SOULS for SALE

by RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

Close-up of individuals were taken the most striking types being selected and coached to express crises of feeling: "You go mad and babble, old man, will you? Tear at your throat and let your tongue hang out? You, miss, will you fall back in your mother's arms—you be mother, will you, miss, and catch her—you are to die, you know; just roll your eyes back and sigh and sink into a heap. And you, mother, wring your hands and beat your breast and wail. You understand—Oriental stuff, eh?

"And I'd like somebody just to look up to heaven and pray for mercy—You, the young lady over there—will you step out? Oh, it's Mrs. Woodville, isn't it? I met you this morning. Here's your chance. Do this for me like a good girl, and give yourself to it. Look up to heaven; if the sun brings tears all right, but let them come from your soul, dear, if you can. You see, you have seen your people dying like flies about you, from famine and hardship. You look up and say, O God, you don't mean for us to die in this useless torture, do you, dear God? Take my life and let those others live. Won't you, dear God?"

Mem stood throbbing from head to foot with embarrassment and with a strange inrush of alien moods. The fierce rays of the director burning thru his dark glasses, the serious instigation in his voice, the [illegible] to do well for him, quickened her magically.

[illegible] took her by the arm and m[illegible] red:

"[illegible]y, dear! Let your heart bre[illegible]. Look around and see your dy[illegible] people. That's your father ov[illegible] here just gasping his life out. Y[illegible] mother lies dead back there; y[illegible] covered her poor little body w[illegible] and to keep the jackals from it. [illegible]an you do it? Will you? T[illegible] right. Look round now and let yourself go!"

[illegible] felt herself bewitched, be[illegible]t, yet mystically alive to a t[illegible]nd tragedies. Her eyes rolled around the staring throng, and made [illegible]Tom Holby gazing down at her from his camel and pouring sympat[illegible] from his own soul into hers.

[illegible] she flung her head from s[illegible] side in a torment of woe, [illegible] her head back, and heaved her b[illegible]es up into the cruel brazier o[illegible] skies, seemed to see God [illegible]g down upon the little multitude, and moved her lips in supplication.

She felt the words and the anguish wringing her throat, and the tears came trooping from her eyes, rushing into her mouth, and she swallowed them and found them bitter-sweet with an exultation of agony.

There was such weird reality in her grief that the director's glasses were blurred with his own tears; the camera men were gulping hard.

As her upward stare again encountered Tom Holby's eyes she saw that tears were dripping from his lashes and that his mouth was quivering.

The sight of his tears sent thru her a strange pang of triumphant sympathy, and she broke down sobbing, would have fallen to the sand if Leva Lemaire had not caught her into her arms, kissing her and whispering: "Wonderful! Wonderful!"

She felt a hand on her arm and was drawn from Leva's arms into a man's. Her shoulders were squeezed hard by big hands and she heard a voice that identified her captor as the director. He was saying:

"God bless you! That was the real stuff! You're a good girl! The real thing!"

Then she began to laugh and choke, became an utter fool.

This was her first experience of the passion of mimicry. She was as ashamed as glorified, as drained yet as exultant as if a god had seized her and embraced her fiercely for a moment, then left her aching, an ember in the ashes.

The director was already calling the mob to the next task. She could not help glancing toward Tom Holby. His camel was moving off with the crowd, but he was turning back, to gaze at her. He was nodding his head in approval and he raised his hand in a salute of profound respect.

* * *

Mem's sin had led her to the edge of paradise, and then drawn her back by the hair.

She was doomed to spend a certain time in increasing heaviness, and then to die or to go about thenceforth with a nameless child holding on to her hand an anchoring her to obscurity.

She found a place as maid in the home of a storekeeper at such wages as he could afford. She began the sordid routine of her tasks, but, contrasting them with the glamour of playing tragic roles, she felt herself entombed.

Then the summer heat began and grew so fierce that her employer and his family went to the seashore.

She spent much thought upon the letter home that she had not yet written, that she must write if ever she were to go home again. The whole purpose of this long, long journey into loneliness was to be able to write that letter; and it had not yet gone.

