

# Berenson Bros.

## WISH YOU A MOST PROSPEROUS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

### CONTRACTS LET FOR 5 MORE BUNGALOWS

Work will start on five more bungalows in Bogalusa during the first week of the New Year and plans for the nine others are being prepared and it is expected that work will begin on them by the end of next month. This building will be done through the Bogalusa Building and Loan while an equal number will be built by individuals.

The contracts let at the meeting Tuesday night were for a 5 room bungalow to be located on Superior Ave. and to be owned by Hy. Carmichael, 6 room bungalow on Mississippi Ave. to be owned by M. K. Pearce, 6 room bungalow in Beall addition to be owned by V. J. Ladoux, 5 room bungalow to be owned by S. G. Stringer and located in Beall addition and a 5 room bungalow on Superior Ave. to be owned by Joseph Roberts.

The Bogalusa Building and Loan is enjoying the greatest prosperity in its history and incidentally the best business of any company in the state. If you expect to own your home you had better subscribe for stock now for they expect to do twice as much this year as in any previous one. A stockholders meeting will be held on Friday night when directors will be named for the ensuing year.

#### Elks Take Quarters

The Bogalusa Lodge of Elks are now comfortably located in their temporary quarters over the Bogalusa Mill Supply Co. building on Austin street. Several hundred dollars was expended in arranging a suitable lodge and club rooms.

#### Robbery At Rio

The Talley store at Rio was entered by robbers Sunday night and merchandise to the amount of about \$200 taken. The robbery occurred while Mr. Talley was in Bogalusa Sunday evening.

#### Thanks Friends

Mrs. S. Elias desires to take this means of expressing her thanks to the friends and neighbors who rendered her assistance and sympathy during the serious illness of Mr. Elias. Mrs. Elias feels that the recovery of Mr. Elias was due in no small measure to the many kind messages extended her for which she is truly grateful.

#### Dinner Dance

Miss Elizabeth Sullivan entertained friends at a dinner Monday evening which was followed by a dance which was held at the Pine Tree Inn. It was one of the most enjoyable social events of the season.

### To Open Store

Andrew Baez, "Bogalusa's Real Tailor" has rented the room occupied by A. K. Beall in the Tate building and will open a haberdashery in connection with his custom tailoring business. He expects to be ready for business shortly after the first of the year. Mr. Beall recently purchased the Commercial Hotel building and will move his stock to that location as soon as the alterations are completed.

### Garner Captured

A prisoner named Garner who was being held at the Franklinton jail charged with forgery and who made his escape has been recaptured. It will also be remembered that Garner was married to three Mississippi women at the same time but will serve out his sentence first in the Louisiana prison.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Walsh and son spent Christmas day with relatives in Gretna, La.

### SYMPATHY FOR A BACHELOR

Never Since History of Man Began Has He Been the Marked Man He Is Today in Europe.

If single men continue to be singled out as victims for tax collectors and recruiting sergeants, the great trinity of human rights will be changed to read, "life, liberty and matrimony." For where can the bachelor find happiness in a world that marks his income as the first to be seized by a rapacious state and his precious person as the first to be exposed to the enemy's bullets?

Never since the history of man began has the bachelor been the marked man he is today, a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle asserts. In England Premier Asquith's famous promise was given to the married men, the conscription bill excepts the married men, the state supports the wives and children of enlisted married men. In France the state supports not only the legally established wives but those whom soldiers acknowledge as their "wives," the assumption being that the legal ceremony will follow when the war comes to an end. Thus even the man who promises to become married is favored by the state.

And as for taxes, the bachelor has long been the victim of his own discretion. Even Uncle Sam, who is ordinarily the least given to making invidious distinctions among his citizens, grants the married man a \$4,000 exemption on the income tax. In Europe the discrimination against the bachelor is much more marked—so marked, in fact, that bachelorhood is more of a luxury than a limousine.

#### FOREWARNED.

Mother—Young man, don't ever let me catch you kissing my daughter.

Young Man—No, ma'am, I won't.—Gargoyle.

#### SUDDEN.

"His marriage was most unexpected, I believe?"  
"Rather! Especially to him!"—Sydney Bulletin.

