

Rowena Rides the Rumble

By ETHEL HUESTON

SECOND INSTALMENT

Rackruff Motors hire Rowena to accompany Peter on a nation-wide tour in their roadster as an advertising stunt. At the last minute Little Bobby is engaged to act as chaperon. They are waiting for Bobby to show up to make the start.

Peter himself showed up to good advantage.

From ten until eleven o'clock the photographers snapped and the reporters took notes. First Rowena sat at the wheel, then Peter, then the two together, each bravely trying to conceal the worm of fear that gnawed at the core of his being—fear that the chaperon had changed her mind and would not come. Eleven o'clock—eleven thirty. The reporters were getting restive. Mr. Rack had his watch in his hand and Mr. Ruff was talking business off at one side of the room.

A taxicab pulled up at the side entrance and a little brown mouse of a girl slipped out and crept timidly in thru the rear door and sidled up to the cashier's cage. She had to stand on tiptoe to be seen from within.

"Where will I find Miss Rostand?" she asked and her voice was a rippling low whisper.

"What name please? Are you from one of the papers?" asked the cashier briskly.

"No. I'm Miss Lowell—Roberta Lowell. I am the chaperon for the motor tour," explained the little brown mouse with a roll of brown eyes and a display of deep dimples.

"Oh, Mr. Rack," called the cashier "here's the chaperon."

The little brown mouse looked ready to sink into the floor in shy confusion as the tide of photographers, reporters, automobile executives and salesmen—and Rowena and Peter, you may be sure—surged swiftly toward her.

"The chaperon!" ejaculated Mr. Rack.

"The chaperon?" echoed Mr. Ruff. She had told Rowena she was 23 years old, but standing timidly as she did at barely five feet two, with little brown curls framing her dimpled brown face, she did not at first glance bear testimony to such weight of years. Her small hands fluttered nervously with gloves and chain. Her big brown eyes gazed out, appalled and appealing, at the crowd that surged her way.

"Are you Miss Lowell?" gasped Rowena.

"No wonder they call you Bobby," said Peter.

Rowena rallied first. "Never mind, never mind!" she announced, with a quick assumption of severity. "This is Bobby, and I'm the chaperon."

A few minutes later, the Rackruff roadster swept into Broadway and turned south, and the cheers of the assembled witnesses rattled the plate glass windows of the show rooms.

"You were right, Peter," confessed Rowena kindly, when they slowed down for the first traffic light. "We should certainly have looked her over."

They were rolling steadily along the Jersey side of the river when Rowena and Peter had their first argument. Rowena considered the ideal plan for them to tear along at a high rate of speed, stopping for nothing until they reached the Rocky Mountains.

And Peter didn't agree with her. Peter's idea was to drive along at a fair speed. He said that if they tore furiously along over roads, good and bad, thru boiling heat and chilling rain, they would reach a point of in creased tired, cross and worn out, hence unable to turn out the high-class work that Rackruff had a right to expect of them.

Rowena said that for her part she always worked best under pressure, that something in her responded strongly to hard driving, and that she enjoyed working when she was breathless, almost panting with haste—Peter, in that annoyingly gentle, almost disinterestedly lazy voice of his, said he didn't; said he couldn't work at all unless he had a breathful of fresh air in his lungs and quiet comfort in his heart.

"And of course," said Rowena cuttingly, "we will do it your way. Naturally you think good pictures are the most important part of the whole business."

"Of course," said Peter simply. Rowena was speechless with rage. She was glad she had already hated artists anyhow, it made hating Peter now so much more natural. He was telling himself that he was very glad Rowena was pretty. It would be pleasant painting her. He didn't care in the least about her disposition. This was a business trip.

It just goes to show the sort that Peter was that he never even suspected that Rowena was furious.

A sudden gulping sob close at hand startled him from his comfortable reverie. He looked sharply at Rowena, who sat rigidly erect and stony-faced beside him, blue eyes glittering ice cold.

