen from the north.

"The leader of the expedition, Tom Lloyd, and also Charlie McGonigle and Billy Taylor, are personal friends of mine, but I do not know Patterson, Lloyd is perhaps sixty or more years old, McGonigle and Taylor are very hardy young men, among the best dog "mushers" in the country and thoroughly familiar with winter travel, particularly in that district. None of the three, however, knows anything about technical mountain climbing. They have never seen an Alpine rope or an ice ax and are not familiar with technical mountaineering equipment.

"I have worked and traveled with these three men in winter. I feel quite certain that, although they had been within a distance of six or eight miles of the base of Mount McKinley, none of them had been on the slope before the alleged ascent. I believe that the method they adopted to investigate a route of ascent in the spring with dogs is the correct way to find a route to the summit, and particularly along the eastern ridges, where the press reports imply, the ascent was made.

Difficulties of an Ascent Tremendous. "The difficulties are tremendous, not so much the intense cold as the fact that even willows for fuel wood do not grow within five or six miles of the base of the mountain, and timber is at least six miles distant and probably even farther from an approach by the east ridges. This would necessitate on extra amount of material for fuel.

"The difficulties of an ascent are so great that, though McGonigle and Taylor are courageous and capable of enduring the cold and physical work, a great deal of public skepticism, particularly among those who are familiar with the hardships of mountain climbing, is sure to exist.

"Therefore it is clearly the duty of the press, both to the public and to these men, not to encourage full credulity in the reports of the alleged ascent until the facts and details are authoritatively published, which will enable us to form an intelligent judgment. Only Tom Lloyd apparently brought out the report, the other members of the party having remained in the Kantishna district, 150 miles away, so we haven't their corroborative evidence."

Mr. Sheldon went to this region in 1906 for sport and exploration, spending some time at the base of Mount McKinley and on the slope. He went again in the summer of 1907 and spent a year there.

A Mayor's Bureau For "Kicks." Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston announced recently that he is going to establish a bureau for "kicks." It will be an office in city hall, where two officials will be stationed to listen to all complaints made by citizens about municipal service. Most of the complaints made at the city hall relate to tax and water bills, collection of garbage and condition of streets, and citizens who have kicks to register don't know where to go. The mayor says the valuable time of clerks is consumed in listening to recitals of grievances they can't remedy.

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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:

ARTICLE I. The name and style of this corporation shall be "THE CELESTE FIG PRESERVING AND INDUSTRIAL COMPANY, LIMITED," and under this name and style it shall have and enjoy corporate existence for a period of ninety-nine years from date hereof.

ARTICLE II. The purposes for which this corporation is established are hereby declared to be to plant and cultivate fig and other fruit bearing trees and all farm and garden products; to construct and equip a canning factory at or near the town of Forbing, Caddo Parish, Louisiana, and therein to preserve all orchard, farm and garden products, preparing them for market in such a manner as may be determined, and to buy and sell such products both in the raw and manufactured state, and in general to do all things necessary and proper in carrying on a general planting and preserving business. The domicile of this corporation is hereby declared to be the City of Shreveport, Caddo Parish, Louisiana, and all legal process shall be there served on the president, or, in his absence, the vice president or secretary, according to law.

ARTICLE III. The capital stock of this corporation is hereby authorized to be ten thousand (\$10,000.00) dollars, divided into and represented by one hundred shares of one hundred (\$100.00) dollars each, to be paid for in cash or its equivalent at the discretion of the board of directors. This corporation shall commence business whenever three thousands dollars (\$3,000.00) of the capital stock shall be subscribed and paid in full.

ARTICLE IV. The corporate powers are hereby vested in the board of directors, to consist of seven stockholders, four of whom shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of the business of the corporation. The board of directors shall be elected annually on the first Monday of March of each year, beginning in

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 14th day of March A. D. 1910.

P. T. HEDGES, C. L. JONES, R. P. MOORE, R. R. EMERY, LEE N. BUSH, T. C. AUBREY, per C. L. Jones, R. P. MOORE, R. R. EMERY, W. B. DANIELS, 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 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.