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

Whistling Kids

HAVE you ever noticed a small boy go whistling down the street? He was happy.

Some day, tho, he may not be so happy. He may be president of the United States instead.

It's too bad we can't carry our exuberance of happiness thru life and into the grave, instead of leaving it at the threshold of manhood, as most of us do.

When we reach the manhood's estate we plunge into the business of piling up money, and the pile is never satisfactory until it is larger than our needs require. Even then we yearn for more.

Some people never really enjoy their money because they never stop accumulating it long enough to take a rest. They forget the days when they were whistling kids and joy was their portion in life.

Finally they die and leave their money for their relatives to scrap over and squander.

Perhaps they find in the hereafter the happiness they denied themselves in this life. But we doubt it. Even if they squeeze into heaven, they won't remember how to whistle.

Whistling kids who discard their happiness in their prime will become morose in old age.

You can change a leopard's spots by daubing on a little paint. But in time the paint will wear off and the spots will still be there.

So it is with man. He can money-grab thru the years of his prime and in the winter of life he can fool the people by assuming happiness he does not feel. But under the surface the canker still works. It will never heal.

Encourage your boy to whistle. Induce him to whistle a stirring tune every day of his life.

Then he will carry his whistling to the grave, and the harps of the angels will be in harmony with his soul.

Thousands of auto drivers will rejoice to learn that a truck knocked a train off the track the other day.

Cultivating Roses

IN ATHENS two thousand years ago the rose was crowned Queen of Flowers. It is old, extremely old, this queen of cultivated flowers, and from time immemorial has never ceased to charm the world with its haunting fragrance and exotic beauty.

The romantic songs and legends of the Greeks, the Persians and the Chinese testify that this pampered darling of gardens the world over was cultivated in earliest times. The place it holds in the heart of man is strangely unusual in that no other flower has ever succeeded in usurping its sovereignty. As one great nature lover has so well said: "The rose is the national flower of one great race, but it is loved by all and is the monopoly of no one race or creed."

Today in America we are just beginning to have roses, that is to say, a variety of roses of American origin. It is singularly interesting to know that a basis for rose history in this country was most fittingly furnished by the man who was first in rose culture as well as first in the hearts of his countrymen—George Washington.

In his delightful gardens at Mount Vernon he grew from seed a hybrid rose based on the native Rosa setigera and named it Mary Washington. By giving his permission for this rose to be grown and sold he thus started the good work of protecting roses of American lineage.

The late Dr. Walter Van Fleet of the Agriculture Department followed in the footsteps of Washington in attempting to produce an American species and succeeded in evolving an ever-blooming door-yard rose which is the pioneer of an entirely new rose family. Dr. Van Fleet's work in rose culture is deemed invaluable by the government and now being carried on in the rose test garden at Arlington, Virginia.

Service in Business

IT HAS taken the world a long time to come to an understanding of the potency of service. Yet the Man of Nazareth indicated its real power when He said, "Whosoever would be first among you, shall be your servant."

It is more and more recognized that service is the foundation of outstanding commercial success and prosperity. "Sales and Service" go hand in hand in all the publicity of certain great industrial organizations. Industry and commerce have caught the vision of the world's need of genuine service. No business organization of these days is too big to ignore the particular need of the individual customer.

Naturally, business men are conspicuous evangelists of this gospel of human service. Theirs is the problem of meeting human need in its multiplicity of material forms. Theirs is the opportunity, also, of providing the necessary contact between those on the one hand who have needs to be met, and those on the other hand who are prepared to meet them.

Many a housewife has learned that adding bread crumbs to hamburger makes it more tender, and it also makes it more hamburger.

Keeping a Reputation

THE knights of old fought to protect the fair fame of the devices emblazoned on their shields. The knight without escutcheon was looked upon with suspicion. He had no name to protect. He could live fairly or unfairly, as his whims directed.

Modern knights of industry have devices—the advertised trademarks of their products. They must safeguard the reputation of these trademarks to keep them worth while.

Advertising throws a powerful light on a trademark. If it proves worthy, it gains popularity and confidence. If it is shown to be unworthy, it quickly fails.

So you can be sure that every consistently advertised product is good. The advertising test has proved it. The name of its maker stands behind it. The trademark is your warranty of satisfaction and true quality.

The same holds true with your local merchant. If he is a consistent advertiser and has been successful in building up a thriving business, you have confidence in him because you know he has substantiated his claims.

Some family trees are not of such generous proportions that one can hide behind them.

