ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

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

ANDOVER, N. Y., APRIL 19, 1929

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ACTIVE NEW YORK PRESS ASSOCIATION A DROP OF INK MAKES MILLIONS THINK ORGANIZED SEPT. 8, 1853 MEMBER

Clean-up Season Is Near

ALREADY the painters are making their bids for the annual spring campaign that comes when people begin to stir around out of doors and the weather becomes settled. The annual "clean-up and paint-up" slogan will soon be given its workout in every community.

This custom has its good points because it serves to focus attention on the necessity of individual pride in the appearance of residences and premises before the whole community can really accomplish anything on a wholesale scale.

But is a "clean-up week" enough? Would not a real campaign be more fruitful in desired results?

Why not make it a campaign this year and keep it up as long as may be necessary to do a real job? That's the first essential of a successful community effort in such work.

The second essential is the public commitment of the thing cleaned up to the new order of things. A "lick and a promise" all in a week will not keep Andover or any other community clean and wholesome-looking the year around.

It is impossible for public officials to co-ordinate their efforts with those of every householder within a six-day period. But public co-operation that can be enlisted in a real campaign is invaluable to them, and to the community, in the visible and lasting results obtained and in the sense of personal responsibility for continuous effort in this direction.

The pride of every citizen should be at stake all during the summer. Andover and this community should wear "Sunday Clothes" as far as cleanliness is concerned, every day in the year.

A little loving now and then has caused the shooting of many a man.

Looking At Ourselves

DO WE have the courage or the sense to face our own shortcomings to admit to ourselves and to all concerned our errors and mistakes? If we do not have, there is little chance that we shall ever be much better equipped to fight our battles than we are today. Only obstinacy refuses to confess error and only vanity declines to admit defeat. Obstinacy and vanity are drags upon the chariot of progress. Unless we cut them loose we do not get very far.

The same truth holds for the individual, the group, the community, the nation. History is replete with instances of fine heads battered against impenetrable walls of unalterable facts, of fine causes lost by enthusiasts who clung tenaciously to original error, of cities stunted because they were too proud to change their habits, of nations wrecked upon the shoals of their selfish desire.

There is no shame in admitting failure or mistake, either to ourselves or to observers. We cannot long delude those who watch, and they will respect us the more highly if we frankly confess, when we muff the ball, that it was our fault. As long as we are not too vain to face the facts of our conduct there is hope for us. But we will never be useful to our teammates in life as long as we hypnotize ourselves into belief that we have made a home run with the bases full after we have just struck out.

Our Modern Garments

THE average person is not impressed when you talk to him about raw products, and he recognizes little connection between 275,000,000 pounds of sheered wool on the backs of sheep and wool clothing. Neither does it register very deeply that 50,000,000 acres of productive land in the United States is devoted to raising cotton that is used in making clothes and other industrial products.

Whenever you engage in the popular pastime of "ask me another," just quizz your big smart brother about his best shirt, and his cuffs and collars, and have him tell you what he knows about farmers and their flax crops. Of course, a lot of people have seen the silk worm in the movies and they have coupled it up with lustrous fibres, insect larvae, nests, cocoons and caterpillars.

Sure, they know all about silk! But a most interesting story concerns rayon and the product is so new that it isn't in the school books; but it is on merchandise counters, and more than 100,000,000 pounds of this textile was used in the United States during the past year. In the beginning rayon was a spruce tree of the American forests. The spruce pulp has been converted by processes devised by American chemists and manufactured into the most popular textile of the day. As a result we have rayon fabrics and products that include everything that was formerly made from silk.

As one generation follows another, it must be observed that the tendency is to become more discriminating in the selection of our work and food, and particularly about the garments and material which go into our living.

The old fashioned mother who used to cut down her dress for her daughter, wouldn't dare do it today!

Our Constitution

THE National Oratorical contest for schools is being held at this time in all parts of the United States. The contest begins with local eliminations, and progresses into district, territorial, state and zone contests until the winner is eventually selected. The final selection is made in Washington.

Anything that arouses interest in or a desire to study the constitution of the United States is commendable.

