ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

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

ANDOVER, N. Y., ... MAY 31, 1929.

Entered as second-class mail matter under act of Congress, at the Postoffice at Andover, N. Y.

Subscription Rates

One year	$2.00
Six Months	$1.00
Three Months	.50

ACTIVE NEW YORK PRESS ASSOCIATION A DROP OF THE MISSISSIPPI FROM MILLIONS THAT GRADUATED SEPT. 4, 1835 MEMBER

Our Golden Age

IN THEIR getting disturbed over the changing ideas in the world about them, people often fail to notice that in some respects the material world about them has changed since they were children.

To one who has not followed closely the various steps in which our education system has been changed within the last quarter of a century both in what is being taught and in the manner of teaching, it is disconcerting to find that much has been changed which in his day he considered the essence of school training. After a casual survey of modern school methods and subjects of study, he is inclined to dismiss the matter by saying—"No, schools ain't what they used to be."

This tendency to paint the past as the golden era, to picture it as perfection made perfect, is active of course in all fields. Whether the critic has in mind the church, or politics, or the schools, he can and does with equal facility in all three fields paint the past in roseate colors, and generally has little to say that is commendatory of the present. He forgets that when he was a child, his elders in their own day on looking around them dismally said, "No, things ain't what they used to be." And their elders no doubt said it before them.

To pick out the present shortcomings of any institution like the church or the school, and to imply that these institutions had no shortcomings at all in an earlier generation is to show ignorance which may be excusable but is none the less ignorance. Even when we taught the three R's in the golden era of perfection, it is doubtful whether education was at that time one whit more efficient than it is today.

It is not condoning any defects of modern education to say this. The point is that things aren't what they used to be; but that they have changed for the worse would be hard to prove. The individual who laments the passing of the three R's as a matter of fact, they haven't gone out—has failed to consider that he is doing and using many things today which were not thought of in the years to which he looks back.

A glance about him when he switches on the electric light, or snaps on a switch that turns on the radio, or when he uses the telephone, or when he drops thirty floors in an elevator, rides in an airplane, or drives his automobile thru a dense traffic, the very sight of which would have terrified his parents 30 or 40 years ago—these things ought to convince him, that other things besides the three R's aren't what they used to be.

A little thought from the changed life which we lead as compared to the way in which an older generation lived, might make us a little more sympathetic toward institutions which are not finding it easy to keep up with these rapid changes.

The old fashioned man who wouldn't spend 20 minutes currying his horse, has a son today who spends nearly all forenoon Sundays in dolling up the car so he can take his best girl out riding.

The Best Tonic

THE days of sunshine are just ahead. There is no greater tonic for a weakened system than the warm penetrating rays of the sunshine. It is nature's most skillful physician.

To get its real benefits, one must be in the sun and get the direct rays. Sitting by the closed window and feeling its warmth does not bring the beneficial results that can be acquired by spending as much time as possible out doors.

For those who have the time to give to a garden, great blessings are in store. Men and women who fall in love with their little plot of ground in the back yard about this time of year are certain to have a healthful, happy summer.

The annual coat of tan will be becoming and the exercise for the muscles will add years to your life.

With the detour season here, we will have to begin believing in signs, regardless of whether we want to.

Trifling With Uncle Sam

IT HAS long been an established fact that to use the American flag as a drapery or advertisement, is a violation of the law, and rightfully so, and a new angle to the patriotic side of life appeared recently.

"Uncle Sam" has been semi-officially recognized as "the Government," and an advertiser who has carried a picture of the venerable old gentleman, along with a statement that "Uncle Sam recommends" a particular variety of goods has been compelled to discontinue the use of the words "Uncle Sam" either independently or in connection, conjunction or combination with any other word or words which imply that his products have been approved or indorsed in any manner whatsoever by the United States government.

Thus the dignity of this sentimental individual has been vindicated again—this time in the name of honest and better business.

They are much alike. Men talk shop and women talk shopping.

Thermometers Misunderstood

NO METEOROLOGICAL measurements are more widely misunderstood by the world at large than those made with the common thermometer. The instrument itself with its column of mercury (or alcohol for cold climates) and its scale of degrees, is familiar to everybody, but there are two things connected with its use in meteorology that puzzle the layman.

