

Heart to Heart Talks

By CHARLES N. LURIE

THE SOMETHING THAT SINGS.

It is not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cup of budding flowers,
Nor in the red-breast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things—
There always, always, something sings.

—Emerson.

Does the "something" sing to you?
Do you see the beauty that lies in the lowly things?

Any one can see the glory of the sunset and the charm of the rainbow. It takes no trained eye to perceive the artistic worth and to feel the appeal of a great statue or a beautiful painting. Such things are of universally acknowledged merit.

We can feel and enjoy them, but we must not vaunt ourselves upon the appreciation that is a common heritage.

But if your heart thrills to the call of a simple kindly deed, unnoticed by the world at large, you are a lover of mankind. If you understand the worth and the heroism of a life spent in self denial and sacrifice for the sake of others, you are among the elect for whom "always, always, something sings."

Train your ear to hear the songs. Educate your eye to notice such matters. Bring the mind and the heart up to an appreciation of them. It will be a course in the widespread universality of humanity, whose halls of learning are the world, whose teaching staff are all one's fellow beings, whose curriculum is the following of the ways of humanity with interested, benevolent eyes.

"Nothing useless is or low; each thing in its place is best," said the poet. From every one, saint or sinner, bond or free, something of good may be learned. It may be positive good or it may be negative good. The former teaches what to seek; the latter shows us what to avoid.

The Roman poet-dramatist Terence, who rose from slavery to the high place of favorite of the Roman populace, voiced the sentiment thus: "I am a man, and I have an interest in everything that concerns humanity."

It is recorded that when these words were spoken from the stage the audience rose in tumultuous applause.

They are as true now as they were when they were written, more than 2,000 years ago.

THE MELLORIST.

If you are a pessimist you think that life is bad and you ignore the certain good in it and the possibilities of further good.

If you are an optimist you believe that this is the best of all worlds. You agree that "to be is better far than not to be."

There is a middle course.

It is that of the mellorist, who recognizes both the good and the evil in life, but who holds that it constantly tends toward improvement. The mellorist believes that the world is neither the best nor the worst possible, but that it is susceptible of improvement and is actually improving through evolution as tending to good.

The terms "mellorism" and "mellorist" were introduced by George Eliot, the English woman novelist and philosopher, to express a mean between optimism and pessimism.

Pessimist or optimist or mellorist, you must agree that the world moves. It does not stand still. It advances toward further good or it retrogrades toward deeper evil, according to your convictions. But stationary it is not and cannot be, since the law of all life is motion.

Is it not better to think that it moves constantly to a goal of good, where the errors will be corrected and the evils removed? Is it not a healthier doctrine to believe that the earth and the inhabitants thereof are destined for an everlasting existence of gloom and wickedness?

Optimism is too often careless and unbecoming of the imperfections of human life and conduct. Pessimism deliberately puts aside the possibilities of good inherent in the human being when unperverted by environment.

Mellorism takes from the pessimist his habit of close examination and his unwillingness to accept a thing until it is proved and tested. It takes from optimism the cheery outlook on life, the ability and the inclination to "make the best of things," to seek the good in man rather than the evil.

Examine your soul. If you can conscientiously adopt the theory of mellorism do so.

OTHERS AND YOURSELF.

"Be not angry that you cannot make others what you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be."

Words of wisdom from Thomas a Kempis, the churchman of the fifteenth century, who wrote a "little book" that is still read and is accounted among the world's great storehouses of wisdom.

How soothingly his words fall on the ear of the person impatient with inferiority and wrongdoings!

Let us try to analyze them. First, "Be not angry that you cannot make others what you wish them to be."

Some of us have wished that we could remold the world nearer to the heart's desire, as Omar Khayyam says, and many of us have desired to work a change in those about us.

When we are embittered by their

opposition or infuriated by their stupidity, what would we not give to be able to make them what we wish them to be! How easy it would be if we could only make them see things as we view them or convince them that we are in the right and they are in the wrong!

So certain are we of ourselves! There is the self confidence that is good, for it lends strength to the arm and keeness to the brain in doing the work that must be done. Such is the self reliance that is founded on the strong rock of consciousness of right. No storms of opposition should be permitted to shake it.

But there is also the self confidence which is mistaken and which is merely stubbornness in the wrong. That is the spirit which makes us wish to make others what we want them to be, heedless of our own shortcomings.