The entrants in the contest, in preparing their orations, no doubt had some difficulty in interpreting the basic law of the land.

They found that the constitution provides for three branches of government—legislative, judicial and executive. The authority of each is clearly defined.

The youthful orators were probably very much confused trying to square up the terms of the constitution with the trend of affairs in the present day.

But they expounded the constitution, its glorious success in piloting a republic thru dangerous waters for more than a century and a half, and its value as an ever-present, dependable friend in perilous times.

The young students will have performed a very valuable service if they influence any considerable number of people to study the constitution and to come to some appreciation of the part it has had in making this the greatest nation in the world.

Statistics show that doctors only collect three-fifths of their fees. Now you can show this to your doctor.

This Rule No Longer Applies

THERE is an old Latin adage which says "Caveat Emptor." Translated, it means, "Let the buyer beware."

It put the burden of seeing that one got his or her money's worth on the purchase. It warned the buyer to enter a store with his eyes wide open, to keep his fingers crossed and then trust to Providence that he did not lose his eye teeth in the bargain.

Advertising has put "Caveat Emptor" out of business. Today merchants and manufacturers can't afford to risk the disappointment and disapproval of a dissatisfied customer. It is too easy for a customer to pick up a newspaper and find plenty of other places where real dollar value is given and where they practice the modern slogan, "We strive to serve."

The good will of the buying public is the goal of the modern seller. Without it, his business cannot succeed.

Every time he advertises he puts his good name in the buyer's hands. His products have to make good or he is a failure. They must be as they are advertised.

That's why it pays to read the advertisements and to buy only advertised goods.

Tollgates went out of business years ago on all roads, except the road to success.

Timber and Civilization

THIS country is now by far the greatest wood user in the world, and it will continue to need wood indefinitely, according to an opinion of a forest economist in the department of agriculture. One cannot conceive the idea that America is using more saw timber than all other countries together, and more than two-fifths of the world's consumption of timber of all kinds.

More and more wood has been needed with advancing civilization ever since the cave-man first used a wooden club. The recent rapid development of substitutes, which brought timber-land owners for whom the growing of trees represents a long-term investment face to face with the question of the future need of timber, has not changed the trend of development in the use of wood.

It is pointed out that the production of substitutes for wood often requires wood. The mining of coal for fuel requires a billion board feet of wood a year for mine props and other uses. Brick and concrete dwellings ordinarily use much lumber for interior work, and a great deal of wood is required in concrete construction. Along with the development of substitutes for wood, there is a constant broadening also of the uses for wood. The manufacture of paper and other products from woodpulp, which consumed practically no wood 40 years ago, now takes the equivalent of more than two billion board feet from our forests, besides an equal or greater amount in the form of imported wood, pulp and paper. Wood is now being used in any number of new ways, for example, in the manufacture of phonograph records and viscose sausage casings. The manufacture of artificial silk from wood takes large quantities.

The extent to which lack of wood has directly held back economic development in China, has kept down the standard of living in that country, and the United States must not follow in the footsteps of that nation, but we must grow timber and maintain a high standard for the future.

The modern day pessimist is the fellow who is in constant fear of being run over by a horse and buggy.

The most unstatisfied person in the world is the loafer, who wishes that he had something else to do.

Every time they bury the hatchet in Mexico, they leave the handle sticking out of the ground.

The greatest financial writers are not on newspapers, but are bookkeepers in the bank.

Probably the real sign of spring is when you see a farmer trying to get credit at a seed store.

House movers provide a jack to lift the house, but the same jack won't lift the mortgage.

How true it is that a man with a fine line of talk is usually fishing for something.

When you are all alone and want the telephone to ring, try and take a bath.

In England a man 100 years old walked eight miles to go to court. Over here they would walk that far for a cigarette.

THE CALL of THE OUTDOORS

SPRING FEVER

Spring fever is a popular disease affecting both young and old. Dad gets it; mother gets it; teacher sometime gets it — and why shouldn't Junior get it, too?

The question is not whether we are all having it, but what are we doing to cure it? It is natural for the daily routine in the shop, the office, the schoolroom to wear on one's nerves, and to make one feel restless — even though the teacher can't seem to sympathize with the fidgety boys and girls who have it.

