

# Rowena Wins the Rumble

By ETHEL HUESTON

### FATIGUE UPSETS FAMILY'S PEACE

College of Home Economics Warns Housewives to Avoid Over-Tiredness—Better Shoes and Equipment May Help.

Nothing upsets the home quite so much as over-fatigue of the homemaker, says Ella Cushman of the New York State College of Home Economics. Over-tiredness acts on the body like a small dose of poison injected into the blood. It also lowers the body's resistance to colds and other diseases. It affects the whole life of the individual and causes much of the world's irritability and petty injustice.

Many causes lead to over-fatigue, and the individual is often unconscious of some of them. The unnoticeable causes are the most dangerous, she says, because they are most often present. Worry, loss of sleep, poor diet, poor lighting, or insufficient ventilation are common causes. Uncomfortable clothing, especially shoes, and too little of outdoor exercise, of fresh air, and of sunshine may also be responsible for unhappiness in the home. Overwork often the result of poor planning, is an important cause, as is bad posture, or inefficient use of untrained muscles.

Not only the person who is over-tired, but all the people with whom he comes in contact suffer. To remove the causes or to improve working conditions may contribute to the happiness of the whole family, and make possible the best use of time and strength. Thus a well-fitting pair of shoes for the homemaker, and a properly shaded light hanging over her kitchen work table, might make many a home happier.

## Independence

(Mrs. Floyd Clark, Reporter)

Miss Maxine Crandall is ill with the flu.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle Greene entertained Floyd Clarke and Decatur New Year's Day.

The Andover-Whitesville Telephone Co. will hold their annual business meeting Monday, Jan. 9th at 2 o'clock at the home of Floyd Clarke.

Miss Jane Crandall returned to Alfred Wednesday. She had been a guest of Mary Spicer for a few days.

The Ladies Aid Society will hold their annual business meeting, Monday afternoon, Jan. 9th, at Floyd Clarke's.

Miss Mary Etta Spicer has entertained the flu the past week.

Miss Hilda Clarke accompanied Miss Hazel Clarke to her home at Little Genesee for a few days' visit.

The annual church meeting and dinner will be held in the parish house Sunday, Jan. 8. Mrs. Cory Clarke and Mrs. Beas Clarke, dinner committee.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Clarke entertained for dinner Friday Mrs. Esther Bassett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bassett and Charles, Jr., M. A. Bassett and Mrs. Hester Greene.

Wayne Crandall returned to his school work at Ithaca on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Clarke, Mrs. Maud Clarke, Mrs. Hester Greene, Mrs. Floyd Clarke gave Mrs. Carrie Slafe a surprise Saturday evening.

Mrs. W. D. Clarke is ill with the grippe.

Burton Crandall of Alfred spent part of the holiday vacation with his grandmother, Mrs. Nora Crandall and household.

## Elm Valley

(Mrs. Charity Cole, Reporter)

Loring Cole of Shongo spent the week-end with friends and relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jacobs welcomed a little daughter to their home Friday evening, Dec. 30. The new-comer weighed eight pounds and has been named Virginia Helen.

Mr. and Mrs. Winifred Scott entertained Judson Burdick and family and Miss Doris Dodge and Earl Dodge of Wellsville, Monday evening.

Wilson Rockwell was in Bolivar on business one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Serena and mothers, Mrs. Arnold and Mrs. Serena of Wellsville were callers at Richard Jacobs', Monday.

## Greenwood

(Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge, Reporter)

Miss Genevieve McCormick of Canisteo spent Wednesday night with Miss Agnes McCaffery.

Miss Agnes McCaffery passed Christmas with friends in Wellsville.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge and Mrs. Cleone McCaffery were shopping in Hornell Saturday afternoon.

Cyril McCormick of Buffalo spent Christmas vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McCormick.

H. A. York, who has been spending a few weeks with his son, Mr. and Mrs. Charles York, in New Haven, Conn., has returned home.

Thomas McEnroe of Wellsville passed Thursday evening with Miss Roberta Baker.

The birthday party held for Miss Louise Rogers, Wednesday night at the West Hill Grange Hall was well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Updyke are spending the week-end with her mother at Seneca Falls.

Thomas McEnroe passed Saturday night with Owen Updyke.

Miss Agnes McCaffery passed the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Smith in Wellsville.

Albert Warner spent the week-end with Miss Mae Whitmore.