#### AGREED TO WITH PROVISIONS.

She—Do you believe in confidences between man and wife?  
He—Why, yes, if her husband isn't jealous.—Judge.

#### HIS GLASS.

"That young English nobleman is considered quite the glass of fashion."  
"I see. A peer glass."

#### VERY SAD.

"It is a sad sight when you see a man who has forgotten how to play."  
"Especially when he volunteers to hang the piano at a social affair."

#### JUST THE THING.

"I see where the Venetians have taken elaborate precautions to protect their famous campanile from aerial bombs," remarked Mr. Twobble.

"Umph!" replied Mr. Gadder. "Why don't they send him over here and let him warble in the Metropolitan opera house until the war is over?"

## Under the Mistletoe Santa From the South

By M. P. Heatherington

(Copyright by Western Newspaper Union.) It was an ideal Yuletide. The sweet notes of church chimes throbbing out melodiously, "Peace on earth, good will to men," announced it; laughter, smiles, gay greetings among the street crowds emphasized it. Two men going in the same direction, strangers one to the other, yet oddly mutually involved in a fateful circumstance of the hour, unconsciously lessened their gait to catch the final notes from the distant belfry.

He in advance, swarthy, evil-eyed, bearing a neatly covered box under his arm, uttered an ugly, sinister chuckle.

"Before that hour strikes again—this!" he hissed malevolently rather than uttered, and he tapped the box and strode on, grim with some profound purpose.

The man ten paces behind him, young, handsome, neat, but none too fashionably clad, carried a thin, square package suggesting a canvas, for his was an artist's face, and he was an artist—Chase Merwyn.

Had he spoken his heart's thought he would have whispered softly: "Before this hour strikes again I shall have said good-by to all I love." He of the sinister semblance strode on and turned into a fashionable residence thoroughfare. Unconsciously like a shadow, the other kept almost even pace with him. Under an arc lamp Chase Merwyn passed to look over the package he carried. His objective point was a mansion, a dazzling place of light and luxury, and before it the sinister-looking man had halted a poorly-dressed fellow struggling along without an overcoat, and blue and pinched with the cold.

The twin were competing and the man with the box handed it to the other, pointed to the doorway of the mansion and passed on. His messenger proceeded up the steps, which Merwyn followed also.

It was in time to see a servant open the door and to hear the other say: "A present for Mr. Worthington."

"Oh, of course that," smiled the servant, taking the box. "I will place it with the other gifts. Ah, Mr. Merwyn, and the servant stepped aside to admit him.

"For Miss Worthington," said Merwyn, handing his gift to the other. His gift was a picture he had painted, and with it was a letter.

Slowly Merwyn descended the steps. He paused for a few moments on the pavement to take a last look at the home that held so much for him. A striking figure approached him from the shadows.

"Mister," he whispered, "in your and I need the gold coin a man gave me for delivering a box to that house tonight, but—"

"Ah, I remember!" observed Merwyn, recalling man and circumstance. "A gold coin is no more for a trifling service," resumed the other. "That I was suspicious. Then again I didn't like the face of the man who gave it to me; I followed him. He met some others like himself. I heard him laugh over an explosion about midnight."

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Merwyn, comprehending and was up the steps in a flash.

"Quick! Quick—open!" he cried to the servant, just setting the chain on the inside.

"The music room!" uttered Merwyn excitedly and hurried thither, turned on the light switch and made a dash for the table.

He remembered the shape and size of the box. His eyes made out one corresponding to it.

Merwyn gave it a fling through the window, there was a flash, and outside a detonation that shook the house. Some flying object chattered against his head and he fell to the floor.

It was Christmas day when he opened his eyes. He lay upon a couch pulled directly under the chandelier. Daylight was streaming into the room. The wrecked window frame was barricaded. His head was bandaged, and seated at a little distance was Esther.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she cried as she noticed that his eyes had opened. "The surgeon has just left, and papa—he says you saved us all and that you are a hero! And the beautiful picture you intended for me—it was riddled with window glass, but—I found the letter. Why did you write so sadly?"

