

MAY NATH XXXI DAYS
 The word May means "Spring Time," about this time Spring comes if the weather sets right.

ANDOVER NEWS

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A PROGRESSIVE FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR ALLEGANY COUNTY PEOPLE, IN POLITICS INDEPENDENT, BUT NEVER NEUTRAL
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REV. CONRAD SPEAKS TO COMRADES SUNDAY EVENING

BUT FIVE MEMBERS LOCAL G. A. R. LEFT

The Meeting Was Well Attended at the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The regular Sunday evening Memorial Service was held this year in Andover in the Methodist Episcopal church. Rev. C. C. Conrad, pastor of the Baptist church, delivered the address to the soldiers. Members of the Women's Relief Corps, of Edward Seaman Post, G. A. R., attended the service in a body. Only two of the five remaining members of the local G. A. R. were able to be present.

Special music was arranged for the occasion by a quartet consisting of Rev. A. W. MacDougald, Rev. C. C. Conrad, Dr. H. G. Storer and Lee Millsbaugh.

Among the many fine things which the speaker said, the News is glad to give the following extracts: Text: Deuteronomy 32:7. "Remember the Days of Old."

The forgetfulness of human nature demands memorials; things to call to mind the days of old. All nations have their monuments and special days by which to refresh the memory of the great events which have gone to the making of the nation. So America has set aside the thirtieth day of May as a memorial day to perpetuate the splendid deeds of her splendid men.

In our National history there are five outstanding anniversary dates which we cherish with a great deal of pride.

In 1620, when the Mayflower dropped her anchor in Cape Cod Bay and landed on the bleak shores of the New World a hundred men and women to whose courage and Christian faith we owe, under God, the institutions we now enjoy. A manumission monument erected on the brow of the hill overlooking the bay commemorates that event.

In 1776, when from Independence Hall in Philadelphia was rung out the independence of the Colonies. A monument commemorates that event.

In 1863, when Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation thereby freeing the slave and declaring the only condition of Union in America. Thousands of monuments all over the land commemorate that event, and this week in a special way reminds us of it. But better than that we have with us this evening living monuments of that great struggle, the Civil War. Men who were willing to lay their lives upon the altar of their country and by whose loyalty and courage we are able to celebrate the victory won. Let us honor them.

In 1918, when the Armistice was signed which put an end to that awful World War, and laid the Prussian Autocracy in the dust. The memory of that great struggle is kept green by monuments in nearly every city and hamlet in our country.

To the men who have upheld her standards in time of war, America pays an equal tribute of love and devotion. In this we do not forget that there were heroes who stayed at home. I sometimes think that there was as much courage and heroism shown in the cottage as on the battle field. Brave were the men who went to the front but just as brave were those who let them go; who, while their own hearts were breaking spoke words of encouragement to fathers and sons and brothers and husbands as they sent them forth willingly, in unselfish devotion to our country. I think some monuments should be erected to the memory of these whose part was inconspicuous but none the less heroic.

As long as the United States stand as a nation in the world, so long will the memory of these heroes of the field and of the home be revered. Let us honor them tonight.

The following paragraph is given in place of the personal history which was related Sunday evening:

In imagination, I see a boy; for altho he is strong of body and broad of shoulder, he is just a boy with the bloom of youth upon his cheek. He hears the call of his country for volunteers to fight for her honor and safety, and he feels it his privilege and duty to respond. I see him as the troop train leaves the station in his home village, and he waves farewell to his loved ones. The impulse to jump from the train and back to the arms of those who are the dearest in all the world to him, comes over him but the call of his country is stronger and he stands

ANDOVER WILL PLAY BASE BALL

Team Organized for Season—Working Out in Fine Shape.

The coming baseball season for Andover has developed from talk into action in the past week. The boys are getting out each Tuesday and Friday nights, at the Silk Mill diamond immediately after supper and loosening up their stiff arms, in preparation for a lively season, for the ball fans of this locality.

There is a good baseball spirit being manifest this year with already about fifteen or sixteen men out and several more who expect to come out soon. The material should and undoubtedly will, round out into a first class amateur team to represent Andover the coming summer. Everyone who is interested in the national game will be welcome at the diamond every Tuesday and Friday evening.

