ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

OUR KEYNOTE
"If There is Not a Way, Cut a Way."

ANDOVER, N. Y., ... APRIL 12, 1929

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ACTIVE — NEW YORK PRESS ASSOCIATION — A DROP OF INK MAKES MILLIONS THINK — ORGANIZED SEPT. 8 1865 — MEMBER

Spring Fever

A GREAT discovery has been made. Spring fever is not a disease. It is only a popular name for a common and not altogether unpleasant experience that floats in on us about this time each year.

Medical science may boast of its victories over yellow fever, typhoid fever and scarlet fever, but it has failed to make even the slightest impression on spring fever.

Although our forefathers looked upon spring fever as a disease, science has taught us that it is not a disease at all.

At this season of the year, with spring approaching, most of us experience a feeling of languor, a new warmth fills the air. A general desire to "let down" is created and we pursue our everyday tasks less strenuously. The "fall outdoors" calls and most of us would gladly lay aside our daily round of school and business and yield to spring.

This combination of sensations and desires is spring fever. It attacks the old and the young, the office worker, the housewife, the school boy.

A notion has come down through the years that this spring fever feeling could be offset only by the use of a tonic. Thus true to tradition, scores of mothers are seriously contemplating the mixing of sulphur and molasses, sassafras tea, "yarb tea," dandelion tea, or one another of the old home-made standbys to feed the scores of reluctant boys and girls in large doses as a spring tonic.

Those who mix unsavory doses of sulphur and molasses tell the grimacing youngster that grandma used to do that for mother every spring and what was good for mother must be good for them.

What we all need for spring is not spring tonics ladied out in spoons from sticky jars and poured out of bottles as nauseating mixtures. What we need is fresh, clean food and fruit; plenty of fresh air and sleep, more outdoor excercise. The call to the out-of-doors is a real call and a true call and the wisest mother is the one who knows that it should not be denied. Dosing with home-made mixtures or with commercial remedies will do little more than upset the stomach and make spring for the small boy a time to be dreaded when it should be rather a period to enjoy.

Two Kinds of News

THERE are two kinds of news in the newspaper.

Part of the news is about the affairs of others their sayings, doings and goings to do; things that have happened, may happen and didn't happen; things that effect the lives of everyone in the community.

But there is also a lot of other news in this paper —if you know where to find it—about your own personal affairs.

That's the part of the news you will find in the advertisements. There's valuable news in them about things you want or will want; perhaps about things you have that others want.

Every advertisement carries a message to someone. That someone may be you.

Many advertisements carry a message of interest or value to you.

Failure to read the advertisements may cost you the opportunity to buy something that you need — something that would be of inestimable value to you.

You can't afford to pass the advertisements because so many of them are news relating to you and your affairs.

Production and Marketing

FARM production may be said to be the business of creating or "getting possesion" of farm products, while marketing is the business of "getting rid" of these products to the best advantage. Although quite different in their final purpose these two big jobs in farming — production and marketing — cannot be entirely seperated, for each depends upon the other in a large measure.

The marketing of a farm product really begins at the time production starts, for the kind and quality of production, as determined by its production is a major consideration affecting the demand and hence its market value. To illustrate, take the producers of potatoes, or fruit, or edible cereals. His marketing job starts at the time he determines the acreage and with the selection of seed, preparation of seed bed, and soil treatment. If his product is of inferior, or indefferent, quality and poor keeping condition the field of his market is certain to be restricted. But on the other hand, if he provides the right conditions of seed, seed bed and plant food, and protects his crop from damage by insect and diseases he will find a much broader demand and a correspondingly longer price when he takes his products to market.

Not only is satisfactory marketing more easily accomplished as a result of good production methods but almost invariably the community of good producers is the one having the best spirit of cooperation — an essential of successful cooperative marketing.

How nice it would be to drive a fire truck in this crowded age of ours so we could always find a place to park beside a fire hydrant.

The World's Best Friend

OLD Sol may scorch us and cause us to complain in mid-summer. But he is in fact the world's best friend, and we are more glad to welcome him back in these days of early spring, when he rises earlier each morning and sets later each evening, bringing longer daylight, renewed fertility and outdoor pastimes.

