

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

Are not merely pressed into shape. They are really tailored—tailored as well as human hands and minds have learned the art. That's why the clothes retain their shapeliness and graceful lines long after ordinary clothes require the service of a presser.

New Fall Suits—new ready—ones at \$25.00 would cost one-half more to have your tailor fit you.

FALL KNOX HATS NEW FALL CAPS \$1.00

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS

After a wholesome vacation the boy is most always in need of some clothes to make him feel at ease in the school room. We have prepared for this very emergency and are showing excellent values in school suits at \$3.95 and \$4.45. Styles the new up-to-date "Pinch Back" and Junior Norfolk in sizes from 6 to 18 years. School Caps at 50c and \$1.00.

17 Main St. **Schau & Roosa** Hornell, N. Y.

GREENWOOD LOCAL BRIEFS

Frosty nights. Days are shorter. Election campaign is warming up.

Neil O'Hargan was a city visitor Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Micheal Kieff of West Union were Greenwood visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. John Kerman and daughter of Jasper were in our city Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Donaldson were in town Friday.

Miss O'Hargan Postmason of Rexville attended the Chautauqua at this place Friday.

Rev. and Mrs. W.P. Trowbridge of Hornell were guests of H. W. Young last week.

Luzern Drake of Jasper was the guest of his son F. W. Drake last week.

Ross Baker of New York is making a brief visit with his parents on his return from Mansfield Ohio to New York.

Frank O'Hargan and wife of Rexville were Greenwood visitors Friday.

Ex-supervisor R.S. Wyckoff of Jasper was in our city Monday.

The piers for the new bridges over Bennett's Creek at J. Roger's and N. E. Coston's place are completed and work has commenced on the superstructure.

J. J. Storcks of the West Hill cheese factory was in town Monday.

Ham Miner of West Greenwood was a caller in town Monday.

Walter Edwards was among the visitors in town Monday.

The Chautauqua held in Greenwood last week was a success both in attendance and character of the varied entertainments. The Berkley sextette, the lectures, the Swiss troupe of Yodlers and the whole programme kept up a lively interest from beginning to end. Arrangements were completed for holding another Chautauqua next year.

It is claimed by some medical authorities that rat fleas spread the contagion of Infantile Paralysis.

The President was called to mourn the loss of an only sister last week.

The defacto Mexican troops defeated the Villistas last week inflicting a loss of 600 killed.

Luke Maxwell of Texas who is visiting friends in Greenwood and Rexville is in town today.

Mrs. Wm. Young of Buffalo is visiting her parents Mr and Mrs. R. P. Stephens.

George McKay of Cleveland is a business caller in town today. Mr. McKay formerly lived in this vicinity.

The New York and Pa. railway Company have partitioned the civil service commission of New York and Pennsylvania for permission to discontinue their railroad service which means a per mission to quit the road.

The road has not paid running expenses for some time and the increased operative expense and the frequent dangers by the floods besides the decrease in railroad travel on account of the automobiles have combined to render the further continuance of operations discouraging. In case the road is junked it would be a hard blow to the different through which it passes as

well as to the city of Hornell as it brought a large amount of business to that place which would be divided to other places.

Harold Carey of Corning was injured in an auto smash in Elmira and now lies in the Corning hospital.

The 23rd and 107th regiments N. Y. Vol. held their annual reunion in Elmira Saturday. Many from this place were enrolled in those regiments.

In the primaries held in this place Calder led Bacon for Senator.

Mr and Mrs. G. E. Thomas were knocked down by a Ford automobile driven by Chester Allen in Painted Post Sunday.

Farmers should arrange for the purpose of getting better prices for their products.

Little Francis Mahoney was shot in Elmira by another boy while at play.

Henry Ford, the pacifist supporter President Wilson for re-election.

Roumania has prohibited the sale of liquor in her dominions.

Joshua Saunders of Saunders was in town today.

John Donaldson of West Greenwood was in town Saturday.

Harvey Goodno of the N. Y. Central R. R. is on a visit at his mother's Mrs. I. E. Griswold.

John Swartz of West Hill was in town Wednesday.

Bernard Murray of West Greenwood was greeting friends in our city Monday.

Larry Hyland of the Rexville hotel was in Greenwood yesterday.

Dell Minard of Hornell formerly of this place visited friends in Greenwood Friday.

Jas McKinley of Rexville was a Greenwood visitor yesterday.

