

PALMS OR APPLE

By MYRTLE ALICE LITTLE.

So you think you're tired of the East and us Easterners, and you're leaving us for the foggy Pacific?

Molly flecked her blue-black curls away from her saucy little face, patted Len's rough gray sleeve and smiled up into his eyes.

You think I'm funny, don't you, Len, to want to go? Why, it's the chance of a life time. I've always read about the palms and tulles of roses and—

And earthquakes and desert summers, muttered Leonard Ray, uneasily.

Now uncle's got me that candy store place with the nice manager there isn't any reason why I shouldn't go. And he's even sent my fare both ways, Molly went on as if Len hadn't thrown the cold water over her dream.

I'm a reason why, Len protested solemnly. Nice managers aren't in it! The nifty brown bungalow in the apple orchard is waiting, Molly. Your starting off is going to mean we can't be married before fall and—

I never promised, Len. I always wanted to see something of the world first, anyway. You said the bungalow was a good investment.

You know what kind of an investment I meant, Molly, Leonard told her. Wait and maybe we can go West together some time. You'll find things different out there. You'll get homesick for the apple trees.

I will not! Molly laughed. I want to find things different. Then she added without the least malice in the world, I want to find folks different, too.

They are, I've heard, Len remarked briefly. If you want the fun they'll give you, and that's all, I'm sorry, Molly. You needn't think you're going to find a man out there that likes you better than I do. It can't be done, girl. Nice manager! Unph!

You funny boy? Molly laughed, but she was thinking right hard.

The next week Molly Saunders started on the journey of her life, waving cheery good-bys to the family, but seeing longest under the ebbert station roof the sober face of Leonard Ray as it still pleaded for her not to go.

As she neared her journey's end Molly began to grow actually frightened, but she didn't know why.

I wanted it to be different, Molly told herself bravely. But I didn't know it was going to be lonely different.

Uncle and aunt met her at the station and hardly gave her a chance to get the awful sticky black washed off and a fresh blouse on before they took her to the candy store. They're short of help, and the manager, Norton Frost, is keeping the place open for you. You've got to pitch right in, said uncle.

And Molly pitched in bravely, learning candy, candy prices, candy smiles and sweltering in the new kind of heat that seemed to be willing her to a frazzle. What a stuffy place the city was. And foggy; and then it never rained. Umbrellas were only needed for Molly's tears nights after she went to bed—funny tears; almost as if their owner were homesick. And wasn't the city packed! No extra room, like Len's fields and meadows. Ed Norton Frost, manager, was nice and jolly and Western. There was that to be thankful for.

The second week he asked Molly to go to the show with him. She went, and cried softly all through the big picture because it had soft, pretty hills and farmers in it that reminded her—well, hills and all—of Leonard Ray, whose letter had just about broken her heart that morning. It had been so lonesome sounding.

She had the desert heat Len had warned her about; she had all the candy she could eat; the homey life at her aunt's, besides the attention of Norton Frost. But with all this Molly's throat got lumpier and lumpier.

It's what I've always dreamed about, sighed Molly. All those things and a real son of the Golden West for a husband.

Norton laughed. Then it's settled, little Molly, and we can be married in the fall!

Then suddenly Molly dashed away so fast that she stepped on the prickliest cactus in the park.

You mustn't kiss me, ever, Mr. Frost, she stammered. You see—I— Molly got on the other side of the cactus. I've dreamed about all these things, but they were sort of a nightmare, I guess. I'm homesick. I want Leonard Ray and the apple trees. We want to come here some time together, you see. I shouldn't have let you take me places, because—all the time I've been imagining you were Len—and—

I'm from Boston, anyway, Molly, laughed Norton Frost easily. You're not losing much of a Westerner. Might call on you some time when I'm East. Len Ray is an old friend of mine. He told me to keep an eye on you and give you a good time; but he's been missing you lately pretty bad, so I thought I'd better make you—see how you really felt about things.

Molly recovered from the amazing deluge with remarkable calm; and in a deliciously short time took the fast cross-continent train to Leonard Ray and that brown bungalow in the apple orchard and the best little town in the world.

UNITED STATES LEADS ALL

Country Estimated to Have Coal Sufficient to Last for at Least 2,000 Years.