Although the short days of winter are not very popular, the curtain of early dark serves its purpose, and shuts out distractions that keep us from self improvement and away from our means of livelihood. In winter people find time to read and enjoy social intimacies. The cold weather stimulates energy and more can be accomplished.

In spite of these advantages, the return of the sun presaging a change of seasons brings a thrill of anticipation. Those who fret under the July sun are captivated by thoughts of work in the garden and on the lawn, and of long and pleasant journeys to distant points in their machines.

It is not surprising that there were once sun worshippers, for the departure of the sun seemed likē the defeat of life. His return was the victory of light and fertility.

There is something majestic about the procession of the seasons. It gives us confidence in the uniniverse and makes us feel that planting time and harvest, day and night, summer and winter shall not fail, but each shall perform its share of service for the welfare of humanity.

This is the time of year when some of the burglars should be pardoned from the prisons, and put to work opening windows on some of the street cars.

Planting With Pride

ANDOVER is regarded as one eof the most beautiful towns to be found any place. The well kept lawns the artistic shrubbery, and most essential of all, the beautiful shade trees, all add to her beauty.

We have these things to which we point with justifiable pride because somebody, many years ago, had the idea that in order to make a community attractive, it should appeal to the eye. So our forefathers were thoughtful enough to plant trees along the main streets.

Their sons and daughters, imbued with the same idea, have continued to take pride in their homes and the outside surroundings. They have planted shrubbery, rose bushes and a profusion of other plants which make this place distinctive — in a class by itself.

The responsibility rests with those who are now at the helm to carry on. They should never lose sight of the fact that unless some thought is given to the beauty of the premises surrounding their homes, the work of those who have gone before will have been in vain.

Springtime is planting time. Now is the time to keep up the cultivation of that beauty which we all enjoy in the decline of life. Old age comes to all of us, but it can be made more attractive by the exercise of forethought and the expenditure of a little energy while we are still enjoying the heritage of a comparative youth.

Scientists tell us that the span of life is constantly increasing in spite of all the brainless automobile drivers can do.

Reaching Out For A Goal

THE average American community can become whatever it wants to become. This truth was uttered recently by a public speaker in discussing the possibilities of civic organizations.

The fact that there are few limitations on development of a city or town has been demonstrated so many times that it scarcely needs reiteration.

But it has to be re-emphasized to refreshen the memories of those backward citizens who are pessimistic and have nothing but gloomy foreboding of the future.

Communities improve industrially but supporting and encouraging the industries within their borders, and agiculturally by lending moral support to projects that will better the condition of those engaged in farming.

It has long since been proved a poor policy to offer large bonus either in cash or favorable sites, to pull industrial establishments away from other places.

If we have the thing that an industry wants, no inducement will be required. It will come if assured of the proper kind of treatment.

Any community can obtain any reasonable goal with the right attitude on the part of its citizens and hearty cooperation of everyone.

Scientists tell us that the weather on this globe hasn't changed much for a billion years, and now all of the old timers are first class fibbers.

Sixty-five per cent. of our population is said to be suffering from defective vision. What a pity, as there is so much to be seen!

The fellow who wrote Jack the Bean Stalk, is probably the editor of the seed catalogues that are now being delivered.

A press report stated that a woman's husband and her money both left at the same time. She wants her money returned.

A man died the other day at the age of 112, who smoked and drank, which proves that it will get you in the long run.

The strange part is that there were lawyers in the old days before the word "hereinafter" was invented.

The old timer who used to cut across the corner of the lot on his way home, now finds a filling station there.

Nowadays you look at the date line of those shooting stories to see whether it is in Mexico or Chicago.

Among the creatures that live on green things are cows, horses, mules and vamps.

A flivver hit a train the other day, which reminds us that it is about time to swat house flies.

NO! NO! NO!

Once when I was a sentimental youth, my soul was inexpressibly shocked when I heard of an inhuman fiend who had put out the eye of a helpless bird, in order to ascertain whether its song would be made sweeter thereby. And the brute had puffed with pride over his heartless experiment!