With this "roaming itch" in one's system, what's a feller to do? Dad usually oils up his reels, shellacs his rods, tests his lines, patches up the waders, or else borrows enough money from mother to buy a new pair. Finally he and several of his cronies steal away for a week along the trout stream.

And mother—well, she begins stirring among her flower beds, looking at the tender stems just barely peeping through, and dreams about the sweet-scented flowers which she just knows will be there soon.

But what about Junior? He mopes around and must literally be driven off to school in the morning. When he returns in the evening he climbs all the fences and trees in the neighborhood; he tears his clothes, scratches his hands and knees, and gets dirty from head to foot—oh, so dirty! But he's happy.

But the next day—the sun shining brightly, the birds sining, the gentle breezes blowing he just rebels at the thought of going to school. He can't gracefully steal off with his pals like dad did, and dad forgot to take him along.

He has the same fever dad had, only worse! He's a prisoner! Escape he must, and then comes Saturday. He goes off whistling and gayer than the old robin redbreast sitting in yonder maple tree. He steals away to the brookside, romps and plays to his heart's delight. His fever is rapidly getting better.

At night he returns a new boy. We all get spring fever; most of us are truant at heart. But few of us take time to gratify the hankering to cure it. The Izaak Walton League encourages outdoor play for everybody because it pays, and is waging a campaign to save nature's beauty spots to induce more of it.

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 Emily L. Cole, late of the town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executor, at the law office of Mira Diffin, in the village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 1st day of May, 1929.

Dated October 24, 1928.

JOHN DIFFIN, Executor.

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NOTICE!

I will be at the office of the late Dr. H. C. Swarthout, 260 N. Main street, Wellsville, and continue his practice.

B. E. SWARTHOUT, Chiropractor.

Citation for Probate of Will

The People of the State of New York:

By the Grace of Good Free and Independent

To Anna Barber, Kenneth Green, Lottie Hander, Glenn Lee and all other heirs at law and next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of L. H. THOMPSON, late of the Town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, whose names and places of residence are unknown, send GREETING:

Whereas, Andrew D. Fuller, who resides at Andover, N. Y., has lately applied to the Surrogate's Court of our County of Allegany, to have a certain document in writing relating to both real and personal property, duly proved as the last Will and Testament of L. H. THOMPSON, who was at the time of his death a resident of Andover, N. Y., deceased.

Therefore, you and each of you are cited to show cause before the Surrogate's Court of our County of Allegany, at the Surrogate's Office in the Village of Belmont, N. Y., on the 17th day of May, 1929, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, why the said Will and Testament should not be admitted to probate as a will of real and personal property.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, we have caused the Seal of the Surrogate's Court of the said County of Allegany to be hereunto affixed.

WITNESS, HON. GUY O. HINMAN, Surrogate of said County, at Belmont, N. Y.,
(L. S.) this 17th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine.

LEON A. ACKERMAN, Clerk of the Surrogate's Court.

NOTE:—This citation is served to give you Legal Notice of the proceeding; but you are not obliged to appear unless you desire to do so.

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If it's good printing you want—we do it.

Acidity

The common cause of digestive difficulties is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. This is why physicians tell the public to use Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very apparent. All gas is dispelled; all sourness is soon gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children, too, and pleasant to take. Get the genuine—

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

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Meets Every Tuesday Evening. Visitors are always cordially welcomed.
AMES L. ROGERS, Secy.
LLEWELLYN CLAIR, Noble Grand

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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. HANN, Secy.
CLARENCE MEAD, W. M.

Andover Grange No. 1098
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

Andover Dairymen's League Co-Operative Association, Inc.
Meets First Saturday Each Month.
JAMES McANDREW, President
HENRY JOYCE, Vice President
HARRY SMITH, Secretary.

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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.

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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 Grundage, 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.

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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 Hartrum, 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.

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THE DESPERATE LOVER

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. DRUEN

Palermo is like a night blossom upturned, as tho her thoughts were which opens only with the first far away among the softly burning breath of evening. By day, it is stars, rather than concerned with parched and sleepy and stupid; by the fashionable and picturesque night it is alive and joyous—the crowd which thronged around her. place itself becomes an all fresco A remark from her companion, a paradise.

