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 MEMBER

The Joyous Fourth

THE FOURTH OF JULY, the birthday anniversary of our nation, will soon be here again. It is a time of great rejoicing, and one of the really great holidays set apart in our national observance.

The old time celebrations opened with bands and bombs, and orators spoke amidst fire crackers and brass bands as counter attractions. Much of the noise has disappeared, but even yet the fire cracker is not a forgotten thing.

With all of the noise making devices, the rockets and enormous displays that will take place on the Fourth of July, one must not forget that back of all of this, thousands of men made such a thing possible by sacrificing their lives.

As years go by we must have a keener sense of appreciation for the foresight of those men who laid a foundation deep enough upon which such a nation as ours has survived for more than 150 years.

With such a basic law as a protection of the people even against themselves, which cannot be changed by popular vote or a majority of a state legislature or congress, but only by a vote of at least three-fourths of the states, and with the wonderful progress our country has made under the constitution, it behooves us to support it loyally and to defend it against enemies in whatever form the attack may come.

The constitution guarantees to every citizen, high or law, absolute freedom in thought and conduct, so long as he does nothing which interferes with the rights or liberties of a fellow citizen.

Equality of opportunity and equality before the law—what more can anyone want!

The day is sanctioned by statute in every state in the Union as the birthday of the nation. This is ample expression of the solidity and unity that our common country has achieved.

It is a day of rejoicing; likewise a day for sober thought, that the battles so nobly fought and the victories so valiantly maintained shall not have been in vain.

One way to prevent future wars, is for the next one to continue until there is no one left to fight the next one.

Careless Mailing

PEOPLE in the United States are exceedingly careless in mailing, and any postoffice clerk will vouch for the statement that every day they are put to a great deal of trouble trying to help some piece of mail to reach its distination.

The figures that the postoffice department has compiled are impressive. Twenty-one million letters could not be delivered last year due to insufficient address, no address at all or some other deficiency. One hundred thousand letters were mailed in blank envelopes. Other short-comings of the public in this respect are:

That 803,000 parcels never reached the persons for whom the parcels were intended; that $55,000 in cash is removed annually from misdirected letters; that $12,000 in checks, drafts and money orders never reach intended recipients; that Uncle Sam collects $92,000 a year in postage for the return of mail sent to the dead letter office; that it costs Uncle Sam $1,740,000 each year to look up addresses; that 200,000,000 letters annually receive special attention because mailers are careless in the matter of addressing.

This waste cannot be eliminated until the people exercise better judgment and are more careful in sending their mail. It must become a habit to wrap parcels securely, address all mail legibly and correctly, and put on a return address. Until then, the dead letter office in Washington will continue to be an institution maintained by the taxpayers.

The fellow who speaks of the better days he has seen, generally forgets to mention the nights.

Common Sense in Swimming

THE time is approaching when the summer toll in drownings will soon take its place along with the week-end automobile accident fatality list. Hot weather always proves inviting for people to take plunges in pools, at beaches and in favorite swimming holes. As the summer heat waxes, newspapers give reports on deaths in startling numbers, as due to such tragedies.

Oddly enough, most of those who drown at bathing beaches are people who can swim. The man who can't swim knows enough to take no chances. The swimmer is prone to run risks that he should not run. Sometimes they end disastrously.

Remember this, when you go swimming: Cramps can strike any one, even the most accomplished swimmer. A strong undertow can carry the best swimmer in the world out to his death. Treacherous eddies in unfamiliar streams can nullify all your aquatic ability.

Swimming is great sport. But it is not a sport in which you can forget the simple rules of caution and common sense.

They old slogan, "Look before you leap," was probably coined for advice to June brides.

Momentous Events

MOMENTOUS events and abnormal conditions spring from little incidents. Often they attract little attention at the time, but continue to grow and expand and eventually they assume spalling proportions.

The first event of the kind to be recorded was when Adam and Eve were in the Garden of Eden, the only representatives of the human race.

Adam plucked the forbidden apple from the tree, and from that time mankind has been prone to take that which does not belong to him.

