

Mr. Piano Buyer

Did it ever occur to you that the average cost of selling a piano, along the usual methods, is simply enormous—and that the buyer pays this expense? It is added to the price of the piano.

*** Not True at Our Store However ***

Our expenses are reduced to a minimum. No excessive ground floor rents—no agent's commissions and expenses—no collector's salaries—no losses from bad accounts, such as all regular installment houses are sure to have.

Are not the above reasons sufficient to prove our claims that we can, and do sell pianos at RIGHT PRICES and still make a reasonable profit, which is all we desire?

Our pianos are all marked on a spot cash basis; although we extend reasonable credit to satisfactory parties without burdening them with excessive interest.

Our Line Consists of the Following Makes, viz:

A. B. CHASE
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PIANOS AND PLAYERS

We have adopted and firmly believe in THE ONE PRICE SYSTEM (although novel to piano dealers) as the only legitimate method of conducting a piano business. No sawing and dickering in prices here, there is no occasion for it—they are right to begin with. WE TREAT ALL PEOPLE ALIKE and give honest value.

Pianos Rented for Home Use

S. & C. G. Da Boll

ONE PRICE PIANO STORE
208 CORNWALL BLDG.
Entrance 156 Main St. East

The Cause For Thanks

By CECILY ALLEN.

(Copyright, 1906, by C. H. Sutcliffe.)
HONEST, if I had a figure like yours and such a peachy complexion I'd make a good match. Now, of course I've got nice hair and eyes, but a figure counts so much these days. It just sets off your clothes and makes you look like you were the real thing, don't you know. I couldn't help noticing how those two men at the next table watched you go down the aisle. Of course I ain't saying that I haven't my own good points, but with that figure you ought to do something for yourself."

The good natured head of stock who had managed to include the new salesgirl in the glove department in the pleasant little luncheon just concluded patted her pompadour, gave her four-hand tie a twitch and swept out of the dressing room.
The new salesgirl, otherwise Nellie Bender, lingered before the glass and, with an appreciative glance over her shoulder, drew down her giraffe in the front to lengthen already strong Gibsonesque lines. Yes, she had a straight, slender, graceful figure which somehow made all her gowns set well, and above it was a rather pretty, girlish and ingenuous face.

Tom Willis thought it the loveliest face in the world, and he was forever telling his owner so. Perhaps that was where Tom made his mistake. Nellie had always felt so sure of him. And lately Tom had been very unreasonable.



NELL CLUTCHED HIS ARM TIGHTLY.

He had been angry when she had taken the position in the store. He was making \$18 a week, with promotion just ahead. He wanted her to stay at home and study homemaking from her own capable mother, but Nellie wanted to earn enough money for her little trousseau. Tom had said openly that he hated her to pay the high price of standing day after day on her feet in the ill ventilated, noisy store. Secretly he had rather feared the influence of money making on this girl, who had always lived the sheltered home life. Perhaps she would not be satisfied later on to give up her own income and share his in a modest home.

But something more dangerous than the mere effect of an independent income had entered Nellie's life that day. The representative of a big wholesale house had asked the head of stock under whom Nellie worked to make up a luncheon party of four. Any girl she asked would be agreeable, and he had an out of town man he wanted to entertain.

It was Nellie's first experience in a fashionable cafe, with its myriad mirrors, soft shod waiters, sparkling fountains and flower decked tables. The dainty cookery, the well chosen wines, the general air of prosperity and ease which enveloped her during the brief hour had created a new unrest in her mind, and the men had rounded out the meal by inviting the two girls to go to the theater the next night.

Nellie had fairly jumped at the suggestion. Theater on Thanksgiving night? Why, that was the time when folks stayed at home. She knew what would happen in her own home. Tom and his mother would come to dinner, and in the dusk Tom would take his mother to their tiny fat five blocks away and then come back for a two hour visit with her. Tom always went home early because he had to be at shop every morning at 7.30.

The theater and afterward a supper just like this luncheon! The tiny parlor at home turned dingy and dull by comparison. When she and Tom went to the theater, which was rarely enough, they sat in the upper gallery and divided their attention between the boxes and the stage, the play and the wonderfully gowned women on the floor below.

And what was that Jennie Mills had said? With her figure she might wear such gowns, eat such luncheons every day—be the real thing!

She worked during the afternoon like a girl in a daze. Customers found fault with her, and the floorwalker echoed their complaints. She was tired and irritable when she started for home. It was raining, a cold, wind driven northeaster, and she had no umbrella. As she ran across the street

to the subway entrance she was almost knocked down by a hansom whose fares consisted of a fur clad woman and a silk hatted man, who swore roundly as he saw the girl's narrow escape. Nellie's hand trembled with nervousness and anger as she bought her ticket. With her figure and face she might be sitting in a hansom some day instead of dodging one. But there was Tom. Oh, dear! Why had she been so hasty? She had been warned plenty times enough about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure. To be sure, she had known Tom six years.

A man stepped on her foot in the crowded train, and she drew in the liquid member with a scowl that was scant reward for the man's apology. It was dreadful to have to ride twice a day in this mob.

The man seated next to her drew away from her, and she turned to see that he was endeavoring to protect a tissue paper covered parcel from the crush of swaying strap hangers in front of him.

"Say, look out, will you?" he said sharply to the long limbed youth who threatened the parcel as the car stopped suddenly. Then he turned to Nellie, with an apologetic smile.

