ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

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

ANDOVER, N. Y. MARCH 15, 1929

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Our Friends, the Birds

THE English sparrow was brought to the Atlantic Coast a little more than 75 years ago. For 30 or 40 years these birds increased in great numbers, but in recent years, according to the Agricultural Department in Washington, they have declined in numbers, both in cities and in rural districts. Nature seems to be setting a balance against them. They may go the way of pigeons which were once so thick that they blackened and shut out the skies in their flights.

Quail, including the bobwhite, thrive in certain parts of the country, but in other sections they do rather poorly. In some of the northern states results in raising quail have not been entirely satisfactory. Virginia and the Carolinas have had remarkable success with them. At one time Mexican quail were imported into Massachusetts at prices as low as $1.50 per dozen. According to Dr. Phillips of the United States Biological Survey, more than 233,000 bobwhites are recorded as having entered the United States from Mexico in a period of 15 years, and the price has steadily risen to $24 and as high as $36 a dozen.

The Chinese ringnecked pheasant increases rapidly in many parts of the country. This is a great new game bird. Reports from Minnesota say that this bird multiplies twice as rapidly as any other species. Iowa has recently distributed about 67,000 pheasant eggs, and the birds have developed healthily and strong, and they have materially increased their species. There is splendid pheasant hunting in western, middle western and eastern states, including New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, where game authorities have given special attention to propagating pheasants.

The most abundant of our native birds is the robin; next to this is the English sparrow, chipping sparrow, meadow lark and eat bird.

The saddest words of tongue or pen: "We'll have to get coal for our bin."

Our Thoughts In Action

WE FREQUENTLY hear persons wish for things—some of them unreasonable. They wish that they had this, that, or the other thing. They wish for fine homes, large sums of money and many other things.

There are others who wish for talent. They would like to be artists, or perhaps they are interested in business, and are making extravagant wishes for high positions. They give little consideration to the preparation that is necessary to do the really worth-while things, but they spend almost unlimited time in talking about things that they think they would like to have or to do.

The fact is, if they would practice doing first the things at hand they would, in a very natural way, soon be doing greater things. There seems to be a tendency among most persons always to wait until conditions are more favorable before beginning to do a thing. As a matter of fact, the only time that conditions are more favorable is when we have decided what to do and that we are ready to begin doing it.

The only time that conditions are not good is when our thoughts are vague about what we want to do. There have been few actual failures. True, it seems there have been numberless attempts that never brought about the results that were hoped for, but in almost every case this so-called failure was due to the lack of persistent effort. The only way to determine whether or not a failure has been made is to find out if the person in question has actually quit trying.

This is the age of speed, but for most of us, pay day is just as slow as ever in coming around.

Weather Predictions

NOTHING approaches the weather as a subject for ordinary conversation. Despite what men of science and experience have to say about weather, there are still people who believe in signs and almanacs.

From the earliest times people have sought to read in nature indications that might be taken as guides. The goose bone, the moss on the north side of trees, the thickness of fur on animals, the action of birds and the like were once regarded as infallible. Then came the almanacs and advertised calendars.

The Rev. Irl Hicks for many years assumed to be able to forecast the weather thruout the year. He is dead, but calendars and almanacs continue to tell what every day will bring forth. There is no law to prevent such predictions. The almanacs do not sell weather and are gamblers only in reputation, good or bad, as their guesses hit or miss. Men who study the weather every day are unable to make accurate forecasts for long periods.

The 24-hour forecast is reasonably accurate, for the wires give advices as to wind currents, "spells" of weather, etc. The idea of foretelling weather conditions for every part of the country for every day in the year long enough ahead to permit the printing and distribution of calendars by January 1st seems to assume that part of the people can be fooled all the time.

No one ever heard tell of a bootlegger getting a bad check.

Harmony In Team Work

IN BASKETBALL, as in all forms of sport, individual stars do not win the game. It is the team work that puts the team in the front and over the top.

Team work is not possible without team unity and team sport. No team will ever accomplish anything really worth while until every member forgets himself and puts the team before other consideration.

A basketball player who will not take orders from his superior is not worthy of a place on a team.

A basketball player, no matter how proficient, should not be permitted to hold a place if he does not subscribe to all of the rules, including training.

Boys who fail to get the team spirit in high school will never get it when they swim out into the big stream for the battle of life. It will be too late then.

Basketball, if it does no other good, should teach boys that only by working in harmony can anything be accomplished.

