# JINGLE-BELLS

BY FRANK R. ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. DRUEN

**WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE**

The Sheridan Dramatic Club, of which Tom Bilbeck, the narrator, Maryella, the girl he cares for, and Jim Cooper, his rival, are members, start a performance of Pygmalion and Galatea at the Old Soldiers' Home, but are interrupted by a fire. During the rehearsals Tom Bilbeck is accused by the husband of one of the actors, Mr. Hemmingway, of being in love with his wife.

Riding away from the scene of the ill-fated play in their costumes and overcoats, the group of players are held up by two escaped convicts, one of whom is captured by Bilbeck after a struggle.

The captured thief is tied to a chair at the Old Soldier's Home. Unable to leave the home as the car refuses to budge, the players must stay there, and Mr. Hemmingway, hearing this over the phone, says he is coming right to the home—as he is suspicious of his wife and Bilbeck. Meanwhile the sheriff arrives.

Hemmingway arrives just when Bilbeck is assisting Mrs. Hemmingway, who has fainted, and of course thinks the worst. Meanwhile a disturbance is heard in the cellar, and all in the house rush down to it.

Now go on with the story—

"Well, I'm jiggered!" exclaimed the sheriff. "There's a lot of life in that old horse yet. I didn't suppose he could do that."

"Is he frightened?" Mrs. Lillielove asked.

"No. He's just lonesome. He ain't used to being alone at night, and I suppose he was going to look for me."

The inference was that either the sheriff slept in the stable with the horse or the horse slept in the house with the sheriff. At any rate I had an explanation of the ghostly sounds which had wakened me from my doze when I started on my ill-fated expedition downstairs which had culminated in the sensational mix-up with the Hemmingways.

While the sheriff and some of the others recaptured the horse and tied him to a ring in the stone wall, I went back to the main floor. I wanted to be alone and think.

As I came up from the basement to the living-room, which was now beginning to get light with the first chill dawn of winter morning, I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Hemmingway in eager conversation. Apparently they were approaching some sort of negotiation for peace because they were standing quite close together and once or twice he made as if to take her in his arms.

Far be it from me to interrupt any reconciliation between the Hemmingways. There and there only lay my hope of retaining my job and incidentally the respect of the community.

I was carefully tiptoeing across the living-room to the door which led to the stairway, perfectly willing to have my progress unnoticed, when I was arrested, nay frozen in my tracks, by the piercing voice of Pilk Henwether curiously subdued to a longshoreman's hail.

"Hey, Mr. Bilbeck!" he called. "I want to warn you. There's a fellow here trying to steal your girl away from you—the pretty blond one that was making eyes at you last night."

Mr. and Mrs. Hemmingway, who had reached the sobbing-on-shoulder stage of their reconciliation, now separated suddenly as if a shell had exploded between them.

"So!" the husband shouted, his anger at white heat once more. "My suspicions were true after all! You made such a fool of yourself that everybody noticed it. And to think that you would try to lure me back with soft words. You vampire!"

He struck his forehead a sharp blow with the palm of his hand.

"My heaven! To think I am married to you!"

Mrs. Hemmingway's eyes, usually so placid, blazed in response to his anger.

"You needn't be any longer than it takes to get a divorce," she exclaimed, half-hysterical, with anger. "If you're going to believe everything you hear we might as well separate and get it over with."

Comrade Henwether and I were observing the scene, he with appraising looks seeking to read in their faces what he missed in their speeches, and I with a chill horror at the seriousness of the breach.

"I think she likes you best after all," vouchsafed Pilk. "He's a mite better looking than you be, but you got a way with you that goes with the ladies, durned if you ain't."

Mrs. Hemmingway shrugged her shoulders helplessly and started from the room. Mr. Hemmingway followed to the door, which she slammed in his face.

I quickly gave up my intentions of going up-stairs, which involved passing thru the living-room, and went back to the basement instead, convinced that safety lay in sticking to the crowd.