Many centuries ago a man was on trial charged with a serious crime. Knowing his guilt, a crooked lawyer conceived the idea of bribing witnesses to swear that he was in another place when the crime was committed.

Since then fictitious alibis have opened jail doors and freed guilty criminals until today it is becoming almost impossible to convict one who has the backing of gangland.

A little band of harrased people disguised as Indians, boarded a ship and dumped a cargo of tea into Boston harbor in protest against British rule in the colonies.

From that little incident there has sprung into existence the greatest nation the sun shines on today.

An insignificant individual in Servia threw a bomb that extinguished the career of an Austrian archduke.

That he paid the penalty of his crime with his life was not sufficient. His act was the torch which set ablaze the fire of passions that came near to consuming the world. Neither the World War nor the bomb thrower of Servia will ever be forgotten.

We might run a catalogue of events up into the thousands, all tending to emphasize humanity's inability to recognize significant facts in their incipiency.

It has been so with the human race since the beginning, and it will probably continue so until we cease to exist.

We overlook today the things that are fraught with the greatest danger for tomorrow.

This is the time of year when we would enjoy life on the farm, after the sun had gone down, and the chores all done.

Your Home, and Ours

NO MATTER how much of a chestnut a story may be, it is always new to the person who hears it for the first time.

It is even so when we advocate faith in, loyalty to, and the building up of the home community. The Andover News has written and preached until the subject has almost become a chestnut, yet in every new effort there is a sentence somewhere that strikes a sympathetic chord in the heart of some person. No effort for local betterment is entirely in vain.

People live in this town because they believe in it. They believe in it because it is a good town, regardless of its few defects, and its people are the peers of those to be found anywhere.

This town may not have the wealth of some more favored communities; but it has character, and character is a possession which can not be purchased with gold.

If you believe in your home town you will like it, and if you like it no effort toward its improvement will be too great for you. Again it is urged that you have faith in your own powers, also have faith in your own town.

When you feel like criticising it, check the thought before it is spoken. You can always find something good to say instead, and even then the half of the truth will never be told.

It is a good town now, but faith, loyalty and united action will make it a better one.

When you find a husband and a wife who think exactly alike, it is very likely that one does the thinking for both.

Philanthropic Standards

STANDARDS in America have more than the force of law. At an early period in America's career as a nation, the feeling against self-aggrandizement of families became a social axiom. The memory of the wealth hoarder incurred reproach if not odium if part or all of his riches was not given to public uses. The principle has powerfully affected acts of many rich men from that time to this.

One of the first notable examples was Stephen Girard. He bequeathed to philanthropy the entire fortune he amassed from ship commerce. A long line of rich men have followed him in thus partially or wholly disposing of their wealth. In the donation of immense sums for public purposes, Andrew Carnegie was but adhering to an established rule. John D. Rockefeller has made such extensive contributions that indications point to his drawing heavily upon his principal.

The public disfavor felt, when a multi-millionaire makes no provision for philanthropy was evidenced in the case of Russell Sage, who, both during his life and after his death, was bitterly criticised. He had accumulated his fortune in railroad manipulations, and stock operations; his methods and parsimony did not endear him to the people. His widow, however, generously atoned for his omissions by large and useful public-spirited donations.

This philanthropic standard has been a most important agency in holding down the size and dispersing much of the substance of American fortunes. Incalculable sums have been transferred from private to public possession. It has been and continues an effective voluntary way by which many of the conspicuously rich have divested themselves of much wealth, either by gift or legacy. Their examples may also have a strong persuasive influence upon their heirs.

An unsinkable airplane is said to be an invention over in England. What is needed mostly is an unfallable one.

Politics is serious business any place, but in Mexico and Chicago, it generally becomes fatal.

A noisy cut-out on an automobile will at least hide many a knock under the hood.

It is a hungry moth that has lived on one bathing suit all winter.

This is the age of miracles, but then all ages have been that way.

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

(This is the sixth of a series of stories outlining the functions of the various departments of the state's government.)

