

THE ANDOVER NEWS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1916.

TERMS: Five Cents per Copy. One Dollar per Annum.

ACRE NURISHES FORTY PEOPLE

PROFESSOR KING TELLS HOW CHINA, KOREA AND JAPAN, MANAGE TO FEED THEIR IMMENSE POPULATION.

Professor F. H. King, of Madison Wisconsin, in writing on soil cultivation in the far East in "Farm and Friends," makes these interesting comments.

It could not fail to be a matter of the highest industrial, educational and social importance to all nations, were it possible to bring to them a full and accurate account of all those conditions and practices which have made it possible for such dense populations to be maintained so largely upon the products of Chinese, Korean and Japanese soils. Many of the steps and practices through which civilization has passed are irrevocably buried in the past, but such reasonable maintenance efficiency attained centuries ago and projected into the past with little apparent decadence, merits the most profound study and the time is fully ripe when it should be made.

With our population increasing at the rate of nearly a million a year during the last half century—it is clear that we can hardly learn too soon or too thoroughly our probable limit of soil and crop production, and the best methods of insuring and maintaining it. Probably nothing can give a safer measure of the maintenance capacity of the farm and farmers of a nation than the number of people they feed per unit area of cultivated field and it is doubtful if there is a better place to study this problem than in China and Japan at the present time.

According to official statistics published in 1908, Japan has its main islands, exclusive of Formosa and Karafuto, a population of 48,542,736 and the area of its cultivated fields is 21,321 square miles. This is 2,277 people to the square mile, and besides these there are also maintained 2,600,000 cattle and horses, nearly all of which are laboring animals, giving a population of one hundred and forty-two people and seven horses and cattle to each forty acres of cultivated field; a condition sufficiently different from our most fully occupied forty-acre farm to make the best man among us stop and think.

Japan is making rapid strides along many industrial lines and great attention has for many years been paid to her agriculture in which rapid progress is being made. As early as 1872 she had established an agricultural college. For several years the soil survey of the main islands has been completed with large scale maps and is made the basis of values for national, prefectural and local land taxes. She has an admirable system of road maintenance in effective operation. She has many agricultural experiment stations, nine of which we visited, and the equipment at Tokio for soil investigation is superior to anything yet provided in this country. We have more pretentious buildings, but their resources are more largely used in providing appliances and men for rigid research work. I visited one of their dormitories at the agricultural college, connected with the Fukuoka Experiment Station, and here young men are provided with room and board at four dollars (gold) per month. From the two colleges of the highest rank they had graduated, in 1907, 1,041 students; from their one hundred and thirty-nine A and B classes of agricultural schools of second rank they had graduated in 1906, 12,371, and from the still lower grade of third rank they graduated in 1905, from the 1,456 supplementary agricultural schools, 14,927.

The Stetson Big Double "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Co. which appears at the Auditorium, Monday night next is making a grand spectacular scenic production of this grand play this season. The scenery has been painted specially for this revival and included a number of handsome scenes reproduced from photographs of the localities mentioned in the book, as they were at the time when the great authors first wrote the story, more than 50 years ago.

FRANCIS WILLARD MEETING.

Memorial Meeting will be held at Presbyterian Church, Sunday Evening.

There will be a Francis Willard memorial meeting under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in the Presbyterian Church, Sunday evening, February 20. Miss Artie Place of Alfred will present a paper. There will be special music by the Boy's Choir and Solo by Mrs. Rex Starr and Dr. G. W. Mitchell with other numbers to insure an interesting program. An offering will be received for the Willard memorial fund.

A cordial invitation is extended the public to attend this service.

ASKS FOR FACTS.

Commissioner Whipple of the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission Wants Your Assistance.

Commissioner Whipple has made a public request for statements relating to the effects of deforestation or reforestation has had upon the soil conditions and stream flow which have at any time come under the personal observation of citizens of the state. The Commissioner would be glad to have facts with which anyone is familiar concerning springs, creeks, fertility of the soil frequency of floods and low water marks, erosion of the hill sides, etc., caused by tree destruction. Any citizen knowing of a case affected by the cutting away of timber or the planting of trees would be doing the state a service by addressing a descriptive communication to Commissioner Whipple about it. Information of this nature is being used in preparing data which will show the results brought about by the changing condition of forest areas in this state. Correspondence should be addressed to James S. Whipple, Forest Fish and Game Commission, Albany, N. Y.

