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**The Day We
 Celebrate**

An Account of Christmas Day
 In Costa Rica.

By O. HENRY.

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"In the tropics," "Hop-along" Bibb, the bird fancier, was saying to me, "the seasons, months, fortnights, week ends, holidays, dot days, Sundays and yesterdays get so jumbled together in the shuffle that you never know when a year has gone by until you're in the middle of the next one."

"Hop-along" Bibb kept his bird store on lower Fourth avenue. He was an ex-seaman and beach comber who made regular voyages to southern ports and imported personally conducted invoices of talking parrots and dialectic parrots. He had a stiff knee, neck and nerve. I had gone to him to buy a parrot to present at Christmas to my Aunt Joanna.

"This one," said I, disregarding his homily on the subdivisions of time—"this one that seems all red, white and blue, to what genus of beasts does he belong? He appeals at once to my patriotism and to my love of discord in color schemes."

"That's a cockatoo from Ecuador," said Bibb. "All he has been taught to say is 'Merry Christmas.' A seasonable bird. He's only \$7, and I'll bet many a human has stuck you for more money by making the same speech to you."

And then Bibb laughed suddenly and noddy.

"That bird," he explained, "reminds me. He's got his dates mixed. He ought to be saying 'E pluribus unum,' to match his feathers, instead of trying to work the Santa Claus graft. It reminds me of the time me and Liverpool Sam got our ideas of things tangled up on the coast of Costa Rica on account of the weather and other phenomena to be met with in the tropics."

"We were, as it were, stranded on that section of the Spanish main with no money to speak of and no friends that should be talked about either. We had stoked and second cooked ourselves down there on a fruit steamer from New Orleans to try our luck, which was discharged, after we got there, for lack of evidence. There was no work suitable for our instincts, so me and Liverpool began to subsist on the rum of the country and such fruit as we could reap where we had not sown. It was an alluvial town, called Soledad, where there was no harbor or future or recourse. Between steamers the town slept and drank rum. It only woke up when there were bananas to ship. It was like a man sleeping through dinner until the dessert."

"When me and Liverpool got so low down that the American consul would not speak to us we knew we'd struck bedrock."

"We boarded with a snuff brown lady named Chica, who kept a rumshop and



CHICA POUNDED LIVERPOOL EARNESTLY WITH A CASSEROLE.

a ladies' and gents' restaurant in a street called the Calle de los Forty-seen Inconsolable Saints. When our credit played out there Liverpool, whose stomach overshadowed his sensations of noble obligation, married Chica. This kept us in rice and fried plantain for a month, and then Chica pounded Liverpool one morning sadly and earnestly for fifteen minutes with a casserole handed down from the stone age, and we knew that we had outwitted our liver. That night we signed an engagement with Don Jaime McSpinoso, a hybrid banana fancier of the place, to work on his fruit preserves nine miles out of town. We had to do it or be reduced to sea water and broken doses of feed and slumber."

"Now, speaking of Liverpool Sam, I don't malign or inculpate him to you any more than I would to his face. But in my opinion when an Englishman gets as low as he can be's got to dodge so that the dregs of other nations don't drop ballast on him out of their balloons. And if he's a Liverpool

Englishman—why, Godamp is what he's got to look out for. Being a natural American, that's my personal view. But Liverpool and me had much in common. We were without decorous clothes or ways and means of existence, and, as the saying goes, misery certainly does enjoy the society of accomplices."

"Our job on old McSpinoso's plantation was chopping down banana stalks and loading the bunches of fruit on the backs of horses. Then a native dressed up in an alligator hide belt, a machete and a pair of AA sheeting pajamas, drives 'em over to the coast and piles 'em up on the beach."

"You never been in a banana grove? It's as solemn as a rathskeller at 7 a. m. It's like being lost behind the scenes at one of these mushroom musical shows. You can't see the sky for the foliage above you, and the ground is knee deep in rotten leaves, and it's so still that you can hear the stalks growing again after you chop 'em down."

"At night me and Liverpool herded in a lot of grass huts on the edge of the lagoon with the red, yellow and black employees of Don Jaime. There we lay fighting mosquitoes and listening to the monkeys squalling and the alligators grunting and splashing in the lagoon until daylight, with only snatches of sleep between times."

"We soon lost all idea of what time of the year it was. It's just about 80 degrees there in December and June and on Fridays and at midnight and election day and any other old time. Sometimes it rains more than at others, and that's all the difference you notice. A man is liable to live along there without noticing any fudging of tempus until some day the undertaker calls in for him just when he's beginning to think about cutting out the gang and saving up a little to invest in real estate."

"I don't know how long we worked for Don Jaime, but it was through two or three rainy spells, eight or ten hair cuts and the life of three pairs of sailcloth trousers. All the money we earned went for rum and tobacco, but we ate, and that was something."

