ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

OUR KEYNOTE:
"If There is Not a Way, Get a Way."

ANDOVER, N. Y., ---------- MARCH 8, 1929.

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Safety In The Home

IMPROVEMENTS in design and construction are steadily making the American home a safer place to live. Such things as fire stops, protected wiring, fire resistive roofs, and well built flues and fire places are giving to the home some of the protective features which have for years been insisted upon for business and industrial buildings.

An example of the particular attention being turned to home safety is furnished by the national conference on home building, recently held in Chicago.

When ways and means were discussed to decrease the annual losses thru inferior residence construction resolutions were adopted urging special consideration of means to overcome the fire risks.

Students of the residence fire estimate that 95 per cent. of such fires start in the interior, frequently as the result of defective construction.

Little argument is needed to show the value of good construction, and home financing concerns are being urged to grant larger loans for houses that are to be soundly built than for those to be erected without regard for fire safety. This would encourage home builders to insist on the best protective devices and would afford them the extra funds needed to have them installed. Such a plan would undoubtedly benefit all concerned—the owner, because of the increased safety to the family and the greater stability and durability of the house; the financing company and the insurance company, because of the lessened risks; and the community, because such a house would be a comparatively slight hazard to neighboring structures.

The early bird gets the worm, but most of us like to sleep the best.

United Efforts Are Needed

A NOTED educator says that an active Parent-Teachers' Association is the sign of a healty condition and an indication that parents are vitally interested in the schools.

It is even more than that. It discloses that parents are not alone interested in their schools, but also in their children, and in order to better the condition of their offspring, are turning to the schools as the agency that can get results.

Not infrequently it has been charged that the changing social order has resulted in parents neglecting their children, that the increasing demand of people for more leisure time has resulted in more hours per day devoted to pleasure, with consequent neglect of the home life, and hence neglect of the children.

If this charge be true—and in many instances it doubtless is—a virile organization of parents and teachers devoted to improving the schools indicates a change of heart.

Many people are realizing that children have been neglected; that mother has spent too much time with her card clubs and church societies; that father has been devoting too many hours to playing golf or to other pleasures. This has brought added responsibility to the schools.

The natural thing for parents to do, after having overloaded the schools with responsibilities they should have borne, is to turn to the schools and help work out a way to meet the problems that confront the child of the present generation.

At this time of the year one surmises that animals are not the only things skinned so that women can wear beautiful furs.

The Spread Of Sparrows

IMPORTATIONS of foreign birds for the stocking of game coverts, or in the hope of adding to the variety of bird music in the woods, or for warfare on insect pests, have led to strange and unexpected results. Probably few persons anticipated that the English sparrow would thrive and multiply and spread itself over the whole continent as it has since the first scattering importations were made on the Atlantic coast in the early 1850's.

On the other hand, bird lovers, sportsmen and state game authorities have spent thousands of dollars in efforts to acclimatize and establish desirable varieties of game birds. Reckoned by number, a large proportion of the attempts have failed. Sometimes the birds have simply disappeared and were never seen again, leaving the importers wondering whether they may have migrated or fallen prey to disease or animals in the new environment.

At times sportsmen have grown crops on game preserves with the expectation of allowing the birds to harvest the crops and enjoy a favorable chance for choice eggs. In other instances, birds have seemed to settle down and nest and reproduce satisfactorily for a year or two, only to vanish a few years later, apparently taking stamina and reproductive power for a time, only to lose it later.

The English sparrow increased in numbers and became fat, perhaps 30 or 40 years when it reached the point of abundance and was considered a serious pest. In recent years, these birds have declined greatly in numbers both in cities and rural districts, and nature seems to be setting a balance in regard to them.

Making Friends In Business

THERE are men who go thru life with the idea that they need no friends—that they are better off without anyone in whom to confide.

They are so engrossed with their business that they take no time to cultivate acquaintances. They do not seek friendships. They walk down the street staring straight ahead or with their eyes on the ground, paying no attention to anyone whom they may pass.

