

ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY CLARE C. BACUS

OUR KEYNOTE:

"If There is Not a Way, Cut a Way"

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Motordom Makes Its Bow

The first of January marks a period of eager awaiting to the lover of fine automobiles. The new models have been wheeled up to the curtain which raises on the annual crop of new models.

The provinces, of course, must take the first view of the new creations on the salesroom floor of the various agencies and enthusiasts have been, in no way, disappointed with what they have already been permitted to see.

The new departure in streamlining which was introduced by some manufacturers last year has been adopted by all this year in different degrees. Beauty, color and grace seem to be the basic motive of every model.

But beauty alone is not the only outstanding improvement of the 1935 cars. Careful attention has been given to comfort, greater ease of operation, swifter and more powerful performance and greater safety.

A majority of the cars have a new distribution of the weight they carry. The motor has been moved forward from five to eight inches, which, among other things, enables the back seat to be moved forward from a direct location over the rear axle.

A new type of spring action and suspension on several models synchronizes and balances front and back springing for greater safety and comfort.

Bodies are wider, giving more seating room, especially in the front seats, and there is more head room. The cars hug the ground more closely than ever.

New models are always attractive and the ingenuity of designers enables them to offer something new and different each year, but the 1935 cars demand your attention and consideration on the basis of other merits as well.

The automobile industry is one of the most important in our country. It is a barometer of unusual importance in national trade. Its leaders have been playing an important role in attempting to stimulate commercial activity with their efforts being partially rewarded during 1934.

Upon the ultimate success of their efforts depend the livelihood of thousands of workers throughout the nation. If you need a new car and can buy it, your purchase will go to help stimulate business and help to keep men at work.

Many women will admit their true age if that Townsend pension plan is ever put into effect.

When they take each other "for better or for worse," it does not follow that they should always be looking for the worst.

European nations call Uncle Sam imperialistic because they know just what they would do if they were in his place.

THE "your head! That's what it's for." is the advice of an experienced driver to motorists in an effort to prevent automobile accidents. Do not steal up from behind people without some signal of this kind.

This is good advice and should be followed. But there is also another great essential that should be observed by all drivers and it covers the use of the horn as well as all other precautionary measures. "Use your head," it should read. That's what it's for! That is, your head and what is in it. Drivers should give evidence of some consideration for the rights of others on the road; they should keep in mind that public highways are not private lanes and someone is always likely to drive into their path from some side street or road; they should give half, or more of the road when passing, if possible. They should drive slowly and carefully in congested districts and when pedestrians are in the road; they should watch for oncoming cars when backing out of parking places or pulling away from the side of the road or street—these and many more precautions should be observed including the judicious use of the horn—in short, "Use your head!"

If every driver used his head there would be many less automobile accidents. In the speech of the motorists there ought to be no such word as "unexpected." The unexpected is the very thing they ought to expect. It ought to be as clear as day and as inevitable as winter's snow to all of us that driving a motor car is no child's play—it ought to be done only by painstaking and responsible persons, able and willing always to give their most serious attention to the business in hand.

Open Air Exercise in Winter

DO NOT limit your winter activities to those popular indoor sports of fuming over a balky furnace or a smoking stove and complaining about cold weather, but get a bit of open air exercise every day.

Winter can be a harsh, disease-bearing tyrant or a health-giving, benevolent monarch, according to the way each person prepares to deal with his or her daily habits.

Exercise has long been recognized as a fundamental health requirement because to keep up the tone of the muscles and organs of the body with exercise is essential. Exercise, however, that involves the uses of some mechanical device will not serve as a substitute for fresh air, proper diet, sufficient sleep and outdoor exercise.

There is no real substitute for muscular activity. Every person knows this to be a fact, but a comparatively small number follow a living code they know to be best for their health. Pills, drugs, stimulants and like treatments are not substitutes.

People who do not use their muscles more or less every day, lose power and decrease their general efficiency.