GURDON M. GREENE.

Died at Hammondsport, Last Week of Congestion of the Lungs.

Gurdon M. Greene died Friday morning, February 11th, at 5:15 o'clock at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Lewis Craigs, in Hammondsport. Mr. and Mrs. Greene removed from Wellsville to Hammondsport on October 18, 1909. About two weeks ago, Mr. Greene was taken with acute congestion of the lungs, his death occurring Friday morning. He was fifty-nine years of age, and is survived by his wife and one daughter, Mrs. Etta Craigs, of Hammondsport. He is also survived by two sisters: Mrs. Charles Davis of Andover, and Mrs. Aaron Biedsoe, of Friendship; and by two brothers: F. P. Greene of Hammondsport, and Chester D. Greene, of Whitesville.

Deceased was a member of the Hammondsport Lodge of Odd Fellows No. 899, and a member of the Pent. K. O. T. M. of Whitesville.

Burial was at Mt. Hope cemetery in Friendship on Sunday afternoon of last week.

On the Farm.

If ever you start for town, They know it before you're half way down.

If ever you start for anywhere, They know it before you're half way there.

You ask, how 'tis, so soon its known, Why they just rubber over the telephone.

Every farmer who in the Autumn months has been the owner of a lot of small pigs, and allows them to run at large until their deprivations become unendurable, will appreciate the following:

They are small and wicked, They are fat and cussed, They are stealers of corn, They are rooters of sod, They never behave in the ways that are civil.

It's always the same on hillside or level, Their actions are evil, They are full of the devil, But, all good people fill up big, When they have a chance at roasted pig.

Advertised Letters For week ending Feb., 12, 1916, Lewis Ackerman, Frank N. Baker, Floyd Palmer, Geo. Williamson.

STORIES OF THE SOUTHWEST

Cow Lands of Texas—An Eldorado and a Desert, Both in Season—A Land of Reptiles, Spiders, Droughts and Bad Men.

(By M. J. Brown, Editor Little Valley, N. Y., Hub)

When nature finished up her job on this dump of a world, cooled things off and opened up for settlement, she had everything pretty well averaged up, with a drawback tacked onto every garden of Eden and a bargain day with every bit of desert.

To we who live back where winter is king for five months, we can hardly associate summer weather, with the last days of January, yet out here in the southwest the summer is all that New York ever had in its balmyest June.

Day after day the soft winds blow up from Mexico, bringing spring with them and day after day the ineffable sunshine spreads over all, and this semi-desert country in midwinter is all that Los Angeles can ever be in climate.

Why isn't it, a garden of Eden? There are hundreds of why's. Coming from the frozen north to these prairie dog plains, where the south breeze is as soft as a baby's touch, one thinks of little but the ever-blue sky and the trill of the birds. Warmth and sunshine are here and all else is forgotten.

If there were no drawbacks, would these plains of the Texas southwest remain a cow country? Would a country of ten months' warmth and sunshine be given over to cattle and sheep raising unless there were the best of reasons why it could not be used for anything else?

I have seen these plains when not a drop of moisture had fallen in over a year, and there have been seasons when twice as many months have passed with the brown tracts drying up and cracking for want of water, and when it would appear that everything living except spiders, snakes and lizards, had abandoned the thirsty land; when rabbits and prairie dogs migrated to water and when the coyotes ran mad for thirst.

Under such conditions how would a man from Maine enjoy life here? What would a New Yorker or an Ohioan think of the blue skies and the Mexican breezes?

There are other drawbacks. Under the mesquite clumps live the big hairy tarantulas—the deadly web spider of the southwest—which we Yankees don't take to, but which take to us. Often the grocer catches one in a bunch of bananas and gives a free side show with his spidership, but I wish you might see one of these giant spiders in action—one of these fellows you don't find on banana bunches.

In the bottom of a draw yesterday I found one of the biggest of the brown tarantulas, and he was out in the open where I could torment him, and where I proved the assertion that they can jump. With a long limb, I prodded it, preventing its escape to a hole, and as I waved the bush over its head the spider jumped for it, gained a hold and in an instant was running along the limb toward my hand. Like the boy with the hot nail, I didn't wait to be told to drop it. But I camped on its trail, and later on when I had seen it crawl into a hole, I covered it with a tomato can, poured in a bucket of water and when he came out I had him.