"All of a sudden one day me and Liverpool find the trade of committing surgical operations on banana stalks turning to aloe and quinine in our mouths. It's a seizure that often comes upon white men in Latin and geographical countries. We wanted to be addressed again in language and see the smoke of a steamer and read the real estate transfers and gents' outfitting ads. In an old newspaper, even Soledad seemed like a center of civilization to us, so that evening we put our thumbs on our nose at Don Jaime's fruit stand and shook his grass burs off our feet."

"It was only twelve miles to Soledad, but it took me and Liverpool two days to get there. It was banana grove nearly all the way, and we got twisted time and again. It was like paging the palm room of a New York hotel for a man named Smith."

"When we saw the houses of Soledad between the trees all my disinclination toward this Liverpool Sam rose up in me. I stood him while we were two white men against the banana brindles, but now, when there were prospects of my exchanging even cuss words with an American citizen, I put him back in his proper place. And he was a sight, too, with his rum painted nose and his red whiskers and elephant feet with leather sandals strapped to them. I suppose I looked about the same."

"It looks to me," says I, "like Great Britain ought to be made to keep such gin swilling, scurvy, unbecoming mud-larks as you at home instead of sending 'em over here to degrade and taint foreign lands. We kicked you out of America once, and we ought to put on rubber boots and do it again."

"Oh, you go to the deuce," says Liverpool, which was about all the repartee he ever had."

"Well, Soledad looked fine to me after Don Jaime's plantation. Liverpool and me walked into it side by side from force of habit, past the calabosa and the Hotel Grande, down across the plaza toward Chica's hut, where we hoped that Liverpool, being a husband of hers, might work his luck for a meal."

"As we passed the two story frame house occupied by the American club we noticed that the balcony had been decorated all around with wreaths of evergreens and flowers and the flag was flying from the pole on the roof. Stabzey, the consul, and Arkright, a gold mine owner, were smoking on the balcony. Me and Liverpool waved our dirty hands toward 'em and smiled real society smiles, but they turned their backs to us and went on talking. And we had played whist once with the two of 'em up to the time when Liverpool held all thirteen trumps for four hands in succession. It was some holiday, we knew, but we didn't know the day nor the year."

"A little farther along we saw a reverend man named Pendergast, who had come to Soledad to build a church, standing under a cocoanut palm with his little black alpaca coat and green umbrella."

"Boys, boys," said he through his blue spectacles, "is it as bad as this? Are you so far reduced?"

"We're reduced," says I, "to very vulgar fractions."

"It is indeed sad," said Pendergast, "to see my countrymen in such circumstances."

"Out 'arf of that out, old party," says Liverpool. "Cawn't you tell a member of the British upper classes when you see one?"

"Shut up," I told Liverpool. "You're on foreign soil now or that portion of it that's not on you."

Pendergast, grievous—on this most glorious day of the year when we should all be celebrating the dawn of Christian civilization and the downfall of the wicked."

"I did notice bunting and bobquets decorating the town, reverend," says I, "but I didn't know what it was for. We've been so long out of touch with calendars that we didn't know whether it was summer time or Saturday afternoon."

"Here is two dollars," says Pendergast, digging up two Chile silver wheels and handing 'em to me. "Go, my men, and observe the rest of the day in a befitting manner."

"Me and Liverpool thanked him kindly and walked away."

"Shall we eat?" I asks.

"Oh, the deuce!" says Liverpool. "What's the money for?"

"Very well, then," I says, "since you insist upon it we'll drink."

"So we pull up in a rumshop and get a quart of it and go down on the beach under a cocoanut tree and celebrate."

"Not having eaten anything but oranges in two days, the rum has immediate effect, and once more I conjure up great repugnance toward the British nation."

"Stand up here," I says to Liverpool, "you scum of a despot limited mon-



"BOYS, BOYS," SAYS HE, THROUGH HIS BLUE SPECTACLES, "ARE YOU SO FAR REDUCED?"

archy, and have another dose of Bunker Hill. That good man, Mr. Pendergast," says I, "said we were to observe the day in a befitting manner, and I'm not going to see his money misapplied."

"Oh, you go to the deuce!" says Liverpool, and I started in with a fine left hander on his right eye."

"Liverpool had been a fighter once, but dissipation and bad company had taken the nerve out of him. In ten minutes I had him lying on the sand waving the white flag."

"Get up," says I, kicking him in the ribs, "and come along with me."

"Liverpool got up and followed behind me because it was his habit, wiping the red of his face and nose. I led him to Reverend Pendergast's shack and called him out."

"Look at this, sir," says I—"look at this thing that was once a proud Britisher. You gave us \$2 and told us to celebrate the day. The star spangled banner still waves. Hurrah for the stars and eagles!"

