

# THE ANDOVER NEWS

A PROGRESSIVE FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR ALLEGANY COUNTY PEOPLE, IN POLITICS INDEPENDENT, BUT NEVER NEUTRAL

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FOR WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 19, 1915.

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## E. SNYDER DIES AT WELLSVILLE HOSPITAL

Popular Town Clerk Succumbs to Serious Surgical Operation Saturday - Funeral Held Tuesday Afternoon.

With sorrowing hearts Andover people received the sad news Saturday evening, of the death of William E. Snyder, from the effects of an operation performed at the Wellsville Hospital, Thursday morning.



The Late W. E. Snyder

After a previous operation for appendicitis, some eighteen months ago, had never entirely healed, and he sought relief from the trouble by this second operation, and went to the Wellsville Hospital Tuesday of last week for treatment. While the operation itself was successful, the weak heart was not strong enough to rally when the reaction took place. His death came as a shock to Andover friends, many of whom did not know that he was actually ill until they learned of his death. The body was brought to Andover on train No. 6, Saturday night.

Again Andover has been called on to mourn the loss of one of its foremost young men, a man who will be greatly missed by every one, as he was particularly one of our most loving men. Reared in a village, it always looked good to him. He was lonesome when away from his haunts. He was a fighter with his fellow men, and a geniality rarely possessed by many. W. E. Snyder had a sunny disposition, always encouraging his associates by his happy and cheerful greetings. William E. Snyder was born in Independence, N. Y., August 27, 1866, and died at Wellsville, N. Feb. 13, 1915, being 38 years, 6 months and 16 days of age, at his death. Practically his entire life was lived in Andover. After finishing his school work he began work in the office of Snyder & Clark, wholesale cheese merchants, his father, Jesse Snyder, being the senior member of the firm, which position he held to the time of his death.

At the completion of the new auditorium in Andover, Dec. 14, 1908, in company with J. E. Cannon, Mr. Snyder became one of the managers of the theatre, and continued to hold that position because the new building

was not paid for these managers have donated their services so that Andover people might have the pleasures of a first-class play house, caring more for the enjoyment they were giving the patrons of the house than for any pecuniary gains to themselves.

He was married Dec. 16, 1903 to Miss Edith Rogers, who survives him. Besides the sorrowing wife he leaves an adopted daughter, three years old, Dora, thea M. his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Snyder, and an only brother, Herbert C. Snyder.

The deceased was a loyal member of the Republican party, and an active worker for its success. He was County Committeeman of the First District of the Town of Andover, and was also serving his second term as Town Clerk of the Town of Andover.

He was a member of the First Presbyterian church of this village. A member of the Masonic and Odd Fellows fraternities of Andover and of other social and fraternal organizations.

Funeral services were conducted at his late home on Center street, Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Rev. H. B. Williams, pastor of the Presbyterian church, officiating, assisted by Rev. H. D. Bacon of Portville, a former pastor and intimate friend of the deceased.

The interment was in the family plot in Hillside cemetery. The sympathy of the entire community goes out to the bereaved wife, parents and brother in this their hour of great sorrow.

Among those from out of town attending the funeral were, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Knox, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Knox, Mrs. Elizabeth Knox, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Duke, Jr., Oak Duke, E. A. Rathborn, F. W. Higgins, Mrs. Mark Hyslop, Mrs. Guy Green, Jas. T. Ward, Mrs. Minnie Teeple, of Wellsville, D. P. Snyder, John Tunsted, Belmont; Charles Rogers, Ralph Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rogers, Miss Magdalena Rogers, Miss Catherine Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. O. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. John Rennels, Mr. and Mrs. David Betzner, of Hornell; Miss Helen Rogers, Newton, N. J.; Marvin Fenton, Mrs. DeLisle, of Salamanca; Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Bartlett and son, Meadville, Pa.; Dr. Cora Hillibrant, of Elmira; Rev. H. D. Bacon, Portville; Miss Inez Howard, Jamestown; and Charles Austin, of Whitesville.

The following comforting words were spoken by the clergymen officiating:

Mr. Williams' remarks at the home in memory of W. E. Snyder were delivered extemporaneously, but at the request of friends such as could be recalled are published in the following lines. Mr. Bacon's most beautiful and fitting words are also preserved for the comfort of the many friends who assembled at the home in honor of Mr. Snyder.