"God bless you. That was the real stuff. You're a good girl."

Every time she made the beginning her hands flinched from the lying pen. But one night in a frantic fit of histrionic enthusiasm she dashed off her fable, sealed it in an envelope and dropped it after dark in the mail box.

Darling Mamma and Papa:—

How can I write the terrible news? I can hardly bear to think of it, let alone write about it. But my darling husband passed away in the desert. I cannot write you the particulars now, for I am too agitated and grief stricken, and I do not want to harrow you with details. I know your poor hearts will ache for me, but I beg you not to feel it too deeply, because I am trying to be brave. And I remember what you taught me, that the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. * * I cannot write you more now. I am in no need of money and I will come home when I get a little stronger. All the love in the world from

Your loving Mem.

After she had slipped the letter irrevocably into the mail box she realized that the postmark of Palm Springs would be stamped on the envelope. Her place of concealment would be disclosed.

Still, it would not matter. She was a widow now in the minds of her people and she could go back to them and face the future in calm.

The mountains had a beckoning look always, and on this afternoon, when a clouded sky gave a little shelter from the sun, she set out to obey an impulse to climb as far as her strength would take her.

The exertion of climbing was more than Mem had bargained for. The steeps that looked so inviting from a distance were ragged and forbidding. The burnt-almond mountains were hot and sharp-edged gridirons to her feet. The sun came blazing forth and seemed to spill upon her a yellow hot mass of metal that slashed her about the head and rolled over her shoulders in blistering ingots.

A stone rolled under her foot and shook her from her balance. She wavered, clutched at nothing, whirled, struck, bounded from the hard rock, fell, and then—a smashing blow, blackness, silence.

A young Indian girl, chasing her stray pony about the sand had seen Mem stumble, then fall; and heard the thump of the body on cushioning sand; had run to the nearest house and told what she had seen. Mem was taken home. The village doctor did all that his skill could do.

Tho she had never dared to visit him, he knew of her, and knew her as a widow. When she was strong enough to be talked to he prepared her for bad news.

"Am I to be crippled for life?" she cried.

"No," he sighed. "You will bear no marks of your accident. But you will not—but your other hopes and expectations—will not be realized."

She was dazed and he was timid, and he had some difficulty in making her understand his bad news; that she would not be a mother.

She bore this blow with a fortitude that surprised him.

* * *

And now Mem was weak and woebegone, at the bottom of the cliff of life. She had never climbed very far, but she had fallen far enough to give both soul and body an almost fatal shock. She was a drudge in a poor family in a scorched settlement abandoned by all that could get away.

The only inferiors she could see were a young widow named Dack and her five year old boy, Terry. Mrs. Dack took in washing.

The boy Terry was of the Ariel breed. His fancy girdled the earth in forty minutes. He mimicked birds and often covered his mother with terror and amused chagrin by imitating her clients with uncanny skill.

Once the child caught cold—in all that heat!—and Mem sat by his bedside thru several smothering nights, while the back-broken mother slept. Mem exercised her skill in making up little dramas to while away the tedium of the long nights and to keep the wakeful child's mind from his cough.

During his illness Mem received a letter from Leva Lemaire saying that she had just seen in an old paper a paragraph describing "Mrs. Woodville's" fall from the mountain and her miraculous escape from death. Leva expressed the utmost sympathy and prayed that her beauty had not been marred. She added:

"But if it has, you can still find something to do in the movies. I've given up trying to be an actress and taken a position in the labortory projection room, correcting the films. It's cool and dark and interesting. I think I can get you a place, if you'll come up. There's no excuse for a woman of your education and charm wasting your sweetness on the desert air. Do come! I've sent my three children out to their uncle's ranch. You could live here with me and my friends."

The thought of working in the dark and the cool was a hint of Paradise to Mem.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

TODAY AND TOMORROW

BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

DOCTORS

Good doctors are scarce everywhere. Country doctors are underpaid and overworked. Peekskill, N. Y., physicians have agreed to charge $1 for telephone consultations. If advice on how to treat a cold is worth telephoning for it is certainly worth a dollar. In England the fees of rural physicians are fixed by the Government. We may come to that in America. The fees must be high enough, however, to encourage well trained young doctors to settle in small towns and to stay there.