"Are—are you crying?" he asked doubtfully.

"Met—Most certainly not! I hope you don't think for a minute you could make me cry!" ejaculated Rowena.

Peter listened. It came again, low and unmistakable, the gulping

sob of a weeping woman. They looked back over their shoulders. The little brown chaperon was slumped deep in the rumble seat, her head bowed low, small shoulders rising and falling with great sobs. Peter pulled to the side of the road and stopped the car, and both he and Rowena leaned back thru the window.

"Why, what's the matter, darling?" asked Rowena solicitously. "Don't you feel well?"

The small brown head shook vigorously from side to side.

"I—I'm lonesome," confessed a sad small voice. "Carter—didn't come to see me off."

"Carter?" asked Rowena and Peter in chorus.

"We're engaged. I thought surely he would come to see me off, and he didn't. I wish I hadn't come. I feel very badly. Maybe I'd better go back."

Stricken each with sudden fear that the chaperon might fail them—and they no farther west than the Hudson River—Rowena and Peter got hurriedly out and ran back to her, standing on either side while Rowena tenderly wiped the tear-stained face with a wisp of handkerchief and Peter patted both small brown hands with great vigor.

"I wrote him a very formal note," Bobby went on, "and said good-by," and told him he wouldn't need to bother taking me out places anymore and sending me presents and flowers, for I was going on a long motor trip with some dear friends and would be gone a long time, and was starting on Monday morning at ten o'clock from the Rackruff salesroom on Broadway, and of course I thought he would be there to see me off, and he wasn't."

Grief quite overcame her, and she would have slid clear off the rumble seat into the bottom of the car if Peter hadn't caught her firmly and drawn her back.

"Don't you care, darling," said Rowena. "Men are all like that. They aren't worth crying about."

"You mustn't feel like that," said Peter gently. "He was probably so ashamed he couldn't bear to face you. That's the way I am. The more ashamed I feel the more the more away you stay. I can't see," said Rowena coldly.

"Exactly," asserted Peter.

"But he knows how dangerous motor trips are," sobbed Bobby. "He knows I'm likely to be killed any minute, or at least maimed for life."

"All alike," repeated Rowena grimly.

"That's probably why he didn't come," said Peter comfortingly. "He realized that at thought of you going away into such terrible danger he would lose his self-control and break down before all those people. And then think how he'd feel."

Bobby thought of it. "Carter's not like that," she said. "I don't believe he'd break down. He's not at all the breaking-down kind of man. He's got red hair."

"Well, he might pretend he broke down," insisted Peter.

"All pretense, every one of them," declared Rowena sweepingly.

"It's terrible lonesome, going off on such a long trip without having Carter there to be ashamed of himself and feel sorry," said Bobby.

"I tell you what, darling," suggested Rowena brightly. "You come around here and sit with Peter and let him cheer you up. He's very good company. It's too lonesome for you back there alone."

"But you said I had to sit in the rumble seat!"

"Well, I've changed my mind. You see, I thought then that Peter and I would want to talk business and discuss our plans, and I never dreamed that every time I made a suggestion it would just lead to a bitter argument."

"Why, I didn't argue with you," protested Peter.

"I'd much rather sit in the rumble seat where I can think my thoughts in peace and not have my most innocent ideas contradicted before they are out of my mouth," continued Rowena.

"Why, I wasn't contradicting you," protested Peter.

But Rowena insisted, so Peter helped Bobby gently out of the rumble seat and was just turning to give Rowena a hand when he saw that she was already in, sitting very erect, chin high and eyes extremely blue. So he got in behind the wheel and they started off again.

Rowena settled back in the rumble seat with a malicious little grin. After listening to Bobby's chatter about Carter for an hour, she leaned forward.

"Do you mind if I close this window?" she asked sweetly. "I'm trying to think out a plot to a story and I must have perfect silence to decide whether I want to have Bobby's Carter commit the murder or be committed."