And another one to look out for, and one which northerners and easterners don't care to mix up with, is the diamond rattler, that most deadly of all snakes, and it is claimed the only venomous snake in all the southwest. This reptile abounds here and can be found on every acre, and I can only account for the very few being bitten by the story that the snake only bites when disturbed and always warns before he strikes. Only during the dog days of summer, when the reptiles are shedding their skins and when they are said to be blind, is there very much precaution exercised.

Many have the impression that these vast plains are low and level because they are "down in Texas," but really they are from 1500 to 2000 feet above the gulf of Mexico.

I went to the top of one of the highest divides today to see the surrounding country. One does not need a spy glass. The dry air is so clear that the distance seems annihilated and the eye almost loses its reckoning. And north, south, east and west, so far as the eye can reach is spread out that never-ending monotony of view—brown acres, cacti, mesquite chinook and white stones.

One may travel for twenty-four hours steadily without a sight of a human being, everlasting, never-changing monotony. Once in a while the black face of a Mexican will look down from a sand dune, and you will see his sheep scattered through the bushes, and again you will meet some lone cowboy riding the range, and when you are riding a windmill across the view, it is indeed a welcome sight for a ranch house will be close by, where one will be given a welcome so cordial and a hospitality so genuine that it will renew one's faith in mankind, but it is the cow towns where one human nature—the towns where the finds interest and real wild west ranchmen, the cowboys and the Mexicans constantly come and go.

Nearly all writers of the cow country sloop over considerably in praising the cowboys and the ranchmen for their open and almost forced hospitality. Stop to a ranch house and it is literally true that they cannot do too much for you. It is a habit born of earlier days, and becomes a duty. But in the cow towns where the visitor pays his way, and the people know he is looking at them and asking of them from curiosity—well it has been my experience that these people have as thick a crust around them as you will find anywhere and that the prejudice against a Yankee sticks out plainer than in Mississippi. Their courtesy and accommodation is too often mistaken for welcome.

The cow country takes a man on trust and then waits for him to make good. It is not a locality for Chautauque circles and ice cream societies. The man who can appreciate the patronage doesn't go, and who can fall in and mix it with fellows "just natural like," without playing "shor" or stopping over—the man who has discernment enough to go far enough and not too far—such a fellow will make friends here of men who would die for him and who will never forget him.

I never saw this more clearly illustrated than in Sonora the other day when a man from Utica, N. Y., who claimed to be doing some social magazine work, found that the cowboys were not as warm as the Mexican breezes. Around the hotel he made himself obnoxious by ever-playing the tenderfoot. He was new to the country, and he thought the play was to proclaim it generally, take off his collar, go in his shirt sleeves, ask questions and spend his money. Going into a saloon where a bunch of cowboys were loafing and playing dominoes, he called everybody up to have something and not a man in the place responded. Luckily the fellow had sense enough not to urge or question otherwise he might have had some real life experiences to have written of.

The man was overdoing and didn't know it. Someone had told him he must be common and spend his money, and the cow-punchers simply resented this fellow's too apparent and unnatural patronage.

Time is the most abundant of all things in this country, and tomorrow is the most convenient of all words. Indolent, easy-going, the people live in the to-day, and let Carnegie and the Rockefeller be the worrying.

Comforts there are none—that is according to our dictionaries. With the one exception, meat, the people do not raise anything they consume. Nothing will grow here except grass and weeds. Not a vegetable, a berry, a tree of fruit, not a single green

MID-WINTER MEETING.

The Allegany County Federation of Womans Clubs and Societies Met in Belfast, Thursday, February 17th.

Belfast, Feb. 10.—The Mid-Winter meeting of the Allegany County Federation of Women's Clubs is to be held in the Methodist church in Belfast, Thursday, February 17th. The morning session opens at 10 o'clock with the regular business meeting; the afternoon session begins at 1:30 o'clock with a program, in which some of the brightest ladies in the county take part. There will be choice musical selections, bright papers and a debate. All are invited to attend both sessions and learn the work the ladies are doing.

Celebrated 90th Birthday.

