

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK  
WAYLAND, NEW YORK

STATEMENT OF CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF  
BUSINESS JUNE 30, 1930

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 401,082.25
Bonds and Securities	954,999.13
Federal Reserve Bank Stock	2,000.00
Bank Building and Fixtures	26,005.00
Cash on hand and in Banks	87,589.95
Redemption fund with U. S. Treas.	2,500.00
	\$1,475,186.33
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus Fund	50,000.00
Undivided Profits and Reserve	137,864.37
Circulation	49,280.00
Deposits	1,188,041.96
	\$1,475,186.33

MEMBER OF FEDERAL RESERVE ASSOCIATION  
Depository for County of Steuben, Town of Wayland and  
State of New York

H. S. NORTON W. S. NELSON

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THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

WATERLOO, NEW YORK

Established 1833—The Oldest Bank in Seneca County

OFFICERS—Charles D. Becker, President  
C. C. Bachman, Vice-President  
John E. Becker, Cashier  
O. C. Cone, Teller

Wayne Coal & Lumber Corporation

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With Compliments of  
The Season

G. P. C.

Little Footprints in the Snow

Oh, little footprints in the snow,  
From Mary's weary feet,  
As little steps—so timid and slow,  
Poor little body leading low,  
The end of the journey's come, you know,  
Oh, face, so calm and sweet!

Black blows the wind 'round stable door  
The wondering heas'ard  
Dear little maid so young and fair,  
Snow stars crown her soft damp hair,  
Her lips are telling a silent prayer,  
As she enters the palace gate.

Blessed Joseph rests her now,  
The night moves on to dawn,  
Holding fast to his dear hand,  
For she hears the angel band  
Singing, singing through the land  
"Jesus Christ is born."

Come the wise men from the East,  
Bringing treasures rare,  
Mary sees not gold or frankincense,  
Just the Babe at her breast,  
The hallow of her lap, His nest  
The answer to her prayer.

Baby angels haste to earth,  
Like a lily shower:  
Round the manger still and nest,  
Kiss the Christ-child's cheek,  
Kiss the mother's cheek,  
In her virgin bow.

MARY GARRIGAN BARRY.

Ladies Ride To  
Christmas Mass  
In a Wheelbarrow

Picture yourself trundling the end  
of the house to church on Christmas  
night, in a wheelbarrow. The neighbors  
would laugh, and the ladies of  
peace would be in serious danger.

Greetings

Gaylord State  
Bank

SODUS, N. Y.

The festive season. But in China it's  
done, and the lady doesn't object,  
and the book of etiquette approves.  
Of course, if you belong to the upper  
ten, you'll both ride in a sedan chair.  
And if you're just plain, poor people,  
and a beloved poor people, you'll  
tramp, tramp, tramp through the  
snow.

Edison Receives  
Medal From Pope

West Orange, N. J., Dec. 19 —  
Without formal ceremonies, Thomas  
A. Edison recently received the gold  
medal sent him by Pope Pius, and he  
acknowledged it with a brief mes-  
sage of thanks. The medal was  
presented to Mr. Edison following  
his gift to the Pope of a specially  
designed dictating instrument.

So noble, and the nobleness that lies  
in other men, sleeping, but never  
dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine  
own. Lowell.

ARCADIA TRUST COMPANY

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Your Deposits are Secured by

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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

From

THE GENEVA DAILY TIMES

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It gives a comprehensive coverage of world news  
while at the same time stressing the news of its  
home territory—Yates—Seneca—Ontario counties.

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GENEVA, NEW YORK

Professor Jackman's  
Secret

(Continued from Page Ten)

strange emptiness of the place. Then  
it was that he realized that a woman  
probably came along a time or two  
later to do

That decided him. He would go  
down to Wayham in a few days and  
see the people. They would hardly  
miss him, since he had been away only  
a couple of months ago, but that did  
not matter. He would give them a  
surprise. Had he remembered the  
difficulties of travel on Christmas  
Eve, however, he certainly would  
not have attempted the journey, but  
it was not until he got to the sta-  
tion and saw the people with their  
baggage that he realized that it  
was Christmas Eve. Although  
of course he knew it was Christmas  
Eve, he had folded the last chapter of  
"The Fallacy of Miracles" and put it  
into his inside breast pocket in the  
hope of some over B. in the train  
and Thomas, a really suitable  
"dinner," and even in a first class  
carriage he was huddled in a mass  
of folks crowded out of the clouds,  
with their work and cases, baskets  
of fruit, and babies.