We went back to bed later for a morning nap. When they woke me up next time—this was for breakfast—I refused to arise until I was provided with some clothes.

"Are you really in love with Mrs. Hemmingway? Are your intentions honorable?"

It was all very well to prowl around in white tights at night when I was hunting ghosts, but it would look rather silly to appear in them in broad daylight going about the ordinary business of life, such as eating soft boiled eggs or bringing in an armful of wood.

Unfortunately I am a larger man than most of the veterans. I tried on several pairs of trousers without finding any that I would dare trust. We had just about given it up as a bad job when some one suggested that Comrade Dreyenfurth was very nearly my size.

His other pants were commandeered. I have mentioned I believe, that Abel Dreyenfurth's west leg has been willfully missing since Antietam. For that reason the Dreyenfurth's trousers last twice as long as most men's. He uses the material in the extra leg to reinforce the seat.

For that reason they did not give me all the protection I could have wished. They were like the first installment of a magazine serial—good as far as they went, but tantalizing.

Still they were better than nothing, so I got up.

The sun was bright and dazzling. I went to the window to look out. What a beautiful world it was. Tons of snow had been carelessly tossed over the map with the lavish hand of an inconceivable giant. In some places were graceful drifts as high as a man, and against a shed in the yard it was piled up even with the roof.

It had been a tremendous storm. Inside we had not realized the amount of snow that had fallen.

City people never know what a snowstorm is like. It falls on the streets and is shoveled clear almost as fast as it comes down, and the little patches that remain are almost immediately soiled with tracks and the soot of countless chimneys. But out in the open it is different. There you can get an idea of the way the Lord intended the world to look in the winter time.

Strangely enough the lake, which lay peacefully crystallized at the foot of the hill where the Home stood, was comparatively free from snow. The wind had swept its glistening surface clear, and it lay a clear black blot on a white universe.

Here and there fishing shanties dotted the lake, and near the shore some boys were rigging an ice-boat. One of them was up on the mast threading a halyard thru a pulley block. I remember when I had done that sort of thing on my first ice-boat.

I sighed. I could never do it again—not with my weight.

Breakfast was announced. I went down, fully but not ornamentally clothed.

The only one of our party who spoke to me was Jim Cooper. Mrs. Lillielove looked as if she were going to but suddenly she blushed and lowered her eyes to her plate without saying anything.

"Good morning," Jim assured me cheerfully. "Isn't this a fine day?" He rubbed his hands gleefully, as if he had done it himself and expected to be complimented for his skill.

"Yes," I mumbled, hurt and puzzled to find myself an outcast in my own circle.

Later I discovered that Comrade Henwether had been doing a travellogue on my prowess as a lady-killer, which had been interrupted by my arrival.

Mrs. Hemmingway's eyes were red from weeping. Poor woman, she had not had any sleep at all, I judged. Her husband sat moodily staring at his plate, but ate very little.

Maryella and Mrs. Lillielove conversed with painful animation about crochet stitches and new fashions.

After breakfast Jim Cooper got me one side.

"Are you really in love with Mrs. Hemmingway?" he demanded, fixing my eye with a look that demanded an honest reply. "Are your intentions honorable."

"Of course I'm not in love with her!" I replied with bitter emphasis. "And I haven't any intentions."

"It's all for the best then. You and I must reconcile them."

I started away hastily.

"Not on your life. I haven't any skin on my shins now just because I mixed in trying to help Mrs. Hemmingway. You do the reconciling. You fix it up and get all the credit!"

"I will." he declared confidently. "I can do it. And all I ask is a little thanks."

That's the way with Jim. He's one of the best little fixers I know. He is always eager to make some one happy. Whatever happens he likes to feel that he is the man who mended the mainspring.

And he likes to be thanked, too. Half a dozen thanks, and Jim will go without his breakfast, any day. It's a vice with him. He has to be thanked for something about every so often, or he gets terribly depressed and thinks that he is not much use to the world.