Our Town Boosters

YOUR town boosts you. Why not do as well by the town as it does by you?

No citizen is so powerful, none so humble, but what the town is an aid to him in some way or another.

The food that he eats, the clothes that he wears, the recreation and amusement that he enjoys, all originate in the town, because the money with which they are procured is made there.

When a fellow boosts his own town, he does not stop there. He is performing an act that improves his own condition, for every word and every good deed has its elevating influence.

A few people are always home town boosters. They accomplish much in the way of community betterment, and this improves the condition of not only themselves but also of those who do no boosting at all.

If every citizen would constitute himself or herself a home town booster the result collectively would be many times as great, and opportunities for self-improvement would be more numerous.

Think it over in your odd moments.

Then get into the boost wagon and hit the pace.

A man in London the other day got arrested for cussing in a show. Many of us probably have seen that same show.

Shopping For Neckwear

MAN'S inquisitive instinct takes him afield sometimes with secret motives. Shopping is one of these. What ordinary male mortal ever goes shopping just out of pure choice and love of acquisition? Not one. And yet they go shopping—because they have things to buy, and they stay shopping much longer than they would admit, particularly around home. It's all because the world of shops is a marvelous one filled with the wonders of an age which has no pity on this man-shopper's ability to resist the irresistable.

Take ties for instance. Now, ties are something that every man, deep in his heart, knows he would like to choose for himself. Only an occasional woman has the exact flair for tie-buying. When a man goes shopping for a tie does he just buy a tie and walk out? No such thing! Watch your step, Mr. Man Shopper, and you'll discover yourself tied to the counter. It is not just at the sight of ties—as they are pretty much the same shape the world over, but the industrial achievements that lie behind them are too amazing to skip by hurriedly.

Man is, by nature, an inventive creature, and he has a mind and a sense of the vast industrial and commercial machinery that lies just down the street, or over the hill from the store. He can visualize the great machines grinding up spruce trees and spinning them to be made into neckties, and in that visualizing he arrives at a fuller appreciation of the varied qualities of material, the creation of colors and their shading, the types of design, including the most amazing conceptions possible to the modern arts.

But even the cleverest men are often mystified to determine for themselves whether the ties they covet were started from silk worms or spruce logs. The very novelty of the thought furnishes an interesting mystery that is catalogued in the industrial and scientific miracles of the man who goes shopping, and as he shops looks for facts sake. It makes shopping a more stimulating expedition.

Train conductors report the rising generation to be healthy. Many kids today of only six, look to be twelve.

A True Legend Today

MANY are familiar with the old legend about the village of Atri, which had a large bell that was rung only in time of great need. For years it had not been used because Atri was prosperous and contented. The bell rope was covered with green vines and trailed to the ground. One day a poor horse, turned out to starve nibbed the fresh green tendrils in his teeth. The ringing of the bell, when he pulled the rope, called attention to the beast's predicament, and he became a well-fed ward of the town.

Advertising is a bell that is continually ringing to call your attention to something you need and ought to have. Merchants who are selling something they believe you will want, are using its clarion notes to attract you to their wares.

Do you read the advertising? Many people do. They are the wise shoppers—the economical buyers—the ones who are strictly up-to-date on the opportunities for saving money or spending it to greater advantage.

Mexico is good only during those months having the letter "z" in them.

It has been estimated that all good looking girls will be taught forty times how to swim.

Probably the world does owe an individual a living, but it expects one to develop some skill as a collector.

Heart Throb

A TRIBUTE

The finest example of military courtesy I ever have heard of, the most touchingly beautiful, was when the allied commanders conferred on Marshall Ferdinand Foch, the leadership over all the mighty hosts rushing to the defense of the great principle of world democracy.

Valiantly the little Frenchman had struggled, his back to the wall, confronted by a merciless foe. Modestly he accepted a position of supreme trust, of highest honor. And, he pledged the support of a soldier-citizen, to maintain the dignity of his exalted station. The eyes of the world were upon him—its prayers were with him.

At his command the legions sprang to the conflict, against the most terrible fighting machine the world had ever known; a thousand years of history were written within the compass of less than half a bloody decade.

Then, the surrender—the armistice. Nobly he confronted personally his fallen enemy, dictating terms of exactions than many considered fair to the conquerors. With dignity he retired to his home, his people, his duty well done. The world acclaimed, but aroused no feeling of selfish vanity on part of its hero.

In his own alotted time he crept away, to lie down beside the unknown soldier, beneath the Arch of Triumph, where both sleep, oblivious to the din and uproar of the cannon.

