

Mother and Home Country's Safeguards, Says Rev. Sunday

(Continued From Page One.)

may pile up your luxuries around you. Your larders may be filled with the most delicate viands that the fields and markets of this old world can produce and by your wealth you may be enabled to put them on your table until it groans and staggers with the weight of the luxuries. You can spread the carpets of fabulous wealth, or Persian ring on your floors. You can sit beneath the flash of the candelabrum of wealth. You can eat your food from hand-painted china. You can have priceless tapestry hanging on your walls.

You may have your servants do a marathon to see what you want, you may roll around in your limousine; you may scintillate in your pearls; and your demands until you make the milky way look like a second-hand store.

Paintings from the easels of the famous masters of old may gaze upon you from the walls.

But nothing will ever make happy the father or the mother who waits for the coming footsteps of some girl who had become careless and frivolous and coquetish, and they are afraid their name will be disgraced because, perhaps, she will help to feed the brothel, or she will become the mother of an illegitimate child because of her indifference. Or some whiskey-soaked boy who bears your name is putting a stain upon the family escutcheon, and that wealth and culture can never in the universe be able to erase.

Not only does happiness center about the home, but the social and the moral and the civil and the religious power centers about the home. The downfall of most men and women can be traced to some defect in the home. Not all of them, for there are homes where the children are trained rightly, but they get out with some God-forsaken, good-for-nothing moral assassins who electrocute and murder every thought and ambition that might lead them to be decent and serve God, and they go down the long line with a bunch of names are synonymous with whiskey and booze, with blasphemy, with everything that is degrading and polluting and infecting and infesting and blighting and pestiferous.

Every gambler leaning over his card table and staking his soul on the next show down, every drunkard reeling and staggering, and jabbering, and mauling, and vomiting, and puking, and every debauched character and every fallen woman merchandising her womanhood for gain in some dark, rotten, festering spot of a great city, once was as pure as the morning dew. They knelt by their mother's side and perhaps said, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Crimes of Vagrancy. Now nearly one-half of the inmates of the reformatories in this country committed the crimes for which they were incarcerated while they were in a state of voluntary or involuntary vagrancy.

The genesis of vagrancy is too big a question for me or anybody else to attempt to handle in one address but it is one of the most prolific sources of juvenile delinquency to be found. One-tenth of the boys and girls in the reformatory have lost both parents and one-half of them have lost father or mother, and 75 per cent of them came from homes where the parents had been divorced.

So, broken homes and wrecked lives seem to be synonymous and inseparable, and many times sons and daughters brought up in idleness, unrestrained in the expenditure of money, rapidly acquire profligate habits, and they figure conspicuously in the disgraceful escapades in the scandalous society and they indulge in fast horses and fast women, wines, champagne, the most costly from the vineyards of France and California, and the long list of the diversions of the indolent, idle, indifferent, apathetic, stolid, lazy and they go to premature graves because of the dissolute, dissipated, drunken, licentious lives they lived.

Women Like Men. And of many of the women too much cannot be said in just condemnation. Oh! many of them, they are frivolous and they are silly, and they are extravagant, and they will throw to the winds all restraint of modesty and purity, and of religion, and the many virtues which are so noble and attractive in womanhood, and they allow themselves to be flattered, and bamboozled, and cajoled by a lot of good-for-nothing, empty-headed ginks who call themselves men. They ought to be arrested for going around disguised as men!

You wouldn't call some of them men if they didn't have whiskers and breeches on—and they loan their presence to vaudeville, have it in their homes; they indulge in drinking and gambling and the more familiar with poker chips, they are more familiar with these terms than they are with English and classic literature—more familiar with the costly brand of champagne and wines—they know about Piper Heidsieck, and they know more about the names of expensive champagnes and wines than they do about the Word of God.

They are more familiar with bridge whist—that is a sort of Twentieth Century name for draw poker. I have as much respect for gamblers in a gambling room as I have for church men and church women who sit around and gamble under the guise of bridge whist.

