ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

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

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ACTIVE — NEW YORK PRESS ASSOCIATION — A DROP OF INK MAKES MILLIONS THINK — ORGANIZED SEPT 6 1853 — MEMBER

An Encouraging Report

SENSATIONAL reports of juvenile crime have been so loud and prolonged that the public has come to have a kind of blind belief in the increasing wickedness of the younger generation. Hence it is with a feeling of surprise that one reads government compiled statistics showing a drop in juvenile delinquency.

With blazing stories of eighteen-year-old bandits filling prominent positions in the news almost every day, it seems impossible that the official report can be accurate. Yet a survey carefully covering fourteen cities, scattered over the country, reveals a decrease in the delinquency rate in nine and an increase in only four, in the total, the number of actual commitments to institutions is smaller than in earlier investigations.

It is easy to prophesy ruin for all the youngsters because a few with inflamed imaginations and distorted notions of their relation to the world are spectacularly criminal. Often it has been observed that the young people whose parents are infected with the jazz spirit of the age are themselves, a serious, quiet aggregation. Rather naturally the parents find themselves thinking of the children as more gay and naughty than their elders. But now the boys and girls have governmental evidence of improvement in their behavior.

Three-quarters of a century ago parents and grandparents were viewing with alarm "this moral debacle that threatens our children," and those children, now grown to manhood, are viewing with alarm this moral debacle which never comes. Thus it has ever been.

A college to educate plumbers has been announced. The course probably includes forgetting of tools.

Creates Vast Revenue

TOBACCO, "filthy weed" tho it may be, is not unqualifedly to be condemned, if we may judge from the bare facts of its consumption, exposed by the secretary of the treasury. These facts make it plain that not all of the nation's expenditures on tobacco "goes up in smoke." The smoker is helping considerably to pay costs of government, even if the money he spends on tobacco is sometimes diverted from something a trifle nobler or more worthwhile. In a year, when the total manufacturers of tobacco had a value of $820,000,000, the federal revenues therefrom amounted to $309,000,000, or something like 40 per cent. Curiously enough, there is little or no complaint on the part of consumers, concerning this tax.

It hasn't been so long since cigarettes were a minor item on our annual smoke bill. We now smoke about twelve of them to every cigar. In 1923, 65,000,000,000 "pills" were consumed in the United States; in 1928 this total had grown to 85,000,000,000. The fag is literally the foundation of tobacco revenue, since precisely two-thirds of last year's federal tobacco tax receipts were derived from this source—nearly seven times as much as was paid on cigars. Excluding the income tax, tobacco is now furnishing 58 per cent. of the nation's total internal revenue.

Here are the facts: We prefer not to moralize or draw conclusions. One might comment, of course, on the part played by the war in the popularization of the cigarette. One might say that the short, swift smoke fits in with the jazz age. One might, on the other hand, say that where there is so much smoke, there must be not a little fire. Or one might just content oneself with the remark: "Here are the facts. Draw your own conclusions." We think we'll do just that.

Success Is Not Luck

IT IS a timely topic for newspaper discussion, to inquire why it is that some people attain large business success, while so many others secure only moderate attainment, or are buffeted from failure.

Many people say it is all luck. One man, they say, by no merit of his own, had fine opportunities thrust in his face. Someone opened a door in front of him. All he need to do was to walk in. Anyone could do it with the same chance.

In so far as people inherit money, or gain positions thru family influence, that is true. Yet the great majority of successful men did not have wealthy parents. If they found opportunities, it was because they had the energy to force themselves into situations where opportunities open.

If a big business concern has an exceptional opportunity to offer, it does not snap up a cent to see which office boy shall have it. It does not look around among the fellows who are doing the work requiring the least intelligence. Nor does it select the man most popular in society, who can tell the best stories and play the best pool game.

But it does devote thoughtful scrutiny to the men of its force to see who has previously shown the most initiative and power to do things, tho in a small way. The man who gets it has earned it. The fellow who says it is all luck, thereby shows that he has no conception of the methods by which success is attained.

Golfers, baseball fans and flowers grow wild in the spring.

If the Presses Stopped?

SUPPOSE that all newspapers were discontinued tomorrow? What a furore there would be, for we must have news!

Or suppose that beginning next week, the newspapers stopped running advertisements? We would discover that politics, the doings of society, accounts of fires, accidents, deaths, scandals, sports and the activities of the police and criminals of one sort or another, add little to our comfort and happiness in this age of enlightenment.

