ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By J. HARVEY RACKUS & SON

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

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ACTIVE MEMBER

Summer Responsibility

MANY parents lose sight of the fact that the vacation period is one of grave danger to the growing child. The boy or girl just out of school feels like the caged bird that is suddenly released from its captivity. It glories in its freedom to the exclusion of all else.

Many of the lessons in deportment that have been learned in the classroom are gradually forgotten as the child finds its way to the street. There is no room in its heart for anything but the glories of the present, unless the parental hand is ever guiding its steps. The future is a sealed book which will be opened only too soon for its purpose.

Therein the function of the parent becomes of double importance to the future life of the child, for the careful work and training of the teacher must be carried on thru the days and weeks of the vacation period, not to the extent of hampering the child in its rest and recuperation from classroom confinement, or depriving it of the innocent pleasures of life, but rather the daily impressing upon its young mind the necessity for continuing the rules of conduct learned in its hours of study.

Children are quick to learn and equally quick to forget. An impression may sink deep today and be forgotten by tomorrow, but if it is repeatedly brought to the attention of the juvenile brain it will eventually take deep root and live.

The teacher is responsible to the parent for the proper instruction of the child during its hours of study, but the parent has a double responsibility—to both the teacher and the child—the responsibility of safeguarding the work of both.

Farmers contend that there is a law against lotteries, but still the biggest gamble comes with the crops.

State Parks Increase

MORE than a million additional acres of forest land has been added to the total area of forests in the United States, during the past three years, due to the interest taken in the matter by the various states.

In all there are 6,236,236 acres of forest lands in the United States under supervision of the states, most of them being designated as state parks. The government survey showed 1,055,658 additional acres acquired by the state during the last three years.

The greatest extension in state forest area during the three-year period since the end of 1928 was reported by the State of Washington, which added 1,200,000 acres. Pennsylvania added 167,788 acres to its 1925 total, and Michigan was a close third with an increase of 167,000 acres. Three states—Delaware, Georgia and South Carolina—which had no state forests three years ago, reported forest lands under state administration at the beginning of this year.

Three year's growth in state park areas added a net area of 67,834 acres to the 1925 figures, bringing the total area of state parks to 436,077. Municipal and county forests and parks increased in total area from 697,447 acres at the end of 1925 to 726,577 acres at the beginning of this year.

The aggregate area of forest land owned by states, municipalities and counties in the United States on January 1, 1929, included other forest land besides that in forests and parks, was 12,136,945 acres.

Some expert adviser comes out with the statement that girls today are taller than their mothers. Why not? The girls today don't have to bend over a wash board or stoop over hot ovens.

Hot Weather Dreams

WHILE resting in the cool shade these hot days, why not let your thoughts dwell upon this town and countryside—upon what they need, what you can do for them, and upon how you can spur others to greater exertions in behalf of our community life?

They need more thought, deeper concentration, greater action.

Many a great and ennobling deed receives its inception in an idle moment. The hours of work and action serve but to expand and develop it.

It might be so with that idle thought of yours, with this community of ours.

No town is ever so perfect but what it might become a hundred per cent. more so. Even ours is no exception to the rule.

Cool off in the shade if you feel so inclined.

Let your thoughts wander afield, and gather in the ideas of fancy that may later crystalize into a greater and better community development.

We add a new coat of paint to our house and gaze upon the finished product with pride. Its improved appearance more than justifies the labor and expense.

And if improvement is good for the home of the individual, why not for the community as a whole?

Let your hours of idleness beget others of energy and aggressiveness. It ennobles yourself and enhances your value to the community. It develops the community and increases its value to you.

A bed is a most simple device. It is easy to get into, but generally hard to get out of.

Soil Tilling is Popular

A NOTED writer declares that in time the lonesomeness of farm life will be done away with, and that tilling the soil will become a popular vocation.

He might have said that much of the lonesomeness has already been banished, and that the remainder is rapidly disappearing.

The automobile has done it.

There is no need for the farmer or his family or his help to feel lonesome these days. Distance no longer exists for him.