I think one of the prettiest pictures that God or the world ever looked upon is to see a father and a mother who are Christians lock arms and take hold of the hand of the oldest child and the next oldest and the next and then

the next and on down to the youngest; and see the whole family go on singing and praying toward heaven.

The Vildest Picture. And the blackest, vilest picture that God or man ever looked upon is a father who is not a Christian, a mother who is not a Christian, a lock arms and take hold of the oldest child and then the next and then the next and then the next and see the whole family go shrieking on to hell. And the biggest monger strosity that God or the world ever looked upon is a mother with children playing around her knees, and they never hear from her lips a prayer, and never are taught Jesus Christ. Oh! the step-mother would be a goddess if she only had religion. That is not all.

It sometimes a step-mother would be a blessing if she were a Christian. Train up a child in the way that it should go and when it is old it will not depart from thee, and if they are properly trained they will not often go astray.

The normal way to get rid of drunkards is to get rid of the dirty, rotten, stinking hellholes that are making them drunkards. I don't know, it always makes my blood boil to see a cop walk up and pinch a drunkard and take him off to the police station, while they throw the protecting arm of the law around the dirty, stinking, hell-hole that sold him the liquor. It gets my goat. It makes my blood boil, don't you know it. I can hardly wait to get at that dirty, stinking gang.

Oh, it is not the great buildings, not the wealth, that attracts me as I go from city to city. Above the clamor of the market place comes the sobs of the boys who had no boyhood, the cries of the girls who have had no girlhood, the children who will be crushed and damned and blighted because of sin. It isn't the bright lights of the White Way that dazzles me, but the faces—white, pinched, wan, pale, anemic—the little children peering out of the shadows of misery. And I pray God to help me close my fist and drive it in the face of the devil and drive him from the earth.

One of the great papers of New York City had a picture while I was preaching there, of a poor boy, with a troubled careworn face, hiding on a strange doorstep, afraid to go home because of the drunken father, and the look on that boy's face haunts me yet. There are thousands and tens of thousands in that great city, whirling, teeming, rich, poor, praying, cursing, virtuous, licentious city.

Gladstone and Talmadge were talking one time. Gladstone said: "Talmadge, talk about the question of the day. There is only one question. Settle that; and you will settle every question and that is the question of religion in the home. Settle that and you will settle every social, political and economic and every other question, capital or labor, because it will be whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them. Then the world would be right, if we'd settle on the basis of religion." He said, "Go try the experiment first in your own home."

Mothers Greatest. I have no faith in a woman who talks of heaven and makes a hell out of her home. None at all. If I was going to investigate piety, I would ask your cook. I would not ask your preacher. He sees you on dress parade one day in seven. This talk about a clean heart is discounted when the kids look as though it was raining dirt. And you can read of a mother's care, my friends, in the hieroglyphics we call the garments, the uncombed hair, the ripped dress, stockings hanging down like the skin on the back of a merino sheep, dirty nose, that does not mean the wisdom of a prophet, mothers down in the club perhaps.

Atlanta's Example. If you go down to Atlanta, Ga., they will take you out to Piedmont Square and show you a monument and then you will ask: "Whose is that?" They will say: "That is Henry." You will say: "Henry who?" They will say: "Don't you know? That is Henry Grady."

Henry Grady's life was too short for the good of both the North and the South. Henry Grady was a re-**THREE—SUNDAY**—reporter on one of the New York papers. I think it was The Tribune or Herald, if I remember right, and he walked down the steps one morning to go to work and he saw crepe on door. He turned back and said to his landlady: "Who is dead down there?" She said: "I don't know."

"Haven't you heard anybody was sick?" She said: "I should say not; I have troubles of my own."

He said: "You are going to the funeral?" **Ignoring the Funeral.** She said: "I am not; I am going to put a piece of oilcloth down in the kitchen and wash my curtains."