Considering the world's sources of industrial energy, Svante Arrhenius finds that the United States leads in fuel, as in other resources, with coal probably sufficient for 2,000 years. England is in the most uncomfortable condition of any of the great coal producing countries, and faces exhaustion of its mines within a little less than 200 years. Germany probably has coal enough for a little more than 1,000 years. The world's production of mineral oils represents not quite 3 per cent of the energy contained in the yearly production of coal, and it is urged that the supply should be reserved for fighting and heating. Natural gas offers only a small total of energy as compared with oil. The available part of the United States is less than one-half of 1 per cent of the estimated coal, and the condition in Europe is about the same. Turning to water power, it is found that 0.5 horse power per individual would supply the present need for industrial energy, and that this is the latest corrected showing of available total horse power and horse power per inhabitant: Asia, 236,000,000, and 0.27; Africa, 160,000,000, and 1.14; North America, 150,000,000, and 1.17; South America, 94,000,000, and 5.25; Europe, 65,000,000, and 0.13, and Australia, 30,000,000, and 3.75. Of the different countries, Canada has 26,000,000, and 4 per cent per inhabitant; United States, 100,000,000, and 1; Iceland, 2,000,000, and 22; Norway, 13,000,000, and 5.2; Sweden, 6,700,000, and 1.2; Finland, 2,600,000, and 0.8; Balkan countries, 10,000,000, and .05; Switzerland, 1,500,000, and .04; Spain, 5,300,000, and 0.26; Italy, 5,500,000, and 0.15; France, 4,000,000, and 0.12; Austria-Hungary, 6,200,000, and 0.02; Germany, 1,450,000, and 0.02; Great Britain, 1,000,000, and 0.02; Russia, 3,000,000, and 0.02. Wind and tide power require too great expense for concentration; sun power offers possibilities in irrigating arid lands.

He Hadn't Started.

Hiram Meadows was an old-fashioned farmer. He firmly believed in that quaint and without saying: "Early to bed, early to—." How does the rest of it go? He couldn't get along at all with the modern type of farm hand. So after thinking matters over, Hiram decided to reform. After many trials he secured a strapping big fellow and resolved to keep that hand if humanly possible. Accordingly, on the first morning he waited till four o'clock before sounding the breakfast call.

"Get out of there quiet, if you want anything to eat," "Thanks, very much," growled the gem. "But I never eat anything just before going to sleep."—Kansas City Star.

Water Power in China.

China's great commercial water highway, the Yangtze Kiang is to be put to work. To keep the river always at flood level, and, incidentally, to get rid of rapids which interfere with navigation, seven dams will be constructed. The project contemplates the development of 31,000,000 electric horse power, and will cost \$400,000,000.

This is the first important water power development undertaken in China, whose industrial future has a wonderful outlook in that direction. For, thanks to its lofty mountain ranges, the Flowery Land has far greater water power available than any other country in the world.

Judge Had It Wrong.

Charged with stealing a cheese, a man was brought up before a magistrate. The principal witness, a carter, told how he had seen the man snatch up the cheese and had run up and held him.

"Then you caught him in the nefarious act?" said the magistrate.

"The what, sir?" said the witness.

"You caught him in the nefarious act, I say," repeated the magistrate.

"Not me," was the reply. "I caught him in the passage just beside the grocer's shop."

Don't Sound Like Chopin.

Farmer Spuds and Mrs. Spuds were enjoying—experiencing would be a better word—their first concert.

"What be the name the orchestra's playin' of now?" asked the farmer of his spouse.

"I dunno," admitted Mrs. Spuds. "But I heard some bloke say as 'ow it were Chopin."

"Chopin!" snorted the farmer. "Chopin be blowed! It sounds a deal more—like sawing."

He Couldn't Tell.

"Where were you yesterday, Tommy Cribbs?" asked the teacher.

"Please, mum, I had the toothache?" answered Tommy.

"Has it stopped?" asked the teacher sympathetically.

"I don't know," said Tommy.

"What do you mean, boy? You don't know if your tooth has stopped aching?"

"No, mum, the dentist kept it."

Modest Apprehension.

"That audience cheered you for at least half an hour."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "I began to suspect that the folks would rather listen to their own demonstrations than to hear me speak."

The Real One.

"So they actually had smuggled whisky out that yachting party. This is going the limit."

"Oh, no. That's three miles out."



OUR FIXED PURPOSE

To so conduct the affairs of this bank as to contribute most to the permanent welfare and stability of our customers—this is what we ever hold in mind.

The future looms big for Rochester. The returns of the recent census give every evidence of this.

THE CENTRAL BANK welcomes the opportunities that future growth will bring to the industrial and commercial life of the city.

With all its strength and experience this bank looks forward to the certainty of dealing successfully with the problems of future development and again reminds the community that a line of credit once established here is always available regardless of money market conditions.

THE CENTRAL BANK

OF ROCHESTER

Main, Cor, Exchange Street

Wilder Building

Deposits made on or before October 4 draw interest as of October 1

Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

NAMING THE BABY

NAMING the baby is a delicate operation which requires more tact and finesse than discussing war with a total stranger. When a baby is born into the home it is carefully weighed by the proud father, who always throws in a couple of pounds for good measure, after which the entire family will begin to hunt around for a name that will satisfy everybody until the baby gets big enough to realize what has been attached to it.

