ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

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

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Community Home Owners

HOME ownership is a principal factor in the making of citizenship. The community that is largely composed of home owners is always progressive and is a desirable place to live, making its prospects for growth much better than the community that is made up mostly of renters.

Andover is noted for the beauty of its homes, expressing the pride which their owners have in keeping them attractive and pleasing to the eye, in the vast majority of cases, the most beautiful homes are those whose occupants are the owners.

The renter as a rule takes little pride in the surroundings of his home, its upkeep or its furnishings. He is always dreaming of that home of his own, and he saves all of his energy and ingenuity until that time when he can spend it on his own possessions.

Thus the home owner is more dependable, more stable and more desirable, because he feels that he is a part of the community. He takes more interest in community activities, knowing that it is his permanent home and he is more likely to be a force for good government, than if he is unsettled and in doubt about the term of his residence.

The home owner pays taxes and is concerned about how the money is spent, which makes him a desirable citizen. He demands good laws and their enforcement for the protection of his family and his property.

The man who owns his home has a high respect for property and is anxious to keep it looking its best. He is thrifty and eager to save so that he may add the latest conveniences and enjoy the best furnishings, with the knowledge that it will not be damaged by frequent moving.

The home owner invariably has strong family ties and a pardonable community pride that makes him the most desirable citizen.

A man in London whistled continuously for 12 hours. He probably had something to whistle about.

Standard School Terms

AS STRAWS show how the winds blow, so inquiries from country people coming into the Bureau of Education, Department of the Interior, show the trend of their thoughts on matters concerned with the education of their children.

During the past there has been an unusual number of inquiries concerned with the minimum and average length of school term in the different states. The inquiries are seeking arguments to present to patrons or school officers in the hope of securing longer school terms in their state or district.

Fortunately, more and more states are setting up thru state laws a standard minimum term of eight or nine months.

There are, however, still some states in which there is no such law and in which there are many poor, isolated districts which maintain school six or seven months only. Indeed, reports from a few states show some districts in which schools are open even fewer than six months in the year.

In considering this matter of the length of school term it is important to remember that the ordinary school organization and expectancy of school achievement is planned with the idea that a standard school term is nine months in length. Children cannot accomplish in six, seven or eight months the full amount of work planned for nine. At the end of the seventh or eighth year of school or at the age of 12 or 13 years when they should be entering high school they become discouraged and drop out of school altogether.

Good teachers, good schools, and good buildings are important factors in education, but they can not fully compensate for precious opportunities lost thru short terms.

It would be nice to be a movie actor, and be able to borrow $5,000 until Saturday night.

Planting a Tree

"WHO plants a tree, loves posterity." That seems to be the fact. The trees we see about us today were not planted by us, but by the unselfish ones who lived and wrought yesterday.

These men and women did not live to enjoy the shade of the trees they planted but looked ahead to the days to come when some one else would, perhaps, sheltered from the rays of the noonday sun, be thankful for someone's thoughtfulness, and plant another tree that would bless some other pilgrim over life's dusty highway that might want to rest awhile from the stress of the pilgrimage.

One of the compensations that come with years of maturity is that one is not so much interested in demanding immediate results, but from the long look that comes at the top of the hill, content comes with placing a bench here and there along the way where some one may rest, or planting a tree that may be matured by the time the "other fellow" finds need of rest and recuperation.

Human nature, after all, is a lovable thing, and in its developing are some of the beauties that are akin to divinity.

Road Paving to Stay

PEOPLE a few years ago did not know much about cement, and the application of concrete in road building. About 20 years ago a cement street was very rare, and there were few people at that time who ever thought that the United States would ever be rich enough to spend millions of dollars for such roads as we now have in every state, and almost from coast to coast.

Back in 1916 the government conceived the idea of providing federal aid for highway building, providing that highways would be permanently paved with some selected type of paving. The states for the most part accepted the plan, and are now receiving money from the government with which to aid in carrying out the road paving plans.

The increased use in automobiles has demanded better roads in every state. About 20 years ago people thought that nobody except the very rich could ever afford to buy automobiles. In 1905 there were 85,000 automobiles in the United States; in 1910 there were 4,000,000, and today the list is some place between 20 and 25 million, with the number increasing each year.

The road paving and construction of a permanent nature is here to stay. In fact, when one drives a machine today between two busy centers, it begins to appear as if wider roads are now soon to be a demand and necessity. What a contrast with road conditions of 20 years ago!

Robbers who escaped from a jail the other day dressed like girls, may make good their escape unless pneumonia overtakes them.