"What? Haven't time to run in and see a sick neighbor? Haven't time to help put them beneath the ground?"

"This is no place for Henry Grady. We may be a little behind the times down in the Southland, but we are not so crazy making money that we can't run in and say a word and help them, and that we can't knock off work and help follow our friends to the graveyard and drop a few tears and a few flowers, and I am going back to Dixie." He resigned.

On his way he stopped in Washington, and as he looked at the Capitol on the hill he said: "That is the Capitol of my nation, where we send the Representatives and the Senators and all to make our laws which govern and control the millions of this great

country." Then on his way home he stopped in the home of a southern planter, where he brought the servants in and twice a day read the Bible and prayed. And when he got home he wrote an editorial in the Atlanta Constitution and said: "I was wrong when I said that magnificent building on the hill of Washington at the head of Pennsylvania Avenue was the Capitol and the home of the nation. The home of my nation is the home where men and women are taught to pray and the children to love God and hate a lie."

Back to His Mother. He found himself drifting into a great whirlpool of business and politics, and one day they missed him and for several days no editorials appeared in The Atlanta Constitution from Henry Grady's brain or pen. He packed his grip, he went into the hilly country of Georgia to where his old mother lived in the old house, where Henry and the rest of her babies were born. He walked around to the kitchen door, under the spreading elm and he said as he dropped his grip: "Mother, I am drifting and have come back."

She knew what it meant and she took him on her lap, like she did when he was a boy. And she baked him corn pone and boiled him cabbage, and baked-eyed beans and fried him chicken that nobody knows how to fry like mother, especially down South, then made him these little biscuits that are about that high that they make, and he stayed for supper and when he got ready to go to bed she took him up and tucked him to bed. She would not go to live with Henry in the big nineteen room house on Peachtree street in Atlanta—she wanted to live out in the country.

Believes in Blood. I believe in blood. Blood tells in quadrupeds, in horses, hogs, dogs, and in human beings as well. Blood tells, my friends. Oh, I believe in blood, good blood, bad blood, proud blood, cruel blood, honest blood, thieving blood, honest blood, they are blood, infidel blood, Christian blood, drinking blood, sober blood, licentious blood, virtuous blood.

The large thick lip of the house of Hapsburg of Austria tells of licentiousness. If you don't believe it, read the history of the house of Stuart. And the house of Stuart tells of cruelty and bigotry and sensuality from the days of Mary, Queen of Scots, to King Charles I, Charles II., King James I., who showed the world what a big fool a Scotchman can be when a Scotchman is a fool.

King James II., Scotch blood, stands for persistence, bull dog tenacity, stick-to-it-iveness, never give up, fight to the last ditch, and then refuse to acknowledge defeat. I know a good deal about the Scotch. Mrs. Sunday is a full-blooded Scot.

I feel toward Nellie a good deal like Joseph Choate felt toward his wife. Someone asked: "If you could choose to be some other man, who would you like to be?" and he said, "I'd rather be Mrs. Choate's second in command."

Home Being Neglected. We are neglecting the home life today for the club, for the lodge, for the lierary, for society and a thousand and one things, sir. It is your duty to be the intellectual companion of your children. The learning of the school and college will soon fade from their minds but what they learn at your knee will stick after they have to hobble on the crutches of descreptitude, taking their teeth out and cleaning them at the sink.

There are mighty few things more important than conversation. Oh! the good you can do with your tongues or the evil and pain you can give. A loving conversation is a great panacea to iron out the wrinkles. Many homes have none. No affectionate greetings when they return from school and the store, no regretful goodby when they go away, no fireless chatter. Meals are eaten in silence and the old man never speaks unless he grunts for somebody to pass him the grub and you'd think you were in a deaf and dumb asylum.

I believe the devil inspired sentences like this: "A child should be seen, not heard." The only time a child should be seen and not heard is when he is in his coffin. Get that fool idea out of your head.