The management of the team this year will be in the hands of James Wentworth, as manager, and Denzel Baker as business manager. The office of field captain will be designated by the members of the team in the near future.

firm. He gazes back at the little village of his boyhood until it passes behind a hill and out of sight. In that moment a voice speaks to him. It is the voice of manhood that has lain dormant within him awaiting such an opportunity as this to assert itself. It says: "Your boyhood lies back there too, out of sight." He realizes that he is no longer a boy. He is a man and is about to be entrusted with a great mission by the grandest country under Heaven. He stands erect. He clenches his fists and an eagerness to meet the enemy surges over him. I see him in battle. The crack of rifles, the screaming of bullets, the roar of cannon, the wailing and bursting of shells fills his ears. The sky is ablaze with the weird light of artillery flashes and rockets. Yet he is steady and firm. With rifle before him, he clambers out of the trench, over the top and toward the enemy. There is no flinching as he charges. He turns to give a cheer to his comrades when a fatal bullet strikes him. He reels; he falls and lies upon the field of honor dead. Do you ask, "who is this boy? This hero, this man?" He was in every regiment, in every company, of the G. A. R. and the A. E. F. In all history there is none who is his peer. Let us honor him.

Our remembrance of the days of old while causing us to honor our heroes living and dead also imposes upon us a strong moral obligation. It tells us that in America we have something to be proud of, something to cherish, something to perpetuate, something which cost toil and blood and sacrifice. America's need of patriotic soldiers in time of war was not greater than is her need of patriotic citizens today. Citizens who will prove themselves by a faithful execution of political duty. The arms have been stacked, the din of battle silenced, and the patriot's weapon today is the ballot. Vote intelligently. The institutions which have been established at the cost of so much blood are only safe in the hands of patriots who will use political franchise intelligently. Patriotism demands that men nominated for office must be clean men, true men, honest men, men who fear God, men who are fitted for office and patriotism demands that we vote for none others, even if they are of our party, fraternity, or religious faith.

Too, I believe that the ballot box must be guarded against the un-American vote. Our land is being flooded by a great tide of immigration. The spirit of America welcomes these immigrants. But there should be no welcome accorded to any who do not come to America to be Americans. Anarchists, revolutionists, followers of the red flag or any such should be excluded from our ports. In America, American ideas must prevail. This is not intolerance it is patriotism and patriotism demands that no standard shall be raised in all this fair land to excite the emotions or to arouse the sympathies save the old Red, White and Blue.

One more obligation of patriotism is that we give to our country a strong moral personality. There is no getting away from the individual man. He must be right if society is to be right. If you want to make your country or your village true and pure and strong you must begin by making yourself true and pure and strong. The important question concerning any, be he an

The List of Approved Automobile Lenses

Albany, May 27.—The use of certain headlamp devices on many automobiles operated in this state will be illegal after June 29. The six months' notice required by law after the withdrawal of approval by the Bureau of Motor Vehicles will expire on that date, and automobile owners should see that their cars are properly equipped with legal lighting devices before the end of next month. For this purpose they may make use of the official light adjusting stations.

Devices that have been approved and from which the car owner should make a selection before July 1 are as follows:

Automobiles
 Alpheco, Bausch & Lomb, Benzer Type A, Brown Universal (Reflector), Conaphore, Type F (Clear or amber), D. B., (Dodge Bros. 8 in. only), Deglarescope, Dillon, Type 1; E. & J. Type 20, (Headlamp); Flat-Lite Standard (Reflector); Flintex; Ford H (8 1-2 in. only); Guide Ray Type A (Headlamp); Holophone N Tilt; Hudson (8 1-2 in. only); Johnson; Lee Knight; Legalite M III; Liberty; Liberty, Type D; Lincoln Projector; MacBeth, Type D; McKeelite; Miro-Tilt (Headlamp); Monogram; Osgood B. 23; Patterson; Parah-O-Lite, Type FW; Smith; Spreadlight; Standard.

Motorcycles
 Conaphore, Type F; McKeelite; Monogram; Patterson; Spreadlight; Standard.

All Motor Vehicles.
 Acetylene lamps with 6 in. mirrors, 5-8 foot burners, and clear glass fronts.

Eastern Conference Approval withdrawn April 24, 1925.

The above have been approved by the Eastern Conference of Motor Vehicle Administrators and are good in all Eastern States.

Lighting devices which within a few weeks will be under the ban, approval having been withdrawn by this state on December 29, 1924, are as follows:
 Clamert Lens; Fracto-Lite; Green Moon; Hocking Glass Lens; Kill-glare Lens; Lancaster Beam control, Type A.; MacDonald Optical Lens; McKee Lens, Type M.; McKee fluted, Type D.; National Lens; Parafactor; Primolite Lens; Revelo; Safelrite; Shaler roadlighter (new); Superfect Lens; Universal Lens; Victor; Violet Ray Lens.

Approval of these devices was withdrawn upon the recommendation of experts who are continuing their study of the headlight problem and it is probable that higher standards will be obtained and that more effective devices will be submitted.

