

## FROM TEAPOT DOME COMES WALSH FOR PRESIDENT CRY

### Woodrow Wilson, Great War President, Dead

#### BRIEF AND SIMPLE FAREWELL RITES

#### Great Leader of Men Dies in Sabbath's Quiet

A great spirit has left us. Thomas Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States for eight momentous years of our history is dead.

Death must have been a blessed relief to this broken, suffering man, a born fighter, condemned these last four years to fight no more.

In the prayer quiet of a Sunday morning, death folded him gently in its embrace and bore his spirit to his maker.

Very simple were the rites conducted Wednesday at the S. Street home, at 3 o'clock. This service was followed by another at 3:30 at Bethlehem Chapel, in the Cathedral at Mount Saint Albans, where the body was placed in a vault until arrangements have been made as to a final resting place.

It was decided not to hold a state funeral. The funeral was conducted at the home and at the chapel by the Rev. James H. Taylor, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, which Mr. Wilson attended, the Rev. Sylvester Beach of Princeton, N. J., who was Mr. Wilson's pastor there, and Bishop Freeman of Washington.

#### President Coolidge's Proclamation

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—President Coolidge's proclamation on the death of Woodrow Wilson, follows: "To the people of the United States:

"The death of Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States from March 4, 1913 to March 4, 1921, which occurred at 11:15 o'clock Sunday, at his home in Washington, deprives the country of a most distinguished citizen, and is an event which causes universal and genuine sorrow. To many of a profound personal bereavement.

"His early profession as a lawyer was abandoned to enter academic

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#### A Great American



America's War President, Woodrow Wilson, earned his place in history as a great American. These pictures show (big photo) as he looked during his second term of office just before sailing to Paris to help dictate peace. No. 1, Woodrow Wilson on his 65th birthday, two years after retiring to private life; No. 2, Wilson back from Paris Peace Conference—himself taking the treaty to present to U. S. Congress; No. 3, Woodrow Wilson's first public appearance in Washington after being stricken down through overwork in concluding peace. Mrs. Wilson is with him.

#### Woodrow Wilson

Born, Staunton, Va., Dec. 28, 1856.

Son of Rev. Joseph R. and Jessie Woodrow Wilson. Scotch-Irish ancestry on both sides.

Graduated Princeton U., 1879.

Graduated in law, Virginia U., 1881.

Practiced law, Atlanta, Ga., 1882-83.

John Hopkins U., post-graduate, 1883-85.

Married Ellen Louis Axson, Savannah, Ga., June 24, 1885 (died Aug. 6, 1914). Second marriage to Edith Bolling Galt of Washington, D. C., Dec. 18, 1915.

Took up first educational work in 1885, at Bryn Mawr.

President of Princeton University, 1902-1910.

Governor New Jersey, 1911-1913 (resigned when nominated for Presidency in Democratic National Convention, Baltimore, 1912).

Elected Twenty-eighth President of the U. S. Nov. 4, 1912. Renominated and elected for second term, 1916-1920.

Declared war on Germany and Central Powers, April 6, 1917.

Left for France December 4, 1918, at the head of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace; arrived at Paris, Dec. 14; visited England December 26-30, 1918; Italy, January 2-6, 1919; Belgium, June 18-19, 1919; delivered many addresses and given honorable degrees by various universities of allied countries; returned to United States February 24, 1919. Left on second trip to Europe, after speaking at closing session of Congress; arrived in Paris, March 14; signed Peace Treaty June 28, 1919; returned to U. S., arriving in New York July 8, 1919.

Author: Various Historical Works.

Home: 2300 S. Street Washington, D. C.

Died at Washington, D. C. Feb. 3, 1924.

### WASHINGTON TALKS OF LITTLE BUT OIL, WITH SENSATION ON EVERY TONGUE

#### Politicians See Democratic Dark Horse in Montana Senator. Why Coolidge Named Gregory.

Written Specially for Andover News

By EDWARD PERCY HOWARD  
(Through Autocaster Service)

Washington, Feb. 5.—There is only one story on everybody's lips today in Washington—Teapot Dome. The national capitol is swimming in the oil scandal. Sensation follows on the heels of sensation so rapidly that even trained newspapermen used to calm analysis and news dissection are puzzled to know what angle to tackle from hour to hour. Each man fears he will sense the wrong news slant and awaken in the morning to find his rivals have beaten him all over the first page.

