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Hobson Tactics.

It is not the purpose of the Caucasian to meddle in the political differences arising between Representative Underwood and Democratic Leader Hobson, who are candidates for the United States Senate from the State of Alabama, but as reported from Washington Congressman Hobson has indulged in a bitter speech reflecting on Congressman Underwood, who kept his temper while being scored. He charged that Underwood "was a dummy used as a tool and that if he had been a dummy, and used as a tool of Wall Street he could be used by the liquor interests or any other interest."

It would seem that Congressman Hobson did not impress his hearers favorably in his charge that Congressman Underwood was seeking the presidential nomination at Baltimore "by false pretenses."

As Underwood rose to reply he was cheered enthusiastically by both Democrats and Republicans. Having queried if any one believed what Hobson had charged, there were ready responses of "no" all over the House. Underwood then reviewed Hobson's record and pointed out that he had opposed free lumber in the 1908 tariff fight and had always supported the propaganda of the great ship-building interests.

Congressman Hobson's purpose is plain, but he may unexpectedly realize a boomerang. If he would secure the United States senatorship from Alabama he must submit argument and not deal in abuse nor generalities.

Congressman Underwood as the Democratic leader of the House has scored a triumph in the successful revision of the tariff downward through the bill which bears his name which Hobson could scarcely overcome.

Sheriff's Sale.

No. 16,733—In the First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La., A. G. Hennion vs. Tom Sloan et al. By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed from the Honorable First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La., in the above numbered and entitled suit I have seized and will offer for sale at public auction for cash and according to law, at the principal front door of the court house of Caddo Parish, La., during the legal hours of sale, on SATURDAY, NOV. 15, 1913.

The southeast quarter of section 28, township 15 west, Caddo Parish, La., with the buildings and improvements thereon. Said property seized as belonging to the above named defendants and to be sold to pay and satisfy the debt as specified in said writ say in the sum of \$600.00 with eight per cent per annum interest from Nov. 29, 1905, less a credit of \$61.20 paid Dec. 12, 1911, with ten per cent on said sum and interest as attorney's fees, and all costs of this suit. J. P. FLOURNOY, Sheriff, ex-Officio Auctioneer, Caucasian, Oct. 12, 1913.

Succession Sale.

No. 17,421—In the First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La.: Succession of Frank Taylor Sr. By virtue of a commission issued to me by the First Judicial District Court, to sell the property of the Succession of Frank Taylor Sr., I will offer for sale at the front door of the court house of Caddo Parish, in the City of Shreveport, La., on SATURDAY, OCT. 25, 1913. All of section 12, township 17, range 16, less 80 acres off of east side of said section, containing in all 560 acres more or less, with all buildings and improvements thereon, in Caddo Parish, State of Louisiana. Terms of sale cash, according to law, to pay debts.

SARAH TAYLOR, Administratrix, Caucasian, Sept. 23, 1913.

Notice of Tax Sale.

To F. R. Jones: You are hereby notified that at tax sale for unpaid State and parish taxes for the year 1912, I purchased the following property assessed in the name of F. R. Jones: Lot 24 Eowman Lane, which tax deed is dated June 21, 1913, and filed for record July 3, 1913, and recorded in conveyance book 88, page 24. The amount of taxes, penalty and cost being \$8.14. NETTIE J. STUART, Box 126, Shreveport, La., Caucasian, Oct. 12, 1913.

A Serenade Wasted

Mistaken Efforts of a Village Callithumpian Band

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The Widow Rowell entered Em Bevis' "department store" and darted a sugary smile in the direction of the stout, grim featured proprietor.

"Howdy do, Em?" she inquired in dulcet tones as she fingered the neatly arranged piles of white shirt waists on the counter.

Mrs. Bevis' heavy features did not relax. If possible her thick eyebrows drew together in a deeper frown and her square jaw was thrust out in a manner distinctly aggressive.

"Huh," was the substance of her greeting.

"You got any white blouses?" inquired the widow sweetly.

"Blouses? No, never heard of it," was the grim reply.

"It's thin lacy stuff—they make wedding veils of it sometimes," simpered Mrs. Rowell.

Em Bevis stared and the two apple checked young clerks giggled from the corner.

"I've got mosquito netting—mobie that'll do," suggested Em with a sour smile.

Mrs. Rowell's sallow cheeks flushed and her little dark eyes snapped; her small gray head poked forward very much like that of an angry turtle—still, she smiled.

"No, thank you, Em. It would be too coarse; mehby you've got some Brussels net?"

Without a word Em Bevis brought forth a box and ungraciously produced the desired material. People often wondered how it was that Em Bevis ever kept any customers, she was so unkind and disoblizing, but her stock was well selected for a country store, and the nearest competitor was at North Quincy, ten miles away.

