AMERICAN UNION

Vol. 63, No. 45. DENTON, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1919. $1.00 Per Year.

Luck and Lack

Don't trust to luck. Luck is untrustworthy. Systematic, scientific striving for any goal is far more likely to bring you success than any mere faith in your success.

Just as changing a single letter changes "Luck" to "Lack," so will the reverses of a single day change plenty to want. But you can insure yourself against this by building your success on the habit of saving.

Save and Win

Be well dressed. Make friends. Increase your influence in your community. Enjoy the respect of all your associates.

These things do not come to those who trust to luck for them. Systematic saving will win them for you. Systematic saving will accumulate for you a small fortune that can safely and readily be expanded to a large one.

Decide on a regular deposit and start depositing NOW.

Messages to Seekers of Success



To Save Your Money and Make Your Money Safe

BANK WITH US

THE PEOPLES BANK
DENTON, MD.
H. T. NUTTLE, President, T. F. JOHNSON, Cashier.

F. J. Wright F. J. Wright
DENTON, MARYLAND

School Supplies—Pens, Pencils, Erasers, Ink, Tablets, Books.
Watches, Clocks—Chime and Alarm.

Kodaks and Supplies

Jewelry,
Fine Cut Glass,
and China Ware

Let us fit you with glasses that will give you the best satisfaction.

F. J. WRIGHT
Jeweler and Optometrist
Denton, Maryland

DR. W. A. SMITH,
DENTIST
DENTON, MARYLAND.

Dentistry in all its branches at prices that, for workmanship and quality of material, cannot be equaled in the city or elsewhere.

Artificial Teeth.—Some want quality, others quantity We can furnish teeth at any price.

OPEN DAILY FROM 8 A. M. TO 5 PM.
Appointments by mail or telephone.
Telephone No. 82.

Dudley & Carpenter
—GENERAL—
Commission Merchants
125 Light Street
BALTIMORE, MD.
4-3,1y]

ROWLAND'S
TURKISH BATH
Equitable Building
Calvert & Fayette Sts. BALTIMORE
NEVER CLOSED
S. K. SIMPSON, Chiropodist MASSAGE
[4-3,1y

HENRY R. LEWIS J. OWEN KNOTTS
LEWIS & KNOTTS
Attorneys-at-Law
Court House Square DENTON, MD.
General practice of Law and Collections.

American Union still $1.00

The Denton National Bank
Denton, Md.

SAVING a dollar and investing it shows more patriotism than singing the Star Spangled Banner. It is serving the country, by increasing its capital and promoting its thrift.

Saving promotes character; makes better citizenship; increases the general happiness. Whether your income is little or big, SAVE.

Make a resolution NOW to start your Savings Account, and come at once to The

Denton National Bank

Our Up-to-Date Savings Department pays you

4 Per Cent.

computed quarterly, on your money. We solicit your banking business.

HARVEY L. COOPER,
President.

PATENTS

OBTAINED If you have an invention to patent, please send us a model or sketch, with a letter of brief explanation for preliminary examination and advice. Your disclosure and all business is strictly confidential, and will receive our prompt and personal attention.

D. SWIFT & CO.
Patent Lawyers
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY BALLOT.

(To be printed on white paper)

FOR CHIEF JUDGE OF THE SECOND JUDICIAL CIRCUIT VOTE FOR ONE		
WILLIAM H. ADKINS TALBOT COUNTY	DEMOCRATIC	
OMAR D. CROTHERS CECIL COUNTY	DEMOCRATIC	
THOMAS ALAN GOLDSBOROUGH CAROLINE COUNTY	DEMOCRATIC	
FOR STATE'S ATTORNEY VOTE FOR ONE		
W. BREWSTER DEEN	DEMOCRATIC	
J. OWEN KNOTTS	DEMOCRATIC	
WILLIAM J. RICKARDS	DEMOCRATIC	

The above ballot is published in accordance with the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland.

JOHN K. LYNCH,
RICHARD T. WEST,
HARRY B. MASON,
Board of Supervisors of Elections for Caroline County.

C. LESLIE WALLS, Clerk.

The Goldsboro Bank
Goldsboro, Maryland

Capital	Surplus	Deposits
$12,000.00	$10,000.00	$260,000.00

Learn To Do Without.

"That's easy," some say today who never thought very hard.

It's hard at times, but it gets you somewhere, when coupled up with Saving.

"Doing without" and "Saving money" are a fine team when handled with a steady hand and a cheery word; they'll pull you right to the top of the hill.

Then you'll make two discoveries; one, that you've left the poor-house and the bread line at the bottom of the hill; ahead of you, opportunities that you can grasp with ready money gathered during the steady pull up.

Turn your seed dollar in your pocket into a growing dollar in bank.