By day, those who can, sleep; by night, they awake and don their daintiest clothing, and Palermo is gay.

The terrace of the Hotel de l'Europe extends to the very verge of the promenade, and, night by night, is crowded with men of all conditions and nations, who sit before little marble tables facing the sea. At one of these, so close to the promenade that the dresses of the passers-by almost touched them, two men were seated.

One was of an order and race easily to be distinguished in any quarter of the globe—an English country gentleman. He was tall and handsome, and young enough not to have outlived enthusiasm, for he was looking out upon the gay scene with keen interest. His features were well cut, his eyes were blue, and his bronze face was smooth, save for a slight, well-formed moustache. He wore a brown tweed coat and waistcoat, flannel trousers, a straw hat tilted over his eyes, and he was smoking a briar pipe.

His companion was of a different type. He was of medium height only, and thin; his complexion was sallow, and his eyes and hair were black. His features, tho not altogether pleasing, were regular, and almost classical in outline. His clothes displayed him to the worst possible advanage. He wore black trousers and a dark frock coat, tightly fitting, which accentuated the narrowness of his shoulders. The only relief to the sombreness of his attire consisted in a white flower carefully fastened in his buttonhole.

They were only acquaintances, these two men; chance had brought them together for some evil purpose of her own. They had become for a while companions, albeit silent ones.

The Englishman was in far too good a humor with himself, the place, and his surroundings, to hold his peace for long. He exchanged his pipe for a Havana, and commenced to talk.

"It's very stupid of me, but, do you know, I've quite forgotten your name for the moment. I remember my cousin, Cis Davenport, introducing us at Rome, and I knew you again directly I saw you. But I'm hanged if I can think of your name! I always had a precious bad memory."

The Sicilian looked none too well pleased at the implied request.

"I do not object to telling you my name," he said in a low tone, sunk almost to a whisper, "but you will pardon me if I make a request which may appear somewhat singular to you. I do not wish you to address me by it here, or to mention it. To be frank, there are reasons for wishing my presence in this neighborhood not to be known. You are a gentleman, and you will understand."

"Oh, perfectly," the Englishman answered him, in a tone of blank bewilderment.

"My name is Leonardo di Marloni!"

"By Jove, of course it is!" the Englishman exclaimed. "I should have thought of it in a moment."

"You will not forget my request, and if you have occasion to address me, perhaps you will be so good as to do so by the name of 'Cortegi.' It is the name by which I am known here, and to which I have some right."

The Englishman nodded.

"All right. I'll remember. By the bye," he went on, "I had the pleasure of meeting your sister in Naples, I believe. She is engaged to marry Martin Briscoe, isn't she?"

The Sicilian's face darkened into a scowl; the thin lips were tightly compressed, and his eyes flashed with angry light.

"I was not aware of it," he answered haughtily.

There was a brief lull in the stream of promenaders.

The Englishman looked into the eyes of the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. A flood of silver moonlight lay upon the Marina, glancing away across the dark blue waters of the bay, and the soft dazzling light gently touched her hair, and gleamed in her dark, sweet eyes. She was tall, and clad in white flowing draperies, clinging softly around her slim, girlish figure and giving to her appearance an inexpressible daintiness, as tho they were indeed emblematic of the spotless purity of that fair young being. Was it the chastened light, or was there indeed something spiritual, something more than humanly beautiful in the delicate oval face—perfect in its outline, perfect in its faint coloring and stately poise? She was walking slowly, her every movement full of a distinctive and deliberate grace, and her head a little

The Englishman looked into the eyes of the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

flame burns softly but brightly still thru joy and grief, mocking at satiety, surviving the sorrow of gray hairs, triumphing over the desolation of old age, and sweetening the passage to the grave. He was a headstrong, chivalrous young man, passionate, loyal, and faithful, among all his faults. That first love of his never grew cold, never lessened. It lasted forever. For some men it is not possible to give the better part of themselves up to the worship of a pure woman; selfishness forbids it. But this young Englishman who sat there spellbound, absorbed in the consciousness of this new and sweet emotion, was not one of these.