First, the meteorologist nearly always makes his thermometer readings in the shade of a wooden screen or ventilated box, even when, on a summer day, people are anxious to know how hot the weather is out in the sunshine.

The explanation is simple. The sheltered thermometer gives the temperature of the air, which is substantially the same in sun and shade. A thermometer exposed to sunshine, unless strongly ventilated by whirling or otherwise, shows nothing but the temperature acquired by the instrument itself, which gets much hotter under the sun's rays than the air does.

At night an unsheltered thermometer, on account of its rapid loss of heat by radiation, generally reads somewhat lower than the true temperature of the air.

Then, again, many people fail to understand why the indications of the thermometer often differ widely from personal estimates of temperature. The reason is our sensations of heat and cold, so far as they are controlled by the atmosphere, depend upon more things than the temperature of the air around us.

The humidity of the air is an important factor and so is the amount of air movement. Different combinations of these three things give us the same temperature sensation.

In order to represent their combined effects on human comfort a scale of "effective temperatures," based on laboratory experiments, has been devised by the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers.

In sunny weather a further factor in determining the temperature experienced by humanity is the direct heating of our bodies by the sun's rays.

When people talk of the warmth or coldness of the "weather" they nearly always have in mind something quite different from the mere temperature of the air.

The man who wore his trousers backward in order to take the bagging out of the knees, was probably a Scotchman.

The Loss of Millions

IRREGULAR attendance in the schools thruout the United States, according to estimates made by the Bureau of Education, caused the waste of approximately $250,000,000 last year. The effectiveness of a school system depends on the regularity of attendance of the pupils enrolled as well as on such factors as the quality of instruction and the length of school term. A study of 72,120 country children in 70 counties of ten states, indicates the median number of days of actual attendance of these children was 141.7 days. Half of the children attended school less than seven and one-half months, over one-fourth of the children attended considerably less than five months, and over one-eighth of them attended less than three months. Attendance in consolidated schools was slightly better than in one-teacher schools. The median daily attendance—79 and 60 per cent., respectively—was higher in schools providing nine-month terms for their pupils than in those providing seven-month terms, thereby indicating that longer terms usually mean better daily attendance. Pupils with less than 130 days of schooling averaged over one and one-half years below grade in reading and spelling ability.

Other studies show poorer attendance among younger than among older children. Many people expect this since the older children are more likely to attend school during bad weather. A more probable factor, no doubt, is the erroneous attitude of parents in considering it less serious for the younger children than for the older children to miss school. Trivial excuses such as "went to town," "ran an errand," "got up too late," "had shoes repaired," etc., are worse than none. Closer co-operation between the teacher and the parent should result in better attendance.

The old fellow who used to advise one to keep in the middle of the road, wouldn't get very far nowadays.

Pushing a lawn mower is the best of outdoor tonics. Everyone needs it, except you.

Weather, We Always Have

RUSKIN said of the weather: "Sunshine is delicious, rain is refreshing, wind is bracing, snow is exhilarating—there is no such thing as bad weather—there are only different kinds of weather."

He is right, and the talk of the weather is probably the greatest waste of human energy in the world today. It is the most common topic of conversation in every group, and yet, not one jot or title of the weather can be changed, were mankind to turn all its attention to that subject and neglect all others.

We can change the effect of the weather upon ourselves by securing heat and by adding weight of clothing in cold weather and reducing both in warmer weather. That is all that we can do. If people would be content to accept the weather as Ruskin saw it, what a tremendous saving in time and effort would be made; all of which could be applied to useful pursuits with profit to everybody.

Fire interrupted a wedding the other day in one of our cities, but it went out. That is more than the bridegroom can do now.

A painter was arrested the other day for slapping a girl. He probably wanted to see if the paint was dry.

If P. T. Barnum was here now and saw the dress and make-up that some of the girls wear, he would change his mind and say there is one born every 30 seconds.

The scientist who said that nothing ever wholly disappears, could probably tell us today what became of all the old familiar brewery signs that hung outside the saloons.