Leaving An Impression

ONE often wonders how Andover impresses the motorist who passes thru here, and has only a chance for a few glances about him as he drives his car thru the streets.

Will he say, "What a burg! No chance for me to do any business in this place!" Or will he say, "Well, this looks like a live business town. Ought to be a good place to live, too!"

It ought to be the ambition of every citizen to contribute all within his or her power to make the first impression a stranger receives a favorable one.

The first view of any town is generally in the vicinity of the railroad station, altho the traveler nowadays may approach from almost any direction, with the increase in automobile transportation.

Therefore, it behooves us not to slight a single section. Every resident should have enough pride in home and community to keep it making the best appearance possible every day in the year.

Beautiful lawns, attractive shrubbery and shade trees, well-kept houses, good streets, ornamental street lights, business houses in good repair and with up-to-date show windows—all have a part in leaving a good impression with the stranger, so that he will not soon forget the place.

A good looking girl may know she is pretty, but often times it is the druggist who knows the deep secret.

Outdoor Manners

FROM the time they are able to comprehend anything, children are taught that they must have "good manners." They are threatened and warned and cajoled into behaving when "company" comes and to act like they weren't little savages when they go to call on friends.

"Good manners" have always been regarded as one of our best known "indoor sports." But this is a changing world and now we find that "manners" are classified. There is the "indoor" variety and the "outdoor" variety. And some of the grownups are lacking in the "outdoor" quality.

The American Automobile Association estimates that six million people will heed the call of the road this summer. If one-sixth of them are careless, an immense amount of damage will be done. Beauty spots will be defiled, property destroyed and the way made rough for tourists who have good "outdoor" manners.

The thoughtless camper who forgets to put out his fire and leaves behind paper plates, tin cans and the remains of his lunch is the horrible example of "bad manners," and a type that must be swatted in order to keep tourists as a class in good standing.

Nothing is more disheartening than to find some picturesque spot among the trees left by automobile travelers and picnickers littered with refuse.

The rights of property owners in the country must be respected as religiously as they are in town and city. This, children can be taught. Some of their elders may be too hard crusted to admit of teaching.

But the coming generation, at least, ought to grow up with the idea that the abuse of outdoor hospitality of parks and secluded spots in the country is as much a breach of good manners as to mistreat a home where one has been entertained.

When writing a letter in hopes that there will be no reply, just give it to your husband to mail.

The Straight Path

YOUNG men budding into manhood should remember that it is just as easy to go straight as it is to be crooked. There is everything to gain by going straight and everything to lose by going crooked.

Parental influence has its effect, but a youth approaching the cross-roads of manhood makes his own choice as he enters the great maelstrom of life. He has reached the age of self determination and is resentful of interference with his desires.

At this age it is well for him to remember that the man who is successful and honored today is the one who chose the straight path and denied himself the fictitious indulgences of youth, while the one who is without honor and without fortune followed the gilded will-o'-the-wisp to the destruction of his manhood and of his hopes.

There is no middle of the road course.

A knowledge of the law of health does not come by instinct, says a leading authority. It must be taught. Every child should be taught to desire cleanliness instead of accepting it under protest, for cleanliness leads to health, and health enriches the power of mind and paves the road to success.

A janitor stole $3,000 from a bank the other day, and it was the best he ever cleaned up.

New County Social Worker Appointed

Miss Eleanor Porter, of Albion, N. Y., has accepted the position of social worker with the Allegany County Public Health and Welfare Association, to fill the place recently made vacant by the resignation of Mrs. Carrie L. Jones. She is expected to assume her new duties about June 10th. She will probably make her home in Wellsville.

Miss Porter has been in social work for a number of years. She is a graduate of Elmira College and took a post graduate course in social work. For the past three years she has been executive secretary of the Tampa, Florida, Family Welfare Society. Mrs. F. W. LeClere continues as general director of the association, the position that she has held for the past two years.

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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 F. 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. 23
BRIDGET LYNCH, Administratrix.

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Guy O. Hinman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Randall A. Pease, late of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executor of said Estate, at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the first day of September, 1929.
Dated this 15th day of February, 1929, at Andover, N. Y.
A. R. MEAD, Executor
23

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THE BEES & THE LOVER

By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BURDEN

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 Margharita, 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 Margharita, 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.

Inflamed by the failure of his scheme, Leonardo sees Margharita 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 eat 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.

Margharita 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.