With his car he can be in town at any time within a few minutes. He can visit his neighbors for miles around any evening after supper, while attendance at church on Sunday and social gatherings at other times require but little more effort than is consumed in walking around a city block.

His life in more ways is preferable to that of the city dweller. His health is enhanced by the sunshine and the pure country air that he breathes. His life is not menaced by the constant stream of cars driven by reckless motorists, as is the case in most cities. His children grow to maturity in the purity of contact with nature, intead of being surrounded by the questionable environment of more congested centers, where there is little opportunity to sift the good from the bad. He is free to go and come as he desires and is not hedged around with the myriads of restrictions and laws of the city man.

Tilling the soil is popular now.

It will become more so as time goes on and the beauties and advantages of nature are better known and understood by those who now live by a clock and the factory whistle.

Some women reign in their own household, because it is natural for them to storm.

A National Problem

SOMEBODY with a passion for mathematics has figured that the annual fire loss in the United States costs each citizen $5. This is a graphic way of presenting a problem which ought to be given every consideration by all responsible people during fire prevention week.

When we are told that each of us is permitting negligence on a national scale to take a $5 bill from us and reduce it to ashes we are likely to see fire prevention in a new light. This is something that concerns us as well as the neighbor whose premises have been visited by the destructive force. So long as negligence is prevalent in a community all citizens, including the cautious ones, are paying the fire bills.

The last official estimates showed that the average fire death was also appalling. The figures for a year put the death toll at 20,000. Studies based on a year's reports produced the conclusion that we build eight new buildings and permit fire to destroy one of them. The national board of underwriters says our annual property loss would, if concentrated, amount to total destruction of a city with 10,000 homes and 40,000 inhabitants. Add this to those 20,000 deaths and we have a situation that is a national disgrace.

So far no face powder concern has adopted the well known slogan about saving the surface to save all.

Making Men Of Boys

WHEN General Baden-Powell started the Boy Scout movement he was quietly ridiculed by many incredulous people.

Today he is regarded as a benefactor of the human race.

Everyone knows that you can take a weakling, put him in the army and keep him there for a few years, and he will come out a reasonably strong and healthy man. It is the rigid and systematic military training that does it.

The training accorded the Boy Scouts is much along the lines of that pursued in the army, with sufficient variation to appeal to the juvenile mind.

There is a surplus of enthusiasm bottled up in every boy's chest that requires an escape valve.

If there is a Boy Scout organization in town, it affords the necessary outlet.

If there is no such organization the boy will find an outlet elsewhere—on the street, "with the gang," or possibly in some kind of mischief dear to the young heart.

Boys will be boys until they grow to man's estate. The manner of their growth, however, depends upon the manhood and the womanhood of today.

Every town should have a Boy Scout company.

They produce better men, and thereby elevate the race in general.

It is considered an honor to march at the head of a parade, but the fellow at the tail end can have the satisfaction of seeing all that is ahead.

Building to Resist Cyclones

STRUCTURAL damage to buildings by tornadoes and loss of life incident thereto, may be avoided or reduced by designing buildings so that they can more readily resist internal pressure, declares L. V. Teesdale, of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Property damage to buildings by tornadoes may be divided into two classes—that caused by the explosive effect and that caused by flying debris. The explosive effect, usually the most serious, occurs as a result of a difference in atmospheric pressure set up by a tornado between the inside and the outside of a building. The sudden drop in external air pressure produces an internal pressure which frequently results in the blowing out of some portion of the building.

"It is possible to relieve the internal pressure of air thus set up in a building by providing automatic vents in it," says Mr. Teesdale. "Observations made indicate that from ten to 15 per cent. of the outside walls and a similar area in the roof should be vented. There are a number of methods by which this could be done. If a sufficient number of windows or panels were designed so that they would open outward from internal pressure the necessary venting could be accomplished. Special windows, equipped with hardware which would work on the same principle as the panic bolts used on exit doors in theatres would do the trick. Hinged panels for use in the spaces between windowsills and floors or elsewhere in the side walls of a building is another venting possibility. Roofs may be vented by automatic dormer windows, by special skylights or by hinged roof panels," he stated.