They succeed in their business, not because of their personality, but in spite of it. They do not attract customers, but rather repel them. Their success is due to their close application to their business and their knack of buying what people want.

But there comes a day in the lives of such men when they realize their folly, when they awaken to the fact that one of the joys of life is the friendships that may be formed and strengthened as time goes on.

When it dawns on this type of men that they have made a mistake, they turn to those who should have been their friends, for friendships, and find that it is too late.

After they have passed the meridian and begin to slip backwards, when they should have rich friendships stored up, they discover there is no place for them in friendship's circle.

The mistake of this kind of a life is so apparent that there is no excuse for it. The man who thinks he does not want friends is all out of tune and he deserves what he gets when he arrives at the point where his mistaken viewpoint in life is realized.

Making friends is easy with some men; with others it is difficult, but he who wants friends needs only to be friendly.

Friendly men, like friendly communities, attract friendly men. No place is going to advance very far unless its people have a spirit of friendliness, for without a sympathetic understanding of each other's problems, co-operation and mutual helpfulness is impossible.

Many a safe blower probably got his early experience trying to open a can of sardines with the little tool that is furnished with the can.

New Currency On The Way

WAGE earners who are paid in paper money will receive smaller bills within the next few months, as the government is now preparing to call in all of the bills and replace them with smaller ones. This does not mean that the wage earner will not get as much pay as formerly, as the new bills still retain the face value.

The new bill will be six and five-sixteenths inches long and two and eleven-sixteenths wide. The present currency is seven and one-fourth by three and one-eighth inches. While the new money will have the same value as at present, Uncle Sam will save thousands of dollars annually thru the reduction in size.

With the present dimensions of the dollar bill it is possible to print only eight on one sheet. The reduction in size will make possible 12 to a sheet. By this alteration the time necessary for printing, the labor cost, etc., will be cut approximately one-third.

Altho the government uses a special paper—limited to the treasury department—and fortifies it with a resin and glue compound, the life of the average dollar bill is only eight months. Dollars, naturally, work harder than the larger bills. The ancient prejudice against the two-dollar bill still exists and many persons refuse them on the theory that they bring bad luck.

The general use of paper dollars is fairly recent. Not many years ago the man with money jingled silver coins in his pocket and loved to stack them in piles. A paper dollar was rarely seen then, and in the far west the silver dollar was much preferred to paper currency. Now silver dollars are seldom seen. Paper dollars have increased by the million and because of the great demand for them the government had to reduce their size or increase its facilities. The reduction obviates the necessity for more room and more printing machinery. It is expected that the new dollar will be in circulation about July 1st.

A Bigger and Better Community

EVERY community needs a few outstanding qualities among its people if it is to prosper, and Andover is no exception to a rather hard and fixed recipe for community development.

We need above all things, stability—the will power to determine that which is right and for the best interests of the community as a whole, and a determination to see that only right prevails.

We need a unanimity of purpose—the ability and desire to agree upon what is wanted and then go after it and get it.

We need aggressiveness—for without it the finest ambition come to naught and stagnation and indolence leads to dry rot.

We need loyalty—for without it we will enrich commercial interests at distant points and impoverish our people at home.

Some places grow and thrive because of their natural advantages and others improve their conditions only thru the energy and perseverance of their citizenship.

Our future as a community depends on whether we, as a people, are willing to forget selfishness and greed and put ourselves into the movement for a bigger and better Andover.

Commander Byrd has discovered 40,000 square miles in the Antarctic region, and claimed it for the United States. So far there are no applicants wishing to be appointed governor for the new possession.

If all the resolutions that are passed in a year were laid end to end—they wouldn't get any place in particular.

Taxes are high on automobiles in Venice, but what would one do with a machine over there anyway?

An insurance man says that seven hours are enough sleep. Most of us didn't know they ever slept.

Moth balls will soon replace basketballs in most of the gymnasiums of the country.

The limitation of arms conference forgot to include Chicago in the session.

