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See our new style
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Home Trade Week

Nyssa Is Your Home Town

**The
Bank of Nyssa**
Is Your Home Bank

We are here to accomodate the Home Folks,
When in town come in and visit.
We want your friendship as well as your
business.

The Bank of Nyssa

Justice of the Peace

Notary Public

Fire Insurance and Real Estate

OFFICE IN OPERA HOUSE BUILDING

By strict attention to business, we beg to solicit
the patronage of the public in the vicinity of
Nyssa in the following lines:

FIRE INSURANCE

All classes, representing Eight of the Leading Companies

REAL ESTATE

Connections with all Eastern Points.

**Casualty Insurance and Surety Bonds
Plate Glass, Etc.**

To the Farmers would say we especially solicit their Insurance.

NOTARY PUBLIC—We are prepared to do any and all Notarial work.
DEPUTY REGISTRAR—Every man and woman over 21 years should register now
For the important election this fall.

Get your Hunting and Fishing License at this office.

J. BOYDELL, AGT.

Sailor-Authors.

Perhaps the most celebrated authors who started life as sailors are Fenimore Cooper, the famous author of "The Last of the Mohicans;" Clark Russell, the author of "Alone on the Wide, Wide Sea," and Frank T. Bullen, the author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot." This trio has made excellent use of the seafaring lore which only experience can give in the long list of works for which they are responsible.

Paper on Windows.

To make opaque the windows of a bathroom, paste floral paper napkins on the panes. When they are soiled they can be easily removed look neat and dainty, and ensure privacy, though they are somewhat of a makeshift.

Gigantic Formosan Tree.

In Formosa there is a tree between 2,500 and 3,000 years old, with a circumference of 65 feet and the lowest branch 45 feet from the ground. The tree is a species of cypress, the Japanese "beniki."

That Was Enough.

"Tommy, you bad little boy, why did you stick out your tongue and wriggle your nose at your nice aunty?" asked the fond mamma of a four-year-old lad. "Well, she said I was a sweet child," was the reply.

Anger.

Anger is by no means a sign of a strong character but, on the contrary, that of a weakling whose soul, so far from getting expurgated of its revengefulness, is still more confounded by it.—Seneca.

First Thing in Nature.

The nature of the universe is the nature of things that are. This nature is styled Truth; and it is the first cause of all that is true.—Marcus Aurelius.

Persistent Man.

Friend—"What about the rent of a place like this? I suppose the landlord asks a lot for it?" Hardup—"Yes, rather. He's always asking for it."

He Might Bite.

A good many people sympathize with the under dog, but they don't want the upper dog to know it, says the New York Times.

Bonds and Bonds.

Briggs—"I'm going to my brother's; I want to get rid of some bonds. Where are you off to?" Griggs—"To my divorce lawyer's. I want to get rid of some bonds, too."

Daily Thought.

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.—Shakespeare.

JUST TO CELEBRATE FARMERS' GOOD LUCK

Well folks! Just to celebrate the farmers' good luck in raising big bumper crops around Nyssa this year and because the prices are good, the HOME TOWN, YOUR TOWN, wants to congratulate you. Nyssa is the town that was built at this point to help this fertile region grow. Everything in it is here because the farmer needs it, and for no other reason. The merchants came here and built stores and filled them with goods so the farmer could get the clothes, groceries, hardware, machinery, feed, lumber and fuel he needs. Schools have been built to educate the children, churches erected to worship the God that give us this fertile land to live in. The postoffice was established and rural routes to carry your mail. Hotels built to feed and house you in when in town. Telephone lines built to your country homes. It offers a shipping point for your produce and a depot from whence you can come and go on a main line road to other places, and can receive material shipped in from other points. A newspaper is located here to tell the world of your deeds and prosperity, to report the news so you may read what progress is being made. Banks to keep your money safe. All this for you, Mr. Farmer, and more. Here is the cheese factory buying milk from the farmers at a higher price than can be obtained anywhere else in the country. Bringing in money from the outside world to put in your pockets. Here in Nyssa men and women are working morning, noon and night striving to please the farmers. It isn't done for glory, nor sentiment. It is done to make a living. But the

farmer is getting the benefits just the same.

Without the farmer there would be no town of Nyssa. Without Nyssa, the farmer would lose the value of his land and much of his labor. His work would be harder. He could not progress. Without the town the country would never develop. So one must depend upon the other, and each must depend upon the other.

So you see that Nyssa belongs to you. It is your town. Every business man and merchant in Nyssa is in your employ, working for you. Your trade is what they want and must have. Therefore Home Trade Week. One week set aside to offer every inducement to the farmer to come to Nyssa and buy his goods, see what he is buying, and get prices as cheap as any mail order house can offer. To get you to buy from the men who give you credit, who pay taxes on your public conveniences, schools, roads, courts and utilities of all kinds, who show you the goods before they sell and take them back when unsatisfactory; who lend you money to harvest your crops, and who buy milk, butter, eggs, feed, grain and produce from you.

Nyssa wants you to feel that it is your HOME TOWN, that you own it, and are proud of it. Come to town next week and visit your merchants, your banks, your doctor and lawyer, your drugstore, your meat market, your blacksmith, your lumber yard and your newspaper. Put them on the back and jolly them along. Everyone of them has something good to offer this week, as will be seen by reading the ads. They are with you and want you to be with them.

'POOL' A MISNOMER

ONE cause of prejudice against billiards arises from the common use of a misnomer. The public read, for instance, of certain crimes and misdemeanors occurring in a "pool" room, and carry the impression that the item refers to a game room; when in reality such events never happened in any billiard hall, and were in no way connected with the game of billiards. The better class of billiard-room keepers have sought to eliminate this confusion by dropping the word "pool" in connection with their business because of the unsavory meaning generally given the word "pool." Pool is not a game, but is applied to the game of billiards by some through ignorance. The word has become obnoxious because many persons do not understand, when reading of the pool room in connection with the race-horse gambling and other forms of chance, that a billiard room is an entirely different thing. There is nothing in common, and to speak of a billiard parlor as a pool hall is a great mistake. The pool room is the resort of gamblers who are there to wager money and for that purpose only. There are no games there, except perhaps some dice. All the paraphernalia necessary for a pool room is a telegraph instrument a pencil, a pad of paper and money to wager.

All the tables for social games in a billiard hall are billiard tables and all games played thereon are games of billiards—pocket billiards and carom. Like the great American game of baseball, the game of billiards has had a splendidly clean record, and it is rightfully called the "gentleman's game," because of that record. This is evidenced by the fact that in all the great Y. M. C. A. buildings in the country, as also in many of our best homes, a room is devoted to this most beautiful and entertaining of games.

The Brunswick has always been a gentlemen's resort, patronized by the best people in this community.

One 1915 Cigar free with every Game Rotation Home Buyers' Week.

The Brunswick Billiard Room

HARRY SHARP, Prop.