"WATCHING the WHEELS GO ROUND"

DEPARTMENT MENTAL HYGIENE

(This is the seventh of a series of articles outlining the functions of the various departments of the state's government.)

Insanity and associated psychical disorders among hospital patients in New York State represent an annual economic loss of approximately $143,000,000, the statistical bureau of the State department of Mental Hygiene has reported to Dr. Frederick W. Parsons, head of the department and noted expert on insanity.

Fredk W. Parsons

The economic loss due to hospital cases consists of the cost of maintenance of patients in hospitals and the loss of earnings due to the disability and premature death of the patients. The cost of maintenance of patients in hospitals includes the cost of hospital care and treatment, including medical and nursing service, food, clothing, care of building and grounds, and the investment charge which includes interest on the outlay for the hospital plan and equipment and an allowance for depreciation.

The cost of maintaining mental disease cases in hospitals in 1928 was $88,071,165. Adding to this amount the present worth of the net loss of earnings of the new cases entered—$67,542,629 for males and $24,364,561 for females—represents a total of $143,602,253 loss in 1928 due to hospital cases of mental disease in 1928.

Many Institutions

The Department of Mental Hygiene has supervision of some 61,449 patients of which 57,163 in 1928 were in the civil state hospitals; 3,914 in hospitals for the criminal insane; 2,372 in private licensed institutions. Institutions under the department include the Binghamton State Hospital, the Brooklyn State Hospital, the Buffalo State Hospital, the Central Islip State Hospital, the Gowanda State Hospital, the Harlem Valley State Hospital, the Hudson River State Hospital, the Kings Park State Hospital, the Manhattan State Hospital, the Middletown State Hospital, the Rochester State Hospital, the St. Lawrence State Hospital, the Utica State Hospital, the Willard State Hospital, Letchworth Village, Newark State School, Rome State School, Syracuse State School and Craig Colony for epileptics.

The department is divided into the division of mental diseases, mental defect and epilepsy, and of prevention. Dr. Parsons has headed the department since January 17, 1927. Formerly he was medical member and chairman of the State Hospital Commission which under the reorganization of state government became the Department of Mental Hygiene.

Of the number of patients actually resident in the state hospitals at the end of the year, 85.5 percent paid nothing to the state and, 14.5 percent reimbursed the state to some extent for their maintenance. Of the latter 801 were ex-service patients for whose maintenance pay was being received from the Federal government.

Per Capita Cost

To illustrate an idea of the gigantic problem of caring for the state's insane, during 1928 there was consumed in the hospitals 1,822,916 pounds of butter, 819,560 dozen eggs and 399,853 pounds of cheese. Statisticians in the department find that the per capita cost of hospital care and treatment in the civil state hospitals was $402.83, and in two hospitals for the criminal insane, $464.54. The per capita cost for the year in the licensed institutions is estimated at $2,000.

Although the state hospitals are overcrowded and mental disease is on the increase it is admitted that New York State gives its insane charges excellent treatment.

An illustration of how closely the wards are watched and protected came at the time of the Cleveland Clinic disaster. Acting Governor Herbert H. Lehman ordered an immediate investigation by a committee to survey state institutions using X-ray equipment to the end that the Cleveland disaster would not be duplicated in any of the state institutions here. The committee included Dr. Martin Wendell, Jr., State Health Commissioner; Dr. Parsons, Dr. Raymond F. C. Kieb, Commissioner of Corrections; Dr. Frank P. Graves, Commissioner of Education; Frederick M. Kirby, Commissioner of Charities, and Frederick S. Greene, Superintendent of Public Works.

Do You Know That—

Insanity in New York State represents an annual economic loss of about $143,000,000?

There are 61,449 insane patients under supervision of the Department of Mental Hygiene?

The per capita cost in hospitals for the criminal insane in 1928 was $464.54?

85.5 per cent pay nothing to the state and 14.5 per cent partially reimburse the state?

In 1928 the insane consumed 1,822,916 pounds of butter and 819,560 dozen eggs?

There is constant watch to prevent disasters such as fires?

STATE PROTECTS ANIMALS

Increase From $25,000 to $178,955 for Maintenance of Veterinary College; Dean Moore Tells of Great Strides.

