WHAT HAPPENED SO FAR

Tom Bilbeck is the narrator. He is a fat newspaper writer who drives a tumble-down car he calls Grandmother Page. He is in love with Maryella, his rival being Jim Cooper. The three are members of an amateur dramatic group. Plans for a play at the Old Soldiers' Home are under way. Grandmother Page has engine trouble while Maryella is out driving with Bilbeck, and Cooper, passing in a big roadster, taunts him. After Maryella has left Bilbeck is able to start his car again.

Now go on with the story:—

CHAPTER II.

Rehearsal

Our version of "Pygmalion and Galatea" would doubtless surprise you if you are at all familiar with the original, in which Pygmalion is the artist and carves the lady in the sketch out of a block of marble.

We started out to rehearse it that way, but ran into difficulties when the matter of costumes came up for discussion. It seemed advisable that the statue should wear white tights and white grease-paint on the face in order to carry out the illusion. All the ladies of the club were quite content that it should be so, but when it came to assigning the parts each and every one refused to be Galatea.

For a time it looked as if we would have to fall back on some little sketch of Shakespeare's until Maryella made the practical suggestion that we change the story. Her idea was to make Galatea a sculptorine who hammers a hunk of stone into a beautiful male statue by the name of Pygmalion.

Can you imagine an anti-feminist thinking up a thought like that?

Maryella's suggestion carried. As the literary man of the organization I was appointed to doctor up the manuscript to fit the change of characters. Later, much to my surprise and in spite of my protests, the stellar role of Pygmalion was forced upon me.

Tonight was to be the dress rehearsal and on the following evening we were scheduled to give a trial performance in the barn at the Old Soldiers' Home. The trial performance was for the double purpose of getting easy in our parts and of making the old soldiers realize that war is not so terrible after all.

When I returned to my bachelor rooms in town I had only time to change to some dry clothing and hurry over to the rehearsal without getting anything to eat. Food did not appeal to me anyway. Neither did anything else, least of all rehearsing a lot of fool love-talk. My own romance had suffered such a disheartening set-back that I was in no mood to enact the role of a hand-hammered Romeo of mythology.

But I went just the same. You know how hard it is to step out of the routine business of your life just because some disaster has befallen you. Your perceptions become numbed and you wonder vaguely why the sun is shining, but you go on doing the things that are expected of you just as you have always done.

"Business as usual," is not the motto of an exceptional nation. It is the underlying principle of the progress of the human race.

The Sheridan Dramatic Club had borrowed for rehearsals the stage of the local opera house, which was vacant that week. It was there that I wended my disconsolate way.

I was late, but it didn't make much difference, as all during the first act the statue of Pygmalion was a papier-mache figure. Between the acts I was supposed to take the place of the statue in the same pose so that a little later I could come to life in response to Galatea's wish.

When I came in, they were rehearsing the dummy. Everything appeared to be going very well. Maryella looked absolutely ravishing in the Greek drapery, and Jim Cooper was doing the best he could to impersonate a skinny Greek warrior.

He was even thinner than I had suspected. As a Highlander he would never be a conspicuous success. Any one could tell that at a glance.

The part of a young sculptor's apprentice was taken by Mrs. Hemmingway, a dazzling blond who was worth going miles to behold in a short Greek tunic and sandals. She wouldn't have fooled anyone but a blind man into thinking she was a boy, but nobody minded that. She had talent enough to get into a Ziegfeld chorus any day.

There were a dozen other parts played with intent to kill in the good old amateur way. I discovered former male friends hidden behind bushy beards that dropped off occasionally at a critical moment, leaving the poor bald-faced and speechless; and ladies I used to know disguised as Hellenic maidens by doing their hair into a Psyche knot and trimming their best nighties with a Greek key-design and an occasional swastika.

Off stage, doing a piece of embroidery while she waited for her cue, was Mrs. George P. Lillielove, the wife of the most popular undertaker in town. In Greek robes Mrs. Lillielove looked almost exactly like a haystack with a tarpaulin over it.