Miss Roberta Baker attended the funeral of Miss Dorothy Putzman in Wellsville Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pease of Andover were in town on business Monday afternoon.

Miss Agnes McCaffery visited Mrs. A. L. Lewis Tuesday.

## Whitesville

(Mrs. Ella Millsaugh, Reporter)

Jan. 3.—Rev. Henry Baker, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Deposit, N. Y., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Travis from Monday until Wednesday of last week.

School opened on Monday morning after the holiday vacation and the boys and girls are again busy with their books.

On Monday evening a number of our people attended the Christian Layman's Association held in Park church, Hornell. These gatherings are a great inspiration to all who attend. Those who went from here were Rev. and Mrs. H. J. Marquis, G. H. McKee, Arthur Robbins, F. W. Clark, Mrs. C. L. Crittenden, Mrs. Seymour Brown, Miss Josephine Cox, and Mrs. Ella Millsaugh.

Ward Cramer of Columbus, Ohio is here visiting his father, Rev. Bert Cramer.

Miss Freida Carpenter has been ill the past week.

The Misses Anna Deck and Alice Stafford returned to Buffalo Normal Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Seger and son, Loren spent Christmas with relatives in Mansfield, Pa.

Dempster Portello has gone to Corning to spend the winter with his daughter, Mrs. Joel Couch and family.

Bernay M. Wilson has been appointed deputy sheriff by the new sheriff, Edson Brigham.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. McKee of South Wales, N. Y., were Sunday guests of relatives in town.

A social and supper will be held in the M. E. church parlors Wednesday evening, Jan. 11th, from 5:30 p. m. on. Prices 15 and 25 cents.

## West Greenwood

(Miss Ella Conrad, Reporter)

Jan. 2.—An oyster dinner was held at West Greenwood Grange Hall, Saturday.

The Everman Bros. from Dansville were in this place Thursday, buying livestock.

Mrs. Edward Padden and children have returned to their home after spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will O'Dell on Dryden Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert O'Dell and daughter, Monica, spent Saturday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Brown on King Hill.

Misses Ruth Potter and Pearl Cook of Troupsburg recently visited school here.

Miss Camilla Padden of Wellsville and Lewis Padden of Andover spent Friday afternoon at Edward Padden's.

Fred Conrad and daughter, Bernice, Mr. and Mrs. Robert O'Dell and daughter were Thursday evening callers at Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Brown's on King Hill.

Miss Camilla Padden of Wellsville Misses Fern Swarts and Louise Hyland were Friday visitors at the school.

## Andover R. F. D. 3

(Mrs. Scott Jacobs, Reporter)

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Dunham and sons returned home Thursday from Pike where they had been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and family for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Jacobs and sons, Milo and Milton, spent Christmas with Mrs. Ina Stewart and Charles Stewart and family in McHenry Valley.

Herman Forness called on Mr. and Mrs. Howard Jacobs recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rossman spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Jacobs.

Ed. Dunham and family and Howard Jacobs and family enjoyed New Year's dinner with Scott Jacobs and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Jacobs and sons, Milo and Milton visited Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Gilbert in Wellsville recently.

William McAndrew of Washington spent his vacation with his mother, Mrs. W. McAndrew.

## FOURTH INSTALMENT

Rackruff Motors hire Rowena to accompany Peter on a nation-wide tour in their roadster as an advertising stunt. At the last minute Little Bobby is engaged to act as chaperon. A few miles out Bobby becomes fearful at being parted from her sweetheart and Rowena insists on taking her place in the rumble so that she can ride with Peter and have him to talk about Carter. Rowena gets Peter to consent to divide the expense money each week as soon as it arrives, and astonishes Peter by eating it economically.

The three tourists reach St. Louis, after passing thru Buffalo and Chicago. Peter and Rowena have many tiffs, while Bobby is enraptured at the way Carter is fuming over her flight from New York.

Now go on with the story—

There were bound to be ever so many pleasant, cool, shadowy short-cuts between St. Louis and Kansas City.

On the way between St. Louis and Kansas City, Peter asked about short-cuts at no end of filling stations and garages as they went west, but no one seemed very well informed about by-roads, and for the most part every one advised against attempting any such thing.

It was well on toward noon when Peter found a man in a garage who thought there really was a short-cut, just as Peter wanted. He wasn't altogether sure it was a direct route to Kansas City, but at least it did not lead back toward St. Louis.