Under the present scientific management of New York State's business, all the educational work of the State now is vested in a single department, under the legislative direction of the Board of Regents and the executive direction of the Commissioner of Education, Dr. Frank P. Graves, who is also President of the University of the State of New York.

Frank P. Graves

While the real beginning of New York's common school system dates back to the early days of the colony of New Netherlands, the first attempt for State supervision did not come until after the close of the Revolutionary War. Since then it has gone through many transitory stages with the development of an overlapping of authority.

Various attempts were made from time to time to unify the educational work of the State, but all were unsuccessful until 1904, when the problem was happily adjusted. Unification was made more complete in 1913 when, by Regents action, the University of the State of New York was made to include the State Education Department in all its manifold duties and functions.

Leads the World

With the more recent changes in its authority, the University of the State of New York which, as a corporate body the Regents constitute and govern, is the most comprehensive educational organization in the world.

It includes in its constituent membership and has under its supervision all public schools of the State, and also, in the terms of the law, includes, as institutions of the University, all secondary and higher educational institutions which are now or may hereafter be incorporated in the State, and such libraries, museums, institutions, schools, organizations and agencies for education as may be admitted to the University.

Among their specific powers, the Regents are authorized to exercise legislative functions concerning the educational system of the State; to determine its educational policies, and make rules for carrying into effect the laws relating to education and powers of the University.

By law the State Library and State Museum are specifically departments of the University. The State Library was established in 1818 and placed in the custody of the Regents in 1844. It is an integral part of the State's educational system. It numbers over 550,000 volumes besides rich manuscript and archive collections.

The State Museum conducts statewide scientific and economic surveys of the natural resources of the State through its geological and natural history surveys. It is the oldest official geological natural history organization in the United States, dating from 1836.

The State's Museum

The Museum is a general State Museum, including in addition to science, the various industries, archeology, history and art. The publications of the Museum on mineral resources, geology, wild flowers, injurious and beneficial insects, birds, Indians, and on many other subjects, are in great demand.

Various educational institutions in the State which come under the jurisdiction and control of the Education Department include, The College for Teachers at Albany; ten State Normal Schools; the New Paltz Normal School; Batavia School for the Blind; Cornell College of Agriculture; Cornell College of Home Economics; Agricultural Experimental Station at Geneva; Schools of Agriculture at Delhi, St. Lawrence University, Alfred University, Canton, Morrisville, and Cobleskill; State Institute of Applied Agriculture on Long Island; College of Forestry at Syracuse University and the School of Clay Working and Ceramics at Alfred University.

Dr. Graves, who heads the entire Education Department, is a man of broad, liberal education, whose activities in the educational field have gained for him a national reputation. His knowledge of educational problems is extensive and his administrative ability is unquestioned

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

The University of the State of the New York is a supervising and examining, rather than a teaching institution?

Through its Board of Regents and its executive and subordinate officers has supervision over the State's entire system of public elementary, secondary and higher education, including, largely, the education and licensing for practice in the professions?

All education corporations in this State are members of the University and are subject to its visitation and inspection?

The State Library has 550,000 volumes and 150,000 manuscripts and is outstanding in law, medicine, American history, genealogy, education, social and political subjects, the natural sciences and technology?

The State Museum contains scientific collections of great value, restricted to a display of the natural resources of New York State?

CONTEST PLANS NEAR COMPLETION

Predict Banner Attendance at Robins-Senators Tilt at Bradner Stadium at Olean, July 5.

Olean.—Despite previous disappointments due to weather conditions, the major league baseball committee here is sparing no effort to complete extensive plans for the Brooklyn Robins-Washington Senators contest here July 5, in the Bradner Stadium.

Having profited by past experiences, the committee, this year, has scheduled the exhibition contest sufficiently late in the season to reduce the rain risk to a minimum.

As a result, interest in the impending conflict is growing in proportions not manifest on previous occasions.

The various committees, under the general committee, have completed extensive arrangements and predict the largest attendance ever seen in the Bradner Stadium, with the possible exception of the fireworks display last Fourth of July when the stadium was filled.

The Robins and the Senators are running neck and neck in their respective leagues this season and are expected to give a superior exhibition here.