While the use of the so-called daylight blue bulb is permitted by the Motor Vehicle Bureau regulations,

official or not, is not. "To what party, fraternity, or church does he belong?" but, "What is his manhood?" You may be loud in your condemnation of the government of the country or the village, but unless you are a true man, a man guided by God's everlasting principles of truth and righteousness, you are as a patriot, only as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. The first element in a true personality is a true faith in Jesus Christ. A faith that changes the heart and sets him up in the life as Lord of all. The future welfare of our country depends upon the loyalty of her citizens to Jesus Christ. There never was a time in the history of the United States when there was a greater need of God fearing, loyal men than there is today.

The following poem by J. G. Holland expresses the prayer of every true patriot's heart:

God give us men. The time demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands;
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a will;
 Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
 Men who can stand before a demagogue
 And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
 Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
 In public duty and in private thinking.
 For while the rabble with their thumb worn creeds,
 Their large professions and their little deeds
 Mingle in selfish strife; lo! Freedom weeps!
 Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

the blue bulb is not so efficient as the clear bulb, under ordinary conditions.
 "Headlamps on motor vehicles," according to a statement made today by Commissioner Charles A. Harnett of the Motor Vehicle Bureau, "should comply with two fundamental provisions: First, they should give a good driving light, and second, they should not project any glaring or dazzling light high enough to interfere with an approaching driver."
 "These two provisions are made by the present Motor Vehicle Law, which states in substance: That headlamps shall reveal substantial objects at two hundred feet in front of the lamps, and that no glaring or dazzling light shall be projected above the forty-two inch line at 75 feet or more in front of the lamps to the left of the axis of the vehicle."
 "The law also requires that legal devices must be used and that all parts of the headlamps must be in good condition."
 "Under the present method of mounting headlamps it is quite a problem to design and adjust headlamps so that they meet these provisions under all conditions. However, from extensive tests made by automobile engineers, the Illuminating Engineering Society of America and automobile manufacturers, certain principles of lighting and regulations covering adjustment were evolved. The lighting principles are incorporated in the requirements for approval for use of devices on motor vehicles in this state, and the adjustment regulations are embodied in the instructions and regulations of the Bureau of Motor Vehicles."

"Copies of lighting regulations and instructions may be obtained at the Albany office of the Bureau, and the official light adjusting stations have been established in various parts of the state, where owners may have motor vehicle headlights tested."

"The law does not require that adjustments be made by official adjusters. It may be done by the motor vehicle owner himself. However, in case the operator or owner does not have the facilities or does not desire to do the work himself he may have the headlights adjusted at any of the official headlight adjusting stations in the state, that have been designated by the Motor Vehicle Bureau."

Recital

On Tuesday evening, May 26th, the pupils of Miss Minnie Clair rendered the following program:
 "Dutty's Call"—Hall, Chorus
 "Tripping O'er The Lawn"—Rand Angelie Dodge
 "Honeysuckle Waltz"—Streabog Cecelia O'Connell
 "On the Stage," March (four hands)—Engelmann; Rose Dawson, Mary Horan
 "Barcarolle"—Offenbach Ruby Robinson
 "Toboggan"—Marsden, Chorus
 (a) "First Waltz,"
 (b) "The Charming Shepherdess"—Matthews, Florence Mullholland
 "Little Companion," March—Engelmann, Doris Church
 "Spring Song," (vocal)—Wilson Ruth Slocum
 "Little Fairy Waltz"—Streabog Helen Smith
 "Gaily Tripping"—Hosmer, Doris Yager
 "Water Lilies" Githens, Mary Horan
 "Angel's Dream"—Lange, Gertrude O'Connell
 "There Was Once a Fisher"—Lillenas, Chorus
 "Queen of the Pixies"—Engelmann, Ena Matison
 "March Militaire," (six hands)—Koelling, Margaret Folsing, Gertrude O'Connell, Dorothea Snyder
 "Edelweiss Glide Waltz"—Vanderbeck, Wilda Burdick
 "Ohio Home"—Tyndall, Chorus
 "Spinning Song"—Ellmenreich, Lillian Holmes
 "Anitra's Dance"—Grieg, Edward Cannon
 "Stars of the Angels"—Messina, Ruth Slocum
 "Rowing, Not Drifting"—Hall, Chorus
 "Fifth Nocturne"—Leybach, Margaret Folsing
 "Bohemian Girl"—Ketlerer, Rose Dawson
 "Matushka," (four hands)—Engel, Dorothea Snyder, Margaret Folsing
 "Farewell," Hawaiian melody, (arr. by Kohlmann), Chorus
 At the close of the program, the pupils presented the teacher with a beautiful remembrance in appreciation of her efforts. Participants and guests will remember the recital with pleasure because of the creditable manner in which the selections were rendered by the pupils.