In an Anglo-Saxon community a confirmed thankomaniac is continually getting hurt. Since I have learned of his habit I always thank him every time I see him, even if I can't think of anything he has done. It saves lots of trouble.

So Jim agreed to fix up between the Hemmingways. With elaborate formality he invited them into a small room off from the living-room which served as an office for Colonel Stewart. They followed him wonderingly, and he closed the door.

Jim was back again even sooner than I expected. What chance had a lad of his slender build against an exasperated man as large as Hemmingway? He picked himself up from the rug where he had landed and removed the cane chair seat which was around his neck.

"I suppose it's all for the best," he observed.

"What?" I asked without enthusiasm.

"Well, I had to agree that you would marry Mrs. Hemmingway," he explained painstakingly. "I tried to make him see differently, but he insisted. You ought to be glad, Tom. She's a very sweet woman and will make a fine wife."

"You agreed that I would marry her?" I demanded. "What in the name of Mike have you got to say about it?"

"Well," he explained. "I let him think that you had sent me to patch it up. Maybe I did wrong, but I thought it was all for the best."

"Oh, I see." What difference did it make after all? One tangle more did not make it much worse.

"People don't seem to appreciate it when a man goes out of his way to do them a favor," he observed with martrylike resignation.

"Pardon me," I said mechanically. "Didn't I thank you? I certainly am much obliged for your good intentions."

"It was nothing at all, Tom. I'd do it again for you any day. Whenever you get in a tight hole send for me. I'm always willing to help. A little thanks is all the pay I want."

Immensely cheered, he left me. It was all for the best—I had located a paper weight to throw at him if he offered to do anything more for me.


GAS

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Andover, N. Y.

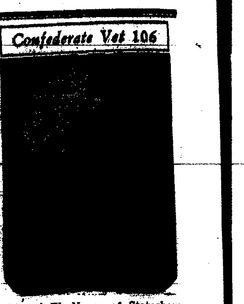
Makes Life Sweeter

Too much to eat—too rich a diet—or too much smoking. Lots of things cause sour stomach, but one thing can correct it quickly. Phillips Milk of Magnesia will alkalinize the acid. Take a spoonful of this pleasant preparation, and the system is soon sweetened.

Phillips is always ready to relieve distress from overeating; to check all acidity or peptonic nicotine. Remember this for your own comfort; for the sake of those around you. Endorsed by physicians, but be sure to get the genuine.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia


## Confederate Vet 106



Edward W. Nance of Statesboro, Ga., who says he is 106 years old and the oldest Confederate veteran. He says he was born Feb. 26, 1828. Nance served under Stonewall Jackson.

I picked up an old magazine and tried to read. The story I started proved to be a serial. I asked Comrade Dreyenfurth, who happened thru, if they had a copy of the number containing the next installment.

"No," he replied with aggravated bitterness. "We get all our magazines from people who send 'em to us after they get thru reading 'em. And nobody ever sent us a complete set yet. I gave up trying to read the serials five years ago."

"I can tell you what happens in the November number," offered Mrs. Lillielove, who had seated herself near and had overheard the conversation. "I read nearly all the magazines that come out. It's terribly exciting when you get six or seven heroines in tight places all at once."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Many a good pair of silk stockings has been spoiled by shoes which rub up and down on heels.

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3,000,000 MICROBES in a single gulp

THAT'S a lot of germs for anyone to drink. Yet with your eyes wide open you run this risk every day, if your food is not kept in a good refrigerator.

Milk or food may taste all right, smell all right . . . yet be tainted or decomposed. "To check the growth of micro-organisms effectively," say government bulletins, "the temperature of your refrigerator should be 50° or under." So don't delay . . . see your nearest dealer today about an *electric* refrigerator.