I slipped into my dressing-room unobserved. My costume was there. I had not seen it before, so I was a little surprised at the bulk of it. The whole thing could have been put in the pocket of a dress waistcoat without spoiling the shape of it any. I was silk and white, but it seemed awfully thin, I played safe by wearing my underwear beneath it.

There was no full length mirror in my room, so I could not get the entire effect, but it looked all right as far as I could see. It was easy to make up my face all white and put on a white wig which was provided for me. I slipped on my overcoat over the costume to step up on the stage.

The stage was down between the acts. I took my place on the pedestal, slightly nervous but determined to get thru somehow, if the seams of the tights did their part. The stage was dimly illuminated with blue moonlight. Just before the curtain rose I dropped the overcoat behind me.

I stood motionless during the introductory music. There was a flutter of surprise among the members of the club who were not on the stage at that moment and had stepped out into the auditorium to steal a look from the other side of the footlights. It must have been beautiful. I know I was conscious of looking well in that pose and lighting. I flexed my muscles to make them stand out better.

Galatea entered. She was dressed in a gold-trimmed robe. On her neck was a single strand of beautiful pearls. I recognized them as Mrs. Hemmingway's. Maryella had borrowed them because their owner couldn't wear them for the performance, as she was playing the part of a boy.

Galatea's eyes were on the floor, pensive. She came slowly to the pedestal on which I stood. She knelt. She looked up.

The Statue With Bow Legs!

That was a sensitive subject with me.

"I didn't know there was anything criminal in being slightly curved. It really comes from strength. Lots of men are."

"But no one ever saw a bow-legged statue before," she shrugged petulantly. "I don't care personally. I suppose that lots of really estimable men have personal peculiarities; but can you imagine a sculptor creating a statue intentionally bow-legged? Why didn't you tell me?" she wailed. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Well," I temporarized. "I didn't think I knew you well enough for that."

"The play is ruined," she declared.

"Not at all," I said with as much injured dignity as I could command in white tights. "You can easily get some one else to play this part. If you look around the club you can doubtless find someone with legs like bean-poles."

She knew whom I meant without me explaining more particularly.

"Come, people," interrupted the coach pleasantly. "Mustn't waste time. Remember there is a lot to do before we leave here this evening."

"Don't be silly," she replied. "No one else could learn the part in time."

"Why not try standing sideways to the audience all the time," suggested Jim Cooper, who, with his nose-glasses on and a cigarette in his mouth was the beau ideal of a Greek warrior.

"I know what to do."

Mrs. Hemmingway came to the rescue with a practical suggestion.

"You can buy a pair of those things that chorus girls wear sometimes—symmetricals, I think they are called."

"Oh!" said several of the ladies at once, looking pointedly at Mrs. Hemingway's shapely substructure.

"No, I don't wear them myself," she assured them in response to the unspoken question, "but I've heard that there are such things."

"All right," said the coach. "Go on with the dialogue."

The balance of the act was plowed thru somehow. I had to play several love-scenes with Maryella, but I was so acutely conscious of her criticism that I did them very badly.

The only scene that I played with any enthusiasm was one in which I was supposed to wrestle with Jim Cooper in the role of the Greek warrior. Even that turned out ill for me because it made his head ache where I bumped it on the stage, and Maryella hovered over him like a hen with chickens all during the intermission while they were setting the stage for the third act.

I got tired of listening to her sympathising with him and went out in the auditorium by myself. I did not care to talk to anyone. To criticize my acting was one thing, but to make personal remarks about the shape of my legs was going too far.

I made up my mind to withdraw from the Sheridan Dramatic Club as soon as the performance of "Pygmalion and Galatea" was over. I would not leave them in the lurch now, as I might do, and wreck the entire performance; but as soon as it would not be conspicuous I would assert my dignity and resign on the ground that it took too much of my time. I admired Maryella, but she could hardly expect me to stand for being made fun of before Jim Cooper.

"I think it is an awfully funny play; don't you?" inquired a voice behind me.

I looked around. In the aisle stood Mrs. Hemingway, a plump sylph in the half-light of the auditorium. She apparently wanted to sit down, so I made room for her beside me.

