WHAT HAPPENED SO FAR

Tom Bilbeck is the narrator. He is a fat newspaper writer who drives a tumble-down car he calls Grandmother Page. He is in love with Maryella, his rival being Jim Cooper. The three are members of an amateur dramatic group. Plans for a play at the Old Soldiers' Home are under way. Grandmother Page has engine trouble while Maryella is out driving with Bilbeck, and Cooper, passing in a big roadster, taunts him. After Maryella has left Bilbeck is able to start his car again.

The amateur players are to give Pygmalion and Galatea at the Old Soldiers' Home. In their version Bilbeck is to act as the statue, and Maryella despairs when she discovers his bow legs. Mrs. Hemingway later flatters Bilbeck and talks to him about the play. Bilbeck pats her hand, only to find a rough hand grasping him by the shoulder and lifting him out of his seat.

Now go on with the story:—

Mr. Hemingway does not belong to the club. He is managing editor of the Daily Mail, and has to work nights too often. But he usually calls for his wife to take her home from rehearsals.

We stood in the aisle and glared at one another.

"Why, John!" Mrs. Hemingway interposed. "I wasn't expecting you for quite a while yet."

"I can see that," he retorted, not taking his eyes from my face. "Now all I want to know is who you are," he shouted at me. "Take off that mask before I yank it on."

He made a motion toward me with his open hand.

His wife stopped him.

"Don't, John. It's Tom Bilbeck. That's his real face."

John Hemingway's jaw fell. He and I are close friends. We went thru all our schooling together, and we belong to the same secret societies. I suppose we have sworn eternal friendship and brotherly love on a dozen occasions. It was partly owing to him that I held down my star job on the newspaper.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, and turned to his wife. "But—"

She had stepped out in the aisle and his eye fell on her costume for the first time. He was speechless—with admiration, I thought.

"What have you got on?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Is it anything at all or have I merely got a speck in my eye?"

"This is my costume for the play," she explained carefully.

"Your costume?" he repeated, puzzled. "Where is the rest of it?"

"This is all."

"All? What do you represent—a clothespin?"

"No."

Mrs. Hemingway has the virtue and the fault of literalness.

"I am a Greek boy."

"Not any more," her husband stated firmly. "You can quit right here. I won't have my wife parading around in that kind of a—whatever it is."

"It's a Greek tunic."

"It is not," he declared, looking at it more closely. "It's my best silk sport shirt with the neck cut out and a little embroidery around the tails! Go and get on some clothes and I will take you home."

"Oh, John. You don't mean it!"

Mrs. Hemingway was genuinely alarmed now, and feared that he was in earnest.

"This is all for Art."

"I don't care whe her it is for Art or for Tom Bilbeck. Go, cover 'em up."

By this time the rest of the company had heard the discussion, which had been conducted in the same tones as those ordinarily used on the bleachers at a baseball game. They gathered around.

"Please, Mr. Hemingway," pleaded Maryella. "You couldn't make Helen withdraw now. It will break up the show."

"If she doesn't it will break up the Hemingway family," he declared firmly.

"Is Mr. Hemingway here?" inquired a voice loudly from the rear of the auditorium. It was the boy from the box-office.

"Yes," replied John. "What is it?"

"You're wanted on the telephone."

Hemingway left us, a dejected group.

"What can we do?" wailed Maryella disconsolately. "What will the old soldiers do?"

"Don't worry," Mrs. Hemingway said. "I'll manage him some way. I'll fix the costume up so that he will approve all right."

She sighed with regret at the idea.

Hemingway returned.

"Get dressed, Tom," he said to me. "We've got to go over to the office."

"What happened?" I asked.

"There has been a jail-delivery at the penitentiary, and twenty prisoners have escaped. It's a big story, and we'll have to have you handle it."

A chorus of protests went up at the idea of my leaving the rehearsal. I was just peeved enough so that it did not make any difference to me. They had made fun of me, and now that I had a good excuse for withdrawing they could see how they could get along without me.

"I thought you might want these . . ."