"Dear me," says Pendergast, holding up his hands. "Fighting on this day of all days! On Christmas day, when peace on—"

"Christmas? Holy smoke!" says I. "I thought it was the Fourth of July."

"Merry Christmas!" said the red, white and blue cockatoo.

"Take him for \$3," said "Hop-along" Bibb. "He's got his dates and colors mixed."

Our Eyes Waste Light.

Not all the radiant energy which enters the eye is active in the process of producing the sensation of light. No doubt it is fair to assume that at least this "inactive" energy is absorbed by the eye media and transformed into heat. This should cause an increase in temperature in the eye, which has led some to hold that this is the cause of irritation and fatigue. There is a general feeling that artificial light is more fatiguing than daylight, which contains far less energy a lumen second than the light from ordinary artificial bluminants. Of course, if it be true that artificial light under the same conditions of diffusion, intensity, surroundings, retinal adaptation, etc., is really more irritating and fatiguing than daylight, it is wise to look to the spectral character of the radiation as a probable cause. However, there are no actual data which prove that artificial light is more discomforting than daylight when all conditions excepting the spectral character of the radiation are the same.—Electrical World.

Force of Habit.

"What sort of proposal do you suppose that business admirer of hers made Gladys?"

"What was it?"

"I suppose he was negotiating for some real estate at the same time, for he asked her to give him the refusal of her hand."—Baltimore American.

T-t-t-t!

"That's a fine looking old gentleman! Bieater's father, isn't it?" asked a collegian of a friend.

"Yes," was the answer, "but he is a champion at breaking his word!"

"You don't say so?"

"Yes—he stutters."—Tit-Bits.

**TALE OF A GOOD
 HEARTED MAN**
 What Came of an Impulse
 to do a Kindly Act.

I live in the vicinity of a great city. Every morning I come into business on a train and every morning I pass a box in the station on which is a notice, "Drop your papers for patients in the hospitals." I passed this box often without paying any attention to it, but one day I was obliged to go to a hospital myself to undergo an operation, and after being discharged the first time I passed the box I put in my paper. I had written on the margin:

Good morning, patient. I trust you are feeling much improved this morning and that the time will soon come when you will be discharged, as I was a few days ago. God keep you.

I gave my own name and address, but did not think it likely I would ever hear from the message since it was addressed to no one in particular. Still there is sufficient romance in every man's nature to fancy that some fair girl, etc.

I did receive a reply, and my first act was to glance at the signature. I confess I was disappointed when I saw a man's name. The note read:

You have no idea what a pleasure your cheery note gave. On opening the paper my eye fell at once on your note on the first page. I am sure that a man with as much kindness as you have displayed in this matter must be a good fellow to know, and I would like to know you.

FREDERICK HUDSON.

I studied this letter carefully to find some trace of a woman in it, but there was none. No woman would have used the expression, "a good fellow to know," besides there were no feminine peculiarities about it. No, my suspicion that a woman had written it and put a man's name to it was not borne out by any sign. I wrote a simple reply that when Mr. Hudson left the hospital I would like to see him at my office, as I had resolved to take an interest in hospitals and would be pleased to talk over with him the best method of procedure.

To this I received a reply that the writer had very little hope of being discharged, having been in hospital five years. He said, however, that this long continued residence would enable him to give me many points connected with these homes for the sick, and some time when he felt like receiving a visitor he would let me know and I could use my own pleasure in calling.

I replied that I would be happy to call and thought no more about the matter for some months, when I received another note from Mr. Hudson, as follows:

I am recovering from a case of diphtheria caught from a patient at this hospital. As soon as I am perfectly restored I will keep my promise to send for you and give you the points with reference to the management of hospitals.

I replied to this note that there must certainly be room for improvement in the institution where he was since a patient had been exposed to a contagious disease. I felt a good deal of sympathy for him in this additional misfortune, which I expressed as well as I knew how, though I fancied the effort was rather lame. However, in this case I must have succeeded pretty well, for my note brought the following reply:

You must be a brick. Not one man in a hundred would take the trouble to express sympathy for a stranger as you have done. I am feeling all right now, though a little shaky on my pins. Come round here tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock and I'll put you in a way to do good work in the hospital line.

If I had any lingering doubt that my correspondent was a man this note dispelled it. I was in no hurry for his points on hospitals, but concluded to keep my appointment, dropping in to see him on my way to an engagement half an hour later. I was ushered into a private parlor at the far end of which sat a trained nurse about twenty-five years of age. She looked like a convalescent, but her cheeks took on a very rosy hue the moment I entered. Indeed, she was blushing like a schoolgirl. Holding a paper before her eyes, she began to read:

My experience in hospitals both as student and graduate has called to my notice—

"One moment," I interrupted. "Are you Frederick Hudson?"