No sooner had the train got under  
way than he remembered that he  
had not sent a wire home, but after  
a little thought he decided not to  
bother about it. His mother might  
put herself to much trouble to en-  
quire after him, but if he just  
just landed home he knew she would  
enjoy the surprise, despite that at  
the time she would be apologizing  
for being unprepared. As for him-  
self, he was averse to taking potluck  
in matters of personal comfort.

By the time he had crossed Lon-  
don, the only train to Anderton, the  
station for Wayham, would not be  
five miles from the city, but he  
too late to expect to get a convey-  
ance for the two miles from the sta-  
tion to Wayham village. So the up-  
shot of it was that, when he did ar-  
rive, there was nothing for it but to  
walk.

He set off by the hold-path. It  
was like iron under his feet. There  
was a keen frost and a gentle breeze  
from the down which would lift an  
immortal out of lethargy. He soon  
found himself in a state of excite-  
ment and willingness of mind which  
had made it impossible for him to  
concentrate on his work at Cam-  
bridge. A hard, bright sky, moon-  
less but almost white with stars, the  
silhouettes of quaint pines against the  
fragile light, and the perfect peace  
which only his footsteps broke, and  
his brain came again to life after  
a long period of inactivity. His  
was not to find the telling phrases  
for his climax but to know which to  
use. By the time he reached the  
village he was in high fever and  
humming gently to himself. He had  
never felt more fit and clear-headed.

Opposite the smithy the old An-  
gleton village church stood dark and  
solitary and he could just read the  
clock. It was a relief to find that  
He felt it would be a little much of  
the old folks to disturb them so late.  
Yet he knew in his heart that his  
mother would rather be up all night  
and every night than think he would  
hesitate to disturb her at any time  
he wanted to come home.

He turned the corner at the top of  
the main street of the village and  
then noticed, with some surprise,  
that the little Catholic church about  
twenty yards to the right of the  
side and as he passed the door,  
which was slightly ajar, he saw it  
was full of people. Of course, he  
remembered it was Midnight Mass in  
the Catholic Church and as he  
stood on the steps of the church  
staring at the scene, Fiddis and  
suffered to himself, as he presently  
realized that he was humbling the  
familiar old tune in time with the  
churchfolk. Poor devil! he thought  
... He felt that it was nothing short  
of criminal that people should have  
been led on this "mummers" for  
two thousand years and the fact  
that it had been washed down with  
a goodly measure of pure history  
and a great wealth of music a most  
made the matter worse.

He passed the high laurel hedge  
of his father's garden and turned  
through the little gate. The cottage  
was faintly aglow inside with the  
light. A little strange, he thought  
—and then, when he found that the  
door was only on the latch and not  
bolted, he realized that, of course,  
the old people were at Mass.  
He stepped into the low sparsely  
furnished living room of the cottage, stirred  
the log on the fire to make it throw  
more light into the room and then  
lit the oil lamp on the table. After  
hanging his overcoat and hat in the  
family old cupboard under the  
stairs, once a toy cupboard, where  
the clothes-horse also lived, he sat  
down in the high-backed  
chair in front of the fire and slowly  
filled his pipe.

As soon as it was going merrily,  
he took out the manuscript of the  
"Fallacy of Miracles" and, fumbling  
for his pencil, began to frame his  
 climax.

He started to write vigorously,  
pausing only occasionally to stare  
into the fire whilst he searched his  
memory for the mot juste. Gradu-  
ally, however, his pauses became  
more frequent and more prolonged,  
and slowly, very slowly, and imper-  
ceptibly the precision engine of his  
brain lost speed. Step by step  
him, like a stealthy mist creeping  
over the valley behind his father's  
cottage. The pad of paper in his  
hand hung limply for a while and  
then fell on to his knees; his pencil  
slipped slowly from his fingers to  
the hearth-rug, and his pipe drooped  
between his lips, lingered a few mo-  
ments, and at last dropped gently  
on to his manuscript.

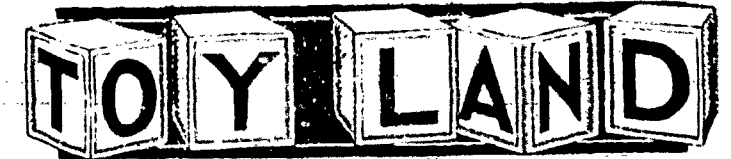
It was then that he noticed that  
he was in a building with a crowd of  
people, all on their knees—but it  
did not surprise him, it seemed per-  
fectly natural. He was gazing vac-  
antly forward over bowed heads and  
there was an unearthly silence. And  
as he continued to look forward he  
saw in the distance a tall man robed  
in white holding his arms above his

(Continued on Page Thirteen)



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