The idea of taking the long, cold trip out to the penitentiary did not appeal to me in itself, but I was glad to be able to leave the theatre.

Hemingway had gone after telling his wife that he would send a taxi to take her home.

The coach came out in front of the curtain to announce that the stage was all set for the third act.

"Everybody on stage," he requested.

I did not respond.

"Surely you are not going to go away during a dress rehearsal?" said Jim Cooper.

"I really have to go," I replied, and added bitterly: "It doesn't make any particular difference. I believe that you will find the dummy more pleasing to some of the members of the cast, and if you use it I'm sure it will save you a lot of trouble."

"Maryella"—Jim turned to her—"can't you say something to make Tom remain? He'll do it for you."

Maryella looked at me with a coldly flashing eye.

"I doubt," she hesitated, "whether anything I could say would have any effect. I imagine that his interest in the rehearsal will cease with Mrs. Hemingway's departure."

I could scarce believe my ears. How could she be so unreasonable? I turned on my heel and made down the aisle for the front entrance of the theatre.

"Tom," someone shouted after me.

I continued on my way unheeding.

"Oh, Tom! Wait a minute!" implored Jim.

I did not answer. If I had I might have said something that I should have regretted exceedingly later.

Someone was coming down the aisle after me. I quickened my pace, determined to listen to no pleadings. Maryella had chosen to bring personalities into it, and I would not stand for it, that was all.

I reached the main entrance of the theatre and stepped thru a door into the brilliantly lit lobby. A man who was buying tickets at the box office looked up and with a yell ran out into the street, leaving his change behind on the shelf.

Someone opened the door I had just closed behind me. I did not look around.

"Tom!"

It was Jim Cooper's voice.

"Well?"

"I thought you might want these if you are going over to the office."

He thrust something into my hands and then hastened back into the theater.

It was my trousers!

CHAPTER III.

Watch for the Big Surprise!

The penitentiary is one of the things that places our city on the map. Therefore any happening of importance out there dominates the local news and figures largely also in the Associated Press dispatches.

The prison authorities had been having considerable trouble because of a number of men among the prisoners who were agitating for an eight-hour day, and some new foxtrot records for the phonograph, or something like that. The warden had not granted their demands, so this jail-delivery practically amounted to a strike. The men who escaped left word that they would not come back until their demands were acceded to.

Of course it was really a lot more serious than that, but I wrote it up in that fashion for the Daily Mail. Not that I felt particularly facetious—far from it; but that is my newspaper style. The public and my employers expect it of me.

What really occupied my mind was the unpleasant recollection of my departure from the Sheridan Dramatic Club and simultaneously from the good graces of one Maryella, eminently desirable spinster. I also had room in my conscience for an uneasy speculation as to whether or not John Hemingway really thought that I was flirting with his wife. I could get another job, of course, but my berth on the Daily Mail and its allied syndicate was very pleasant and lucrative.

They had to hold the presses for me on the city edition until I returned from the "pen," so that it was after two when I finally left the office to get supper at an all-night lunch counter. I turned in about three, but didn't get to sleep for an hour or so after that.

It seemed as if I had barely dozed off when my telephone rang. I got up and answered it.

"Hello," I growled.

"Hello, Tom. This is Jim Cooper talking."

I muttered something under my breath.

"Don't swear," he observed pleasantly. "You ought to be glad. I woke you up."

"Glad?" I repeated, incredulously. "What have I got to be glad about?"

"Because Maryella wants to talk to you for one thing. She asked me to tell you to come over to her house as soon as possible. You see, it is all for the best."

"Go to the deuce," I advised crossly.

"I should be glad to," he was answering in an unruffled tone as I hung up the receiver.

I went back to my nice warm bed, but sleep was effectually routed for the day. My curiosity was aroused.

What did Maryella want? Probably something wherein I would be the nickel-plated goat. I was suspicious.

Still, it was nice of her to make the first move toward reconciliation. In the past that had always been my part. Maybe she knew she was in the wrong and wanted to apologize.

There was only one way to find out. I got up and dressed.