All kinds of medicine is advertised to limber up stiff joints, but sitting on a tack will turn the trick much quicker.

Important Event at L. & C. Stores

Hornell, N. Y., May 30.—A most important event, a sale that will interest every woman, will take place at the L. & C., Coat, Suit & Dress Co., 102 Main street, Hornell, N. Y., next Saturday, June 1st.

Hundreds and hundreds of new spring coats and dresses, in every style imaginable, every cloth, in every size, including junior sizes, missy sizes, regular sizes and extra sizes, will be included in this sale.

The L. & C. Co. are planning this sale to be the greatest ever; in fact, they are giving up their entire main floor, so great is the stock of coats and dresses, and the most unique part of this event is, that every coat and every dress will be at one price—$10.00. Just think of it, buying beautiful new spring coats, silk lined, fur trimmed, woolen materials, coats that early in the season sold up to $39.50—for $10.

The unseasonable weather has left the L. & C. Co. with a tremendous stock of coats and they are truly sacrificing their stock of coats to the buying public at cost and even below cost. The dresses are really smart up-to-the-minute styles, in the season's finest materials, and when you see them you will want to buy more than one, that's sure. These dresses will be found in a large range of colors and in every size.

In the millinery department the L. & C. Co. are offering hundreds of new spring and pre-summer hats that sold up to $6. as low as $1.00. In the bargain basement you will find hundreds of pretty, new children's dresses, including those pretty ensemble suits, and the best part of it is, they are placed on sale for $1.00.

Tremendous savings are guaranteed thruout the entire store Saturday and the bargains offered will be early and be secured of a good reworth while coming miles for. Come election. The L. & C. Co. have employed a large staff of extra sales people for Saturday, to give the buying public prompt service.

Figures Are Valuable Only When Accurate

Statistics are like knives; they can be used for good or evil, observes Dr. Thurman B. Rice in Hygeia. The commonest sentence heard in debates usually begins: "Statistics prove that—" But Doctor Rice warns that statistics prove nothing except when they have been accurately collected, compiled, interpreted and applied.

In the hands of some devotee of a foolish project a given set of figures may prove or disprove anything. When one hears a speaker quote figures from memory or without giving the source of his information it is time to go home, says Doctor Rice. It is easy to forget whether a certain death rate was 14 per thousand or 14 per hundred thousand.

The unscientific man uses figures to prove what he started out to prove while the scientist uses them to lead him to the truth.

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Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. B. B. Ackerman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of P. C. Lynch, late of the town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Administratrix at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley, in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 10th day of June, 1929.

Dated December 4, 1928. 23
BRIDGET LYNCH, Administratrix.

THE DESPERATE LOVER

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. BRUEN

Palermo is the scene. There, an exile, Leonardo di Marioni, has come for love of Adrienne Cartuccio, who spurns him. He meets an Englishman, Lord St. Maurice, who falls in love with Adrienne on sight. Leonardo sees his sister Margharita, who tells him his love for Adrienne is hopeless. But he pleads with her to arrange an accidental meeting, to say farewell, between Adrienne and him.

She consents. That night the Englishman is informed of an attempt being made to carry off Signorina Cartuccio and Margharita, who are walking, by brigands employed by a rejected suitor, on a lonely road. He rushes to the scene, and proves able to rescue the ladies.

Inflamed by the failure of his scheme, Leonardo sees Margharita who shows him she knows that he was instigator of the attempted attack. The Englishman now sees Adrienne often. The Englishman sitting in the hotel, finds a dagger at his feet. Looking up, he sees the Sicilian, and scents trouble. "We sat here a week ago," recalls Leonardo. Lord St. Maurice nods.

Leonardo and the Englishman quarrel. The Englishman at first refused to accept a challenge to duel, then when the Italian slaps him consents. The two men face each other ready to fight to the death.

Margharita stops the duel by coming just in the nick of time, to save the Englishman from his fate, with two officers who arrest the exile Leonardo. Leonardo vows vengeance. After 25 years in jail he is again at his hotel, an old, broken man with only memories left to him.