Albany.—While the New York State Health Department forges ahead in the conservation and protection of the health of its citizens, the veterinary education service at Cornell University is making proportionate strides toward the elimination of disease among animals, according to a report just issued by Dr. Veranus A. Moore, Dean of the New York State Veterinary College.

The State has gradually provided more funds for maintenance of the college, increasing the appropriation of $25,000 in 1926 to $178,955 in 1928. Some idea of the growth of clinics at the college may be had by comparing the total of 451 in 1907-1908 to 12,039 in 1927-1928. In surgery the college was the pioneer in certain distinctive procedures that extended the usefulness of this subject in treating domesticated animals.

Since the opening of Cornell University," said Dean Moore, "there had been little veterinary research on animal diseases in this State. Gradually domesticated animals were becoming the prey of numerous diseases. It was the menace of disease and pestilence that caused the founders of the college to include research among its functions."

Changed Vast Law

New York State for many years had a statute prescribing that calves should be four weeks of age before they could be sold for food. The federal government required them to be three weeks old. The State provision was working hardship on many individuals. The department of physiology experimented on the subject with the result that the State statute was changed and the hardship removed.

Dean Moore in his report points out the steps being taken to prevent milk fever. "For many years," he said, "the department of physiology has been studying the phenomena of milk fever. The maximum relief will not be obtained until its cause is known and a preventive measure found. Experiments in the department suggest a hope that a practical means of preventing it may be found.

Discussing the developments in animal surgery, Dean Moore said: "Following the development of the successful operation for roaring and for the treatment of fistulous withers there has been a succession of advances in operative surgery, which have saved many valuable animals. Special operations developed in the surgical clinic have demonstrated that the benefits from good surgery are as applicable to domesticated animals as they are to human beings. Many valuable animals are brought long distances to the clinic for operation.

"A large number of researches are carried on by many dark spots in veterinary medicine and bridging over the imaginary chasm between veterinary science and its practice. An analysis of the hundreds of papers by members of the faculty on technical subjects will convince one of the rapid progress that is being made in the prevention and treatment of animal diseases.

Large Savings

The saving to the swine industry by prevention and treatment of swine disease has been very large, according to Dean Moore.

Johne's disease is regarded by Dean Moore as a danger to the cattle of this state. He said: "The disease, which is reported on good authority in Sweden to be as serious a menace to the health of cattle as tuberculosis, has been identified in eleven counties in this state. Unless its spread is checked it promises to be more serious to the dairy industry than either tuberculosis or infectious abortion has been. In several states, owners of infected animals are indemnified for this disease, the same as they are for bovine tuberculosis. A like practice in New York would hasten its detection and elimination."

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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. 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.

A. E. MEAD, Executor

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Notice to Creditors

IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Surrogate's Court of Allegany County, State of New York, made by Hon. Guy O. Hinman, Surrogate of said Allegany County:

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons having claims against the Estate of James Joyce, late of the Town of Andover, County of Allegany, and State of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of said deceased, at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley, in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 1st day of February, 1930.

Dated at Andover, N. Y., June 25th, 1929.

CAMILLA JOYCE HARRIS,
Administratrix.

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THE FLOWER LOVER

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by FRANK GARVIN

His withered fingers pressed to have gathered strength and dignity, and his appearance and tone, as he stood scornfully down at the girl at his feet, was full of strange dramatic force. Her heart sank as she listened to him. His was no idle, vulgar passion, no morbid craving for evil, which animated him. It was a purpose which had become hallowed to him. Something which he had come to look upon as his sacred right. She understood how her drawing back must seem to him. As though a flash of light had laid bare his mind, she saw how weak, how pitifully weak, any words of hers must sound, so she was silent.

He had commenced walking up and down the room; and, watching him fearfully, she saw that his manner was gradually changing. The unnatural calm into which he had momentarily relapsed was leaving him, and he was becoming every moment more and more excited. Fire flashed in his eyes and he was muttering broken words and sentences to himself. Once he raised his clasped hands to the roof in a threatening gesture, and in the act of doing so she saw the blue flash of a stiletto in his breast pocket. It frightened her, and she moved toward the door.