Hetty Rowell fumbled the net with her work worn hands and asked the price.

"Seventy-five," snapped Em. "Dollars?" questioned the widow Rowell patiently.

"Cents."

"Give me five yards."

The widow purchased a bunch of white flowers from one of the giggling girls and then ambled toward the door.

"Five yards is kind of scant for a wedding veil," remarked Em acidly.

"It's more'n some folks 'll ever get to have," returned Mrs. Rowell with dignity as she closed the door.

"Say, Mrs. Bevis, do you suppose she's going to get married?" tittered Ruby Allen, the plumpest of the two clerks.

"I don't know who'd have her," retorted Em Bevis.

"There's old Mr. Sline in the bank. I've heard he's real sweet on her."

Leander Petty's furniture wagon and stout sorrel horse bore the members of the callithumpian band around the square of business houses and up Locust street to the Widow Rowell's long white house. During its progress around the square the band had blared discordantly, as was its wont, glorying in its own horrible melody of sound.

"Somebody's been getting married," said one and another as the wagon passed, and, curiosity being rife, a long procession attached itself to the wagon.

When the wagon paused outside the gate of Mrs. Rowell's brilliantly lighted abode there was a murmur of surprise mingled with stifled laughter. Many girls and women had joined the procession, walking quietly in the shadows and finally pausing on the opposite side of the street.

For a few moments there was tense silence as the members of the serenading band conferred together.

Ruby Allen, standing with Rachel Terry, giggled nervously.

"Here comes Mrs. Bevis," she whispered.

"She's been up to her mother's. I declare, I believe she came around this way on purpose so she could see what was going on. Don't let her see you!" They shrank back against the high stone wall.

goats you read about. Any truth in the story that she and Ananias are going to be married tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" echoed three feminine voices, and Rachel Terry added impulsively:

"Sure enough—she's just bought her wedding veil!"

Len Roberts clapped a mighty hand on the counter.

"Let 'em look out, then," he cried loudly. "I'll get the callithumpian band together, and we'll serenade 'em!"

Em Bevis laughed harshly.

"You going to callithump the Widow Rowell?" she asked incredulously.

Len nodded his untidy head.

"As sure as aigs is aigs," he assured her as he went out and slammed the door.

Nobody laughed. The two girls stole back to their work, and Em Bevis rattled the money in the cash drawer. Her face was like a thunder cloud.

"I shall be the first to tell it," she muttered angrily. "Nobody's going to surprise me by telling me that Ananias Sline's going to marry Hetty Rowell."

The news spread like wildfire in the village, and by nightfall there were only two persons in Quince Harbor who had not heard of the coming wedding and the serenade that was to follow in accordance with Quince Harbor's time honored custom of welcoming a bride with the discordant blare of horse fiddles, tin horns and broken wind instruments. These two persons were the Widow Rowell, who was sewing busily away on yards of white stuff, and Ananias Sline, who was in his own room practicing on the cello.

"I wish to the land he'd quit playing 'Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms,'" sighed Mrs. Rowell as she threaded her needle. "Makes me feel real sentimental, and I didn't ought to get that way."

However, contrary to her desires, the old sailor, who now occupied a porter's position in the bank, continued to saw away at his cello, holding fast to the same old tune.

At breakfast the next morning Ananias fixed his luring blue eyes on his landlady and asked in his ready voice:

"I hope you didn't take any offense at my playing that there tune over and over last night?"

"I don't see anything to get offended at," purred Mrs. Rowell, suddenly looking very turtle-like. "Most likely the lady was worked up over the way you played it—playing off the key makes most anybody fidgety."

"Hem!" said Ananias fiercely, attacking his egg. Then as a diversion he added, "This here egg's some scorched, Mrs. Rowell."

"Tis? Let me take it away!" Whereupon the widow caught up his plate and in a twinkling had shot the egg into the fire. "It's too bad that the last egg I've got in the house," she added, smiling sweetly at his disingenuous countenance.

"Dear the woman!" he muttered as he drained his coffee cup and folded up his red bordered napkin.

Ananias returned to his duties at the bank, and Hetty Rowell resumed her stitchery on billows of filmy white.

After supper that night Ananias retired to his room, where he twanged monotonously on his cello. Mrs. Rowell, feeling somewhat lonely, lighted all the lamps in the house as was her custom when depressed in mind, for naturally she was a sociable soul, and once more she stitched at the white lace material "such as brides wear."

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"Here comes Mrs. Bevis," she whispered.

"She's been up to her mother's. I declare, I believe she came around this way on purpose so she could see what was going on. Don't let her see you!" They shrank back against the high stone wall.