Robert O'Dell of Jasper was in our city Friday.

J. K. Miller and family were in attendance at the Chautauqu yesterday.

Ed Spencer was in town yesterday.

Bernard Harkenrider was in our city today.

Willis Scribner was among the city visitors yesterday.

Andrew Bondur of West Union was a business visitor in town Saturday.

George Gosper and wife were in our city Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Drake were Greenwood callers Tuesday.

Homer Donaldson and wife were in town today.

Naturally Surprised.
An old German furniture dealer had a woman customer who was a great talker. Nobody could get away from her when she started in. One day he sent a clerk to the lady's house to try to collect a bill. When the clerk returned empty-handed, the old German said: "Well, vat did de lady say?" "She did not say anything, sir. She was mute," replied the clerk. "Vat!" exclaimed the surprised German. "Was she dead?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Saving Money.
My advice to every young man, says a writer in the American Magazine, is to start a savings fund and put into it a definite part of what he makes. When the total runs to something which brings more interest than he can get from a savings bank, yet is safe. If he keeps on in this way, he will be independent when he gets old enough to quit work.

A Lady In Waiting

And an Unexpected, but Happy Result

By VIRGINIA BLAIR

Inez, having disposed of her sables in a corner of the dark settee, took off her gloves and, leaning her elbows on the table, surveyed the tea room.

"Girls," she said suddenly, "will you look?"

Her three companions turned their exquisitely coiffured heads with a jerk.

"Of all things!" they ejaculated, and their amazed eyes met.

"It is Charlotte!" they exclaimed in a second breath.

As if some echo of their words had reached the waitress at a table across the room, she turned and, with perfectly immovable face, gazed on them, but deep down in her eyes was a sparkle of mischievous recognition.

Presently she came to take their order.

"Charlotte Stetson," Inez began, but the waitress leaned over on pretense of brushing away the crumbs. "Hush!" she warned. "Nobody knows me. This is supposed to be a dark disguise." And she was away before they could answer her.

She brought the soup and chops and salad and sweets, and they, too interested to eat, watched the perfection of her service as she filled glasses, carried trays, placed doilies, made out the check and pocketed triumphantly the tip which Inez maliciously left on the mahogany.

"Where in the world did she learn to do it?" Inez demanded as the door of the tea room closed behind them and they made their way to their motor.

"Charlotte always could do things," Margaret said. "But why is she doing it—waiting on tables in a tea room?"

"Perhaps she has lost her money," Mazie Wight suggested.

"Lost nothing," Inez said elegantly. "Why, she can't lose it." Dad told us only the other night that nobody made such safe investments as her father had done.

"Then why?" Mary Lennox demanded, and they shook their heads and gave it up.

But the next day they were back again in the tea room at 1 o'clock.

"Charlotte, you've got to tell us," Inez said to the expert waitress.

"Why are you doing such a thing?" Charlotte planted the menu card in front of her friend. "I can recommend the stuffed crabs, madam," she said in a mincing tone.

Away she went, to come back presently with flaming cheeks.

"Inez, Inez," she breathed, "Reginald Barrett is just coming in. If he asks you about me, tell him I have lost all of my money and am earning my living this way."

"Ah-ha!" Inez said melodramatically. "Now I know what you are up to." Then, as a dapper little man with an upturned blond mustache stood in the doorway, she whispered, "I'll help you out!"

Reginald came over at once.

"Can you make room for five at your table?" he asked Inez. His eyes fell on the trim waitress. He gasped. "Why—why—And as Charlotte whisked herself away he turned to Inez. "How much that girl looked like Charlotte Stetson?"

"It is Charlotte," Inez's tone was lugubrious. "Poor thing!"

"Why?" Reginald demanded. "Why 'poor thing?'"

"She has lost everything and has to work."

"Oh, but it can't be!" Reginald's tone was dismayed. "I had understood that her money was absolutely safe." He stopped. "I—er—of course it is very sad."

Charlotte, coming back with the crabs, received an illuminating look from Inez.

"Can I serve you?" she asked Reginald demurely, and he stammered: "Oh, yes! I'm sincerely sorry to find you—here—Miss Stetson."

"Please don't talk about it," Charlotte's eyes were clouded, and her tone of distress seemed so genuine that Inez stared.

The girls delayed long over the lunch, and Reginald delayed with them, uncomfortably watching Charlotte as she deftly made the tables ready for afternoon tea.