They should also learn that being permitted to play on a team carries with it some responsibility. Failing to live up to it deserves censure.

A drug has been found that is 50 times as strong as carbolic acid, and is no doubt a close rival to bootleg liquor.

Few Mistakes In Currency

GOVERNMENTS have always been so careful in the printing and issuance of money that there have rarely been mistakes made in bank-notes. However, there has been at least one notable exception in the United States. In 1890 a bill got into circulation that showed one hundred dollars on one side and fifty dollars on the other.

This was discovered by a hotel clerk. When he was making up the accounts for the day, he found a discrepancy he could not explain. Placing the bills in his left hand he counted them one by one by turning them over and placing them in his right hand. Then he counted them back in the other direction. When done from left to right his cash balanced. When done the other way, there was a $50 deficit.

The baffled clerk wasted two hours endeavoring to find his error. Finally in desperation, he called the manager and demonstrated his trouble to him. The two decided to examine every bill individually. This was done and the faulty one found. It had been accepted as a $100 note.

The Treasury Department was written to and had a record of the bill. There had been two misprinted bills, due to their being reversed in the press. One had a $50 reverse and a $100 obverse. The other had a $50 obverse and a $100 reverse. The other one had been discovered before it was issued.

There are millions of good people in this world, but the bad ones seem to have a way of making themselves heard.

Quite a Contrast

WHAT a contrast between the inauguration of President Hoover and of the first president, George Washington. Back in the days of George Washington they spent money lavishly for light at state dinners. It is reported that at a dinner for the first president 2,000 candles were used.

The effect was impressive upon the people of the time. They marveled at the flood of illumination—and also at the fact that all of $10 was spent. Today the same amount of light provided by 50 electric lamps of 50 watts each would cost about 18 cents an hour or probably 75 cents for the whole dinner. But the glow of 2,000 candles in a big dining hall would be faint light judged by present-day standards.

A strong man claims he can lift an automobile with a jack, but so far no one has claimed to run one without it.

Hard Strain On Roads

THE time of the year is here when stone and gravel roads are undergoing the hardest strain and enforcement of the law regarding the use of the roads when the ground is thawing is essential.

But law enforcement will not solve the problem by any means. There must be a desire on the part of users of the roads to do the right thing regardless of the inconveniences that they may be caused.

Some owners of heavy motor trucks communicate with road officials before driving on the roads, when they feel that heavy travel may damage them.

If this spirit were shown by all who use the roads for hauling heavy loads, there would be no problem and the taxpayers would be saved thousands of dollars which are spent annually to repair highways that are cut up in the late winter and early spring.

Penalties attached to violations of the code concerning heavy hauling, will in no measure pay for the damage that a heavy truck or machine will do to a soft road. In many instances drivers are fined $10, and the amount of damage to the highway in most cases will greatly exceed that amount.

A man sought a divorce the other day because his wife compelled him to do the washing. The court, no doubt, will bring everything out in the wash.

Two Spokane families have 15 children each, which makes one feel glad that they don't live in the house between the two.

What a menagerie President Coolidge will have to bestow upon his home town, if he took all of his pets back with him.

One of the great discoveries of the age is the fact that keeping your nose to the grindstone, doesn't wear out the stone.

A federal prison announces that none of the prisoners are professional men. They are all probably amateurs.

Most observers will agree that when money goes to a persons head, there is generally plenty of room for it.

It is time now to plan for your garden. It is a great convenience for neighbor's chickens.

The reason we don't take better care of our feet is because they are too far from our minds.

Heart Throb

BY JOHN [illegible] MD

GRATITUDE

I doubt if people are born with this admirable quality. If an infant smiles at his admirer, he just feels good about something pleasing—that's all; he hardly renders the smile as a recompense; his symptom is one of amusement, when we come to think about it.

I gave my very small grandson some small coins. He hurried with them to his toy bank and put them in, apparently much pleased at the increase in his wealth. His mother, who saw the transaction, asked firmly, "Now, what do you say;" A very conventional "Thank you" came, wholly meaningless.

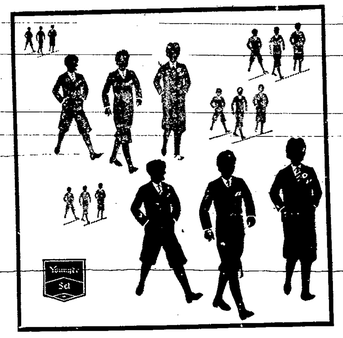
Not that I expected something in return for my very trifling generosity—no, not that—but I have always been a student of human nature, accustomed to drawing inferences therefrom.