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

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

He sighed, and his tearless eyes looked thoughtfully into the fire. Memories of other days were rising up and passing before him in swift procession. He saw himself and her orphan brother and sister, wandering hand in hand over their beautiful island home, with the sea wind blowing in their faces, and the spirit of the mountains which towered around them entering into their hearts. Dear to them had been that home, dear that close and precious companionship. They had talked of the life which lay before them—rose-colored and joyous, pregnant with glorious opportunities, and possibilities. For their island and the larger continent close at hand they conversed at that time in certain patriotic efforts, the history of which has been written into the history of Europe, and no one desired more ardently to bear a hand in the struggle than young Leonardo di Marioni. Large hearted, romantic, and with an imagination easily fired, he was from the first a dreamer, and Margharita had been ready to share his dreams. The blood of kings was in their veins, to lead him on to great things; and she, Margharita, his sister, his beloved sister, should be the mistress of his destinies. Thus they had talked, thus they had dreamed, and now from the other side of the gulf he looked backward, and saw in his own life, in the place of those great deeds which he had hoped to accomplish, one black, miserable chasm, and in hers, forgetfulness of her high descent—for she had married this English merchant's son—and the grave. Ah! it was sad, very sad!

"Child!" he cried, "have you ever heard the story of my seizure and imprisonment? No, you have not. You shall hear it. You shall judge between me and them. Listen! When I was a young man, Italy seemed trembling on the verge of a revolution. The history of it all you know. You know that the country was honeycombed with secret societies, more or less dangerous. To one of these I belonged. We called our order the 'Order of the White Hyacinth.' We were all young, ardent and impetuous, and we imagined ourselves the apostles of the coming liberation. Yet we never advocated bloodshed; we never really transgressed the law. We gave lectures, we published pamphlets. We were a set of boy dreamers with wild theories—communists, most of us. But there was not one who would not have died to save our country the misery of civil war—not one, not one! Even women wore our flower, and were admitted associates of our order. We pledged ourselves that our aims were bloodless. No society that ever existed was more harmless than ours. I say it! I swear it! Hear me witness, oh my God, if what I say be not true!"

He was a strong man again. The apathy was gone, his reason was saved. He stood before this dark, tall girl, who, with clasped hands, was drinking in every word, and he spoke with all the swelling dignity of one who has suffered unjustly.

"By some means or other our society fell under the suspicion of the government. The edict went forth that we should be broken up. We heard the mandate with indignation. We were young and hot-blooded, and we were conscious that we had done no harm—that we were innocent of the things ascribed to us. We swore that we would carry on our society, but in secret. Before then everything had been open; we had a recognized meeting place, the public had attended our lectures, ladies had worn the white hyacinth openly at receptions and balls. Now, all was changed. We met in secret and under a ban. Still our aim was harmless. One clause alone was added to our rules of a different character, and we all subscribed to—'Vengeance upon traitors!' We swore it solemnly one to the other—'Vengeance upon traitors!'"

"Ah! If I had lived in those days I would have worn your flower at the court of the king," she cried, with glowing cheeks.

He pressed her hand in silence, and continued.

Count Leonardo di Marioni Telling His Story to His Neice.

"As time went on, and things grew still more unsettled in the country, a species of inquisition was established. The eyes of the law were everywhere. They fell upon one night ten of us were arrested as we left our meeting place. We were all noble, and the families of my companions were powerful. I was looked upon as the ringleader; and upon me fell the most severe sentence. I was banished from Italian soil for ten years, with the solemn warning that death would be my lot if I ventured to return."

"It was atrocious!"

He held up his hand.

"Margharita, in those days I loved. Her name was Adrienne. She, too, was an orphan, she was poor, as we Marionis were poor also. She had a great gift; she was a singer; and, sooner than be dependent upon her relatives, she had sung at concerts and operas, until all Europe knew of her fame. When I was exiled I was given seven days in which to make my affairs. I went to her, and declared my love. She did not absolutely reject me, nor did she accept me. She asked for time for consideration. I could give her none! I begged her to leave the country with me. Alas! she would not. Perhaps I was too passionate, too precipitate! It may have been so; I cannot say. I went away alone and left her. I plunged into gay life at Paris; I dwelt among the lonelier mountains of Switzerland; I endured the dullness of this cold gray London, and the dissipation of Vienna. It was all in vain! One by one they pulled upon me. No manner of life, no change of scene, could cure me of my love. I fell ill, and I knew that my heart was breaking. You and I, Margharita, come of a race whose love and hatred are eternal!"