Another great soldier will repair once in awhile to the shrine near the great cathedral, he will doff his cap and remember the hour when the little marshal accepted the commission naming him the world's greatest commander. He will recall the trying, bloody hours of conflict; and, he will turn away with a swelling heart, for that's the sort of heart our own "old Jack Pershing" has.

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Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Guy O. Hinman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Randall A. Fields, 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 Grayton L. Earley in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the first day of September, 1929.

Dated this 15th day of February, 1929, at Andover, N. Y.

A. R. READ, Executor
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THE LOST LOVER

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

DRAMATIZED BY FRANK ELDRIDGE

Palermo is the scene. There, an exile, Leonardo di Marioni, has come for love of Adrienne Carracciolo, 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 Carracciolo 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.

Count Leonardo tells his neice the story of his love for Margharita. She is sympathetic.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Yes."

"Lumley, twenty-five years have passed away, and he is free."

"But, Miss Briscoe?" he asked, bewildered. "How does all this concern her?"

"She is his niece."

"His niece! His niece!"

Lord Lumley could say nothing. With all the swift selfishness of a man his thoughts were centered around one point. Would this new development hinder his purpose, or was it favorable to him?

"Leonardo's sister, Lumley, was my dear friend. She married a man named Briscoe, and died very soon afterward. Margharita is their daughter, and, Lumley, there is no English in her veins. She is a Marioni! I can see his eyes and his forehead every time I look at her. They seem to tell me that that wild oath still lives; that some day he will stretch out his hand and redeem that murderous threat. Lumley, there have been times when it has terrified me to look at that girl."

His face was clearing. A smile even began to dawn upon his lips.

"Why, mother, don't you see that so far as Miss Briscoe is concerned that is all fancy," he said. "You feel in that way toward her simply because she happens to resemble the Count di Marioni. Isn't that a little unfair to her? What can she know of an oath which was sworn five and twenty years ago, long before she was born. Why, I don't suppose that she ever heard of it."

"Lumley, I do not attempt to defend my feeling. Of course it is absurd to connect her with it, really."

"I was sure that you would say so, mother."

"But, Lumley, altho I cannot defend it, the feeling remains. Listen! No woman has known greater happiness than I have. My life has been sometimes almost too perfect, and yet I never altogether forgot those passionate words of Leonardo's. They lay like a shadow across my life, darkening and growing broader as the years of his confinement passed away. The time of his release came at last—only a few months ago, and only a few months ago, Lumley, I saw him."

"You saw him? Where?"

"In London, Lumley! Why did he come, almost on the day of his release, here to England? It was a country which he had loved in his younger days, and yet, instead of visiting his old home, his love for which was almost a passion, instead of lingering in those southern woods which we many times visited together, he went to London. I found him at a little tobacco shop, and also I found that he had broken down, and almost, as it were, on the threshold of his dream. He was in sore need when I brought my voice, the old passion blazed out. Lumley, I prayed to him for forgiveness, and he scorned me. He had never forgotten! He would never forgive! He pointed to his person, his white hairs, to all the terrible evidences of his long imprisonment, and once more, with the same passion which had trembled in his tone, twenty-five years ago, he cursed me! It was horrible! I fled from that place like a haunted woman, and since then, Lumley, I have been haunted. Every feature in the girl's magnificent face, and every movement of her figure, reminds me that she is a Marioni!"

She had risen and was standing by his side, a beautiful, but a suffering woman. He took her into his arms and kissed her forehead.

"Mother, you have too much imagination," he said gently. "Look at the matter seriously. Granted that this old man still harbors a senseless resentment against you. Yet what could he do? He forgets the days in which he lives, and the country to which you belong! Vendettas and romantic vengeances, such as he may have dreamt of five-and-twenty years ago, are extinct even in his own land; here, they cannot be taken seriously at all!"

She shivered a little, and looked into his face as tho comforted in some measure.

"That is what I say to myself, Lumley," she said. "But there are times when the old dread is too strong for me wholly to crush it. I am not an Englishwoman, you know. I come of a more superstitious race!"

"I am sorry that Miss Briscoe should be the means of bringing these unpleasant thoughts to you," he remarked thoughtfully. "Mother!"

"Yes, Lumley?"

"Would it be a great trouble to you if—some day—I asked you to receive her as a daughter?"

She stood quite still and shivered. Her face was suddenly of a marble pallor.

"You—you mean, this, Lumley?"

"I mean that I care for her, mother."