Without advertising we would remain in ignorance of much that concerns us vitally—news of the things that have to do with personal, every-day life of each one of us.

Someone might be selling a new, better and more economical food, or a utensil that would add immeasurably to our well-being, or some material that would be of immense value to us—but we would never know it.

Modern advertising has made and is making the world better housed, better fed, better clothed. It has increased the world's capacity for things that elevate, improve and idealize the important business of living. It is a big vital force in fostering convenient and comfortable living. Without its direction we would overlook much and therefore lose much.

The big difference between opportunity knocking at your door, and the bill collector's knock, is that the former only knocks once.

Our Debt To the Past

THE present holds much of interest and much gossip, and the future great hopes, but we must go to the past for history.

The world has been so full of thrills for ten years that the past has almost dropped out of sight.

The younger generation—perhaps no more than the youth of any other age—too often shows a silent contempt for the past.

Not all of the people who have gone before us were old-fashioned. They were up-to-date in their time, else this community would not have made the progress that it has.

It would not be as prosperous as it is, would not have the advantages that it now possesses, would be lacking in many of the essentials of modern life, if it had not been for the thoughtfulness of those who have passed on.

Our debt to the past is too great not to give it due recognition, and our debt to the future also, is deserving of thoughtful consideration.

The condition of this community 50 years from now depends in some measure on what we do today. This is something well worth remembering in solving community problems that arise from day to day.

When in Rome, do as the Romans, should not be applied when visiting in Chicago, unless you are a good shooter.

Eat Less, Live Longer

BEWARE of the tables of "normal weight," says Dr. Leonard Williams, of New York. Those tables tell you that a man of certain height weighs normally 147 pounds at 25, and at 50, 162 pounds. It is a dangerous falsehood. A man should always weigh less at 50 than at 25. If he does not he will die sooner than he might die.

One pound or two added to the weight on a horse's back will make him lose a race. Imagine the handicap put on an old heart, old lungs and old kidneys, by adding 20 or 25 pounds of fat at 50. Dr. Williams says find out what your so-called "normal weight" is, then reduce 20 pounds below it. Weight is fat, displacing muscle, which connects on the heart as well as the abdomen.

Men, old in years and great intellectual power, Voltaire, Pope Leo, Von Moltke, were almost living skeletons, all at least 20 to 30 per cent. below what would be called "normal weight." Every one of us could live well and longer on half of what he eats now.

Statistics show that nearly all of the 115,000,000 people living in the United States have been careful in crossing the street.

When Brakes Are Needed

IN THE early days of automobiles, when the world was in the horse and buggy age, a horn was probably essential. Today, in most cases, it is used by drivers in lieu of brakes, and thus it is not only annoying, but extremely dangerous. Many drivers today dash thru a populated district without abating their speed one bit, sounding their horns almost continuously so that they may take the right of way by reason of their insistence and their recklessness.

The difficulty is that many drivers think that the sounding of a horn is the mark of a careful driver and is to be commended rather than condemned. Such, however, is not the case; the good driver is so careful himself and has his car so constantly under control that he has absolutely no need of a warning signal. If he is approaching a dangerous intersection he need not sound a long blast of his noise-maker, but approaches the crossing at low speed and makes certain that it is safe to proceed before he does so.

Beautifying Our Community

THERE is no more appropriate time than the present to aid nature in her work of beautification.

Every good citizen will find some time and give some thought to the planting of trees, flowers and shrubs at this season of the year when nature is so kind and beneficient.

Just a little effort and care on the part of the people of Andover in the planting and cultivation of such ornaments and adornments will bring joy and satisfaction and will make this community a more attractive place to visitors.

It is unfair not alone to the present, but to the future as well, not to devote some money and energy to the beautifying of lawns.

We can make our community so alluring that none will want to leave it and that all who come within its gates will be captivated by its beauty and want to stay permanently.

One thing about Mexico, it is a big country and plenty of room to fight, but they like to stay close to the U. S. border.

Heart-Heart

Sermons Without Words

There are sermons all around us, just waiting to be seen; and, they are so impressive—far more so to me than those framed artfully for itching ears.

I have seen the young mother putting her first babe to the breast for the very first time. No word to mar the sacred stillness. Maybe just the faintest whisper of angel wings that I am sure fluttered near. Here was the cherub at the fountain—the dawn of creation—a picture worth the brush of a Murillo—of a Millet. And the sermon—a volume of eloquence—the sacred—the sublime!

