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 NEW YORK PRESS ASSOCIATION — A DROP OF INK MAKES MILLIONS THINK — ORGANIZED SEPT. 6 1865

Fruit Growers Interest

CONGRESSMAN DANIEL A. REED, of this congressional district, has introduced a bill in the house which is calculated to encourage fruit growers in this and other sections of the country. It is in an effort to enforce the pure food and and drug act.

Mr. Reed's bill, if enacted, provides definitions and standards which will increase the amount of fruit in jams and preserves. By thus increasing the quality the consumption will be greatly increased.

The fruit growers of this country depend on the preserving industry as an outlet for their production, and we believe that nothing will benefit the fruit growers more than the enactment of Congressman Reed's bill.

Apples must be pretty good medicine. You never heard tell of a worm in one ever being sick.

A Stay At Home Week

WITH the present year only a little way upon its course, there is scarcely a week which has not been set aside for something or other to keep the people moving about. These weeks are all well and good, but why not launch a "Stay at Home Week," if we can find a week some time during the year that is not being used for something else?

If we could, with such a conference or special week, induce even a small portion of the people to stay at home one whole week—making allowances for the time duty called them away—we could revolutionize this community or any other community.

Staying away from home is one of the greatest evils of our boasted 20th century civilization.

We complain about our flapper daughters and our wayward sons roaming at large and where they wish; about no place for them to be amused, and then object to the kind of amusement they do find; but we never seem to think that parents—all parents—are the example that young people follow.

More young people would probably stay at home and find diversion if they could find their parents at home now and then and if parents would give some thought and attention to making the home attractive for their children and their children's friends.

But perhaps we should not be too harsh with our roaming, restless parents; neither should we be too critical of our young people.

The demands upon parents are so great from their home and their multitudinous obligations on the outside that it is little wonder that they have drifted into a position where too little attention is paid to the home.

All parents are not guilty of being indifferent towards their homes, but the condition exists to such an extent that it is worthy of some thought and consideration.

Railroads have purchased several thousand new locomotives for delivery during the summer. Just another reason to stop, look, and listen.

All Business Is Related

THERE was a time, even within the memory of some people now living, when every family was a unit. Wild game and uncultivated grains and fruits provided the food. Homespun clothes, and the fur and hide of animals provided protection from the weather. Rough hewn logs and slab board shingles were the material with which the family abode was built.

But that day has gone forever. There are few men who can kill the wild game, if it were to be found, much less convert the fur and hide into wearing apparel. Men who never farmed would starve trying to produce enough food for themselves and their families, if they were left to their own resources on a farm. The art of making clothing in a home has largely been lost.

The change has brought about an interdependence that makes every business avocation dependent on every other one in existence.

The demoralization of agriculture that followed the boom days of the immediate post-war period is a most striking example of the dependence we have, one on the other.

There was no avenue of trade that did not feel the effects of the slump into which agriculture dropped.

But the depression taught a lesson not soon to be forgotten—that the we do not have the remotest connection with farming, we are all sensitive to its condition.

Likewise the farmer is dependent upon industry and the retail business where he finds a market for his products. If any serious trouble befalls business the farmer likewise suffers when the demand for what he has to sell decreases and the price consequently goes down.

Man has one advantage over women during winter. As the weather changes he can either add or discard something.

When one goes to a basketball game these days the three R's seem to be Root, Root, Root!

The First "Lost" Ad.

THE first known English newspaper advertisement appeared in the "Moderate" in 1653, and ever since the world has been profiting from the use of advertisements.

It did not portray the advantages of the newest breeches and silk stockings, or describe in lavish terms the beauties of the popular hoop skirts, but entreated the reader to "inquire after a blackish and kind of piebald nag, very poor, his face, feet and flank white, and a little white tip in his tail. He was stolen from grass from John Roberam, of Barnet, in Hertfordshire. Whosoever will inquire, find him out and bring or send tidings of him, shall have what content they will for their pains."

The modern predecessor of the first advertisement is a "lost ad" which is still performing a valuable service after almost 300 years of existence.

It matter not whether a "piebald nag" or some valuable possession is lost, a "lost ad" seldom fails to get results.