Muddy Ruel, Marberry, Walter Johnson, Dazzy Vance, Eddie Moore, Joe Judge, Sam Rice, Ossie Bludge, Max Carey and Uncle Robbie will be seen, either on the benches or on the playing field. Perhaps two score more of the major league artists may be seen in action at various stages in the contest.

Washington will be enroute to Detroit, where the club will play July 6. Brooklyn is making a special over-night trip to play the exhibition game here. The day previous, July 4, the club plays at home and plays in New York the day following.

Reserved seat tickets are now on sale at the Conkling Insurance office and at Oakleaf's.

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Notice of Village Collector

I, the undersigned collector of taxes in and for the village of Andover, N. Y., have received the tax roll and warrant for the collection of taxes for the present year and will attend at E. L. Richardson & Son's store in said village, each day for 30 consecutive days, beginning June 15, 1929 from 9 o'clock, a. m., to 12 m., and from 1 o'clock p. m., to 3 p. m., for the purpose of receiving taxes as assessed upon such roll.

Dated June 14, 1929.
PORTER W. RICHARDSON, Collector.
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ANDOVER LODGE No. 766 I. O. O. F.
Meets Every Tuesday Evening. Visitors are always cordially welcomed.
AMES L. ROGERS, Secy.
LLEWELLYN CLAIR, Noble Grand

Union Encampment
Lich. 171, I. O. O. F.
Meets Second and Fourth Monday Evenings of Each Month.
C. S. JONES, C. P.
A. L. ROGERS, Scribe.
Visitors Are Always Welcome.

ANDOVER LODGE NO. 558 F. & A. M.
Meets 1st and 3rd Monday Evenings of each month at 8 o'clock. Visitors always welcome.
B. B. HANN, Secy.
CLARENCE MEAD, W. M.

Andover Grange No. 1098
Meets Every Second and Fourth Wednesday Evenings, I.O.O.F. Hall.
LESTER GREEN, Master.
EMMETT ROBINSON, Lecturer
AMES L. ROGERS, Secretary
Visitors Always Welcome

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

Mira Diffin
Attorney and Counselor at Law
Office over J. D. Cheesman & Co. Store.
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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. 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
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American Rye Loaf
that's made by
KEINATH'S
VIENNA BAKERY
"It's sold at your Grocer's"

LOVER

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK ELDRIEN

"I, too, had a great surprise, Margharita. You will not wonder what I mean by that when I tell you that in the light which streamed from the uncurtained window everything in the room was distinctly visible to me. Was I dreaming, child, or were you indeed assenting to the embrace of the man whose arms were surely around you? Him I could not see, for his back was turned to the window; but will you laugh at me, I wonder, if I tell you that I felt strangely jealous of him. I am a foolish old man, Margharita, but all the love of my heart is yours and I had begun almost to look upon you—in my thoughts—as my own child. I cannot bear the thought of giving you up to anyone. You will not think of me very, very selfish. I have only a few more months to live, and I know that you will not grudge that much of your future, that you will stay by me to the end. Afterward, I have no wish save for your happiness; and altho I must confess that I had hoped you might have married one of the sons of our own country, and I owe you, and I shall owe you soon, too great a debt to press upon you any desire of mine which is not at one with your wishes. But tell me this—is he an Englishman? I fear so. Send me a word by the bearer, and tell me; tell me, too, of what family he is, and whether he is noble. But of that I feel already assured, if he be indeed the man to whom your love is given.

"You must surely have sustained a shock at my sudden and rash appearance. Doubtless you wonder at seeing me here at all. I could not keep away. I must have news day by day, almost hour by hour. It is all that keeps me alive. I must be near to feel that I am breathing the same air as the woman on whom a long-delayed vengeance is about to fall.

"I have taken a furnished cottage on the outskirts of this village, and a little more than a mile from Mallory Grange. But do not come to me. Dearly as I would love to have you talk to me, and hear from your own lips that all goes well, yet at present it were better not. I will advise some means of communication, and let you know of it shortly. I am living here at Mr. Angus.—Yours ever,

"L. M".