"You think it is quite funny?" I repeated interrogatively.

"Yes. I didn't realize it so much until I saw the costumes. I didn't know you were going to be a clown."

She pointed to my white face.

I suppose she would have laughed herself sick at the Venus de Milo. Mrs. Hemingway is a movie fan, and her sense of humor must have been curdled by this comic-fall stuff. Here I was gotten up to represent a beautiful work of the sculptor's art, and she had missed the idea entirely, and thought I was meant to be funny!

"The best scene," she went on, innocently endeavoring to flatter me, "is where you tell Maryella you love her there in the garden. It was better than Charlie Chaplin."

And that scene was pure poetry! I wrote it myself, so I am sure of it.

"Thank you very much for your appreciation," I said, wishing that she were a man so that I could say what I really thought. "You've no idea how your praise makes me feel."

"I'm glad. I thought you were sort of blue over here all by yourself, so I decided to cheer you up."

Then she added hastily for fear she had ruined the effect of her praise.

"I really meant what I said the about your being funny."

The dear little featherhead was trying to make me feel good! She was prompted by the instinct which makes one woman try to heal the hurts inflicted by another. I was a bear not to accept her tribute in the spirit in which it was offered.

"Thanks ever so much," I assured her, and reaching over carelessly I patted her hand, which lay idly on her knee.

As I did so a strong hand came down on my shoulder, and, heavy man tho I am, I was hoisted bodily from my seat to the stage.

"I caught you, didn't I?" hissed an angry voice. "I've suspected there was some man in the case to make my wife so crazy about acting all of a sudden."

(Continued Next Week)

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Our Big 10-Day Re-organization Sale Closes SATURDAY.

EVERYTHING in the store at LOWERED PRICE!

The largest retail stock in Allegany County to select from.

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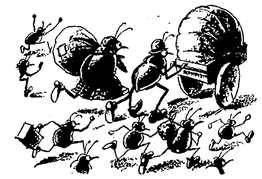

Mr. and Mrs. Microbe are on the run

MOVING out at last, the whole tribe of them! And everybody's glad to see them go:

If people only knew it . . . with them goes a real menace to the community. For during hot weather especially, bacteria taint food without warning . . . endanger the precious health of babies and grownups alike.

Take no chances with the microbe. See your nearest electrical dealer now about an electric refrigerator. It keeps food sweet and pure for days . . . in steady, dry 45° cold.

"My electric refrigerator is such a comfort," says Mrs. N. C. Z. (name on request). "Food keeps much better. With dry cold nothing molds. And the cost to run is less.

It's true—the cost is but a few pennies a day. Never has your electricity been so cheap. While most necessities have nearly doubled in price, Niagara Power Service costs less today than when Dewey bottled up Manila.

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F. L. WELSTEAD
24 E. Fassett St.
Wellsville, N. Y. Phone 499

South Hill

July 24.—Great activity in the hay fields now, with fine hay making weather.

Dr. Scott of Andover motored over the hill several days last week.

Miss Anna O'Leary of Andover was the guest last week of her sister, Mrs. Margaret Dean.

The Misses Mary and Ellen Horan of Andover enjoyed a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Jay Horan last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Cronk and children spent Saturday night and Sunday with Andover relatives.

Frank Kemp of Andover is helping John Dean with his haying.

Mrs. Howard Dean, her little daughter and Josephine Cummings spent Saturday night and Sunday at the Daniker home in Wellsville.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Taylor of Smethport, Pa., friends of Mrs. Margaret Dean, motored from that city Sunday, to spend the day with her and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Horan and children were guests at the Horan home in Andover, Sunday, where a family dinner was enjoyed.

Mrs. Ed. McAndrew and sons are doing their bit in the work of haying on the farm this week.

Anthony Dougherty and family were Wellsville visitors, Sunday.

A number of our haymakers took a respite from their work Monday afternoon, to help raise a barn for Frank Dean.

Com. Howland and men from Andover have been busy on our highways for some days.