There are a great many grown-up children in the same category with my little grandson; they are the recipients of gifts of many times more value than the pennies I bestowed, yet they forget to say anything.

We are richly blessed in priceless ways; in food, clothing, health, loved ones and social contacts with our fellowmen. I cannot think of anything good that may not be mine, if I set about obtaining it in the right way. The wonder is, why do I forget the golden privilege of being grateful, and of saying so.

I could not live a single hour without this wholesome environment of mine. Light illuminates my pathway; air revives the weariness from humble tho faithful effort; moisture and dryness preserve my physical balance; gentle night affords its balmy sources; friends and loved ones awaken the best within me. Who se indifferent as to harbor ingratitude? What do you say?

Classified Ads pay



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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 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
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Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. B. B. Ackerman, surrogate of Allegany County, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the Estate of Frank Raufenbarth, late of the Town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executrix at her residence in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of April, 1929.

MATILDA RAUFENBARTH, Executrix.
15

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Bernard B. Ackerman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of J. Maynard Brundage, late of the town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executors, at the Andover State Bank, in the village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 30th day of April, 1929.

Dated at Andover, N. Y., October 17, 1928.

FRANK S. CLARK,
ANDREW D. FULLER, Executors.
MIRA DIFFIN,
Attorney for Executors,
Andover, N. Y. 16

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 George Hartrum, late of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned Administrators of said estate at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley in the village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 25th day of June, 1929.

Dated November 10, 1928.

MARY HARTRUM,
C. A. SLAIGHT, Administrators.
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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 Bass 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.

Dane meets Jennie, and promises to try his utmost to get her away from Bland's camp. To avert suspicion, it is planned that he pretend to care for Mrs. Bland. Euchre introduces him to the latter and he engages in conversation with her.

Buck plays the game, making Mrs. Bland think he loves her. To avert Bland's suspicion, Mrs. Bland pretends to her husband that Buck has come to visit Jennie. Bland urges Buck to become a regular member of his outlaw gang.

A quarrel later develops in which Duane kills Bland and rushes off with Jennie after a terrific struggle with Mrs. Bland. He plans to leave Jennie in good hands until a relative or friend is located, and then go on alone on the trail. He keeps careful guard of her.

Despite his care Jennie is lost. Then for three years Buck is on the trail and legends about him spread, and finally he takes the risk of calling on Captian MacNelly of the Rangers, who he has heard wants to see him. MacNelly greets him rather warmly.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

He took a long, earnest gaze at Duane, and his nervous spontaneuity, the manner which had been bright, promising volubility, changed to one of grave thoughtfulness.

"I've lots to say—but where to begin?" he mused. "Duane, you've had a hard life since you went on the dodge. I never met you before, don't know what you looked like as a boy; but I can see what— Well, even ranger life isn't all roses."

He rolled his cigar between his lips and puffed clonds of smoke.

"Ever hear from home since you left Wellston?" he asked abruptly.

"No."

"Never a word?"

"Not one," replied Duane sadly.

"That's tough. I'm glad to be able to tell you that up to just lately your mother, sister, uncle, all your folks, I believe, were well. I've kept posted. But haven't heard lately."

Duane averted his face a moment, hesitated till the swelling left his throat, and then said:

"It's worth what I went through today to hear that."

"I can imagine how you feel about it. When I was in the war—But, let's get down to business of this meeting."

He pulled his chair close to Duane's.

"You've had word more than once in the last two years that I wanted to see you?"

"Three times, I remember," replied Duane.

"Why didn't you hunt me up?"

"I supposed you imagined me one of those gun-fighters who couldn't take a dare and expect me to ride up to your camp and be arrested."

"That was natural, I suppose," went on MacNelly. "You didn't know me, otherwise you would have come. I've been a long time getting to you. But the nature of my job, as far as you're concerned, made me cautious. Duane, you're aware of the hard name you bear all over the Southwest?"

"Once in a while I'm jarred into realizing," replied Duane.

"It's the hardest, barring Murrell and Cheseldine, on the Texas border. But there's this difference. Murrell in his day was known to deserve his infamous name. Cheseldine in his day also.

"But I've found hundreds of men in Southwest Texas who're your friends, who swear you never did a crime. The farther south I get the clearer this becomes. What I want to know is the truth.