**REV. H. B. WILLIAMS**  
In the presence of death I desire to reaffirm a belief in life. In sorrow's hour, when the world is reeling and the foundations seem to have fallen it seems as if death and destruction were the great facts. But we discover on consideration of problems of life that life is supreme. The heart returns to hope, the providences so apparently blasting bear with them a healing, and the heart is deepened and softened by the calamities of the earthly trail.

This is the state of man. He lays forth his plans, dreams his long-year dreams, prepares for fruitful and happy life—when, from the dark the blighting comes and the garden of his dream becomes a desolate place. But the life persists. The grave is not journey's end. The life in another environment will pick up the severed threads, and in the sunshine of our Father all dreams shall come true.

There are so many kinds of immortality. God in his kindness did not leave His gifts to be delivered upon the other side, but here, in the midst of darkness and failure, we are able to realize glorious immortalities. There is the immortality of labor. Into our tasks we put our life-blood and generations to come shall know that here lived a beautiful life. There is the immortality of friendship. In the corridors of human hearts we walk up and down through the long years. In this particular Mr. Snyder has wonderfully achieved immortality. Old and young unite in paying him this tribute. He walked these streets a friendly man, good to all sorts of people, beloved of the old and of the children.

It is told how within the last few days children have been seen crying because their good friend has gone away. That is an achievement most notable. This world-intellect, position, wealth, many considerations "place" us in

occupation, but in God's universe we are "placed" by the capacity for friendship. This quality Jesus glorified as a distinguishing mark of His friends, and He also said "except we become as little children we shall not see the kingdom." A life that is able to make friends with children is essentially good. And this marked the life of him who lies asleep before us. The streets will miss a happy disposition, our ears shall be hungry for a cheery laugh, many will miss the brightness of this life that is somewhere in God's beautiful gardens—understanding now the perplexing things—and waiting a little while at the gate for the others to come. And there is the immortality of the eternal word prepared for those who have the heart of a child and who walk the streets friendly souls.

But now we say: "I remember." We speak in the past tense. "I remember." But let us also speak in the present, for lives that live beautifully live always and in after years this life will still be the inspiration of this home and shall live in the hearts of many people.

In the last sermon which Mr. Snyder heard me preach I used the words: "For other foundation can no one lay except that which is laid even Jesus Christ." And the apostle urges that one be careful what sort of house we build on this foundation. We can build our house of life, of wood, hay, stubble, brass, silver and precious stones.

I affirm with demonstration of the fact that Mr. Snyder's was a house of life built of precious stones. For the quality of friendliness which characterized him is precious stones. The religion of Jesus makes supreme this beautiful quality and this both old and young affirm was the thing which marked his relations with them. If every person were to bring here today that which he received from this life and build it into a house the halls would be bright with jewels. It would be a shining house eternal in its qualities.

Mr. Williams, at this point, attempted to speak words of comfort to the father and mother, and brother, and wife and little child and to the relatives assembled, urging upon them the necessity of laying forth life on a broad speculation and in the likeness of the Christ life. The minister reaffirmed the necessity of the after world in which the puzzle of the earth should be unfolded, and where in the presence of God we should understand all mysteries.

And at the Beautiful Gate our friends should wait our home-coming.

### REV. H. D. BACON

The very few words I have to say this afternoon are spoken as a friend and of one who was a friend of mine. I received at Christmas time a little booklet, entitled "From a Friend of Mine." That is what I would wish this simple tribute to be called. Will Snyder was a parishioner of mine for nearly nine years, a member of the church of which I was pastor, and as such I found him always ready to follow my leadership in any church plans I might have. We did not always agree and when we did not neither of us were sparing of each other's feelings, but there was never a break in our friendship. That was always unbroken and has remained unbroken during the four years that I have been away from Andover. There was always a friendly welcome awaiting me at his home and there was always a warm place in his heart for his friends. Friendliness and generosity were the essential elements of his character, and the milk of human kindness was in his very life blood. He had a great, tender, generous heart, and only those who knew the real depths of it who had the opportunity afforded by personal friendship. Countless incidents crowd in on my mind, incidents of the years of our personal touch and acquaintance, incidents which are too tender and personal to relate, even on this day, and all showing the heart of the man, it's noble, generous impulses, it's kindly sympathy, it's unwavering loyalty, it's true devotion to friends. And it was this generous, friendly heart of his which made for him a host of friends. He had the happy faculty of winning the friendship of little children. There was not a child in the community who did not know him and they knew him because he knew them. He never passed them without a friendly greeting and even the little ones would come to him and romp with him as they would their own fathers. My own small boy was his devoted friend and admirer before we left Andover and even now talks about him. He was one of those few men who would have all ways in them the heart of a boy, no matter how old in years they might grow. They brighten the way of life and give a joy of faithful, loyal comradeship to the whole world. It is a quality of life of which we all need a larger measure and which may be developed in us all. I am sure that that manifest finer example of it than that manifested in the life of W. E. Snyder. The good book tells us that if we would have friends we must be friendly, and in the hurry and rush of life we forget that fact. We forget that friends are the richest possessions a man can have. That it is true that "friends, since the world began, are Heaven's kindest, noblest boon to man." That "Heaven's highest gift would fall to bless, that cold and wintry haunt of cheerless selfishness." That heart and life which knew not the joy and comfort of true friendship. And that which firmly fixed the fine alloy of sympathy and gener-