Suddenly she withdrew her eyes with a faint, conscious blush, and as she did so, she saw for the first time the Sicilian. Her whole aspect swiftly changed. A terrified shudder swept across her features, and her lips parted with fear.

"Who is she?" the Englishman asked abruptly.

"I fear that I do not quite understand you," he said quietly, altho his voice and limbs were trembling with passion; "to whom do you allude?"

"The girl in white who passed just now. You knew her! Tell me her name!"

"Why should I?"

"I wish to know it."

"Possibly. But that is no reason why I should tell it to you. That lady is a friend of mine, certainly, but it is not the custom in my country, however it may be in yours to handy a lady's name about a public place."

At the door of the hotel the Englishman paused for a moment, and then, instead of joining the stream of promenaders, he entered and slowly ascended the broad marble staircase toward his room. Just as he reached the first landing, however, he felt a light touch on his arm, and a gutteral voice in his ear. He turned sharply around, and found before him one of the waiters—the one who had served him with his coffee outside.

"Well! What do you want?" he asked.

The man answered in a low tone, with his eyes glancing suspiciously around all the time.

"The Signor was inquiring the name of the lady who passed by," he said apologetically.

"Well?"

"I can tell it to the Signor."

"Look sharp then!"

"The Signor is generous," he remarked, with a cunning look. "I have risked my place by leaving the terrace without permission to bring him this news, and I am poor—very, very poor!" he added, with a sudden drop in his voice which resembled a whine.

The Englishman threw a piece of gold into the brown, greedy palm.

"The Signor is noble. The beautiful lady's name is Signorina Adrienne Cartuccio."

"The singer?"

"The same, Signor. The divine singer."

"Ah!"

The Englishman turned toward the wide, open window, and gazed steadfastly at the place in the crowd where she had vanished.

On the brow of the Hill Fiolesse, at a sharp angle in the white dusty road, a man and woman stood talking. On one side of them was a grove of flowering magnolias, and on the other a high, closely-trimmed hedge skirted the grounds of the Villa Fiolesse. There was not another soul in sight, but, as tho the place were not secure enough from interruption, the girl, every new and then, glanced half fearfully around her, and more than once paused in the middle of a sentence to listen. At last her fears escaped from her lips.

"Leonardo, I wish that you had not come!" she cried. "What is the good of it? I shall have no rest till I know that you are beyond the seas again."

"Beyond the seas, while my heart is chained forever here, Margharita!" he answered. "Ah! I have tried, and I know the bitterness of it. You cannot tell what exile has been like to me. I could bear it no longer. Tell me, child! I watched you climb this hill together. You looked back and saw me, and waited. Did she see me, too? Quick, answer me! I will know! She saw me on the Marina. Did she know that I was following her?"

"I think she saw you. She said nothing when I lingered behind. It was as tho she knew."

The Sicilian clasped his hands and looked away over the sea. The moonlight fell upon his weary pale lid face, and glistened in his dark sad eyes. He spoke more to himself than her.

"She knew! And yet she would not wait to speak a single word to me! Ah! it is cruel! If only she could know how night by night, in those far-distant countries, I have lain on the mountain tops, and wandered thru the valleys, thinking and dreaming of her—always of her! It has been an evil time with me, my sister, a time of dreary days and sleepless nights. And this is the end of it! My heart is faint and sick with longing, and I hastened here before it should break. I must see her, Margharita! Let us hasten on to the villa!"

She laid her hand upon his arm. Her eyes were soft with coming tears.

"Leonardo, listen," she cried. "It is best to tell you. She will not see you. She is quite firm. She is angry with you for coming."

"Angry with me! Angry because I love her, so that I risk my life just to see her, to hear her speak! Ah! but that is cruel! Let me go in and speak to her! Let me plead with her in my own fashion!"

She shook her head.

"Leonardo, the truth is best," she said softly. "Adrienna does not love you. She is quite determined not to see you again. Even I, pleading with tears in my eyes, could not persuade her. She has locked herself in her room while she prepares for the concert. You could not see her unless you forced yourself upon her, and that would not do."