The children of Israel crossed the Red Sea in safety, which was probably the first one-way traffic ever recorded in history.

Winter Dress is Defended

ANOTHER authority has come forward in defense of the criticism offered for the modern winter dress worn by women, as the state health director of the state of Illinois is reported in a recent press interview with upholding the modern day garb.

He says that women are far more sensible in their winter dress than are the men who wear heavy clothing which shields the body from every ray of sunshine.

"The weight of women's cold weather clothing is about one-tenth of what the text books on hygiene figured on 20 years ago," said Dr. Rawlings, "while that of men has remained about the same. Women have abandoned heavy under-garments for the more sensible plan of protecting themselves against exposure to cold by wearing furs, woolen overgarments and coats that may be laid aside easily within doors.

"Men, on the other hand, cling to heavy undergarments which not only cause an unfavorable difference in the amount of heat radiated and the amount of perspiration but influence the functioning of the skin.

"One important factor in the difficulty with the winter garments of men is that they shut out light rays from the body so that the hands and face make up the whole area of the body exposed to these rays. This is especially true of garments that are lined. The light, unlined garments of women admit light rays freely."

Clothing ought to be such as to provide protection against chilling the body while the individual is outside and to prevent heat stasis, excessive perspiration, malfunction of the skin and too much relative humidity in the air spaces between body and garment while the individual is inside heated buildings. These requirements are met far more satisfactorily by the modern woman's dress than by that of men.

A high town is one in which people judge their neighbors by what they see hanging on the clothes line.

Events in the Press

SCARCELY a week passes but what there is a new murder mystery, a serious fire, a disastrous wreck or some outstanding adventure that attracts nationwide attention. Newspapers, of course, give these stories prominence in their papers, because of the unusual angle attached. They feature the abnormal rather than the normal.

Poison booze, graft, scandal, divorce, murder, bloodshed and accidents are the daily mess that the front page serves its readers.

After reading the papers, many people, especially the young, believe that the world has gone to perdition, when in reality it hasn't.

When a man obeys the law and attends to his own business, he seldom sees his name in the paper, unless he performs some unusual service or does something out of the ordinary.

So it's well to remember that the distressing things you read in the newspapers are the exception rather than the rule.

Very few people look at the world thru their own eyes. They view the past thru the pages of history and the present thru the newspaper front page. History omits most of the bad and glorifies the good. The reverse is true of the newspaper.

The fact that crime, divorce and corruption are still exceptional enough to be news should be encouragement enough to the student of our charming world.

Early mankind had a hard fight against beasts and monsters of all kinds, but the modern man has more trouble in trying to conquer the pesky little bugs, germs and insects that have come into our civilization.

Some fellows when they slice ham in restaurants, get the experience by slicing cigarette papers out of calling cards.

Dumbells are funny things. Girls used to use them to get color in their cheeks. Today they color their cheeks to get dumbells.

It has been said that everything comes to him who waits, but most of them generally find that the only thing that comes is whiskers.

Every time we see President Coolidge in the movies, we imagine that he is only counting the days when all such embarrassment will be over.

Wonder what the calendar maker will do with the fellow whose birthday comes on the 30th of the month, if the new four-week-a-month calendar is adopted?

Marriage is a funny thing. The ceremony is of the least importance, but more fuss is made about it.

One would never accuse the present generation of youngsters of going too fast a clip—when at work.

The person who keeps smiling, very seldom has to have their face lifted.

We hope the fellow who complained about the open winter is now satisfied.

Buying At Home

I bought some rags of Tailor Skuggs and paid him when I got time he went with glee. "For now," said he, "I'll pay my bills, dod rot 'em." So on the run he took the mon, and paid the corner grocer, whose trade was bad and who was sad because the wolf drew closer. His made him smile, and for a while the man of teas and sages, bought cheerful thinks, forgot the kinks and paid his clerks their wages. And William Burk, the old head clerk, put up some thinkful shrakes; his wife was ill—the druggist's bill had worried him like blazes. The druggist cried, "Dog-gone your hide, I thank you for some troubles; I'm in the hole and need a roll to ease my weight of troubles." The druggist paid that wise mule maid, his first assistant Annie, and just for luck she blew a Luck for roller skates for granny. And thus my scuds brought help to lads and girls beyond the counting; much trouble ceased and joy increased and kept on mounting, mounting. You see, my friend, if you should spend your coin with local dealers, you're spreading glee and ecstasy to beat the sunshine spielers.—Walt Mason.

