# ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

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

ANDOVER, N. Y.,.....MAY 24, 1929.

Entered as second-class mail matter under act of Congress, at the Postoffice at Andover, N. Y.

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| One year | $2.00 |
| Six Months | $1.00 |
| Three Months | .50 |

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## Memorial Day

WE ARE on the eve of another Memorial Day, a national holiday that appeals above all to the patriotism of the people. Sorrow for those who fell in war is but one element in this anniversary. There are some things for which enlightened humanity is willing to die. Love of country is one. Men in their prime give up all to enter the ordeals of patriotic battle. Mothers tell their sons to go, and wives inspire husbands to respond to the calls to preserve a nation.

In this respect the sacrifices of women are fully as great as those of men. The millions of soldiers and sailors in the Civil War and the World War averaged 24 years of age. That is not far beyond the period of boyhood. No matter what the attractions of the future may have been, and the vistas of life were bright before them, they hold all as of less value than to support the government that asked for defenders. There have been cynics who disparaged patriotism, but they hold no enviable place in general esteem or history. Patriotism is a living force, a vital power, in advanced human character, and those who have decried it awaken only scorn.

Patriotism is not a sentiment depending on party or faction. A whole people is stirred by it to the profoundest depths. The affections are secondary to it and self-interest has no place in its manifestations. It deserves to be garlanded as one of the loftiest things of which the human race has any knowledge or conception. A national flag arouses a feeling that dominates both heart and intellect, putting all else in the background in time of grave emergency. Such in its noble associations, is the day we celebrate.

## Keeping Farms Clean

A CLEAN, neat country home is an inspiration to the people traveling thru the country. It means that those who live there are industrious and desirous of keeping their residences, yards and surrounding property looking well, without having been persuaded or coerced by public opinion.

Most farmers take advantage of the opportunities they have to make their places of abode attractive with flowers. Plant life of the flower garden has an important part in satisfying rural life, and it likewise makes a trip thru the country at this season especially enjoyable.

The average farmer has a genuine appreciation of natural beauty, altho he may not always be conscious of the rare possession he has. In the city, the florists supply natural beauty in a more or less artificial form and large sums of money are spent annually to satisfy the universal desire for it. Country people have much of it right at their doors, and wild beauty is spread before them with a lavish hand.

We think of agriculture in terms of corn and cradit, plows and prices, things economic in character and vital in carrying out farming, but after the day's work is over the farmer and his family can find real joy, relaxation and inspiration in the flower garden.

They can also keep the premises in such condition that there will be nothing to detract from the beauty that nature provides in the springtime.

Cleanliness in the country is just as much to be desired as cleanliness in village, town or city, and pride in the appearance of his home and surrounding premises should be as natural for a farmer as a town or city dweller.

## Cultivating Shrubbery

IT MAY be said that shrubbery is the lazy man's garden. Once planted about your home in cool spring weather, it stands its own sturdy ground, calling neither for hoe nor backache. It defies frost and blossoms perennially, independently of your watching care.

The laborious forefathers and foremothers were not keen in shrubs which did not bloom brilliantly enough for them. They were lovers of beauty in their sheltered homes. The most brilliant planting of iris, rose and other flowering plants was none too good for them. But the choice involved labor from seed sowing until the transient flory of the flower. They kept large gardens in which a steady procession of color marched thru the calendar. There was always something doing, never a time when some delgrate from the rainbow was not on duty.

Few people are willing today to assume the burdens of an old fashioned garden, composed of annual flowers, unless the task is nothing more onerous than telling the hired man where to dig and plant and water. They have a liking for jobs that stay put. From the standpoint of efficiency, the syringa or lilac or forsythia probably furnishes the most bloom for the labor cost, which gets in touch with the modern idea of success.

Still, a great deal may be said for the beauty of shrubbery about a home. It may lack the edge of brilliancy found in nature's gloriously painted flowering plants. It does not bear close inspection like the dancing glory of poppies or larkspur. But arranged about a house, shrubbery breaks the hard angles between board and ground. It makes a kind of nest of verdure about a home, sheltering and screening it, and offering its romantic sense of seclusion. It turns a house into a home.

## To Your Front Door

THE time was when news was exceedingly scarce. The town crier would stand in the public square ringing his bell to attract attention. When the crowd of eager citizens had assembled, he would read the latest proclamation of the town officials and give a brief summary of the news.

