

If Old Santa Had A Bank Account It Would Be With The Tylertown Bank

This bank wishes to extend its patrons of Washington Parish the compliments of the season and many happy returns of the day.

EVERY DOLLAR DEPOSITED IS GUARANTEED

by the Guarantee Fund of the State of Mississippi. Your interests here are safeguarded and the business of this bank is conducted on conservative banking methods. There is no reason why Washington Parish depositors should send their savings out of the South when they get ABSOLUTE PROTECTION FOR EVERY DOLLAR DEPOSITED AND 4 PER CENT INTEREST ON TIME CERTIFICATES. You cannot appreciate the service, protection and cooperation this institution renders until you are a depositor.

Safety First--Deposits Guaranteed.

Tylertown Bank

Tylertown, Miss.

DIRECTORS:

L. L. Lampton, Pres., J. Rimes, Vice-Pres., W. H. Morse, Cashier, Thad B. Lampton, T. R. McDonald

The Store of Service



is better prepared than ever before to supply your Christmas needs.

Many articles that will make ideal gifts to any loved one.

Fuerst and Kramers Candies

are to hand here in any size boxes you desire from 1-2 pound to 5 pounds.

Lear's Drug Store

"The Store of Service"

N. B. Free delivery to any part of the city.

EDITORS ARE HUMAN AND INVITE YOUR ASSISTANCE

We often wonder if it has ever occurred to some people that editors are human, and not super-beings gifted with second sight.

An editor is constantly on the hunt for news of interest to the people who read and pay for his paper, and he never intentionally omits any article of importance. The success of his paper depends upon his impartiality in this respect.

And yet often some person conceives the erroneous idea that the editor has purposely left out some item or their families.

Has it ever occurred to them that the editor may not have heard of that particular item, although he searched diligently in his efforts to secure all of the news?

There is a very effective remedy for these isolated but inadvertent omissions. The next time you have a piece of news concerning yourself, or your family, or your neighbors, or of your community, give it to the editor yourself, or phone or write it in to him, and not depend upon others to do it. They may be more interested in affairs on their own side of the fence.

The editor will thank you for your thoughtfulness in enabling him to secure news that will add to the value of his paper and make it of interest to all of the people, for that is his mission in life.

He is human, as well as you.—Yazoo City Sentinel.

PAINTING, PAPER HANGING

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P. O. Box 653 Phone 304

The Yuletide Dawn

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Joy bells were ringing out upon the clear, frosty air, but their sweet tin-tinulations had little of cheer or comfort for Gabriel Monroe.

He had made his own life's history, and this was what made him somber this ideal winter's day—the day before Christmas. Pride had been humbled by regret; he was old, wearied, heartsick. This was his second day home—if he could call it that—after a five years' sojourn in a foreign land.

It all came back to him now, the salient appeals to his better soul pierced the frail armor of the heart he tried to make iron. He recalled the hour when his daughter, Eloise, had come to him with the news that his son, Gerald, had married against his wishes. On the moment, Gabriel Monroe had disowned him, banished him from heart and home. In vain had Eloise pleaded for her brother.

He closed the old mansion at once, announcing that he intended to live abroad. Eloise declined to go with him. Gerald was young, inexperienced, without resources. Plainly she recited her duty to her father as she felt it. She would stay and help Gerald become a man.

Since his return, after a lapse during which he had not so much as written to his rejected children, he had learned that a little golden-haired child had come to Gerald and his wife. His son had not made a great success in a business way. He had been ill and at present had a hard time making ends meet.

But he had turned out to be a diligent, earnest man. The gentle influence of a loving wife, the sisterly care of Eloise, had been his at all times. Eloise, her father heard, was beloved of a worthy young engineer, at present at a distance.

Old Gabriel moved about uneasily in his luxurious armchair. He paced the apartment for an hour, he tried to read. His eye caught a notice in the local paper. There was to be a Christmas sale at the village hall, he noted, under the auspices of a ladies' club, for the benefit of the poor. Why not go? Sooner or later he must meet old acquaintances.

The maddest, merriest of Christmas groups thronged the big hall. There were booths and counters and, near a bewildering Christmas tree, an immense papier mache creation in the

laid a fishing well, for near by were poles and line, and upon payment of a fee a cast over into the top of the stocking brought up a gift, fastened on by someone concealed inside.

Old Gabriel made happy a score of little ones by paying for their fishing plunge. He bought several trinkets and toys and distributed them freely. His heart was beginning to warm up. He met a few old friends. He lingered late. Somehow his thoughts were turned into a new channel. The flood gates of sentiment were wide open in his heart for the first time in years.

The auctioneer of the occasion began to sell off what had not been disposed of. He came at last to the big stocking. Someone started a bid of ten dollars. Almost unconsciously old Gabriel doubled it. Thirty—forty—there was zest in helping a good purpose. The auctioneer nursed the excitement of the bidders.

"What a Christmas the money will make for the poor!" he shouted. "Maybe the stocking isn't half empty—stocking and all there is in it goes to the highest bidder!"

"Forty-five!" sang out the town banker. "Fifty," nodded old Gabriel, and "Sold!" announced the auctioneer, highly pleased, and then, as everybody, excited and laughing, surrounded the fortunate purchaser, there came a tap from inside the stocking and a muffled voice sounded: "Please let me out—it's dreadfully close in here!"

As a section of the papier mache contrivance moved apart, revealing the "fisher maiden" of the occasion, out stepped—Eloise. "Father!" she gasped.

He started and quivered. He had bought "all there was in it." Upon the impulse of a moment hung all the future destiny of four souls. He opened his arms, the tears rushed to his eyes and Eloise was in his embrace.

It was the gossip of all the town how old Gabriel Monroe met and expanded the golden opportunity of his life that Christmas eve.

It was like a romance—the faithful suitor of Eloise telegraphed for, the discarded son, his wife, sweet little Dolly, sent for and installed in a home whence want and care were banished.

It was "grandpa" who carried the little one in his arms into the room where the Christmas tree was all ablaze and sparkling next morning, and, sweetest music to his storm-tossed, but now haven-found soul, were the rapturous words: "Oh, the beautiful—the beautiful!"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?



Facetious Customer—You ought to sell a lot of your consumption cure to that Chinese laundryman next door.

Druggist—Why so? Facetious Customer—According to his sign, he's Wun Lung.

TOO ADEPT



Announcer (county fair)—The next event will be a professional sack race for girls.

Visitor—What do you mean by professional?

Announcer—Those who have been wearing hobble skirts.

The Mother—You haven't seen the baby before; what do you think of him?

The Visitor—Remarkably fine child, macame; remarkably fine. Takes after you, madame, to a remarkable degree, absolutely remarkable, so, of course, if he wasn't a remarkably fine child it would be remarkable.