I watched the woodmen, hacking at the base of a mighty oak. Cheerily they sang, as chips leaped from their pigmy blows. Silently the forest giant stood, unconscious of the deepening wound, now perilously near his heart . . . At last the crack of immediate doom—a swaying body—a thunderous crash on earth. The proud crest, from its heavenly altitude, now bent with soulless dust. A tower of liberty and freedom now supine—helpless—at the feet of its despoilers! Never to rise again, as truth crushed to earth may.

Man, militant proponent of liberty and freedom, chief executioner of both! Left to his own devices, man becomes a destroyer of all about him, transforming the natural into the artificial, the sublime to the ridiculous. Left to his own devises, mind you; last of all, he frames his own shackles, binds himself to eternal servitude. What a sermon for the seeing eye!

Not all sermons are pleasing, especially those we see; but they are sermons, never heless, and, bristling with true testimony. To heed each faithful sermon is wise, whether seen or heard; it is our du'y to see and hear.

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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 Hasdan, 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. 19

NOTICE!

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

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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 Hartman, 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 16, 1928.
MARY HARTRUM,
C. A. SLAIGHT,
19 Administrators.

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 P. C. Lynch, late of the town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned Administrator at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley, in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 10th day of June, 1929.

Dated December 4, 1928. 22
BRIDGET LYNCH, Administratrix.

THE BLIND LOVER

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. DRUEY

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Palermo is the scene. There, an exile, Leonardo di Marioni, has come for love of Adrienne Cartuccio who spurns him. He meets an Englishman, Lord St. Maurice, who falls in love with Adrienne on sight. Leonardo sees his sister Margherita, who tells him his love for Adrienne is hopeless. But he pleads with her to arrange an accidental meeting, to say farewell, between Adrienne and him.

Now go on with the story.

She laid her troubled, tear-stained face upon his shoulder.

"It is wrong of me, Leonardo. Yet, if you will promise me to say farewell, and farewell only—"

"Be it so! I promise!"

"Well, then, each night we have walked past the Marina, and home by the mountain road. It is a long way round and it is lonely; but we have Pietro with us, and on these moonlight nights the view is like fairyland."

"And will you come that way home tonight, after the concert?"

"Yes."

"It is good."

It was almost midnight, and Palermo lay sleeping in the moonlight. The concert was over. One by one the promenaders had left the Marina, and all sound had died away. One man alone lingered, drinking in the sweetness of the night. The Englishman sat on the last seat of the Marina, in the shadow of a cluster of orange trees.

He had seen her again—nay, more, he had heard her sing—this girl-nightingale, who had taken the world by storm.

He sat dreaming, with a burned-out cigar between his teeth, and his eyes idly windering over the blue Mediterranean. Suddenly the stillness was broken by the sound of a soft gliding footstep close at hand. He had heard no one approach, yet when he looked up quickly he found he was no longer alone. A man in the garb of a native peasant was standing by his side.

Naturally the Englishman was a little surprised. He half rose from his seat, and then resumed it as he recognized the dark, swarthy face and black eyes of the waiter who had told him Adrienne Cartuccio's name.

"Hullo! What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"I was in search of the Signor!" was the hasty response. "For an hour I have sought him everywhere and now it is by chance that I am successful."

The Englishman looked at him with suspicion. This change of dress was doubtless for the purpose of disguise. What was the meaning of it?

"Well, now you've found me, what do you want?" he asked, watching him closely.

"I will tell the Signor. Is it not that he has an admiration for Mademoiselle Cartuccio, the singer? Well, she is in danger! It is for the Signor to rescue her."

The Englishman sprang up with sparkling eyes, and pitched his dead cigar into the sea.

"In danger!" he repeated breathlessly. "Quick, tell me where!"

The man pointed inland.

"Do you see that belt of white road there, leading up into the hills?"

"Yes; what about it?"

"Have you noticed anything pass along it?"

"There was a heavy cart or carriage and some mules, I think, went by half an hour ago."

The native shrugged his shoulders.

"It was an hour, Signor, but no matter! Step back with me into the shadow of those olive trees. That is better. Now we cannot be seen, and I will explain."

The Englishman beat the ground with his foot.

"Explanations be damned!" he exclaimed. "Where is Mademoiselle Cartuccio? Quick!"

The man held up his hands, and spoke more rapidly.