Davis Hill

Mr. and Mrs. U. V. Davis and son Robert, of Rochester visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Davis, Saturday night and Sunday, being dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Briggs, Sunday. Miss Gertrude Briggs returned home with them for an extended stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum, Kathleen, Mary DeSelva and Mrs. Mabel Halsey visited Mr. and Mrs. Barney Schrienr of Wellsville, Tuesday evening, also visited Mrs. Lee Trowbridge at the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Arling Briggs and family, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark and sons, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Clark and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis, Mrs. Bert Halsey, Clarence Carson, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum Kathleen and Mary DeSelva enjoyed a picnic dinner in the Livermore woods, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis, Mrs. L. E. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Davis and children attended the exercises given by the children at Independence church Sunday evening.

Miss Kathleen Slocum is entertaining a little fresh air girl from New York for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Hoagland and babe of Canadice were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Montgomery and sons of Hornell visited at Arling Briggs recently.

Fred Halsey is assisting his father with his haying this week.

If it's good printing you want—we do it.

Independence

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Whitford of Darlington, Pa., are guests of her mother, Mrs. Maude Clarke.

Mrs. Addie Green of Keesville, N. Y., is visiting her son, W. E. Greene.

Wallace Clarke was home from Alfred over Sunday.

Mrs. E. R. Crandall, Maxson, Eugene and Hilda, returned to Alfred Sunday after spending a few days at R. E. Spicer's.

Mrs. Vincent Axford and Janet of Knoxville, Tenn., are visiting her mother, Mrs. Maud Clarke.

The Bible School closed Friday and Sunday evening they gave a demonstration of their work. Monday the pupils and teachers are enjoying a picnic at Cuba Lake.

Maxson Crandall of Devan, Conn., is a guest at R. E. Spicer's.

Mr. and Mrs. Theron Jones of Wellsville were calling on their grandmother, Mrs. M. A. Crandall, Saturday.

Mrs. M. A. Crandall of Andover is ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Floyd Clarke.

Greenwood

Mr. and Mrs. Earl York and two children of Canisteo visited their grandmother, Mrs. Mary VanFleet, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Caffery of West Hill were in Canisteo, Monday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Larry Hyland, Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason and Miss McKinley of Hornell called on Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Caffery, Sunday.

Miss Agnes Caffery called on Mrs. Guy Drake, Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Scribner and son, Junior, called on Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge, Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwin Mallatte of Milwaukee spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Guy Drake.

Buster Drake is spending this week with Mr. and Mrs. Elwin Mallatte of Milwaukee.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Fuller and son of Andover and Mr. and Mrs. George Caffery called on Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Caffery in Milwaukee, Sunday afternoon.

Francis Van Fleet of Canisteo is spending a few days with his grandmother, Mrs. Jennie Williamson.

Mr. and Mrs. George Banks and daughter, Isabelle and Oris Taylor of Canisteo called on Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge, Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge and Mrs. Ordo Williamson spent Monday afternoon with H. C. Caffery in Milwaukee.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Caffery and daughter, Eloise, of West Hill, called on John Rogers, Jr., Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Drake and daughter, Irene, were shopping in Hornell, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Scribner and son, Harold, visited relatives in Savenville, Pa., Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clair Updyke entertained company from out of town Sunday.

Regular daily cleaning prevents those dreadful upheavals of house-cleaning at longer intervals and keeps the home looking immaculate all the time.

HIGHLIGHTS ON STATE PRODUCE

From New York State Dept Agriculture and Markets, July 23, 1929.

Beans Higher

Fancy, tender beans of most varieties met a ready sale on the New York wholesale section this morning and prices tended upward in a firmer market. Jobbing business on up-state offerings were consummated as follows: Per bushel, green, round $1.75-2.50; flat, $2.50-3.50; stringless $2-2.75. Fava beans brought $2.25-2.50 and wax beans $2-3.50.

Cherries Firmer

Sour cherry prices further strengthened in a stronger market. Supplies were rather light and the demand was fairly active. Hudson Valley, four-quart baskets of red, sour cherries realized from 80c to $1.00, while the black sours sold at 85c to $1.10.

