

**BOGALUSA'S PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY**

**DR. J. M. BRUMFIELD**  
Dentist  
HOURS 8 a. m. to 12 m.  
1 to 5 p. m.  
COMMISSARY BUILDING

**C. ELLIS OTT**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
Office in the City Drug Store  
Building : : : : Upstairs.  
BOGALUSA, LA.

**DR. M. T. CAPPEL**  
Dentist  
Hours 8 a. m. to 12 m.  
1 to 5 p. m.  
Office in the  
COMMISSARY BUILDING  
Bridge Work a Specialty

**SANDERS & SANDERS**  
LAW OFFICES  
Washington Bank and Trust  
Building.  
BOGALUSA, LA.  
Will Practice in State and  
Federal Courts.

**DR. CLAVE E. GILL**  
DENTAL SURGEON  
Hours 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.  
Nights and Sundays by  
appointment.  
Office Phone 108  
Res. Phone, 185.  
Office over Washington  
Bank and Trust Co.

**BENJ. M. MILLER**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
Office Over the Post Office  
BOGALUSA, LA.

**DR. J. N. BALL**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
Office Over Lear's Drug Store  
DAY PHONE 300  
NIGHT PHONE 41  
Hours 9 to 10:30 a. m.  
3 to 5 p. m.

**E. A. PIERCE, M. D.**  
GENERAL PRACTICE  
Hours 8 to 11 a. m.  
2 to 4 p. m.  
OFFICE IN  
WILLIAMS' DRUG STORE  
Columbia St.  
PHONE 97.

**J. F. PIGOTT, M. D.**  
Chronic Diseases and  
General Practice  
Office at  
Lear's Drug Store  
N. Bogalusa Phone 300  
3 to 5 p. m.  
William's Drug Store  
Columbia St. Phone 97  
1:30 to 3 p. m.  
Residence  
403 La. Ave. Phone 229

**Dr. Chas. F. Amacker**  
DENTAL SURGEON  
Offers his professional services  
to the people of Bogalusa  
and vicinity.  
Office Upstairs Over  
CITY DRUG STORE  
N. Bogalusa.

**O. W. ALFORD, M. D. Phd**  
OFFICE UP STAIRS OVER  
CITY DRUG STORE  
Bogalusa, La.

**BOGALUSA UNDERTAKING COMPANY**  
Undertakers and Embalmers  
Calls accepted anywhere  
PHONE 324 226 Austin St

**YOUR GROCERY**

In selecting your GROCER, why not choose a store that handles nothing but GROCERIES? It means better and fresher goods and at the same cost.

You get service here, too!

**ROBINSON & ROBERTS**  
N. Bogalusa—TWO STORES—W Side  
61 Phones 173

**STOP THAT COUGH**  
Don't let that cough hang on. Stop it before it goes too far. Heed the warning. Get **GE-RAR-DY LUNG BALSAM** for coughs and colds, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, lung and throat troubles. At your druggists, in 2c bottles. Accept no substitute. **PHIL. P. CRESAP CO., Ltd.** New Orleans, La.  
**RELIEVE THAT COLD**

SOLD BY THE  
**Williams Drug Store**  
COLUMBIA ST.

**PAINTING, PAPER HANGING**

All kinds of painting, kalsomine paper hanging or wood finishing work by experts at reasonable prices  
J. S. Kramer  
P. O. Box 633 Phone 304

**FOR RENT**

2 farms within city limits rent reasonable.  
**L. T. RICHARDSON**  
Phone 125

**The Married Life of Helen and Warren**  
By MABEL HERBERT URNER  
Originator of "Their Married Life." Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.  
Helen's Vanity Receives a Blow When She Sees Her Gowns on a Younger Woman

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



Mabel Herbert Urner.

"Thirty dollars a week?" repeated Helen. "Oh, I'm so glad for you!"

"Yes, it does seem princely after three years of pouncing that typewriter. When I gave Mr. Richards notice—he offered to raise me to fifteen." Laura's laugh was harsh. "Generous of him, wasn't it?"

"You've always been so bitter against him."

"Why shouldn't I be?" defiantly. "The work I did was worth more, and he knew it! Now I'm through. Didn't I glory in telling him!"

"But these moving picture people—how did you get in touch with them?"

"Mr. Carr bearded where I did last winter. He thought then he could get me in—but only as an extra. They pay five dollars a day, but the work's uncertain and I was afraid to risk it. Last week he called up and said there was a chance in the regular company; to come right over and see Mr. Stanley, the director."

"And he engaged you at once?"

"No, I'd no experience except that one week with the Universal. But they were to take some pictures in Jersey the next day, Sunday, and he said he'd try me out. I was terrified. I felt everything depended on my work that day. But it was cloudy and they didn't do much, so I had only one scene. Monday they put me in stock at thirty a week. Now it's up to me to make good."

"Oh, you will," encouraged Helen, warmly. "I know you will."

"If only I had some clothes! I need an evening gown desperately. They lent me one for a supper scene, but it was a mile too big."

"Why, I'll gladly lend you any of mine."

"Oh, I didn't mean that." Then impetuously. "But if you could—until I have a chance to get some—"

"You know I'd love to. Come in here, we'll look over what I have."