Why risk your family's precious health, when a small sum will install this marvelous convenience in your home . . . keep your food sweet and fresh in steady, dry 45° temperature?

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PINKY DINKY — PLEASURE MUST BE PAID FOR — By Terry Gilkison

# Country Correspondence

## Davis Hill

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Davis and family visited her sister, Mrs. Otis Butler, Sunday, at Genesee.

Howard Green is assisting Chester Green of Greenwood Hill with his work this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Whitford, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Clark and daughter of Hartsville and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Halsey were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Davis, Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Carson, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Ordiway and sons and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Halsey and sons visited at Frank Halsey's, Sunday.

Ray Rogers has moved his saw mill from Glen Amesbury's over to Norm Rogers' near Greenwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Ford Green of Duke Center were Sunday visitors of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Green.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum of Andover and Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Briggs of Himrods were guests of Mr. and Mrs. U. V. Davis of Rochester from Friday until Sunday, attending the Rochester Exposition. All report a very enjoyable time with Mr. and Mrs. Davis as royal entertainers.

Claude Cummings, nominee for county treasurer, was over the hill Tuesday, leaving his cards with the farmers.

Mr. and Mrs. Arling Briggs and Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Briggs attended the cemetery meeting at Hallsport, Tuesday.

Mrs. Glen Amesburg and daughter accompanied Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Robinson for a visit to Richburg, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arling Briggs and Edna Joyce visited at Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis, Thursday evening.

Ed. Earley's brother has been a visitor at his home recently.

## West Greenwood

Grange meeting was held at the West Greenwood Grange Hall Wednesday night. Refreshments were served.

School started Monday in District No. 7, with Mrs. Atherton from near Adrian for teacher. There are 16 pupils in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Coombs, Alton Coombs and Nelson Brewster were in Andover Monday night and attended the Labor Day celebration.

Bernice Conrad returned home Tuesday after spending two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Will Pease.

Several from this place attended the dance at St. Mary's Hall at Rexville, Friday night.

Delores Hyland visited at Clarence Brutsman's, Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Coombs and sons, Gail and Neal of Garwoods spent Sunday with his brother, Mr. and Mrs. Van Coombs.

John Roppiwitch and Howard Brewster are working on the state road.

Ella and Bernice Conrad spent Thursday evening with their sister, Mrs. Ivan Brown on King Hill.

Van Coombs attended lodge at Andover, Tuesday evening.

Miss Olive Clark from near Greenwood recently visited at Mr. and Mrs. Deo Feenaughty's.

Bernice Conrad spent the week-end with her sister, Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Brown on King Hill.

## Independence

Clarke W. Slade of Washington, D. C., is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Carrie Slade at Floyd Clarke's.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bishop and three children of Buffalo were guests over the week-end of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Clarke.

Mrs. Jane Updyke has been visiting in Andover the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Clark, Mrs. C. M. Slade and Clarke Slade drove to Buffalo, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Bloss of Waverly, N. Y., visited at Louis Bassett's one day last week.

Mrs. Charles Clarke accompanied her brother, Robert Clarke to Cleveland, O., Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Clarke of Rochester came Saturday, to spend the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Clarke. H. M. Clarke, who had been spending the week in Rochester, came home with them.

## Whitesville

The most welcome gift of the season, a shower last Friday.

Mrs. L. G. Probasco spent several days last week in Buffalo.

Marion, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Clarke, who has been very ill of kidney trouble, is said to be improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Cornell are moving to Paynesville, where he will work for Fred Cornell the coming year.

Mrs. Oblinger of New York is visiting her niece, Miss Alice Robbins, who is ill.

Mrs. Annette Dexter, who lives with her son in Brooklyn, N. Y., visited old friends and relatives here last week.

Prof. Merle Bishop of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has been attending summer school in Chicago, is spending a week at his summer home here before returning to his school work in the big city next Sunday.

Mrs. C. L. Travis is spending a week with relatives in Brewster, N. Y.