At his hotel, the proprietor, worried about him, advertises for his friends and Leonardo is first visited by the woman he had loved, whom he shoos out of his sight. Then there comes to him the daughter of his sister, whom he greets in great surprise. He learns that his sister is dead.

Count Leonardo tells his neice the story of his love for Margharita. She is sympathetic.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Margharita looked like a beautiful wild animal in her passion. Her hair had fallen all over her face, and was streaming down her back. Her small white hand was clenched and upraised, and her straight, supple figure, panther-like in its grace, was distended until she towered over the little shrunken form before her. Terrible was the gleam in her eyes, and terrible the fixed rigidity of her features. Yet she was as beautiful as a young goddess in her wrath.

"No!" she cried fiercely, "the Orlando shall not die! You belong to it still; and I—I, too, swear the oath of vengeance! Together we will hunt her down—this woman; She shall suffer."

"She shall die!" he cried.

A slight shudder passed across the girl's face, but she repeated the words.

"She shall die! But, uncle, you are ill. What is it?"

She chafed his hands and held him up. He had fainted.

"Where am I, Margharita?"

She leaned over him, and drew a long deep breath of relief. It was the reward of many weary days and nights of constant watching and careful nursing. His reason was saved.

"In your own room at the hotel," she whispered. "Don't you remember? You were taken ill?"

He looked at her, helpless and puzzled. Slowly the mists began to roll away.

"Yes, you were with me," he murmured softly. "I remember now. I was telling you the story of the past—my past. You are Margharita's child. Yes, I remember. Was it this afternoon?"

She kissed his forehead, and then drew back suddenly, lest the warm tear which was quivering on her eyelid should fall back upon his face.

"It was three weeks ago."

"Three weeks ago?" He looked wonderingly around—at the little table at his side, where a huge bowl of sweet-scented roses was surrounded by a little army of empty medicine bottles, at Margharita's pale wan face, and at a couch drawn up to the beside. "And you have been nursing me all the time?" he whispered.

She smiled brightly thru the tears which she could not hide.

"Of course I have. Who has a better right? I should like to know!"

He sighed and closed his eyes. In a few minutes he was asleep.

For a fortnight his life had hung upon a thread, and even when the doctor had declared him out of danger, the question of his sanity or insanity quivered upon the balance for another week. He would either be perfectly reasonable in all respects, his old self, or he would open his eyes upon a world, the keynote of which he had lost forever. In other words he would either awake a perfectly sane man, or hopelessly and incurably insane. There would be no middle course. That was the doctor's verdict.

And thru all those long days and nights Margharita had watched over him as tho he had been her own father. All the passionate sympathy of her warm southern nature had been kindled by the story of his wrongs. Day by day the sight of his helpless sufferings had increased her indignation toward those whom she really believed to have bitterly wronged him. Thru those long quiet days and silent nights, she had brooded upon them. She never for one moment repented of having allied herself to that wild oath of vengeance, whose echoes often at dead of night seemed still to ring in her ears. Her only fear was that he would emerge from the fierce illness under which he was laboring, so weakened and shaken, that the desire of his life should have passed from him. She had grown to love this shrunken old man. In her girlhood she had heard stories of him from her nurse and many times the hot tears had stood in her eyes as she conjured up to herself that pathetic figure, waiting and waiting, year by year, for that liberty which was to come only with old age. She had thought of him, and eyed and weary, pacing his lonely prison cell, and ever watching thru his barred window the little segment of blue sky and sunlight which penetrated into the high walled court. How he must long for the scent of flowers, the fresh open air, the rustle of leaves and the hum of moving insects. How his heart must ache for the sound of men's voices, the touch of their hands, some sense of loving or friendly companionship to break the icy monotony of his weary stagnant existence. Her imagination had been touched, and she had been all ready to welcome and to love him as a hero and a martyr, even if he had appealed to her in no other way. But when he had seen him stricken down and helpless, with that look of infallible sadness in his soft dark eyes, it was more than her sympathy which was aroused, more than her imagination which was stirred. Her large pitying heart became his absolutely. She was alone in the world, and she must needs love some one. Fate had brought this strange old man to her, and woven this tie between them.

He held out his hands; she grasped them fondly.

"Margharita, she came here!" he whispered.

"What! Here? Here in this room?"

He nodded.

"It was two days before you came. I was sitting alone in the twilight. The door opened. I thought I was dreaming. It was she, beautiful as ever, richly dressed, happy, comely. She came to beg to sue for pardon. I let her talk, and then, when I had gathered strength, I stood up and cursed her. I drove her away; I cursed her with the fiercest, and cruelest words which my lips could utter. It drove the warm color from her eyes. I cursed her till her heart shook with fear. She staggered out of the room a stricken woman. I—"

"Tell me her name."

