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THE FORUM

ONE OF THE FINE ARTS

"We are the greatest, freest, richest and most fortunate people on the face of the earth."
This is the fourth of July boast of this great American people, and it is well to have a good opinion of ourselves, but it is well to look upon the other side of our individual and national life, and to discover the respects in which we are not great, nor free, nor rich, nor fortunate.
I have not the courage to write here all that I could say against this boast of our enormous greatness and goodness, no more than I have the courage to step up to a man and tell him of all the faults I had discovered in him. It would not be good policy and would do little good, but there are methods of personal and public criticism that are of great value when wisely applied. I know of nothing that could be better called "a fine art."
But there are few who know how either to give or to receive a personal criticism. To most people criticism is offensive and the critic is an enemy, and this is due as much to the manner of uttering criticisms as to the spirit that resents them. Criticisms are generally delivered like a blow of the fist, in a rude, ugly and offensive manner. The spirit that prompts them is one that intends to hurt and does hurt, and it takes especial pleasure in wounding in the presence of others.
True and useful criticism is of an opposite character. It seeks only to benefit, and it utters every word in tones and with the feeling of the utmost gentleness and kindness.
The most essential conditions of useful criticism are that it should be invited by the one who receives it, and should be privately given. One who aims at constant self-improvement seeks the advice of a thoughtful friend to whom he reveals his own faults and asks advice and criticism. "Confess your sins one to another" is a divine command and worthy of practical observance, but few obey it now-a-days. The voice of the flatterer is sweet but the voice of the critic is offensive; yet it might be one of the highest and best means of culture.

II.

The true standpoint from which to regard life is that of personal evolution, from the cradle to the grave. Life is a school from which no one graduates until called hence to a higher form of existence. The old man, the old woman, has as much need of criticism and culture and improvement as the child of a dozen years.

It is sad to see old age as feeble as old and withered and decayed objects in physical nature, nothing fresh or attractive or lovely about it, but only something to be pitied and as much as possible to be avoided.

If there was nothing of a man but his body, no mind, no soul, it would be only natural to see him withered and repulsive in old age, both physically and mentally, but when we consider the real life and destiny of man, there is no reason or excuse in rotting and withering away like a garden vegetable, or a tree; and life does not always thus wither and perish.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was the type of a man that may be found now and then and might be found in many a home if personal culture and personal preservation from decay was the science and art that it ought to be.

As I write a portrait of Holmes on the table under my eye it represents old age in its most lovely form, a face beaming with intelligence and charity, and youth, the youth of a spirit that never faded, never wrinkled, never soured, and which, shining out through physical wrinkles and from beneath gray hairs, was as sweet and attractive as in the mellowest days of physical youth and vigor.
I never saw Holmes but I have

a vivid recollection of the same type, one who, at age upon eighty years, had not lost a single trait of the character that made him the most delightful of young men, and how, as he lay upon his death bed showed not the slightest evidence of mental decay. The body was helpless but the tenant within it was a spirit of childlike beauty and simplicity. The voice was weak but every word was that of a young man uttering polished and effective sentences as full of meaning as when the same tongue delighted audiences of many eager listeners.

To know and hear one such aged person is a lesson and an encouragement that should be counted one of the rare and delightful things of life. Another instance recurs to memory now. It is that of a woman at about four score years whom I chanced to meet in my travels not many years ago and who, if still alive, is no doubt the same cheerful, attractive spirit as then, one whom the young life, if they have any real soul life in them, delight to listen to as she tells of the olden times and proves that they were not bad but really "good old times."

III.

The "heathen Chinese" has a saying: "Blessed is the home that has an aged person in it," and in the Chinese home the old grandparent is given the best room and treated with a deference and respect that is a lesson to those who claim a vast superiority over that people.

But we need not go far to find examples of a "green old age," examples of a youthful spirit in a perishing body. I know of some and wish I knew more, and if all life was the school of personal culture that it ought to be such a delightful old age would not be the exception, but the rule.

Let us cultivate the fine arts of confession and of criticism, elevating them to a plane above all meanness, above all the brutality of rude and cruel reproach, into the sphere where growth is eternal and where the loving voice that whispers of a fault never wounds and is never resented, but is listened to with gratitude and in a spirit that wisely uses the well meant word as a help to the ever broadening life that never grows old and never loses its youthful charm.

IV.

I delight in Columbia's songs of freedom and in her boast of greatness, but there is always an under-current of feeling that there is danger in such self-glorification unless united to a deep self-criticism and to a willingness to know the fault and the vice as well as the beauty and culture. No great nation has ever flourished and become wealthy without containing in its moral life also the germs of disease and decay.

