

Mrs. J. VOL BROCK, Editor.

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Franklinton, La., Dec. 16, 1920.



**"Tuberculosis on the Run"—
How Campaign is Working to
Do This.**

Louisiana, from the Arkansas border to the Gulf line, is selling tuberculosis crosses, seals and automobile signs in the tuberculosis campaign, which among other things, will start the nucleus of a state hospital.

With Caddo's splendid contribution in a hospital way and New Orleans' Greatest Need—An Advanced Stage Tuberculosis Hospital, raising the money to care for at least three hundred beds it is suitable to adopt as our state slogan—"Tuberculosis On The Run".

All the possible ways to stamp out tuberculosis are included in following items:

Here is what the campaign against tuberculosis does—and will keep doing till it gets "tuberculosis on the run."

Will seek to provide enough more sanatorium and hospital beds to accommodate every consumptive needing such care.

Will endeavor to establish open-air school or fresh-air classes and preventorium for all children needing such care.

Will continue to urge the importance of a thorough physical examination of all school children for tuberculosis and other defects.

Will aim to educate all communities by literature, exhibits, lectures and publicity, regarding the nature, treatment and prevention of tuberculosis.

Will seek, in co-operation with school authorities, to train all school children in correct health and habits.

Will further organize community effort to control tuberculosis by securing adequate legislation and all other provision needed.

Will seek to follow up cases discharged from sanatoria to prevent relapses and provide occupation for arrested cases.

Will provide where possible dispensaries and consulting experts to assist physicians in the discovery of early and suspected cases of tuberculosis.

Will endeavor to persuade employers of labor and working men and women of the economic value of periodic medical examination as a means of health conservation.

Will aim to provide public health nurses with a knowledge of tuberculosis in every community to give proper home care and instructions to all cases needing it.

After reading them, will it be possible for any adult of the state not to enlist himself as an active worker both through membership and contribution?

Kate M. Gordon,
Campaign Director.

A Yuletide Blessing

By Ralph Hamilton



CHRISTMAS CHEER was in the air everywhere. The sleigh bells had a special tone for Ned Graham as he sped over the glittering snow homeward bound, the melodious clang of the skates along the river course made perfect music to his enraptured ear, the stars appeared to shine with a new luster—and all for him, he almost fancied, on this first Christmas eve he could remember where peace on earth, good will to men had a real vitalizing meaning, and himself a part of it all!

Let an orphan at eight, for five years he had been the slave of a miserly old being. Then Victor Wade, a distant relative, and his wife Alice had taken Ned to their humble little home. "You have no children of your own and a blessing will come to you for caring for this poor outcast," the village clergyman had told them, and indeed his words had come true. He nestled down into their hearts and gave them an obedience and love.

And Ned as well shared the shadow that hovered over their lives. Alice was the only daughter of the richest man in Brompton. She had married Wade against the wishes of Martin Brill, who had from that hour shut both of them out of his life.

"He can't treat my dear, good mother that way!" declared Ned sturdily to a chum. "Some day I'm going to let him know how mean he is to the best two people who ever lived."

Mr. and Mrs. Wade had gone to a Christmas entertainment and Ned was speeding homeward full of holiday plans.

Dashing through the gateway Ned came to a sudden halt. A light showed in the parlor, the porch window of the room was open, and plainly visible inside was a rough-appearing man tossing over the packages grouped under the little tree.

"It's a burglar!" gasped the startled Ned, "and stealing our Christmas presents! Hey, you! get out of there or I'll shoot you full of bullets!" and



A Rough Appearing Man Tossing Over the Packages.

Ned ran to the window, drew a revolver from its case and presented it in menacing view.

The intruder turned, dashed from the room into the hall and disappeared. Valiantly triumphant, Ned went back to the parlor, for the first moment noticing a small satchel lying open on a chair. It somewhat thrilled him to observe strange-looking articles of steel within.

"Burglars' tools!" whispered Ned, fairly awed. "And here's a great big wallet stuffed full of papers and bank notes, and right across it is stamped the name of 'Martin Brill' in gilt letters. Say! This fellow must have robbed the old man before he came here."

