

# WHAT IS MORE ACCEPTABLE FOR CHRISTMAS THAN GOOD FURNITURE

Our stock is the most complete in the parish; our prices are a little less, and terms can be arranged to suit your convenience.



This Solid Oak Dining Room Table, and Six Box Seat Chairs to match . . . \$20.00



This 2-inch Post Canopy Bed, Complete, with spring and cotton mattress . . .

20.00

These are just a few of the many things on which we can save you money.

- Dressers, from \$3.00 to \$4.00
- Wash Stands, 2.00 to 25.00
- Dressing Tables, 15.00
- Wardrobes, 10.00 to 25.00
- Bed Davenport, 25.00
- Chairs, 25c to 2.50
- Rockers, \$1.00 to \$10.00
- Leather Seat Rockers, 5.00
- Library and Parlor sets
- Bed Springs, 1.00 to 7.50
- Mattress, 1.00 to 15.00
- Comforts and Blankets to suit your book.

Our line of Stoves and Ranges is the most complete in the parish.

For the Young Folks Bicycles, Tricycles, Go-Carts, Rockers, Beds, High Chairs, in fact everything to gladden their dear young hearts

A Complete Line of Columbia Graphophones and Records.

Our Special Outfits for the newly-weds can't be beat.

Ask to see the table that went to bed.



## G. N. ROGERS

"If It's For The Home Rogers Has It"

### BOGUE CHITTO STOCK FARM COMPANY

Isabel, Louisiana

In order to encourage the live stock industry in this section of the country

We have in service registered Jack, Percheron Stallion. Registered Hereford Bulls, and Registered Defender Duroc-Jersey Boar. And for sale a limited number of Duroc-Jeroey Pigs, boars and gilts. These pigs are descendants of the Great Defender, a Worlds Prize Winner. All at a remarkably low price. For information address

### BOGUE CHITTO STOCK FARM COMPANY

Bogalusa, La.

## One Christmas Eve

By Harry T. Barker

(Copyright by Western Newspaper Union.)

He was grinning like a schoolboy at the gyrations of a mechanical clown. His bluff hearty laugh seemed to come straight from his heart. His long white whiskers, bearskin coat, merry eyes and full-round figure—suggested the veritable Kris Kringle to a T.

Men, women and children were all smiles as they looked him over, but too polite to linger and embarrass him. The proprietor of the store, observing the slight halt in the passing procession, beckoned to the stranger.

"My friend," he spoke rapidly, "could I have a word with you?"

"A dozen, if it suits you," responded the other heartily, and followed his interviewer inside the store.

"It's just this," explained the store man: "we've got a Santa Claus—see him yonder, in that booth, shaking hands with the children?"

"I see him," nodded the Westerner.

"He is on till midnight and I can't spare him. A family here—the Moodys—best people in town—want me to send them up a Santy. You're just made for it. Come—ten dollars cash and it won't take you an hour. I'll furnish the robe and cap."

The Westerner smiled queerly. I'll take the job," he replied.

Directed by a lad from the store, he was piloted to the Moody mansion, admitted and shown into a room off the main parlor, where a Christmas tree stood, loaded and ablaze.

All around it the hired Santy gazed keenly, almost eagerly. He appeared to be scanning the various framed portraits on the wall and seemed disappointed, as if in that inspection he missed something he had expected to find.

A servant came and helped him on with his costume, directing him in what he should do when the children entered the festal room. An admirable Santy he made. He went through his part in a merry heartsome way, then quietly slipped out through the side door and proceeded down the street. He seemed to have been over the ground before, for he reached his destination by pursuing lanes and byways where he would not be observed in the costume he still retained.

It was in the snow-drifted garden of a neat but humble little cottage that he finally halted.

"I'll do it," he spoke to himself. "If I can work it. Maybe I'm not forgotten here!" He knocked on the door and a woman opened it.

"Don't be scared, ma'am," spoke the Westerner. "You see, I've just been up to the Moodys—relatives of yours, I believe—acting Santa Claus. Knew that you had a little one here, saw the tree and thought maybe I could make her happier by going through my act."