Heart's Delight

BY JOHN KENDALL

MAN IMMORTAL

Of course he is. Everything in nature—in and upon this big wonderful world, proclaims the fact to thinking man. It is for us to see and know.

There is not a chemical atom in man's physical body that can be destroyed, save by the All-wise Being who created it. For that matter, nothing that is in or upon this earth can be annihilated, save by its Creator.

Suppose I burn this sheet of paper, on which I am putting these thoughts; a few particles of ash will remain. But, have I destroyed anything? Nothing—except the form of matter, and mere form is substance.

I have simply dispersed a few atoms, which were clinging to each other, in conformity with fixed laws thru which Man may operate, but over which he has no control.

It is absolutely the same when a charge of gunpowder is exploded—not a single particle of matter is destroyed; it is merely a process of changing the chemical position and intimacy of the chemicals in the combination known to us as gunpowder.

So with man's body. It may cease to function and proceed to disintegration, when what we call death comes. But not one atom of the body is lost or destroyed. Each chemical element floats back into its original position where it may do service in some other body.

It's a sublime thought! These particles composing my body—and yours—are as old as earth itself. They are absolutely indestructible. When we are thru with them, some other bodies will get them—for they will endure forever, at the pleasure of the God who made them. The

Gold Cross Coffee, Tea and Baking Powder represent good quality. Each package includes a coupon toward the finest line of premiums available in this market.—Advertisement.

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon Bernard B. Ackerman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of J Maynard Brundage, late of the town of Andover, N. Y., deceased to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executors, at the Andover State Bank, in the village of Andover, N Y., on or before the 30th day of April, 1929.

Dated at Andover, N. Y., October 17, 1928.

FRANK S. CLARK,
ANDREW D. FULLER,
Executors

MIRA DIFFIN,
Attorney for Executors.
Andover, N. Y. 14

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Bernard B. Ackerman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Frank Raufenbarth, late of the Town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executrix at her residence in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of April, 1929.

MATILDA RAUFENBARTH,
15 Executrix.

ANDOVER LODGE NO. 756 I. O. O. F.
Meets Every Tuesday Evening. Visitors are always cordially welcomed.
AMES L. ROGERS, Secy.
LLEWELLYN CLAIR, Noble Grand

UNION EMCAMPMENT
No. 171, I. O. O. F.
Meets Second and Fourth Monday Evenings of Each Month
G. W. SAUNDERS, C. P.
A. L. ROGERS, Scribe
Visitors are Always Welcome

ANDOVER LODGE NO. 558 F. & A. M.
Meets 1st and 3rd Monday evenings of each month at 8 o'clock. Visitors always welcome
B. B. HANNY, Secy.
CLARENCE MEAD, W. M.

ANDOVER DAIRYMEN'S LEAGUE Co-Operative Association, Inc.
Meets First Saturday Each Month.
JAMES McANDREW, President
HENRY JOYCE, Vice President
HARRY SMITH, Secretary.

ANDOVER GRANGE NO. 1060
Meets Every Second and Fourth Wednesday Evenings, I.O.O.F. Hall.
LESTER GREEN, Master
EMMETT ROBINSON, Lecturer
AMES L. ROGERS, Secretary
Visitors Always Welcome

MIRA DIFFIN
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office over J. D. Cheesman & Co. Store. Andover, N. Y.

C. W. O'DONNELL, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Office on West Greenwood Street
ANDOVER, N. Y.

C. B. SCOTT, M. D.
Office 56 South Main Street
Andover, N. Y.
Hours—8-9 a. m. 1-3 and 7-8 p. m.
Sundays emergency only.
Telephone 2106.

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I have the following cars that I will dispose of at Bargain Prices.

Will take good team in trade for any one of them:

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1924 Nash Four Door Coupe
1923 Nash Four Touring
1925 Essex Coach
1923 Chandler Chummy Sedan
1920 Chandler Sedan
1925 Reo Sedan
1922 Maxwell Touring
1924 Ford Sedan
1923 Ford Light Delivery
1925 Gray Sedan
Stewart Truck.

