

# Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE

## HIS DEATH SENTENCE.

He sat in a telephone booth. The man was weary and worn and heartsick, and he was calling up his wife to tell her some bad news.

A few months previously he had failed in his business and had accepted a place as bookkeeper. Now his little daughter was sick. Worry over her condition had prevented concentration on his books, and he had just been discharged.

It was about this last stroke of ill fortune he told his wife over the phone.

He told her of the loss of the job and how he was full of despair over the future. And in these brief words the wife made answer:

"Don't come home until you get a job."

The poor fellow left the booth in a daze. He had asked for sympathy and got a rebuke. He craved advice and got a harsh mandate. He was on the verge of desperation, and the stern message pushed him over the precipice.

He did not go home; he shot himself. A coward in the battle of life? But was he? Did he take the final plunge in his right mind? Poignant suffering had made a mental crisis. One word of hope and sympathy might have tided him over. The cutting rejoinder broke his heart and shattered his mental resources. Weakened by suspense and strain and suffering, his courage hung in the balance. One blow from an unexpected source sent him reeling to his end.

The story haunts the memory. And there is pity for the poor fellow who got his knockout blow from one he loved. But the wife is to be pitied most.

She never will be able to forget that she sent him to his death; that it was her voice that pronounced his fatal sentence; that it was her coldness and thoughtless impulse of anger that slew him.

She will always remember how she put all the blame on the shoulders of the poor husband; how she, his last and only haven of hope, refused him refuge, and, with no pity in her heart, how she denied his yearning plea for sympathy.

The recollection of that message will always be her sorrow's crown of sorrow.

Suppose she had said:

"Come home, dear, and let us talk it over. Surely there is some way out. Whatever happens, we will face it together. Keep up your courage."

If she only had!

"Men and women: Souls about you are in extremis. Balanced between hope and despair, a word of cheer may save, a word of harshness may send them to the depths."

Humanity is a strange blend of strength and weakness. Under awful strain a strong man may be as weak as a little child and a single blow may send him dizzy to his end.

Oh, there is more than one way to kill a mortal!

## TWO FUNERALS.

Did you read the long description of the funeral of Edward VII.?

The obsequies were perhaps the most imposing of modern times, and the cortege that left Westminster and followed the king's remains to rest in St. George's chapel at Windsor was the most gorgeous ever seen save at the queen's jubilee.

As I read I thought of how we buried the king of our village forty years ago.

It was in the era before machine-made goods had found their way to us to any great extent. The village tailor made the men's clothes, the shoemaker the boots, the wagon maker the wagons, the cabinetmaker the furniture, and so on.

Our king was a wagon maker.

He came to us from Kentucky, was strikingly kingly in mien, tall, handsome and lion-like in strength. Once he put to flight the army of the aliens, literally throwing an entire gang of peace disturbers out of the church.

No man of the neighborhood dared face him in his righteous indignation. Yet he had a woman's heart.

By right of royal dignity and prerogative he became the peacemaker of the community. He settled more lawsuits than the lawyers at the county seat. Injustice stirred him to instant action. He was the defender of the weak. And when misfortune came his kindly ministry was always evoked.

England was no more deeply stricken by the death of her king than we by ours.

The funeral? It was to the village church that we first took his remains, the church where every Sunday he ministered his big family that filled a pew. I remember the poignant sorrow of that people. The minister could scarce say his sermon because his throat would tighten, and he would look at us—every one in tears—through the telescope of his own tears.

We were burying our king.

The coffin did not weigh half a ton, like Edward's. It was made of smooth walnut boards. There was no hearse. The coffin was tenderly laid on straw in one of the wagons he had built. There was one carriage, and the minister and the widow rode in that. We followed in long procession, sitting in chairs with which the wagons had been furnished.

The grave had been dug by neighbors, the pile of clay indicating its location. To the sobbing of sincere

listeners, above whom could be heard the broken voice of the minister—"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust"—the body of the man who was every inch a king was lowered to its resting place by ropes.

Nor did we desert the grave at this juncture, as is the custom of today. We remained while the neighbors took turns about filling the grave and gently parting the mound into shapeliness. And thus we buried our king forty years ago.

## WE EAT TOO MUCH.

Are you too fat?