It seemed almost as though he read her purpose in her terror-stricken face, and it maddened him. He caught her by the wrist and thrust her back.

"You shall not leave this roof, girl!" he cried. "Wait, and soon I will bring you news!"

She stood still, waiting, overcome for a moment by the strength of his grip. Before she could recover herself, he had caught up his hat and gone. Outside, she heard the sound of a key in the lock. She was a prisoner!

Her first thought was the window. Alas! it was too small even for her to get her head through. She cried out. No one answered; there was no one to answer. She was alone in the cottage, and helpless, and away over the cliffs, toward Mallory Grange, she could see a small, dark figure walking steadily along, with bent head and swift steps. The cottage stood by itself, a mile from the village, and was approached only by a cliff path. She turned away from the window in despair. It seemed to her then that the time for her final sacrifice had indeed come.

It was a warm, drowsy morning, and the air which flowed in through the open lattice window was heavy with the perfume of flowers, mingled with the faint ozone of the sea. Outside, the placid silence was broken only by the murmurous buzzing of insects and the soft lapping of the tide upon the shingly sands. Within the room, a pale-faced girl knelt upon the floor, with her long, slim fingers stretched upward, and the passionate despair of death in her cold, white features. The sunshine laughted upon her hair, and glanced around her, bathing her beautiful face in its fresh, bright glory. Was it an answer to her prayer, she wondered—her prayer for peace and forgiveness? Oh, that it might be so! God grant it!

There was no fear in her face, though only a moment before she had taken out and swallowed the contents of that little packet of poison which had burned in her bosom for those last few days. But there had been just one passing shade of bitterness. Her life had been so short, so joyless, until there had come to her that brief taste of wonderful, amazing happiness. She was young to die—to die with the delirium of that passionate joy still burning in her veins.

"Yet, after all, it is best," she whispered softly, at the end of that unspoken prayer; and with those words of faith resignation, a change crept softly upon her face. It seemed almost as though, while yet on earth, there had come to her a touch of that exquisite spiritual beauty which follows only upon the extinction of all earthly passion, and the uplifting into a purer, sweeter life. And her eyes closed upon the sunlight, and darkness stole in upon her senses. She lay quite still upon the floor, but the smile still lingered upon her lips, making her face more lovely even in its cold repose than when the glow of youth and life had shone in her dark, clear eyes, and lent expression to her features. Saints like St. Francis of Assisi may die thus, but seldom women.

"Help! For God's sake, help!"

A woman's cry of agony, rang out upon the sweet morning stillness. Count Marioni, who had been hurrying on with downcast head, stood still in the cliff path and lifted his head. It was the woman whose memory he had cursed who stood before him—the woman on whom his vengeance was to fall.

Her face was as white as his own, and in the swiftness of her flight her hat had fallen away and her hair was streaming in the breeze. Yet in that moment of her awful fear she recognized him, and shrank back trembling, as though some unseen hand had paisled her tongue, and laid a cold weight upon her heart. They stood face to face, breathless and speechless. A host of forgotten sensations, kindled by her appearance, had leaped up within the Sicilian's heart. He had indeed loved this woman.

"Merciful God! to meet you here," she faltered. "You will help me? Oh, you will help me? My husband is being murdered there on the cliff by an escaped lunatic. Oh! Leonardo, save him, and you may strike me dead at your feet. It is I whom you should hate, not him. Oh, come! Come, or it will be too late!"

He stood quite still, looking at her curiously.

"And it is I to whom you dare to come for help—I whom you ask to save him—your husband? Adrienne, do you remember my words on the sands at Palermo?"

She wrung her hands, frantically imploring.

"How can I remember anything—think of anything, now? For the love of God, help him," she begged, seizing his hand. "That was all so long ago. You would not have him killed here before my eyes? Come! Oh, do come!"

"Lead the way," he answered sternly. "Call your loudest for other help. I make no promise, but I will see this tragedy."