"Oh, would you?" cried the lady in quick delight. "Indeed, it would cap the climax of all her Christmas eve joys."

"Smuggle me into the room with the Christmas tree," suggested the Westerner buoyantly. "I'll do the rest."

It was passing strange, but, conducted into the apartment and half hiding behind a screen, the Westerner studied the walls of the room circumspectly, just as he had done at the Moody mansion. A great glow spread over his face as he noticed a portrait over the piano, in the special place of honor. It was wreathed with holly and evergreen.

"No, not forgotten; that's certain," he uttered in an intense tone. "I guess I've landed in a real home spot."

The little one of the household came in, leading the children of some poor neighbors. They screamed and then fluttered with delight as Santy came into view. Then their eyes danced as his jolly manner restored confidence. He handed out the presents from the tree. The air quivered with the joyful shouts of the happy little ones.

"For Uncle Reuben," he read the card pinned onto an old worn woolen stocking. "Where's he? Come on, Uncle Reuben!" he shouted into space, and his tone was a sob.

"Oh, he isn't here," prattled little Esther, stepping forward. "He hasn't been for two Christmases. That's him," and she pointed to the holly-wreathed portrait. "He'll come back some time, though. Mamma says so, don't you, mamma? And every Christmas I put a nice card in his old stocking, and then I save them all up, to give to him when he comes back."

A choking sound came from the throat of the Westerner. He turned aside and reached under his robe. It was to unclasp a great belt buckle, a belt bulging with gold.

"Your Christmas gift, Mary!" he cried to the mother of little Esther. "Only a trifle out of a whole mine—it's full of the stuff," and he threw it into her lap.

Then off went costume and cap "Don't you know me, Mary?"

"Uncle Reuben!" she gasped.

"Uncle Reuben and Santa Claus, both in one!" shouted the Westerner hilariously. "Little Esther—come!"

And Esther bounded into his arms in a wild transport of recognition and delight.



## PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

C. O. Knight of Zona, was in Bogalusa Friday.

A. E. Calhoun, of Pearl River spent Saturday in Bogalusa.

J. D. Hopgood, of Columbia, was a visitor to Bogalusa Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Taraut spent the week in New Orleans.

Mrs. M. H. Rykoski spent the week end in Slidell.

M. B. Gore and J. G. C. Alcon spent the week in the Crescent City.

Newell E. Tilton spent the week end in the Crescent City.

J. E. Boswell Manager of the Depot Lunch Counter, left Sunday for a few days visit with his parents at Memphis, Tenn.

B. E. Elzey of Enon, La.; was a visitor to Bogalusa Saturday on business.

E. D. Sheridan of Enon, was in Bogalusa Saturday transacting business.

Mrs. P. G. Springs spent the week in the Crescent City.

Miss Inez Blanchard made her usual trip to New Orleans Saturday.

Miss Inez Fournett visited New Orleans Saturday.

Mrs. W. G. Sykes and children left Saturday for Perry Fla., where Mr. Sykes has accepted a position and where they will make their future home.

Miss Agnes Gilbert, of New Orleans spent the week end with Bogalusa friends.

Mrs. J. R. Ratcliff and son S. Ratcliff, of Ave. C, left Friday for Brookhaven where they will visit relatives and many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Carter, residing near Sheridan, are the parents of a 10 pound boy who arrived a few days ago.

### Christmas Bazaar

The M. E. Ladies Aid Society will hold a bazaar today. Refreshments will be served and the public is invited to attend.

Bogalusa auto drivers must be on the tail light of their car heretofore or expect to pay a fine. Several cases were made against owners last week.

## GET THE BEST SHINGLES AT LOW PRICE

I am prepared to quote you prices on No. 1, 2 and 3 Shingles in any quantities at a big saving.

J. H. ROBERTS, Maud, La.

We have all things for your hair—



To make it grow and keep soft and clean

Pretty hair is not as hard to possess as you imagine if you keep the scalp clean. We have the articles that will not only make the head feel good but do it good and make the hair grow.

Williams' Drug Store COLUMBIA ST. PHONE 97