"My Dear Uncle:—I am a culprit—a miserable, pleading culprit. It is true that I love an Englishman—the man who was standing by my side last night; and it is true that he has asked me to marry him. But I have not told him so, and I have not promised to marry him. That is not all of my confession. Not only is he an Englishman, but his name is Lord Lumley St. Maurce, and he is Alfred's eldest son.

"Now you know the terrible trouble I am in. Last night he was telling me of his love, and assuring me of his mother's sanction and approval, when your face appeared at the window. Can you wonder at my start, and that I fainted? Can you wonder that I sit here, after a sleepless night, with eyes that are dim and a heart that has become a stone? I dread to stir from the room. My position is horrible. I have tried my utmost to avoid him, to treat him with disdain, to send him away from me. I have steeled my heart and clothed my face with frowns—in vain! The bald fact remains that I love him. Do you despise me, uncle? Sometimes I feel that I deserve it; but I have suffered, I am suffering now. I am punished. Do not add your anger to my load!

"Immediately you get this, sit down and write to me. Write to me just what is in your heart. Your words I shall set before me as my law. Do not delay, and, if you blame, do not fail to pity me.—Yours ever unchanged,

"Margharita."

"Margharita, I have received your letter, and I have pondered over it. You are young to have such a sorrow, yet I do not doubt but that you will act as becomes your race. You can never think of marriage with this man; you love Marioni, he is a St. Maurice! Yet I grieve that you have let such a feeling steal into your heart. Pluck it out, Margharita, I charge you; pluck it out by the roots! Think not of the wrong done to me, or, if you do, think of me not as a man and your uncle, but as Count Leonardo di Marioni, the head of my family, the head of your family. We have been the victims, but the day of our vengeance is at hand. There is no life without its sorrows, child! In the days to come, happiness will teach you to forget this one.

"Farewell, my child. I will send you no more notes. Write or come to me the moment the deed is done! Come to me, if you can; I would hear your own lips tell me the news. Yet do as seems best to you. In sympathy and love,

"Your ever loving L. di M.

"One word more, child. Do not for a moment imagine that I blame you for what has happened. Old man tho I am, I too know something of the marvels and the vagaries of this same love. Will can have little to do with its course. I, who have suffered so deeply, Margharita, can and do sympathize and feel for you."

PART IV.

"Margharita! You have come at last. It is done, then. Say that it is done!"

She stood quite still in the humble red-tiled sitting-room, and looked at him with a great compassion shining out of her dark eyes. He was worn almost to a shadow, and his limbs were shaking with weakness, as he half rose to greet her. Only his eyes were still alight and burning. Save for them he might have been a corpse.

Something of the old passionate pity swept thru her as she stood there, but its fierceness had died away. Her heart leaped no longer in quick response to the fire in those still undimmed eyes. She had been a girl then, a girl with all the fierce untrained nature of her mother's race; she was a woman now, a sad-faced, sorrowful woman. He was quick to see the change.

"Margharita, my child, you have been ill."

Still she did not answer. Silently she knelt down by the side of his armchair and took his withered, delicate hand in hers. A great bowl of white hyacinths stood on a table by the window, and the air was faint with their perfume.

"I am not ill," she said gently. "I was frightened on my way here, and had to run. There was a fire last night at the lunatic asylum at Fritton, and some of the people have escaped. I saw one of them in the distance, and the keepers after him. They wanted me to go back, but I would come."

He stooped down and kissed her forehead, with cold, dry lips.

"I knew that you would be here soon," he said. "My letters reached you safely?"

"Yes."

She shuddered at the gathering strength in his tone, and the fierce light which had swept into his face.

"It is done, child. Say that it is done!"

"No."

Something in her sad tone and subdued manner seemed to strike a note of fear in his heart. He leaned forward, grasping the sides of his chair with nervous, quivering fingers, and looked hurriedly into her face.

"No; you have had no chance, then? But you will have soon? Is it not so? Soon, very soon?"

She threw her arms around his neck. He made no response, nor did he thrust her away. He remained quite passive.