A greedy theatrical manager conspired to break the heart of a beautiful girl who sang in his troupe in order to develop a pathos which her cheery youth lacked. She walked into the trap—the heart was broken. The pathetic note came, and stayed. The human hog filled his coffers with the proceeds, satisfied with himself. The songs were more tender, more appealing to the emotions, brought a better price.

Bunyan wrote his immortal 'Pilgrim's Progress," second only to the Bible in popularity, while he was confined within a dismal half-lighted dunegon.

Our best collection ten volumes of "short stories," came to life while the author was an inmate of one of our state penitentiaries.

Does it require privation, duress, suffering, to bring out the very best within the human soul? There are those that seem to think so—but it is not the truth. Solitary confinement may find surcease in active mental occupation; but the human mind workes best in an atmosphere of absolute freedom and content.

One of the most brilliant writers I know of, who is blessing people everywhere with his superb talent today, has never, to my knowledge, known misfortune. He is wealthy, his mental poise perfect, his standing enviable. He is at his best in every particular, and could not be improved by any prison, or by the loss of any one of his five senses. Away with the heathenish superstition that bitter bruise sweetens the singing in God's kingdom!

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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.
15

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. 16

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. B. B. Ackerman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of George Harrum, late of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned Administrators of said estate at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley in the village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 25th day of June, 1929.

Dated November 10, 1928.
MARY HARTRUM,
C. A. SLAIGHT,
Administrators.
19

The LAST of the DUANES

by Zane Grey

Illustrated by Lorne Ch...

FINAL INSTALLMENT

"You can go back to her, Duane! It never seemed possible, but now it's true. Fight with us from cover then go back to her. You will have served the Texas Rangers as no other man has. I'll accept your resignation. You'll be a free, honored, happy—and rich. Jennie's rich, Duane. And she loves you! My God! how that girl loves you! She—"

But Duane cut him short with a fierce gesture. He lunged up to his feet and the rangers feel back. Dark silent, grim as he had been, still there was a transformation singularly more sinister, stranger.

"Enough. I'm done," he said somberly. "I've planned. Do we agree— or shell I meet Poggin and his gang alone?"

MacNelly cursed and again threw up his hands, this time in baffled chagrin. There was deep regret in his dark eyes as they rested upon Duane.

"I accept, Duane," he rejoined quietly. "I'll go about the arrangements at once."

Duane was left alone.

Never had his mind been so quick, so clear, so wonderful in its understanding of what had heretofore been intricate and elusive impulses of his strange nature. His determination was to meet Poggin. Meet him before any one else had a chance —Poggin first—and then the others! He was as unalterable in that decision as if, on the instance of its acceptance, he had become stone.

At a few minutes before half-past two a dark compact body of horsemen appeared far down, turning into the road. They came at a sharp trot—a group that would have attracted attention anywhere at any time.

They came a little faster as they entered town—then faster still—now they were four blocks away—now three—now two. Duane backed down the vestibule, up the steps, and halted in the center of the wide doorway.

There seemed to be a rushing in his ears through which pierced sharp ringing clip-clop of iron hoofs. He could see only the corner of the street. But suddenly into that shot lean-limbed dusty bay horses. There was a clattering of nervous hoofs pulled to a halt.

Duane saw tawny Poggin speak to his companions. He dismounted quickly. They followed suit. They had the manner of ranchers about to conduct some business. No guns showed.

Poggin started leisurley for the bank-door, quickening step a little. The others, close behind. Jim Fletcher was left behind, and he had already gathered up the bridles.

Poggin entered the vestibule first, with Kane on one side, Boldt on the other, a little behind him.

As he strode in he saw Duane.

"Great Scott!" he cried.

Something inside Duane burst, piercing all of him with cold. Was it that fear?

"Buck Duane!" echoed Kane.

One instant Poggin looked up, and Duane looked down.

Like a striking jaguar Poggin moved. Almost as quick, Duane threw his arm.

The guns boomed almost together.

Duane felt a blow just before he pulled trigger. His thoughts came swift like the strange dots before his eyes.

His rising gun had loosened in his hand. Poggin had drawn quicker!