The room was almost deserted, except for the five, when through the doorway came a big, broad shouldered figure. Charlotte, who was bringing in finger bowls, saw him first, and her tray dropped with a crash. Her face was white as she bent to pick up the little brass bowls. Her dress was wet. Her crisp apron was bedraggled.

As the big man sprang to assist

her she fled from the room. And then the big man walked over to Inez and demanded, "What was Charlotte doing in that dress?"

"Oh, Dick!" Inez stretched out her hand in welcome. "Dick Wentworth, when did you get back from Arizona?"

"Yesterday," he told her tersely, "but I want to know what Charlotte is waiting in a tea room for."

Inez glanced at the girls, at Reginald, and then brought out bravely, "She is earning her living."

She expected an expression of sympathy, of condolence, but instead the big man's face was radiant. "Charlotte poor!" he exclaimed. "Oh, where is she?"

"I will find her," Inez promised, "and take her home with me." And she went in search of Charlotte, whom she discovered, red cheeked and wet eyed, in a little room adjoining.

"Oh, Inez," she gasped when she saw her friends, "what does Dick Wentworth think of me?"

"Think!" Inez told her. "Why, he looked radiant when I said that you were poor."

On Charlotte's face dawned an expression of bliss that puzzled Inez.

"What has come over you, Charlotte?" she demanded. "You look as if life suddenly were one sweet song."

"Well," Charlotte blushed as she told it, "it begins to look as if the little plot of my making had been carried beyond my expectations."

"We can't talk about it here," Inez said. "Get your things on and come to my home, and we will talk it over."

When they reached the front door they found the three girls and Reginald and Dick waiting for them. Reginald refused to go with them in the motor.

"I am starting on a long journey," he explained stiffly to Charlotte. "I should have told you before, but my plans have been made hurriedly."

"Bon voyage," Charlotte wished him lightly, but as he went down the street she shrugged her shoulders. "Goodby, little man," she said and laughed and waved her hand to his retreating figure.

Once in Inez's luxuriant home Dick demanded five minutes alone with Charlotte, and when he had her to himself he said: "I love you. You know it, Charlotte."

"How should I know it?" she asked. "You have never told me."

"How could I tell you," he demanded fiercely, "when you were rich and I was poor?"

"What difference would that make," Charlotte asked softly, "if you loved me?"

"A man has his pride," Dick stated.

"And a woman her love," Charlotte whispered. "Oh, Dick, Dick, don't ever let money come between us!"

"It can't now," said Dick securely, "for you haven't any."

And then Charlotte, with her head up, confessed: "I am not poor. I simply tried my little plot to get rid of Reginald Barrett. I knew his motives were mercenary, but mother wanted me to marry him. So while he was in New York for a few days I planned my descent into poverty. I suppose it was silly."

She stopped, then went on softly: "And—and I didn't dream that you were in town—that you would know. That is where my little plot carried beyond my expectations."

"And now that you are rich I must go away"—Dick began, but Charlotte interrupted him with a little cry, "And leave me to be always a lady in waiting?"

"I don't understand."

"I shall always be waiting for your love, Dick." Her mouth and eyes pleaded together.

And then he surrendered. "Anyhow, my old mine is beginning to make good," he stated later, "so I am not quite a beggar."

"You are rich," Charlotte told him as she laid her flushed cheek against his coat—"you are rich because I love you, Dick, dear."

Servian Dancing.
The Serbs resemble the Irish in temperament and ways. They are extremely simple in their pastimes and method of living.

Dancing is their favorite form of recreation. They dance in a semi-circle arm in arm, and in the semi-circle is a man with a fiddle who sets them the time and tune. There are over 100 steps in these Servian dances, and even the village folk know all of them.

Another feature of the race is their hands, of whom they are very proud. The hands, who are mostly maimed or blind, sit in the village streets and sing the history of the nation, accompanying themselves with an instrument called a "gocela."

Servia is the most romantic country in the world. There are more legends attached to her than to any other country.

Railway Language.
The old elaborate booking process has given way to the impersonal railway ticket taking, but the old name "booking office" remains as a fossil. Railway language in England is full of such relics. Our railway carriages are "coaches," the engine is in charge of a "driver" and a "guard" is in charge behind. All these expressions are directly inherited from the old coaching days. In America they have "ticket-offices," "cars," "engines" and "conductors," good enough words, but without any history.—London Chronicle.