After breakfast I walked to Maryella's house. The air was quite cold and a few flakes snow was falling. We had had cold weather before, and there was a couple of inches of snow, but this was our first snowstorm.

Mrs. Hemingway was with Maryella. The huge living-room of the Waite home was littered with sewing materials, endless ruffles and basting-threads. A cheerful fire was burning in the grate.

The two young women were on the floor cutting something out of white cloth. The atmosphere was too happy and industrious for me to preserve my grouch in. I almost regret to say that I thawed at once.

"We're making pads," Maryella explained after I was comfortably settled.

"For me?" I asked suspiciously.

—"for everybody who needs them," Maryella added hastily, interpreting the hostility in my tone. "For you, for Mr. Cooper and for Mrs. Hemingway."

"For Mrs. Hemingway!" I repeated incredulously. "I don't see what she needs of—"

Maryella interrupted me before I could finish.

"Mrs. Hemingway, who is speechless with modest blushes, wishes me to thank you on behalf of herself and her Creator. As a matter of fact we are not making any pads for her. Quite the reverse in fact."

But we are building some for you and Jim.

"You should see the fine large chest we have wished on our husky Greek warrior; and as far as you are concerned—Well, all I can say is that we used Mrs. Hemingway for a pattern. But that is not what I asked you to come over and talk about."

"No?" with a polite inflection from me.

"No. Did you ever read a story entitled 'Dollyanna'?"

"Not yet," I replied with my best noncommittal manner. "I have heard of it tho. What's it about?"

"It's about a great many things," Maryella explained seriously, "but mostly it's the story of a girl who believes that no matter what happens it is all for the best. She is an awfully dear little girl, and she always looks on the bright side of everything. It's sort of sad, too, because she gets hurt once and nearly dies, but she cheers everybody up just the same and tells them it's all for the best because it has been a dull season for the undertakers anyway."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

THE CALL OF THE OUTDOORS

More than 30,000,000 Americans take to the open road every summer. More than 3,000,000 of them visited our national parks in 1928, and government officials have arranged to care for at least a half million more this season. More than 30,000,000 visit state parks, state forests and other public recreations and scenic areas.

The tourist business has become one of the biggest businesses in America. In fact, the income from this source exceeds the income from agricultural products in a number of states today.

"We have more state parks than any other state," proudly boasts the resident of Michigan, "and we harvest a bigger annual crop from the tourist trade than any other state."

He is right, but New York has by far the largest acreage devoted to this purpose.

"Oh, you do? Are you sure of that?" asked his friend from Wisconsin. "You probably don't realize that the Badger State has a tourist business of $200,000,000 annually, and that with the way we conservationists over there are doing things we soon will double it. Why, since the Izaak Walton League got on the job in our state things are just hopping along. Watch Wisconsin!"

"Is that so?" rejoined the Michigander. "You evidently don't know that we estimate the income from our outdoors at $250,000,000, and that we too, have a lot of active Waltonians in our state. You don't have so much to crow about."

Just then a Minnesotan came along, and the two friends told him about the discussion. He couldn't refrain from getting into the argument. He reminded them that last season Minnesota harvested a tourist crop of $90,000,000, and that when the plans of the Waltonians in his state get all of their program under way the tourists flocking to that state will make his companions sit up and take notice.

"Why, don't you know," he said, "we have almost twice the income per acre from the water area in our wonderful lake state than the farmers are from an acre of farm land! Now put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

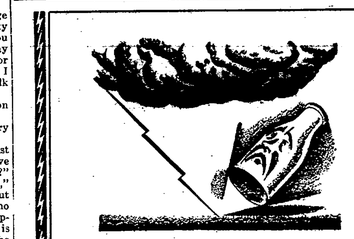
He went on to say that Colorado estimates her "tourist crop" at $50,000,000, and that a number of other states collect from five to 25 millions annually from this source.

Yes, it truly is a new, big business which is growing larger and more important every year. The American people are beginning to put a dollars and cents value on their outdoors, and it is high time they did so. Everybody benefits, physically, spiritually and financially.