"Because—because I feared to write all the truth," Merwyn confessed.

"The man who warned you told us enough to have us guess the truth," spoke Ethel, confusedly changing the subject, and then she followed the glance of Merwyn. His eyes rested on the mistletoe right over his head.

"Why this is Christmas morning, sure enough," fluttered Esther, "and we are the first—"

"Ethel," spoke Merwyn irresistibly, "I love you!"

His arms were lifted towards her and a world of pleading was in his longing eyes. She did not hesitate. Their lips met that strangely beautiful Christmas morn—under the mistletoe.

By DeLugie Ferree Cass

While the newspapers throughout the United States were busily announcing the warlike operations of Gen. Sancho Fernandez here, there and elsewhere that December, it was a fact that the revolutionary dictator of Mexico was really in Washington, D. C., where he had been peremptorily summoned by the president.

His conference at the capitol was short and very much to the point. It was pointed out with painful decisiveness to the Senor General Fernandez that hereinafter he would have to make his ragged army respect the rights of U. S. A.

The pill that General Fernandez was thus made to swallow was not sugar coated, but it unquestionably did him good. He went down the White House steps that day before Christmas a sadder and a wiser man. However the dictator of Mexico was a philosopher.

General Fernandez muffled his face deep in the soft warmth of his fur-collared greatcoat, and started off down the avenue.

By and by he came to the business district where throngs of last-minute shoppers were bustling about. Snow had begun to fall heavily—great fleecy flakes that filled the whole air and, supplementing the gay holiday decorations and shouts of street hawkers, gave the scene an air of fairylike unreality.

The jolly, free-handed Christmas spirit was contagious, but it made him feel very lonely. He wanted a comrade—anyone, anyone, in all this big, busy city, who would hail him simply as a friend and not as the celebrated General Fernandez.

He came to a street corner where he heard his own name shouted in a shrill, childish voice close by.

"Huztree there, people! Huztree there! Spend a cent and read all about General Fernandez the Mexican butcher! He's murderin' women and babies down there right now! Big battle at Guaremo; three hundred killed! Huztree here, all about the Bloody General Fernandez!"

At first the dictator snarled; then smiled queerly and approached the ragged wail at the newsstand. She was blue with cold and a-shiver beneath scabby rags. Below an old shawl, her thin, prematurely-aged face looked wan and pinched.

Genuine pity—an unusual thing in the dictator—seized him as he surveyed her.

"Do you really believe that this General Fernandez is as bad as all that?" he asked her with a whimsical half-smile.

The street wail stared up at him suspiciously.

"Gwan away from here, you dude! Can't y see I'm tryin' to sell my popcorn? Tonight's Christmas eve an' I wanna sell out so as to go in one of the big stores an' see Santa Claus."

"How many papers have you left to sell, little girl?"

"Twenty-one."

"I'll take them all. Here's a quarter. You can keep the change."

"Whadda y do in this fr?"—still suspicious.

The great General Fernandez smiled at the wail sadly, indulgently.

"Child, I'm a stranger here and I'm ever so lonely. Everybody else has a welcoming home tonight—has someone to whom he can give presents and know that they'll be appreciated. It's Christmas eve and I too want to forget myself for a while and play Santa Claus for somebody."

"If I really thought y meant all that," muttered the wail skeptically. "I'd say, why not practice some o' y'r good intentions on me. Lowdy knows, I need 'em."

The dictator's face became radiant. He laughed wholeheartedly as he had not done before in years and took one of the wee girl's half-frozen hands kindly within his big gloved one.

"It shall all be just as you say," he cried, much to her astonishment. "Come along with me now—first somewhere to get you a warm coat and hood and some furry mittens. Then we'll go to a fine restaurant. And after you've eaten every bit you can hold, we'll go see the toys and you can pick out your own present."

"Y'r not kiddin', me, mister?"

"On my honor, no."

"Then, if it's all the same to you, let's hit the toy departments first. I've had m' eye on a big yellow-headed doll—real hair it is, too!—there in the Emporium fr six months."

"We'll do just as you say, kiddie, but on one condition."

"What's that, mister?"