From that moment the rumble seat was Rowena's own.

She seemed to take a morbid pleasure in providing comfort for her privacy, and often smiled to herself in complacent and not un-malicious satisfaction when she heard the steady soft roll of Bobby's voice regaling Peter with vivid accounts

about Carter and their last quarrel which caused her to apply for the trip.

Peter was in possession of a complete biography of Carter long before they reached Buffalo, where they were to pay their first official visit to the Rackruff salesrooms, and where he was to make his first picture of the roadster and Rowena.

For all the seclusion of the rumble seat, Rowena was able to break in on Bobby's love-affair long enough to voice her disagreement with Peter's plans when she wanted to, which was pretty often. It went without saying that they did not agree about the financial management of the trip. Rackruff Motors, Inc., had agreed to pay all expenses for the car en route, and had allowed Peter and Rowena a joint salary of one hundred dollars a week—an expense allowance, it was really.

Peter's idea of the way to carry on was obviously the simplest and most natural. He said he would pay expenses for both of them and then divide equally with Rowena whatever was left of the hundred dollars at the end of each week.

Rowena said it wouldn't do.

In the end, Peter agreed to divide each week's allowance with her immediately upon its receipt every Monday morning, each thereafter paying his own bills, bearing his own responsibility, and saving what he could from the amount.

Even before they reached Buffalo he realized it would have been money in his pocket to have stuck to his original idea. Certainly it was no great drain on the expense account buying food for Rowena. While motoring in the fresh air made both him and Bobby ravenously hungry, so that they wished to eat often, fully and expensively, it seemed to have no effect whatever upon Rowena, who ate so rarely and so little that Bobby accused her of trying to reduce.

"Well," smiled Peter good-naturedly, "if you carry on like this for the next three months you will get rich off your share of the expense account."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

GREENWOOD

(Mrs. Rev. Thompson, Reporter)

P. T. A. Sponsors Christmas Parties

The pupils of Greenwood have enjoyed Christmas parties this week given by the P. T. A. The first four grades were entertained at the home of Mrs. J. H. Goodno, grades five and six at the home of Mrs. H. A. Fish on Tuesday afternoon and the seventh and eighth graders were at the home of Mrs. H. A. York Tuesday evening. The High School pupils enjoyed a dance at the I. O. O. F. Hall, Wednesday evening.

O. E. S. Elect Officers

At the regular stated meeting of the Greenwood Chapter, O. E. S., the following officers were elected: Matron, Winifred Murdock; Asso. Matron, Rose Brundage; Patron, Edward Plaisid; Conductress, Marjorie Matthews; Asso. Conductress, Helen Brown; Secretary, Reva C. Thompson; Treasurer, Flossie Holly; Trustee for three years, Mildred Fish.

District Deputy Joseph Bailey

and staff from Bath were in town Saturday night to install the Greenwood Grange officers.

Mrs. James Fitzpatrick

came from Buffalo Saturday to spend the holidays at the home of her son, Joseph Fitzpatrick.

Mrs. Mabel Stevenson

came from Chambersburg, Pa., Friday to spend the Christmas vacation with relatives here.

Miss Ann Aulls

spent Friday evening and Saturday in Syracuse.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Todd

moved from Hartsville Friday to the Dennis apartment.

J. K. Miller, John Krieger, Clarence Webster, Wm. Reimann, Edward Scribner

were in Cameron, Saturday night.

Mrs. George McKinley and Miss Grace Young

were in Jasper Friday, attending a Home Bureau meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Dennis

attended the funeral of Mrs. Sarah Jamison in Andover, Friday afternoon. Mrs. Clair Kunz of Wilbur, Washington, returned home with them.

Mrs. Minnie Knight

has returned from Ithaca where she has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harland Knight.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Decker

and Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Decker of Conrad, Pa., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Hale from Thursday until Sunday.

Miss Ruby Swarts

was taken to the Bethesda hospital Saturday and is in a critical condition.

