

DESCRIPTION OF TRIP, ANDOVER TO ST. CLOUD, FLA.

**ARTHUR L. JONES
WRITES FROM SOUTH**

Interesting People and Incidents Mr. Jones Met on His Journey.

I received word from St. Cloud, Florida, that my father was seriously ill; so Tuesday, December 16th, took Erie morning train to Olean, where I changed to the Pennsylvania railroad.

While waiting there I had a short chat with Rev. R. E. MacGowan, who was also waiting for a train.

I bought a ticket for Kissimmee, nine miles from St. Cloud and shortly after boarded a train for Washington and went thru without change. Left all snow behind at Williamsport, Pa., and then the train lost time and more time, it was dark at Harrisburg, altho the car was not filled, there was at least one person in every seat. A tall and very thin man who boarded the train there, looked us over and picked me, so I had a seat mate to Washington.

He was very much bent, dressed in black and looked like an interrogation point. On better acquaintance, I found the question he punctuated was, "what shall I do next?"

He was delighted to learn where I was going. He was bound for Tampa and so we could travel together as far as Kissimmee, but when he said we should stop in Washington over night, I told him "nothing doing" for me; haste was urgent. He seemed to weigh the advantages of a night's rest in Washington against my company and I won out. How proud I felt. I was a greater attraction than the wonderful capitol of our country, which our greatest men, as Washington, Lincoln and many more besides could not resist.

But to proceed. The train we were on arrived over an hour late, and there was only about thirty minutes for us to wait if the "Palmetto Limited" was on time. Picking a seat in the beautiful Washington railroad station, I asked my friend to watch the baggage while I posted a card for home to report safe arrival. When I got back he went to the information booth to find out about our train but learned nothing. I tried, information said "one hour late," then he must telephone his daughter in Pittsburg, etc., until twenty minutes of train time, then he had just one more errand to do, I told him to make it snappy as our time was most up and if we waited until the last minute we might not get a seat. The last I saw or ever expect to see of him, was as his thin form mingled with the crowd at one of the exits, three minutes of train time I picked up my baggage, took a last look for "Mark" (question mark), left his suit case on the seat, and joined the crowd at the gate, where the gate man must punch your ticket or he won't let you thru.

The "Palmetto Limited" is an Atlantic Coast-Line train and on it we rushed away thru the night, but losing time this trip. At noon, Wednesday, we were two hours late, which would make me late for connections from Jacksonville. But from that time on we began to pick up and rolled into Jacksonville on time.

From Savannah I had a seat mate a man from Boston. He had made the trip by boat. There were a dozen people with him and all were so friendly I thought they must all have been neighbors in Boston. But he said the most of them had never met before this trip. There had been an awful rough passage and every one in the party had rid themselves of almost everything in their body including their desire to live. Stark misery had driven them together for comfort. They were a bedraggled lot, looked like a brood of chickens that had been caught in a shower. They took possession of the end of the car where I was seated and I heard much of their talk and my seat mate told me the rest. A young man, his wife and two bright children, across the aisle are going to Miami to spend the winter. He himself is going to manage the amusements at a summer resort south of Kissimmee, six girls were going to Winter Haven's big hotel for dining room work. The tall girl had the party ticket. She worked last winter at Winter Park near Orlando. This year she is taking the party farther south. Wages are as high as in Boston, so they must take climate as part pay. They are to have a winter in Flori-

Development of Rural Free Delivery Great Aid to Farmer

**MR. AND MRS. FRISBEY
MARRIED 67 YEARS**

Gov. Alfred E. Smith Telegraphs His Congratulations to the Aged Couple.

The members of the Coterie Club and their husbands, with a few invited guests, gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Frisbey, Monday evening, January 19th, in honor of the sixty-seventh anniversary of their marriage, and enjoyed a most pleasant evening.

The occasion that started to be but a regular session of the Club, could not help but develop into an occasion of congratulation to the aged couple who have lived together for sixty-seven years.