"It was Adrienne Cartuccio. It is now Lady Maurice."

"The Lady St. Maurice! She was my mother's friend then!"

"Yes."

Margharita's eyes were bright, and her voice trembled.

"Listen!" she cried. "When my mother was dying she gave me a letter. 'If ever you need a friend or help,' she whispered, 'go to Lady St. Maurice. This letter is to her. She will help you for my sake.' Until the end I was on our side. Just before I came to you I wrote to Lady St. Maurice. I told her that I was unhappy in my life, and I wished for a situation as a governess. I sent her my mother's letter."

"And she replied?"

"Yes, she offered me a home. If I wished I could teach her little girl."

Her voice was trembling, and her eyes, dry and brilliant, were fixed upon his. He was sitting upright in bed, leaning a little forward toward her, and the sunbeam which had stolen in thru the parted curtains fell upon his white corpse-like face. A strange look was in his eyes; his fingers clutched the bedclothes nervously.

"You will—go?" he asked hoarsely.

"You will go to Lady St. Maurice?"

An answering light shot back from her eyes. She was suddenly hushed as the in fear, but it was firm.

"Yes, I shall go. Tonight I shall accept her offer."

PART III.

"Mother, don't you think that Miss Briscoe is a very strange girl?"

Lady St. Maurice looked up from her work quickly. Nine o'clock was just striking, and her son only a moment before had replaced his watch in his pocket with an impatient little gesture.

"Yes, I do think so," she answered quietly. "I think her very strange indeed. Why do you ask me?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I don't know, exactly. It seems odd that she should want to spend all her evening alone, and that she should have so many long letters to write. Do you think that she quite understands that you would like her to come down with us?"

"I am quite sure that she does, Lumley. I even objected to having her come here as a governess at all. Her mother was a dear friend of mine many years ago, and I told Margharita from the first that I would rather have her here as my daughter. She would have been very welcome to a home with us. It was only her pride which made her insist upon coming as Gracie's governess, and I suppose it is the same feeling which prompts her to keep herself so much aloof from us. I am sorry, but I can do no more than I have done toward making her see things differently."

Lord Lumley fidgeted about for a minute or two on the hearthrug. There was a certain reserve in his mother's manner which made the task which he had set himself more difficult even than it would have been under ordinary circumstances. Besides, he felt that from her low seat she was watching him intently, and the knowledge did not tend toward setting him more at his ease.

"You loved her mother, then?" she said. She was my dearest friend?"

"And yet—forgive me if I am wrong—but sometimes I fancy that you do not even like Miss Briscoe."

"She will not let me like or dislike her, Lumley."

He shook his head.

"It isn't that exactly. I have seen you watching her sometimes—as for instance, when she sang that Sicilian song here—as tho you were—well, almost afraid of her; as tho there was something about her which almost repelled you."

The Countess laid down her work, and looked steadfastly into the fire. There was a moment's silence.

"You have been a close watcher, Lumley."

"I admit it. But, tell me, have I not watched to some purpose. There is no mistaking the look in your face sometimes, when she comes into the room unexpectedly. If the thing were not absurd, I should say that you were afraid of her."

"Mother, don't you think that Miss Briscoe is a very strange girl?"

Lady St. Maurice left her side for a moment, as tho she felt a sudden pain. She repeated her son's words without looking up at him.

"Afraid of her! No, no, Lumley. I am afraid of something else, something of which her face continually reminds me. It is a shadow of the past which seems to follow her footsteps."

A tragic note had suddenly been struck in the conversation between mother and son. Lord Lumley, who had been altogether unprepared for it, was full of interest.

"The past!" he repeated. "Whose past? Tell me all about it, mother!"

She looked up at him, and he saw that her face was unusually pale.

"Lumley, it is only a little while ago since your father and I told you the story of our strange meeting and marriage. You remember it?"

"Every word. Every word, mother!"

"You remember the duel which the Count di Marioni sought to force upon your father, but which I prevented? You remember the means which I was driven to use to prevent it, and the oath of vengeance which Leonardo—the Count di Marioni—swore against us both?"

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

BLOOD WILL TELL

There is no Best Breed of Chickens—Select Your Breed According to What You Want to Accomplish, Keep the Strain Pure and Breed Carefully to Strengthen the Natural Tendencies of Your Choice.