Several Eastern towns whose doctors have failed to make a living have agreed to pay a salary out of public funds to a good doctor, for public health work, which still leaves him time to engage in general practice. That way of insuring a doctor a living and at the same time safeguarding the public health is a sound American method and should be more generally adopted, as it will be.

ENGINES

The next big improvement in automobiles will be an engine that uses crude oil or distillate instead of gasoline.

Heavy-oil engines use cheaper fuel get two or three times as much power out of a gallon of it, require no complicated electrical sparking apparatus, and have no valves to be reground. The motor car of the future will have an engine of that type, driving the front wheels instead of the rear wheels, and will have no gears to shift.

Airplanes will use the cheaper fuel, too. A Diesel type engine flew a plane from Detroit to Washington recently. Elmer Sperry announces that he has perfected such an engine for air use on which he has been working for years. A company has been formed in England to manufacture a heavy-oil automobile engine invented by a Swede—Hesselman.

Sweden, by the way, produces more first rate engineering ability in proportion to population than any other country except, perhaps, Italy. Ericsson, inventor of the screw propeller and builder of the Monitor, was a Swede. So were Alfred Nobel, inventor of dynamite, and De Laval, inventor of the steam turbine and the cream separator.

EDUCATION

The best American I ever knew died the other day. I shall not print his name; he would not have liked the publicity. He probably had never earned as much as $100 a month, but he sent his four children thru college. A Cape Cod fisherman's son, he was a schooner captain in the West Indies trade at 18. At 75 he was hauling mail and baggage in his old Ford truck, preferring independence to retirement.

Unlettered himself, one of his sons is a professor in a Western university, one is on the Harvard faculty; a daughter is superintendent of a great training school for nurses.

"Sorrel and Son," one of the most popular English novels of recent years, has for its theme the sacrifices of a father for his son's education. A new theme in England, but one of the oldest in America.

CLIMATE

Chicago may rival Florida as a winter resort when the new power plant of the Commonwealth Edison Company is completed at State line on Lake Michigan. More steam power will be generated there than on any other square mile in the world. To cool the huge condensors of the compound engines, 400,000 gallons of Lake Michigan water will be pumped up every minute and will flow back with its temperature nearly 100 degrees higher.

In New York the average temperature of the whole Upper East Side of the city has been appreciably increased by the condenser water from the New York Edison Company's plants, flowing into the East River. The southern end of Lake Michigan and all the towns that border it will have a perceptibly warmer climate when the new State Line plant gets into full operation.

ACCIDENTS

Automobile accident cases cost the hospitals of the United States more than $15,000,000 last for the care of the injured. More than one-third of this was never collected, because the persons responsible for the accidents could not be compelled to pay for the damage they had done.

Next to industrial accidents, automobiles send more individuals to the hospitals than any other one cause. The care of the victims is a charge on all the rest of us, to the extent that the deficit in hospital expense has to be made up out of taxes.

Almost every state makes insurance against industrial accidents compulsory on employers. Only Massachusetts requires automobile owners to carry liability insurance. If you are injured by a car with a Massachusetts license, the insurance company pays. If a car from any other state hits you, you can usually whistle for your hospital bill, or start a tedious and expensive lawsuit.

Eventually every progressive state will adopt the Massachusetts system or something like it.

Custard curdles if it is allowed to reach too high a temperature while cooking. Be sure that the water in which it is cooked never reaches the boiling point.

Novel electrical GIFTS

play Santa Claus all year 'round

THIS year, say Merry Christmas with smart electrical gifts. On 365 days of every year they will be reminders of your thoughtfulness.

There are scores to choose from, many under five and ten dollars. Fascinating new sandwich-toasters, egg-cookers, automatic irons. Graceful coffee-urns, waffle-irons, and dozens more.