Today in your easy chair you glance over the newspaper and in a few minutes inform yourself of the news. Not only do you know what is transpiring in your community, but you are up on the news of the stores where everything can be bought.

The advertisements are by no means the least important news in the paper. They are an accurate index of what other people are buying, selling, wearing, eating, doing, learning; of what the world is accomplishing and how, and where and by whom it is being accomplished.

They give you the opportunity for comparison and selection of almost everything you want or need. They bring the wares of the world to your door.

Words that are never spoken: "Go back to bed, dear," he said, "I enjoy the little rascal when he yells like this."

## Little Day Dreams

AUTHORITIES on health matters and children's hygiene are not inclined to pass over lightly and dismiss the subject of children's day dreams. Most parents have marveled at the vivid imaginations of their children. A physician tells of an experience with a four-year-old youngster who insisted that her grandmother was dead, and then philosophized optimistically in order to lessen the sting of the family sorrow. There are thousands of such strange cases every day.

This physician believes that fabrications of children in the shape of day dreams should be carefully checked up by parents. "It is neither necessary nor desirable to make the child admit the lack of reality in his dream," he says, but he thinks that it is a good plan to let the child know that the parents do not believe that the child is recounting actual conditions. It will be helpful to the child if it is impressed upon him that the day dreams are considered "an interesting story which amuses you," but which at the same time the child is made to know are not accepted as the truth.

Healthy exercise for the child's mind is desirable and the physician calls attention to the helpfulness furnished by the great variety of toys, many of which are light, strong and entertaining to the child, and increase the spirit of play.

The physician says that the danger of the day dreams of children is that they too often create self-pity and drive the youngster further and further away from reality.

A man can't get a-head in this world unless he is born with one, and knows how to use it.

## No Room For Cynic

DIOGENES, the Greek, cynic and philosopher, was a successful advertiser. He lived in a barrel to advertise himself. At high noon he was in the habit of lighting his lantern and walking about the streets of Athens, "in search," as he put it, "of an honest man." In this way he advertised one of the pronounced failings of the classic Greeks. For among the ancients, the most successful merchant was the biggest skinflint. The cleverest buyer was the one who could haggle the longest.

There is no room for a cynic in modern advertising. Advertising now calls attention to the open-faced honesty of business. It has standardized almost every article you can buy. You know what to expect and what to pay. You don't have to dicker, bargain and haggle to know that you are getting as good as you give.

That is why it pays to read advertisements and buy advertised goods. A product's advertising is the best guarantee of its faithful performance, its lasting usefulness or its definite quality.

If you value constant satisfaction—if you want to get your money's worth every time—read the advertisements.

Why not move the standing army in Chicago down to settle the dispute in Mexico?

## Publishing Crime News

TO WHAT extent newspaper stories detailing crime are responsible for its spread must remain a mooted question. The press certainly cannot smother the news, but in the opinion of many observers, including numerous conscientious editors, neither should it make a sensational display of crime news, nor should it make of criminals the sort of cheap heroes that appeal to a certain warped type of mentality.

Responsibility for the careful supervision of this class of news cannot be evaded. It is a part of the duty newspaper men owe to the public to avoid making crime attractive to the youngster whose judgment is poor and whose imagination is lively.

Officials of the American Prison Association have taken the position that printing suggestive details of criminal news is strongly calculated to cause an increase in crime. Newspaper and magazine articles of a certain type, particularly those holding the criminal up to admiration as a "good pal," one who never forgets a kindness, are denounced as most harmful. As a matter of fact the word "double cross" is the commonest in the language of the underworld. Loyalty and all the finer attributes are lacking in the vast majority of cases. Crime is a cruel, murderous and horrible business, but to those who follow it a business still, with keen competition and ruthless methods of meeting it.

If the press should emphasize these truths more often, if it could show plainly that of all "business" crime is the poorest, that the criminal is the tool, the dupe and the victim of other criminals, a slave to his cult, cut off from normal human associations, in constant fear of apprehension, it would do a great deal, in the opinion of criminologists, to reduce the number of irresponsible boys who forsake the straight path for that of the thug.

One shudders to think what it will take to constitute disorderly conduct a hundred years from now.

Modern beauty seldom fades—it just simply washes away.

## Heart-to-Heart

By Dr. John Timothy Stone

### EGOTISM

For a man to have exalted ideas about himself is not very uncommon. To be boastful is indeed quite the usual thing for men who have achieved over others. But when men get to thinking themselves infallible, and inwardly feel that they are superior to all other men physically or intellectually or both, then it becomes "exaggerated ego," a distinct mental aberration.