About thirty relatives, met Thursday at the home of Uncle Henry Bullard on Dyke Street to celebrate his 90th birthday. There are seven children living all of whom were present at the old home on this occasion. "Uncle Henry," as he is called is one of Andover's oldest settlers and the News hopes to give a sketch of his earlier life next week. Those from out of town in attendance at the party, were J. M. Bullard, wife and daughter, Homer Spencer and wife, Robert Bullard and wife of Friendship, and Roy Nichols and wife of Olean.

thing that man's system craves. No gardens, not an onion, a radish, a vine—nothing, because of the uncertain rainfall. Every article worn, eaten or used, excepting meat has to be freighted in from the railroads, hence the people have reduced their necessities to a minimum—beans, bacon and bread—and one could chase a cat through most of the houses, if all the doors and windows were closed.

But there is health out here in the thirsty land, health that money can't buy and drugs can't give; there are days of rare winter beauty and balminess that no place on earth can surpass; there are twilights with no curfew calls in the evening glow, and nights when a great white moon shakes down a scene so beautiful and alluring that a cover over one's bed seems sacrilege.

There are no pennies and a very few "Yankee dimes" in this country. Two bits is the smallest piece of change in ready circulation. Ask for a postage stamp and tender a nickel and you get two stamps and a postal card. No one wants or will accept "penny pieces," and it is but very recently that dimes and nickels have come into the medium of circulation. Everything one buys is bought in quantities of dollars, halves and quarters.

To give you a little idea of the volume of business done in these cow towns, I would state that one general store in Sonora does an average business of a thousand dollars a day, and there are a half dozen stores. It would certainly be interesting to get statistics on the saloon trade here, but I will leave this rather delicate assignment for the next man. With the temperance feeling here, I don't fancy the job. Sonora, Tex., Jan. 30.

GOLDEN SEAL PAYS OFF MEMBERS

PUBLIC MEETING FRIDAY EVENING AT WHICH NEARLY \$5,000 WAS DISTRIBUTED AMONG ANDOVER PEOPLE.

At the public pay-off of the order of the Golden Seal held in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday evening, Chas. Hanbury Supreme Guide, of Roxbury, handed out thirty-one checks to members who had carried their policies to maturity. These checks were for \$140.88 each if there had been no loans made.

Mr. Hanbury in the course of an address, which was followed with close attention, said it was a pleasure to report that the dividends for the first half of 1910 will be higher and that the Order had a showing of a steady gain in the last three dividends. On the new basis of computation the indications are of still better results in the future. The Order had lots of critics and there was a feeling that the Supreme officers had feathered their nests at the expense of the members. There was one thing sure that with the responsibilities they carry and vast sums they handle, no other business organization in the State can show so small a pay-roll for salaried officers as the men of the Supreme Council of the Golden Seal. The salaries paid the Supreme officers in 1909 was only \$12,700, representing 12 officers at a salary of a trifle over \$1,000 each. During 1909 for dividends, disability loans and death losses, the Supreme Council paid out \$54,953.12 and as an indication of the return of prosperity during the last three months, upwards of 2,000 new applications have been made for membership. The Order had upwards of two million of dollars safely invested. The amount of the dividend for the current term will be placed at \$140.88, a remarkably cheap insurance. In six years the members had deposited, excluding camp dues \$145 with the order and were for this money, protected against accidental death \$500; loss of limbs \$250 on each limb; \$250 for loss of each eye; \$250 for total disability, 20 weeks at \$15 a week and death benefit at the rate of \$5 for each month the person had been a member.

After meeting all the death claims, the disability losses and the expenses the Order was able to refund \$140.88 so that the cost to the members had been a trifle over \$4 or .70 a year or 6 cents a month. What better could the member reasonably ask?

Hornell Bar Association.

Articles of incorporation for the formation of a bar association in Hornell have been forwarded to Albany. All of the 31 lawyers in the city have signified their willingness to become members of the new body. Irving W. Near, is the president, Shirley E. Brown, secretary; Milo M. Ackler, J. A. Parsons, C. W. Stevens, with the president and secretary, are directors.

FLOUR

Pillsbury's Best Finest Spring-Patent
Universal Mills Best Blended Patent
Our Own Pastry

The market has advanced sharply—we haven't. The consequence is you get a good deal on any of the above brands.

H. H. Williams & Co.