Borden milk plant began ship ing fluid milk to New York City last Monday.

Wheeler Jones has moved his family from the Barker block to a farm in West Union, fearing his young children will be injured by automobiles on the streets here.

The Misses Grace Larkin and Lucille Ainsworth left for Genesee Normal school Monday and Rose Horseman for Fredonia Normal.

Miss Doris Leach, who has been on a motor trip with her brother, Ronald, to Indianapolis, Ind., will return to her school work in Genesee Normal this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon French of Greenwood attended the M. E. church here Sunday and visited relatives.

Rev. Chauncey, pastor of the Scio M. E. church, preached at the evening services here last Sunday.

W. D. Dexter and mother of Brooklyn, N. Y., attended church here Sunday morning.

Mrs. Ella Millspaugh entertained Saturday evening, a company of friends and relatives of the bride, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCracken, who were married August 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee G. Millspaugh, daughters, Jean and Bethel, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCracken of Andover, were week-end guests of their mother and grandmother, Mrs. Ella Millspaugh.

## Greenwood

Albert Wariner spent Sunday evening with Miss Mae Whitmore.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Updyke were shopping in Hornell, Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Dennison and Mrs. Mate Rogers of West Hill and Mr. and Mrs. Ross Woodworth of Coby Creek visited Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers, Jr., Sunday.

On Sunday, Sept. 1, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Young of Rough and Ready held their 50th anniversary. There were 75 present. Mr. and Mrs. Young received many ornamental and useful presents and a good time was reported by all present.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Drake and daughter, Irene, were in Hornell, Monday afternoon.

Miss Vivian Vanderloof of Andover spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Vanderhoof.

Lloyd Norton of Canisteo called on Miss Doris Case, Saturday evening.

Miss Esther Clark called on Miss Agnes McCaffery, Thursday night.

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

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McCaffery and two sons of Milwaukee spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge.

The Misses Vivian and Grace Vanderloof called on Miss Agnes McCaffery, Sunday afternoon.

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

Ross Baker of New York City is spending a few days with his brother, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Baker.

Miss Isabelle Bankes of Canisteo and Miss Agnes McCaffery attended the dance on West Hill, Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. George Banks and daughter Isabelle and Oris Taylor of Canisteo called on Mr. and Mrs. Homer Banks of East Greenwood Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge were in Canisteo shopping Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers, Jr., were sopping in Canisteo Monday afternoon.

## Barney Mills

Sept. 9.—Mr. and Mrs. John Edwards spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday with relatives at Painted Post, and Watkins Glen.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherd Austin were business visitors at Hornell last Thursday.

Mrs. N. Rogers and neice of Whitesville spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. James Wallace.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tracy spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Weld of Arkport.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Heselton and daughter were callers at Carl Tracy's, Saturday afternoon.

Russell Groves of Pelham, N. Y., returned to his home Saturday after spending the summer with his aunt, Miss Emily Barney.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Jackson and family spent Labor Day at Andover.

## Notice of Filing Completed Assessment-Roll With Clerk After Grievance Day

(Tax Law Sec. 39)

Notice is hereby given that the Assessment Roll for the Town of Andover, New York, in the County of Allegany, for the year 1929, has been finally completed by the undersigned Assessors, and a certified copy thereof was filed in the office of the Town Clerk, at the J. D. Cheesman Store of Andover, N. Y., where the same will remain open to public inspection for 15 days.

Dated this 3rd day of Sept., 1929.

E. E. ORVIS,
A. M. WOOD,
C. E. BURDICK,
Assessors of the town of Andover, N. Y.

38

Fried fish has a particularly delicious flavor if a tablespoon of lemon juice is added to the egg in which the fish is dipped.