A tearing agony encompassed his breast. He pulled—pulled—at random.

Thunder of booming shots all about him!

Red flashes—jets of smoke—shrill yells.

The end—yes—the end!

With fading sight he saw Kane go down, then Boldt. But supreme torture—bitterer than death —Poggin stood, mane like a lion's, back to the wall, bloody-faced, grand, with his guns spouting red!

All faded—darkened. The thunder deadened. Duane fell, seemed floating.

There it drifted —Jennie Lee's sweet face, white, sad with dark tragic eyes—fading—fading—fading.

Light shone before Duane's eyes, thick, strange light that came and went. It seemed a long, time with dull and booming sounds rushing by, filling all. It was a dream in which there was nothing. Drifting under a burden—darkness—light—sound—movement. Obscure struggling thought—vague sense of time—long time!

There was blackness and fire, creeping consuming fire. He was rolled and wrapped in it—and a dark cloud carried him away, enveloped him.

He saw then, dimly, a room that was strange, strange people moving about, over him, with faint voices, far away, things in a dream.

He saw again, clearly, and consciousness returned, still strange, still unreal, full of those vague and far-away things. He was not dead, then. He lay stiff, like a stone, with a weight pressed as a mountain upon him. And slow dull beating burning agony racked all his body.

A man bent over him, looked deep into his eyes, and seemed to whisper from a distance: "Duane—Duane— Ah, he knew me!"

After that another long time of darkness; when the light came again clearer, this same dark-eyed earnest man bent over him. It was MacNelly and with recognition the past flooded back.

Duane tried to speak. His lips were weak and limp. Their movement was barely perceptible.

"Have— you—sent—for— her?"

"No, oh no. It's not that bad. You've a chance. Why, man, you'll get well. You'll pack a lot of lead all your life, Duane. The whole Southwest knows your story. You need never be ashamed again of the name Buck Duane. It'll live in Texas with that of Davy Crockett. Think of Jennie—home—mother!"

Then there was a white house—home—and his heart beat thick.

How familiar it all was—how strange, too! And all seemed magnified.

The someone in white cried low and knelt by his bed.

His mother flung wide her arms with strange gesture.

"That man—that's his father! Where is my boy? My son, oh, my son!"

It was sheer pleasure to lie by the west window and watch Uncle Jim whittle his stick and listen to him talk. He was old now and broken.

He told so many interesting things about people Duane had known, people who had grown up and married, failed, succeeded, gone away, died. But it was hard to keep Uncle Jim off the subjects of guns, fights, outlaws. He could not seem to dismiss now mention of those things made Duane shrink.

Uucle Jim, old, childish now, and he had a pride in Duane. He wanted to hear it all—all of Duane's exile. And if there was one thing more than another that pleased him it was to speak of the bullets Duane carried in his body.

"Nine bullets, wasn't it? Nine in that last scrap. By gum! A man's a man to carry them. And you had three before?"

"Yes, uncle," replied Duane.

"Nine and three—that makes twelve. An even dozen. You could pack more than that, my boy, and get away with them. There's Cole Younger—I've seen him. He got twenty-three. But he is a bigger man than you—more flesh.

"Funny, wasn't it, about the doctors only cuttin' one bullet out of you—that one in your breast bone? It was a forty-one caliber, an unusual catridge.

"There was one bullet left in Poggin's gun, and it was the same kind as the one cut out. By gum! boy, that bullet would have killed you if it'd stayed there."

"It would, indeed, uncle," said Duane, and the old haunting, sombre mood returned.

But Jennie was with him most of the time, and when she was by there was a deep, quite joy such as had never been his.

She knelt by him at the window, her sweet face still white, but with warm life beneath the marble, her dark eyes still intent, haunted by shadows, but no longer tragic.

"The pain, Duane—is it any worse today, dear?" she would ask.

"No, it's the same. It will always be the same, Jennie. I'm full of lead, you know. But I don't mind that."

"It's the old mood—the fear?"

"Yes. It haunts me. I'll be able to go out soon. Then it'll come back."

"No—no, Duane," she said.

