

They Want Peace for Haiti



Pierre Hudicourt, a well-known lawyer and Augustus McClure, minister of finance of Haiti, have been busy with their nation. They have sent to Washington to discuss with Secretary of State Lansing a new treaty which would confer with the American secretary.

ARMENIA, LAND OF MARTYRS

THE SOIL of Armenia, land of many martyrs and massacres, is drinking the blood of her Christian martyrs again. To it seems as if the Christian nations have always been protesting against Armenian butcheries by the Turks. It is a singular land, that in which the Turks are putting so many men, women and children to the sword. It is a land so old, reaching so far back into the storied mists of history that the earliest legends of the human race point to it as the birth place of mankind. There rise the headwaters of the River Euphrates, which flows on through the Garden of Eden. Mount Ararat lifts its sublime head above the plain of those massacres with the same placid oblivion to human crime and pain that it showed when Noah's Ark rested there. The very village founded by Noah and his family when they emerged from the Ark is yet there, the oldest inhabited town in the world. The Armenian is the oldest branch of Arpan stock on this earth. They trace their descent back to Japhet, grandson of Noah. That may or may not be true, but certain it is that from that land in the shadow of Ararat, somewhere in the region now generally designated as Armenia, the human race first began that process of civilization and development that has led to the peopling of every corner of the earth. From Armenia began the dispersion of the nations, and all the legends of the early prehistoric days point the finger back toward that land at the headwaters of the Euphrates and Tigris as the birth-

INSURANCE HINTS

Of Interest to the Agent and to the Insured.

Efficient Saving. It is easier to make money than to save it or to invest it. You can easily name nine good earners to one good saver. Most men would come to their old age with a snug provision for their declining years if they could save as well as they could earn.

Every year it grows more difficult to save, not only on account of the increasing cost of living and the continuous enlargement of our needs, but also because of a growing impatience with simple, modest, self-restrained living. We are yielding more readily to the little allurements and temptations of life than was the habit of our forefathers.

But there is always some compensation for every loss. Never before were there such incentives for saving. The modern saving institutions, and the newly instituted government postal savings banks, are, best of all, the life insurance companies, provide the greatest incentives to saving and the surest rewards for thrift ever invented by the mind of man.

One may be a good saver, and still live his last days in penury for the lack of knowing how to invest his earnings properly.

Most business men lose heavily on investments made outside their business. The average wage-earner loses a large share of his precious savings in various forms of wild-cat and get-rich-quick investments. The percentage of loss suffered by those who have put their hard-earned money into standard, old-line insurance companies is almost negligible.

No business man with miscellaneous interests, no investor in stock and bonds, no dealer in real estate, can show so small a percentage of losses as is entailed by those who put their money into high-grade life insurance.—By Geo. T. Coleman.

Time—Man's Kingdom.

Time—it's the only thing we all have the same amount of in this world—day by day.

It is the eternal measure of things. Go to the bank and borrow \$500 for ninety days. The bank charges you \$7.50. For what?

Not for the money, but for the ninety days—ninety days' use of \$500. You pay \$7.50 for what you can do in ninety days with the \$500. The money isn't yours—only the ninety days.

In almost all cases the big vital difference—the difference that makes one man's life one grand success and another man's life a long-drawn-out, dismal failure—is that the successful man uses each minute of each day, of each week, or each month, of each year of his life so as to make that minute pay him the biggest dividend possible. He plans for this—and that is the whole story of his success.

The other man may work just as hard, but things might for him; he has to use the minutes of each hour to make good the misfit minutes of another hour—he misses the connections on life's railroad and stirs on the platform of mediocre existence.

Big men have demonstrated it in the normal life has plenty of time. The man who wastes a minute wastes a God-given opportunity!—By Benjamin Bradford.

ANENT REGRETS

Regrets You Have Often Heard. Regrets of the man in later life that he did not purchase or more of it when he was younger.

Regrets of the man in impaired health that he did not obtain a policy when he was insurable.

Regrets of the lapsed policyholder that he did not keep it up.

Regrets of the man who bought cheap insurance in an increasingly expensive or now defunct insurance concern.

Regrets of the widow that her husband failed to insure or keep his policy in force.

Regrets you have never heard. Regrets of the policyholder in a sound company that he ever allowed his life to be insured.

Regrets of the policyholder that he bought as large a policy as he did.

Regrets of the insured in an old line company that he didn't go into a fraternal order.

Regrets of the policyholder that he didn't let his policy lapse because he had such a struggle to meet the premiums.

Regrets of the widow that her husband ever insured in her favor.—FAC MUT. NEWS.

You Cannot Cash Sentiment. A home without sentiment is a barren place.

A house with the mercenary crowding out affection is the home at all.

You sentiment doesn't clothe the body nor does affection feed and heat it.

A "pleasant memory" is a good thing to leave behind to widow and children.

But they cannot cash "sentiment" at the banker's or buy bread with memories.

No home is complete where the loved ones are not protected by an insurance policy.