She ran back along the path, and he followed her. They turned suddenly an abrupt corner, and came upon two men locked in one another's arms, an swaying backward and forward upon the short green turf. The lunatic, an immense fellow, more than six feet high, was clutching his opponent's throat with his left hand, while with his right he brandished a long table-knife with keenly-sharpened edge. The struggle was virtually over. The madman's strength was more than human, and desperately though he had struggled, Lord St. Maurice lying exhausted and overcome in his arms.

With a final effort he turned his head at the sound of footsteps and saw them come—his wife and this shrunken little old man. The close beauty which they were, nothing could help him now. He saw the steel flashing in the sunlight, and he closed his eyes.

The knife descended, but Lord St. Maurice remained unhurt. With a swiftness which seemed almost increditable, the Sicilian had sprung between them, and the knife was quivering in his side. Behind, the lunatic was struggling hopelessly in the grasp of three keepers.

There was a wild cry of horror from Lady St. Maurice, a choking gasp of relief from her husband, and a horrid chuckle of triumph from the madman as he gazed upon his handiwork. But after that there was silence—a deep, awe-stricken silence—the silence of those who stand in the presence of death.

Count Marioni lay on the turf where he had sunk, very white and very still, with the blood drooping slowly form his wound upon the grass, and his eyes closed. At first they thought that he was already dead; but, as though aroused by Lady St. Maurice's broken sobs, he opened his eyes and looked up. His lips moved, and she stooped low down to catch the sound.

"Will you tell Margharita that this was best?" he faltered. "I have heard a whisper from over the sea, and—and the White Hyacinth forgives. I forgive. She will understand."

"Leonardo," she sobbed, "your vengeance——"

He interripted her.

"This is my vengeance!" he said. "I have kept my oath!"

Then he closed his eyes, and a gray shade stole into his palid face. A breeze sprung up from the sea, and the tall, blood-red poppies, which stood up all around him like a regiment of soldiers, bent their quivering heads till one or two of them actually touched his cheek. He did not move; he was dead.

Lord and Lady Lumley had lingered long in Rome, and now, on the eve of their departure, they had spent nearly the whole of a bright November afternoon buying curios of a wizened old dealer, whose shop they had found in one of the dark, narrow streets at the back of the Piazza Angelo. Lady Lumley had taken up a curious old ring, and was examining it with a vague sense of familiarity.

"Fifteen pounds for that ring, my lady," the curio dealers remarked, "and it has a history. You will see that it bears the arms and motto of the Marionis, once the most powerful family in Cicily. I had it from the late Count himself."

Lady Lumley sank into the little chair by the counter, holding the ring tightly in her hand.

"Will you tell us the history?" she asked in a low tone.

The man hesitated.

"If I do so," he said doubtfully, "will you promise to keep it absolutely secret?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I have told it to no one yet, but I will tell it to you. Many years ago I was a chemist, and among my customers was Count Leonardo di Marioni. His history was a very sad one, as doubtless you may have heard. When he was quite a young man he was arrested on some political charge and imprisoned for five-and-twenty years—a cruel time. Well, he came to me here, so altered that I found it hard indeed to recognize him. Poor old gentleman, when he had talked for a while, I felt quite sure that his long confinement had affected his mind, and his errand with me made me sure of it. He came to buy a celebrated poison which I used at one time to be secretly noted for and I could tell from his manner that he wanted it for some fatal use. Well, I thought at first of refusing it altogether, but what was the use of that? Some one else would have sold him an equally powerful poison, and the mischief would be done all the same. So, after a little consideration, I made up quite an innocent powder, which might cause a little momentary faintness, but which could do no further harm, and I gave it to him as the real thing. I couldn't take money for doing a thing like that, so he pressed this ring upon me. You see, it really has a history."

Lord Lumley took his wife's hand and pressed it tenderly. In the deep gloom of the shop the curio dealer could not see the tears which glistened in her dark eyes.

"We will have the ring!" Lord Lumley said, taking a note from his pocket-book and handing it across the counter.

The man held it up to the light. "One hundred pounds," he remarked. "I shall owe your lordship ninety."

Lord Lumley shook his head.

"No, Signor Paschuil, you owe me nothing; it is I who owe you a wife. Come, Margharita, let us get out into the sunshine again."