If so and you want to reduce your flesh quit eating.

That is the way Miss Ruth Armstrong of San Francisco solved the get thin quick problem. She fasted thirty days and reduced her weight from 160 to 110 pounds.

During the fast she took nothing but water and declares that after the first day or two she never felt better.

There is no doubt we eat too much.

In a recent magazine article Upton Sinclair, the author, tells of his resort to fasting in order to cure certain ills. He had tried everything else and was in despair.

Sinclair claims he cured himself of various troubles by long fasting. He also says he did the most severe mental work during his fasts and found his mind to be unusually clear.

We eat too much.

The habit of crowding three full meals into a little stomach every day is enough to ruin any organ of less tough structure.

Because of our continual gorging the food is not properly assimilated, the waste is not eliminated and remains in the system to poison the blood.

When to this stuffing custom are added our habit of living in rooms not properly ventilated, especially in winter, our lack of exercise and artificial methods of life the wonder is not that we are sick, but that we should survive at all.

The glutton habit is a relic of the age of savagery, when food was scarce and men lived a merely animal existence and stuffed themselves like the brutes.

We eat too much.

To be sure, the man who is employed in severe physical labor needs strengthening food at more or less frequent intervals, but his heavy exercise eliminates the waste, and the deep breathing tones his blood. We who do not thus labor need scarcely half the food we are accustomed to use.

Moses understood this. By very sure the fasting instituted by the Mosaic code had more than religious significance. It was also for physical well-being.

A good rule to follow, whether one believes in long fasting or not, is—

When in doubt, don't eat.

The trial of this cure costs nothing, and, indeed, in this time, when the cost of living is so high, it has the added virtue of economy.

We eat too much.

## WHAT DO YOU SEE?

Life is like a mirror.

It is the looking glass into which one may look and see himself as others see him.

Note this:

One stands before the looking glass and, forgetting that he looks upon himself, sees only that men and women are selfish and overreaching and full of guile—sees only that the times and manners are corrupted.

But—

Another looks, and the mirror reveals to him that men and women are kind and courteous and good, that this day is the best day of history and that tomorrow will be better still.

Why the difference?

The mirror is the same. The difference must be in the beholder.

It is. Because like begets like. Each sees in the mirror the best or the worst, according as he brings the best or the worst before the mirror.

If you pose before the mirror of life surly, grouchy, fault finding, the mirror will reflect back a disagreeable and disobliging world. Courtesy breeds courtesy. Selfishness begets selfishness.

If you are suspicious of all the world all the world will be suspicious of you, but if you trust men they will have confidence in you.

If you try to overreach your neighbor he will try to get the better of you, but if you give him a square deal he will meet you half way.

If you are impatient with people they will lose their tempers with you. If you are patient and kind they will be kind and patient.

It must be so.

The mirror reflects truly.

Do you remember in Victor Hugo's story how the good bishop trusted Jean Valjean? The bishop said to the burly tramp: "I have bought you from evil; I dedicate you to goodness." The trust reached a tender spot and changed Valjean from a convict to a savior of men.

Be noble, and the goodness that lies in other men, sleeping, but never dead, shall rise in majesty to meet thine own.

Let us face the mirror!

We must not stand to one side or the other of the mirror, thus seeing another image than our own or a distorted reflection. Let us face the looking glass squarely.

What do you see?

Only selfishness and suspicion and spite and discourtesy? If so, do not find fault with the mirror. Find fault with yourself.

## READJUSTMENT.

When King Edward VII. died the people of England were plunged into a state of great anxiety.

The political conditions were such that business almost ceased for a time. Values were depressed, and the people

felt as if they were on the verge of national disaster.

We have had such experiences.

When Abraham Lincoln was assassinated we passed through a great trial. It needed the voice of a great man like Garfield, who said to the mob on the streets of New York: "Fellow citizens, God reigns and the government at Washington still lives."

There was another serious crisis when Garfield was shot. And when McKinley got his death wound at Buffalo dread and anarchy showed its horrid front.

But we passed through these tribulations and emerged.

Like some great planet swinging in its orbit, whose momentum is irresistible, we kept the track marked out for us.

Behind us was the cumulative force of a great history—the gathered momentum of a people who had dreamed and done great things and good things.