County Dressed Calves

The condition of country-dressed calves was unchanged. Fresh receipts were light. Demand was slow and limited. Market steady with lightweights scarce and high. A few extra fancy obtained premiums. Fresh receipts per pound: Choice 23-24c; fair to good 20-22c; common 19-20c; small to medium 18-21 cents; lightweights 17 cents.

Live Poultry

Receipts of live poultry were moderate. The demand was slow. The market was steady on real heavy fancy stock. Average run, poor and irregular. Fowls: Leghorn 29-30c, colored 31-32c per pound. Broilers: Rocks: 2½ pounds and over 35c; 1½ to 2 pounds 32-34c, under 1½ pounds 30c. Reds, 2½ pounds and over 30c; 1½ to 2 pounds 27-29c; under 1½ pounds 26c; Ducks, nearby 20-22c.

Butter—Cheese—Eggs

The butter market ruled steady. Receipts are sufficient for trade requirements and reports are that ample supplies for the week are now forthcoming. Higher score 43c per lb., (93 score) 42c.

There are only a few New York State flat cheese on the market. Prices, however, are kept at levels much lower than would prevail were not Western cheese selling at low prices. New York flats, fresh fancy were 23½-25c per pound.

The egg market is firm on all grades, particularly so on fancy qualities which are selling at substantial premiums above quotations. N. Y. and nearby henery whites, closely selected extras were 46-50c per dozen, average extras 43-45c; nearby gathered whites 34-37c; nearby hennery browns, top quality 39-45c.

Livestock

Bulls: Market nominal, none on sale: Medium $9-10.25; common lightweights $7-8. Cows: Market nominal, none on sale; good $12; common $7-9.50; cutters $4.50-6. Vealers: Market steady; good to choice $18-19; medium $14-16; culls and common $10.50-11.75. Calves: (whole milk-feds excluded) market steady; medium to choice $10.50-13; culls and common $9-10. Lambs: Market steady; good to choice $14.75 to $15.25; medium $13-14.50; culls and common $11-$13. Sheep: Market steady. Ewes: Medium to choice $5-7.50; culls and common $3-5. Hogs: Market nominal, no sales. 85 to 130 pounds $12.25-12.75; 130 to 160 pounds $12.50-$12.75; 165 to 220 pounds $12-12.50; sows (rough) $8-9.25.

Hay Market

Hay receipts were moderate and all undergrade. Trading very slow and draggy. Good hay in large bales wanted. Large bales, Timothy No. 1, none; No. 2, $23-25; No. 3, $20-22.

When Food Sours

Lots of folks who think they have "indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid like Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon restores digestion to normal.

Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least discomfort, try—

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Wear a pair of cheap cotton gloves when you dust and clean. They will help to keep your hands soft and white.

• • •

The best way to clean the jelly bag is to pour boiling water thru it and then soak it in hot water.

• • •

Mattresses which are turned and sunned regularly and protected by washable pads will not only last longer but will also aid sound sleep.

666

is a Prescription for Colds, Grippe, Flu, Dengue, Bilious Fever and Malaria. It is the most speedy remedy known.

Notice of School District Meeting

The annual meeting of the inhabitants of School District Number 1, Town of Andover, New York, qualified to vote at school meetings in said District, will be held at the school house, in said District on Tuesday, August 6, 1929 at 7:30 o'clock, p. m., (standard time) for the election of trustees and the transaction of such business as is authorized by the Educational Law of 1910 and the acts amendatory thereof.

Dated July 10, 1929.

Board of Education of Union Free School District, No. 1, Town of Andover, New York.

SARA CANNON, Clerk.

31

Dog Owners' Notice

Dog licenses for 1928 expired on June 30, 1929. The 1929 license fee is due July 1. License so issued will cover the period from July 1 to December 31, 1929. Every dog must wear a tag of the current dog license year. A dog without such a tag is not protected by law and no action can be maintained for his injury or destruction.