Nor are they expensive to use. A penny or two an hour will run any of them. For never has your electricity been cheaper. While the price of most necessities has almost doubled, Niagara Power Service costs less today than when Christmas trees sold for 25 cents.

NIAGARA, LOCKPORT & ONTARIO POWER COMPANY

NIAGARA POWER SERVICE

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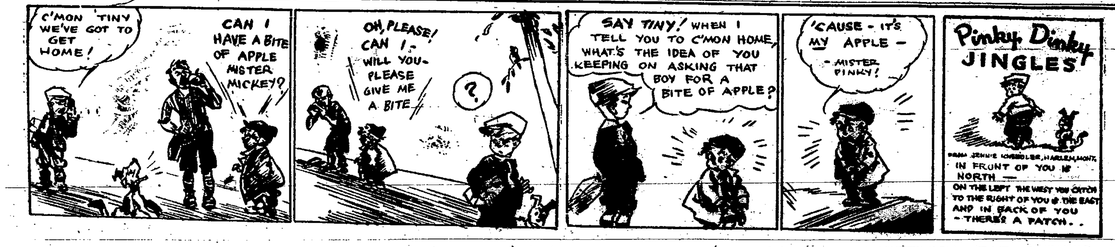
PINKY DINKY

REASON ENOUGH

By Terry Gilkison



Country Correspondence

South Hill

Nov. 27—The Thanksgiving holidays are now being enjoyed.

Mrs. Katherine Dean and son John were visitors at Jones Memorial Hospital Wellsville, last week, where her brother Thomas Eagan of Scio was a patient. Mr. Eagan was struck on the highway, by an auto, but his injuries were not serious.

An employee at the Sinclair Refinery, Wellsville is occupying the John Dean house.

Mrs. Margaret Dean has returned from her visit in Ithaca and Waverly

We have felt the force taste of winter, that visited "Old Allegany" the past week.

Edw. McAndrew has converted a part of his small dwelling house into a garage.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Dean and Mr. and Mrs. A. Dougherty were dinner guests Sunday at the home of their aunt, Mr. nad Mrs. P. J. Byrnes of Wellsville.

Commissioner Howland and road men of Andover traveled over our hill Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Horan were Hornell visitors one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dean, Mrs. Anthony Dougherty and Miss Anna O'Leary visited Hornell Tuesday.

Anthony Dougherty did his bit at a wood bee for John F. Baker of Pingrey Hill on Tuesday.

Whitesville

It was two below zero here last Saturday morning.

Lee Millspaugh of Andover was in town, Sunday afternoon.

Fred Dean has bought the Mary Halsey house on Main street.

L. F. Howe returned Wednesday from Alden, N. Y., where he took baths for rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Greene of Andover have moved into the L. F. Howe house.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Howe expect to move to Wellsville this week.

Seymour Brown and family returned from a two weeks' visit with relatives at Benton, N. Y. He brought home a bear weighing 150 pounds, which he killed on a hunting trip while gone.

Mr. and Mrs. Willett Harris have moved into rooms in the Christman block.

Mrs. Eva Wildman left Saturday morning to visit her daughter, Dorothy, who teaches at Niagara Falls. They will both return Wednesday for the Thanksgiving vacation.

What might have been a bad fire resulted last Wednesday in Christman's garage, when some one threw some gasoline in the stove to start a fire. It started it all right, by connecting up with a bucket of gas which stood near and it took some lively work with chemicals to extinguish the blaze.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Wildman were Hornell visitors, Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Barney and Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Travis visited in Wellsville, Sunday evening.

Dr. Haines, eye specialist, is in town this week in his office at A. W. Robbins'.

The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church is holding its tenth annual Thanksgiving dinner at the church Thursday noon.

Whitesville's annual extravagance the medicine show, "Nick" this time, has been "holding forth" at Lyric theatre the past few days. They are selling medicine to and "curing" the same class of people which some other medicine show cured last year. Such shows ought to be obliged to pay a big license fee for invading any town.