It is perfectly honorable to believe in one's self; it is even commendable for a man to take pride in his own good character, standing, or prowess in legitimate undertakings. It is perfectly natural to feel the dignity of good fortune; but a feeling of superiority over all other men is dangerous to the mental equilibrium of its possessor.

It is not what we think of ourselves, that brings real honor or fame. We can never enjoy such fine assets, until they are bestowed on us by people who think of us in mighty fine terms.

Therefore, see the point: If you would be praised by you: fellow-men you must do something to make them feel like praising you; and that takes the most sincere effort of which you are capable—and you must do it first!

Unless you do this generously and in full measure, and in the self-sacrificing spirit, you will be held in the suspicion that you are playing a game for pay. It is a glorious thing to live so that everybody loves you.

I have known several men who over-rated themselves; built their own palaces and lived in them—worshipped themselves there. Underlings had no access. A suicide ended one selfish reign; the insane asylum partly cured another. The egotist is blind—pity him.

Lukewarm water, mild soap, quick handling and drying are recommended to prevent dyes in garments from running.

Cut up a pint of cold meat and a small onion, add two teaspoons butter, stew in a pint of water until liquid is almost absorbed, then add a cup of cream, chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Serve on buttered toast.

**Oyster Salad**

Drain two cans cove oysters and chop them slightly; add three finely rolled crackers and half as much chopped celery as oysters. Blend with mayonnaise or Russian dressing. Serve on crisp lettuce garnished with stuffed olives.

**Jam Pudding**

Five eggs, one cup sugar, one-half cup melted butter, one-half cup jam, one-half cup flour, one teaspoon soda dissolved in three teaspoons sour milk, cinnamon and nutmeg to taste. Beat all together and bake in buttered pudding pan. Serve with foamy or custard sauce.

**Pinning the Ironing Blanket**

**Salt Preserves Teeth and Gums**

The best remedy for incipient pyorrhea is a morning and evening massage of the gums using salt water in proportions of one-half teaspoon salt to one-half glass hot water. Massage with downward strokes on upper gums and upward movement on the lower set.

Before buying goods for summer dresses test the fastness of the dye by washing a sample.


# It's style is the first indication of its big car qualities

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Meets Second and Fourth Monday Evenings of Each Month.
C. S. JONES, C. P.
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Meets 1st and 3rd Monday Evenings of each month at 8 o'clock.
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CLARENCE MEAD, W. M.

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### 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. Peale, late of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executor of said Estate, at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the first day of September, 1929.

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

33 A. R. MEAD, Executor

### 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 Administratrix 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 DISH OF LOVER

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK C. DORUEN

Palermo is the scene. There, an exile, Leonardo di Marioni, has come for love of Adrienne Carteccia, 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.

She consents; That night the Englishman is informed of an attempt being made to carry off Signorina Cartuccio and Margherita, who are walking, by brigands employed by a rejected suitor, on a lonely road. He rushes to the scene, and proves able to rescue the ladies.

Infamed by the failure of his scheme, Leonardo sees Margherita who shows him she knows that he was instigator of the attempted attack. The Englishman now sees Adrienne often. The Englishman sitting in the hotel, finds a dagger at his feet. Looking up, he sees the Sicilian, and scents trouble. "We sat here a week ago," recalls Leonardo. Lord St. Maurice nods.

Leonardo and the Englishman quarrel. The Englishman at first refused to accept a challenge to duel, then when the Italian slaps him consents. The two men face each other ready to fight to the death.

Margherita stops the duel by coming just in the nick of time, to save the Englishman from his fate, with two officers who arrest the exile Leonardo. Leonardo vows vengeance. After 25 years in jail he is again at his hotel, an old, broken man with only memories left to him.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

For thru all his apathy he was conscious of a great sickening disappointment, something gone out of his life which had helped him, day by day, thru all that weary imprisonment. Dear to his heart had grown that hope of standing one day before the masters of his Order, and claiming, as his rightful due, vengeance upon those whose word had sent him into captivity. Dear to his memory and treasured among his thoughts had grown that hope. In his prison house he had grown narrower; other thoughts and purposes had faded away. That one only remained, growing stronger and stronger day by day, until it had seized hold of his whole being. He lived only thru it and with it. Now he had gone to Signor Bertlezzi, only to find that the Order had given up its old purposes and principles—had become a mere social club.