Newspapers Are Best

Cleveland, Ohio.—A newspaper advertisement published in five cities at a cost of $8,000 brought 222 inquiries to the Babson statistical organization for every single reply received from a $8,000 half hour on the Columbia Radio Net Work, Roger W. Babson, business statistician and forecaster told an audience here recently.

Uncle Ab says no good act is ever wasted.



Does thunder turn cream SOUR?

"OH, dear," you've heard housewives say, "here comes a thunder storm. My cream will surely turn sour." But this old adage is no longer true. Thunder or no thunder, cream will not "turn" if it is kept below 50°.

Save on spoiled food... buy an electric refrigerator. It keeps your food at 45° always.

Dr. Royal S. Copeland estimates that the average family wastes from $70 to $100 each year on food spoilage. And think of the risk from tainted and decomposed foods. Wait no longer . . . see your nearest electrical dealer . . . get that electric refrigerator now.

The cost to use is but a few cents a day. For your electricity is the cheapest in history. While the price of most necessities has steadily increased, Niagara Power Service costs less than when boys of 20 wore whiskers.

NIAGARA, LOCKPORT & ONTARIO POWER COMPANY

NIAGARA SERVICE

MORE BARGAINS IN USED CARS

1927 Nash Ambassador
1926 Nash Special 6 Truck
1926 Nash Light 6 Sedan
~~1924 Nash Six 4-door Coupe~~
1923 Nash 4 Sedan
1924 Nash 6 Sedan
1927 Chrysler Sedan
1926 Chevrolet Coupe
1922 Chevrolet Touring
1921 Oakland Touring
~~1927 Ford Coupe~~
1924 Ford Coupe
1921 Ford Coupe
Overland Truck.

F. L. WELSTEAD
24 E. Fassett St.
Wellsville, N. Y. Phone 499

Correspondence

Davis Hill

Aug. 1.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Halsey, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Ordiway and children visited Mr. and Mrs. Cass Kenyon on Pingrey Hill, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gibson of Nile visited at Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Davis', Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Schriener and son, Billy visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Davis and children, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis, Mrs. Floyd Slocum, Kathleen, Mary DeSelva, Pauline Carson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Dan Witter enjoyed a picnic dinner at Loon Lake, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Ordiway and children visited Mr. and Mrs. John Ludden of Beach Hill, Sunday.

Kathleen Slocum and Mary DeSelva visited Rosanna and Edna Joyce, Tuesday.

West Greenwood

July 29.—Mr. and Mrs. Bert Loomis, Mrs. E. L. Teribury, Elizabeth and Leola Teribury, Bernice Conrad and George Conley were in Canisteo, Saturday evening.

Nelson Brewster has returned to his home after working for Ralph Perry of Bennetts Creek.

Anson Brewster of Andover is working at Van Coombs'.

Dave Roarbatcher of Bennetts Creek was a Sunday caller of Dan Mullen's.

Elizabeth and Leola Teribury spent Thursday night with Bernice Conrad.

John Swarts was in Andover, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Brown and daughter, Veronica of King Hill, spent Saturday evening with her father, Fred Conrad and family.

Road men from Greenwood have been working on the road here this week.

Barney Mills

July 29.—Mrs. Mabel Heselton is visiting her son, Victor and family.

Mrs. Margaret McCullen and Harry Pease spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tracy.

Russell Groves of Pelham, N. Y., is spending the summer vacation with his aunt, Miss Emily Barney.

Fred Palmiter of Alfred accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Tracy and Leona, returned Saturday, from an eleven days' trip thru Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Canada.

Relatives from Newark, N. J., Jamestown, N. Y., and Hornell spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Sherd Austin.

Greenwood

A reunion of the George York family was held at the home of John Rogers, Jr., Sunday. There were Mr. and Mrs. George York and two sons, James and Alton; Mr. and Mrs. Lester York and children, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Caffery and daughter of West Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Earl York and children and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Taylor and children of Canisteo, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Madison and children of Hammondsport and Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge and Mrs. Ruth Williamson spent Tuesday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Caffery in Milwaukee.