Sometimes the housewife does not wish to make a pie or cake, but if the pantry contains Heart's Delight peaches, pineapple, apricots, pears or fruit salad, the dessert will be easy and exceedingly satisfactory.—advertisement.

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Too much to eat—too rich a diet—or too much smoking. Lots of things cause sour stomach, but one thing can correct it quickly. Phillips Milk of Magnesia will alkalinize the acid. Take a spoonful of this pleasant preparation, and the system is soon sweetened.

Phillips is always ready to relieve distress from over-eating; to check all acidity; or neutralize nicotine. Remember this for your own comfort; for the sake of those around you. Endorsed by physicians, but be sure to get the genuine—

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

NOTICE!!

$15. SALE

Did the stormy weather of last Saturday prevent you from attending our Big Sale?

For your benefit we have decided to continue it this Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

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LLEWELLYN CLAIR, Noble Grand

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Meets Second and Fourth Monday Evenings of Each Month
G. W. SAUNDERS, 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 DAIRYMEN'S LEAGUE
Co-Operative Association, Inc.
Meets First Saturday Each Month.
JAMES McANDREW, President
HENRY JOYCE, Vice President
HARRY SMITH, Secretary.

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Meets Every Second and Fourth Wednesday Evenings, I.O.O.F. Hall.
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The LAST of the DUANES

by Zane Grey

Illustrated by Verne C. Christy

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Buck Duane, quick on the draw, kills Cal Bain in self-defense, and finds himself an outlaw. Flying from pursuit, he meets Luke Stevens, another outlaw, and the two become pals. Luke narrowly escapes capture and Duane is shocked to find his brother outlaw severely wounded.

Duane buries Stevens. Then he goes on to Bland's camp, where he gets into a fight with a man called Bosomer and wounds the latter. He makes a friend of an outlaw at Bland's called Euchre, who tells him of Mrs. Bland and the girl Jennie.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Wal, I got it this way. Mebbe it's stright an' mebbe it ain't. Some years ago Benson made a trip over the river to buy mescal an' other drinks. He'll sneak over there once in a while. An' as I get it he run across a gang of greasers with some gringo prisoners.

"I don't know, but I reckon there was some barterin', perhaps murderin'. Anyway Benson fetched the girl back. She was more dead than alive. But it turned out she was only starved an' scared half to death. She hadn't been harmed.

"I reckon she was then about fourteen years old. Benson's idee, he said, was to use her in his cen,sellin' drinks an' the like. But I never went much on Jackrabbit's word. Bland seen the kid right off an' took her—bought her from Benson.

"You can gamble Bland didn't do thet from notions of chivearly. I ain't gainsaying', however, but thet Jennie was better off with Kate Bland. She's been hard on Jennie, but she's kept Bland an' the other men from treatin' the kid shamful. Late Jennie has growed into an all-fired pretty girl an' Kate is powerful jealous of her. I can see trouble brewing over there in Bland's cabin.

"Thet's why I wish you'd come over with me. Bland's hardly ever home. His wife invited you. Shore if she gets sweet on you, as she has on—wal thet'd complicate matters. But you'd get to see Jennie, an' mebbe you could help her.

"Mind, I ain't hintin' nothing. I'm just wantin' to put her in your way. You're a man an' can think for yourself. I had a baby girl once, an' if she'd lived she'd be as big as Jenn'e now, an' by gosh I wouldn't want her in Bland's camp."

"I'll go, Euchre. Take me over," replied Duane.

Euchre knocked upon the side of the door.

"Is that you, Euchre?" asked a girl's voice, low, hesitatingly.

"Yes, it's me, Jennie. Where's Mrs. Bland?" answered Euchre.

"She went over to Deger's. There's somebody sick," replied the girl.