For is it not true that we cannot make ourselves what we wish to be?

We know well what we should like to be, but we permit our limitations to bar the way. We know, for example, that the attainment of a certain end requires the exercise of industry and unremitting effort, but we go in our old, slothful, unavailing way until the golden time of opportunity is no more.

We see the light of righteousness and willfully blind ourselves to it. That is the weakness of our human nature.

We should not be angry, therefore, because we cannot remold the world and its conditions and our neighbors to suit ourselves, since in our hearts we know that it is hard to bring ourselves to make progress toward the goal of perfection which lies before us all.

A WRONG VIEW.

In a jail of one of our big cities sat a man who was there because he would not pay to his wife the alimony which a court had ordered. He is a man of much intelligence and a master of the art, music, by which he gains his livelihood.

To most men of brains imprisonment in a jail would be unbearable, no matter what the cause which put them there might be. But this man professed to bear it lightly, saying of his unhappy matrimonial experiences:

"If I could meet the right mate, matrimony would be one grand, sweet song. But where can you find such a wife? LIFE IS A CHANCE TO MAKE MISTAKES, and I have made mine."

Putting aside consideration of his reflections on his wife, let us think for a while on his dictum:

"Life is a chance to make mistakes." Wrong, Mr. Music Master, totally wrong!

Life is not a chance to make mistakes; it is a chance to correct them.

How can it be otherwise when continued life means continued opportunities for gaining wisdom for reflection on the past? As knowledge accumulates, power of correcting the errors of the past grows.

And with that power comes the faculty of avoiding other mistakes.

So, you see, life is not the opportunity of blotting itself with errors. It means having the time, the opportunity and the inclination to write chapter after chapter, as the story unfolds, with fewer and fewer blemishes.

The sheet is never totally free of them, of course, for it is not given to mortals to know perfection.

There is in some quarters too great a tendency to pardon slovenly work on the part of men naturally able to do better, on the ground that "a man who never makes mistakes never 'makes good.'"

True, but only to a limited extent. For the habit of making mistakes grows on one. You need not be meticulously careful, of course, to do every "it" and cross every "it," but you should take pride in the carefully finished work that shows close attention to details.

You remember— "Perfection is made up of trifles, but perfection is not a trifle."

There is no such thing as perfection in any branch of human endeavor. But we can all strive toward it.

HONOR THY SON AND DAUGHTER.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be prolonged in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

So runs the commandment. It is good and is approved by the experience of the ages.

But so is its converse—honor thy son and thy daughter, that their days may be long in the land in which they were born; that their days may be free from the reproach of unworthy parentage.

Not long ago there was a state legislator who took to the wrong path. He hearkened to the voice of allurements and accepted money wrongfully. The state sent him to the penitentiary.

In his home sat a son, a young man of nineteen. The shame of his father's conviction weighed on him. He could not face his friends and neighbors. He could not bear to be pointed out as the son of the man who had betrayed a trust.

So one night he shot himself dead. "None of the family could give any reason for the shooting," the news report said.

Life spread itself before this young man overcast by a fearful cloud. His own shame he might have lived down, but his father's was too heavy for him to bear.

There is a lesson here for all fathers and mothers. Great as is the duty which the children owe to the authors of their being, equally great is the duty of the parents toward their children. They owe them, besides proper support in their early, tender, helpless

years and the education that shall fit them for life, the remembrance of parents' lives honestly and decently lived, that the sons and daughters may face life with the heritage of a good name.

"For the children's sake." What stories of self sacrifice, of toil, of endeavor might not be confided under that title, if all were known! All honor to the fathers and mothers who live those stories.

Let the selfish, careless, unheeding parent beware lest his sins be visited on his offspring, as the good book warns.

And not alone the good book. Here is what Juvenal, the pagan satirist, says:

Let us wish which modest eyes or ears would share Approach the precincts that protect thy son.

Far be the revel from thy halls away And of enjoining guests the wanton lay. His child a unbridled party demands The dearest reverence at a parent's hands. Quit for his sake thy pleasant vice in time. Nor plunge thy offspring in the lore of crime.

HOW OLD IS YOUR SOUL?

You know, of course, how old your body is. Every one knows, with more or less exactness, although he or she may not be willing to make the knowledge public.