The best form of exercise is recreation in the open air, winter or summer. The most important thing is for people to realize this is the very foundation of health and that it must be practiced.

Beauty that is skin deep, often vanishes over a hot cook stove.

Friends are like dollars—when you need them most, they are hardest to find.

Hope is a wonderful thing. Without it, life is almost hopeless.

The main reason most of us like to try to get something for nothing is because it has never been done.

Every public works program works the poor taxpayer first.



FOURTH INSTALLMENT

To get fifteen thousand dollars to save the family honor, Nancy Gordon promises to marry the well-to-do Dr. Richard Morgan. Her beloved brother, Roddy, has come home from New York to confess that he has taken that amount from the bank where he works—because a woman needed it—and that he will be jailed if he is found out before he returns it. So Nancy, in love with the penniless Page Roemer, decides to borrow the money from Morgan and pledges herself to marry him in return.

Day dawned at last and the sun rose gloriously—sunshine mocks at human misery. It was shining in the kitchen windows where Amanda, with her sleeves rolled up, was cutting potatoes. As she pared she sang: "Take me up an' set me down Spang in Heaven-town! Take me up— z 'Fo' de Lawd, Miss Nancy, yo' done startled me!"

Nancy had appeared unexpectedly upon the threshold. It was early but she was fully dressed for the street and wore a big hat that shaded her eyes. "Mandy, I'm going out—I want something. Can I have a cup of coffee now?" "I reckon so, Miss Nancy, I done made it a'ready."

Nancy sat down in a kitchen chair and took the big cup from Mandy's hands. The coffee was hot and golden brown; Nancy sipped it slowly, watching the deft brown hands work. "Take me up an' set me down Spang in Heaven-town," sang Amanda, pausing now and then as she flipped the slender slices of potatoes in the boiling fat. "Take me up an' set me down, Where dem angels keeps my crown! Oh, dere ain't no moths up dere, Oh, dere ain't no rust to spare, Where dem angels shines my crown!"

Nancy hurried. "I can't come in today, but—give Angie my love, please," she faltered. "The major chuckled. 'Think I'm a carrier pigeon, eh? Angie and I saw Roddy hurry by last week—what's wrong? He never looked at us, Nancy, went by like a shot.' 'Nancy felt a thrill of fear run thru her. Did the old man know? She had not betrayed Roddy, she had saved him so far, she must not fail now. She swallowed the lump in her throat.

"He had to catch a train, that was all," she explained, nervously. "I'm sure he didn't see you." Nancy hurried now. She had sold Richard not to come for her, to wait at the station. She thought it would be easier to go there alone, but it was not; it was harder every minute. Then suddenly she saw him waiting for her quickly, standing at his own gate. He seemed to loom up there, not the figure that, bent forward, drearily had conjured—as a child's dream of the bogie-man—but Richard, tall and strong. The same face, too, not handsome like Page Roemer, but with something in it that frightened her. Yet his eyes were warm and glowing now and—yes, they were kind!

"You did what I asked, Richard," she got her voice—at first she thought she couldn't—and they walked on together. Once she raised her eyes and gave Richard a sidelong look, and she was stricken by it. Again she saw how he loved her and it terrified her. It was like meeting something mighty and irresistible. She was wicked. It was a wicked and scornful thing to do to a man who loved her.

"There's Mrs. Hadden," said Richard's voice, and it sounded strange. Nancy looked up at the pastor and saw Helen's face at the window, her green eyes looking at them. She blushed forward, startled, bowing to them, and Nancy's cheeks grew rosy. Helen's eyes looked as if they knew or thought they knew something! Nancy, trying to hide her own trembling, saw her looking back her eyes on Richard, and Richard red under his tan.