So it is of our personal lives.

Disaster comes to us in a business venture. The blow paralyzes. We see no way out. We are seized by despair. This, we say, is the end.

But the crisis passes. We readjust ourselves to the new emergencies. The old wound slowly heals. By and by the defeat passes into memory and the experience becomes a part of our philosophy.

It is the reserve power within us quickening to a new endeavor.

A dear one dies. We feel that never again will the sun shine so brightly as of old. Clouds and darkness are about us. The terrible fact stares us. We never shall see that face again! If, say, after a year or five years we might hope to see it! But—nevermore!

The days pass, and time deals gently with us. And after awhile we can think calmly of our dead. And the memory of them is even sweet to us because we know that—

Life is ever lord of death.

And love can never lose its own.

Nations as well as individuals come to feel that there is behind them a mysterious power that pushes them forth to their destiny despite all accident.

And we need to learn that the purer and truer the life forces are behind the day of trial the stronger is the nation or the individual in the day of trial.

As said Sir Galahad:

"My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure."

## HOW TO STAY YOUNG.

That grand old woman Julia Ward Howe is ninety-one years old, and at that age she is younger than some others at sixty.

Somebody once asked her how she managed to keep so young and vigorous, and she replied:

"By allying myself with some unpopular cause."

Which at the first strikes one as far-fetched, but there is in the statement a deep philosophy.

Those remain young whose minds remain young. The young mind looks forward into the future; the old mind looks back into the past. The young mind follows ideals; the old mind fondles memories.

Julia Ward Howe has kept young by facing the future and fighting in the van of progress.

For years she championed the cause of the abolition of slavery. When the slaves were freed she took up the unpopular propaganda of equal suffrage. And thus, through her enthusiasms and by linking herself with progressive humanity, she has come to her ninety-one years.

Susan B. Anthony was another young old woman who realized that activity means life and that to follow a youthful ideal brings forgetfulness of the years.

And there is Dr. Pearson of Chicago, who at ninety says he has been having more fun giving away his millions to deserving colleges than any millionaire of them all and that when he is dead there will not be a dollar left.

Dr. Pearson has a vision.

And white haired Chief Justice Fuller sits in the circle of the big brains of the United States supreme court and, barring the white hair and mustache, appears as vigorous at seventy-seven as a boy.

He could retire at any time and still draw his pay; but, knowing that inactivity means stagnation and death, he prefers to die in the harness.

Suppose Julia Ward Howe had gone nodding over her knitting, contenting herself with the retrospect of her successful work for the slave?

She probably would have died years ago or, if living, would be decrepit and senile instead of vigorous and bustling.

March forward with your face to the rising sun! Cultivate the zest of going into battle for a worthy cause and forget the years that are behind.

Get yourself a vision.

And then, joining hand in hand with your select fellows, go, as do the little children, aflame with enthusiasm and hope of realization.

That way lies youthfulness.

In the bright lexicon of enthusiasm there is no such word as age.

## Dog and Cat.

The effect of a dog on a cat's tail is well worth study. When a cat encounters a strange dog the tail immediately assumes an upright position, the back becomes highly arched, and the "fur stands out straight all over the body. This sudden change dismays the dog who brings himself to a halt, and the two regard each other steadfastly. But if the dog should turn his gaze away for a fraction of a second there are a swish and a bound and the cat has disappeared over a fence or up a tree. Stimulated by the presence of a dog cats have been known to climb to such heights that they were unable to descend the way they went up.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY

### Setting Up a Principle.

The rich man was worried. He feared the old master he had just purchased was not genuine. He dreaded the possibility that the public would look upon him as an easy mark for art fakers. So he sent for the eminent expert.

The expert came and looked at the picture and shook his head. Then he smelled of it and frowned ominously.

"Will you have to taste it, too?" the magnate anxiously inquired.

The expert waved him aside.

Then he tested the painting with acids and with cold and heat. He scraped it down with a palette knife and soaked it in boiling oil. He drew out the fiber and cut holes in the canvas and saved it longitudinally.

Presently he turned to the magnate.

"The picture is genuine," he said.

The magnate stared from the wrecked painting to the eminent expert.

"But, great Murillo," he cried, "the thing is absolutely ruined!"