The Goldsboro Bank,
Goldsboro, Md.
ROBERT JARRELL, JR., Cashier

The Ethiopian

By DORA H. MOLLAN

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The Ethiopian lives over the kitchen range in the basement of 46 Darrow street, New York city. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Lee reside on a ranch near Cody, Wyo. Every year they journey over the intervening space on a swift limited and make their obeisance to the grinning slave.

Ebony black, with an orange smile, he stands ever patiently bearing aloft on his flattened palms a woven basket of gorgeously colored tropical fruits. Quivering heat waves rise around his stalwart form, but to such a temperature he inherits immunity. The dark city kitchen with its dismal outlook steals something of the spirit of the "Thousand and One Nights" from his colorful presence.

For three years now have Mr. and Mrs. Lee made the pilgrimage to this shrine. And just four years and two months ago the events took place, grateful memory of which brings them back.

In those days Mrs. Stanley was Evelyn Brooks, fashion artist for the Standardized Pattern company, and Stanley was making his first ranchman's business trip East. He not only belonged to the West, but looked it, for he was tall and broad, with the keenly interested eyes of the plainsman, and his sartorial preferences ran to corduroy, soft shirts and the like. So he was dressed at nine o'clock on this morning as he ran down the two flights of stairs which led from his aunt's apartment to the basement kitchen in the house on Darrow street.

Aunt Mag was all right and a good sport, Stanley was thinking on the way down, even if she had horrified the Cody folk last summer, driving to town dressed in a queer, shapeless garment of bright green, with sandaled feet and floppy hat, embroidered with impossible flowers. He grinned as he recalled the commotion she had caused in the post office. But all the same, this way of living got his goat—staying up most of the night and sleeping until noon, like a bat.

Four hours after his usual breakfast time, and not a sound from his aunt's room! Her last words before bidding him good night had been: "Stan, dear, if you get hungry before I'm up in the morning, just run down stairs and cook yourself something. There is a community kitchen down in the basement and you'll find my things on a shelf labeled with my name. Help yourself."

Stan didn't exactly like the idea of fussing around in some one else's house, but he was desperately hungry; so he tried a door that looked as if it might open into a kitchen. It did, but the room was so gloomily dark that he lighted the gas. Just then the door bell rang.

Stanley stood still and listened, but there was no sound of steps along the bare floor of the hall, and again it rang. So he ran up the basement stairs and opened the door. On the steps stood a girl. She was quite good to look upon, dressed in an unusual shade of blue-green, with hat to match, trimmed with small flowers of many colors.

The young woman appeared perhaps a bit surprised when this big young man opened the door, but remarked in a quite ordinary tone of voice: "I came to paint over the kitchen stove."

Now, Stanley knew enough, from his short experience of this casual, bohemian life his aunt led, to be prepared for the unexpected, but at this strange announcement his mouth half opened and he looked quite idiotic, for no words came from it. In the first place it was Sunday morning, and in the second the girl was not only well, but expensively dressed.

Handsome young women in costly clothes coming around on the Sabbath to do a job of house painting were utterly outside his experiences.

Stan's thoughts were becoming even more hopelessly muddled when the girl spoke again: "I left my materials at the basement door and I will go and get them if you don't mind letting me in that way—would you?" And as Stan seemed still to be in a sort of trance, she added: "Miss Sanderson expects me, but I presume she hasn't arisen yet." And she ran down the steps.

Stanley recovered enough to close the door, make his way downstairs again and admit this unaccountable visitor at the basement entrance. She knew the landlady, evidently, so it must be all right. He helped, as a matter of course, with the brushes and pails, but still remained tongue tied.

When they gained the kitchen the young woman asked Stan to bring the stepladder from the laundry, and proceeded to remove her hat and coat. When he returned with the ladder the girl stood on the far side of the room gazing at the painted area of wall directly above the set-in range.

"You see," she said, "these walls are such a horrible, gloomy color, and the agent just won't do another thing to the house. Miss Sanderson can't afford to do them over herself, so I offered to paint something colorful up there. Don't you think fruit would be nice?"

"But that's rather tame," she continued speculatively; then, her face illuminated by a sudden idea, she exclaimed: "Oh, I know!" and betook herself to the top of the ladder with the agility of a squirrel.

Though Stanley Lee's tongue had been idle, his eyes had refused to go on a sympathetic strike, and what he saw was a slight, almost boyish figure, with a mop of short black hair, clad in a becoming smock of bright orange. Then he spoke—actually spoke.

"Wouldn't my fussing around here bother you any? You see, my aunt, whom I am visiting, isn't up yet, and I'm nearly starved."

The lady of the pigments, absorbed in her work, replied that it would not—not at all. But she did not add what she was thinking, that this was quite the handsomest man she had seen for some time. Under her facile brush the bright colors took shape, and in Stanley Lee's mind an intention took shape—not to leave on the next day as he had intended, but to stay a while and cultivate this girl's acquaintance. Perhaps she would go to some shows with him.