Her best gowns Helen kept in the large hall closet. And now she took down several from their hangers and turned them right side out.

"You've so many!" enviously. "Oh, how attractive! I love this!" Laura held up a pale blue chiffon, with a knife-plaited underskirt.

"That's old. I got that in London on our first trip, three years ago. Look how badly it's worn—the chiffon's all pulled in front."

"But that wouldn't show in the pictures. It doesn't matter if they're soiled or worn, it's only the style and material that show."

"Try it on," urged Helen. "No, sir, you can't lie there!" lifting Pussy Purrlow from the soft fluffiness of a white charmeuse.

Slipping out of her shirtwaist and skirt, Laura, radiantly expectant, raised the blue chiffon over her head.

"Your corset cover's too high," as Helen started to hook the gown. "Wait, I can turn it in."

"Oh, it's so graceful—and it just fits me! I'm wild about it!"

"It does look well. I didn't think we were so near the same size."

"What're you two doing in there?" called Warren, who always resented being left alone in the evening.

"Laura's trying on some of my gowns. She may have to borrow one for the pictures." Then impulsively, "Go let Warren see you in that."

Aglow with excitement, Laura ran into the library.

"Great!" laying down his paper. "Say, that's stunning on you! Suits you better than it does Helen."

Helen knew this was true, but she shrank from having it put into words. Though they had been schoolmates, Laura, with her cloudy hair and vivid coloring, was several years younger; and, beside her, Helen felt suddenly colorless and old.

When she tried on the next gown, she whirled about before the mirror, then darted off with a joyous "I want Mr. Curtis to see this one."

"Turn around," commanded Warren. "Jove, you can wear Helen's clothes all right. That suits you to a T."

Helen had grown very quiet. She was genuinely fond of Laura, but she could not keep back the vague bitterness that every woman feels toward another who is younger and more striking.

As she looked Laura into the last gown, she glanced over her shoulder into the glass. Yes, she looked older, decidedly older.

"I shouldn't think of borrowing this—it's too new and fresh."

"Oh, you wouldn't hurt it." Helen tried to be generous.

"No—no, one of the others will do just as well."

This time when she ran in for Warren's approval, Helen did not go with her. Instead, she stood waiting by the dresser, slowly sticking the pins

in the pincushion into a long even row.

"I've had nothing but shirtwaists for so long—Laura now came in to be unhooked—it's a joy to know I can wear something else."

Thoughtfully Helen hung back the gowns. She ought to give Laura the blue one—give it to her outright. She could not wear it as it was, and it was hardly worth a new overskirt.

Had their places been reversed, she knew that Laura, with her reckless liberality, would have given it to her without a thought. But it was always hard for her to part with her clothes. Her desire to hold on to things was a failing that she had constantly to strive against.

She had hung up the blue gown, but now she forced herself to take it down again.

"Laura, I'm going to give you this. It's selfish to talk of lending it when I've so many. No, please don't," checking Laura's effusive thanks. "And you'll need some satin slippers," swept on by her own generosity. "I wonder if I haven't a pair you can wear."

"It doesn't matter how soiled they are."

"Try these."

Laura took off her shoe and struggled with the slender white slipper. If Warren could see her now, was Helen's thoroughly feminine wish.

"No," ruefully, "I can't begin to get it on. I knew I couldn't," generously.

"But I can buy slippers, the dress is the main thing."

"How'll you carry it? In a box? Or shall I just wrap it up?"

"Anyway," heedlessly. "I'm wild about that knife-plaited skirt. Look, how full it is! Oh, that can't be half-past ten!"

"That's all right. Warren'll take you to the car."

"No, he won't. I'm not a bit afraid. Oh, that paper's good enough. Don't worry about the bundle, I don't care what it looks like."

When she was ready to go, in spite of her protests, Warren insisted on going to the car.

At the elevator she kissed Helen gratefully.

"I can't tell you how much this means to me just now. I've got to make good in the next few weeks, and having the right kind of clothes will help."

Left alone, Helen went straight to the hall closet and again took out the gowns. Throwing them on the bed in her room, she began to try them on.

Turning on a stronger light, with pitiless scrutiny she noted every defect. Her features were as good and her profile more delicate than Laura's, but her coloring was less vivid and her hair less effective.

Helen's hair had always been a trial, for it was overfine, clinging and uncompromisingly straight. Shaking it down, she did it up more loosely and fluffed it out with a comb. Then, rubbing her cheeks with her knuckles until they glowed, she stood back from the mirror to get the full-length effect.

In her absorption she had not heard Warren come in. And now she started violently as he appeared at the door of her room.

"Mighty fine that Laura's landed that job. If she can hold that down for a few months—she'll be all right."

"Yes, I'm so glad. She always loathed stenography," gathering up the dresses from the bed in an effort to hide the one she had on.

"She's got an expressive face, good film face, I should say. Never saw her dolled-up before. Makes a big difference. Glad you gave her that dress. Now hurry up, get those things put away—it's after eleven."

He had turned away without having noticed Helen's gown. But her relief was only momentary, for he promptly came back.