"You have not—spoken to her!"

"No. I should not have said anything to you yet, only it pained me to think that there was anything between you—any aversion, I mean. I thought that if you knew, you would try and over come it."

"I cannot!"

"Mother!"

"Lumley, I cannot! She looks at me out of his eyes; she speaks to me with his voice; something tells me that she bears in her heart the hate toward me. You do not know these Marionis! They are one, in hate and one in love; unchanging and hard as the rocks on which their castle frowns. Even Margharita, herself, in the old days, never forgave me for sending Leonardo to jail, altho I saved her lover's life. Lumley, you have said nothing to her!"

"Not yet."

"She would not marry you. tell you that in her heart she hates us all! Sometimes I fancy that she is hero—only—"

"Mother!"

He laid his hand firmly upon her white trembling arm. She looked around following his eyes. Margharita, pale and proud, was standing in the doorway, the threshold, with a great bunch of white hyacinths in the bosom of her black dress.

"Am I intruding?" she asked quietly. "I will come down some other evening."

Lord Lumley sprang forward to stop her; but his mother was the quicker to recover herself.

"Pray don't go away, Margharita," she said. "Only a few minutes ago we were complaining that you came down so seldom. Sit down at the piano, and get Miss Briscoe's music."

He was by her side in a moment but he found time for an admiring glance toward his mother. She had taken up a paper knife, and was cutting the edges of her book. It was the savoir-faire of a great lady.

Miss Broscoe Enters the Room.

A correspondence

Letter from Count Leonardo di Marioni to Miss M. Briscoe, care of the Earl of Stfl Maurice, Mallory Grange, Lincolnshire.

"Hotel de Paris, Turin.

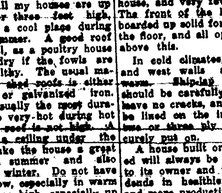
"My beloved niece: Alas! I have but another disappointment to recount. I arrived here last night, and early this morning I visited the address which I obtained at Florence with so much difficulty. The house was shut up. From inquiries made with caution among the neighbors I learned that Andrea Paschuli had left a few months before for Rome. Thither I go in search of him.

The delay is irksome, but it is necessary. Altho my desire for the day of my vengeance to come is as strong as ever, I would not have the shadow of a suspicion rest upon you. Truly, yours will be no crime, but the world and the courts of justice would have it otherwise. You will, in verity, be but the instrument. Upon my head be the guilt, as mine will be the exceeding joy, when the thing for which I crave is accomplished. Bless you, my child, that you have elected to add me in carrying out this most just requital! Bless you, my child, that you have chosen to bring peace into the heart of one who has known great suffering!

"Your last letter was short; yet I do not wonder at it. What is there you can find to say to me, while our great purpose remains thus in abeyance? My health continues good, I am thankful to say, yet, were it otherwise, I know that my strength would linger with me till my oath is accomplished. Till that day shall come death itself has no power over me. Even tho its shadow lay across my path I could still defy it. Think not that I am blaspheming, Margharita, or that I believe in no God, but I believe in a God of justice, and he will award me my right. Oh, that the time may be short, for I am growing weary. Life is very burdensome, save only for its end.

"Sometimes, my beloved Margharita, you have sought to lighten the dark moon, thus which I struggle, by picturing the happy days we may yet spend together in some far-distant country, where the shadows of this great selfish world barely reach, and its mighty roar and tumult sound but as a faint, low murmur. I have listened, but I have answered not, for in my heart I know that it will never be. Those days will never come. I have shrunk from throwing a chill upon your warm, generous heart but of late I have wondered whether I do well in thus silently deceiving you. For, Margharita, there is no full time of peaceful happiness in store for me. I am dying! Nay, do not start! Do not pity me! Do not fear! I know it so well; and I feel no pang, no sorrow. The limit of my days is fixed—not in actual days or weeks, but by events. I shall live to see my desire accomplished, and then I shall die. The light may flicker, but, till then, it will not go out. You will ask me: Whom am I that I dare to fix a limit to an existence which God alone controls? I cannot tell you, Margharita, why I know, or how, yet it is surely so. The day which sees me free of my vow will also be the day of my death.

"Trouble not, my child, at this thought. I wonder why I can write of the end of my days so calmly. Ask yourself rather what further life could mean for me. There is no joy which Fate has in store for me. My worn-out frame could find no pleasure in dreaming of a tasteless, and, mostly, lonely existence. I look for death as



How to Raise Poultry

MUST FOWL QUARTERS BE FOUL QUARTERS?