The perpetual scolding, don't don't, don't. A child should never be told that they were to be seen and not heard. Of all sentences that ever crawled out of hell, I think that is the rottenest. Forget it!

A fellow was asked one day: "Are you going to the lecture?" "No, I am not going to pay for what I can get at home for nothing." "Is your wife sick?" "Yes." "Is she dangerous?" "No, sir; she is too weak to be dangerous."

A Few Don'ts. Now I will tell you some "don'ts." Don't tell your children what you don't mean. Don't wait on them too much and don't make them wait on you all the time you lazyloaf. Don't break a promise. Don't talk about your neighbors. Don't hurt their self-respect by punishing them when company is present, wait until the company is gone and then dust them on both hemispheres if they need it. Don't overdress them because you are able, and thus shame your neighbor who has a big brood that hasn't got so much as you; for it will make your kids feel that they are above his and this will create strife and enmity; don't do that.

Another thing, don't give them a task they can't perform, like a woman I heard who lives down South,

wharf rat and the symptoms are: Ability to jabber more facetious than a two-story cuspidor can hold; a lie on his tongue that would make old Achanis look like a chromo of truth crushed to earth, and when a boy begins to hang his hat over one ear and hit the cigarette, and the booze, and calls his father, "the old man," and puts a good share of the night chasing with some chicken down the white way, and trying to win a jack-pot on two fours, and lays up against a quart of Red Eye in some side bar, and crays into the hay from the last dance with a three-step headache, it's dollars to doughnuts that some cheap skate of a sport has called upon him to assert his independence of that string dangling from his mother's waist—len known as a weak sister string.

A Weak Sister. But, say, the young fellow who allows himself to be laughed into a cheap imitation of a three carat sport is a weak sister, take it from me. And the indifference of some fool parents helps the devil's game along.

The father who crawls under the blankets at 8 o'clock and allows his son to give the cops a merry chase until the cocks crow will need a suction fire ladder to get a look into Heaven.

Some parents are so darned afraid that their boy will be called a milk sop that they let the bars down so low that there is nothing to stop him in his mad, wild rush to hell. But I have noticed this, that the boy who is tied to his mother's apron strings, who can't tell four aces from a load of alfalfa—when there are forty applications for the job he goes home with the blue ribbon and tagged number one—in other words he comes home with the bacon. He is the fellow, yes; now, oh, the sporty guy, with a green vest and spats, a silk lid, puffy eyelids, he looks as good to a hard-headed business man as a counterfeit dollar. You bet your life.

Better Than Gambling. I would rather be a hundred times over (and I would rather have my boy and I know you would yours) tied to his mother's apron strings than to a six-cent bozo and a consuming desire to steal the next jackpot on a pair of fours.

One of the danger signs of our time is the curse of idle mothers who just board around. They never darn a sock, they never patch a pair of pants, they never hemstitch a handkerchief or mend any of their board and spats. They just sit there and eat. They are all those mothers who let their frizzle-head, lip-stick, manured daughters go riding around the country and don't know where they are going? If you don't know what time of night your daughter trails in and what kind of company she keeps your howls won't be noticed when the tongues of the gossips get busy. The girl who insists on sporting with every marriageable young man ought to be taken to the woodshed and her over-supply of passion stifled with a slipper laid over both hips. I tell you, you can't goldbrick a sharp-eyed suitor any easier than you can put a pair of pajamas on a billy. Not on your life. The question of obedience is "I'd rather be Mrs. Choate's second in command."

And that is how I feel toward Mrs. Sunday—I'd rather be her second husband.

And, English blood stands for the reverence of the ancient as shown by the fact that England spent \$50,000,000 to put a crown on your neck of lock. Danish blood stands for love of the sea. Welsh blood, religious fervor and zeal for Jesus Christ. And the Jew blood capacity to make money, from the days of Abraham until now.