"It is not that, uncle. Oh, listen to me. Do not thrust me away. I cannot do this thing."

He sat as still as marble. There was no change, no emotion in his face. Yet her heart sank within her.

"Oh, listen to me," she pleaded passionately. "You do not know her as she is now. She is good and kind—a gentle-hearted woman. It was so long ago, and it was not out of malice to you, but to save the man she loved. You hear me, do you not? You are listening. She has not forgotten you. Often she grieves for you. It was cruel—I know that it was cruel—but she was a woman, and she loved him. Let us steal away together and bury these dark dreams of the past. I will never leave you; I will wait upon you always; I will be your slave. Forgiveness is more sweet than vengeance. Oh, tell me that it shall be so. Why do you not speak to me?"

He sat quite still, like a man who is stunned by some sudden and unexpected blow. He seemed dazed. She wondered, even, whether he had heard her.

"Uncle, shall it not be so?" she whispered. "Let us steal away from here and bury her. I am not thinking about him. I will not see him again. I will never dream of marrying him. Let us go this very day, this very hour!"

Then he turned slowly toward her thrust her hand from around his neck and stood up.

"You have been false to me, Margharita," he said, in a slow, quiet tone. "After all, it is only natural. When you first came to me, I thought I saw your mother's spirit blazing in your dark eyes, and I trusted you. I was to blame. I forgot the tradesman's blood. I do not curse you. You do not understand, that is all. Learn now that the oath of a Marioni is as deathless and unchangeable as the hills of his native land. Will you go away at once, please? I do not wish to see you again."

His speech so quiet, so self-contained, bewildered her. There was not a single trace of passion or bitterness in it. She stretched out her hands toward him, but she felt chilled.

"Uncle, you—"

"Will you go away, please?" he interrupted coldly.

She turned toward the door, weeping. She had not meant to go far—only out to the garden-seat, where she might sit and think. But he saw another purpose in her departure, and a sudden passion fired him. She heard his step as he rose hastily, and she felt his cold fingers upon her wrist.

"You would go to warn her!" he cried, his voice trembling with anger; "I read it in your face. You are as false as sin, but you shall not rob me of the crown of my life. No one shall rob me of it! Vengeance belongs to me, and by this symbol of my oath, I will have it!"

He snatched a handful of white blossoms from the bowl, and crushed them in his fingers. Then he threw them upon the ground and trampled upon them.

"Thus did she betray the sacred bonds of our Order when, for her lover's sake, she added treachery to cunning, and wrecked my life, made Leonardo, Count of the Marionis, the lonely inmate of prison walls, the scorn and pity of all men. Thus did she write her own fate upon a far future page of the tablets of time. Talk to me not of forgiveness or mercy, girl! My hate lives in me as the breath of my body, and with my body alone will it die!"

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

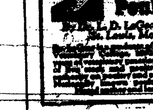
Passing of An Old Landmark

It was with deep regret that the News editor received a note from J. & P. B. Garrit Co., Syracuse, Tuesday morning, telling of the sudden death of their venerable paper salesman, Silas W. Pitts.

For over 50 years Mr. Pitts has represented J. & P. B. Garret Company, as their salesman in Western New York and Northern Pennsylvania, and for 31 years, ever since the News has been under the present management, as often as every week we have enjoyed a visit from this genial, pleasant and faithful salesman. Mr. Pitts was in his 88th year. He was married four times and died a widower. He was a veteran of the Civil War.

Funeral services and burial were at his late home, Clifton Springs, Wednesday afternoon.

To get rid of mustard not only must all the mustard plants be killed and prevented from producing seed but the seeds in the soil must be destroyed also.



WHEN EGG-MAKERS GO ON A STRIKE

Broody Hens Represent an Economic Loss When Not Needed for Hatching—Harsh and Cruel Measures Not Needed to Overcome Broodiness.

In a recent radio talk, Raymond Hitchcock stated that even tho he had called all his hens together and scolded them severely, they still refused to lay any eggs for him. Not many people would employ the famous comedian's method of trying to get eggs but many of the wayward hens of broodiness are just as ridiculously ineffective. It is really important that better ways of overcoming broodiness should be known. A broody hen is an unprofitable hen especially where incubators do all the hatching. Consequently the sooner her broodiness can be broken up the sooner she can begin once more to earn her board and lodging.

