

Condition of the Seneca Falls Savings Bank on the Morning of July 1, 1920.

RESOURCES	
Mortgages - - - - -	\$ 453,517 72
Bonds (Par Value) - - -	698,264 50
Promissory Notes - - -	10,095 43
Real Estate - - - - -	29,000 00
Cash on hand and in banks - - - - -	134,525 54
Collectible Interest - - -	15,679 14
Other Assets - - - - -	13,856 00
	\$1,354,938 33

LIABILITIES	
Due 3,496 Depositors - - -	\$1,236,132 95
Accrued Expense - - - - -	439 23
Surplus Par Value - - - - -	118,366 15
(Investment Value \$108,922.75)	
	\$1,354,938 33

Growth in Resources	
January 1, 1904 - - - - -	\$ 459,447 14
January 1, 1906 - - - - -	550,667 97
January 1, 1908 - - - - -	678,043 28
January 1, 1910 - - - - -	813,721 79
January 1, 1912 - - - - -	938,383 40
January 1, 1914 - - - - -	1,007,651 57
January 1, 1916 - - - - -	1,072,480 08
January 1, 1918 - - - - -	1,096,626 34
January 1, 1919 - - - - -	1,145,147 31
January 1, 1920 - - - - -	1,278,258 10
July 1, 1920 - - - - -	1,354,938 33

Americanism

By LEONARD WOOD

The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion. — Edmund Burke: Speech, 1784.

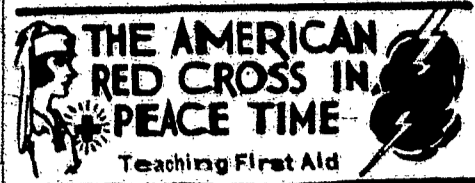
THESE are the days of delusions, but happily comparatively few Americans are allowing themselves to be deluded. A spurious "idealism" is the mask for un-American propaganda. The true idealist is constructive in his thoughts and intentions. The mock idealist is a destructionist and it is the destructionist "ideal" which is being preached today by the native born anarchist of parlor and drawing room and by the foreign born anarchist of the soap box. Most of the native born preachers of isms other than Americanism, themselves are deluded, but most of the alien preachers are not in the least deluded. They resent restraint of any kind, rule, law and order. Their idea of perfect liberty is the unrestricted right to do anything which their passions may dictate. They are for no government and last of all are they for the American government.

It is certain that these preachers never can delude the American people to the point of inducing them to give up true liberty for a fiction, provided the people are on their guard and that those of them who think lightly should be made to think rightly.

The teachers of "Something better than is to be found here," know as well as Edmund Burke knew that the people will never give up their liberties but under some delusion. Therefore it is that these teachers seek to delude. They prey with argument upon the weaknesses, the cupidities and the passions of men. The unthinking are their quarry. They can do little harm if their efforts are met promptly. It is the high duty of Americans so to meet these preachers of "that state made perfect because it knows no law."

Burke knew the people. He was one of the champions in the British parliament of the American colonies and of their rights. It seems a superfluous thing to say that the people will not give up their liberties unless they are deluded. Liberty is the most precious possession which a man has and therefore it is inconceivable that willingly he would part with it. The strength of Burke's expression lies in the fact that he said it was only under delusion that the people would give up their liberties. When the people are so deluded that they will part with that which counts most in the human life they have reached that state of decadence which will make

it forever impossible for their generation to recover that which has been lost.



Every person mentally and physically able to do so should take the American Red Cross instruction in First Aid Treatment. It's a life-saver and a pain-saver on the farm, in the factory, on the street, at the office, in the home, wherever accidents may occur. Here's a young wife who inexpertly wielded a can-opener and received an ugly gash across her wrist from the jagged can lid. Mother was there, however, with the First Aid kit and Red Cross instruction, and probably prevented a case of blood poison by giving prompt and proper treatment before the doctor arrived.

The Woods

TO A CAGED BIRD.

Voice of the forest, tongue by which it speaks
The throbbing gladness of its vernal theme,
No more, no more, your rising pinion seeks
The heights sublime.

Voice of the forest, once your gay wings beat
Against the mountain clademed with stars;
Now do men bid you sing a song as sweet
To prison bars.

Only a singer that they, passing, heard
And then desired, like book and pipe and bowl—
Knowing not caring when they cage a bird
They cage a soul.
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Geneseo, N. Y.

Fooled Him That Time.
"How did you come to put this poem on the back of a Liberty bond?" asked the editor.

"I was tired of hearing you say my poetry wasn't worth the paper it was written on."—Boston Transcript.

Up-to-Date Interpretation.
"What did Poe's Raven mean by saying 'Nevermore?'"
"I don't know, but I know what he would mean if he were sitting on a bust now and realized he could never again go on one."

Not That Kind of Exchange.
A man and his wife at a fair were looking for the so-called women's exchange, the wife having some fancy work she wished to barter for the work of others.

"Will you direct us to the women's exchange?" the husband asked of a man they met.

The man gazed at the wife, whose good looks were proverbial in three counties. "Great Scott, man!" he exclaimed impulsively. "You don't want to swap off that woman, do you?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

An Occupation by Proxy.

In a little town in Vermont there lived for many years Uncle Joe Marsh, who married the village milliner in his youth and was supported by her until the day of his death. He was once called as a witness in the county court. Upon being asked his name, he replied:

"Joe Marsh, sir."
"Your age?"
"Fifty-seven last March, sir."
"What is your occupation?"
After an awkward pause Uncle Joe replied, "My wife's or—er, well a milliner!"—Youth's Companion.

The Law of Averages.
"That friend of ours was only allowed half a vote in the convention."
"Things average up," replied Senator Sorghum. "I know of several elections in the dim past when he thought nothing of casting six or eight votes all by himself."

A Good Thing.
"It's a good thing the United States isn't a bank."
"Why?"
"Think how many vice-presidents it would need."

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City water-supply pumps, oil pumps, boiler feed pumps, irrigation pumps, farm spray pumps, mine drainage pumps, fire pressure pumps, coal by-products pumps, milk pumps—The Goulds Manufacturing Company makes them all.

The Goulds Manufacturing Co.

Seneca Falls, N. Y.