They had driven about twenty miles along this rambling lane, which at times seemed to turn uncertainly toward Kansas City and then made a dead run for the Nebraska line, when they saw a stalled car in the road before them. The driver lay stretched out on the bank with his hat over his face.

Peter slowed up.

Rowena leaned forward and rapped sharply on the glass. "Never ask advice of a broken-down driver," she warned him darkly. "If he knew what he was doing, he wouldn't be broken down."

But Peter for once had struck the right party. The man knew every road in the state.

Peter thanked him for his careful directions and returned to the car. He was too much of a gentleman to leer triumphantly back at Rowena under the awning umbrella in the rumble seat. He just got in behind the wheel and started the motor.

He had driven fully twenty miles over the worst possible sort of country road when he found that a bridge was out, that there was no detour, and the only possible way to go on in the direction of Kansas City was to go back to the main road and start over. Very meekly he turned around to pay homage to her better judgment, but stopped short, staring open-mouthed. Bobby, who always looked where others did, turned too and her amazement surpassed his own.

The rumble seat was empty. Rowena was not there.

Peter slowly returned over the roads to where the self-styled expert had given him his directions. "Twenty miles!"

Bobby closed her eyes. Peter hoped she was praying. He would have prayed himself except that the hard driving over the bad road required his complete attention. But he did keep breathing over and over in his heart the one word, "God! God! God!" and trusted the Infinite would understand it for appeal.

Instinctively his foot lifted from the accelerator and a noiseless crawl the car rolled up to the shadowy bank under the willow tree where the stranger with the stalled motor had mapped out the futile short-cut.

"Oh!" whispered Bobby weakly. "Look—look! Rowena!"

Rowena indeed, lying motionless beside the road where the afternoon sun slanted behind the trees to throw protecting shadows over her slender figure. Peter was out of the car long before it had come to a stop and was up the bank and kneeling beside her. He lifted one limp slim hand. It was stained red.

"Rowena!" he whispered. "Oh, hello," she said cheerfully. "Gosh, you were a long time coming back."

"Are—are you—hurt?" stammered Peter.

"Hurt? Why, no! What do you mean, hurt?" She licked a bit of red raspberry juice from her finger as she spoke.

"O—did you fall out, darling?" asked Bobby in fatuously affectionate tones.

"Fall out?" repeated Rowena. "Certainly not." She stood up, lifted her arms, stretching her slender figure comfortably to its utmost height. "Had a grand nap," she said. "And wrote out just what I think of Missouri. Poor dears, you must be dreadfully hot and tired. Come and sit down—a nature's feast to feed you. Berries and cold spring water. I knew you would be famished so I picked some."

"You darling," said Bobby, and greedily fell to. "But will you please tell me she mumbled, with a full mouth, for she was very hungry,

## Rowena Wins the Rumble

"how you fell—how you got—out of the rumble seat?"

"I climbed out," said Rowena cheerfully. "It's the only way you can get out of a rumble seat."

"But when—"

"But how—"

"We didn't see you!"

"When Peter and the broken-down gent were dusting off Missouri in the middle of the road I noticed the wild berries up on the bank among the rocks. I must have got myself out of sight of the car without knowing it, for the first thing I knew, I heard the usual raring of the engine with which dear Peter gets under way, so I ran down and there you were—tearing off among the ruts in a cloud of metaphorical glory. So I picked some more berries, and the broken-down gent and I shot craps until the man from the garage came and towed him in. He invited me to go with them, but I knew you would be back for me when you got around to it."

"There was a bridge out on the short-cut," explained Peter quickly.

"I know. The broken-down gent remembered it about ten minutes after you had gone. But of course it was too late then."

"You're very game about it, Rowena. Very sporting. I wouldn't blame you if you didn't speak to me again from here to the coast."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Rowena pleasantly. "This was just an accident. Accidents never make me mad. It's just, as she added meaningly, "just—certain—people."

In Kansas City, Bobby found thirty-one telegrams from Carter, each increasingly immoderate in its commands for her to give over this outrageous conduct and return home at once.

Rowena had the usual fat one addressed in the boyish scrawl, and surely she had read no further than the first paragraph when she began counting out her money. Peter had a comforting telegram from Mr. Rack, with a friendly postscript by Mr. Ruff, advising that the red-haired siege was lifted and that they had been honored with a sort of an apology, but warning them to be careful of their future conduct.