F. L. WELSTEAD
24 E. Fassett St.
Wellsville, N. Y. Phone 499

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. B. B. Ackerman, surrogate of Allegany County, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the Estate of Frank Raufenbarth, late of the Town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executrix at her residence in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of April, 1929.

MATILDA RAUFENBARTH,
Executrix.

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PROPOSITION

To Be Voted Upon at Annual Village Election.

Notice is hereby given that at the annual election to be held in and for the Village of Andover, N. Y., on the 19th day of March, 1929, between the hours of 12 o'clock M., and 5 P. M., the following proposition will be submitted to the electors of said Village to be voted upon at said election, which proposition is as follows:

Shall the Board of Trustees of the Village of Andover, County of Allegany, New York, be authorized to expend the sum of twelve thousand Dollars ($12,000.00) to pay the cost of grading, draining, edging, and paving that portion of East Center Street in said village, extending from the easterly side of the brick pavement of said Center Street easterly to the westerly side of East Avenue in said Village; one-half of such construction and improvement to be paid for by said Village and one-fourth the expense thereof to be paid for by the abutting property owners on each side of said street, and assessed in accordance with the provisions of Section 166 of the Village Law, and be empowered to borrow upon the faith and credit of said Village of Andover, N. Y., the amount necessary to pay the cost of such construction and improvement not to exceed in the aggregate, the sum of Twelve Thousand Dollars ($12,000.-00); and issue and sell bonds of said Village upon the faith and credit thereof, to be paid within ten years from the date of such issue in ten equal annual installments with interest at 5½ per annum, payable annually; and that a sum be raised annually by tax upon the taxable property of said Village sufficient to pay the principal and interest of said bonds as the same shall become due and payable.

This proposition is submitted in accordance with a petition duly filed with the Board of Trustees of said Village, by property owners abutting on said street, and a resolution passed by the Board of Trustees of said Village at a meeting of said Board held on the 8th day of February, 1929.

Dated at Andover, N. Y., this 13th day of February, 1929.

ROBERT MINGUS, Mayor
EDWARD HORAN,
W. F. O'CONNELL,
JOHN WAHL,
WILLIAM F. SNYDER,
Trustees.
PORTER RICHARDSON,
Clerk.
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The LAST of the DUANES

by Zane Grey

Illustrated by Verne C. Christy

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Buck Duane, quick on the draw, kills Cal Bain in self-defense, and finds himself an outlaw. Flying from pursuit, he meets Luke Stevens, another outlaw, and the two become pals. Luke narrowly escapes capture and Duane is shocked to find his brother outlaw severely wounded.

Duane buries Stevens. Then he goes on to Bland's camp, where he gets into a fight with a man called Bosomer and wounds the latter. He makes a friend of an outlaw at Bland's called Euchre, who tells him of Mrs. Bland and the girl Jennie.

Dane meets Jennie, and promises to try his utmost to get her away from Bland's camp. To avert suspicion, it is planned that he pretend to care for Mrs. Bland. Euchre introduces him to the latter and he engages in conversation with her.

Buck plays the game, making Mrs. Bland think he loves her. To avert Bland's suspicion, Mrs. Bland pretends to her husband that Jennie has come to visit Jennie. Bland urges Buck to become a regular member of his outlaw gang.

A quarrel later develops in which Duane kills Bland and rushes off with Jennie after a terrific struggle with Mrs. Bland. He plans to leave Jennie in good hands until a relative or friend is located, and then go on alone on the trail. He keeps careful guard of her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

About the middle of the afternoon Jennie awoke. They cooked a meal, and afterwards sat beside the fire. She had never been, in his observation of her, anything but a tragic figure, an unhappy girl, the farthest removed from serenity and poise. That characteristic capacity for agitation struck him as stronger in her this day. He attributed it, however, to the long strain, the suspense nearing an end. Yet sometimes, when her eyes were on him, she did not seem to be thinking of her freedom, of her future.

"This time tomorrow you'll be in Shelbyville," he said.

"Where will you be?" she asked quickly.