"I don't mind the crowding so much usually, but these flowers are for my wife, and, by gorry, I'm going to get 'em home safe if I have to fight for 'em."

Nellie looked at him in surprise. His hands were work worn, his clothes clean, but well worn, his tie distinctly rusty. But his happiness was infectious.

"Tomorrow's our wedding anniversary. Ain't it fine that it comes on Thanksgiving day this year? I tell you it makes me think how much more than ordinary I have to be thankful for. My wife's just back from the hospital, safe and well, thank God, and we're celebrating double tomorrow. I tell you, young woman, it's fierce to live three weeks alone with the woman you've loved thirty years lying twixt life and death ten blocks away. I used to get so nervous some nights I'd go and walk up and down in front of the hospital where I could watch the light in her ward. So I thought we'd celebrate special this year, and I bought her some flowers—real flowers out of a real store, not those bargain bunches on the corner. And I got maidenhair fern 'stead of the Boston kind. She always did love maidenhair. And I got her a new dish, too—one of those bonbon dishes women are crazy about. It's glass with gold grapes on it, just as tiny and fine! I got it at a good store, too, and I bet that violet box they packed it in will tickle her to death. Funny how some women set store by little things like that. This is my station. I wonder if I can get through without breaking the stems."

Nellie looked after him with perplexed eyes. Thirty years—and this man with the rusty tie, the oft cleaned suit and the obviously slender purse was buying flowers from a real store for the woman he loved. The man on the other side rose to leave the car, dropping his paper. Nellie picked it up. Somehow she did not want to think Big black headlines caught her eye.

"Countess Sues Her Husband For Divorce. Cruelly Bent. Her Pride Rebels."

And the countess had a lovely figure and a charming face and ate exquisite luncheons every day in the year!

Nellie laid aside the paper and stared straight ahead until the guard called her station; then she went forth into the storm, with a shudder. She came back to grim realities. It was cold and rainy—and five blocks to her home. Suddenly by the glare of a peanut vendor's oil light she saw a sturdy form step forth from the gloom. A strong arm drew her into the nearest doorway, and a hearty voice said:

"Never dreamed I could make it. Had to run from the shop to your house and then here, but something just told me you wouldn't have your raincoat or rubbers."

Tom was putting on her rubbers. Then he held the raincoat for her, fastened it at the throat with his own bungling fingers, smiling all the while into her tired face.

"This ain't as good as a hansom, Nell," he said as he tucked her arm under his, "but it'll have to do until I get my wages raised," and then he added, with a laugh, "Raised quite considerable too."

Nellie clutched his arm tightly. How big and comforting he was and how much warmer she felt as he gripped the swaying umbrella and asked her if she was all right.

"Why, you silly, I'd cut a fine figure in a hansom, wouldn't I?" she asked merrily, but with a new note in her voice that Tom might have noticed if he had not been fighting that northern wind. "And, oh, Tom, there was the funniest little man sitting next to me tonight on the train. He was having a special Thanksgiving celebration because his wife was out of the hospital. And he was fifty, Tom, if he was a day. Fifty and still in love!"

"Sure," said Tom placidly. "I'll be still loving you when I'm fifty too." And then the friendly blackness of the quiet street swallowed them both, and Nellie deliberately cuddled her tired head against Tom's big, broad shoulder.

No Fires to Cook Their Turkeys.
Two hundred thousand people in twenty Missouri towns awoke on Nov. 29 last to learn that there was no fuel with which to cook their Thanksgiving turkeys. The natural gas, the only fuel used in this part of the state, was unobtainable owing to the bursting of a sixteen inch main at Altamont, Kan. Discarded stoves were dragged from cellars and storage rooms, and there was a scramble for fuel. In most of the homes the turkeys were served exceedingly rare.

A Small Number of Our Specials For Thanksgiving Day

Quart Each of Mumm's Extra Dry, Imported Sherry Extra Dry and Imported Claret for **\$4.25**

Quart Each of Great Western Champagne, Old Sherry and Old Claret for **\$1.85**

Quart Each of Monogram Rye, our own bottling, Port Wine and Fine Old Malaga for **\$1.85**
Quart Each of Angelica, Sweet Catawba and Sherry for **\$1.05**

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Fair Prices Guaranteed Goods

"If you buy it at Glenny's it's sure to be right."

Thanksgiving Table Hints

Are Plentiful at Glenny's

EAST window shows a variety of beautiful Course Sets at special prices, but you must come inside the store to realize the completeness of Thanksgiving stocks.

Besides the decorated course sets—turkey, game, roast, beef, soup, chop, fish, etc.—we offer fine assortments in

Sterling Silver	Punch Bowls
Plated Ware	Candles
Cut Glass	Candlesticks
Belgian Glass	Candle Lamps
Cider Pitchers	Candle Shades

Two timely displays are those of the Japanese Gongs—three four and five in a set—and a new arrival of choice patterns in English China. If it is your desire to prepare a particularly attractive table for your Thanksgiving guests, you will appreciate the peculiar helpfulness of Glenny's.

Holiday gift goods are coming right along. Early choosers will find something here for everyone on their lists. This is Rochester's great gift store in fact as well as reputation.

GLENNY'S

FINE WINES

If you want a fine bottle of wine with your Thanksgiving dinner call at headquarters. The largest importers in Western New York of Rhine Wine, Mosel Wine, Sparkling Assmannshausen, Claret, German Champagne, Burgundies; Large dealers in Sherry, Port, Tokay, Hungarian Wine, Cordials, etc. For fine selected goods go to headquarters.

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