Mr. Rack also said they were extremely pleased with the character of the work that had been turned out, and enclosed check for next week's expenses. Peter was extremely grateful for that check, for Bobby had spent the last cent of her week's allowance by Wednesday, after which time he and Rowena had been obliged to carry her between them.

"Chaperons come high, don't they?" grumbled Rowena, as she counted out nickels and dimes to make up her portion of Bobby's last manure.

It was a genuine hardship to them to be obliged to contribute so extensively to the maintenance of luxury-loving Bobby. On the other hand, her presence was so essential to the all-important tour that they were in no position to quarrel very seriously even with her extravagances.

"For my part, I'd rather pay her bills than read Carter's telegrams," said Peter moodily.

"I wouldn't," disagreed Rowena promptly. "I've learned to read with one eye and listen with one ear, and that way I get thru with only half the mental strain."

"Yes, but you've got a rumble to retire to."

One thing was certain. Her presence was essential, and Carter and his telegrams, she and her extravagances, were alike to be endured.

At Topeka she was startled to find but one telegram awaiting her—a ten-word, straight day message: "Are you taking first train home or are you not?"

It was not even signed.

Bobby's fright was so genuine, her disappointment so real, that Rowena and Peter tried to console her.

Peter took them out to a movie, and Rowena—with her own money—bought her a cunning little Kansas souvenir, a flask carved out of a corn-cob—and she seemed slightly more resigned.

She was very quiet as they crossed Kansas, and when they complained of the notoriously hot winds, she smiled patiently and said she didn't mind. She ate very little, and had fifteen cents of her allowance left at the end of the week.

When they reached Denver, they hurried at once, as they always did, to get their mail, and there was nothing at all for Bobby, not a letter, not a telegram, not so much as a souvenir postcard. She said nothing but turned pale and a little smile froze the dimples in her left face.

When Rowena went down to dinner she made excuses not to go—said she was very tired, said she wanted a hot bath and a good sleep, said she would just read a magazine she had picked up at the news stand. They went up to the room immediately after dinner with all good intentions, and Rowena knocked. When there was no answer she opened the door and they went in. The room had a deserted appearance. Bobby's handmaiden articles of toilet were gone from the dressing-table. Her beautiful dressing-gown was gone from the foot of the bed, her bath mat from beneath it. Her

## Rowena Wins the Rumble

imported traveling bag no longer stood beside Rowena's shabby suitcase on the baggage rack.

Peter and Rowena looked at each other in wide-eyed consternation.

There was a note, written on hotel paper in Bobby's round childish hand—it was pinned to Rowena's pillow: "Darlings, I'm going home. I've got to. If I don't, I'll never get him back. I'll send Peter the money I borrowed as soon as I get my allowance. I'm going on the seven o'clock train and I have already wired him to meet me. You're both just sweet and I love you. But I do wish you didn't quarrel so. I'm glad Carter and I get along better."

"And that," said Rowena flatly, "is that."

"It's all of that," added Peter gloomily.

"Nothing," declared Rowena drearily, "could be more irretrievably fatal than this."

"It was great sport while it lasted," said Peter. "You have been pretty game all the way thru, Rowena."

"It was corking good business, too," said Rowena. "And taking it all in all, you are not half bad to breeze around with, Peter."

"Well, it's all over now," said Peter.

"You don't suppose we could pick one up here, do you?—By advertising. The way we got Bobby in the first place?"

But they both knew it was pretty hopeless.

They said good night with something vaguely suggestive of affectionate regard, for this killing kindred disappointment gave them a cordial meeting-ground for almost the first time.

Rowena sat alone at her window, little and high up, for she had frugally changed from a double to a single room immediately after the desertion of Bobby.

She was not one to give up without a struggle—nor to give up at all for that matter.

It was nearly midnight when she shook off her final hesitation, with a mind made up. An idea had come to her, terrifying and tremendous, hours before. She had toyed with it, weighed it in the balance and finding it wanting, pushed it resolutely away; but had permitted it to work its way back, insidiously sure. At 12 o'clock she called Peter on the telephone and that was an end of her hesitation.

"Listen, Peter. You meet me downstairs in the lobby, right away, will you? I have an idea."

"But I'm in bed!"