Wedding At An Early Date

Bob and Betty are sweethearts And Andover is their home, And all about their wedding We'll tell you in this poem:

Of course W. F. O'Connell Was very wisely picked, To supply materials for their bungalow, Cause his products can't be licked.

The Stephens Insurance Company will write fire insurance On their cosy little nest, This Company was selected Cause its companies are the best.

They've selected the Andover State Bank, Because it's reliable and strong, And its ever, ever willing— To help worthy folks along.

They'll buy most their Christmas presents At the Watson Jewelry Store; Watson's Christmas stock this year Has pretty things galore.

Bob's put on winter underwear, And discarded B. V. D.'s; And at Borden's Service Station He bought some anti-freeze.

To Kruger's Garage they'll take their car, Where'er it needs repair, There's nothing in repairing That they don't do down there.

The Highy Electric Company Will do their electric wiring, Or anything electrical, That they may be requiring.

To her girl friends at Christmas Betty'll give nice things to wear— She'll buy them at the Princess Shop in Wellsville; They're delightful gifts in there.

Watch for Bob and Betty Next Week

Bodies of Egyptians who were buried in the dry sands before 3500 B. C. are sometimes better preserved by nature than the later burials in costly stone or metal tombs.

PROMINENT LOCAL COUPLE TO WED

NOW INSISTS ON NEW LOCKUP

State Commission of Correction Wants to Know What Village Proposes to do by April 1st.

Village Lockup—Andover Allegany County

Inspected November 23, 1932. Porter Richardson, village clerk; Edward Kilbane, police officer.

There have been no changes since the last inspection. The place was not clean and did not appear to have received any care from a janitor for a long time. The small toilet room adjacent to the cell room was filled with a litter of old papers, bags, mops, etc., adding seriously to the ever-present fire risk in this wooden building.

It was stated that 12 prisoners had been held during the past year and about 15 lodgers a month accommodated. The latter sleep on cots in a room adjacent to the cell room. It was said that when prisoners are held the place is supervised, and meals are provided from a restaurant for any held at meal time.

The common drinking cup is in use here. It should be discarded and sanitary paper cups substituted.

This lockup is not satisfactory, and for several years the Commission has attempted to have the village officials provide a new one. At one time it was said the building of a new school prevented expending money for a new lockup, and last year the village attorney wrote that an expensive street improvement campaign used up all available funds he said in part:

"Probably following this they will work out some plan for the lockup as the next improvement."

It is time that the village officials give serious thought to this matter and provide a modern, fire-proof lockup. Were it not for the distance to the county jail, I would suggest that the place be closed now.

Recommendations

1. That the village officials be requested to advise the State Commission of Correction before April 1, 1933, what they intend to do toward providing safe, sanitary and adequate quarters for prisoners and lodgers. And meanwhile,
2. That the present lockup be kept clean and the cell room painted.
3. That paper drinking cups be substituted for the common drinking cup in use.

Respectfully submitted, KATHERINE BOWES, Commissioner, State Commission of Correction.

of the militia stationed two of his men with a cannon in Shin Hollow to maintain peace, and even tho the men didn't know how to fire the cannon, they made such a hold show that there were no sustained raids thereafter.

But numerous fights still continued which seriously interfered with the construction of the road-bed and it was only after a month's supervision by militia from Goshen and Middletown that the ring-leaders were singled out and discharged.

Peace was gradually restored and Shin Hollow passed into history—and into forgetfulness—as the bloodiest engagement that cost not a single life.

And on January 7th, 1848, the Erie was officially opened to Port Jervis. The railroad was at last complete between the Hudson and the Delaware.

Next Week: The Excursion. The folks left full of happiness and high hopes. How did they come back?

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"ALONG CAME THE ERIE"

By Lawrence Reineke

Article XI. THE SHIN HOLLOW WAR.