Half an hour later Ned stood in the garden of the Brill home. Gazing into the one lighted room of the place he saw Brill tied to a chair and striving to dislodge a gag in his mouth. He was frantic; he tore his hair; incoherently he babbled forth the visit of a night marauder as Ned released him.

"You're the Wade boy, aren't you?" he quavered. "You've done me a good turn. Do another. Call the police."

"Say," interposed Ned, "if you'll come with me I'll see that you get your wallet back."

"What—why—come with you—where?"

"To your daughter's home. A funny thing has happened, and if you want your wallet back you've got to go with me there."

Half distracted, fully mystified, Martin Brill consented to the strange proposal. Arrived, Ned told his story, produced the wallet and restored it to its owner.

"Oh! I had, you've won my eternal gratitude!" cried the delighted old man, but paused abruptly, his eyes fixed upon a decorated framed portrait of himself.

"Mr. Wade got the holly for that," said Ned, "and your daughter trimmed it. They do that every year."

Martin Brill sat staring at the portrait, a dim mist crossing his eyes. Ned stole quietly from the room as he heard footsteps on the front porch.

Navy Tales

By a Lieutenant
in the
United States Navy



GAS CHECK

HOW simple each is! That incandescent globe over your head—yet man had mastered electricity for years before he knew a charged wire in vacuum would give such brilliancy. That differential on your rear auto axle—yet rear axles were abominations before genius equalized turning speeds by a triplet gear of utter simplicity.

Life is full of mechanical miracles. We take them for granted.

Gas-checks belong to the class. After four years of war every one knows what a gas-check is. Fits in the gun, you know, to prevent flare-back or leakage of powder gas on firing.

Breech-plug is just a round chunk of steel threaded to screw into the gun's back end after loading. It is pierced by a small hole in its center.

Mushroom stem fits into this hole. It really looks like a mushroom just big enough to enter the gun. When explosion rocks the earth and sours Mrs. Jones milk ten miles away the projectile gets an awful boot in its rear. The mushroom's face filling the breech he gets an equal and opposite boot.

Gases do the booting. Flery, furious masses of gases, rending heaven and earth asunder to escape. It's the heat of their passionate desire that gives the shell its kick. Were there any other avenue of escape never would they bother with a half-ton shell.

So breech must be sealed tight. Between mushroom and plug is put a pad of 65 per cent asbestos and 35 per cent tallow worked up into a solid circular form. Volcanic pressure upon mushroom face squeezes the pad against the plug. In helpless agony its edges protrude. They squish against the gun tube and check effectually escape of gas. Hence, gas-check pad.

But that is common knowledge. The interesting point is historical. Naval guns stuck over the side. To load them muzzle-ways running-in was once necessary. But running-in took time.

So our worthy forbears built breech loaders. Whiskers were then in vogue. Alas, the cruelty of war! Breech loaders worked to beat the band. But the very first broadside scorched sideburns, goatees, moustachios, and "chinners," from their proud owners' chins and cheeks.

Gases did it. Gases that leaked through the unsalted breeches. In consequence breech-loaders were pronounced failures. So powerful is fashion. And for years and years our whiskered man-of-war-men feared them.

Until the simple expedient of gas-check came. But isn't it the irony of fate that one sees smooth-faced sailors now? The great discovery came too late.

Too late for whiskers, yet.

OLD INVENTIONS

WE LIVE too much in the present. We call ours a spectacular age. We call it our age. We are wrong, egotistically in error. And our egotism blinds us to what has gone before.

Men marvel at the precision of modern artillery fire. The miracle—so they say—which makes this possible is the aircraft spotting. Men also high above the target trenches and observe directly the flight and fall of projectiles. By wireless the guns ranges are corrected to put the next salvo crashing over the enemy.

"My!" we ejaculate with fatuous confoundment, "how marvelous it is!" And yet if we took the trouble to pry a musty volume from our shelf we could read the identical story already half a century old. When Commodore Foote bombarded Island No. 10 in the Mississippi river he sent up a naval officer in his kite balloon, the Eagle.