Dinner was served at 6:30 and the evening passed in social intercourse and cards.

The members of the Club upon leaving, presented Mr. and Mrs. Frisbey with a beautiful crystal set of goblets and sherbert cups.

The congratulations received by the aged couple were many, coming from many states. The one that gave them undoubtedly the greatest thrill was received from Gov. Alfred E. Smith. The governor's telegram was as follows:

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 19, 1924
"Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Frisbey: Heartly congratulations on your sixty-seventh anniversary of your marriage and every good wish to you for many years to come."

Alfred E. Smith, Governor.
Mrs. Giles Grantier and Miss Anna Wafer of Hornell were the out-of-town guests.

da—The end of the rainbow—the dream of years.

At Jacksonville I saw most of the party in a restaurant and they sure appeared to be filling up, as one girl remarked "it took a lot of filling, but it was no hard task, everything tasted so good," which I am told is one of the compensations of seasickness.

If you tell your destination with a smile, you do not have to show your ticket at the gate in Jacksonville station. The gate man will give you the number of the track your train is on and point the way. I boarded early to have a seat by myself, but when the "sailors" came a little late, I changed and sat with the man ahead to let two of the girls sit together, otherwise I should have had to sit with one of the girls, which I knew my wife would not approve of on general principles.

As I had no one but myself to look after I helped several of the party with their baggage, for the racks were more than filled. I received my pay when I swung off at Kissimmee. I was the only person for that station and as I stood on the platform and the train pulled by there were a dozen hands waved at me from the windows.

It was 5 a. m. The night agent and a man from a hotel up the street were the only persons in sight. The latter wanted me to go with him and sleep until the 11 a. m. train, but the agent said there was a bus at 8 a. m., and I decided to stay up for that.

The bus was to start from up town and about seven-thirty I took my suit case and went to the corner indicated as the starting point. I had not been there five minutes before I was approached by a stranger who wanted to know if he could interest me in real estate.

He had some really wonderful bargains and it was a case of sheer luck that I had arrived in time to profit by them. It surely was a shame that I had not time to grasp some of his wonderful offerings but I firmly told him I must leave on the St. Cloud bus. He sourly told me that real estate in St. Cloud was on the bum and I had better not invest there. I gave him a warm hand clasp and said, "Good bye! Thank you! I won't!"

But I was not to escape so easily, he had no more than left me when another man who had been watching us from across the street came over and the wonder of it, he had real estate, too, and even better bargains than the first man, I know, because he told me so.

It hardly seems possible there could be so many wonderful chances for investment in a city of only 5,000 inhabitants. He seemed ready to sell me any thing in the city. Think he would have sold me a

Dale Benjamin Comes

Back, is Ready for Trial

Dale Benjamin, the Seattle evangelist, who was indicted at the recent term of supreme court in this county, on a charge of corrupting the morals of young Scio girls, arrived in Wellsville from Indianapolis, Ind., on Erie train No. 4, Monday morning, and is now at the home of Frank Lunn, West State street, one of his bondsmen. Mr. Benjamin's case has created more than ordinary interest thruout this section of the state, as circumstances leading up to his arrest included the theft of his Ford car by Scio people, who treated it to a coat of tar and feathers. Benjamin alleged he called on the authorities to assist in finding his stolen car, but instead of looking for the guilty persons, an investigation was made in an attempt to fasten a charge upon him.

The evangelist was arrested on a moral charge and spent several weeks in the Belmont jail, until his case was put in the hands of Attorney James A. Sebring, of Corning, who instituted habeas corpus proceedings and Benjamin was released by a Corning judge who found some flaws in the commitment issued by Justice W. Q. Browning of Scio. The evangelist was immediately re-

arrested and \$2,000 bail was furnished by Frank Lunn of Wellsville and Eugene Smith, of Scio. When interviewed Monday morning, Mr. Lunn stated at that time Attorney Sebring, thinking that no indictment would be found, told Mr. Benjamin to go about his business until notified. Mr. Benjamin went to Indiana, where, not being notified, he remained, and in consequence when court convened he was absent.

