

NATIONAL BANK OF AUBURN

AUBURN, N. Y.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At the Close of Business September 6, 1921

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$1,214,549.03
U. S. Bonds to Secure Circulation	200,000.00
Bonds, Securities, Etc.	1,033,606.24
Real Estate	52,122.15
Due from Banks	264,452.21
Cash and Cash Items	99,669.57
Redemption Fund	10,000.00
	\$2,874,399.20

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$ 200,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	118,220.47
Circulation	196,500.00
Deposits	2,292,063.75
Bills Rediscounted	34,827.81
Bills Payable	32,787.17
	\$2,874,399.20

OFFICERS

F. E. Swift	President
Frederick Allen	1st Vice President
Edwin F. Metcalf	2nd Vice President
W. C. Denman	Cashier
Geo. W. Scott	Asst. Cashier

DIRECTORS

Frederick Allen	James H. Foster
Charles I. Avery	Herbert G. Robinson
Warren H. Dean	Hobert L. Romig
Frederick M. Everett	Elmore N. Ross
Edwin F. Metcalf	Louis F. Sperry
	Frank E. Swift

THERE MUST BE AN EXECUTOR

or administrator of your estate after you are gone—shall he be one that you choose or one that the courts appoint?

By investigating the subject now you may save your heirs much annoyance and loss. We suggest that you consider the qualifications of this Bank, which has had 104 years of successful experience, for serving as executor of your will at no greater cost than the service of an inexperienced individual whom you might name.

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The Old Folks' Christmas

By Christopher Grant Hazard

THE Old Folks decided that it was time for them to be young again. So they set up a Christmas tree in a corner of the big dining room.

Santa Claus came bustling in and began to make things pleasant. Tied to his belt there was an alarm clock. Its belt was ringing like everything. This was to wake the Old Folks up.

First, he called the roll, to see if they were all up and awake. Then, he began to pick the presents off the tree.

Soon the room was gay with dolls, horns and jumping jacks. A doll was riding in her carriage, squeaking and rising up every few feet as she rode along.

There was a talking doll, too. She sang and talked when they pushed the buttons on her dress.

There were hot dolls for cold nights and cups and balls for the Old Folks to play with when they could not sleep.

The Old Folks all played with their presents. They blew on their horns, and amused themselves with the jumping-jacks, and sent the moving toys running about the room all at once.

But, after all, the Old Folks thought it wasn't so very much fun because there were no real children there. So they sent out to see if they could find some.

They found Lucy, Peter, Billy, Mary, Sally, Hilda, Ruth, and some other children, who all came to see the Old Folks' Christmas tree.

Lucy told the Old Folks the story about her dog Trump.

Trump was a tramp dog, but he could do some tricks. He loved to be dressed up in a blanket, with a belt. Then, with a beribboned straw hat on his head, he would walk across the room upon his hind legs.

After Lucy came Peter.

Peter said that he did not know any stories, but once he carried the flag for the big boys' baseball team, and they let him go in to see the baseball game, free.

Then Billy told a story.

He said that once he sat up all night, waiting for Santa Claus to come and fill his stocking. That is, he tried to sit up all night; but Santa Claus didn't come and so he fell asleep in the dark. The next day the doctor came to see him. The doctor told him he had had "stockingitis."

Billy said, too, that when he woke up in the early morning and found that Santa Claus had forgotten to fill his stocking, he was going to throw himself on the floor and pound his heels on it and holler. But then he happened to remember how ugly his

brother Harry looked when he did that. So Billy thought he wouldn't; and he didn't.

Mary told about the songs she sang to her doll.

She said that the song that her doll liked the best was:

The little dog went to the market town,
With one foot up, and one foot down;
But when he came to a muddy place
He jumped c-e-e-a-n over!

Mary said that she always jumped her doll at the "jump" part.

Sally thought that it was a long time since she had known a story, "most as long as the night before Christmas," but she did remember a ride she once had on a little donkey.

She said they had to send the old donkey on ahead to make the little donkey hurry.

Then she remembered about the cats at her grandma's house. There was a big cat for the big mice, and a little cat for the little mice.

Hilda told a story about a little blind boy she once saw.

When she said her evening prayer

last night, her mother said to her: "What are you going to say, in your prayer tonight, about that poor little blind boy you saw to-day?"

So Hilda asked God about him. The very next day she took the little blind boy a big orange.

It was now Ruth's turn.

"Once I asked a little girl if that was her sister," said Ruth. "The little girl said: 'It ain't a sister. It's a baby.'"

One of the other boys now had a story to tell.

"Once I saw a cyclone come around the corner of a street," he said. "A man had a tent there with a lot of dolls in it. The man wanted to sell the dolls, but the cyclone took the tent right up into the sky, with all the dolls in it."

"Another man asked him: 'What are you making such a fuss about? Weren't your dolls for sale?' and everybody laughed except the doll man."

The Old Folks were having such a good time listening to the stories that they thought the children ought to have a good time, too. So they took all their presents that had come off the tree and gave them to the little folks who had come in.

Every boy and every girl had a toy and a box of candy—Lucy, Peter, Billy, Mary, Sally, Hilda, and the others.

Then, all the young Old Folks and all the children marched around the dining room singing.

They sang "Merry, Merry Christmas," and so the fun ended.

But I guess it didn't quite end then, either. For, as the young Young

Every Boy and Every Girl Had a Toy.

Folks went out of the door and down the street, the young Old Folks could hear them laughing, long after they turned the corner.

Besides, the young Old Folks have been talking about their "Old Folks' Christmas" ever since.

FESTIVITIES OF OLD TIMES

Lord of Misrule Was Important Functionary at Yuletide Celebrations of the Long Ago.

THE Lord of Misrule was an important functionary at the Christmas festivities of those long-ago times. An account of this important personage has been preserved by the historian and antiquary, John Stow, who lived during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and during the first year of the reign of King Charles I. and was, therefore, a contemporary of Shakespeare.

"In the feast of Christmas," writes Stow, "there was in the king's house, wherever he lodged, a Lord of Misrule or Master of Merry Sports, and the like had ye in the houses of every nobleman of honor or good worship, were he spiritual or temporal. The mayor of London, and either of the sheriffs, had their several Lords of Misrule."

At Cambridge university the Lord of Misrule was a master of art, elected to superintend the representation of Latin plays by the students, besides taking charge of their games and diversions during the Christmas season. A similar Master of Revels was chosen at Oxford.

In the Inns of Courts in London, where the barristers had their offices and belongings, a Lord of Misrule reigned with great splendor, "being surrounded with all the parade and ceremony of royalty, his guard of honor, and even his two chaplains who preached before him in the Temple church."

On the Twelfth day he abdicated his sovereignty, and we are informed that in the year 1635, this mock-representative of royalty expended in the exercise of his office about two thousand pounds from his own purse, and at the conclusion of his reign was knighted by King Charles I. at Whitehall.

Saving the Leftovers.

Instead of always frying up any leftover potatoes, why not use them for hot tea scones? They only take a few minutes to make. To half a pound of cold potatoes add two ounces of flour and a teaspoonful each of salt and baking powder. Knead them all together, then add just enough milk—sour milk if you like—to make a stiff dough. Roll out and cut into either squares or rounds with a pastry cutter or tumbler and bake on a tin in a quick oven.

To Sweeten Musty Teapot.

To sweeten a metal or enamel teapot which has become musty, fill it with boiling water and drop in a red-hot cinder, close the lid and leave for a short time. Then rinse out with clean water.

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