But how old is your soul? Is it young in enthusiasm and the joy of living, the thrill of interest in your own life and the lives of others? Is it fresh and alert, or is it dying in the depths of pessimism and indifference?

Listen to this— "I still feel young. You know it is our souls that make us young or old. If our souls be young, though our bodies be as old as Methuselah, we are young indeed."

It is Cardinal Gibbons, head of the Roman Catholics of the United States, who is talking of the physical age of seventy-nine.

Others before him have told us not to let the sunset of our lives be tinged with the shades of helpless resignation, as to an evil.

If we keep our souls young we may be young—as young as we please. We may retain the outlook on life of the youngest among us instead of that of the helpless, hopeless aged.

We may be as asty and vigorous in mind and spirit as the young man, though our physical selves be afflicted with the infirmities of age.

It is the age of the soul that counts most.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial," says the poet Bailey.

It is sad to note that there are among the young in body some who are old in soul. They have sold their birthright of hope and joyousness and a cheerful outlook on life for a mess of weariness and doubt.

They are to be pitied, not blamed. They need tonics for the soul.

They need uplifting in faith in life and its ultimate good, in belief in humanity and its essential righteousness. They need to be aroused by a trumpet call to look outside of themselves and their own concerns, to view the universe as a whole.

So do the young in soul view the world. It unfolds to them ever newer and more beautiful wonders. It tells them that life is given to us all to be lived in the greatest measure of which we are capable, not to be shirked or contemned as something to be got through with as soon as possible.

Wake up your soul!

Children's Views of Play.

In the Paris "Archives Sociologiques" appears the result of a fascinating inquiry. Mille Robert has investigated the influence of streets on children by asking 571 children of all classes the following questions: "With whom do you play?" Two play with their dogs, two prefer to play alone. All the others like playmates, eighty-eight preferring playmates bigger than themselves, eighty-four smaller than themselves and the rest seeking playmates their own size. "What game do you play?"

The majority prefer games without toys, and the most popular games of all ages are "hide and seek" and "robbers and thieves." Marbles are by far the most popular toys. "Do you like the streets?" Three hundred and eighty-two, 133 no. Fifty-seven are frightened of people, 11 of dogs, 35 of accidents, 23 of carts. One hundred and fifty-seven like the street because they can play there, 63 because the air is good, 23 because they like to move about, 35 are attracted by "horses, beautiful things, pictures, horses and carts," and 11 (obviously sophisticated) declares that "he loves liberty."

Too Slow to Be a Soldier.

In a room on the top floor of a large factory a boy was amusing himself by going through the bayonet exercise with a long handled brush in lieu of a rifle. His boss, coming quickly upon him, gave him a box on the ear for wasting his time. The sudden blow caused the lad to lose his balance and fall down the hoist shaft, but fortunately he kept his hold on the brush, the handle of which, getting across the shaft, broke his fall and enabled him to grasp the chain, down which he slid in safety. The boss was horrified at the effect of his action and rushed breathless and gasping with fear down the eight flights of stairs to the basement just in time to see the lad drop on his feet unharmed. So, recovering his self possession and his breath, he exclaimed:

"Want to be a soldier, eh? Well, you're too slow for that. Why, man, I ran walk down all those stairs quicker than you can fall down the hoist shaft."—London Answers.

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 appraisal 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 3 and 22 of block 16, and lots 9, 10, 11, block 17, and lots 16 to 20 inclusive of block 24 and lots 3 to 9 inclusive, and the east half of lot 10 and the west half of lot 2 of block 25, and lots 24 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 seventy-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.

Notice for Publication—04095.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office at Baton Rouge, La., Oct. 22, 1913. Notice is hereby given that Elvira James, widow of Dan James, deceased, of Forbion, Louisiana, who on Sept. 22, 1905, made Homestead Entry No. 04095 for lot 1, section 22, township 16 north, range 13 west, Louisiana meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five-year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before R. Frank White, United States Commissioner, at Shreveport, La., on the 29th day of November 1913. Claimant names as witnesses Charles Jones of Forbion, La.; D. Shapley of Forbion, La.; Andrew Jackson of Forbion, La.; Jim Sladen of Forbion, La.

JOHN F. NUTTALL,

Register, Caucasian, Oct. 22, 1913.

Notice of Tax Sale.