A culture that is all on the outside, an education that consists only in devouring books, a wealth that always has the dollar sign before it, a religion that merely professes, a political system in which liberty only means license.—these things have all existed on earth and may exist again. The individual and the community that truly grows in moral life and culture will know how many and what germs of disease are fermenting in its hidden parts and will fearlessly bring them to the light of day where they may be treated and eradicated. The fine art of self-culture, personal and national, is the true remedy for moral diseases that escape the common eye, and that those who despise and resent criticism never discover. It is an art that should be cultivated in every school and family and in every individual life. With it there is always a true education even without books, and without it there is always danger that moral rottenness within will consume all that shines and boasts on the outside.

Print a want ad—and sell your property, your used articles or your business to the "logical buyer."

VULTURES

"I met a vulture and got all-guttered up," writes an Anglo-Indian correspondent who had done a good deal of large and small game shooting in India, "when I was one day stalking a black buck. Between me and my quarry lay a large flat field of black cotton soil bordered by a very low, straggling and thinly growing hedge of small babul trees.

"My only way to get a shot was to cross this, keeping the bushiest tree between me and the buck, which had not much to browse on and was therefore seldom motionless. I proceeded to do the hundred yards on the flat of my stomach. This on loose, hard baked black cotton soil was no joke. I pushed my rifle on ahead; then, wriggling past it until the muzzle was near my knee, I would pass it on in front again, and so on.

"Progress was slow, and I was so absorbed that I failed to observe shadows crossing and recrossing my path and circling around until I had gone some fifty yards. Then the whirring of wings attracted my ears, and almost at the same moment a vulture landed on the ground not twenty yards away. I looked up. The air was alive with these repulsive looking birds.

"Then it flashed across me that I was being stalked! Doubtless these birds were attracted by my extraordinary method of procedure and mistook me for a wounded or dying man making a final effort to reach some shady spot. This was especially possible, as the experience occurred in a famine district where deaths by the wayside were not infrequent.

"By looking up I had evidently shown myself to the buck, for he was now off at full tilt. I therefore took pot shot at the vulture at twenty yards, but did not allow for the sighting sufficiently and missed him. The thought of being waited for by a flock of vultures while very much alive and well, to say the least, uncanny."—Pall Mall Gazette.

In Kansas in Ellsworth County where it had proved impossible to get a jury to return a verdict against a man for violating the liquor law, a jury of women found such a defendant guilty on the first ballot. The law abiding people of the place were reported as delighted and the county attorney announced that the experiment would be repeated.

The first mayor elected in Chicago since Chicago women gained municipal suffrage happens also to be the first mayor to enforce the liquor law.

Big Hailstones.

In 1907 a hailstorm visited a part of Indo-China, and the director of the Central observatory, M. Cadet, reported afterward that at first the hailstones were as large as eggs, but as the storm progressed they increased in size. A soldier picked up one "as large as a man's head," and another was placed on the scales and tipped the beam at sixteen ounces. In January, 1911, too, giant hailstones fell at Molepolole, Bechuanaland, of such a size that twenty natives were killed by being struck with them.

What He Meant.

During the concert a man who really appreciated music for its own sake was greatly annoyed by a young fop in front of him who kept talking to the girl at his side. "What a nuisance!" finally exclaimed the appreciative man.
"Do you refer to me, sir?" threateningly demanded the fop.
"Oh, no! I meant the musicians. They keep up such a noise with their instruments that I can't hear half your brilliant conversation."

Coin Abrasion.

By the abrasion of coins wealth literally vanishes into thin air. An English banker explains that if a thousands pounds in half sovereigns is sent a thousand miles in a bag one of the coins always disappears during the journey—that is, the abrasion that takes place among the whole number amounts to half a sovereign in value.

Ad-reading is education—the practical kind, which makes economy a practicable aspiration.
Read the classified ads.

THE HIGHEST OF LOVING

The Cost of Courting, Also Air-planting With Everything Else—Preliminaries to Marriage Growing More Expensive.

Preliminaries to matrimony and the uncertain voyage that it predicates come much higher than they did when some of us were younger. In the rural community a few years ago—perhaps it has all changed now—to "keep company with a girl" was not a large undertaking from the financial viewpoint.

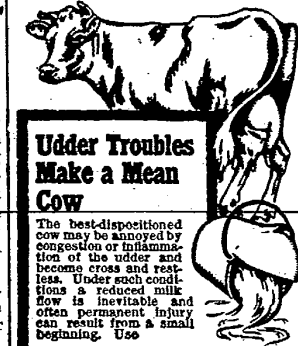
Roughly calculated, it cost about \$1.98 a year. You took her to the annual tea meeting, the Odd Fellows' entertainment, at a price, and, of course, she went with you to a good many others affairs for nothing. You had the use of her father's horse and buggy, or borrowed grand-father's and her father had to supply chunks for the parlor stove and pay the kerosene bills, which weren't unreasonably large.