Wealth of Ancients. According to our stand of gold and silver, Abraham was worth a billion dollars. David was worth \$3,000,000,000. Solomon could have hired John D. Rockefeller for a chauffeur. Solomon could have hired Andrew Carnegie for a butler. He could have hired J. Piermont Morgan to cut his lawn.

Nero's mother was a murderess, that is why that old libertine took stakes, I fastened them into the ground and then took men and women who believed in Jesus Christ and covered their bodies with resin and tar and strapping them to posts, set fire to them; and then he drove his chariots in his drunken revelry, while they were incinerated to ashes, because they would not deny faith in Jesus Christ.

Patrick Henry's mother was eloquent, the reason that every school boy from New York to San Francisco knows, "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death." Phillip Goodrich's mother taught him Biblical history in the old Dutch fire place and the pictures in front of it. Home authority and home examples are needed.

Home Neglect Fatal. I have traveled up and down this land and I have met every beast upon the arena and I am convinced, now that neither law or gospel can make a nation great without home authority and home example. Parental neglect is one of the principal causes for the failure of boys. Judicious control and moral training are absolutely indispensable; neglect is not less fatal.

That fool-doting parent who cannot bear to correct that boy, may be compelled to see him corrected in the reformatory and by the sovereignty of the power of the State. I know a good many people go around and sneer at the boy and say, "Oh, he is tied to his mother's apron strings." But that is an ancient term of reproach and it is designed to separate youths with pink hair from the last vestige of self-restraint and from self-respect, and that sneering use of that phrase will convert a fairly decent boy into a loud-mouthed, swaggering tough with the vocabulary of a bawery bum and all the refined tastes of a

She sat looking out of the window and she saw a carriage drive up, and in it a woman with all her brood. She said: "Great heavens, what have I done that should inflict her presence on me in coming here unannounced? Children, hurry, up, and take that chair out. Take this kimono and get the other one. Hurry up," and so on and the woman caller came up the steps, and she rang the door bell.

She Changes Her Face. She went to the door and said: "How do you do, Mrs. Brown, I am delighted to see you and I am so glad you have brought the children. Why, my dearie, why, I am so glad to see you."

Smack! Smack! Kiss! "Take off your things and now we will have a good time." She did that—the kids played London Bridge is falling down, drop the handkerchief, and then they had some refreshments and then she said: "Now we will have luncheon."

and after luncheon they sat there and wind-jammered and her visitor said: "Well, I must go. I promised my husband I would be home early."

She said, "Don't hurry I am enjoying your visit." She said: "No I must go," so she coupled her train and prepared to steam out.

She said: "Don't wait so long before you return again will you, dearie?" "Well, goodbye." "Goodby." (Kisses all the children.) "After the woman had gone, she said: "Heavens! Bring me, the smelling salts quick, I know I shall faint."

What She Called Lying. And so, as the kids were jogging the chairs and stuff back into the parlor they brought in a little china dog about that long—and she said: "Who broke that dog? Tommy, did you break it?" "Albert, did you break it? Dorothy, did you break it? Estella, did you break it?"

"One of you children are lying to me, and I propose to find out who it is. Now, who did it?" Finally one of the kids turned crime on another culprit. She took state's evidence and fastened the him by the ear, led him into a back room and dusted him, shook him up and said: "Do you know why I punished you? Oh! it hurt mamma worse than it did you!"

Cut that old bunk. That's stale stuff; forget it! And she said: "Do you know why I did it?" "No."

"Not for breaking the dog, although it was an heirloom; my grandfather's grandfather who fought in the Revolutionary War gave it to me," she said, "I have punished you for lying to me."

Source Of His Habit. Where did he learn it? I'll you where he learned to lie. He learned it from his miserable old lying mother. He heard what she said when the carriage drove up. Where did the child learn to lie? From his old lying mother.

"How old are you, my boy?" asked a friend of mine of a little fellow. He said, "I am five at home, six at school and four on the street car."

We let the moral training go to our school teachers. I have never aspired to hold but one office that is to be a member of the school board and the first thing I would do would be to raise the salary of the teachers and pay them twelve months a year.