Miss Mae Whitmore called on Miss Agnes Caffery, Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Burr Case and Lew Bailey of Woodward Hollow were in Hornell, Monday, on business.

Mr. and Mrs. George Caffery and two sons, Albert and George, Jr., of West Hill called on Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge, Sunday evening.

Miss Mae Whitmore spent Friday afternoon with Miss Agnes McCaffery.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge and Miss Agnes Caffery were shopping in Canisteo, Saturday night.

H. C. Caffery and two sons of Milwaukee were callers in town Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Clair Updyke and children were in Westfield, Pa., Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge and Agnes Caffery visited Mr. and Mrs. Howard Scribner in Wellsville, Sunday.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Will O'Dell of Dryden Hill, a 14 pound daughter, Friday, July 26th.

Ernest Trowbridge and Mrs. Clara Emery and Mrs. Sultz of Buffalo spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Judd Sampson.

Mrs. Jennie Williamson spent a week visiting her daughter, Mrs. Blanche Rollins of Hornell and Mrs. Glenn VanFleet of Canisteo.

Mrs. Dever Clark is spending a few days in Hornell with her mother, Mrs. Will Wykoff.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Mallotte of Milwaukee spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Guy Drake.

Mrs. Chloe Bailey spent Monday with Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge.

HIGHLIGHTS ON STATE PRODUCE

From New York State Dept Agriculture and Markets, July 30, 1929.

Potato Market Firmer

Long Island has commenced to forward new crop, cobbler potatoes in bulk to this market in carlots, according to the New York office of the New York State Department of Agriculture and Markets. The potatoes showed excellent quality and size and wholesaled at $5.40-5.50 per 180 pounds. The tone of the market this morning was stronger and the demand was moderate. The finest southern number one cobblers also commanded as high as $5.50 per cloth-top stave barrel.

Pears in Good Demand

Clapp's Favorite pears have commenced to arrive in limited volume from the Hudson valley. The fruit was rather small in size but showed fine quality and sold quite readily at $3.50 per bushel basket.

Country Dressed Calves

Fresh receipts of country dressed calves were light. The demand was slow and limited. Market steady with lightweights scarce. A few extra fancy obtained premiums. Choice were 22-24c, fair to good 20-22c, common 19-20c, small to medium 19-20c, lightweights 17-18c. During the hot weather, cars should be well iced before shipping.

Live Poultry

Broilers were in liberal receipt by express and freight, demand fair market steady on real heavy, fancy broilers; average run and poor, irregular. Fowls, leghorn were 27c per pound, colored 29c. Broilers, Rocks, 2½ pounds and over 36c; ¾ to 2 pounds 30-33c; under 1½ pounds 25-28c. Reds, 2½ pounds and over 33c; 1¼ to 2 pounds 28-30c; 1¼ pounds 22-25c. Leghorn, 2 pounds and over 28c; 1¼ to 2 pounds 25-27c; under 1¼ pounds 20-24c. Ducks, nearby 20-22c; Long Island, young 25c.

Butter—Cheese—Eggs

The butter market was firm but not quite so active as yesterday, creamery salted, higher score 44-44½c per pound, extra (92 score) 43½c.

The cheese market was steady to firm. Values range widely due to quality. New York State held, fancy to specials 27-29½c per pound; fresh, fancy to specials 22½-25c; short held 25-26c.

The egg market was firm. Fancy whites commanded top prices. The demand for lower grades and mixed colors is improving. Nearby henery whites, closely selected extras 48-51c per dozen, average extras 44-47c; nearby gathered whites, firsts to extra firsts 35-38c; nearby hennery browns, top quality 39-46c.