"Hadden's going on the train with us," he said quietly, they were in sight of the station now. "He told me so last night. A pleasure trip, it won't bother us, Nancy." She thought it would; she did not like Helena, and Kingdon Hadden was Helena's husband, and the president of the bank where Mr. Gordon had worked as a trusted clerk for twenty years. Helena would wonder why Nancy was going to Washington with Richard. Would they have to tell him? Her heart sank—it would make it so real before—before it happened. Unconsciously she faltered, her very lips grew pale. Richard saw it. Up to this moment he had been carried along by a rush of feeling, by the depth of his own passion for her, but now—in a moment—the thing fell to pieces. They were almost at the station when he stopped short.

"Nancy," his voice was harsh and broken, "I—I wish I knew—you make a fellow feel like a brute! I can't go on with this—if I'm forcing you to marry me against your heart." She stood still at his side, her profile toward him. She did not lift her eyes. "—" she struggled with herself, and then steadily: "I pledged myself to marry you—if you want to refuse."

"Nancy Virginia!" he caught her hand and held it fiercely. He fairly hurt it but she did not wince. They stood a moment thus, and then walked on; the force that was driving him now was too strong even for him, or he made no effort to resist it. At the station, Richard held the door open and Nancy stepped inside. She stood still inside the station door. She was conscious that Richard had left her for a moment, and looking across the station, she saw him talking to a tall man who stood a little. Haddon, of course! They knew each other well, Richard was the banker's physician. Was he telling him about her?

Nancy's heart beat hard. No, Richard had not told Haddon; the banker never looked her way at all. Suddenly she felt as if she whirled he had. Why hadn't Richard—"I thought you wouldn't want to talk to Haddon all the way, so I didn't tell him you were here," Richard said, coming up and taking her bag. "The train's going in two minutes, Nancy, we'll have to get aboard."

It was... I was... worldly goods I...

Richard opened the swinging doors and the cold spring air met them like a friend. Across the city square the shadows of the dusk had gathered. Nancy and homelessness clutched at Nancy's heart; she looked up and met Richard's eyes, they frightened her; he saw thru her, she knew he did.

"Richard, I must go home!" she pleaded. "I'm going to take you home," his voice shook, "my home is yours now, Nancy." "Oh, I don't mean that. I mean I'll have to tell father and mother now!" "Then—" he paused an instant, not looking at her, "you want to go home tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" her tone was tinged with agonized dismay. He meant to stay here then—or to go farther away still! "You want to go now?" he asked quietly, "at once?" "Oh! I—" she drew a long breath, "if I could—" He was silent. They had reached the corner of the street and he stopped abruptly, apparently lost in thought.

"You mean—you'd like to go home alone?—that—" he choked. For a long moment the man struggled with the mounting passion and fury in his soul. Then he turned quietly, without making her even aware of the tremendous effort he had made to control himself. "Come with me now," he said coldly. "I've taken rooms at the hotel here, close by. You need rest—I can see that—and I must talk to you."

Something in his tone stung her; suddenly she remembered. She had begged his help and pledged herself. It was her doing, not his, and she was begging off! Even now, married to him, she was longing to escape, to break her word. Had he found it out? She had a strange feeling of being in a dream and walking thru an empty street with a stranger—toward a fate yet more strange. His silence, too, began to weigh upon her. She thought suddenly that it was their wedding day—his wedding day—and he loved her. A feeling of remorse shot thru her, a feeling of shame.

They had reached the hotel now and a small suite overlooking the same park that faced the church where they were married. The curtains had not been drawn and, moving mechanically to the nearest window, Nancy stood looking out upon the city street with blank, unseeing eyes. All her senses seemed alive, but one thing, Richard's presence and the sharper consciousness that they were alone together in a strange place. To him it was a moment of intolerable complexity. He saw the girl he loved, his wife at last, lovely, young, appealing in her evident distress. Yet this, which should have been a moment of exultation and joy, was one of bitterness. How perfect she was, and she was his. The thought surged thru him and kindled him like a flame. He forgot the way of getting her for an instant, because she was actually his!

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