## ALVA SLOCUM

Alva Slocum, one of Andover's respected citizens, died suddenly of heart disease, Thursday evening, Feb. 11, at his late home on Baker street, aged 64 years.

Mr. Slocum was born August 4, 1851, in this town. In 1873 he married Miss Jennie Huff of Dundee, N. Y. All of his life he had been a resident of this town and well known and respected by all.

His funeral was held at his late home Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. F. M. Baker officiating. The remains were laid at rest in the family plot in Hillside cemetery.

Mr. Slocum is survived by his wife, Mrs. Jennie Slocum, two children, Mr. Wm. Slocum and Mrs. Chas. Hoard, both of this village, also three sisters, Mrs. Lydia Warfield and Mrs. Emma Perry, of this village, also Mrs. Charlotte Baker, of Wellsville.

Among those from out of town in attendance at the funeral services Sunday were Mrs. Charlotte Baker, Mr. Daniel Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Hurd and Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Houghtling, of Wellsville.

## NOTICE OF CAUCUS

A Union Caucus of the voters of the Village of Andover will be held at the Village Hall, Saturday evening, February 7th, 1915 at eight o'clock, for the purpose of placing in nomination candidates for offices for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

### BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE

osity, in the character of our friend, that which made him such a good friend to that circle who knew him in the closer relations of life, was his loyalty. He was loyal to the core to those whom he called friend. Frank in his nature, decided in his opinions, outspoken always, he was no respecter of friend or foe, when it came to an expression of his own opinions, but he never deserted his friends and he would do the thing he did not like to do and do it cheerfully for a friend's sake. Many a time I have asked him to do something for me in the work of the church. Something which he did not want to do. He would speak up definitely and clearly as to what he thought about it. But he would always do it in the end because I was his friend and for no other reason. Our little conferences on such matters always ended with his saying "Well I'll do it if you say so, but I don't want to" and do it he would always. This was not because he was easily led into doing the thing he did not want to do, for another than a friend would have no more influence than the north wind blowing. Many of us here to-day will remember his singing in the church and remember it with pleasure. He had a wonderfully sweet and sympathetic voice. It had the quality which touches the heart. It voiced the tender and sympathetic heart of the man. But he was extremely modest about his singing, and thought the people of the church had grown tired of hearing him. He really did think so and it was hard for him to sing under those circumstances. Every time he sang a solo for any special service, he would say that was his last, but when the next request came from me, he always did it, and he did it because he was my friend. He did not have friends merely to use them but to serve them as well and his friendship was such that "Neither heat nor cold, nor place, nor destiny, could alter or diminish." He grasped his friends to his soul with hooks of steel, because he was loyal to them always.

And so this is my thought of him to-day. He is my friend, and this much to a friend of mine from a friend of mine.

His loyalty, his faithfulness, his kindness, his generous sympathy, these will always remain with me, a blessed memory. Faithful loyal friendship is a rare thing; it is above gold, it is precious as the stores of the mind. But thank God it is eternal. The good book declares that Love is stronger than death and so it is. There is the love of father and mother, the love between those who give birth and those who are born. There is the love of husband and wife, between those who walk down through life as companions. There is the love of friend for friend. The love between those who are companions and learn to trust each other. And this love in all of it's three expressions is wounded sorely to-day. But thank God this love in all it's three expressions is stronger than death. That love to-day looks into the eternal fatherland. So let us look beyond the setting of the sun with hearts of faith. Let us keep our eyes clear to eternal love, eternal friendship, and Let this hour of parting No bitter grief record, But be an hour of union More blessed with our Lord, With Him to guide and save us No changes that await, No earthly separations, Can leave us desolate.