"I wonder if Mrs. Rowell will invite 'em in for refreshments," said Ruby. "It's the right thing to do. Say, Ruby, her name must be 'Mrs. Sline' by this time. She's had more'n than her share of husbands. How many?"

brightly lighted background of the front hall.

It was the Widow Rowell in customary dress of black castlere, wearing an ample white apron. Her spectacles were pushed up on top of her smooth gray hair.

"Who they callithumpin'?" she called in a tone of intense curiosity.

"You?" shouted somebody.

"Me?" screamed Mrs. Rowell fiercely. "What for?"

"For getting married to Ananias Sline," was the reply, followed by a ripple of laughter.

"Oh," said Mrs. Rowell in a queer voice. "I'm much obliged, I'm sure. Won't you come in and have some wedding cake and refreshments?"

A hearty cheer went up from the band, and instruments were dropped as one by one the callithumpians went into the house. When the door had closed behind the last one the curious



crowd lingered, the boldest spirits mounting the piazza steps and peering under the partly drawn shades into the house.

The callithumpian band was surprised at what met their concerted gaze.

The parlor and adjoining sitting room were glistening with festive air. Scrupulously neat and clean they were, and the lamps were shining brightly. The widow's low sewing chair was drawn close to the table, and on the floor were billows of starched white material. In her workbasket, topped by a large "tomato" pin cushion, were bits of lace and filmy net.

"I guess we got here too soon," muttered Len Roberts awkwardly as Mrs. Rowell put away thimble and scissors with a businesslike air, "but they said you had the wedding veil bought."

"It certainly looks like it," snapped the widow, with sudden acidity, as she turned and faced the serenaders. "It's a wonder a poor widow woman can't buy a few yards of net to mend her parlor lace curtains without that busy-body, Em Bevis, putting a wrong view to it. Seems like weddings must be in her mind. You better go and callithump in front of Em Bevis' house. She'd be pleased to death to have you."

The members of the band stood awkwardly in the doorways watching the widow as she shook out the neatly mended curtains. She glanced up sharply, and a twinkle came into her gray agate eyes.

"So long's you're here, boys, you might as well help me hang these curtains."

They worked manfully until presently the snowy draperies were hanging in stiff folds before the three windows.

In silence each callithumpian ate a slice of Mrs. Rowell's famous plum cake and sipped glasses of root beer. Then they tiptoed out and returned to the furniture wagon.

The impatient crowd had thinned by this time, but there were enough curious ones to note the dejection of the callithumpian band.

"Well?" they asked impatiently.

Len Roberts glanced sharply across the street, where several women were gathered. Prominent among them he described the large form, wrapped in a pink knitted shawl, of Mrs. Em Bevis.

"There wa'n't any wedding," he said loudly. "Seems the widow was buying net to mend her parlor curtains, and some contrapted busybody up and told me it was her wedding veil!"

The little group of women suddenly broke up, and the forms scurried down the street. The crowd scattered to their homes with amusing stories to tell, and Leander Petty's wagon creaked down Locust street to its stable.

In the sitting room Mrs. Rowell smiled in a gratified manner as she overheard Ananias once more attacking the wedding march.

"I expect if that old goose was playing a dirge, some gossip like Em Bevis would come inquiring for the corpse!" she muttered.

But Ananias, happy in his ignorance of what had happened downstairs, played his wedding march until Mrs. Rowell grew very serious.

"I reckon there's some hidden meaning in his playing that over and over again. Maybe I'll be pricin' wedding veiling agin—who knows?" she smiled at last.

Sheriff's Sale.

No. 17,477—In the First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La.: J. L. Evans vs. V. L. McCarty.

By virtue of a writ of seizure and sale to me directed from the Honorable First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La., in the above numbered and entitled suit, I have seized and will offer for sale at public auction on terms hereinafter set forth, at the principal front door of the court house of Caddo Parish, La., during the legal hours of sales, on SATURDAY, NOV. 8, 1913.

Lots 18, 19, 20, of block 1, of the Howard Cole subdivision of the City of Shreveport, Caddo Parish, La., as per map of said addition of record of conveyance book 101, of the records of Caddo Parish, La., with all the buildings and improvements thereon, and appurtenances thereunto belonging, all in Caddo Parish, La. Said property seized as belonging to the above named defendant, and to be sold without the benefit of appraisement to pay and satisfy the debt as specified in said writ say in the sum of for cash \$2,325.00 with eight per cent per annum interest from the 15th day of March 1911 until paid, together with ten per cent on said principal and interest as attorney's fees, and that out of the proceeds of said sale petitioner be paid the amount of his claim by preference, and priority over all persons whomsoever, and all costs of this suit. J. P. FLOURNOY, Sheriff, ex-Officio Auctioneer, Caucasian, Oct. 5, 1913.

