

THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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SUFFRAGISTS PASS STRONG RESOLUTIONS

Following Are the Resolutions Passed by the County Federation of Woman's Clubs Here Last Week.

Whereas, The State of New York, one of the largest and most progressive in the union, is guilty of a great injustice, namely: the disfranchisement of half its citizens,

Whereas, These disfranchised citizens are equal to those enfranchised in morals, education, altruism, and many of them feel deeply the disadvantage of their disfranchisement and desire to have voice in making the laws by which they are governed,

Whereas, It has been proved in the states and countries where women vote that their exercise of the franchise is beneficial to the state and to themselves.

Whereas, The advance of public sentiment in favor of equal suffrage depends greatly on the attitude of the press of our country;

Whereas, The only way to obtain the franchise is through the vote and influence of our representatives in the legislature, therefore be it

Resolved, That we continue our work with renewed zeal for the civic education of women that they may see their position before the law and be prepared to use the ballot wisely when it is obtained.

Resolved, That we continue our loyalty to the government under which we live, use every inch of suffrage ground given us and work for full suffrage as that alone will secure to us any partial rights given.

Resolved, That we lament the recent postponement of our bill in Albany and pledge ourselves in the future to use our influence against the election of representatives to the legislature who are not theoretically and practically in favor of our demand.

Resolved, That we withdraw our favor and patronage from all periodicals that refuse to print matter favorable to equal suffrage.

Resolved, That we give our support to those institutions, churches, colleges, parties and societies which give full recognition to the equal rights of men and women.

Resolved, That in the death of Mrs. Frank B. Church, the organizer and first president of our county association, who was for many years an ardent suffragist, we have sustained a great loss and we feel it deeply.

Resolved, That we express our gratitude to the Andover Club for their cordial and generous entertainment; to the Methodist church for the use of their building for this meeting; to the Presbyterian church for the evening lecture, to the musicians and all others who have contributed to the enjoyment of this meeting.

Miss Eva St. Clair Chauplin, Mrs. Agnes Bardeen, Mrs. Anna Karr, Committee on Resolutions.

CARD OF THANKS.

The undersigned wish particularly to thank the Baraca Class for their sympathy and love as shown in the beautiful floral offering sent at the occasion of the death and burial of his father.

W. S. Clark.

Read our "B. B. E." Column.

LEFT CHILDREN AND HUBBY.

Jacob Fanton, aged nineteen and Mrs. Clyde Ackerman, aged twenty-nine, both of Willing township, left this section of the country last Monday, taking Erie train twenty-five from Wellsville, supposedly for Buffalo. Mrs. Lena Ackerman, who was formerly Miss Lena Babcock, is the mother of two children, aged four and six years, and left her husband in charge of the household.

BARRED FROM HIS PULPIT

Rev. G. M. Gates and a Chautauqua County Church are Having a Nice Little Legal Scrap.

Sunday was a strenuous day for the pastor and people of the Baptist Church at Forestville, Chautauqua County, it being the first Sunday since the issuance of the order granted by Justice Lambert vacating the injunction secured by Rev. G. M. Gates, pastor of the church. The taking of the matter into court of law and the subsequent events of last week has widened the breach among the members of the church and the pastor, and on Sunday Forestville residents of other faiths were afforded the spectacle of the militant clergyman preaching to a portion of his divided flock, on the steps in front of the edifice, while a trustee, differing with the pastor upon the subject of the amount of salary due the man of God for services rendered, as is alleged, held the doors of the church under lock and key. Following the outdoor service, Sunday School was held in a neighboring residence opened by the owner for the occasion. A large collection was taken.

The effect of the litigation which has been carried on between the trustees and Pastor Gates seems to be to increase the following of the pastor. At any rate, as many as 85 people gathered Sunday to receive spiritual guidance and comfort from the preacher who was barred from his pulpit by the hand of the circular courts. For the evening service, it was announced that arrangements had been made whereby the followers of the clergyman would meet in a vacant house, owned by D. P. Barnard, and located near the Baptist church.