"Me? Oh, I'll be making tracks for some lonesome place," he replied.

The girl shuddered.

"I've been brought up in Texas. I remember what a hard lot the men of my family had. But poor as they were, they had a roof over their heads, a hearth with a fire, a warm bed somebody to love them.

"And you, Duane, oh, my God! What your life must be! You must ride and hide and watch eternally. No decent food, no pillow, no friendly word, no clean clothes, no womens hand! Horses, guns, trails, rocks, holes—these must be important things in your life. You must go on riding, hiding, killing until you meet ——"

She ended with a sob and dropped her head on her knees. Duane was amazed, deeply touched.

"My girl, thank you for that thought of me," he said, with a tremor in his voice. "You don't know how much that means to me."

She raised her face and it was tearstained, eloquent, beautiful.

"I've heard tell—the best of men go to the bad out there. You won't. Promise me you won't. I never—knew any man—like you. I—I—we may never see each other again—after today. I'll never forget you. I'll pray for you and I'll never give up trying to—to do something.

"Don't despair. It's never too late. It was my hope that kept me alive—out there at Bland's—before you came. I was only a poor weak girl. But if I could hope—so can you. Stay away from men! Be a lone wolf! Fight for your life! Stick out your exile—and maybe—some day——"

Then she lost her voice. Duane clasped her hand, and with feeling as deep as hers promised to remember her words. In her despair for him she had spoken wisdom—pointed out the only course.

Duane's vigilance momentarily broken by emotion, had no sooner reasserted itself than he discovered the bay horse, the one Jennie rode had broken his halter and gone off. The soft wet earth had deadened the sound of his hoofs. His tracks were plain in the mud. There were clumps of mesquit in sight, among which the horse might have strayed. It turned out however that he had not done so.

Duane did not want to leave Jennie lone in the cabin, so near the road. So he put her up on his horse and bade her follow. The rain had ceased for the time being, the evidently the storm was not yet over. The tracks led up a wash to a wide flat where mesquit, prickly pears and thorn brush grew so thickly that Jennie could not ride into it.

Duane was throughly concerned. He must have her home. Time was flying. It would soon be night. He could not expect her to scramble around there that broke on foot. Therefore he decided to risk leaving her at the edge of the thicket and go in alone.

Suddenly there came an unmistakable thump of horses' hoofs off somewhere to the fore.

Then a scream rent the air. It ended abruptly. Duane leaped forward and tore his way thru the brake. He heard Jennie cry again—an appealing call, quickly hushed. It seemed more to his right, and he plunged that way.

He burst into a glade where a smoldering fire and ground covered with footprints and tracks showed that campers had lately been. Rushing across this, he broke his passage out to the open. But he was too late.

His horse had disappered. Jennie was gone. There was no rider in sight. There was no sound.

It came to him like a blow that he loved the girl.

For three long and terrible years Buck Duane rode up and down the Texas border.

His fame grew steadily until he was the most noted and most misrepresented outlaw of his day.

Hundreds of men in the border towns claimed frendship with him. Every honest rancher between El Paso and Brownsville would have been glad to shake his hand and hide him.

Every outlaw along the river feared him; every crooked gambler in the monte dens played fair when Duane happened to drop in; every imitation bad man in the southwest of Texas wanted to kill him, brag ged on his name, hunted him when fired by drink.

The better half of that widely scattered populace, especially in localities Duane had visited, was loth to believe him perpetrator of the crimes laid to him. The ignorant and outlawed class fastened on his name all the rustling, hold-ups, robberies, murders, when direct evidence did not point to someone else.

In a sense, the reputation of every famous outlaw developed by these wild years had suffered more or less from this natural exaggeration and misrepresentation. But no outlaw before him had ever had such a host of admirers and partisans who freely gave the lie to any accusation of robbery or crime attributed to him.

It was widely known that he had never earned a dollar in his outlaw career. It was sworn by many and reputable men that he had never stolen one. Few towns or villages on that border had no storekeeper who had not a tale to tell about Duane, the Lone Wolf.

