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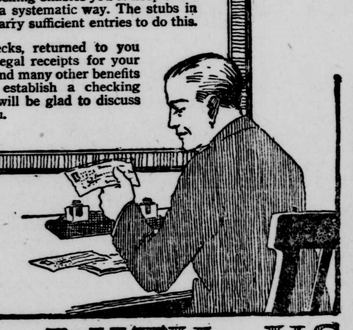
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Saving promotes character; makes better citizenship; increases the general happiness. Whether your income is little or big, SAVE.

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WASTE COUNTRY MADE RICH

Enormous Rubber Plantation in Sumatra Developed by American Industry in Ten Years.

Perhaps the most surprising thing about the enormous rubber plantation that covers nearly 100,000 acres in Sumatra, recently described by a writer in Commerce and Finance, is that less than ten years ago one could have traveled these acres without seeing a rubber tree. The land was acquired by an American company, and the rubber trees followed. Today they count up to something like 5,000,000, tended by an army of about 16,000 laborers, most of whom come from the neighboring island of Java. The land rises to a slight eminence overlooking the sea of rubber trees which stretches for miles in every direction, with here and there glimpses of the fine roads over which motor cars travel the plantation on business or carry passengers between the bungalows of the estate managers. Sixty-five miles of narrow-gauge railway run through this remarkable rubber forest, with every tree raised in response to the twentieth century commercial demand for rubber.

Newspaper Men "Struck."

Probably the first "strike" ever called at a convention of the American Federation of Labor, and against that body, was called by the newswriters assigned to cover the sessions. During the course of the convention one of the delegates made criticisms of the way in which the convention news was handled. The newspaper men immediately filed out of the hall and sent word to the convention that they had gone on strike. While certain delegates were branding the newswriters as "bolsheviki," others insisted that they form a committee and present their demands. The demands were formulated and presented. The convention granted them by acclamation, and the reporters were given an ovation when they filed back to their desks. So it was settled.

Little Lonesomes

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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In one back garden little Joy Ransom played at doll house and just over the fence Harold Ainley struggled with tracks and engines.

In the room above and overlooking both gardens Joy's father struggled to finish his novelette that a check might find its way to his front door.

The back room in the other house held Harold's lovely mother, who typed other people's plays and wished with all her heart that she could have an office so that she would earn more money for the maintenance of her loved boy.

"Oh, mumsey, I can't make my switch work—the train won't turn!" wailed Harold from below to his mother, who was endeavoring to end the third act before she must go down to prepare her boy's supper.

"Daddy, daddy, I've torn Julia's bestest party dress and can't fix it," cried a small voice, thereby distracting her author father into hopelessness.

The continued interruptions to his work, the tenderness and pity he felt for his tiny daughter and his most complete disability to help her fatigued him and made him unfit for the work that must be accomplished if the pretty house was to be kept.

He dragged himself from his typewriter and went downstairs and out into the garden where his five-year-old offspring was weeping now with her doll held close in her wee arms.

And next door Helen Ainley had abandoned hope of finishing her typing and had gone out to her small son in a vain effort to help him with his railway system.

The high garden fence hid the small domestic tragedies from each other, but if a birdman had happened to fly overhead most any day in the week he would have seen two large gardens each with a tiny bit of lonesome humanity struggling to make a day happy without anyone to play with. There was not even the smallest of openings in the great fence, nor yet even a broken board through which childish curiosity might peer.

Had the fence been less perfect a most harmonious pair of lonesome children might have found each other and made the long days short. Also it would have given two distracted parents more opportunity to pursue their fortunes free from an ever-recurring demand on their time.

But one day, because it must always be the male who hunts, young Harold decided that he would like to know what lay on the opposite side of his confining wall. At seven years old a six-foot fence seems a regular Jack-in-the-Beanstalk climb. The vines were strong, or seemed so to Harold's venturesome mood.

Mumsey was not looking when he began the ascent; otherwise—well, happenings would undoubtedly have been different.

Harold gained the top with only minor struggles. His delight at seeing Joy in all her young beauty as a reward for his climb almost succeeded in sending him headlong into her garden. As it was, he perched himself like a squirrel on a branch and opened shameless conversation with the young lady with her dolls.