The strange and apparently unseemly strife among members of the parish who should in unity together dwell is unlike any controversy in the annals of church history in this section of the country. The strife dates back to the year 1900, and has been carried on in more or less bitterness by every decade of members since that time. An endorsement of a few thousand dollars was left by a pioneer of Forestville, to be paid as long as the church should be maintained merely as a society. Nearly every pastor who has seen fit to accept a call to the Forestville charge has found difficulty in carrying on the work satisfactorily because of this undercurrent of strife which at intervals breaks out as it now the case.

Pastor Gates is carrying on the fight because of the principal involved, according to his friends, while the trustees and others of the church are equally well intentioned and determined.

Pueblo Indians of The Southwest

A Tribe Which Lives as it Did Before Columbus Landed and Where Ancient Rites Still Prevail.

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

They say everybody likes an Indian. Anyhow there is a romance and sentiment around him that appeals to Americans.

A photographer will snap an Indian girl, with a blanket around her, and a pair of leggings on, print the picture on post cards, and tourists go crazy over them.

A singer will spread the maid on a nickeloleum canvas give her a sort of a running water name, attach pigeon ragtime to a few words of mountains and tepees, and we crowd the doors to see her.

But here's telling you that the Indian maiden, the old squaw, the young buck, or the medicine man look a heap better from a motion picture machine than at close range. Believe me, distance lends a heap of enchantment.

At forty rods an Indian maiden is a real Minnehaha, Pocahontas, a Waneta, but at close range the picturesqueness vanishes and the clothes worn around her sturdy form conceal all claims to divinity, and she couldn't entice me from a happy home.

Before I go into the Indian business proper, let me tell you a little incident that scattered my halo.

I was at a little Indian trading station on the Denver and Grande in the New Mexico mountains. The hotel accommodations were all right in price but a little too jammed up for an Astoria. One big room was all there was to room assignment. There were three beds and five of us. One miner was so awfully dirty that no one had sand enough to double with him, so a big Norwegian picked me for his "buddy" and crawled into my bed. Between the quartet of snores, and my side partner's nightmare, there was no trance state for me, and the minute daylight showed color, I quit the nest.

The morning was very cold, and as there was no sitting room I hunted the kitchen. The maid of the range was one of those picturesque but ugly Pueblo Indian girls, dressed as her people used to dress way back in the untutored past. The scarlet blanket hid the waist line, the leggings left much to guess at, and the moccasins were all of number 7, double E. The straight black hair in two braids hung down over her shoulders, in front, and they were very much a nuisance, as the ends constantly dangled in the frying pan of eggs, or got tangled up with the pancake batter. But one does not mind this, when they become accustomed, for as the driver stated, the Indian hairs are big and strong, and when you pull one out of a biscuit it doesn't break.

I sat watching the Indian girl get breakfast, and tried to think of Captain John Smith. Then she turned to me and said, "Get the milk." I went out on the gallery and brought in a bucket. "Take it back—get the other." I went out and exchanged pails. "No wagon go back." But I told Laughing Eyes if she wanted any other variety of milk to go hunt it, as I belonged to the union and couldn't work before breakfast.

When I started this Indian maiden incident I had something more on my note book, and it should have followed the braids of hanging hair. But I thought that you might be reading this just before dinner, and I spared you. The omission had to do with a severe cold in the head and my pagan had no handkerchief. And it made it slightly inconvenient to mix the biscuit dough.

And now for something about the Indians.

The Pueblos Indians are probably as interesting a tribe as there is in this country. They are industrious, are farmers, are workers, are home people, and have great love of family. Yet with all these virtues they are much like the rattlesnake—good if you don't step on them.

Unlike the Apaches, these first

Americans are not wandering Bedouins of the desert, but they live as they did and were long before Columbus ever set his foot on their soil—live a domestic life, tillers of the soil and workers of mines.

There are scattered through New Mexico and Arizona dozens of "community houses," entire villages under one roof, houses that were once forts, and where these Pueblo Indians used to live in the days of survival of the fittest.