Livestock

Bulls: Market nominal, none on sale; medium $9-10.50; common lightweights $7-8. Cows: Market nominal, none on sale; good $9-9.50; common $7-8; cutters $4-6. Vealers: Market irregular; good to choice $16-18.50; medium $13-15; cull and common $10-11. Calves: (Wholemilk-feds excluded) market irregular; medium to choice $10-12; culls and common $8-9.50. Lambs: Market irregular; good to choice $18-$18½; medium $11-13; culls and common $9-10. Sheep: Market irregular. Ewes: Medium to choice $4.50-6.50; culls and common $2-$4.25. Hogs: Market irregular. 85 to 130 pounds $12.25-12.60; 130 to 160 pounds $12.50-12.75; 165 to 250 pounds $11.75-12.25; sows (rough) $8-9.25.

Hay Market

The hay market is slow and draggy. A few carloads of new hay came on the market, which graded No. 3, due to being heated and stained. No. 1, $26, No. 2, $23-25; No. 3, $20-22.

TWO METHODS TO CAN PEACHES

Housewives are Given Choice of Ways to Preserve Favorite Fruit.

Two methods suggested for canning peaches by the New York state college of home economics at Cornell university are by cooking them in the glass jars, or in an open kettle.

Sound freestone peaches of uniform size are best for canning, soft broken ones should be used for marmalade or peach conserve. If possible peaches should be picked and canned on the same day.

To remove the skins easily, dip the peaches first in boiling water and then in cold water. It is necessary to allow them to stand some time before canning, cover them with a salt solution made by using one teaspoon of salt to one quart of cold water. This will prevent discoloration. The peaches should be drained just before using. The peaches may be cut in slices, or in halves, and the stones removed. In canning by the open-kettle method they may be left whole.

Make a syrup of from one-half to three-fourths of a cup of sugar to each cup of water and boil it from three to five minutes. Allow about one cup of syrup and one cracked peach pit for each quart of peaches.

When canning peaches by the cooked-in-the-can method, pack the halves in overlapping layers with the rounded side uppermost and the blossom end or bottom, facing the glass, or fill the jar with the slices. Pour on the hot syrup until the jar is full, adjust the rubber, the cover, and the upper clamp which will partly seal the jar. Place the jars on a rack in a kettle, pour in enough water to cover the tops to the depth of one inch, bring the water to the boiling point and boil the jars for 20 minutes. Remove the jars, seal them, and invert them to cool.

The cooked-in-the-kettle method simply requires cooking the peaches in an open kettle until they are tender, then with a clean spoon slip them carefully into jars that have been thoroly cleaned and boiled for 20 minutes, and fill the jar to overflowing with syrup. Adjust the rubber which has been in boiling water five minutes and the cover, which has been cleaned with the jar. Seal the jars immediately and invert them to cool.

Protect iron or steel utensils which are to be stored for the summer by coating the surface with paraffin or other fat containing no salt and wrapping them with newspaper. This applies to flatirons and stoves as well as to small kitchen utensils.

The season for camping and for forest fires is here. Help make it only the camping season.

* * *

To feed cows well this summer will help prevent a milk shortage next fall; furthermore it pays well.

RAILROAD REWARDS BOYS AND GIRLS

New York Central Offers Prizes for Members of 4-H Clubs.

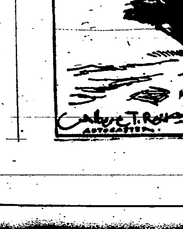
The New York Central railroad, thru its agricultural agent, R. W. Quackenbush, offers this year for the first time, a series of cash prizes to members of 4-H clubs who are interested in dairy and livestock. The prizes are to be used in paying their expenses in attending the national dairy exposition and the national 4-H club congress. Members of 4-H clubs are those boys and girls who are engaged in agricultura and home economics activities directed by the extension service at Cornell.

Two of the prizes are for those engaged in dairy projects; one of $55 and the other of $45. These are awarded to the club members on the basis of their achievements in the dairy clubs, taking into account the quality of the dairy animals which are grown, and the excellence of attainment in other club activities.

The prizes are open to the competition of any boy or girl in the state who are regularly enrolled in 4-H club activities, and the only condition attached to the prize money is that it shall be used to defray part of the expenses of the winners to the national dairy show at St. Louis in October, 1929.