And Signor Paschuli kept the note. But he has come to the conclusion that all Englishmen traveling on their honeymoons are mad.

THE END

Leonardo di Marioni Comes to the Rescue.

A SHORT CUT TO LONGER PROFITS

Trap-Nesting Discharges Guess Work in Favor of Certainty for Selecting the Really Profitable Members of a Poultry Flock.

You think you have eliminated the heavy eating, light-laying drones from your flock but are you sure you have got them all? If you are a good judge of the signs which indicate poor layers, the chances are you have eliminated the worst drones. In all likelihood, however, there are still a number of hens left which are on the border line or just below it; either they consume as much in food as they pay back in eggs or just a little bit more. In either case, they are unprofitable to keep, but hard to discover when ordinary methods of culling are employed.

Now these "border line" fowls require just as much care and equipment as their more profitable sisters. Care and equipment represent part of the investment on which a profit must be paid. It becomes self-evident, therefore, that very many such fowls will cause a serious cut in the percentage of profit returned on each dollar of capital invested. But the question is how to convict the offenders of their shortcomings. I know of but one certain way and that is to keep books on the whole lot of them and in a short while you will know beyond peradventure or doubt which are the egg layers and which are destined for a speedy trip to market.

Trap-nesting, in short, is the one sure method of determining exactly how much each hen is laying and whether or not she is going to be worth keeping on the job. Such knowledge is of especially great importance to the breeder of fine pedigreed fowls, but is sufficiently important to most poultry raisers to be worthy of consideration. Trap-nesting, incidentally, is valuable to taming young birds which tends to increase productiveness.

Many will object that trap-nesting involves too much labor. It is true there is some additional work involved, but it is questionable whether there is much more than would be required for taking care of a large number of fowls from which no profit cold possibly be realized. Furthermore, the work can be materially reduced by dividing the flock and trap-nesting one section at a time. As soon as the desired purpose has been definitely achieved, another section can be put through the course and so on until a dependable record has been made for every hen in the flock. This record not only serves to indicate the best layers, but is an invaluable guide for the selection of breeding stock.

A flock should be trap-nested for twelve (12) months to tell accurately just what each individual hen is capable of doing in egg production. To trap-nest for three months and multiply by four, does not give an accurate yearly record.

And now, just a word about the mechanics of trap-nesting. A trap-nest, as everyone knows, is one equipped to hold a hen captive when she enters it to lay. Each hen in the flock has a numbered leg band on one of her legs, and before she is released, if she has layed, her number is put down on a daily record sheet, indicating that she layed that day. After a hen lays in a nest, she has to be released by an attendant and the nest left open ready for another hen. Home-made nests of this kind are easily constructed, although space is lacking in this article for giving definite instructions as to how it is done. There are many ready-made forms of trap-nests that give satisfaction and are reasonably priced. Some manufacturers simply furnish a front with the trap mechanism attached. It can easily be fitted to a suitable form of home-made nest. Numbered leg bands for identifying the hens are purchased in series at comparatively trivial cost.

At least one trap nest should be furnished for every four birds in flocks of fifty or more, and one for every three in smaller flocks. Try to have a sufficient number so that hens do not have to wait too long for their respective turns. For the same reason, pay a bit more attention to the trap nests during the normally busy hours of the day, which are usually from 8 to 11 a. m. They should be visited once every hour, especially during the forenoon.

The use of trap nests enables the poultry raiser to learn some really astonishing facts about what his hens are really doing. He will be surprised to find that some of those in which he had most faith were least deserving of his trust, and vice versa. He will definitely drop guessing from his payroll and substitute scientific certainty. The change may mean more work of one kind, but it also means less work of a less profitable kind, and the long run trap nesting is bound to pay a sufficiently large increase in cash dividends to more than justify the increased investment in labor and equipment.

When using a meat chopper to prepare bread crumbs, put a paper bag over the mouth of the chopper to keep the crumbs from scattering.

Vegetables should be canned as soon as possible after they are brought in from the garden. Flat-sour may develop if vegetables are allowed to stand in a warm kitchen.

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