Joy made suitable replies and made no effort to conceal the delight his arrival on the fence gave her. She held her doll up for his inspection, only to be told that his railway track was much more fun. Joy only tossed her sunny curls.

Perhaps it was her disdain that unbalanced him, for a second later he thumped down into Joy's garden and lay in a heap among the pink geraniums that bordered, the wall.

Joy's shriek of dismay was so terrifying that her daddy flew down the stairs at top speed, scattering the pages of his novelette and leaving his heroine in a scandalous, wholly uncompromising position.

And Harold's mother flung a frantic glance at the two gardens, suspected the worst and barely escaped falling out of her window in an effort to see where her boy lay.

But the author had been so swift to the rescue that before she could withdraw from her window and dash down the stairs he had Harold in his arms. There were no bones broken and a most manly smile crept through the fright that lingered in the small adventurer's eyes.

Mrs. Ainley nearly collapsed over the window ledge in her relief.

"Sound as a bell," Ransom called up when he caught sight of her. In a flash he wondered why he had never before known that his next-door neighbor was a charming mixture of poetic loveliness and earthly reality. Her hair was sunkissed and reddish, her color delicate as hawthorne blooms and her nose had a smear of typewriter ink on it. He hoped that she, too, was not a poor struggling writer.

"How shall I get him back?" she was calling.

"Now that he has found his way over, may he not play with my daughter? I think they both need companionship." Ransom meantime had got rid of young Harold and was gazing straightway into Harold's mother's eyes."

"Poor little lonesomes," was what she softly answered, "if they don't disturb you I am happy to let him stay." Her eyes were suddenly appealing. "I am so terribly disqualified as a father," she added; "my boy does so need some one to help him with engines and tracks."

Ransom found himself shaking with sympathy for Harold.

"And my tiny daughter," he told her, "has one tragedy after another with her dolls. Only yesterday she tore what she calls her very bestest dress. Poor little soul, she certainly needs more mothering than I seem able to give her."

Mrs. Ainley's blue eyes were positively glistening with tears of sympathy for motherless little Joy.

"Still," she suggested, "if they can just play together perhaps they will manage to be more contented."

"I will have to make a small opening in the fence for them," Ransom said; "we don't want them scrambling over the fence."

"Oh! If you only would it would be a splendid way out of the difficulty. Do you think you can saw through those thick boards?"

"I'm sure I can," Ransom said, and decided his next heroine should have reddish hair and that peculiarly magnetic smile which was being wafted to him from the window. He decided also that he must see the smile often if he were to describe it worthily in his novel. "But if the boards are too awfully heavy I may have to remove a couple of them, which would make a gate quite big enough for grownup people to pass through; that is, if I have your consent?"

It was then that Mrs. Ainley chose to blush.

"I suppose it would be much simpler than sawing them," she said.

Ransom thought swiftly. If he could just finish off his story late that night he could work on the gate during the afternoon. The story must be completed. He sent another glance up at his neighbor and realized that the gate, too, must be finished—it was essential to his happiness. So long as the fence remained in its present perfect dividing state he would fret, and if he fretted he could not write stories. Something gentle and lovable about his neighbor's personality told him that he was going to have to write many stories. He seemed to sense that a greater income was going to be most necessary soon.

"It really should be done right away," he told her; "the children won't be happy now that they have found each other until they can play together, and I will try to help the boy with his tracks."

"And I will mend the bestest dress," said his heroine.

Ransom's neck was getting a bit crooked from continued looking up to his neighbor's window, but somehow he knew the outcome was going to be worth getting a stiff neck over. He felt that he must come in for more bodily discomfort after his carpentering efforts. Authors are not built for manual labor.

"Tonight's sun will set on two gardens made into one," he informed her, "and our children will be happy as the day is long."

"Some falls are all for the best," she said laughingly, while her eyes rested with added tenderness on her son.

"The very, very best," Ransom supplemented, while his eyes rested on the mother of her son. And if there was tenderness in them it could not be seen from so great a distance as the window next door.

However, the gate would be finished soon.

Worked for Centuries.