Why the flat stretch of land four miles east of Port Jervis was called Shin Hollow no one knew, and in 1847 when it was a lively railway camp no one cared. Least of all the laborers who were getting their 75 cents a day for helping to push the Erie to the Port by January 1, 1848.

The laborers were too busy cutting rocks, digging out earth, building bridges, and keeping alive the factional hatreds of their native Ireland, to say nothing of grumbling at the food served by the boarding houses and resenting the employment of Germans on the road to bother about the name of a lonely opening in the hills.

The cold winter with its attending discomforts did nothing to improve the workmen's state of mind, and during January of 1847 the brooding trouble broke loose.

Along the route of the Erie between Otisville and Shin Hollow daily and nightly fights between the two factions of the Irish, Far-downers and Corkonians became a standard occurrence. These dog fights continued until the last Saturday in January when the Far-downers resolved on a final battle that would completely route the Corkonians.

With this purpose in mind a large party of the Far-downers marched to the section where the Corkonians were working and first stoning the Corks until they stopped work, the Far-downers charged into their rivals.

Sticks and clubs were flying, and the Corkonians, to protect themselves picked up their shovels and started battling the Far-downers with them. However, the odds were too great, and the Corkonians were obliged to retreat.

When the flying heels of the last Corkonian had disappeared, the Far-downers counted their broken heads and noses, and not finding as many as they expected it lent them confidence and they decided to clean out the Germans.

They anticipated little trouble in doing that and charged the Germans in loose fashion. The latter, however, seeing the fate of the Corkonians had organized to meet the Far-downers, so they were able to break the first charge of the Irish. Then the Germans started to give the Irish such a warm duplication of their own tactics that the Far-downers were glad to give way.

The raid of the Far-downers had intimidated all the workers along the section and work was suspended. The contractors, knowing every minute counted in the mad rush to complete the road to Port Jervis, were impatient at the delay and called a consultation.

In the meantime the Corkonians had stayed away from work for a

few days following the attack, decided to go back to their jobs. In some way or another the Far-downers heard of this, and resolved to prevent anything of the kind from happening.

Near midnight of February 3rd, they marched 100 strong into Shin Hollow and surrounded the house where the Corkonians lived. One man tried the door. It was locked, so several men picked up a convenient log and battered the door down. The Far-downers, yelling and cursing, swarmed inside.

The Corkonians were sleeping in lofts and as they had pulled the ladders up after them, it was impossible for the Far-downers to reach them. One of the Far-downers, more resourceful than the rest, picked up an axe and proceeded to chop down the supporting poles. The lofts with their half-asleep, but thoroughly frightened occupants crashed to the floor.

Then the Far-downers were on them with clubs and stones. Blood ran freely and in a few minutes the Corkonians were subdued.

The Far-downers, remembering the beating they had received at the hands of the Germans, resolved to repay it. They assembled and then marched toward the German quarter of the village.

However, the calculating Germans had foreseen the possibility of another attack and their leader had smuggled guns in from Otisville, and Middletown, so when the vanguard of the Irish loomed up in the night, they met with an even warmer reception than they had received before.

The first fire from the Germans threw the Irish into confusion; the second made them take to their heels with the Germans hard upon their tracks.

Little sleep was had by anyone that night in Shin Hollow and the next morning the contractors decided there was nothing else to do but call in the authorities. They went for Sheriff Welling at Goshen who gathered a posse and left for Shin Hollow at once. But he was unable to quell the riot, or arrest any of the rioters, and he was forced to call upon the Deepark Militia to aid him.

The militia, a company of about 30 men, quickly assembled and marched to the scene. As soon as the militia reached Shin Hollow the Irish retreated. Some shut themselves up in the shanties, and others took to the woods. The volunteers went about their work with vigor and succeeded in rounding up a great number of the rioters who were promptly paid off by the contractors and told to leave the county.

Fearing that the end of the trouble was not yet in sight, the captain

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DOUBLE:	\$3.50	\$4.00	\$4.50

MAINTENANCE BY J. W. BROWN

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