An unlicensed dog may be seized and killed and the fact that a dog is without a tag is presumptive evidence that the dog is unlicensed.

Dog licenses must be obtained from the clerk of the city or town where the dog is harbored or kept.

License fees for the six months period, July 1 to December 31, 1929: Male dog, $1.25; female dog, $2.75; spayed female dog, $1.25. These amounts include clerk's fees.

No license can be issued for less than the full license fee.

The owner of a dog who fails or refuses to obtain a license or the dog as required by law incurs a penalty of $10 and costs.

The enumerators of towns and the police departments of cities are required to prepare in July of this year a list of dog owners. The omission of the name of an owner from the enumerator's or police list will not excuse the owner from obtaining a license.

If you owned a dog last year and do not own one now, so advise the clerk of your town or city.

Dog licenses in the town of Andover are issued by J. D. Cheesman, clerk. P. O. Address, Andover, N. Y.

30

BRIEF BUSINESS BRINGERS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—200 acre farm, good buildings, 10 cows, tractor, farm tools and crops. Price low, terms liberal. 50 acre farm, good buildings, three-fourths miles from state road and market. 17 acre farm, house and barn on state highway. Several good resident village properties. Small and large oil producing properties. Inquire of R. E. SHAFF, of Home Enterprice Sales.

(Salesman Always, Exclusive Never)

HAY TO CUT on shares. N. M. Lanphear, Alfred Station. 31p

FOR SALE—At the home of Mrs. Coats in Alfred: China closet, twin beds, tables, chairs and numerous other articles. 31

FOR SALE — Good producing farm, 60 acres, on state highway, near markets and school. Stock, crop and tools. Buildings fair. Terms. Calhoun Agency, Exclusive Broker, Andover, N. Y.

Where to Shop in Wellsville

Rockwell Bros & Co.
Wellsville, N. Y.
Dry Goods—Ready-to-Wear
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The largest retail store in Allegany County.
A position held for 47 years.

Phone 392 Grinding Laboratories
Dr. A. O. Smith
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Hours—9 a. m. to 5 p. m.
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Special Low Prices on Work Ordered now for Fall or Spring Delivery.
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TIRES— —BATTERIES—
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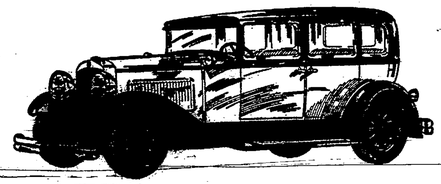
NASH "400"

Leads the World in Motor Car Value



This is the Sedan you will buy, if you *Compare in the $900 Field*

WE will not need to urge you to buy the Nash "400" Standard Six Sedan if you only compare it to other Sedans in the $900 field.

First of all, it is a Nash, built in the traditional Nash manner, with precision workmanship in every part.

And second, it is a Nash "400", and that means something in today's line-up of motor cars.

It means more powerful, more durable, more enjoyable motor performance. The engine in this sedan is a new high compression type with 7 bearings instead of 3 or 4, with aluminum alloy (Invar strut) pistons instead of cast iron pistons, and with full pressure lubrication to every single bearing point. Even the connecting rods in this Nash engine are rifle drilled, to supply oil under pressure up to the wrist pin bearings.

Other "400" features which this car brings to you are the world's easiest steering—a luxury and refinement of interior decoration far beyond expectation at its price—size and capacity for five full grown passengers—riding ease assured by alloy steel springs individually designed for its size and weight, plus *outboard mounted*, Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers.

And finally, no extra charge for bumpers, front and rear, Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, spare tire lock and tire cover. There's nothing except a spare tire to buy—none of these other items, *customarily charged for as "extras" at retail prices*, to pay for, when you buy the Nash "400"!

Price Range (f. o. b. factory) of 23 Nash "400" Models, $885 to $2190 including Touring, Roadster, Coupe, Cabriolet, Victoria and Sedan Models

F. L. WELSTEAD

24 East Fassett Street Phone 499 Wellsville, N. Y.

A Good One—To Pass Up — *By Albert T. Reid*