The eminent expert frowned.

"What is the loss of a painting to the establishment of the eternal principles of truth?" he haughtily replied.

Whereupon the magnate sadly recalled the old adage that has reference to the bliss of ignorance.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Business Ups and Downs.

(A study in our beautiful language.)

"I hear Jack got up an aerial express company."

"Oh, that's all gone up!"

"Well, I heard that something was up when I was down there."

"Yes; he couldn't get the aeroplanes to go up, and so the company went up!"

"He'll have a lot to pay up!"

"He's gone up the spout. Been sold up."

"Did you have anything up on it?"

"Oh, I took a little flier!"

"Well, it came too high for me. I couldn't plank down."

"Jack's folks will have to come down a little now."

"Unless his rich uncle comes down and sets him up."

"He won't. Jack got a little high, and his uncle is up to his tricks now."

"Perhaps something will turn up."

"No; he's down and out."

"The uncle may let up."

"No; he's down on Jack."

"Well, it's high time. Jack's been too upsh!"

"We all have our ups and downs."

"So we do. My time's up. Going downtown?"

"No; up."

"So long!"—Harper's Weekly.

### Not Bankable, but Next.

The boss seemed uneasy. Finally he called one of the clerks.

"Jones," he said gravely, "take this to the bank."

When Jones reached the sidewalk he looked at the slip in his hand. It read thus:

New York .....

Chicago .....

When Jones returned he had it filled out to the seventh inning and handed it back with as great gravity as a boss could assume.—Buffalo Express.

### The Mistakes of a Night.

He saw her sitting in the dark corner and knew that his chance had come.

Noislessly he stole up behind her, and before she was aware of his presence he had kissed her.

"How dare you!" she shrieked.

"Pardon me," he bluffed readily. "I thought you were my sister."

She stepped out into the light. "You silly fool," she giggled, "I am!"

He fainted.—Cleveland Leader.

### Had the Goods.

"Charles, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I'm glad to see you are taking better care of your health."

"What do you mean?"

"Several times you have said that when you were out playing cards you got cold feet. I suppose these red, white and blue disks I found in your vest are cough lozenges."—New York Journal.

### The Eternal Feminine.

One of the three frightened guests at the wedding had just finished telling his wife how the "Ancient Mariner" shot the fateful albatross.

"How silly!" said the lady. "Why on earth didn't he bring it home with him? An albatross would look stunning on a hat!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Self Abnegation.

"Mr. Squallup," said the renter of the third floor flat, "I have been told that you play the fute."

"You have been misinformed," answered the other man, who had just moved into the apartments on the second floor. "I can play it, but I don't."—Chicago Tribune.

### Wise People.

"I read that Chicago people were badly scared by a recent spell of darkness. Can it be they are so ignorant?"

"Ignorant, nothing! Chicago people are wise in being afraid of each other in the dark."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### What Her Family Knew.

"What made her family think she'd succeed in hospital work?"

"She was always the kind of girl who rubs things in and nurses an injury."—Lippincott's.

### Why the Boy Stood.

Casablanca couldn't swim and didn't think his father could.—Washington Post.

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## BUDGET FOR 1910

The Police Jury being in regular session, Mr. Poleman, chairman of the finance committee, submitted the following budget for 1910:

### RESOURCES.

Eight mill tax on	
\$20,260,000.00	\$162,280.00
Less sheriff's commissions	8,104.00—\$153,976.00
One mill on \$20,260,000 interest and sinking fund	20,260.00
Licenses	1,000.00
	\$175,236.00

### EXPENDITURES.

School fund	\$60,000.00
Salaries	8,500.00
District attorney	1,000.00
Assessor	5,000.00
Criminal	10,000.00
Juror and witness	6,000.00
Repairs	1,000.00
Ferries	1,000.00
Bridges	6,000.00
Election	2,000.00
Printing	750.00
Pauper, health and sanitation	4,000.00
District clerk	1,000.00
Good roads	25,000.00
Poor farm	7,500.00
Interest and sinking fund	20,260.00
Louisiana State Fair Association premiums Caddo parish exhibits 1910	1,000.00
Premiums general exhibits 1910	1,000.00
Building to be erected in 1910	5,000.00
Incidentals	9,226.00