From an altitude of some 2,000 feet the birdman (old papers used the term) discovered that his guns were shooting high. He signalled changes of range until they "bulled."

We shivered and shook, or some of us did, over the sudden submarine onslaught which struck the World war frightfulness. Yet our own strategists planned and in part executed just such a blockade along the coast of our southern states. The U-boats used by the Germans embodied the substance of American inventions.

With goose-flesh and gloom we studied lurid portrayals of the night attacks abroad. Yet our very own War department equipped its signal forces in 1863 with powerful oxy-hydrogen or calcium lights "by means of which a force of 2,000 men could work at night as well as by daylight." A good imitation of the modern star-shell could be dropped from the aerostats. And both white and colored signal torches were sent up by small balloons. Finally the observer could telegraph direct from his basket to the commanding colonel five miles away.

All this taught the Confederates to use camouflage. They used dummy guns and put up green branches to conceal the real ones. In one part of the lines 300 men were engaged in this work.

Notice.

To all who owe me any amount I will say that the payment of the accounts in full or even in part will assist me in the loss I sustained in the recent injury to my store and contents, and I will greatly appreciate your prompt attention to the matter.

H. W. Magee.

Notice.

Effective Sunday, December 12, 1920, the following change in SUNDAY schedule will be made by the New Orleans Great Northern R. R.

Train No. 2 now leaving New Orleans at 7:15 a. m. will be discontinued. Passengers for all points will be handled on train No. 12 leaving at 7:35 a. m.

Train No. 1 now arriving New Orleans at 6:00 p. m. will be discontinued. Passengers from all points will be handled on train No. 11 arriving at 7:35 p. m.

No change will be made in schedule of trains arriving and departing on days other than Sunday.

M. J. McMahon,
Traffic Manager.

Rub-My-Tism is a great pain killer. It relieves pain and soreness caused by Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, etc.—Advertisement.

Notice.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Washington Bank & Trust Company, Franklinton, La., will be held at its office on Wednesday, January 12, 1921, at eleven o'clock A. M. All stockholders are urged to be present at this meeting.

W. S. Burris, Secretary.

Notice.

The parish tax roll is now completed, and we are ready to collect taxes.

J. E. Bateman,
Sheriff and Tax Collector.

Gin Report.

December 13, 1920.

There were 3508 bales of cotton ginned in Washington Parish from the crop 1920 prior to December 1, 1920 as compared with 4595 December 1, 1919.

D. W. Branch,
Special Agent.

666 is a prescription for Colds, Fever and LaGrippe. It's the most speedy remedy we know.—Advertisement.

A conflagration in the heart of Cork, Ireland, caused a loss of many millions.

For Sale.

One New Six Horse Power and two new 1-2 Horse Power Fair banks—Morse engines. Easy terms.

Motor Sales & Service Co.

Notice For Publication.

Department of the Interior.
U. S. Land Office at Baton Rouge, La.
October 23, 1920.

Notice is hereby given that Benton Oliver Bickham, whose post-office address is Clifton, Louisiana, did, on the 28th day of February, 1920, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 09450, to purchase the Lot Two (2), Section 28 and Lot Four (4), Section 21, Township 1 South, Range 10 East, St. Helena Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 8, 1878, and acts amendatory, known, as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, One Hundred & 76-100 Dollars the timber estimated 32,000 board feet at \$2.50 per M, and the land \$20.76; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the Fifth (5) day of January, 1921, before Clerk of Court, Franklinton, Louisiana.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time, before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

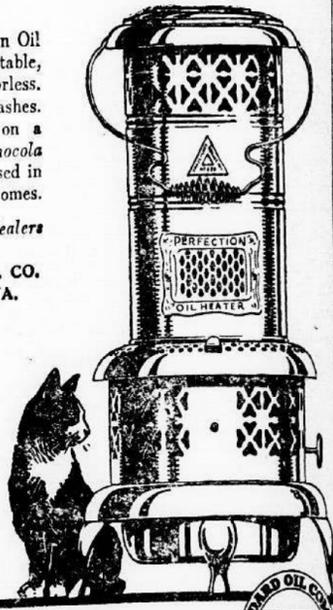
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20-rod rolls	
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