In the first place, let me make this emphatic statement: There is no best breed or variety of chicken. In due respect to all, I make this statement.

If you have a certain breed or variety, do not think they are the best, because they are not. There are good strains in all breeds and in all varieties of chickens. Choose the breed or variety that suits your fancy, and devote your energies to making them profitable. It is the strain or blood lines that really counts. Just because a chicken is a Plymouth Rock, a Leghorn, an Orpington or a Rhode Island Red is not what makes it a world beater. It is the breeding up of any flock to higher egg production that makes record producers. By trap nesting any breed or flock of hens, and using for breeders only those that are high producers, good size and chuck full of vigor, and are reasonably close to the standard requirements, you can in a few years build up a strain with blood lines behind them that makes them far superior to the ordinary flock of the same breed or variety with which such careful methods have not been used. In this way, or by line breeding, all strains of chickens originate.

"What breed shall I select?" is the question some one is always sure to ask whenever I make the foregoing statement. To that, I can only make the classic reply, "It all depends." Then I counter with the question, "What do you want to accomplish?" There are three general classes, the meat class, the egg class and the general purpose class. The purpose of the first two named is perfectly plain and that of the third is almost equally so.

General purpose fowls are very often little inferior as layers to the so-called "egg class" and will often compare favorably with "meat class" fowls for table use. They make excellent broilers, fryers, roasters and capons and the old hens, if fat, will usually bring good prices. Perhaps the most popular general purpose breed is the Plymouth Rocks which may be had in several varieties. The Barred Plymouth Rocks are the most popular farm flock chicken in the corn belt sections of the Middle West, as well as in many other sections. They outlayed all other breeds and varieties of chickens in all the egg laying contests in the United States in 1927. Second only to the Plymouth Rocks, if even to them, are Rhode Island Reds. Wyandottes are still highly esteemed by many fanciers and justly so. Orpingtons of which there are several varieties are a very popular English breed. The eggs of this class are brown and usually of good size.

The egg-class is a particularly important one for commercial poultry raisers. The various egg-breeds are usually small in size and do not get broody often, so they can seldom used for hatching or mothering chicks. As the name of this class indicates, however, they are specialists in the art of laying eggs. In addition to that, their eggs are white in color. This feature is desired in some markets and such eggs frequently bring higher prices than brown eggs.

Exceedingly popular among the egg-class breeds are the Leghorn, of which there are several varieties, the White Leghorn being the most popular. Having been bred almost exclusively for egg production, the Leghorn lives up to its nick-name, "The Egg Machine." Consequently, if egg production is the major requirement, you cannot well afford to overlook the Leghorns. Other desirable egg-class breeds are Minorcas, Anconas, and others of the so-called Mediterranean breeds.

While the meat-class is not so extensively raised as the others described, they are very desirable for many reasons. Altho not such star performers as Leghorns or good general purpose breeds, they are usually fair layers and bring top prices for table use. The capons from these breeds are particularly fine. Some of the better known breeds in this class are Brahmas, Cochins and Langshans.

Now it must be understood that these classifications are hard and fast differentiation. Some egg-class fowls are excellent for table use and some meat-class fowls are good layers. Conversely, some general purpose breeds are as good layers as some egg-type breeds and as good for the table as some meat-types. Nevertheless, these classifications are fairly accurate guides and will help considerably in selecting the breed best suited to your own requirements. Choose thorobred chickens that have been specifically developed for some definite purpose. That way lies the best chance for success and satisfaction.

Finally, let me emphasize, one breed or one variety of chickens is enough on one farm, and never cross breeds of chickens. If you wish to keep more than one breed or variety, keep them absolutely separate. Never let them run together, especially at breeding time. Cross breed or mongrel chickens do not pay. Nothing is worse than a conglomerated dukes mixture of all breeds, all varieties and all colors of chickens in one flock. They do not grow as fast or as large, nor lay as well as pure bred chickens.

When transplanting do not let the roots of plants lie open to the hot sun or to the drying influence of the wind.

Berries are valuable fruits in the child's diet but the young child should eat only the juice and straining out because the rough skins and seeds are irritating.

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PARTIAL LIST OF EVENTS

1. Pageant of 100 illuminated floats.
2. Air show of 50 planes.
3. First golden illumination of Niagara Falls.
4. Royal Order of Moose Parade—over 10,000 participants.
5. Magnificent night fireworks.
6. "Father Hennepin" Mass—honoring the 250th anniversary of Hennepin's discovery of Niagara Falls.
7. Pageant re-enacting the first use of electric lights at Niagara Falls.

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