A Little Time and Less Money Invested in Proper Housing Facilities Will be Repaid Many Times Over in Healthier, More Robust Fowls and Greater Egg Production.

"Married men," so states the wise-cracking vaudeville performer, "have their better halves, but bachelors have better quarters." While a great many people may take issue with the foregoing statement, it would be hard to disprove that a majority of the chickens being raised in this country are entitled to better quarters and do not get them. Certainly, a distressingly large proportion of the poultry being raised today would fall in that category.

All too often, the matter of poultry housing is left until everything else has been provided for and then, any kind of old shack will be hastily thrown together, often in a location not deliberately chosen for the purpose, but which is used because it is fit for nothing else.

As a matter of fact, the location that is fit for nothing else is usually unfit for poultry raising, but that is, apparently, not often taken into consideration. I shall briefly describe a type of house which, after experimenting with many kinds for over 20 years, I am convinced is the cheapest, most practical and easiest to build poultry house, for the average farm flock, of which I have any knowledge. If I felt otherwise, it is quite certain all my own poultry houses would not be built on this plan.

My ideal poultry house is the one-way shed roof, open front, fresh air type that admits plenty of sunshine and plnty of fresh air at all times without drafts, and faces south. It should be 20 feet wide or deep from north to south, and as long as necessary, to accommodate the flock. A house 20 by 20 feet is a nice size for an ordinary small farm flock. It will comfortably house 100 hens of the larger breeds and 135 Leghorns in all cold and moderate climates; while in warmer climates, 25 per cent. more can be housed without crowding. This is due to the fact that the fowls do not have to be housed many days during the winter in the warmer sections of the United States. It is a great mistake to crowd chickens into a house, as they should have plenty of room at all times. This house should be nine feet high in front and six feet high in the rear. There could be a trap door ten or 12 inches wide along the north wall just under the roof that should be opened during hot weather for coolness at night; while during fall, winter and spring the north, east and west walls should be absolutely as near air-tight as they can be made. In a long house, there should be a solid partition from the back almost to the front every 30 or 35 feet to prevent drafts sweeping from one end of the house to the other on birds at night.

The openings in the front are all the ventilators a poultry house needs and the larger these permanent openings are, the healthier the fowls will be, as long as they do not freeze their combs and toes. By having the roosts along the north wall there will be no drafts at night by having the north, east and west walls closed tight, even if the south is open.

Every poultry house should have a floor—either concrete or wood. It is impossible to keep a dirt floor clean and sanitary. The floors in all my houses are made of tongue and grooved flooring that is also used for my dwelling house. Anyone looks for his couch who has toiled and labored thru the heat of the day. I shall find there rest and peace. I have no other desire.

"For yourself, Margharita, have no fear. I have made your fortune my care, and God grant that it may be a happy one. Honest men have made good profit out of my lands during my imprisonment. I have wealth to leave, and it is yours. The Castle of the Marionis will be yours, and well I know you will raise once more and uphold the mighty, the fallen traditions of our race. I leave all fearlessly in your hands, at your entire disposal. Only one thing I beg of you, and that without fear of refusal. Marry not an Englishman. Marry one of the nobility of your own island, if you can find one worthy of you; if not, there are nobles of Italy with whom your alliance would be an honor, and also a trust. You will be rich as you are beautiful; and the first lady in Italy, our distant kinswoman, Angela di Carlotti, will be your guardian, and your friend. May you be happy, very happy, dearest, and all that comes to you you will deserve, for you have lightened the heart of a weary old man, whose blessing is yours, now and forever.

Leonardo di Marioni."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

In Our Eyes

They mean a lot to you and me, the things that others cannot see. Thru our small town the autos streak and tourists say, "How bleak, how bleak! Just absolutely dead, my dear: I'd hate to think of living here." They do not know that neighbor Jones has sat all night to still my groans, has shared his time and scanty wealth alike in sickness and in health, and when I see his homely face, the light of heaven floods the place. That barnlike church, not even quaint, in need of grass and shrubs and paint has heard some preaching put across with fiery tongues of Pentecost, has touched the heart of human life, in christened child and new-made wife. Yea, those whom faithful hearts still mourn in death's deep sleep were hither borne. Old memories prove old Billville please, let's spread some paint and plant some trees, to glorify in other eyes the place that we have learned to prize. But when I burble "Ain't she grand," old neighbor you will understand. Within your heart you'll share with me, the things that strangers cannot see.

—BOB ADAMS.

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