She crept into his arms, and he went on, holding her there.

"Back I came at the peril of my life; content to die, if it were only at her feet. I found her cold and changed; blaming me even for my absence, rashness, desiring even my safety. Not a word of pity to sweeten those weary days of exile; not a word of hope to repay me for all that I had risked to see her again. Soon I knew the reason—another love had stolen away her heart. There was an Englishman visiting her daily at Palermo; and she told me calmly one day that she loved him, and intended to become his wife. She fortended to compel my long years of devoted service; she forgot her own unspoken vice; she forgot her promise; she forgot yet understood, promise; she forgot all that I had suffered for her; she forgot that her words must sound to me as the death warrant of all joy and happiness in this world. And she forgot, too, that I was a Marioni! Was I wrong, I wonder, Margharita, that I quarreled with him! You are a child, and yet my instinct tells me that you have a woman's judgment! Tell me, should I have stepped aside, and let him win her, without a blow?"

"You would have been a coward if you had!" she cried. "You fought him! Tell me that you fought him?"

"Margharita, you are a true daughter of your country!" the old man cried. "You are a Marioni! Listen! I insulted him! He declined to fight! I struck him across the face in a public restaurant and forced him to accept my challenge. The thing was arranged. We stood face to face on the sand, sword in hand. The word had been given! His life was at my mercy; but mind, Margharita, I had no thought of taking it without giving him a fair chance. I intended to wait until my sword was at his throat, and then I would have said to him 'Give up the woman whom I have loved all my life, and go unhurt!' He himself should have chosen. Was not that fair?"

"Fair! It was generous! Go on! Go on!"

"The word had been given; our swords were crossed. And at that moment, she, Adrienne, the woman whom I loved, stood before us. With her were Italian police come to arrest me. There was one letter alone of mine, written in a hasty moment, which could have been used in evidence against me at my former trial, and which would have secured for me a harsher sentence. That letter had fallen into her hands; and she had given it over to my bitter enemy the chief of the Italian police. I was betrayed, betrayed by the woman whom I had braved all dangers to see! It was she who had brought them; she who—without remorse or hesitation—calmly handed me over to twenty-five years' captivity in a prison cell!"

Margharita freed herself from his arms. She was very pale, and her limbs were shaking. But what a fire in those dark, cruel eyes.

"Go on; Go on!" she cried. "Let me hear the rest!"

"Then, as I stood there, Margharita, love shriveled up, and hate reigned in its place. The memory of the oath of our order flashed into my mind. A curtain seemed raised before my eyes. I saw the long narrow room of our meeting place. I saw the dark, faithful faces of my comrades. I heard their firm voices—'Vengeance upon traitors, vengeance upon traitors!' She, too, this woman who had betrayed me, had worn our flower upon her bosom and in her hair! She had come under the ban of that oath. Margharita, I threw my sword into the sea, and I raised my clasped hands to the sky, and I swore that, if were it the last day of my life, the day of my release should see me avenged. Let them hide in the uttermost corners of the earth, I cried, that false woman and her English lover, still I would find them out, and they should taste of my vengeance! To my trial I went, with that oath written in my heart. I carried it with me into my prison cell, and day by day and year by year I repeated it to myself. It kept me alive; the desire of it grew into my being. Even now it burns in my heart!

"During my captivity, I was allowed to see my lawyer, and I made over by deed so much, to be paid every year to the funds of our Order at the London Branch, for our headquarters had been moved there after my first arrest. Day by day I dreamed of the time when I should stand, a martyr in their cause, before my old comrades, and demand of them the vengeance which was my due. I imagined them, one by one, grasping my hand, full of deep, silent sympathy with my long sufferings. I heard again the oath which we had sworn—'Vengeance upon traitors, vengeance upon traitors!' It was the music which kept me alive, the hope which nourished my life!"