The fisheries of Ceylon, Madagascar and the Persian gulf, from which the best quality of Oriental pearls come, have been worked for centuries. Fine small pearls are taken there, but no more large ones. The world's hopes of finding large pearls of the best grade are now centered on Australia and the islands of the South seas.

Pearl fishing is an industry of importance on the coasts of Mexico, Central America and the West Indian islands and fresh-water pearls found in the rivers of the United States command good prices.

Why Diamonds Burst.

That diamonds burst is an old idea, which has been variously explained. It has been thought that the stones have been fractured by violent eruptions in the inclosing rocks, by sudden removal of pressure around them, or in the smoky specimens by spontaneous breaking up. Dr. J. R. Sutton concludes that the breaking usually results from the minerals inclosed. These may be garnet, zircon, ilmenite or iron pyrites, and such crystals, under ordinary heating at least, have so much greater expansion than the diamond that they would exert great pressure.

Duty.

There are persons who love to do everything good but that which their immediate duty requires. There are servants that will serve everyone more cheerfully than their masters; there are men who will distribute money liberally to all except their creditors, and there are wives who will love all mankind better than their husbands. Duty is a familiar word which has little effect upon an ordinary mind; and, as ordinary minds make a vast majority, we have acts of generosity, self-denial and honesty, where smaller pains would constitute greater virtues.—Mrs. Inshbald.

Ants' Remarkable Biting Power.

Every one has observed trees that have been hollowed out by ants, and it is apparent that their bitting powers are equal to working in the hardest woods. In tunneling, ants are expert, and authentic cases are known of their tunneling under ditches and streams.

APPLIED THE WRONG COLOR

Unfortunate Miscalculation of Indianapolis Young Lady Who Was Trying to Look Her Best.

One particularly hot day a pretty North side girl whose crowning glory is quite Titianly inclined, met a friend—a young man whom she had not seen recently—in Monument circle. At his suggestion they decided to take in the picture show and, incidentally, have a little visit.

Always solicitous about her appearance, this afternoon she was exceptionally so and fearful that her nose might, perhaps, be shiny. Wherefore on emerging from the theater, she lagged a little behind her escort, and, hastily opening her dorine box, gave her nose a surreptitious dab.

Fortified with the thought that even if it was a hot day she was looking pretty fair, she couldn't account for the very peculiar expression that she saw on his face as he turned to speak to her in the lobby. After a minute of strained silence, he said: "What have you been doing to your face, Elise? Trying to match your nose to your hair? It's a poor job if you did. Let's beat it back and you take a look in a mirror."

"Which same we did," she said, when she told the story on herself. Said she: "I knew he'd tell it, so I thought I might as well tell it first. Of course you know I hadn't powdered my nose. I'd rouged it—and abundantly, too. And it didn't come off as easily as it went on, either."—Indianapolis News.

PESTILENCE CAUSED BY WAR

Generally Understood That the Influenza Epidemic Was a Direct Result of Great Conflict.

Sufficient time has not yet elapsed to determine the indirect effects of the recent eruption of Mount Kloet in Java which wiped out over a score of villages and killed thousands of the natives, but recollections of Krakatoa's volcanic outburst in 1883 which within six weeks sprinkled its fine lava dust over the whole world, has given an interesting suggestion to certain members of the medical profession. During the closing year of the war an influenza epidemic raged in many parts of the world. The manner of its outbreak in different countries indicated that the germs of the disease had been conveyed by the currents in the air. The theory, therefore, has been broached that the poison gases with which many sectors of the fighting area were drenched were carried by the wind in every direction, causing the influenza outbreak in Spain, Germany, England, France, South America, Australia, Africa, Asia, as well as in the United States and some of the Central American countries. That the influenza is a corollary of the war is undoubted. Any similar gigantic conflict, is argued, would be attended with a similar widespread pestilence—another reason why every effort should be made to avert wars in the future.—Leslie's.

Persian Envoy at Mount Vernon.