Euchre turned and whispered something about luck. The snap of the outlaw's eyes was added significance to Duane.

"Jennie, come out or let us come in. Here's the young man I was telling you about," Euchre said.

"Oh—I can't! I look so—so——"

"Never mind how you look," interrupted the outlaw in a whisper. "It ain't no time to care for thet. Here's young Duane, Jennie. He's no rustler, no thief. He's different. Come out, Jennie, an' mebbe he'll—"

Euchre did not complete his sentence. He had spoken low, with his glance shifting from side to side.

Euchre went away through the cottonwoods.

"I'm glad to meet you, Miss—Miss Jennie," said Duane. "Euchre didn't mention your last name. He asked me to come over to——"

Duane's attempt at pleasantry halted short when Jennie lifted her lashes to look at him.

Her gray eyes were beautiful, but it had not been beauty that cut short his speech. He seemed to see a tragic struggle between hope and doubt that shone in her piercing gaze. She kept looking, and Duane could not break the silence. It was no ordinary moment.

"What did you come here for?" she asked at last.

"To see you," replied Duane, glad to speak.

"Why?"

"Well — Euchre thought — he wanted me to talk to you, cheer you up a bit," replied Duane somewhat lamely.

The earnest eyes embarrassed him.

"Euchre's good. He's the only person in this awful place who's been good to me. But he's afraid of Bland. He said you were different. Who are you?"

Duane told her.

"You're not a robber or rustler or murderer or some bad man come here to hide?"

"No, I'm not," replied Duane, trying to smile.

"Then why are you here?"

"I'm on the dodge. You know what that means. I got in a shooting scrape at home and had to run off. When it blows over I hope to go back."

"But you can't be honest here."

"Yes, I can."

"You fought Bosomer the other day?"

"In self-defence I crippled him."

"Oh, I know what these outlaws are. Yes, you're different." She kept the strained gaze upon him, but hope was kindling, and the hard lines of her youthful face were stirred deep in Duane's as he realized the unfortunate girl was experiencing a birth of trust in him.

"Maybe your the man to save me—to take me away before it's too late!"

Duane's spirit leaped.

"Maybe I am," he replied instantly.

She seemed to check a blind impulse to run into his arms. Her cheek flamed, her lips quivered, her bosom swelled under her ragged dress. Then the glow began to fade; doubt once more assailed.

"It can't be—You're only—after me, too, like Bland—like all of them."

Duane's long arms went out and his hands clasped her shoulders. He shook her.

"Look at me—straight in the eye. There are decent men. Haven't you a father a brother?"

"They are dead—killed by raiders. We lived in Dimmit county. I was carried away." Jennie replied hurriedly.

She put up an appealing hand to him.

"Forgive me. I believe—I know you're good. It was only—I live so much in fear—I'm half crazy—I've almost forgotten what good men are like. Mr. Duane, you'll help me?"

"Yes, Jennie, I will. Tell me how. What must I do? Have you any plans?"

"Oh, no. But take me away."

"I'll try," said Duane simply. "That won't be easy tho. I must have time to think. You must help me. There are many things to consider. Horses—food, trails, and then the best time to make the attempt. Are you watched—kept prisoner?"

"No. I could have run off lots of times. But I was afraid. I'd only have fallen into worse hands. Euchre has told me that. Mrs. Bland beats me, half starves me, but she has kept me from her husband. She's been as good as that and I'm grateful.

"She hasn't done it for love of me, tho. She always hated me. And lately she's growing jealous. There was a man came here by the name of Spence—so he called himself. He tried to be kind to me. But she wouldn't let him. She was in love with him. She's a bad woman.

"Bland finally shot Spence and that ended that. She's been jealous ever since. I hear her fighting with Bland about me. She swears she'll kill me before he gets me. And Bland laughs in her face. Then I've heard Chess Alloway try to pursuade Bland to give me to him. But Bland doesn't laugh then.

"Just lately before Bland went away things almost came to a head. I couldn't sleep. I wished Mrs. Bland would kill me. I'll certainly kill myself if—Duane, you must be quick if you'd save me."