Attorney Champlain, for the bondsmen, asked for a few days in which to notify Benjamin, but the district attorney moved that bail be forfeited and Judge Norton so ordered. The bondsmen telegraphed Mr. Benjamin, who immediately came to Wellsville of his own free will and states that he is here to defend himself to the limit.

Apparently, Mr. Benjamin has not in any wise intended to violate the faith of his bondsmen and Mr. Lunn stated that he was perfectly willing to continue on his bond.

Public feeling in this vicinity, the evangelist's friends state, is so greatly against the defendant that they doubt his being able to secure a fair trial in Allegany county and a change of venue may be secured.

"ON DECK"

Big Production to be Given by Local Talent Feb. 5th and 6th.

The musical comedy, "On Deck," will be presented at the Auditorium, February 5th and 6th, under the auspices of the O. E. S. and Masons, directed by Miss Jeanne Perrine of the Maxine Turner Producing Company. The production is full of life and fun. Catchy music and beautiful dance numbers. Rehearsals will begin Monday, January 26th.

street of their fine brick paving or the beautiful palms in the middle of the street, if I had wanted them. I said "not today." Then he wanted to show me rooms for rent. He has the finest list in the city, he said so himself. Think he would have given me a room in the new court house or jail if I had so desired.

I should have taken his name and address, so that any of my northern friends who wish some of his bargains or rooms could find him, but think you will have no difficulty in doing so if you stand with your baggage on some prominent street corner for a short time. I told him I must say good bye, as I was leaving on the St. Cloud bus. He warned me that I would be skinned in St. Cloud, so I am watching my hide pretty close these days. I will not state as a fact that the crowd of men on the opposite corner, who seemed to be forming a line were wishing to interview me one at a time, I did not wait to see.

The bus that I took was a seven passenger touring car. There was one other passenger, a fidgety old lady with a small steamer trunk. It was too wide to go in the luggage carrier on the running board so the driver wrapped it in a blanket and tied it on the front fender on the driver's side of the car. As he drove he was a very busy man, trying to keep the blanket up so that the trunk would not rub the car and handling a cigarette with the left hand and driving with his right.

Meeting a car, he had to put two wheels off in the sand at the side to pass on the narrow nine foot road and occasionally the shoulder was so high it took some fine work to get back on the hard road.

At last the blanket around the trunk slid away from him and he stopped the car and got out to fix it. On one side of the road was a boggy swamp, full of mournful trees growing in water of unknown depth and hung with Spanish moss. After he had got the blanket fixed on the trunk, the old lady said: "Mr. Driver, now that you are out, would you mind getting me some of the moss from those trees?"

"N. B. I think he did 'mind' tho he did not say so, in fact, he said nothing at all, but climbed in and drove gloomily on toward the "Wonder City," where we arrived in due time.

Arthur Lincoln Jones
A CLASSIFIED ad is found in a moment—and the task of answering is, indeed, very small.

**CRIME CONVICTIONS
GREATER THAN 1923**

Trades, Professions and Callings Listed in Order of Their Goodness.

Albany, Jan. 22.—Old New York didn't behave particularly well last year, for 74,959 of its residents were convicted in courts of special sessions and courts of record, according to the annual report on statistics of crime just issued by Florence E. S. Knapp, Secretary of State. In 1923, the number of convictions in the same courts totaled 69,478. According to the report, there were 17,269 persons convicted of intoxication in courts of special sessions last year, as against 15,601 in 1923 and 10,900 in 1922.

Editors, car wreckers, embalmers, piano movers, track walkers and white washers, are all in the same class, at least to the extent of convictions, for one of each fell from the straight and narrow during the past year. Printers behaved somewhat better than the year before, for only 64 were convicted last year of crimes other than picking the type to 101 the year before. Reporters were models of their kind last year, but one of the number being interviewed by the court. Eleven pressmen were caught in a jam, two stereotypes felt the hot blast of the law.

