

COUNTRY BANKER IS ONE BUSINESS MAN WHO MUST KNOW EVERYTHING

Learns Human Nature, and Is in Touch With Neighborhood Comedy and Tragedy.

HAS HAD MANY EXPERIENCES

Not the preacher nor the doctor uncovers as many queer quirks of human nature as the country banker. No professional man lives closer to the heart of the community's life and to the lives of the individuals of the community.

When I started in the banking business as a young man my duties were a combination of janitor and book-keeper, Captain Brown, who had some six miles in the country, was a good customer of ours and very proud of his photographs.

blank checks before he got a signature that suited. This one he filled and swept the others contemptuously on the floor.

The cashier had expostulated with him in vain. "I will fix him," he said one day, as he filled out a signed check for five hundred dollars, at the same time crediting Captain Brown's account with an equal amount.

"What about this five hundred-dollar check?" he demanded. "I never drew such an amount."

The country banker must be an expert jack of all business. My duties in a country bank ranged from agricultural adviser to community financier and family confidant.

A young woman from our town had spent several months in the city. She came back with a "gentleman friend." He had a good appearance, but the fact that nobody was able

to find out much about him occasioned some talk, which came to my ears. I had met him socially, and was pleased with him, and when he came into the bank with the young woman and asked if I would cash a check for him, I gladly agreed.

The young woman was worthy. He drew a check well up to the hundreds, and I was just reaching for the money when, in a flash, all the gossip that I had heard came back to me, with distinct warning power. I handed the check to the girl and asked her to endorse it with him.

"The Prodigal Who Didn't Repent." Talk about business being prosaic! A Sherlock Holmes could find all the plots he wanted to untangle in the things that have come to me in the course of a day's work in a country bank.

Among my former customers was a Russian named Henry Petrowsky. He brought a draft for three hundred dollars to send to his son John, living fifteen miles south of the little town of X in British Columbia.

He asked me to forward this draft, saying he had already written that it was bogus. Three weeks later he was back, much disturbed. His son John had not received the money. I looked it up and found the draft had been paid and returned.

We sent it to Kansas City, but they could make nothing of it. Then we forwarded it to New York, where it was translated. It was a pathetic letter from an old man named Joan Petrowsky.

In the meantime, we had heard from the bank up there. They had cashed the draft for the old man, who lived fifteen miles north of their town. He had said it was from his son. Of course we had to hold them responsible and they, in turn, had to fall back on the poor, disillusion-

ed old father, and take away his horse and cow and wagons and chickens. That was one of the many times when minding our P's and Q's was an unpleasant task for both banks. And where was the prodigal?

"The Querer Start of 'Runs.'" Panics have played no small part in a country banker's life, and have brought out both serious and amusing incidents.

In the panic of '93 I came near having a run on my own bank because, forsooth, I had carried some china for my wife across the town to a friend who was to decorate it. The china was packed in a leather grip, and my way led past the depot.

Bankers are human and enjoy a chance to get even with exasperating customers. During the panic of 1903 an out-of-town customer wired in: "What is my balance? When can I draw it?" I wired back "collect": "Your balance 14 cents. Draw when convenient."

We country bankers do not accumulate a great deal of wealth, as a rule, nor draw down a very fat salary. Some of us might rise to positions of greater financial responsibility if we were willing to shut our hearts to the human element in our business, but we consider that a part of country banking.

THE APOSTLE PAUL

Was a Self Made Man and Had No "Pull."

Paul was a self-made man, writes Rev. Thomas B. Gregory. Like nearly all of the great ones, whose initiative has created civilization, Paul was, from the ground floor up, the architect of his own fortune.

Like most of the illustrious ones of the earth again, Paul was poor, and was obliged from the start to ask himself the question, "How am I to make my daily bread?"

Tents were an great and steady demand in those days, and the good tent-maker was pretty sure of a living.

Paul studied theology, to which line of thought he appears to have been unusually devoted; nor did it take him long to demonstrate to his contemporaries that within him was the making of one of the greatest theological doctors of all time.

It was a time of mingled wisdom and fanaticism, of deep pedagogic lore and bitter prejudice, and Paul was not slow in making it very uncomfortable for the Christians—the new sect that was beginning to claim so large a share of the world's attention.

But we can never tell what a day may bring forth, especially in the field of religious polemics, and all at once, to the joy of the new faith and the everlasting dismay of his old friends and co-workers, Paul turned Christian!

But the irony of history is something fearful to contemplate; Paul became the instrument of complete destruction of the faith that converted him. Jesus never for a moment thought of starting a new religion. The sole desire was to bring the religion of his fathers back to the simplicity and trust of the prophets, but change the whole program.

Furthermore, Paul introduced into the religion of Jesus which rested on love and good will, the terrible principle of persecution—a principle which Jesus never recognized—a principle which He turned from with all the strength of His gentle and rational soul.

No one doubts Paul's sincerity. He meant well. No soul of man since men have lived ever showed a grander spirit of self-sacrifice than was exhibited in the case of the "Apostle to the Gentiles," but primarily Paul was a theologian, and never for one moment did the great man ever have the faintest conception of the religion of Jesus.