What a contrast the city of today presents! Possible fathers might be forgiven, says the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, if they prayed that all their boys should be girls. It is a forecast of hard times when Lucius begins to clean his fingernails without being told to do it, and casts sheepish glances at Mae Kathleen. It's usually at the high school age. He digs up a dime and takes her to a picture show, and the next logical thing for him to do is to dance with her at the "January mixer."

Father soon discovers that there are in these days more school affairs in a month than there were in a lifetime when he was a boy, and the weekly demands of Lucius mount by leaps and bounds. Ice cream follows the picture show; it isn't long before a luncheon is the sequent of the theater and baseball, football, basketball, summer resorts and innumerable other attraction run up a formidable expense account for a callow youth with no income except that which is a considerable item in father's out-go.

When the call for a claw-hammer coat comes pa turns red in the face and ma goes white and compresses her lips. That night the parental conference is likely to be prolonged well into the morning.

The cost of courting mounts with the years, of course; and logically precedes the engagement and plans for setting up house-keeping—on \$13 a week plus nothing laid by. How to begin married life on this at just a slightly faster pace than that at which the solicitous parents are closing it is the next poser.



Udder Troubles Make a Mean Cow
The best-dispositioned cow may be annoyed by congestion or inflammation of the udder and become cross and restless. Under such conditions the milk flow is inevitable and often permanent injury can result from a small beginning. Use **BAG BALM** MADE BY THE **HOW-KNOWS** PEOPLE 50¢
at the first sign of eaked bag, inflammation, chafing, sore, chapped or injured teats. This pure ointment has a cooling, healing effect on the inner tissues and protects the surface. Splendid for any cut or bruise, and a valuable aid in following lumps and girdlers. No dairy should be without Bag Balm. Generous 50 cent packages sold by feed dealers and druggists.
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A Prescription That from Childhood to Old Age Has Been a Blessing to Womanhood.

When a girl becomes a woman, when a woman becomes a mother, when a woman passes through the changes of middle life, are the three periods of life when health and strength are most needed to withstand the pain and distress often caused by severe organic disturbances.

At these critical times women are best fortified by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, an old remedy of proved worth that keeps the entire female system perfectly regulated and in excellent condition.

Mothers, if your daughters are weak, lack ambition, are troubled with headaches, lassitude and are pale and sickly, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is just what they need to surely bring the bloom of health to their cheeks and make them strong and healthy.

For all diseases peculiar to woman, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a powerful restorative. During the last 50 years it has banished from the lives of tens of thousands of women the pain, worry, misery and distress caused by irregularities and diseases of a feminine character.

If you are a sufferer, if your daughter, mother, sister need help get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in liquid or tablet form at any medicine dealers to-day. Then address Doctor Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and get confidential medical advice entirely free. You can also obtain a 136 page book on woman's diseases sent free.
Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

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You cannot use anything better for your child's cough and cold than Dr. King's New Discovery. It is prepared from Pine Tar mixed with healing and soothing balsams. It does not contain anything harmful and is slightly laxative, just enough to expel the poisons from the system. Dr. King's New Discovery is antiseptic—kills the cold germs—relaxes the phlegm—loosens the cough and soothes the irritation. Don't put off treatment. Coughs and Colds often lead to serious lung troubles. It is also good for adults and the aged. Get a bottle to-day. All Druggists.—Advertisement.

IF MOTHERS ONLY KNEW

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children relieve Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and destroy worms. They break up colds in 24 hours. Used by mothers for 28 years. All Druggists, 25c. Sample Free. Address, Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y. 5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Elba Reynolds, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Olivia Dimick, late of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executors of the Last Will and Testament of the said deceased, at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley, in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of May, 1916.
Dated November 4, 1916.
AMY J. ADAMS,
FRANK S. CLARK,
Executors.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In pursuance of an order of the Surrogate's Court of Allegany County, New York state, made by Hon. Elba Reynolds, Surrogate of said County of Allegany, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Harriet H. Corwin, late of the town of Andover, Allegany County, New York, deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned, executrix of the will of said deceased, at her residence at Andover, N. Y., on or before the 8th day of April, 1916.
MARY E. HARTRUM
Executrix.
Dated at Andover, N. Y., Sept. 9th, 1915.
Charles M. Lash,
Attorney for executrix,
Andover, N. Y.

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