"This evening I heard by accident of a plot to carry off Signorina Cartuccio. By a rascally subterfuge I hasten to inform the police, but on the way I pause. I say to myself, what shall I get for my pains, and for the risk I run? Nothing! Then I think of the Signor. I watched his face when the Signorina pass by, and I say to myself he has the passion of her. If I show him the way to save her he will be generous. He will win the lady, and he will reward poor Andrea."

"That's all right. Tell me what to do, and I will give you fifty pounds—anything you like. Don't waste time. Speak up!"

The man's eyes shone with cupidity. He went on rapidly:

"The Signor is a prince. Listen! Along yonder road, before many minutes have passed, will come the Signorina Cartuccio with her friend, attended only by an aged servant. Man are waiting for them in the grove of orange trees above the Villa Fiolese. Their orders are to carry off the two ladies to the other side of the island, where a place has been prepared for them. For an hour I have searched for the Signor, that he might procure aid, and so encounter these brigands, but in vain. I was in despair."

"I want no help! How many of the blackguards are there?"

"Four, Signor."

"Natives?"

"Yes, Signor."

"And cowards, I suppose?"

The man smiled.

"They have not much bravery, Signor. I know the men."

"I wouldn't have anyone else here for the world," the Englishman said, shaking his fist.

"Does the Signor want a knife?"

The Englishman sprang up with sparkling eyes . . .

asked the man, thrusting his hand into his inner pocket.

"Not I. We don't understand that sort of thing in our country, my brave Andrea. Fisticuffs will settle this little matter, you'll see."

The man looked up admiringly at the Englishman's commanding figure and broad shoulders.

"I think they will run away from the Signor when they see him," he whispered. "But let the Signor remember this; if one of them thrusts his hand inside his coat, so, do not wait one moment—knock him down or get out of his way. He will have the knife, and they know how to use it, these brigands."

"Tell me the name of their leader—mean the fellow who is trying to carry off the Signorina. Will he be there?"

The man shook his head.

"I cannot tell the Signor his name. I dare not. I was once in his service, and he has powers—hush!"

The two men held their breaths, keeping well in the shadow of the orange grove. They had reached the road, and in the distance they could hear the sound of approaching voices.

"I leave you now, Signor," whispered his companion to the Englishman. "I dare not be seen. Tomorrow, at the hotel."

He glided noiselessly away. The Englishman scarcely heard him, he was listening intently. Light footsteps were coming along the winding road toward him, and soon a laughing voice rang out upon the night air.

"My dear Adrienne, don't you think we were foolish to walk home so late as this? See, there is not a soul upon the promenade."

"Tant mieux!" was the light answer. "Is it not to escape from them all, that we came this way? The stillness is exquisite, and the night breeze from the sea, after that hot room, is divine. What a view we shall have of the bay when we get to the top of the hill."

"They say that this place is infested with robbers, and it is terribly lonely," was the somewhat fearful answer. "Why should you not let poor Leonardo come with you?"

"Because I did not want Leonardo, chérie. Leonardo is very good, but he wearies me by persisting to dwell upon his forbidden subject; and as for protection—Ah! well, I fancy Giovanni is sufficient."

As they were passing him now so close that he felt impelled to hold his breath. He had only a momentary glimpse of them, but it was sufficient. A few yards behind, a sullen-looking servant was trudging along, looking carefully around. In the white moonlight their faces, even their expressions, were perfectly visible to him. Adrienne's dress and absorbed by the still rest-ful beauty of the dreaming night, and indifferent to all fear; her companion, whose dark eyes were glancing somewhat anxiously around her, and Giovanni, whose furtive looks were expectant than apprehensive, marked him out to the Englishman as an accomplice in whatever devilry was afoot. Unseen himself, he watched them pass, and listened to their voices growing fainter and fainter in the distance. They were out of sight and out of hearing. He was preparing to follow them, when suddenly another sound broke the stillness. He held his breath, and crouched down, watching. In a minute, two dark forms, keeping carefully in the shadows by the side of the road, crept stealthily past.

He waited till they too, were out of sight, and then stood up with tingling pulses, but quite cool. Moving on tip-toe, he stepped lightly over the low stone wall into the road, and gazed after them.

The ascent was steep, and the road curved round and round in zigzag fashion. On one side it was bordered by a thickly-growing orange grove, whose delicate perfume was sweetening the still languid air. On the other was a stretch of waste open country, separated from the road by a low wall. He chose the side of the island, and keeping under the shadow of the trees, followed them, his footsteps sinking noiselessly into the thick dust.