West Greenwood

An oyster supper and election of officers was held at the West Greenwood Grange Hall, Wednesday night. Franz Teribury was again elected master; Nelson Brewster, overseer; Mrs. Grace Brewster, lecturer; Mary Laverty, chaplain; Lester York, steward; Howard Brewster, assistant steward; Pauline Murray, lady assistant steward and other officers the same as last year. The third and fourth degrees were worked for Stanley and Pauline Murray.

Mrs. Ada Atherton spent the week-end at her home at Adrian.

Little Veronica Brown spent Wednesday night at the home of her grandfather, Fred Conrad and family.

John Swarts and daughters, Fern, Ruby and Reva were in Andover, Saturday.

Clarence Brutsman was in Andover on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Brown and daughter of King Hill were Sunday callers at Fred Conrad's.

Fred Brewster was in Andover with potatoes, Saturday.

Greenwood

Miss Helen Brown has been appointed as sectional delegate of the state teachers association.

Miss Ruth Potter of Hornell spent the week-end with her aunt, Mrs. Minnie Shaw.

There was a church service at the Latter Day Saints church, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Freeland formerly of this place are the parents of a daughter, born Saturday morning at 6:30.

Miss Sadie Bly, spent Saturday in Hornell.

Mr. and Mrs. Denzel Freeland were in Hornell Saturday p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge and Agnes McCaffery visited Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McCaffery in Milwaukee, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Mallotte and Mr. and Mrs. Elwin Mallotte of Milwaukee visited Mr. and Mrs. Guy Drake, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Stephens visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cook in Woodward Hollow, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Dennis spent the week-end in Wellsville on business. Mr. Dennis is the president of the rural mail association.

Miss Ellen Young spent the week-end with Miss Sylvia Stephens of Caledonia.

Miss Ellen Young was in Rochester, Friday, to get supplies for the church and parsonage.

John McCormick and family have moved in the house with Fayette Woodward.

Mrs. Minnie Knight is working in Olean.

Mrs. Harland Knight will substitute for English classes during Miss Brown's absence to go to Syracuse.

Miss Mae Whitmore spent Thursday night with Miss Agnes McCaffery.

Miss Easter Clark called on Miss Agnes McCaffery, Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge were shopping in Hornell, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Drake and daughter, Irene and son, LaVern, were shopping in Hornell, Monday.

Oris Taylor and Miss Isabelle Banks of Canisteo called on friends in town, Saturday.

Mrs. D. P. Madison of Canisteo spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Mallotte of Milwaukee spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Guy Drake.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwin Mallotte and son, Clayton, of Milwaukee, spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Guy Drake.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge and Agnes McCaffery spent Monday evening with Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers, Sr.

Davis Hill

Nov. 27—Mr. and Mrs. Leo Davis and family and Mrs. L. E. Davis, visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis of Andover Tuesday evening.

Frank Graves was on the Hill Wednesday repairing Radios.

Mrs. Gertrude Briggs assisted in the care of Mrs. Carrie Slade, at the home of Floyd Clark's, Monday night. Mrs. Slade is recovering from a recent operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum, Kathleen and Mrs. Sophia Slocum visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Slocum of Shongo Sunday.

Miss Pauline Carson and John Follett of Wellsville visited Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Glen Amesburry and her mother Mrs. Orville Green were visitors in Wellsville Saturday.

Our school has a vacation of Thursday and Friday for Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Ordiway and sons visited at Fred Halsey's Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis were in Belmont Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Hougland, daughter and Mrs. Jesse Slocum visited Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Halsey and family visited at Frank Halsey's Sunday.

Sam Freeman's mother and father Mr. and Mrs. Schram of Wellsville are visiting at his home this week.

John Ordiway is building a house on the Williams farm at Elm Valley for his use, during a logging job on the same farm.

Mrs. John Ordiway was a business visitor in Wellsville Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis and Clarence Carson were visitors at Floyd Slocum's Saturday.

Frank Nye and Rob. Spicer moved a hen house, purchased of Floyd Slocum by Milford Crandall, to his home Friday. The work was done by tractors.

Mr. nad Mrs. Fred Halsey visited Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Ordiway Sunday.