Two similar prizes are offered to two members of general livestock clubs, who are raising sheep, hogs, or beef cattle. These prizes are awarded on a basis similar to that of the dairy prizes. The condition attached to them is that the boys or girls to whom they are awarded will use the money to pay a part of their expenses to the national 4-H club congress in Chicago in December.

Pullets and cockerels should be kept in separate flocks if they are to develop as they should.



Makes Life Sweeter

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

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

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

THE FAMILY TREASURY

Jimmy Brown was a money maker in a modest way. He had the bungalow almost paid for, and Mrs. Jimmy Brown knew the meaning of team work in the matter of overcoming difficulties.

It was in the late autumn that Mrs. Jimmy began to think about a new rug, and a few pieces of more tasty furniture for the coming spring. She had grown tired, as any good woman must, with the ceaseless dusting, sweeping, changing positions of the antiquated sofa and worn rockers—she just couldn't make the living room look cheery any more! But the relentless mortgage kept eating its way into the family treasury; until it could be paid off.

The little wife decided to stop every leak in the family budget she could—and to save closer if possible, but how? There was just thirty-five cents in her purse—a dime and a quarter—when her resolution was formed; she would save every dime that came her way. She put the thin little dime in a dime-bank, one of her childhood trinkets in the bottom of a dresser drawer. It took ten dimes to open it; that dime slid into the tiny slot, and clinked cheerfully as it fell on the metal floor of the toy. It sounded good.

The laundryman came around with Jimmy's collars—bill 15 cents. The dime in change joined its fellow in the little bank. When Jimmy came home to dinner, he had three dimes among other coins in his purse; he gave them to Mrs. Jimmy, a half-dollar was "banked" that day, and Jimmy liked the plan.

To shorten this true story, by the next April, Mrs. Jimmy had deposited in the real bank, one hundred and seventy-five dollars—all in dimes. She purchased her new rug, sacrificed several rickety old rockers, bought fresh new ones, and a neat settee—paid cash, and had some left—all done with dimes that had previously slipped thru fingers that had not appreciated the insignificant coins.

This is no fairy tale, any one can do the same.

Notice of School District Meeting

The annual meeting of the inhabitants of School District Number 1, Town of Andover, New York, qualified to vote at school meetings in said District, will be held at the school house, at said District on Tuesday, August 6, 1929 at 7:30 o'clock, p. m., (standard time) for the election of trustees and the transaction of such business as is authorized by the Educational Law of 1910 and the acts amendatory thereof.

Dated July 10, 1929.

Board of Education of Union Free School District, No. 1, Town of Andover, New York,

SARA CANNON, Clerk.

31

To keep the color, flavor and nutrients in green vegetables such as string beans or asparagus drop them into boiling salted water and cook until just tender in an uncovered kettle.

When removing a stain by sponging, avoid the formation of a ring by stroking from the outside to the center, carrying the strokes with the weave of the goods.

BRIEF BUSINESS BRINGERS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—A Remington portable typewriter, in first class condition. Merrit Hackett, Maple street.

HAY TO CUT on shares. N. M. Lanphear, Alfred Station. 31p

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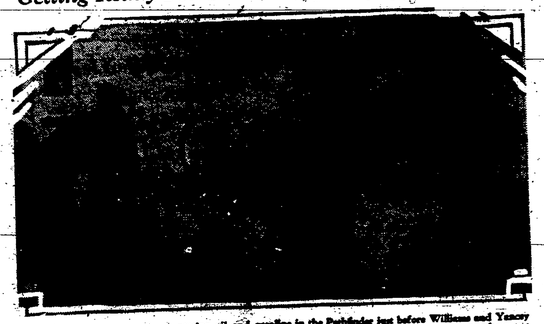
Getting Ready For Trans-Atlantic Flight To Rome



Fuelling crews are shown pouring oil and gasoline in the Pathfinder just before Williams and Yancey set off from Old Orchard, Maine, for their transatlantic hop. The Tide Water Oil Company, whose seal plate the Green Flash was originally chosen for the flight, but was damaged in the first take off, supplied the Veedol to lubricate the motor and the Tydol to fuel it.