"I realize that," he replied thoughtfully. "I think my difficulty will be to fool Mrs. Bland. If she suspected me she'd have the whole gang of outlaws on me at once."

"She would that. You've got to be careful—and quick."

"What kind of a woman is she?" inquired Duane.

"She's brazen. I've heard her with her lovers. They get drunk sometimes, when Bland's away. She's got a terrible temper. She's vain. She likes flattery. Oh, you could fool her easy enough if you'd lower yourself to—to—"

"To make love to her?" interrupted Duane.

Jennie bravely turned shamed eyes to meet his.

"My girl, I'd do worse than that to get you away from here," he said bluntly.

"But—Duane," she faltered, and again she put out the appealing hand, "Bland will kill you."

Duane made no reply to this. He was trying to still a rising strange tumult in his breast. The old emotion—the rush of an instant to kill! He turned cold all over.

"Chess Alloway will kill you, if Bland doesn't," went on Jennie, with her tragic eyes on Duane's.

"Maybe he will," replied Duane. It was difficult for him to force a smile. But he achieved one.

"Oh, better take me at once," she said. "Save me without risking so much—without making love to Mrs. Bland!"

"Surely, if I can. There! I see Euchre coming with a woman."

"That's her. Oh, she mustn't see me with you."

"Wait—a moment," whispered Duane, as Jennie slipped indoors. "We've settled it. Don't forget. I'll find some way to get word to you, perhaps thru Euchre. Meanwhile keep up your courage. Remember I'll save you somehow. We will try at daggy first. What can you see or hear me do don't think ess of me—"

Jennie clutched him with a gesture and a wonderful gray flash of eyes.

"I'll bless you with every drop of blood in my heart," she whispered passionately.

It was only as she turned away into the room that Duane saw she was lame, and that she wore Mexican sandals over her bare feet.

He sat down upon a bench on the porch and directed his attention to the approaching couple. The trees of the grove were thick enough for him to make reasonably sure that Mrs. Bland had not seen him talking to Jennie.

When the outlaw's wife drew nean Duane saw that she was a tall, strong, full-bodied woman, rather good looking with a full-blown, bold attractiveness. Duane was more concerned with her expression than with her good looks; and as she appeared unsuspicious he felt relieved. The situation then took on a singular zest.

Euchre came up on the porch and awkwardly introduced Duane to Mrs. Bland. She was young, probably not over twenty-five, and not quite so tall as Jennie. Her complexion was large, with the lips tight, and she had white teeth.

Euchre took her process than and remarked frankly that he was glad to meet her.

Mrs. Bland appeared pleased; and her laugh, which followed, was loud and rather musical.

"Mr. Duane—Buck Duane, Euchre said, didn't he?" she asked.

"Buckley," corrected Duane. "The nicknames are not of my choosing."

"I'm certainly glad to meet you, Buckley Duane," she said, as she took the seat Duane offered her. "Sorry to have been out. Kid Fuller's lying over at Weger's. You know he was shot last night. He's got fever today.

"When Bland's away I have to nurse all these shot-up boys, and it sure takes my time. Have you been waiting alone? Didn't see that slatern girl of mine?"

She gave him a sharp glance. The woman had an extraordinary play of feature, Duane thought, and unless she was smiling she was not pretty at all.

"I've been alone," replied Duane. "Haven't seen anybody but a sick looking girl with a bucket. And she ran when she saw me."

"That was Jen," said Mrs. Bland. "She's the kid we keep here, and she hardly pays her keep. Did Euchre tell you about her?"

"Now that I think of it he did say something or other."

"What did he tell you about me?" bluntly asked Mrs. Bland.

"Wal, Kate," replied Euchre, speaking for himself, "you needn't worry none, for I told Buck nothin' but compliments."

(Continued Next Week)

Silver Leaf Japan Tea, in half pound and pound packages is our own importation. It is always high grade and sold at a reasonabe price. Heart's Delight brand of Japan tea is equally good at the same price.
Scoville, Brown & Co.

Remember cereals, cabbage, root vegetables, cheaper cuts of meat and inexpensive fish when you plan economical winter menus.

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