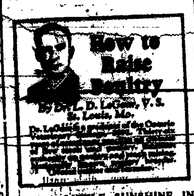
The dark eyes glowed upon him like stars, and her voice trembled with eagerness.

"You have been to them? You will be avenged! Tell me that it is so?"

A little choking sob escaped from him. The numbness was passing away from his heart and senses. His sorrows were becoming human, and demanding human expression.

"Alas, Margharita, alas!" he cried, with drooping head, "the bitterest disappointment of my life came upon me all unawares. While I have lain rotting in prison, history has turned over many pages. The Order of the White Hyacinth has gone by. Its sacred aims were the dust. One by one the old members fell away; its sacred aims were forgotten. The story of its downward path will never be written. A few coarse, ignorant men meet in a pothouse, night by night, to spend the money I sent in beer and foul tobacco. That is the end of the 'Order of the White Hyacinth!'"

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)



LET A LITTLE SUNSHINE IN

Ordinary Sunlight a Vital Factor in the Development of Chickens—What the Ancients Worshipped Blindly as a Deity, Science Proves to be Truly Deserving of Reverence.

The ancients of many races worshipped the sun as a god. For centuries it has been used as a symbol of purification, and even in Christian churches today we find our children singing, "Let a Little Sunshine In." Until comparatively recently, however, it was not suspected that there was a real basis, in fact, for all this symbolistic reverence for the sun.

Now, science tells us that the ultra-violet rays of the sun perform at least two very important services for humanity and for animal life generally. Certain harmful germ life cannot survive in the presence of these rays and certain chemical processes necessary for proper physical development cannot proceed without them. Perhaps the most important service rendered in this way is the aid given to the growth of bony structure inside the body. This is particularly important to poultry raisers.

We hear a lot about vitamins these days. No one seems to know just what they are, but quite a lot is known about what they do and that is the important thing. Of the four known vitamins, Vitamin D is the one needed to transform certain mineral elements of food into bone and eggshell. This important vitamin is manufactured right in the bodies of fowls by the direct action of the violet rays in sunshine.

This is one reason why I am always insisting on open front poultry houses and plenty of range space for fowls. Every possible means should be employed to expose their bodies to the helpful action of sunlight. Of course, this does not mean that they may not seek shade on extremely hot days. Too much of anything is not good. Even in the shade, in some cases, the ultra-violet rays can reach the fowls in sufficient measure to continue their good work. Chicks that get plenty of sunlight will not develop "leg disease" or rickets, and soft shell eggs will be rare among hens of whom the same thing is true.

Not the least of my reasons for so ardently sponsoring the open front type of house previously mentioned in this article is the antagonism of sunlight to unwelcome bacteria. Here again we find the ultra-violet rays responsible. They can penetrate many substances which will not admit other light rays, but they cannot go thru ordinary window glass, consequently, if it should become necessary to close up any part of the front wall space ordinarily intended to be left open, use a glass substitute over a portion, and thin white muslin or cheesecloth over the balance. This will admit the ultra-violet rays and considerable fresh air.

Before going very far with inclosing hen houses, however, it is well to remember that the less hens are pampered, the better off they will be. Pity for fowls merely because they are cold is pity misplaced. Cold, fresh air that has been purified by sunlight is always preferable to the warm, stagnant air usually found in a closed house. Besides, it must never be forgotten that the closer a house comes to being inclosed on all sides, the more it is excluding the indispensable elements that only sunshine can provide in full measure. It should also be remembered that there is less sunshine in winter than at any other time, so all the more reason for taking the fullest possible advantage of what is available.

Finally, we must not overlook the fact that, without sunshine, all of the food products so necessary for bodily development and egg production would be valueless if, not nonexistent. It is quite plain, therefore, that the value of plain, everyday sunshine is something we cannot afford to take for granted. It is a big, important subject and for that reason I shall be glad to go further into it with any poultry raiser sufficiently interested to write me in care of this newspaper.

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