Sheriff's Sale.

No. 17,423—In the First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La.: Milton E. Smith et al vs. Lucille Boykin.

By virtue of a writ of seizure and sale to me directed from the Honorable First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La., in the above numbered and entitled suit, I have seized and will offer for sale at public auction, without the benefit of appraisement, for cash and on terms of credit, at the principal front door of the court house of Caddo Parish, La., during the legal hours of sales, on SATURDAY, NOV. 8, 1913.

Thirty feet front of lot eleven of 10-acre lot (twenty-seven lying next to and adjoining lot ten of 10-acre lot (twenty-seven and running back the full length of said lot, said property located in the City of Shreveport, La., with all the buildings and improvements thereon. Said property seized as belonging to the above named defendant and to be sold to pay and satisfy the debt as specified in said writ, say in the sum of \$800.00 with 8 per cent per annum interest upon \$120.00 from January 25, 1910, until paid, and upon like amount from Jan. 25, 1911, and like amount from Jan. 25, 1912, and upon like amount from Jan. 25, 1913, together with ten per cent upon total amount of said notes due and not yet due, the total amount of said notes due and not yet due amounting to \$883.61, and on terms of credit as to the notes not yet due amounting to \$403.61, beginning with the note due Jan. 25, 1914, for \$120.00, and each successive note of like amount due Jan. 25, 1915, Jan. 25, 1916, and the last note of \$43.61 due Jan. 25, 1917, and all costs of this suit. J. P. FLOURNOY, Sheriff, ex-Officio Auctioneer, Caucasian, Oct. 5, 1913.

Sheriff's Sale.

No. 16,938—In the First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La.: Standard Computing Scale Co. vs. Will Marion.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed from the Honorable First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La., in the above numbered and entitled suit, I have seized and will offer for sale at public auction for cash and according to law at the principal front door of the court house of Caddo Parish, La., during the legal hours of sales, on SATURDAY, OCT. 18, 1913.

One pair of scales. Said property seized as belonging to the above named defendant and to be sold to pay and satisfy the debt as shown in said writ, say in the sum of \$107.50, with 5 per cent per annum interest thereon from Feb. 26, 1913, until paid, and all costs of suit. J. P. FLOURNOY, Sheriff, ex-Officio Auctioneer, Caucasian, Oct. 5, 1913.

Lost in Caddo Parish, La.

A certain promissory note dated Nov. 12, 1912, signed by H. P. Dance, made payable to the order of W. E. Seay for the sum of one hundred and twenty-four and 20-100 dollars, with eight per cent per annum interest thereon from maturity, Dec. 15, 1912, and providing for ten per cent of principal and interest as attorney's fees in case of suit. The said note was endorsed by W. E. Seay and transferred to the undersigned owner. FRANK L. LEVY, Shreveport, La., Sept. 12, 1913. Caucasian, Sept. 14, 1913.

A. B. HICKS, President. W. F. CHASE, Secretary-Treasurer. DIRECTORS: S. B. HICKS, F. H. GOSMAN, W. F. CHASE, T. H. SCOVELL, R. E. COMEGYS.

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203 Milam Street Shreveport, Louisiana

Sheriff's Sale. No. 17,479—In the First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La.: E. K. Smith vs. W. S. Johnston. By virtue of a writ of seizure and sale to me directed from the Honorable First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La., in the above numbered and entitled suit, I have seized and will offer for sale at public auction, for cash, without the benefit of appraisement at the principal front door of the court house of Caddo Parish, Louisiana, during the legal hours of sales, on SATURDAY, NOV. 8, 1913. Lots 13, 14, 18, 19, 22, 25, 26, block 9, and lots 9, 10, 11, block 17, and lots 16, 17, 30 inclusive of block 24 and lots 3, to 9 inclusive, and the east half of block 25, and lots 21 to 29 inclusive of block 25, and lots 10 to 13 inclusive of block 26, and lots 6, 7, 8, of block 26 of the Ingleside subdivision of the City of Shreveport, Caddo Parish, La. Said property seized as belonging to the above named defendant and to be sold to pay and satisfy the debt as specified in said writ say in the sum of twelve thousand three hundred and sixty-five and no-100 dollars, with eight per cent per annum interest thereon from the maturity of the notes attached to petition and made a part hereof, with all costs of suit, as well as ten per cent on said principal and interest as attorney's fees. J. P. FLOURNOY, Sheriff, ex-Officio Auctioneer, Caucasian, Sept. 30, 1913.