Barney Mills

Nov. 25.—Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wallace were guests of their sons at the home place on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tracy, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Tracy and Leona were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Updyke.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherd Austin were business callers in Hornell one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Bliss shopped in Wellsville on Saturday.

A. W. Edwards and family were dinner guests of Mrs. Nora Crandall of Independence last Thursday.

New BARBER SHOP

Have opened a First Class Barber Shop in the Lynch Building on Main Street, Andover.

We Solicit Your Patronage

Bert S. Brown

What Will you do

When your Children Cry for It

There is hardly a household that hasn't heard of Castoria! At least five million homes are never without it. If there are children in your family, there's almost daily need of its comfort. And any night may find you very thankful there's a bottle in the house. Just a few drops, and that colic or constipation is relieved; or diarrhea checked. A vegetable product; a safe remedy meant for young folks. Castoria is about the only thing you have ever heard doctors advise giving to infants. Stronger medicines are dangerous to a tiny baby, however harmless they may be to grown-ups. Good old Castoria! Remember the name, and remember to buy it. It may spare you a sleepless, anxious night. It is always ready, always safe to use; in emergencies, or for everyday ailments. Any hour of the day or night that Baby becomes fretful, or restless. Castoria was never more popular with mothers than it is today. Every druggist has it.

AMAZING GUARANTEE TO SUFFERERS FROM RHEUMATISM NEURITIS - NEURALGIA

We do not care how long you have suffered, how severe your case, or how many other remedies you have tried before. Our guarantee stands.

BRADIGAN'S TABLETS have helped thousands in the past. Cases of twenty years standing have yielded to them.

Cripples on crutches have been restored to health by them.

Desperate, hopeless sufferers have found glorious relief in them.

Here is our remarkable offer: Take three packages of Bradigan's Tablets faithfully according to directions. (You may buy one at a time if you wish.)

If they fail to give you more than three dollars' worth of real benefit return the empty cans to the manufacturer, say where you bought them and demand your money back. We don't want your money if we can not help you.

Bradigan's Tablets are sold by—

Brundage Drug Co.

CHRISTMAS BRINGS UNORDERED MAIL

Better Business Bureau Tells Recipients of Mail Not Wanted How to Dispose Of It.

The season just prior to the Christmas holidays witnesses the greatest distribution of unordered merchandise, according to the National Better Business Bureau. The Bureau's report explains that there are many schemers who send merchandise, unsolicited to people whose names they obtain from the telephone directory list, and then attempt to collect for it if it is not returned. The report states that boxes of unordered greeting cards are unnecessary burdens to many mail carriers at this season, and that they are a further annoyance to the recipients who did not request them but who are asked to pay for them.

"The receipt in the mail of packages that may contain flags, shirts, neckties, rain coats, sheet music, pens, pencils, electrical fixtures, novelty jewelry, socks, perfumery, lingerie, sweaters, handkerchiefs or even so-called stock certificates is looked upon by most persons as an unmitigated nuisance which they could very well forego," stated the Bureau.

Accompanying the merchandise is a communication asking the recipient to send one dollar or more for it or to return it. Frequently the selling appeal purports to come from "some poor soul who is seeking to regain his 'health,' in trying to build up a little capital while he is 'unjustly detained in prison,' or endeavoring to procure funds for the 'education' of his children."

The Bureau's statement points out that if the recipient of the package does not remit or return it within a few days, there begins a series of dunning letters which sometimes threaten legal action for collection. Once the goods arrive what should be the recipient's attitude toward them? Must he accept them? Must they be returned? Is he obliged to pay for them? After securing legal opinions, the National Better Business Bureau answers each question "No."

The Bureau further advises that the recipient accord the merchandise a reasonable degree of care, that it should not be appropriated for use by the recipient unless the recipient intends to pay for it and that he is in no way obligated to return it to the sender even the return postage and suitable mailing carton is enclosed.

The merchandise should be held only for a reasonable length of time, during which the sender may instruct a qualified agent to call for it.

If such an agent does call, the recipient has the right to demand the payment of storage charges before turning it over to the agent.