Even so, she did. Aunt Margaret appeared opportunely and got together some breakfast and insisted on Evelyn's participation in it, and Stanley took his courage in hand and suggested that "show" idea; and they went to the show, and more shows; and not only to the theater, but once to the opera and to a concert and hunted up several queer and interesting places to dine together—and for a week the Ethiopian over the kitchen range remained blind as a mole for want of eyes, and it wasn't till Sunday again that Evelyn got her breath and insisted that the Ethiopian must be finished.

So again she came with her brushes and paints, and this time Stanley was on the alert and let her in at the basement door in a jiffy. But he was stiff and silent, while the artist girl busied herself with her preparations and quite forgot to lend her a hand as she climbed the stepladder. For many minutes he watched the deft hand giving sight and life to the blazing picture of the slave. Then he blurted:

"You've made a man of him; a regular, breathing, living man. But he won't even say 'thank you, ma'am.' You can do as much for me, Miss Evelyn, if you will, and I'll be a heap sight more willing slave to you than that chap up there, happy as he looks. Here you're just doing things for dead walls—come out to Wyoming and fill with warmth and color a human life!"

Evelyn looked down at him from the ladder for a long minute. Then she climbed down and said: "Stan, that's the biggest commission I ever had. I'll undertake it."

Do you wonder that they love the Ethiopian and come back every year for a little fling in New York under his grinning chaperonage?

Great Wealth in Ivory.

To the northeast of the mouth of the Lena—which is one of the great rivers of the world, rising in eastern Siberia and flowing northward to the Arctic ocean—is a group of islands which must formerly have been connected with the mainland. There an American naval expedition, which sought survivors of the ill-fated Jeannette, found deposits of mammoth tusks that were literal ivory mines.

The frozen soil of the islands was so crowded with mammoth skeletons as to suggest that the mighty pachyderms must have had there a "dying place," to which, through thousands of years, they resorted when death approached. Lieutenant Schuetze, who was a member of the expedition, told the writer that there was a big fortune to be gained by a few adventurous men who should take a stanch vessel through Bering strait at the opening of the arctic summer, dig for ivory and return in half a dozen weeks. They would encounter perils, however, for the coast is most inhospitable and almost uninhabited.

The Art of Talking.

The art of talking is rare, but if one has the least spark of talent it may be improved. Time, thought, and constant practice are necessary to develop any faculty. We cannot hope to learn music, painting, or tennis without practice, and so it is with conversation. We cannot expect to talk well in society if we are dull, silent, taciturn at home. We must read the best books to learn the fluent use of language; we must learn to think and to remember, to observe carefully; we must keep in touch with the events of the day, not merely within a narrow circle but in the wide world. General knowledge is necessary. Books, magazines and newspapers are within the reach of every one. An ideal conversationalist is a conscientious listener, the first to see merit, the last to censure faults. A very earnest talker is not always popular because of heaviness; to be able to talk about nothing in a way to make that airy subject interesting is a talent. Small talk is valuable socially.

Accommodating Lily.

South America is not the only country that can boast of large leaves. In India the Victoria Regia grows leaves several feet across, and with a buoyancy sufficient to sustain the weight of a child. The edges turn up and form a sort of bowl.

Fish of Lake Erie.

Lake Erie produces more fish to the square mile than any other body of water in the world.

Your Business Partner

It is a good bank's duty to assist its clients in the solution of their problems — whether they be the problems of a merchant or a farmer. Both are business men.

In fulfilling this moral obligation, we like to consider our organization as your business partner — interested in your success and eager to forward your plans.

Confidential Counsel

If you wish sound advice in seeking credit, making investments, or even the more personal problems of your business you will be welcomed here. You will find a talk with our officers helpful.

This service is in addition to those commonly attributed to banks and is a mark of our appreciation for your account.

We want to show you that this bank wants your business. And we want to show you the many practical benefits you receive through placing it here.

Messages to Seekers of Success



To Save Your Money and Make Your Money Safe

BANK WITH US

Caroline County Bank
GREENSBORO, MD.
T. CLAYTON HORSEY. Cashier.

First-Class Square Berry Cups
Berry Crates
Trays : Boxes : Baskets

are manufactured and are on sale at reasonable prices at our works

WE SELL Lumber—Rough and Dressed; Shingles, Lath, Windows, Doors, Blinds, Lime, Hair, Cement, Coal, Hay, and all kinds of

BOX : SHOOKS.

THE HUGHES LUMBER AND COAL CO.,
Denton, Maryland.



Make your roof leak-proof to stay. Lay Genasco and you'll have a roof that makes you free from care and saves your repair-money.

Genasco lasts because the natural oils of Trinidad Lake Asphalt give it resisting, lasting life. It doesn't dry out and crack like ordinary roofing. Come and let us explain its economy.

L. B. TOWERS & BRO., Denton, Md.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3542-0262.jpg