To J. M. Madison: 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 J. M. Madison: Lot 32 Brimmer & More subdivision, which tax deed is dated June 21, 1913, and filed for record July 3, 1913, and recorded in conveyance book 88, page 66. The amount of taxes, penalty and cost being \$9.10. NETTIE J. STUART, Box 126, Shreveport, La. Caucasian, Oct. 12, 1913.

Notice of Tax Sale.

To R. H. Walden: 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 R. H. Walden: Acre lots 29, 34, 35, 40 in northeast quarter of northeast quarter section 15, township 21, range 16. Which tax deed is dated June 21, 1913, and filed for record July 3, 1913, and recorded in conveyance book 88, page 63. The amount of taxes, penalty and costs being \$9.89. NETTIE J. STUART, Box 126, Shreveport, La. Caucasian, Oct. 7, 1913.

Tax Sale Notice.

To W. L. 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 W. L. Jones: Acre lot 294 in west half section 12, township 20, range 15. Which tax deed is dated June 21, 1913, and filed for record July 3, 1913, and recorded in conveyance book 88, page 67. The amount of taxes, penalty and cost being \$8.48. NETTIE J. STUART, Box 126, Shreveport, La. Caucasian, Sept. 28, 1913.

Estray Notice.

Taken up by Sam Trivall at his pasture near his enclosure on the Greenwood road, about four miles from Shreveport, about Sept. 29, one roan mare being marked as follows: Thirteen hands high, about 2 years old, long tail, long mane, no brands or other marks noticeable. The owner of said animal is ordered to prove ownership and pay costs or said mare will be sold at fork of road, on T. C. Jones' pasture, on Saturday, the 1st day of November 1913, between the legal hours of sales, by the city marshal, according to law. Done and signed this 29th day of September 1913.

L. C. BLANCHARD,

City Judge, Caucasian, Sept. 30, 1913.

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Sheriff's Sale.

No. 17,423—In the First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La.: Milton F. 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 appraisal, 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 \$180.00 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 \$103.61, 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 \$136.10 due Jan. 25, 1917, and all costs of this suit.

J. P. FLOURNOY,

Sheriff, ex-Officio Auctioneer Caucasian, Oct. 5, 1913.

Estray Notice.

Taken up by A. D. Johns nine miles southwest of Spring Ridge, La., and estrayed before me, the undersigned authority, four head of cattle described as follows, to-wit: One brindle cow, about 9 years old, marked with under slope in left ear, under slope, crop and split in right ear. One brindle heifer about 2 years old, marked with under slope in the left ear, under slope, crop and split in right ear. One deep red heifer, about 3 years old, marked with under slope in the left ear, under

slope, crop and split in the right ear. One pale red heifer, about 3 years old, marked with under slope in the left ear, under slope, crop and split in the right ear. No brands on any of these cattle. Owner will come forward, prove property, and pay charges, or the same will be sold according to law on Saturday, the 15th day of November 1913, during the legal hours of sale, at the residence of A. D. Johns.

L. T. SYLVESTER,

Justice of the Peace Sixth Ward of Caddo Parish, Louisiana. Caucasian, Oct. 9, 1913.

Sheriff's Sale.

No. 17,485—In the First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La.: Chas. L. Horne vs. W. E. Quinn.

By virtue of a writ of seizure and sale to me directed from the Honorable First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La., I have seized and will offer for sale at public auction for cash and without the benefit of appraisal, at the principal front door of the court house of Caddo Parish, Louisiana, during the legal hours of sale, on

SATURDAY, NOV. 29, 1913.

Lot one hundred and eight and half of lot one hundred and nine adjoining and lying next to said lot one hundred and eight of the Templeman Subdivision of the City of Shreveport, La., with all 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 five hundred dollars with eight per cent per annum interest on \$250.00 thereof from June 23, 1910, and eight per cent on \$250.00 per annum from the 1st day of February 1911, until paid, and all costs of this suit, as well as ten per cent on said principal and interest as attorney's fees. J. P. FLOURNOY, Sheriff, ex-Officio Auctioneer, Caucasian, Oct. 21, 1913.

How to Order Patterns.

Patterns described in the Caucasian are supplied by the May Manton Pattern Company, Greeley Square, New York City, and Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill. Forward order with name and address to the New York or Chicago office with 10c for each pattern. They will be mailed direct to you.

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