Given some soul-absorbing purpose, some cherished end, however dimly seen thru the mists of futurity, and a man may preserve his reason thru the longest captivity; while, day by day, his narrowing life contracts till all conscience, all hope, all sentiment, become the slaves of that one passionate desire. Day by day, it looms larger before him; day by day, all doubts concerning it grow weaker, and the justice of it becomes clearer and more unquestioned. Right and wrong, justice and injustice, according to other man's standards, have no power over it in his own thoughts. His moral sense slumbers. So deeply has it become grafted into his life, that he no more questions its right to exist than he does the presence of the limbs upon his body. As surely as the night follows day, so surely does his whole being gravitate toward the accomplishment of his desire. It is a part of what is left of his life, and if it is smitten, his life is smitten. They are at once sympathetic and identical, so closely entwined that to sever them is death to both.

Thus it was with Count Marioni, and thus it was that, day by day, he sat in his sitting room slowly pinning to death. Rude feet had trampled upon the desire of his life, and the wound was open and bleeding. Only a little while longer and he would have turned upon his side with a sigh, and yielded up his last breath, and so, far as his numbed faculties could have conceived a thought, death would have seemed very pleasant to him. He was dying of loneliness, of disappointment and despair.

The people at the hotel had made several attempts to rouse him, but in vain. He answered no questions, and in his quiet way resented intrusion. He paid whatever was demanded, and he gave no trouble. The manager, who knew his history from a short cutting in a newspaper which had chronicled his arrival in London, was at his wits' end to know how to save him. He had once endeavored to reason gently with his eccentric visitor, and he had been bidden quietly to leave the room. On his endeavoring to make one more appeal, the Count had risen and quietly pointed to the door.

"I wish only to be left in peace," he said, with a touch of dignity in his sad, calm manner. "If you cannot do that I will go away to another hotel. Choose!"

The manager had bowed and withdrawn in silence. But he was a kind-hearted man, and he was still troubled about the matter. Day by day the Count was growing weaker; before long he would doubtless die from sheer distaste of living as much as from any actual disease. Something ought to be done toward communicating with his friends, if he had any. With a certain amount of reluctance, the manager, as a last resource, penned the following advertisement and sent it to the principal London papers:

"If there are any friends or relatives still alive of Count Leonardo di Marioni, who has recently been set free by the Italian Government after a long term of imprisonment, they are requested to communicate, personally, with the manager of the Hotel Continental, where the Count is now lying dangerously ill."

The great room in which the Count Marioni was sitting was almost in darkness, for the afternoon was dull and foggy, and the curtains were partially closed. There

A tall, graceful figure moved forward out of the shadows, and he heard his name softly murmured.

was no lamp lit, and the only light came from the brightly-burning fire near which the Count was sitting, in an armchair ridiculously too large for his frail body. The flames fell upon his white, worn face, with its deep branding lines, and gleamed in his great, sad eyes, so bright and dry that they seemed like mirrors for the firelight. His hair and short unkempt beard were as white as snow, matching even the unnatural pallor of his skin, and his black frock coat was buttoned across a chest which would have been narrow for a consumptive boy. He did, indeed, look on the threshold of death.

He had not turned his head at the opening or closing of the door, but presently another sound broke the silence. It was a woman's sob, and as he slowly turned his head, a tall, graceful figure moved forward out of the shadows, and he heard his name softly murmured.

"Leonardo!"

His hand went up to his forehead. Was it a dream; or was he indeed back once more in the days of his power, back among the pine woods which topped his castle, walking side by side with her whose presence seemed to make the long summer days one sweet dream of light? The familiar odor of violets and wild hyacinths seemed to fill the room. The fog-bound city, with its ceaseless roar, existed for him no longer. The sun of his own dear country warmed his heart, and the sea wind blew in his eager face. And she was there—his queen—the great desire of his weary life. All his pulses leaped with the joy of her presence.

Five and twenty years of lonely misery were blotted out. Ah! memory is a wonderful magician!

"Leonardo! Will you not speak to me?"