It is a mistake to frighten a broody hen by tying red ribbons to her tail, plunging her into cold water, or confining her in a closed box without food, water or light. Such methods belong to the dark ages of poultry raising. They do not actually cure broodiness but only put the hen in poor flesh and health. The only way to get a hen out of this condition is to get her mind off the subject, so to speak, so she will once more begin eating and drinking in normal fashion. One good way to accomplish this is to confine one or more broody hens in a small coop with a vigorous male.

Broodiness can also be easily and humanely overcome thru the use of broody coops. The important thing in using such a coop is to get the broody hen into it the very first day she shows any sign of that condition. If this is done she will forget her broodiness in less than half the time that will be needed if she is allowed to stay on the nest two, three or four days. The longer broodiness is allowed to continue the harder it is to overcome and the greater will be the loss of egg production. I shall describe two broody coops that I have found exceptionally effective.

For just one hen, make a coop two by two feet. The sides are to be of slats for ventilation, and the top solid for protection. Using a single rope or wire fastened to the center of the top, hang this coop from any convenient rafter or branch of a tree. Such a coop will sway with every gust of wind and with every step the hen takes. That will keep her so busy trying to retain her balance that she soon forgets her broodiness.

The second form of broody coop I wish to describe may be used with good effect, when a number of hens all decide to go on a strike at about the same time. This coop should be three by four or four by five feet and two feet deep. The sides should be made of slats or poultry netting like the floor either slatted or solid. A good roof should be provided and should extend far enough on each side to give good protection from the rain. This coop should be at least two or three feet off the ground to allow for good circulation of air all around the hens. This is very important, as broody hens should be kept cool. From three to six hens may be placed in this coop and kept in it day and night. It should be put in a cool, shady spot instead of the sun.

Plenty of good feed and clean water should be kept within easy reach of broody hens the whole time they are confined in a broody coop. This is very important and should not be neglected under any circumstances.

Hens so confined constantly fuss among themselves, which tends to make them forget their broodiness. Seeing other fowls at liberty also helps considerably to speed up the end of broody spells. This method should have the desired effect in from three to five days. It is a particularly good method not only because of its effectiveness but because it is absolutely humane.

Better than any method of curing broodiness is the plan for eliminating it, now being successfully used by many poultry raisers. With careful breeding it is possible to develop a strain of layers or hens that will not go broody. Only hens that do not go broody should be used for breeding and if care is used in selecting just the right hens, broodiness can be practically eliminated in a few generations.

A broody hen, unless needed for hatching eggs, is simply a nuisance and an unnecessary nuisance at that. It is so easy to break up the habit there is no reason why it should be tolerated and a great many reasons that every poultry raiser knows well why it should not be tolerated. But to be successful, one must not make the mistake of using the harsh methods once so much in vogue.

The right way is always the cheapest and best. That is why I recommend sane, humane methods of curing broodiness. They work along scientific lines by not trying to scare the hen out of her broodiness, but by replacing the brooding idea with something else. This method brings 100 per cent. success because it leaves the hen in excellent physical condition ready and willing to resume her profitable job of laying eggs. Diplomacy and gentle methods are just as superior to force when dealing with feathered strikers as they usually are with the human variety.

Notice to Creditors

IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Surrogate's Court of Allegany County, State of New York, made by Hon. Guy O. Hinman, Surrogate of said Allegany County:

NOTICE is heseby given to all persons having claims against the Estate of James Joyce, late of the Town of Andover, County of Allegany, and State of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of said deceased, at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley, in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 1st day of February, 1930.

Dated at Andover, N. Y., June 26th, 1929.

CAMILLA JOYCE HARRIS, Administratrix.
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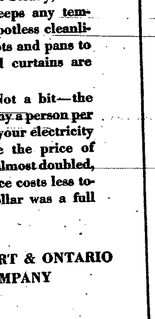

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