Nine actors last year played to a jury as compared to 15 the year before. A single architect drew a sentence rather than a plan. A couple of aviators flew high and fell; 61 bakers went after the dough; 76 barbers were shorn of their liberty, to 110 in 1923. No less than 535 chauffeurs were convicted, while 145 cooks dished up the wrong sort of a mess. Farmers were far better in their behavior, only 223 becoming involved in trouble last year to 411 the year before. No less than 103 housewives said "good morning" to the judge rather than to their husbands. During 1924, there were 84 persons pardoned as compared to 65 in 1923. Between 1910 and October 31, 1924, a total of 185 persons have paid the death penalty in this state.

M. D. HASKINS DEAD

Prominent Wellsville Merchant Passes Away Wednesday Morning

Wellsville was called upon Wednesday morning to mourn the loss of one of her prominent and influential citizens in the death of Milton D. Haskins.

Milton Daniel Haskins, a resident of Wellsville for 45 years, died at his home at No. 220 West State street, January 21, 1925. Mr. Haskins was vice-president and treasurer of Rockwell Bros. & Co., has devoted practically all of his time to the uplifting of that large mercantile establishment and about six months ago found it necessary, owing to failing health, to give up heavy responsibility at the store and spend much of his time out of doors or at his home. Gradually he has been failing despite the best of care and medical attention, until the end came.

Notice of Annual Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the Andover Dairyman's League Co-operative Association, Inc., will be held on Friday, January 30th, 1925, at 2:30 p. m. in C. A. R. Hall, for the election of directors and officers and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before it. A full attendance of all members is desired.

HARRY SMITH, Secretary,
Dated Jan. 20th, 1925.

The people who would buy what you would like to sell—or who would sell what you'd like to buy—are, of course, readers of the classified ads.

BROUGHT THE CITY TO THE COUNTRY

Postoffice Department Tells Story of the Quality of This Branch of Service.

Few institutions in the history of American progress can be credited with a more salutary effect upon the march of that progress than the Rural Mail Service of the Post Office Department.

No other single instrumentality has done more than the rural mail service toward "bringing the city to the country," and relieving the prosaic existence of farm life, or has been as effective in establishing closer contact between the farmer and his markets. It has been the most important factor in making agriculture an exacting business instead of its one-time precarious classification which conveyed no broader meaning than "tilling the soil."

Twenty-nine years ago the farmer, and his wife and children, led an existence of almost complete isolation, living upon widely scattered farms, some of them miles apart. They had comparatively little communication with their neighbors or the outside world, except that derived from weekly trips to the adjacent village. More often than not the farmer lost a full day's work and his crops were neglected in order to obtain expected mail at the village post office.

In those days the farmers' mail consisted largely of communications from relatives and friends. Today the daily mail includes, usually on the very date of publication, the metropolitan newspaper, containing market reports and agricultural news; the weekly and monthly farm journals and magazines and business letters from the village merchant and the more pretentious establishment in the distant city. All of these are now brought to his door or to the box a few yards away.

The rural carrier is the farmers' post office and his agent. Thru him he conducts transactions for the sale of his live stock, grain and other farm produce. From him he buys stamps and pays his bills by postal money order. In short, the letter carrier is the medium that has transformed the once secluded inhabitant of the rural district into a cosmopolitan citizen, conversant with current affairs and occupying a larger place in the destinies of a great nation.

**MONOGRAM BRAND
CANNED GOODS
Excellent Quality**

GOLDEN BANTUM CORN	SWEET WRINKLED PEAS
STRAWBERRY BEETS	GOLDEN PUMPKIN
TOMATO CATSUP	REFUGEE BEANS
SAUERKRAUT	SUCCOTASH
	SPINACH

MRS. C. W. WILLIAMS