"Have you ever done anything criminal? Tell me the truth, Duane. It won't make any difference in my plan. And when I say crime I mean what I would call crime on any reasonable Texan."

"That way my hands are clean," replied Duane.

"You never held up a man, robbed a store for grub, stole a horse when you needed him bad—never anything like that?"

'Somehow I always kept out of that just when pressed the hardest."

"Duane, Im glad!" MacNelly exclaimed, gripping Duane's hand. "Glad for your mother's sake! Glad for the—the person who has been instrumental in interesting me in your case. But all the same, in spite of this, you're a Texas outlaw, accountable to the State. You're perfectly aware that under existing circumstances, if you fell into the hands of the law, you'd probably hang—at least go to jail for a long term."

"That's what kept me on the dodge all these years," replied Duane.

"Certainly." MacNelly removed his cigar.

His eyes narrowed and glittered. The muscles along his brown cheeks set hard and tense. He leaned close to Duane, laid sinewy, pressing fingers upon Duane's knee.

"Listen to this," he whispered hoarsely. "If I place a pardon in your hand—make you a free, honest citizen once more—clear your name of infamy, make your mother, your

CAPTAIN MacNELLY MAKES HIS PROPOSITION TO BUCK DUANE

sister proud of you—will you swear yourself to a service, any service, I demand?"

Duane sat stock-still, stunned.

Slowly, more persuasively, with a show of ernest agitation, Captain MacNelly reiterated his startling query.

"My God!" burst from Duane. "What's this? MacNelly, you can't be in earnest!"

"Never more so in my life. I've a deep game. I'm playing it square. He rose to his feet, Duane, as if impelled, rose with him. Ranger and outlaw then locked eyes that searched each other's soul. In MacNelly's Duane read truth, strong fiery purpose, hope, even gladness, and a fugitive, mounting assurance of victory.

Twice Duane endeavored to speak, failed of all save a horse, incoherent sound until, forcing back a flood of speech, he found a voice:

"Any service? Every service! MacNelly, I give my word," said Duane.

"Right here ends the career of Buck Duane, outlaw and gun-fighter," said MacNelly, and seating himself, he took the pen from Duane's fingers and wrote several lines in several places upon the paper. Then with a smile, he handed it to Duane.

"That makes you a member of Company A, Texas Rangers."

"So that's it" burst out Duane, a light breaking in upon his bewilderment. "You want me for ranger service?"

"Sure. That's it," replied the captain dryly. "Now to hear what that service is to be. I've been a busy man since I took this job and as you may have heard, I've done a few things. I don't mind telling you that political influence put me here, and that, up Austin way there's a good deal of friction in the Department of State in regards to whether or not the ranger service is any good, whether it should be discontinued or not.

"I'm on the party's side who's defending ranger service. I contend that it's made Texas habitable. Well it's up to me to produce results. So far I have been successful. My great ambition is to break up the outlaw gangs along the river. I have never ventured in there yet, because I've been waiting to get the lieutenant I needed. You of course, are the man I had in mind.

"It's my idea to start way up the Rio Grande and begin with Cheseldine. He's the strongest, the worst outlaw of the times. He's more than a rustler. It's Cheseldine and his gang who are operating on the banks. They're doing bank robbing. That's my private opinion; but it's not backed by any evidence.

"Cheseldine doesen't leave evidences. He's intelligent, cunning. I assume, of course, that you are a stranger to him and to the country he dominates. It's five hundred miles west of your ground, big as that is.

"Well, I want you to drift over into Cheseldine's country. Whatever way you decide is best you will proceed to act upon. You are your own boss. You will take all the time needed, if it's months.

"It will be necessary for you to communicate with me, and that will be a difficult matter. For Cheseldine dominates several counties. You must find some way to let me know when I and my rangers are needed. The plan is to break up Cheseldine's gang. It's the toughest job on the border.

"Arresting him alone isn't to be heard of. He couldn't be brought out. Killing him isn't much better, for his select men, the ones he operates with are as dangerous to the community as he is.

"We want to kill or jail this choice selection of robbers and break up the rest of the gang. To find them, to get among them somehow, to learn their movements, to lay your trap for us rangers to spring—that, Duane, is your service to me; and God knows, it's a great one!"

"I have accepted it," replied Duane.

"Your work will be secret. You are now a ranger, in my sevice; but no one except the few I choose to tell will know of it till we pull off the job. You will simply be Buck Duane, the Lone Wolf, till it suits our purpose to acquaint Texas with the fact that you are a ranger.