## DAVID SLOCUM

For several weeks word had come to the Andover friends of David Slocum or "Uncle David" as he was familiarly called, that he had been failing gradually from a complication of diseases attendant upon his advanced years and finally it was announced that he had passed away at his home on Davis Hill at 10:07 o'clock Sunday evening, Feb. 7.

Though a man of quiet habits Mr. Slocum was well and favorably known through his long period of residence near Andover during which his work as a carpenter took him into many home and families. His cheery temperamental and cordial manner won



The Late David Slocum

a welcome for him everywhere he went. He was the sort of a man that one was glad to meet. Neighbors and friends held him in high esteem and a large circle of relatives named his name in deepest affection and respect.

Mr. Slocum was born at Newfields in Tompkins County, in June, 17, 1827. He was thus 87 years of age, 7 months and 21 days. The repeated occasion of the figure 7 is quite noticeable in his life. (Born June 17, 1827, died Feb. 7, 1915, at 10:07 p. m. Age 87 years, 7 months and 21 days.) At the age of ten years he came to Andover to live and except for three years this town has been his home ever since. For 42 years he has lived on the place where he passed away. In 1846 he was married to Harriet Ann Whiteley. Of the children born to them—two, Martha and Ora died in infancy, two others, Mrs. Alma Mead and Mrs. Ruby Peak, passed away in later life. Those that remain to share the burden of affliction are Mrs. L. L. Spencer, and Mrs. Laura Holbert, of Alfred Station; Mrs. Wm. Salpin, of Duke Center; Alonzo, Fred, Floyd and Bert Slocum, of Andover and Frank Slocum, of Whitesville. There are also many grandchildren and a sister-in-law, Mrs. Jane Slocum of Andover.

Mr. Slocum's life work was that of a carpenter. He was also very fond of music and a very fine violinist himself. In his day he has made more than ten violins, the last one after he had passed his 87th birthday.

Mrs. Slocum died 21 years ago last May. Since that time he has

kept his home at the same place on Davis Hill.

The funeral services were held on Wednesday, Feb. 10, from the residence of his son, Fred, where he died, Rev. F. M. Baker officiating. Selections in song were sung by the Methodist Quartette. Burial was in the Slocum cemetery on the hill near the house.

## MRS. ROSALIA PERRY

Mrs. Rosalia Perry of South Hill died at the Wellsville Hospital, Feb. 14th, where she had been under treatment. Mrs. Perry was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bozzard and was born in this township, March 1849.

Three children survive, Mrs. Wm. Sherwood of Swains, Edward Wells, of Painted Post, and Norman Wells, of Auburn.

Funeral and burial were at Fulmer Valley.

## BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

The members of Edward Seaman Relief Corps and their husbands gathered at Union Hall Monday evening and went to the home of Mrs. U. W. Stratton to pass the evening in honor of her birthday. The surprise was a genuine one, but the hospitable lady soon recovered from the effects and gave her guests a characteristic hearty welcome.

The evening was enjoyed with an impromptu program and games.

A bountiful supper was served and a shower of birthday cards left to remind her of the occasion and good wishes of her many friends.

## APPOINTMENT TO ANNAPOLIS

For the purpose of selecting a candidate and alternate for appointment to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, an examination will be held by Prof. George R. Raynor at Falconer, New York, on February 26, 1915. The examination will be open to all young men, residents of the Forty-third Congressional District, in good physical condition and between the ages of sixteen and twenty years. Those desiring to take this examination are required to notify Prof. Raynor of their intention not later than February twenty-fourth.

C. M. HAMILTON, M. C.

## CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank all of the relatives and friends who by word or deed made evident their sympathy and esteem during the sickness and at the death of our father. We would mention also the singing of the Quartette and the comforting words of the pastor, which were greatly appreciated.

FAMILY OF DAVID SLOCUM

## CARD OF THANKS

We desire to thank the friends who so kindly assisted in the hour of our sorrow in coming to the home, and the friends who gave the beautiful offerings of flowers, the ministers and all who in any way extended sympathy.

MRS. EDITH SNYDER, MR. and MRS. JESSE SNYDER, HERBERT C. SNYDER

## Presbyterian Church

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Sunday Morning, Feb. 21

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M. E. Church 7:30

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