I had a list of a dozen or more of these most interesting ruins down on my route card, and intended to have passed several days among them, but the worst blizzards known to the territory for many years spread over Northern New Mexico for days, and it made the trip simply impossible. And so I had to content myself with a brief visit to the Pueblo of Isleta, and to leave further explorations until my next trip.

I have a string of notes a yard long regarding the red men of Isleta but as this series is nearly to an end, and this one letter must cover the notes, I look through them and wonder which will most interest.

The Pueblos have been a bad bunch in the past, a tribe as cruel and as blood thirsty as any in this Indian country, and there was pointed out to me a building where my friend said was hidden away hundreds of specimens of "sacred hair," scalps of Comanches, Mexicans, missionaries and soldiers of the early days.

And today when the "mad dance" is held this sacred herd of "barks" are brought out and danced over.

The "mad dance?" No, I did not see it, and I am told that no white man, unless adopted by the tribe, ever did see it and live to tell it. They hold them here in Isleta today, and no man dare to attempt to see them. They last for four days.

A blinding snow storm shortened my stay in Isleta and I saw but an outline of the Pueblo and but a meagre few of the many wonderful and strange sights. There was pointed out to me the village estufa—a building with a diameter of perhaps fifty feet—round and low, without a door or window. Here are performed the ancient old rites, and here the olden "superstitions" are given full play; here the human skulls repose and here are where young Indians are given their first lessons in old mythology.

The only way to get into the estufa is by climbing up the outer walls with a ladder, pulling up the ladder and descending by it. It is said that there are many weird and gruesome sights to be seen in this hidden house, but that no white man can ever see them.

As we drove back to the Isleta station I noted in the outskirts of the town, what I would call a garbage dump in our country—a piece of ground strewn with everything—earthen ware, bows, arrows, utensils, rope, saddles, etc. My friend told me this was Isleta's "killing pen." When an Indian dies one of the odious ceremonies is the sending of property along for the use of the deceased in the happy hunting grounds, therefore, his property, and the things he most used are first broken, (killed) and deposited in this piece. But the more valued treasures, strings of coral beads, turquoise, gold and silver jewels of which these Indians have great quantities, are buried with their bodies. It is said numerous attempts have been made to rob the grave yard at different times, but each has been costly in human life and each a failure.

The Pueblos have abandoned the olden "community houses" and now live in individual houses, builded of stone, mud, wood and cloth. It is said there is but one yet inhabited of these stone cities in the territory

(Continued on last page).

THE "POWER OF THE PRESS."

A paper in a good sized town in Michigan recently published this item: "The business man of this town who is in the habit of hugging his typewriter had better quit or we will publish his name." The next day 37 business men called at the office, paid up their subscriptions and left behind them 37 columns of advertising, and told the editor not to pay any attention to foolish stories.—Ridgway Democrat.

BIBLE SCHOOL COUNTY CONVENTION

Allegany Co. Bible Schools Hold Annual Meeting at Wellsville Next Week, Beginning Tuesday, May 10.

The annual convention will begin with the registration of delegates at Wellsville next Tuesday morning at 9:30. A large attendance is expected. There will be five sessions, closing the afternoon of Wednesday May 11. Thursday afternoon Mrs. Patterson, of Buffalo, a noted specialist in primary work, will give an address on the "Value of the Child." She will follow this with a sectional conference in which she will teach a model lesson, and answer questions. At the same hour the adults will hold a similar conference. Rev. C. D. Reed of James town, a fine speaker on Baraca work, is expected to be present at the convention, speak and answer questions.

A big rally will be held on the evening of May 10, when both Rev. C. D. Reed and Rev. C. E. Allen, D. D., of Buffalo will speak.

All the sessions will be full of interest as the county will be well represented by speakers and workers from the different towns. Do not fail to attend from the start to the finish. The hospitable people of Wellsville open their homes for the free entertainment of all delegates. Be sure that your school is well represented.