Shortly after Sir Julian Pauncefote's coming to Washington a complimentary trip to Mount Vernon was arranged for him on the Mayflower, which was the president's yacht. Among the invited guests was the Persian minister. It was quite a social and impressive event. The spectacle of the minister of Great Britain paying respect to the tomb and memory of Washington did not pass without comment upon its historical significance. During the visit the Persian envoy was observed to be standing in profound reverie in front of the iron gate of the tomb. He remained in silence for some minutes, and then, doubtless full of obvious contrasts that might occur to an oriental mind from the land of shahs and of ivory palaces and gorgeous tombs, he turned to a friend and said: "How great a man and how little a cemetery!"—Lieutenant Colonel E. W. Halford in Leslie's Weekly.

German Cripples Employed.

According to the American Journal for Cripples, published in this city, Germany issued a peremptory order in January requiring the employment of her disabled soldiers. All public and private industries, offices and administrations are directed to employ at least one disabled soldier for every 100 persons on the working staff, making no distinction of sex, it is stated.

In agricultural work the proportion must be one disabled soldier to every 50 employees, and in all cases the disabled cannot be discharged except with the consent of the workmen's committee and after receiving 14 days' notice. Private employers who disregard the order are liable to a fine of not more than 10,000 marks.

American Buys Old Chapel.

The Havas agency states that an American has bought the Belle Croix chapel, on the heights of Villeneuve-les-Avignon, France, which was built by the Chartreuse monks in the fourteenth century.

The chapel, which contained some fine carving, has been carefully torn down and packed for transit to an unknown destination.

Rastus' Ambition.

Visitor—Rastus Johnson is very shiftless, isn't he?

Sambo—No, suh. Dat man am de most ambitious niggah what is.

Visitor—Ambitious?

Sambo—Yes, suh. He says he won't be satisfied until his wife am doin' all de washings in town.—Life.

Your Declaration of Independence

Follow your country's example. Declare your independence—independence of the tyranny of financial worries. Banish the fear of the future. Win your complete freedom—and hold it. You do all these by starting to save and keeping at it.

Your signature to your initial savings deposit slip is your declaration of independence. Every daily or weekly deposit will be a celebration—safe and sane.

Save for Your Future

Ready cash makes you ready for opportunity. To be financially prepared is to have practical insurance on success.

You dream of the future. Why not plan to realize those dreams? Decide on a definite saving policy and stick to it with determination. You will be building character as well as capital. And character will bring you extra capital when you need it. Sign your declaration of independence today!



Messages to Seekers of Success

To Save Your Money and Make Your Money Safe

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T. CLAYTON HORSEY, Cashier.

Fall Millinery

Our Fall Millinery is now on display. Certainly you will find higher priced hats, but no where will you find More Style or better made hats and low prices.

Butter, Eggs and Poultry Taken in Trade.

A. E. MILLER

Carter Block Denton, Md.

MICKIE SAYS



"Henrys" and "Harrys."

While I know one Harry who was so christened with disregard for the more dignified Henry and there may be other instances of the kind, there seems to be little doubt that the latter is the parent of the former name. England has always called its King Henrys "Harry." During the reign of Henry VI, who succeeded to the throne in 1422, there was a piece of money coined called the Harry noble, and in the time of Henry VIII there was a tiny coin named the Harry groat. "In Jerusalem shall Harry die," said Henry IV.—Chicago Daily News.

Daily Thought.

Labor, you know, is prayer.—Bayard Taylor.

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The Hour-Glass.

Instead of being obsolete the hour-glass in various forms is a present-day necessity. An authority points out that for such purposes as trimming, hardening and tempering heats in twist drill manufacture, where seconds or minutes must be gauged accurately, nothing serves like the hour-glass with the right amount of sand.

On Discarding the Old.

The great discard the old because it has been found insufficient or false, the small because it is old. While the former is influenced by reason, the latter is by disgust. Genius wants to do more than its predecessor; he who apes genius, merely something different.—Lessing.

Strange Animals.

At the foot of Mount Kowang, in North Manchuria, there live strange animals called "faru-nanban-kau." They are larger than ordinary apes and dig spacious caverns on the rocky sides of the hills. During the spring and summer they store up sufficient food for the winter.

Method of Faking Violins.

A claim which has been made for X-rays is that by exposing to their light a good modern violin it will acquire the characteristic tone of a genuine Strad, the action of the rays in a few hours ageing the wood by some 60 years.

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