One afternoon, from the top of a long hill, Duane saw the green fields and trees and shining roof of a town he considered must be Shirley; and at the bottom of the hill he came upon an intersecting road. There was a placard nailed on the cross-road sign-post. Duane drew near it and leaned close to read the faded print:

$1,000 Reward, Alive or Dead!

$1,000 REWARD FOR BUCK DUANE DEAD OR ALIVE.

Peering closer to read the finer, more faded print, Duane learn that he was wanted for the murder of Mrs. Jeff Aiken at her ranch near Shirley. The month of September was named but the date was illegible. The reward was offered by the women's husband, whose name appeared, with that of a sheriff's, at the bottom of the placard.

Duane read the thing twice. When he straightened he was sick with the horror of his fate, wild with passion at those misguided fools who could believe that he had harmed a woman.

When Duane reached the crossing of the roads the name Fairfield on the sign-post seemed to be the thing that tipped the oscillating balance of decision in favor of that direction. He answered here to unfathomable impulse.

In Duane's state of mind clear reasoning, common sense, or keenness were out of the question. He went because he felt that he was compelled.

Dusk had fallen when he rode into a town which inquiry discovered to be Fairfield. Captain MacNelly's camp was stationed just out of the village limits on the other side.

No one except the boy Duane questioned appeared to notice his arrival. Like Duane, his mount showed the effects of a long ride, but compared to the innumerable hacks before the post office of northwestern Texas, Jo. Duane rode thru, being careful to get off the main street, he heard the tolling of a church bell that was a melancholy reminder of his old home.

There did not appear to be any camp on the outskirts of the town. But as Duane set his horse, peering around and undecided what further move to make, he caught the glint of flickering lights through the dark.

Heading toward them, he rode perhaps a quater of a mile to come upon a grove of mesquite. The brightness of several fires made the surrounding darkness all the blacker. Duane saw the moving forms of men and heard horses. He advanced naturally, expecting any moment to be halted.

"Who goes there?" came the sharp call out of the gloom.

Duane pulled his horse. The gloom was impenetrable.

"One man—alone," replied Duane.

"A stranger?"

"Yes."

"What do you want?"

"I'm trying to find the ranger camp."

"You've struck it. What's your errand?"

"I want to see Captain MacNelly."

"Get down and advance. Slow. Don't move your hands. It's dark, but I can see."

Duane dismounted and, leading his horse, slowly advanced a few paces. He saw a dull bright object, a gun, before he discerned the man who held it. A few more steps showed a dark figure blocking the trail. Here Duane halted.

"Come closer, stranger. Let's have a look at you," the guard ordered curtly.

Duane advanced again until he stood before the man. Here the ray of lights from the fire flickered upon Duane's face fantastically.

"Reckon you're a stranger all right. What's your name and your business with the captian?"

Duane hesitated, pondering what best to say.

"Tell Captain MacNelly I'm the man he's been asking to ride into his camp after dark," finally said Duane.

The ranger bent forward to peer hard at this night vistor. His manner had been alert and now it became tense.

"Come here—one of you men—quick," he called without turning in the least toward the camp-fire.

"Hello! What's up, Pickens?" came the swift reply.

It was followed by rapid thud of hoofs on soft ground. A dark form crossed the gleams from the firelight. Then a ranger loomed up, to reach the side of the guard.

Duane heard whispering, the purport of which he could not catch. The second ranger swore under his breath. Then he turned away and started back.

"Here, ranger, before you go, understand this. My visit is peaceful—friendly, if you'll let it be. Mind I was asked to come here after dark."

Duane's clear, penetrating voice carried far. The listing rangers at the camp-fire heard what was said.

"Ho, Pickens—tell that fellow to wait," replied an authoritative voice.

Then a thin figure detached itself from the dark, moving group at the camp-fire and hurried out.

"Better be foxy Cap," shouted a ranger in warning.

"Shut up—all of you," was the reply.

This officer, obviously Captain MacNelly, soon joined the two rangers who were confronting Duane. He had no fear. He strode stright up to Duane.