"Some drunken cowboy—some fool with a gun will hunt me out," he said miserably. "Buck Duane! To kill Buck Duane!"

"Hush! Listen to me," she whispered, with tender arms around him. "I understand. But you will never have to draw again, Duane. You'll never kill another man, thank God! For you will have me with you always. Soon you'll be well. Then, Duane, we'll—we'll be married.

"We'll take Uncle Jim and mother and go far from Texas, north somewhere—to Indiana, Michigan, anywhere that we want. I have money, Duane! Isn't it wonderful? The little ragged girl you met out in Bill out in the Rio Grande!

"Do you remember my greaser sandals—no stockings! And I was lame then. Oh it all comes back! But that is past. We'll buy a farm, and you will be busy with horses and cattle and sheep.

"You'll forget. I'll love you so. Maybe—I—I hope—oh, I pray—there'll be children. We'll be happy, Duane."

They watched the sun set golden over the line of low hills in the West, down over the Nueces, far beyond the wild country of the Rio Grande which they were never to see again.

THE END

LAYERS OR LIARS?

Scientific Culling Out of Drones the Key to Real Poultry Profits, Says Dr. L. D. LeGear, V. S., of St. Louis, Mo.

"Chicken, is layin' or is you lyin'?" exclaimed Rastus as his one-legged flock burst forth into loud acclamations of alleged performance. That's an old joke, it's true, but it suggests with graphic good humor one of the basic principles of success in poultry raising. Any poultryman who presistently eliminates the liars from his flock will increase his profit from the flock to an almost unbelievable degree.

The value of a regular, scientific culling out of drones from a poultry flock is vividly illustrated in the results of a survey conducted not long ago by the College of Agriculture of the University of Illinois and their farm advisors. The average profit on 264 flocks averaging 161 hens each was 86 cents per hen, but the average on the best two-thirds was $2.28 per hen. Of course, not all of the least productive one third deserved to be eliminated, but there certainly must have been an astonishingly large number that were getting food and attention without giving any edequate return on what it cost to keep them. Culling out and marketing such hens can only result in a decrease expense account and a vastly increased average profit for each hen remaining.

There is nothing difficult or mysterious about culling, nothing a person of average intelligence could not learn in short while. First of all start with the chicks as soon as they are out of the shell. Any that are obviously deformed should be killed at once. Culling should be made a continuous process from that time on.

At least once a month the growing stock should be looked over and the undesirables removed from the flock. All thin, undersized, scrawny, "crow headed" birds should be discarded. Such pullets will eat their heads off, but will never develop into profitable layers, so you are better off without them than with them. Further culling will be in order when the young birds reach laying age. Those that are backward in maturity should be discarded. Two hundred days is fair age for a pullet of the heavy breeds or 150 to 165 days of the light breeds to start laying, but those taking much more than that are unlikely to develop into good layers.

For mature birds, the time of the molt is an important indictaion of laying habits, although other factors should also be considered. Generally speaking, hens that molt late in the fall are the best layers. The poor layer exhausts her energies early and may start molting any time during June, July, or August. The hen that is just beginning to molt late in August, early in September or later is usually the one to keep. All small undersized hens for the breed should be discarded. The eggs they lay are usually small and should never be used as breeders.

During the normal laying season, there are a number of points by which the laying capacity of hens may be judged more or less accurately. The eye of a good layer is prominent, bold, bright, snappy, set in an oval socket. The comb and wattles will be large, full, smooth, waxy to touch and bright red in color. Poor layers will show exactly opposite characteristics in these respects.

The state of the vent is another important indication of lay condition. The laying hen has a large, moist, dilated vent. That of the non-layer is small, hard and puckered.

The back of the good layer will be long and broad all the way out. In the poor layer, it will be narrow near the tail. On either side of the vent may be felt the points of the pelvic, pubic, pin or lay bones. In the good layer these bones are thin, straight and flexible. In the poor layer they are curved, thick, with layers of fat and rigid. The measurement of these bones is taken at the terminal or extreme end and includes also the skin, fat and gristle over them. If the spread between the pelvic bones is two fingers or less, the hen is probably not laying. If it is two fingers or more, it generally indicates that she is laying.