The religion of Jesus would have been infinitely the gainer had Paul never lived, or had he kept close to his business of tent-making, leaving the gospel of the Galilean to win its victories by force of its own intrinsic beauty and fitness.

They move rapidly when they move at all down in Mexico. General Obregon was recently elected president, and now the opposition wants to unseat him before he is seated.

Holiday Tire Reduction Sale!

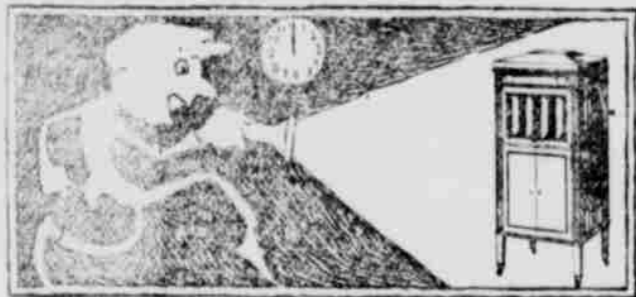
While they last we will sell Ford size DIAMOND SQUEEGEE TREAD TIRES at

50 per cent off the List Price.

Table with 3 columns: List Price, Sale Price, and Tire Size. Includes entries for 30 x 3 1/2 and 30 x 3.

Henderson Motor Co.

Ford Cars Trucks and Fordson Tractors Genuine Ford Parts



FOUND! The Musical Gem

It's here right in our store—ready to play for you the latest songs, dances, and operatic selections. Come in and get a close-up of the Columbia Grafonola.

Be sure to call and listen to this musical gem—the Columbia Grafonola.

W. J. Rudge Co.



SOCIAL

Mrs. C. W. Seales is visiting Mrs. J. H. Lee.

"To-night the winds began to rise. And rear from yonder drooping day; The last red leaf is whirled away. The rooks are blown about the skies; The forest crack'd, the waters cur'd. The cattle huddled on the lea; And wildly dash'd on tower and tree. The raindrops from the clouds un-fur'd."

But the cloud and gloom of the outside were instantly forgotten upon entering the lovely, spacious home of Sorosis' charming hostess, Mrs. Chas. Icceman, Wednesday for the regular meeting of the afternoon. The club is studying "Constructive Ventures in Government," a continuation of last year's program, "The New Citizenship." Current events were given by both members and visitors, this proving to be one of the interesting features of the program.

With the good mothers of our town and country awaking to a realization of their responsibility as citizens and guardians of the young, we are reminded of Tennyson's wonderful lines in "The Princess":

This fine old world of ours is but a child Yet in the go-cart, Patience! Give it time To learn its lubs: There is a hand that guides.

After the program, a delicious salad course, followed by block cream, fruit cake and bonbons, was served. In the dining room by Misses Jennie Russell, Margaret Icceman and Mrs. D. L. Middleton. Each guest was presented a lovely Christmas card as souvenir and the Christmas suggestion was further carried out in the decorations of holly and mistletoe. Red carnations formed the centerpiece for the lace-covered table in the dining room.

Special Notices

One cent a word each insertion.

TURKEYS for Christmas.—Call Z. B. Rape, Helmsville central.

FOR RENT—Rooms for light house-keeping.—Mrs. L. R. Morris.

NOTICE OF SALE—I will, on Thursday, the 23rd day of Dec., 1920, at 12 o'clock, M., at the courthouse door in Monroe, offer for sale at public auction, one Chandler Club Roadster, 1917 model. This sale is made for the purpose of satisfying a lien on said car for repairs, the same being the property of W. E. Bailey. This Dec. 10th, 1920.—R. Sama.

BANG, BANG, BANG!

Boys, the Christmas holidays will soon be here, and in order to give you a chance to enjoy them more than ever before we have for you the largest, cheapest and most complete line of

FIREWORKS

ever offered for sale in the county, and as large a line as any in the State. We have received our Christmas order and can now furnish you with Baby Winkers, two inch, three inch and Thunderbolt Firecrackers, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 30 ball Roman Candles, Japanese, Jum-

bo and Vesuvius Safety Torpedoes, Pin Wheels, Small, Medium and Large Dragon Wheels, Chin Chins, Gee Whiz, Wonder Lights, Diamond Beauties, Silver Dragons, Hot Shots, Shower of Pearls, Nigger Chasers, Liberty Fountains, Etna Fountains, Vesuvius Fountains, Devil-on-the-Walk, Small, medium and large Dago Bombs, Small, Medium and large Sparklers, Dew Drops, Assorted Drum Fire, etc.

We are the only firecracker dealers in the city this season, and instead of taking advantage of this fact and making our prices much higher than

usual, we have, regardless of the fact that we had to pay a \$50.00 license on our fireworks, and also large freight bills, and on top of all this, the fireworks cost us more than ever before, been able to make them as cheap, if not cheaper than ever before.

See us, boys, when the Christmas spirit strikes you right and be in a hurry, for they are selling like 40 cent cotton would the first day.

Our place of business is located on South Parker Street, two blocks below the cemetery, back of Shute & Broom's gin.

Crowell & Walters Licensed Dealers.

Co-Operative Mercantile Co.

Preparation Being Made for

Big Removal

AND

Pre-Holiday Sale.

Watch The Papers

Co-Operative Mercantile Co.