Again that voice! Where was he now? Face to face with her on the sands at Palermo, deceived, betrayed, given over to the enemies of his country, and by her—the woman for whom his passionate love had been his sole crime. Listen! The air is full of that cry of threatened vengeance. Hark how the echoes ring back from the cliffs. "By the sun and the sky, and the sea, and the earth, I swear that, as they continue unchanged and unchanging, so shall my hate for you remain!" Darkness—a prison cell. Year by year, year by year, darkness, solitude, misery! See the black hair turns gray, the strength of manhood wasting away, the eye growing dim, the body weak. Year by year, year by year, it goes on. What was that scratched upon the whitewashed walls? What was the cry which rang back from the towering cliff? "Hate unchanging and unchanged!" The same—ever the same.

"Leonardo, have you no word for me?"

He rose slowly from his chair, and fixed his eyes upon her.

Before their fire she shrank back, appalled. Was it a storm about to burst upon her? No! The words were slow and few.

"You have dared to come—here; dared to come and look upon your handiwork! Always! Out of my sight! You have seen me. Go!"

Tears blinded her eyes. The sight of him was horrible to her. She forgot, in her great pity, that justice had been upon her side. She sank upon her knees before him on the velvet pile carpet.

"Leonardo, for the love of God, forgive me!" she sobbed. "Oh, it is painful to see you thus, and to know the burden of hate which you carry in your heart. Forgive me! Forgive us both!"

He stooped down until his ghastly face nearly touched hers.

"Curse you!" he muttered hoarsely. "You dare to look at me, and ask for forgiveness. Never! Never! Every morning and night I curse you. I curse you when my mother taught me to pray. I live for nothing else. If I had the strength I would strangle you where you stand. Hell's curses and mine ring in your ears and sit in your heart by day and night! Away with you! Away, away!"

She was a brave woman, but she fled from the room like a hunted animal, and passed out of the hotel with never a look to the right or to the left.

Count Marioni sat in his old attitude, brooding over the fire from the depths of his armchair, with a sad, vacant look in his dull eyes. At first he took no notice of the opening of the door, but as the light, smooth footsteps crossed the floor, toward him and hesitated at his side, he glanced wearily up. In a moment his whole expression was changed. He was like a numbed and torpid figure suddenly galvanized into acute life.

He raised his hand swiftly across his eyes, and his thin fingers grasped the sides of his chair with nervous force. Ah! He must be dreaming again! It was one of the faces of the past, tempting and mocking him! Yes, no! she stood there; surely she stood there. Mother of God! Was this madness come at last?

"Margherita!" he cried, stretching out his hands toward her. "Margherita!"

It was no dream, then; nor was it madness. It was truth. There were loving, clinging arms around his neck, a passionate, weeping face pressed close against his. Hot tears, her tears, were trickling down his hollow cheeks, kindling his stagnant blood by their warmth, and thawing the apathetic chill whose icy hand had lain so heavy upon him. A sob escaped him. His eager, trembling fingers pushed back the clustering hair from her temples. He peered wonderingly into her face. It must be a vision; it would surely fade away, and leave him once more in the outer darkness. Five-and-twenty years had passed! She had been like this then! A sense of bewilderment crept in upon him.

"Margherita!" he exclaimed feebly. "I do not understand! You are Margherita; you have her hair, her eyes, her mouth! And yet, of course, it cannot be. Ah, no, it cannot be!"

"You are thinking of my mother," she cried softly. "She loved you so much. I am like her, am I not?"

"Married! Margherita married! Ah, of course. I had forgotten. And you are her child. My sister's child. Ah, five-and-twenty years is a long time."

"It is a shameful, cruel time," she cried passionately. "My mother used to tell me of it, when I was a little girl, and her voice would shake with anger and pity. Francesca, too, would talk to me about you. I prayed for you every evening when I was little, that they might soon set you free again. Oh, it was cruel."

She threw her arms around his neck, and he rested his head upon her shoulder. It was like an elixir of life for him.

"And your mother, Margherita?" he asked fearfully.

"She is dead," was the low reply.

"Ah! Margherita dead! She was so like you, child. Dead! Five-and-twenty years is a weary while. Dead!"

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

## FARMERS' WEEKLY MARKET REPORT

### New York State Dept. Agriculture and Markets. Issued at Buffalo Office.

This report is a weekly review and summarizes the trend of the market during the week, including prices that obtained until 10 a. m., and represents sales by commission merchants and other original receivers on the Buffalo City Market.

MONDAY, MAY 20, 1929.