"No, I would not do that," he answered wearily. "Margharita, there is a question; I must ask it, tho the answer kill me. Is there anyone else?"

She shook her head.

"There is no one else, Leonardo, yet. But what matter is that, since it cannot be you? Some day it will come. All that a sister could do I have done. She pities you, Leonardo, but she does not love you. She never will!"

He moved from the open space, where the moonlight fell upon his marble face, to the shadow of the magnolia grove. He stood there quite silent for a moment. Then he spoke in a strained, hard voice, which she scarcely recognized.

"Margharita, you have done your best for me. You do not know what a man's love is, or you would not wonder that I suffer so much. Yet, if it must be; it must. I will give her up. I will go back to my exile and forget her. Yet since I am here grant me a last favor. Let me see her to say farewell."

She looked up at him in distress.

"Leonardo, how can. I? She has given orders that under no circumstances whatever are you to be admitted."

"But to say farewell!"

"She would not believe it. It has been so before, Leonardo, and then you have been passionate, and pleaded your cause all over again. I have promised that I will never ask her to see you again."

"Then let me see her without asking. You can find an opportunity, if you will. For my sake, Margharita!"

(Continued Next Week)

WOULDN'T LIFT HAND TO SAVE LIVES

Thousands of Accidents Caused by Failure of Motorists to Give Proper Signals When Driving.

Albany, N. Y.—"Why is it," asks John H. Wright, President of the New York State Automobile Association, "that more than 2,000 motorists who were to blame for automobile accidents in New York State last year, would not lift their hand to prevent the killing or maiming of other motorists or pedestrians?"

Statistics of the Motor Vehicle Bureau for 1928 show that more than 2,000 accidents happened on the highways of New York State because motorists failed to signal, Mr. Wright states. In eleven of these accidents, a simple movement of the arm, a wave of the hand or a slight pressure upon the horn button might have saved a life.

"Without any question," Mr. Wright continues, "there are thousands of other accidents attributable in whole or in part to failure to signal or the giving of misleading or unsatisfactory hand signals. The bureau only records cases where this cause has been definitely established.

"The motorist himself must correct this situation, and we are asking everyone of the 90,000 members of the New York State Automobile Association to observe the rules for signalling in concerted effort to decrease highway accidents during 1929.

"There has been a noticeable letdown of late in the giving of proper signals on the road. An arm protruding from the side of a car may indicate that the motorists is going to turn the the left or to the right, that he is pointing to the scenery, that he intends to back up, that he wants to find out whether it is raining or snowing, that he is hailing a passing friend, that he is going to stop or any one of many other things that motorists do."

Without attempting to set forth or establish any definite formula for signalling, the New York State Automobile Association points out that the most experienced and careful drivers today use three very sensible arm signals which, if generally observed by the two million drivers on New York State highways, would unquestionably bring about a considerable improvement in the situation.

Each of these three signals is made with the left arm of the driver extended straight out from the machine in a horizontal position from the shoulder. They are as follows:

1. Left arm straight out and index finger of the left hand pointing straight to the left, meaning that the motorists is going to turn left, when he can do so safely.

2. Left arm straight out from the should with hand fully extended in the same direction, palm of the hand turned toward the rear, indicating that the motorist is going to bring his machine to a stop.

3. With the left arm extended straight out from the shoulder, the driver moves his forearm in a circular motion indicating that he intends to turn to the right, and therefore, invites the motorist in his rear to draw up and pass him on the left.

In addition the State Association urges motorists to always look behind and to signal when driving away from the curb, and never to turn out from the curb unless absolutely sure that no car in the rear is close enough to cause a crash.

A driver leaving a line of traffic in order to gain a position in the line further ahead should always signal.

"We must educate the motorist to his responsibility in such matters," Mr. Wright points out. "We believe there are enough people in the State of New York who will be influenced by proper educational methods to use greater care and more caution, so that the total loss of life, limb and property can be sensibly decreased this year.

"In this respect, the newspapers of the state can do more than any law, and we are familiar enough with the unselfish zeal for service of modern newspaper management to feel sure that our organization will receive the highest co-operation in this educational effort."

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