"You'll see there's no date on that pardon. No one will ever know just when you entered the service. Perhapes we can make it appear that all or most of your outlawry has really been good service to the State. At that, I'll believe it'll turn out so.

"I was visited by a young woman who claimed to be a member of your household at Wellston. I took her for your sister or near relative—in fact, called her Miss Duane, which at the time she did not correct.

"She had been to see the Governor; and, of course, he had turned her down. The governor is against outlaws, the same as he is against rangers. This girl wanted an audience with the adjutant-general, and in his absence she ran across me.

"I want to say here that she electrified me. Before she left my office I was ready to fight for her. I promised to speak to the adjutant-general and to use what influence I had in her behalf. She wanted a parole for you, if not a pardon.

"I was absent from Austin when she came the next time. She won the interest of Adjutant-General Reed, and he even went to the governor with her. Sure, they only got turned down. I learned from Reed's secretary that this girl was a Miss Lee instead of Miss Duane. Evidently she was wealthy.

"It was a fact, however, that she lived at your mother's home in Wellston. If money could have helped your case there at the capital it sure would have been forthcoming.

"All this interested me. I wrote to Miss Lee, and told her that my duties would soon take me to the Nueces country again, and that I would find out all I could about you. She replied—a grateful, sweet, womanly letter.

"I wrote her from several towns on the border, and heard from her. It was in this way that I kind of kept in touch with your family. And it was on this trip that I hatched out my plan to make a ranger of you.

"When I got back to Austin I laid my plan before Adjutant-General Reed. He hailed it with enthusiasm. I tell you your cousin, Miss Lee—I presumed she was your cousin—certainly had won over Reed. We went to call upon the governor.

"I'm not likely to forget that interview in a hurry. We called on him to give us a pardor for you. We promised we would make you render the state a service as a ranger. We found curselves precipitated into a fierce debate upon the old question of the ranger service."

(Continued Next Week)

Allegany County Clerk's Office,)ss.
STATE OF NEW YORK,)

NOTICE is hereby given that on Friday the 22nd day of March, 1929, at 9 o'clock a. m., a panel of TRIAL AND GRAND JURORS will be drawn at this Office, to serve at a term of

SUPREME COURT

to be held in and for the County of Allegany, at the Court House in the village of BELMONT, on Monday, the 8th day of April, 1929.

WILLIAM W. BUSH, Clerk.

To prevent glare from artificial lights use frosted bulbs, lampshades which cover the bulb, and indirect lighting fixtures.

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Guy O. Himman, 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.

33 A. R. MEAD, Executor

Plan meals ahead so that the oven can be used instead of one dish to be cooked in the oven to save time, labor and fuel.

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FOOD PRODUCTS
"JUST HIT THE SPOT"

FORWARD-LOOKING PEOPLE WILL INVESTIGATE THIS CAR

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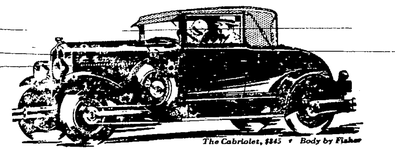

The Cabriolet, $845 • Body by Fisher

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PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

NOTICE OF ANNUAL ELECTION

Notice is hereby given that the annual election will be held in and for the Village of Andover, N. Y., on the **19th day of March, 1929, at Village Hall**, in said Village. The polls will be open at **12 o'clock noon** and close at **4 o'clock p. m.** The following officers are to be chosen:

President in place of Robert D. Mingus, term 2 years.
Trustee in place of John Wahl, term 2 years.
Trustee in place of Edward S. Horan, term 2 years.

The following is a true and correct list of all nominations of candidates for offices to be filled at the Village Election, filed with me pursuant to the provisions of chapter 90, Law of 1896 and amendments thereto.

Name of Candidate	Residence	Office to be Filled	Party Name	Emblem of Party
Robert D. Mingus	Andover	President	Union	
John Wahl	Andover	Trustee	Union	
Edward S. Horan	Andover	Trustee	Union	
Edward A. Mullen	Andover	Police Court Justice	Union	

The Following Proposition Will Be Voted Upon

Shall the Trustees of the Village of Andover, N. Y., be authorized to expend $12,000 to grade, drain and pave East Center Street in said Village and issue and sell bonds of said Village to pay therefore, payable with interest at 5%, in annual installments and levy tax to pay the same over a ten year period, according to advertised proposition.

P. W. RICHARDSON, Village Clerk