"I'm MacNelly," he said. "If you're the man don't mention your name yet."

All this seemed strange to Duane, in keeping with much that had happened lately.

"Buck Duane! It's you?" he whispered eagerly.

"Yes."

"If I give you my word you'll not be arrested—you'll be treated fairly—will you come into camp and consult with me?"

"Certainly."

"Duane, I'm sure glad to meet you," went on MacNelly and extended his hand.

Amazed and touched, scarcely realizing this actuality, Duane gave his hand and felt no unmistakable grip of warmth.

"It doesn't seem natural, Captain MacNeelly, but I believe I'm glad to meet you," said Duane soberly.

"You will be. Now we'll go back to camp. Keep your identity mum for the present."

He led Duane in the direction of the camp-fire.

(Continued Next Week)

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Guy O. Hinman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Randall A. Pease, late of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executor of said Estate, at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the first day of September, 1929.

Dated this 15th day of February, 1929, at Andover, N. Y.

33 A. R. MEAD, Executor

Tires for the new Ford are specially made to give long wear

WHEN the new Ford was designed, it was immediately apparent that a new tire would have to be made to match the car's performance. It was distinctly a new problem, for here was a car with quicker acceleration, greater speed and more braking efficiency than any car of similar size or weight.

So that every Ford owner might be assured of maximum tire mileage at the lowest cost, the Ford Motor Company devoted many months to research and experiment in conjunction with the leading tire manufacturers.

As a result, certain definite specifications were developed for tires for the new Ford. These specify cords of certain strength and texture, a large volume of tread and side-wall rubber, sturdy non-skid design, and reinforced plies for protection against bruise breaks—all the strong features of construction formerly considered for only the largest tires.

Great care also was taken to secure the best riding qualities in connection with the transverse springs and the Houdaille shock absorbers.

Though the Ford tires are designated as 30 x 4.50, they have the resiliency and air space of much larger tires because of the drop center rim of the steel-spoke wheels.

For best results, the tires on the new Ford should be kept inflated to an air pressure of 35 pounds and checked regularly to insure this pressure all the time. This is important. Low inflation breaks down the side-walls of a tire. By causing overheating, it also destroys the rubber that acts as an insulation, with consequent separation of the cord.

At the end of each 5000 miles, when you have the front wheels packed with grease, it is a good plan to have the wheel alignment checked. This will prevent premature wear.

When punctures come, as they will with any tire, you will find the Ford dealer particularly well-equipped to make repairs quickly and at small cost. See him, too, for replacements. Then you will be sure of getting tires built specially for the Ford car according to definite Ford specifications.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

GUY S. WOOD
Corner Garage
Authorized FORD Agent

NOTICE OF ANNUAL ELECTION

Notice is hereby given that the annual election will be held in and for the Village of Andover, N. Y., on the **19th day of March, 1929, at Village Hall**, in said Village. The polls will be open at **12 o'clock noon** and close at **4 o'clock p. m.** The following officers are to be chosen:

President in place of Robert D. Mingus, term 2 years.
Trustee in place of John Wahl, term 2 years.
Trustee in place of Edward S. Horan, term 2 years.

The following is a true and correct list of all nominations of candidates for offices to be filled at the Village Election, filed with me pursuant to the provisions of chapter 90, Law of 1896 and amendments thereto.

Name of Candidate	Residence	Office to be Filled	Party Name	Emblem of Party
Robert D. Mingus	Andover	President	Union	
John Wahl	Andover	Trustee	Union	
Edward S. Horan	Andover	Trustee	Union	
Edward A. Mullen	Andover	Police Court Justice	Union	

The Following Proposition Will Be Voted Upon

Shall the Trustees of the Village of Andover, N. Y., be authorized to expend $12,000 to grade, drain and pave East Center Street in said Village and issue and sell bonds of said Village to pay therefore, payable with interest at 5%, in annual installments and levy tax to pay the same over a ten year period, according to advertised proposition.

P. W. RICHARDSON, Village Clerk