"Say, we'll have to find out when they run some of those films—" Then as his glance took in the gown, "What in thunder! What're you rigging up for—this time of night?"

"Oh, nothing," confusedly. "I just thought I'd try this on," unhooking it with nervous fumbling fingers.

But Warren's keen gaze had penetrated her flushed confusion.

"Hello, that's it, eh? Thought Laura looked better in those duds than you did? Well you are a little nippy!"

"I know Laura's younger, and I know they did look better on—" her voice broke.

"For the love of Mike! Can you beat that! See here, if there's one thing you can't sidestep—it's getting old! If that's all you've got to worry about—you're blame lucky."

"Oh, I dread to get old!" passionately. "I can't bear to feel I'm not as—"

Three long strides brought Warren across the room.

"Look in there!" pushing her unwillingly in front of the mirror.

Against the dark background of his shoulder, with her flushed cheeks and rumpled hair, Helen looked young—amazingly young—twenty at most.

"Not quite ready for the old ladies' home, eh? Well, as long as your hair and teeth stay in—don't worry. Now, let's get to bed."

**INTEREST BEING TAKEN IN WASHINGTON BANK CONTEST**

The Washington Bank & Trust Company, of this city, is running a unique contest for the benefit of the school children of this Parish. It will be an essay contest and will be open to every boy and girl in Washington Parish in the eight grade or lower.

The subject of the contest will be "The First Inauguration of Washington." The bank will furnish a large and handsomely engraved calendar with a picture of this event so that the contestant may have the subject before him.

Thirty-five prizes will be given, ranging from \$15.00 to \$1.00. Ten of which will be cash prizes and twenty-five calendars.

The contest is given with the view of encouraging school children both in their educational endeavors and in taking an interest in saving. It is a very worthy project on the part of the bank and we hope that the parents will encourage their boys and girls to enter this contest.

The Judges in this contest will be the following:  
Clyde S. Moss of the Bogalusa Enterprise, C. E. Petrie of the Bogalusa American, Mrs. J. Vol Brock of the Era Leader, D. H. Stringfield Supt. of Education, and Hon. D. R. Johnson.

**FARMERS AT SUN ENGAGE IN FIGHT AND ONE IS DEAD**

Covington, La., Jan. 12.—Dispute over \$5 he claimed was due resulted in the death of Rowland Gruntham, aged 35, a farmer at Sun, Monday night. Barney Aldridge, also a farmer of that locality, was put in jail Monday by Sheriff Brewster and charged with murder, following the inquest by Coroner L. C. Heintz, who took statements of eyewitnesses, John Jenkins and Frank Bush. Families of both are prominent.

The altercation, it is said, took place at noon, Sunday, at Sun, eighteen miles northeast of here, and was started by Gruntham, who became abusive and advanced upon Aldridge, who picked up a heavy piece of timber and struck Gruntham over the head, after which he again stepped forward, but was stopped by friends. Gruntham lay ed until Monday night. Coroner Heintz declared death was due from fracture of the skull.

**LIVE WIRE BUSINESS FIRMS—WHO WANT YOUR TRADE**

You will find it to your interest to watch these columns each week. These firms will give you splendid values and good service, and they solicit your business on the above mentioned basis.

**When you want to drive**

To any part of the city or hire a rig for the day and want good horses and nice rigs  
**Phone 93, E. L. KNIGHT**  
Makes All Trains Stand At Commissary

**DELICIOUS CANDY**  
Only the best and at low prices.  
**SOFT DRINKS.**  
The best dispenser in Bogalusa is here to mix any soft drink you want.  
**BLANCHARD BROS.**  
N. W. BOGALUSA

**DEMAND!**

**MAASSEN'S ICE CREAM**

**PHONE 48**

**Good Jewelry at Low Prices**

We are prepared to save you money on jewelry that you would be proud to wear.

**OCULIST**  
When you have trouble with your eyes come here. Modern equipment and EYES TESTED FREE.

**J. D. MAMMELI**  
At Alford's Drug Store

**HEADLEY'S RESTAURANT**  
OPEN ALL NIGHT  
GOOD COOKING  
SPLENDID SERVICE  
EUROPEAN HOTEL  
CLEAN, AIRY ROOMS  
50 CENTS  
**HEADLEY'S**  
North Bogalusa

**GET IT AT**

**W. G. Henry & Son**

**MILLINERY AND MENS FURNISHINGS. : : : : :**

**Real Estate and Rentals**

**CHAS. WEBSTER**  
Office N. Bogalusa  
Phone - - 426

**INSURANCE**

All Kinds  
"We Write It Right"  
New Orleans Underwriters Agency  
Guy H. Millam, Jr., Mgr.

**THE GRUNEWALD HOTEL.**  
LARGEST BEST NEWEST  
ROOMS WITHOUT BATH \$1 UP  
ROOMS WITH BATH \$2.50 UP.  
NEW ORLEANS, - - LA.

Come down and see our "MODEL SUIT MAKER"

Makes a suit a second  
ill show you exactly what your suit will look like before it is made up

**STRUG BROS.**  
"Tailors that know how"  
Columbia St. Phone 64