Under our present mode of government the baby is not consulted about its name, but is obliged to accept any combination of letters which will keep an old maid aunt in good humor. Sometimes the baby is named after an ancestor who was an advocate of simplified spelling, and is thus given a short, jerky cognomen which follows it down to old age. Then also it is quite popular to hunt through the Bible for the correct spelling of Jereboam, and after this is determined the child is riveted to it and compelled to go.



through life explaining to curious friends that he was not old enough to prevent it. One of the greatest pleasures in life is to be presented with a set of twins and then try to locate a pair of long-meter names for them. Nearly all twins are given names that sound as much alike as possible, thus making it an easy matter to tell them apart after

They have been identified by the

If the baby is a boy, the mother always insists upon naming it after the father, which is a splendid arrangement, as in after life the father is able to handle about four-fifths of the son's mail and get a good, clear idea of the modern love letter when it has the proper carburetor adjustment. In the case of a girl baby it is always better to pick out a name that has been worn for several years by some rich relative who is looking for a good place to leave a farm covered with ripening alfalfa and red pigs.

It is a trying task to name a baby when the seventeenth member of the family. Some people use the telephone directory, while others can be seen feverishly scanning the society columns in the effort to find some name which has not been tried on any of the other children. Benjamin Franklin was the seventeenth child, but he survived his name and grew to be a great, good man, which teaches us to forgive our parents for what we received.

Cutting Him Short. "Senator Snortsworthy makes a good speech at a corner stone laying, but he lacks terminal facilities."

"I've provided 'em," said the master of ceremonies. "How's that?"

"When I give a signal, previously agreed upon, the band will strike up 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

His Favorite Time. "Wouldn't my little man like to go and visit grandma in the country?" asked his mother. "Yes, mamma, if the chickens are ripe now," replied the six-year-old.—Boston Transcript.

On His Way. "Found an honest man at last, Diogenes?" "I have hopes, after listening to some campaign oratory."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Clue. "You said the suspected moonshiners gave you a clue by singing. What was the song?" "Oft in the Still-y Night."

Often the persistent man accomplishes a lot of things that are not worth while.

SAW TO CARVE POT ROAST

Great Idea of Inventor May Come to Nothing Because of Opposition of Family.

"A friend of mine of an inventive turn of mind has invented a pot-roast saw that seems to work very well," said Mr. Glimmerton, the other day. "Of course you can't tell finally and definitely about this until it has had a more extended trial; there have been plenty of inventions that seemed wonderful at the start, but that failed when put to the hard test of practical use, but my friend's pot-roast saw seems now to be a regular hummer."

"You know the pot roast? In these days when economy is more or less essential we buy now and then a pot roast; the meat is cheaper to start with, and it lasts longer."

"On its first day the pot roast goes grandly; it is tender then, being freshly cooked, and we really like it first rate. And on the second day it does pretty nicely, too; but by the third day it comes to be very hard; in fact, by the third day, as it lies there on the platter, it looks and in substance it is very much like a chunk of mahogany, and it is really about as hard as mahogany would be to carve."

"It was one day when my friend was struggling with a third-day pot roast that this idea of a pot-roast saw flashed upon him all of a sudden. He said nothing to his family about it at the time, but he went to a shop where they put inventors' ideas into form and had them make for him the saw that he had thought up. He smuggled the completed outfit into his house and then the next time they had a pot roast he brought it out on the third day, to the great astonishment of his family and rigged it up for use."

"It is really very simple. It is just a lovely little circular saw mounted on a small strip of mahogany that can be clamped to the edge of the table. It is actuated by a tiny electric motor for which you get the current through a cord attached to an electric light socket, precisely the same as you would for a toaster or a percolator, and the saw is adjustable, so that you can cut with it thick or thin slabs of the pot roast, as may be desired."

"It works, it works perfectly; and my friend is enthusiastic about it. The only thing he is afraid of is that his family's objections to it, vigorous from the start, will become so strenuous that he will be compelled to take the saw away before it has had what he

would consider to be a fair, fair, complete and satisfactory trial."

And Yet It Was Tough!

A woman famous locally for her ducks sold one to Brown, her neighbor. But it proved particularly tough, and as Brown had paid a big price for the bird he called on the vender without delay.

"What do you mean by imposing such a duck upon me, one of your neighbors?" he inquired.

"Why, was there anything wrong with it?"

"Wrong! It wasn't good at all!" replied the dame. "It won the first prize at all the poultry shows for 11 years in succession!"

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN PEACE TIME

Child Welfare



Boys and girls who learn early to take proper care of their teeth, throats, eyes, ears and stomachs, have made a long step toward healthy manhood and womanhood. Through its public health and nursing services, the American Red Cross aims eventually to reach all school children with teachings regarding disease prevention and health promotion. Here's a school nurse treating a little girl for sore mouth, at the same time imparting a valuable lesson in teeth-brushing and proper diet.

Any man ought to be satisfied with his lot if it is worth \$5,000 a front foot.

Rapid transit is all right for those who do not happen to step in front of it.

If you take care of the pennies the dollars will probably be blown by your heels.