Make a game of your work and it will be easy. Every mile made or lost is a game. Every day's business is a game. It is the most interesting of all games.

Let the Day Decide. "My stars are good things," says Sam and Fiddler. "Should they do not take the place of good care and good food, they would be well served for you see, and in addition it is the most interesting of all games."

Bettie and Her Daddy

It's two in the morning and the house is cold. Out of the darkness comes a cry—

Daddie! Daddie! Oh, Daddie!

And Daddie is up. He doesn't mind the cold if the little hand that pats him is warm.

That was ten years ago, happy short years, working for the baby and her mother.

It is two in the morning again—and out of an awful darkness comes the cry—

Daddie! Daddie! Oh, Daddie!

But Daddie will never jump up again—and he doesn't know that Betty's hands are warm over his cold ones.

It's two years later and the little cash balance is gone. Mother is a fore-woman in an overall factory. Betty is a cash girl. She will be an uneducated woman. "Daddie" and Mother had planned college and a happy life for her.

The cash balance would have paid for an income for life for wife and daughter.

Go, story from life, and save other Fathers from making the same economic mistake!

Benjamin Bradford.

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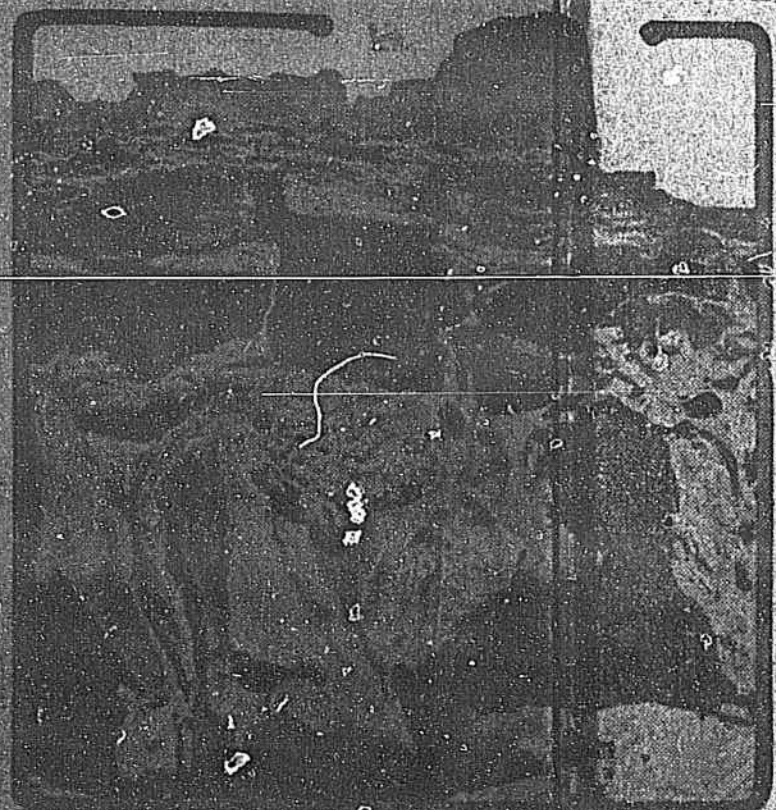
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place of every nation that preserved its own language and its own history. Armenia is a land of many martyrs and massacres, and it is drinking the blood of her Christian martyrs again. To it seems as if the Christian nations have always been protesting against Armenian butcheries by the Turks. It is a singular land, that in which the Turks are putting so many men, women and children to the sword. It is a land so old, reaching so far back into the storied mists of history that the earliest legends of the human race point to it as the birth place of mankind. There rise the headwaters of the River Euphrates, which flows on through the Garden of Eden. Mount Ararat lifts its sublime head above the plain of those massacres with the same placid oblivion to human crime and pain that it showed when Noah's Ark rested there. The very village founded by Noah and his family when they emerged from the Ark is yet there, the oldest inhabited town in the world. The Armenian is the oldest branch of Arpan stock on this earth. They trace their descent back to Japhet, grandson of Noah. That may or may not be true, but certain it is that from that land in the shadow of Ararat, somewhere in the region now generally designated as Armenia, the human race first began that process of civilization and development that has led to the peopling of every corner of the earth. From Armenia began the dispersion of the nations, and all the legends of the early prehistoric days point the finger back toward that land at the headwaters of the Euphrates and Tigris as the birth-

If Not

Have you any life assurance?

If not— Would your widow have any substitute for your salary, fees or wages?

If not— Could she feed and clothe and care for herself and your children?

If not— Could she pay the taxes on the home and the interest of your mortgage?

If not— Could she prevent foreclosure of the mortgage and the sale of the home?

If not— Could she pay rent and keep the family together without your salary?

If not— Don't you think it is time to provide for her a monthly income, in case your salary, fees or wages cease by death?—Sunshine.

PHONE—SEE OR WRITE

FRANK J. BERRISS, District Manager.

JOHN H. OWEN, Special Agent.

H. W. FELKEL, General Agent.

Atlantic Life Insurance Company