"Yes, but I usually spell my first name with an 'a.' It is Fredericka. The 'a' must have been left off."

"How the mischief did you contrive to write those manlike letters?"

"I didn't. I got a man to write them."

"And make up all there was in them?"

"Their contents are true."

"The diphtheria?"

"I volunteered for that service."

"I have been disappointed."

"I have done very wrong in deceiving you."

"Not a bit. My disappointment was in receiving a reply from a man instead of a very lovely girl."

She made another effort to go on with her paper on hospitals. I did not interfere with her, but gradually her voice weakened, and she finally stopped and looked at me in dire confusion. I concluded to help her out:

"After all, I have to thank you for a very pleasing incident. While you have been reading I have been thinking over your letters, and, although they were misleading, I do not see that you have stated a single untruth."

"You forgive me?"

"Yes, and thank you."

The rest of the story is an oft told tale.

CADDO LEVEE BOARD.
 Official Proceedings of the Meeting
 Held November 28, 1912.

At a special meeting of the Caddo Levee Board held on the 26th day of November 1912, there were present: J. M. Sentell, president, J. J. Lay, J. M. Robinson, W. B. Means, J. H. Jordan, John Glassell and W. A. Kerley.

Assistant State Engineer Leavelle Lombard was also present.

Minutes of meeting of Oct. 22, 1912, were read and approved.

Attorney Tuppen, representing J. J. Heilperin, appeared before the board and asked for an extension of lease on land leased from the board by Mr. Heilperin on March 5, 1912, being 40 acres in the southeast quarter of northwest quarter of section 26, township 29, range 16.

On motion of J. M. Robinson, seconded by W. B. Means, Mr. Heilperin was granted an extension of nine months on payment of \$5.00 per acre extra compensation, carried.

President Sentell announced the next order of business and the real object of the meeting was to discuss the bank protection contract and work. Mr. Doullut of the contracting firm of Doullut & Williams was present.

After much discussion between the board, Assistant State Engineer Lombard and Contractor Doullut, it was agreed, in equity, the contractors conceding the point, that the present form of contract would be modified as follows: "That rental of barges, tugs and towboats, pumps, boats and concrete mixers, per diem, shall be at the rate specified in the contract, when, and as long as, in transit and in operation; when interrupted and idle, from causes over which the contractors have no control, the rate per diem shall be one-half that specified in the contract; but when interrupted, or idle, from causes over which the contractors could have exercised control, but, by reason of indifference, neglect or inefficiency, they failed to supply and apply the proper remedies, no rate shall be allowed."

On motion of J. M. Robinson, seconded by J. H. Jordan, the following committee was appointed: J. J. Lay, W. B. Means, John Glassell and J. M. Sentell of which President Sentell is to be chairman, with the engineer in charge and the chief State engineer, ex-officio members. The duty of this committee is to be to keep close watch on the further progress of the bank protection work, with full authority to act and decide in a reasonable time whether or not the contractors are making a proper showing. Carried.

The following bills were read, allowed and ordered paid: Caucasian Printing Co. Ltd. \$11.30. There being no further business the meeting adjourned.

J. M. SENTELL, Pres.
 W. A. KERLEY, Secretary.

The Old and the New.
 Homer Guardian Journal: There were numerous illustrations at the Shreveport State Fair showing the advantage of the new order over the old, but none more striking than the case of the father and son with the pigs. Each one carried a pig to the Fair, the pigs were of same age and breeding from the same litter. The father fed his pig and attended to it according to his long accustomed method. The son adopted the plan followed by the boys' clubs. When weighed by the committee of judges the son's pig weighed a little over 300 pounds, and the father's 65 pounds.

They were exhibited in separate pens but right by the side of each other, and the contrast was indeed amusing. It looks like the father will be forced to give away to the son in some particulars or else drop out of the race.

Verdict Manslaughter.
 In the case of Unisee Shaw, a negro tried for murder, the jury's verdict as recorded is manslaughter. Shaw shot and killed his stepfather, Squire Davis, aged 76 years, near Greenwood. This is a case in which the people, white and colored, of the neighborhood were about equally divided in the prosecution and the defense. Shaw was represented by Attorney J. M. Foster, who applied his legal ingenuity in his effort to secure the acquittal of the prisoner. District Attorney Mabry's presentation of the case was forceful and direct. He pleaded for law and justice.

The Van Cleave Murder Case.
 It is stated on good authority that Hon. J. M. Foster of Leesville has been retained to assist District Attorney Mabry in the prosecution of Hervey S. Little and his wife for the murder of J. J. Van Cleave. Attorney Foster is retained by Mrs. Appell of Illinois, a sister of Van Cleave.

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