Once the two ladies paused to look back. He stopped too; and the two bending figures between them drew closer into the shadows, and waited. He was some distance away but the sound of her voice floated clearly down to him on a breath of that faint night air.

Again they turned, and again he followed. Suddenly his heart gave a great bound. About fifty yards in front of the two girls was a rudely-built country carriage, drawn by a pair of mules and with a single man on the box. They had paused at such an unexpected sight, and seemed to be deliberating in whispers whether or not they should proceed. Before they had come to any decision, the two men had crept out from the shadow of the wall and trees into the road, and with bent bodies hurried toward them.

He did not shout out or make any noise; he simply lessened the distance between him and them by increasing his pace. The two stooping forms, casting long, oblique shadows across the white, hard road, were almost level with their intended victims. Now the shadow of one crept a little in advance of the ladies, and Adrienne Cartuccio, seeing it, stopped suddenly back with a cry of alarm.

"Viovanni! Giovanni! There are robbers! Ah!"

The cry became a shriek, but it was instantly stifled by a coarse hand thrust upon her mouth. At the same moment her companion felt herself treated in a similar manner. They could only gaze into the dark ruffian faces of their captors in mute terror. The whole thing had been too sudden for them to make any resistance, and Giovanni, their trusted escort, seemed suddenly to have disappeared. As a matter of fact he was watching the proceedings from behind a convenient boulder.

The man who was holding Adrienne pointed to the carriage, the door of which the driver had thrown open.

"This way, Signorina," he said. "It is useless to struggle. We shall not harm you."

She shook her head violently, and with a sudden effort thrust his hand away from her mouth.

"What do you want?" she cried. "Who are you? You can have my jewels, but I will never step inside that carriage. Help! Help!"

He wound his arms around her, and without a word, commenced dragging her across the road.

"You may shout as much as you like," he muttered. "There will only be echoes to answer you."

A sudden warning cry rang out from his companion, and, with a start, he released his victim. The Englishman had stepped into the middle of the group, and before he could spring back, a swirling left-hander sent him down into the dust with a dull, heavy thud.

"You blackguard!" he thundered out. Then turning quickly round he faced the other man, who had sprung across the road with bent body, and with his right hand in his breast. There was a gleam of cold steel, but before he could use the knife which he had drawn, his arm was grasped and held as tho by a vice, and slowly bent backward. He dropped the weapon, with a shriek of pain, upon the road, and fell on his knees before his captor.

The Englishman's grasp relaxed, and taking advantage of it, the man suddenly jumped up, leaped over the wall, and disappeared in the plantation. Pursuit would have been impossible, but none of them thought of it.

(Continued Next Week)

Heart's Delight represents our selection of high grade food products. Kindly buy them liberally from your grocer. If pleased, tell your neighbor. If any item is not satisfactory, please write us and we will make good.
Scoville, Brown & Co.

Give a calf the right start. Heifers cost too much to raise to waste time on poor ones. A good heifer poorly developed is not a good investment, either.

Rude Rural Rhymes

GOD WALKS IN GARDENS

Omar Khayyam, who liked his booze, says he, "I cannot tell what vintners ever find to buy good as the stuff they sell." A seed is such a precious thing I almost wonder why the seedman advertise and seem so anixous we should buy. Yes, we must delve as Adam delved, but was his gain so great? We open up the fertile loam; we labor and we wait. A grain shall harvest us a pound an ounce a hundred weight. I speak of pounds and ounces, I reckon up the treasures, but what of seeds that carry flowers whose beauty none may measure? Yet gardeners should be modest men; remembering sun and seed, our part in making gardens is very small indeed. Our back we bend, our strength we spend and deep the spade is set, but Something working in the soil is even deeper yet. The copper colored nature man, from papoose up to chief, says Manito "in every cloud, in every flower and leaf. I pick my seed with careful heed, sow, hoe and then lay by, but in the sprout is working out another Power than I. We wait may rise to fertilize, to plow and rake and spade it; but never was a garden made unless the Father made it.—Bob Adams.

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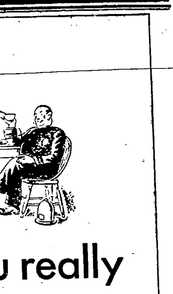

Are you really UP-TO-DATE on this "HELP QUESTION"
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