**Butter**

A further decline of 1c per pound during the week was the principal change in the butter market, supplies are increasing notably in the undergrades and the spread has widened between the upper and undergrades to 5c instead of the 2c and 3c spread of recent weeks, due to underproduction. Creamery Extra Prints (92-93 score) 47-48c; Creamery Extra Tubs (92-93 score) 45-46c; Extra Firsts (91 score) 44-45c; First (90 score) 43-44c; Undergrades (88-89 score) 42-43c per pound.

**Cheese**

The cheese market has ruled about steady and unchanged during the week, the 10,000,000 pound excess in storage on May 11th, over holdings on the same date last year, is reflected in the undertone of the market which is weak. New York State whole milk colored and white, Flats, Daisies, Longhorns 26c; Held 4-5c per pound more. Limburger, one-pound package, 32-33c.

**Eggs**

Exceptional firmness, an unusual situation at this season of the year is apparent in the egg market, with storage holdings over 500,000 cases short of holdings as of May 11th, 1928, and offers of 35½c per dozen for November delivery on the "Chicago Board," little change is anticipated for the present. Grade Nearby Fancy, Whites, 36-37c; Mixed 34-35c; Grade A White 35-36c; Mixed 34-35c; Grade B, 32-33c; Grade C 28-30c; Nearby at Mark, White, 33-34c; Nearby at Mark, Mixed, 32-33c; Western at Mark 30-31c per dozen.

**Potatoes**

As a result of the flurry last week, when occasional sales of old-crop potatoes were made at $1 per bushel, the supply suddenly increased, several loads were trucked in from Rochester and on Tuesday 31 truck loads of potatoes were counted on the Farmer's Market, prices declined slowly and at the end of the week sound fancy stock brought 75c, with an occasional sale at 80c; offerings were mostly ordinary however, and sold at 60-70c per bushel.

**Carrots**

Old crop practically cleaned up, very few offerings which are taken principally by hotels and restaurants, retail dealers have taken to bunched southern carrots. Home-grown per bushel, cut stock, washed, $1.35-1.50.

## Births

May 14.—To Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Butts of Cuba, a son, Lemuel James.

May 10.—To Mr. and Mrs. Glee Beebe of Cuba, a daughter, Lucille Geneviève.

May 12.—To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rogers of Obi, a son.

May 13.—To Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Briggs of Fulmer Valley, a son, Paul Lavern.

May 11.—To Mr. and Mrs. William Patrick of Fillmore, a daughter, Naomi Alice.

## Marriages

May 4.—Miss Adelaide Lewis of Independence and George Rossman of Wellsville.

May 2.—Miss Elista Graber of Angelica and Kenneth Gigee of Belmont.

May 21.—Miss Helen Hathway of Wellsville and Ray Dennis of Hornell by Rev. P. C. Tracy. The attendants were Miss Ruth Hathway, twin sister of the bride, and Robert Dennis, twin brother of the groom.

## Deaths

May 16.—Fred Windus, 35 years old, resident of Belmont, died at a Buffalo hospital. He leaves a wife and daughter. The body was taken to the home of his father, Thomas Windus of Belmont, for funeral service.

May 16.—Mrs. Frances Saunders at her home in Fillmore. Deceased was 80 years of age and leaves a son and daughter.

May 8.—Mrs. Emma Hooker of Belfast, aged 79 years, at the home of her brother, J. W. Hunt of that place.

What is in a kitchen for? Silly question, isn't it? Yet many persons do not know the answer. The kitchen is used for everything and anything and frequently is not the bright cheerful place it should be. Bulletin H108 on "Planning the Home Kitchen" gives many suggestions for making it an efficient and attractive place. It may be obtained from the office of publication, state college of agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y.

If you haven't already done so, look over your machinery and be sure that it is all in good repair. You're not nearly so busy now as you will be later. Keep repair parts on hand.

To dry a printed silk dress, use Turkish towels to absorb moisture and to prevent the color from running. Use three towels; one below the dress, one inside between the front and back, and one above, and roll up until the garment is dry enough to iron.

It's the ready housewife who catches the bug, and a swat in time saves more than nine. Bulletin H 134 on "Household Insects and Their Control," will be sent free of charge to those who write to the office of publication, state college of agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y.

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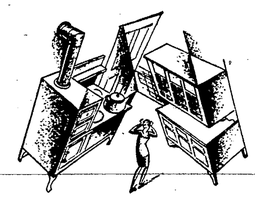

# Are your kitchen walls *squeezing* you in?

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