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

## Foreclosure Sale

County Court: County of Allegany Isabel McCormick, Plaintiff vs. Thomas McAndrew and Susan McAndrew, Defendants

By virtue of a Judgment of Foreclosure and Sale granted by this Court in the above entitled action and entered on the 3rd day of December, 1932, in the office of the Clerk of the County of Allegany, the undersigned, Mira Diffin, a Referee duly appointed in this action for such purpose, will sell at Public Auction on the 20th day of February, 1933, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day at the law office of Crayton L. Earley, in the village of Andover, Allegany County, N. Y. ALL THAT TRACT OR PARCEL OF LAND, situate in the Village of Andover, County of Allegany and State of New York, known and distinguished as a portion of lot number sixty-five (65) in Township Number two (2) in the Seventh Range of Townships in said county and State aforesaid and being the south part of a village lot occupied June 12th, 1883 by Francis Dailey and is bounded as follows: On the east by the center of First Street in said village; on the south by the south line of said Francis Dailey lot, being also the north line of a lot formerly owned by Mary M. Proper; on the west by property occupied June 12th, 1893 by E. O. Westcott, and on the north by a line parallel with the south line above described and Four (4) rods north therefrom, be the same more or less. Being the same premises conveyed to Jerome P. Remington by Seymour G. Herrick and Charles R. Herrick by deed dated the 20th day of November, 1914, and recorded in the Office of the Clerk of the County of Allegany on the 13th day of January, 1915, in book 226 at page 139.

Dated this 3rd day of January, 1933.

MIRA DIFFIN, Referee

CRAYTON L. EARLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff, Andover, New York.

## Stockholders' Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Burrows National Bank, of Andover, N. Y., for the election of directors and the transaction of any other business that may come before the meeting, will be held at the office of said Bank on Tuesday, the 10th day of January, 1933 at 3 o'clock p. m.

JOHN C. LEVER, Cashier

## Notice of Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Andover State Bank will be held at the office of the Corporation in the Village of Andover, New York, on Tuesday evening, January 10th, 1933 at 8 o'clock, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

R. O. SNYDER, Secretary.

## Mira Diffin

Attorney and Counselor at Law Office over J. D. Chesman & Co. 122-124 Andover, N. Y.

## Henry Stephens Ins. Agency

INSURANCE OF ALL KINDS 25 First class companies. Efficient service. Established 1903. Phone 547, Andover, N. Y.

## Earl J. Dawson

General Director and Embalmer Courtrooms and Efficient Service. Latest Equipment. Calls attended to day or night. Lady Assistant. Phone 344, Andover, N. Y.

## Crayton L. Earley

Attorney and Counselor at Law Money Lender on Good Real Estate Security. ALL LEGAL BUSINESS RECEIVED PROMPT ATTENTION. Andover, N. Y.

## S. R. Scott, M. D.

Office, East Corner Street, Andover, N. Y. Hours: 9:30 a. m. to 12 p. m. 2:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m. Telephone 2109.

## Andover Dairymen's League

Co-operative Association, Inc. Meets First Saturday Each Month. JAMES McANDREW, President HENRY JOYCE, Vice President HARRY SMITH, Secretary.

## ANDOVER NO. 756 LODGE I. O. O. F.

Meets Every Tuesday Evening. Visitors are always cordially welcomed. JOHN H. KEMP, N. G. AMES L. ROGERS, Secy.

## ANDOVER NO. 558 LODGE F. & A. M.

Meets 1st and 3rd Monday Evenings of each month at 8 o'clock. Visitors always welcome. ELTON GREEN, W. M. B. B. HANN, Secretary.

## Andover Grange No. 1098

Meets Every Second and Fourth Wednesday Evenings, I. O. O. F. Hall. DEWEY NORTHRUP, Master. MARGARET NORTHRUP, Lecturer. ANNETTE TAYLOR, Secretary. Visitors Always Welcome.

## C. W. O'Donnell, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon Office at West Greenwood Street ANDOVER, N. Y.

**CHAS. G. STEBBINS INSURANCE**  
Andover, N. Y. Phone 117X

Frederick C. Mulholland  
FUNERAL DIRECTOR and EMBALMER

AMBULANCE SERVICE  
TELEPHONE DAY—276 NIGHT—376

**Have to Get Up at Night?**  
Deal Promptly with Bladder Irritations

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills

Advertisement for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, describing symptoms like backache, burning, and urinary issues.