DESCRIPTIVE OF TRIP TO THE SOUTH SEAS

L. E. Jordan Gives News Readers Interesting Account of His Trip.

We steamed into the narrow entrance of Willemstead harbor on the island of Curacao about six o'clock Sunday, March 15th, after waiting about two hours for a guide to pilot us into the harbor and up the long narrow channel about one and one-half miles to the dock. Curacao is one of the six islands of the West Indies that are under Dutch control. A colonial government for all of them sits at Willemsted, the only city of Curacao and more often called by the name of the island. Fifty-seven thousand people live in the four hundred square miles of these tiny islands. Those living in the southern group, which includes Curacao, are mainly Venezuelan in origin and Roman Catholic in faith and speak a synthetic language called Papiamento, without syntax or grammar, made up of Spanish, Dutch, English and African words, to strangers an unintelligible jargon. Those of the northern group are English-speaking and Protestant. The narrow entrance of the harbor at Curacao is spanned by a pontoon bridge which is opened to admit vessels into a lagoon, vividly blue in the brilliant atmosphere of the tropics, which winds around into the level windmill-dotted and rather barren country to the wharves at Willemsted. Our ship was too large to fill up close to the dock so they coupled two large punts or flat barges together and ran our gangplank onto them then we walked over the boats to shore. Here we found big husky negroes languidly sculling about the densely blue harbor, using the Dutch canal-boat style of heavy oar over the stern of the boat, and swaying their bodies as slowly back and forth as if their vocabularies did not include the word for haste. The town crowds eagerly about the harbor entrance, looking almost miniature from the deck of our towering steamer. The houses, distinctly Dutch in atmosphere, despite patently tropical aspect, are well built, rarely of wood, most of them being faced with cement or plaster, all brightly colored, with red or reddish brown tile roofs, and cornices of contrasting shades, causing them to stand out across the indigo lagoon like the figures on stained glass windows. Now and again as a ship comes in or goes out the bridge connecting the two halves of the town parts and leaves a motley throng gathered at each of its entrances. When it was joined to form a veritable chain of human beings. The one thing that can induce the people of Curacao to hurry is the signal for the opening of the bridge. Then from both directions comes the scurrying of mainly bare feet; jet black women with great baskets on their heads dart in and out among those racing from the opposite shore; automobiles honk their way even faster, scattering pedestrians in two swarms on each side despite the warning placard in Dutch and Papiamento to Zeer Langsam Ryden, or Karu Poko Poko. You can guess what that means, see how near you can come to it. One may be sure to take a punt across,

but that costs ten Dutch cents, whereas the bridge fare is one cent if you are bare foot and two if you have sandals or shoes on, most of the throng are bare foot.

The people of Curacao are less annoying than the majority of those in the smaller islands of the Caribbean. It may be proverbial Dutch thrift which keeps the town cleaner and more orderly. The children do not beg, the adults appear occupied with their own affairs, and the population is overwhelmingly negro, the impudence frequently met with elsewhere is not much in evidence. They are amusingly stolid negroes, with staid Dutch airs, as solemn the week around as their British brethren on the Sabbath, without a suggestion of the chick air of the French islanders. Unshaved Hollanders, with faces like yellow parchment, wearing the heavy uniforms of the homeland and carrying short swords mingle with the black throng, yet seldom have to exercise their authority. Dutch high officials, in more resplendent uniforms dash by in fine automobiles, as if bent on running down the people they have been sent out to govern. It may be added, however that they rarely do so.

There are only ten cities in the West Indies which have tramways, and of them all Curacao is the most amusing, for it single and alone, has a crude little car which looks like the one driven by Uncle Josh of the movies, with an automobile engine, which makes the horseshoe journey around the bay and back every half hour.

The streets of the town, following the contours of the bay, are seldom straight, and the vista down any of them gives one some idea of what they are in the old Dutch country and at the same tropical cities. Even in the suburbs the houses are tiled-roofed and plaster-faced, gay and cleanly without, but with the same newspapered interiors of most negro shacks in the West Indies. Old women seated in their doorways or on the ground in a patch of shade, weaving coarse hats from bundles of Venezuelan straw which small boys bring them on their heads, chattering ceaselessly in Papiamento even in the hottest hours of the day. Stolid Dutchmen speak it with accustomed ease. The daily newspaper is printed in Spanish.

We are now nearing the harbor of La Guaira of which will describe later.

Mrs. Acker Gives Fine Talk

Mrs. Milo Acker of Hornell, in a most interesting and pleasing address Sunday morning, at the Presbyterian church gave her impressions and interpretation of the scenes of the Passion Play, as seen by her at Oberammergau, Switzerland.
 Mrs. Acker has a wonderful gift as a word artist. Her descriptive powers being so vivid as to enable her listeners to follow closely with her the memory of the portrayal of that great event at Oberammergau.

Notice

The Library will be closed Saturday, May 30th. LEGAL HOLIDAY. MARGARET BAKER, Librarian.

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