## BRIEF BUSINESS BRINGERS

**FOR SALE**

FOR SALE—Open truck body Will carry 12 milk cans. Will be sold cheap. O. W. Robison. tf

FOR SALE—To settle the estate of the late R. Howland, the following property is offered for sale: Farm of 120 acres on state road, two and one-half miles from Andover, with ten cows, farm tools. Farm well-watered and has natural gas. Also eight-room house and lot on Water street and two lots on Barney street. C. W. and E. C. Howland, executors. tf

FOR SALE—Long 40-car garage in good shape, in good town. Cheap. Terms if desired. Address "21," Andover News.

**WANTED**

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

LOST—Canvas concession top and side wall, labeled "Restaurant." Please notify Floyd Terry, Perry, N. Y., and receive reward. 37



## Where to Shop in Wellsville

Rockwell Bros & Co.

Wellsville, N. Y.

Dry Goods—Ready-to-Wear

Rugs—Furniture

The largest retail store in Allegany County.

A position held for 47 years.

Phone 392 Grinding Laboratories

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Optometrist

Hours—9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

103 North Main St.

Special Low Prices on Work Ordered now for Fall or Spring Delivery

A. D. UMIKER

Wellsville

Monument Works

PHONE 103

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MILLINERY

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JEWELRY

NOVELTIES

Next to Babcock

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TIRES— —BATTERIES— —VULCANIZING



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Colds, Grippe, Flu, Dengue, Bilious Fever and Malaria.

It is the most speedy remedy known.



from DARKNESS to DAWN

with Commander Byrd . . .

The long Antarctic winter is over . . . it is summer at the South Pole . . . and once more the most complete expedition in history resumes its regular explorations.

Right now, more than at any time before, you will want to read the fascinating stories which are sent directly from Little America to the Buffalo Evening News.

These dispatches appear exclusively in the Buffalo Evening News.

And Along with This Exclusive Service . . .

You get all the news of the state, nation and world—reported and edited fully and accurately—in addition to the best in features, pictures and comics, every day in the

BUFFALO EVENING NEWS

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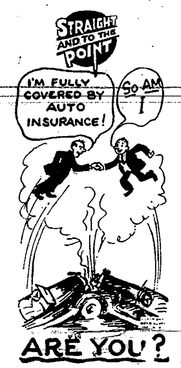
# Owners Of Autos and Trucks




*The N. Y. State Safety Responsibility Law Became Effective September 1st.*

A substantial saving is made all Policy holders who insure their cars in these Old Line, legal reserve, dividend paying, Mutual Insurance Companies.

For Liability, Property Damage and Collision the (American) Lumbermen's Mutual Casualty Company of Chicago, Ill., (organized 1912).

For Fire, Theft, Property Damage and Collision, The Central Manufacturers' Mutual Insurance Company of Van Wert, Ohio. (organized 1876).

## A Special Discount Of 10% Is Allowed To Careful Drivers

Who qualify under a Merit Rating Plan on all pleasure cars, for Liability and Property Damage Insurance.

Car owners insuring in the (American) Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Company are saving thru regular annual dividends 25 per cent. of the cost of their insurance compared with a tariff stock company.

Auto Policy holders are saving by annual cash dividends of 30 per cent. in the Central Manufacturers' Mutual Insurance Company.

## FINANCIAL STATEMENT AS OF DECEMBER 31, 1928

(AMERICAN) LUMBERMEN'S MUTUAL CASUALTY COMPANY:

| Assets | Liabilities | Surplus to Policy Holders |
|---|---|---|
| $10,204,937.75 | $7,677,337.61 | $2,527,600.14 |

CENTRAL MANUFACTURERS' MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY:

| Assets | Liabilities | Surplus to Policy Holders |
|---|---|---|
| $3,862,744.70 | $1,924,623.02 | $1,938,121.68 |

Oldest, Largest, Strongest, General Writing, Mutual Insurance Companies in America.

Local Representative

Sadler Insurance Agency

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Please send me without obligation, complete information on the Financial Responsibility Law and your Low Cost Automobile Insurance Protection.

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