Feast of Fools.
The best authorities agree that the origin of the ancient custom of celebrating a feast of fools is unknown. Some identify it with the Roman feast of fools on March 21. But why did the Romans institute the feast of fools? In India March 31 is "the hull festival," when all manner of pranks are played upon the heedless. But, again, where did the Hindu get it? The French call the April fool "un poisson d'Avril" (April fish). To the Scotch he is a "gawk" (a cuckoo).

Spare Moments.
Chancellor D'Aguesseau, observing that his wife always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner and reluctant to lose so much time daily, began the composition of a work which he prosecuted only while thus kept waiting. At the end of fifteen years a book in three-quarter volumes was completed, which ran through three editions and was held in high repute.


The Substitute.
"I never saw such people as you are for being afraid of ventilators, I simply must have a little fresh air!"

"All right, Miss Grouch. Son, put that new tune on the phonograph."—Baltimore American.

Read the classified ads.

RHEUMATISM WAS MOST SEVERE

Dreadful Pains All The Time Until He Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



MR. LAMPSON
Verona, Ont., Nov. 11th, 1915.
"I suffered for a number of years with Rheumatism and severe Pains in Side and Back, from strains and heavy lifting.
When I had given up hope of ever being well again, a friend recommended "Fruit-a-tives" to me and after using the first box I felt so much better that I continued to take them, and now I am enjoying the best of health, thanks to your remedy."
W. M. LAMPSON.

If you—who are reading this—have any Kidney or Bladder Trouble, or suffer with Rheumatism or Pain In The Back or Stomach Trouble—give "Fruit-a-tives" a fair trial. This wonderful fruit medicine will do you a world of good, as it cures when everything else fails. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ogdensburg, New York.

A CLOGGED SYSTEM MUST BE CLEARED
You will find Dr. King's New Life Pills a gentle yet effective laxative for removing impurities from the system, accumulated waste poisons the blood, dizziness, biliousness and pimply, dirty complexion are the distressing effects. A dose of Dr. King's New Life Pills to-night will assure you a free, full bowel movement in the morning. At your Druggist, 25c.—Advertisement.

Try the News ads for results.

WE OFFER AN ARRAY OF EXTRAORDINARY VALUES IN WOMEN'S AND MISSES' New Fall Shoes

All the latest lasts and leathers are here to select from, and the prices—well the best way to judge them is to come in and see the shoes for yourself. Try them on. Note the classy, trim lines and the feeling of comfort they give you.

J & K Shoes
Fit the Arch

Burdett & McNamara

121 Main St. HORNELL, N. Y.

SHINGLES and ASPHALT ROOFING

We have a fine quality of Red Cedar Shingles—extra clear stock, thick butts, and the very best Asphalt Roofing made.

CAN GIVE GOOD PRICES ON BOTH, BECAUSE WE PURCHASED BEFORE THE RAISE IN PRICES

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THE M

It is not the parlour could dispense with spends most of the article of kitchen

save all these m infinitely easier tion of the fami the dainty char

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In

They embody t chen cabinets— Front—the ne —the unique S ing Flour Bin—the exquisite other wonderf you must see t

Price
This sale will ously low and Cabinets will who has a M livered when

SOUTH HILL
South Hill, Sept. 20. Horan Bros. are filling t Miss Mayne Dean joy Andover friends for ar Olean Sunday. Mrs. Anna Cornwell, spending the week with Wm. Dean. Mrs. Charles Baker, of Steoum, of Andover, sp the home of Frank Ho John P. Dean, was th sister, Mrs. Sauter, of day. Miss Nora O'Donn Pa., was a week end Herman Dean. Miss Helen Baker, a Sunday guest of M Mrs. Claypool and Worthington, Pa., sist Mrs. A. M. Mings, ar Monday for a visit home. Mrs. Mings ill. Mrs. Edw. Horan an visited at her hom Tuesday and Wednes Messrs. Ed. McAnd and Rob. Dean served tration board in And Mrs. M. T. Gavin a Andover enjoyed St parents, Mr. and Mrs Miss Nora McAnd Pigrely Hill for the Earl Dawson, of A day with Howard De Dr. E. J. Laughlin companied by two Willard were profes the hill recently. Mr. and Mrs. Wm Mrs. Conwell were Wednesday. Mrs. Mary Spence ter, of Genesee, Pa. Mings home Tuesd

Will you shar store's usual prof your shopping to will tell you how