It is a disgrace the salary we pay our preachers and public school teachers in America, the two indispensable people on earth.

I bet you the jockey that rides the Derby winner will get as much money for that as the average preacher gets for a whole year's work. I say, it is a disgrace that in America, the richest nation on earth, we pay such insignificant salaries to our preachers and teachers.

I remember one friend of mine, a teacher, who went to the bank to cash her salary check. "Do you want it in gold or paper?" asked the teller. "Paper," "Aren't you afraid of germs?" he queried. "No," she answered, "There can't enough germs get on my salary to hurt me."

The collapse of the educational teachers suffer. Resignations increased last year 131 per cent. It is the children who lose. They are being taught in crowded schools by discontented teachers.

Recently, out of 155 teachers appointed in New York City, 111 refused to serve because of the contemptible salary. Oh, your children are the ones who will be the losers.

A fellow gave a friend of mine a dog, a water spaniel. A little later on another fellow gave him a rat terrier. One day the fellow says to him: "How are the dogs getting along?" He said, "By jinks, the water

spaniel is a better rat dog than the rat terrier, and the water spaniel is keeping the rats out now. He is the best dog of the two."

Power of imitation in the world! Many a kid is sent to a reformatory who ought to have been licked and sent home. If I were a judge, so help me God, I never would put a boy or girl behind prison bars for the first offense. I would suspend sentence, and I bet my life against a counterfeit cent I would save 99 out of 100. Themistocles said, "My children rule Greece."

"How is that?" He said, "Why, my children rule their mother, their mother rules me, I rule Athens and Athens rules Greece, therefore my children rule Greece."

Judge Fawcett of Brooklyn said after five years as a judge: "I have sent 2,700 to the reformatory and not one was a member of the Sunday school."

Not so! So you see what a great moral force the church and the Sunday school are. That is why we are going to the devil, that is why America leads the world in crime. Think of the millions without Jesus Christ.

Figures on Crime. In a western state 500 inmates of the reformatory are between the ages of 16 and 30. Listen to these figures, will you? Three hundred eighty-six of them never attended Sunday school and only one of them was a member of the Y. M. C. A. Four hundred six had no trade and 252 of them were unemployed when they committed their crimes. Three hundred and twelve of them used liquor. Three hundred seventy-four of them smoked cigarettes. Four hundred and four used tobacco; 325 of them had not reached the fourth grade in the public schools; only 26 of them ever entered high school and not one of them ever graduated from a high school. So the greatest moral agencies in the world today are the Sunday school and the public schools.

A woman who was the mother of seven noble sons was asked how she raised them so successfully. She said, "I did it with prayer and a good hickory switch."

I don't know of two better instruments on earth. Sometimes you can put it over with a stick where prayer won't make a dent. You can

not pray all the time nor lam all the time; you can't do that. Now I don't believe in licking the kids all the time and for every trifle of your laws and rules. There are homes that need the hickory switch hanging around handy, and above it the motto, "I need thee every hour."

Devil's Last Theft. When the devil robs a boy the last thing he takes from him is what he learned at his mother's knee. You tell me what is in your home and I will write your history. Let me look at the names of the books on your library shelf and although I have never crossed your threshold I will write a perfect history of what your life is, what your home will be.

I preached in a town out in Pennsylvania. The first time I ever preached in what they call the East. The maidens of the barnyard are on me yet and I am proud of it. Out in this town, in Sharon, Pa., was going home one afternoon, across the Shenango river and I looked down the street and I saw a moving wagon. Behind was an old colored man, and I saw the interurban from Youngstown to Newcastle, paying no attention to the people from the steel mills or the automobile, going up and down, and I looked up. I saw a little spotted calf in a box right behind. I said: "Oh, that is her baby. She proposes to know where that calf is every minute. She don't propose that anything is going to divert her attention."

I looked across the street in front

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