To accommodate the extra food a good laying hen must eat and the expansion of the laying organs, the rear of the keel bone of the good layer will be a greater distance from the pelvic bones than it will be in the poor layer. This shows abdominal capacity, which is very important and measured by the number of fingers that can be placed between the keel bone and the pelvic bones. With smaller breeds like Leghorns, a spread of three or more fingers indicates laying condition. With larger breeds, the spread should be four fingers or more. Other things being equal, a long bodied fowl measuring three fingers, is equal to a short bodied fowl measuring four.

Absence of yellow color round the vent and a whitish or pinkish color of the skin indicates that the hen is laying. If we also find a bleached eye ring, white bleached legs and beak she has been laying for some time.

I have discussed in as great detail as space permits, some of the more important points by which to be guided in culling. (Further information will be gladly given to anyone writing to me in care of this newspaper.) Do not depend on any one factor in judging your hens, but form an opinion based on all considered together. Cull carefully, persistently and relentlessly, and before long you will have a flock of real dividened payers. It takes time and patience, to be sure, but the reward is well worth the effort.

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.

A. R. MEAD, Executor
33

Charter No. 8146 — Reserve District No. 2

Report of the Condition of the BURROWS NATIONAL BANK of Andover

In the State of New York, at the close of business on March 27, 1929

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	$379,099.41
Overdrafts	1,092.42
United States Government Securities Owned	29,051.00
Other bonds, socks, and securities owned	40,858.75
Banking house, $3,300.00; Furniture and fixtures, $1,300.00	3,500.00
Cash and due from banks	22,469.74
Reserve with Federal Reserve Bank	16,630.88
Outside checks and other cash items	79.69
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	1,250.00
Other assets	8,141.73
Total	$502,173.02

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	$ 25,000.00
Surplus	50,000.00
Undivided profits—net	23,897.42
Circulating notes outstanding	25,000.00
Due from banks, including certified and cashiers' checks outstanding	1,315.54
Demand Deposits	219,635.75
Time Deposits	156,007.83
Other liabilities	1,316.48
Total	$502,173.02

State of New York, County of Allegany, ss.:

I, John E. Cannon, Cassiher of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JOHN E. CANNON, Cashier.

Correct—Attest:
JAMES P. CANNON,
ERWIN D. BAKER,
JOHN C. LEVER, Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of April, 1929.
A. D. FULLER, Notary Public.

Anniversary SALE

A PERSONAL NOTE OF APPRECIATION TO THE GOOD PEOPLE OF ANDOVER AND VICINITY

ANNIVERSARIES; what memories they bring forth. They come again and again and each year with greater meaning. It is in this spirit our greeting comes to you, appreciating the relations of the past, looking forward to a coninuation of pleasant associations in the days to come.

On April 17th we shall have completed our 45th year of business in Hornell... Forty-five years is a long time for a business to stand with its original policies and principles unchanged by the lashings of time.

Business birthdays are not significant, merely marking the passage of time, but rather for the opportunities they have offered to be of service to the community.

The spirit of our forty-fifth Anniversary is one of appreciation rather than a celebration; of gratitude rather than glory... We feel that the occasion should be, more than everything else, a rededication to duty, and we herewith commit ourselves to a continuation and an accentuation of those sound business principles which have carried us accessfully up to this happy event.

And in order to properly and fittingly express our appreciation for this generous patronage, we have planned a series of splendid sales for Anniversary week.

SATURDAY April 13 to SATURDAY April 20

7 - Anniversary Sale Days - 7

COATS - DRESSES - SUITS
HATS - ENSEMBLES - FURS
GLOVES - UNDERWEAR - HOSIERY

We have sought among New York's finest fashion ateliers for the newest and smartest modes to display at our birthday party. And not the least of the treats in store for you will be our birthday prices.

We extend to all the women of Andover and vicinity a hearty invitation to come and celebrate our forty-fifth Anniversary with us.

It means a great deal to us this week of Anniversary Sales, and you may be sure, we have seen to it that it will mean much to you.

Erlich Brothers
HORNELL, NEW YORK
"Where What You Buy Is Good"