Send the names of your delegates to F. L. Scoville, Wellsville. Send suggestions regarding the convention to the president, Rev. L. C. Randolph D. D., of Alfred.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the assessment roll of the Village of Andover, N. Y., has been completed and was filed with the village clerk on May 4th 1910, and that such roll will remain on file with the clerk, subject to public inspection, for fifteen days from the date of this notice.

B. B. Hann,)
U. W. Stratton,) Assessors.
L. L. Bullard,)
A. D. Fuller, Clerk.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

For week ending April 30, 1910.
Will Grance.
Fornero Prod.

ANDOVER GRANGE NOTES

Conducted by C. A. Robinson.

Andover Grange Meetings are very interesting and well attended considering the time of the year for farmers.

Mrs. Wm. McAndrew, Jas. McAndrew, Miss Maud Coons, Glenn Burdick and Clifford Burdick from Alfred Grange were over to see Geo. McAndrew has taken a dissent from the Alfred Grange and will join the Andover Grange.

One new application for membership.

The following numbers were given on the program:

Essay.—Mrs. Myrtle Mings.
Select Reading.—H. E. Robinson.
Music, Piano and violin duets, by Mrs. Geo. McAndrew and Jas. McAndrew.
Essay.—Wallace Francisco.

Song, "Old Gray Bonnet," by Geo. S. Robinson.

Remarks by visiting members. At roll call, nearly all the members responded with some saying or short story and was greatly enjoyed by all.

An interesting program is announced for next meeting.

The Grange has bought and used two carloads of best Pennsylvania lime, not the Ohio lime that contains 40 per cent magnesia.

CHARLES HENRY CLARK.

Charles Henry Clark, a former resident of this township, died at his home at Mosiertown, Pa., Saturday, April 30, of rheumatism, after great suffering. He was born in Washington County, N. Y., September 6, 1838, but the greater part of his life was passed in Allegany County, living a number of years in the towns of Independence and Andover. In 1861 he married Sara L. Livermore, who survives him. Besides his wife he leaves to mourn his loss, four children, C. A. Clark of Anthony, Kan., W. S. Clark of Andover, J. L. Clark of Los Angeles, Cal., and Mrs. H. D. Stebbins of Mosiertown, Pa. He is also survived by one brother, F. W. Clark, of Whitesville, and two sisters, Mrs. Ellen Baker, of Andover and Mrs. Lillie Barney of Independence.

Funeral services were held at Mosiertown, May 1st, Rev. Ora Miner officiating, assisted by Deacon Carr, a very dear friend of Mr. Clark's. The interment was at Whitesville, N. Y., being brought back to his childhood home, to be laid near his mother, as was his request.

Mr. Clark was a man of sterling quality and Christian character, and held the respect of all his acquaintances, old and young.

NOTICE

We wish to state that in regard to the team which played ball in Angelica things were more as they seemed than Mr. R. A. Bartlett's statement would lead one to believe for 6 of the 10 men who wore High School suits, were regular High School men, and that there would have been no criticism if it had not been for the actions of a part of that same six.

The Other Four.

Choice Garden Seed

We offer a good variety of Fresh Goods, selected with the utmost care. We have no lack of confidence in the quality of the seeds we sell.

H. H. Williams & Co.

Letter from Lewis Van Wie Washington State

Editor News:—

Will write a few lines and send you a couple illustrations of the wonderful timber out here. I saw a whole train of logs yesterday like them and they beat anything that I have yet seen. I would have liked to have had them put on the side track at Andover for a show. You could not get some of them in Walt Lamphar's Mill.

Today has been a dandy day, but since the first day of this month it has rained every day, but one. Am in hopes that the rainy season is over now. Crops are looking very fine. There will be lots of small

fruit. Stock has been out to pasture since March 1st.

Was at the I. O. O. F. Lodge last night. They put through a bunch of four for the Initiatory and one for the first. Wish you could see them work. That makes six candidates since I came here, which means one hundred and twenty dollars for their treasury, how is that going.

Ted Burdick is about the same old rooster, but is making good money. Tell all the boys I think of them often.

Lewis Van Wie Sr.

Lebam, Wash.