Almost the only way to end this unordered merchandise nuisance is to make it unprofitable, and the best way to do so is to follow the procedure as outlined above by the National Better Business Bureau.

Uncle Ab says that to stop service in order to save money is to lose the chance to serve.

Friday is forestry day on the daily noon programs over WEAI, the radio station at Cornell University.

BRIEF BUSINESS BRINGERS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Wood range and gas heater. E. A. Richardson & Son.

WANTED

WANT upholstering, refinishing, repairing, rush and splint seats, carting free. The City Upholstery, 12 Depot street, Canisteo. 34tf

Store Closed Thanksgiving Day

C. F. BABCOCK CO. Inc.

114-118 Main Street Hornell, New York

Defiance Batteries For Quick Starting

Linens For the Thanksgiving Table

THANKSGIVING DINNER at The BABCOCK TEA ROOM

Dinner Served

From 12:30 to 4 p. m.

—CHOICE OF—

Fruit Cup or Shrimp Cocktail

Celery Consomme Olives

Wafers

—Choice of—

Roast Turkey with dressing, Cranberry Sauce or Baked Ham, Southern style

Mashed Potatoes Candied Sweet Potato

Hubbard Squash Creamed Onions

Rolls and Bran Muffins

Perfection Salad Lemon Sherbet Cheese Wafers

—Choice of—

Mince Pie or Pumpkin Pie

Frozen Fruit Pudding

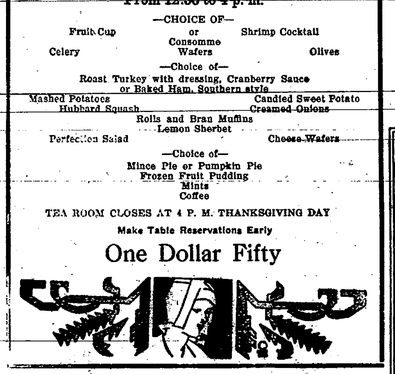
Mints

Coffee

TEA ROOM CLOSES AT 4 P. M. THANKSGIVING DAY

Make Table Reservations Early

One Dollar Fifty



Defiance Tires

Have New Trouble-Proof Tires For Your Winter Driving-Buy Here for Less

Nothing is more dreadful than tire trouble on a cold windy day. Then too, there is an added sense of security in having good, sharp treads for driving on slippery pavements. There is no better non-skid tread on the market than Defiance.

LINEN DAMASK, spread upon the table visualizes exquisitely the quality of graciousness that distinguishes hospitality. For generations, a consummate artistry of the loom has characterized

Linen Damask Cloths and Napkins From Dumferline, Scotland

Among women to whom the appointment of the table is an essay in the art of personal expression, fine linen damask from Babcock's is a primary requisite.

In White or Pastel Tints

Damask Sets—Damask Cloth and six Napkins to match, hemmed and laundered ready to use. Attractively boxed.

67x67 Cloth and six Napkins ..... $ 6.95
67x84 Cloth and six Napkins ..... $ 7.95
72x72 Pastel Tinted Set $12.50

Damask Sets with hemstitched hems—laundered and ready to use—cloth and six napkins. Attractively boxed.

64x64 Cloth and six Napkins ..... $ 8.95
64x61 Cloth and six Napkins ..... $ 9.95
66x66 Cloth and six Napkins ..... $ 9.95
67x84 Cloth and six Napkins $11.95

Pastel Tinted Damask Sets

From Luncheon and Breakfast Sets of colorful linen to superb banquet sets.

$3.98 $4.50 $3.95 and up

HANSEN LADY ARISTOCRAT $7.00

Women's Winter Driving Gloves

Smart, Light, Warm

Here are two modish Hansen Gloves for winter driving. Especially made not to cramp your fingers or shut off circulation as you grip the wheel. Finest imported leather. Lady Rob Roy—at $6.00—has a seamless knitted wool lining in the new Nava-Hue colors. Lady Aristocrat—at $7.00—is lined with imported lambs wool.

Now on Display in Our Window

Choose Now For Christmas Giving

HANSEN LADY ROB ROY $6.00