"You must tell me that you don't believe all the things you said about General Fernandez of Mexico."

"I'll call him Santa Claus if that'll suit y' any better, mister."

"Under present circumstances that name strikes me as quite appropriate for him," murmured the dictator. "But come on now. It's going to be a really merry Christmas after all."



We also Wish you a "happy new year." The kind of Medicines and Toilet Articles you use have much to do with your happiness. Our medicines will have the "desired result," because they are always fresh and full strength. Our Toilet Preparations will produce the "desired result," because they are scientifically prepared out of pure ingredients. In our Drug Store you can rely on what you buy, come in.

# Williams Drug Co

THE NYAL STORE

Prescriptions Called For And Delivered To Any Section of City

### LITTLE CHANGE IN CAR SHORTAGE SITUATION

There was a nominal reduction in the shortage of cars between November 1st. and December 1st. the figure now standing at 104,000. As a practical matter, however, embargoes and delays in shipment are fully as bad as they were a month ago. A little geographical change has taken place in the center of congestion, which has now been moved from the Atlantic Seaboard to the coal, coke and steel producing centers. The car shortage is probably at its height now, but free freight movements cannot be expected for several months yet.—Brookmire Forecaster.

Despite the fact that the car situation shows no improvement the Great Southern Lumber Co. have been and will continue to operate the big mill and stack the lumber as long as they have any available ground to stack same.

### Maxwells Win

When a tie game was played off at the Y. M. C. A. last Thursday night it resulted in a victory for the Maxwells and at the same time gave them the pennant for the season. The final score was 5 to 3, the Chevrolets taking the short end. Kolton and Marx played a great game for the Maxwells and were easily the stars of the game.

### Pictures Of City

The motion picture men who spent several days in Bogalusa recently, returned this week with the films. The laying of the corner stone of the Y. W. C. A. and many other interesting and new views of Bogalusa are on the films which will likely be shown to Bogalusa citizens at an early date.

E. C. Rowan spent Christmas with relatives at Laurel, Miss. He made the trip in his Ford car and encountered some bad road and almost the entire trip was made during a heavy rainfall.

Miss Cottrell, of the Bogalusa Schools, is spending a few days with Tylertown friends.

Frank Ashley was a week end visitor to New Orleans.

### THE GIRL WITH THE GREEN EYES AT THE MAGIC CITY

Edward Travers, a famous actor while driving in the park one day, discovers his sister, whom he has not seen in years, about to do away with herself. She tells him her pitiful tale, how she trusted a man named Redfern and found too late that she had misplaced her trust.

Arthur Mansfield, a clubman and friend of Travers, is an old admirer of Mrs. Travers and urges her to divorce her husband and accept his love. He intimates that Travers has an affair with another woman and offers to show her that he is telling the truth. Mrs. Travers is jealous of the attentions showered on her husband by unknown admirers, and believes Mansfield. She turns to him in her trouble.

Meanwhile Travers has installed his sister and her child in an apartment and is looking out for them. Rumors that he is being discussed at the clubs reach his ears and he brings Mansfield to account. The men come to blows and Travers is about to shoot the slanderer when Mrs. Travers appears on the scene. Elsie Travers is in the room at the time and recognizes Mansfield as Redfern, the man she trusted. The arrival of the police prevents blood shed. Later Travers explains to his wife that it is his sister he is caring for and both realize that the green monster, jealousy, has almost been the cause of their separation. Magic City Theater tonight.

Luther Cook, who is located at Houston, Texas, is enjoying the holidays with homefolks.

Mrs. B. D. Miller is spending the holidays with relatives at Gulfport.

Miss Bertha Rosenson, of New Orleans is spending the holidays with Mrs. S. Elias.

FOR RENT—5 room house with bath, all modern, near paper mill, \$18.00 a month. Inquire 205 Michigan Avenue.

### Returns With Bride

City Clerk K. I. Bean accompanied by Mrs. Bean have arrived in Bogalusa and are receiving the congratulations of their many friends. Mrs. Bean was formerly Miss Ruth Babington, of Franklinton. For the present they are located with R. Brieling and family on Mississippi Ave.