In the meantime the implacable Senator from Montana, Thomas J. Walsh, man of millions and of great ability, keeps calmly at his work of investigation, his hand to the plough, his jaw set, his determination forced to drag into the sunlight any fact that may tend to show official corruption in connection with the granting of the oil leases, hewing straight to the line and letting the chips fall where they may.

Walsh started in the oil probe with one objective, and unquestionably he will pursue that course to the bitter end. But now there are signs that the vision of a new objective may have fired his imagination—for the word has been passed along the line "Walsh for President." Out of the maelstrom the Montana man may emerge as the Democratic choice to meet Coolidge in the political lists.

#### POSTOFFICE MOVED

Saturday noon Postmaster John Common and force made up their minds that it was their move, so they pulled up stakes in the Var's Block on Main Street, and moved Uncle Sam's Andover Post Office to the newly finished Baker Brothers' building on Greenwood street.

The moving job was accomplished so smoothly and expeditiously that few Andover people knew the post office was being changed from the location which it has occupied in town for the last ten years until it was all done.

The Andover post office now has an altogether new equipment that seems very convenient and light for both the postal employees and the public. Our people will soon get acquainted with the new location and things will be running again as smooth as oil.

While the building has been completed several weeks, the new furniture and fixtures did not arrive, and much of the office furniture has not yet arrived. But it was very inconvenient and annoying to be working with the office all torn up, so the sudden decision to move.

When the furniture cases get here and are put into place, Andover will have a very nifty post office, of which it need not be ashamed even tho it is located a few steps off Main Street.

#### MRS. VICKERS

Mrs. George Vickers was taken very ill Thursday evening of last week while returning from a meeting of the Kings Daughters. Friday morning Dr. Stuart of Hornell was called and she was taken to St. James Mercy Hospital and operated upon immediately for hernia and removal of appendix. The operation was a serious one. At this writing Mr. Vickers informs the News that his wife is gaining as well as the physicians can expect.

#### Might Stamped

Convention to Walsh

Politicians who are determined to make this Teapot Dome affair the issue of the coming campaign believe when the Democratic convention opens in New York the hour will be at hand for a spectacular stampede. Two weeks ago the temerity was felt at the possibility of William Jennings Bryan touching the spark with another Cross of Gold speech to swing the balance in favor of the real candidate he has carefully wrapped up his familiar muffler, but now, belief in the Bryan influence has waned. The eyes are on Walsh. The wisecracks see in Walsh a real national prosecutor patriotically and fearlessly tearing into the inmost recesses of government graft and corruption, one standing as the responsible head of a movement, leading, with face uplifted and unafraid, the spirit of American loyalty, the foe of the despoilers of the Republic.

Where Walsh may fit with the plans of the bosses of course is another matter, but the belief seems to be that the situation is too big for the bosses to control, and that they will have to bow to the clamor of an outraged public when the moment arrives.

About Coolidge's Choice of Gregory

There was a wild whoop of protest heard here as soon as President Coolidge announced the appointment of Thomas Watts Gregory, of Texas, as the Democrat ward in conducting the presidential probe into the oil scandal. Possibly the President could not have appointed anyone without the appointee being put on the dissection table and becoming subject to the knife.

Gregory, however, it is pointed out, was Wilson's Attorney General, and is understood to be a close friend of Doheny. With this background, opponents of the administration are not slow to connect the rest of the links in the chain of criticism.

### Letter From Mrs. Ella Vars, Now in Vienna, Austria

The editor takes the liberty of using the following interesting matter from a private letter from Mrs. Ella Vars to a member of the editor's family.

We sailed from New York Sept. 24 about 10:15 A. M., and it was an ideal day; the ship band was playing and everything looked very pleasant and bright.

Mrs. Eggleston, Mrs. J. Stearns and Reta Stearns met us at the boat and stayed to see us start, but when I realized that the boat was in motion and that we were really leaving home I could not help the tears coming into my eyes. We all stood out on the deck and those on the dock were waving their handkerchiefs and quite a number of our dear American flags were among the throng and we stood and watched it all until it began to fade from sight, and in less than two hours we were out of sight of land and saw no more until Wednesday, October 3rd, when we began entering the English Channel when with glasses we could see some islands off the coast of England and began seeing other vessels.

Toward night it began to be rough, it rained and was very foggy. The weather grew worse all night and Thursday morning it was raining and the wind blowing a gale, waves running very high and washing over the decks the boat would roll until it would look as tho we were going clear to the water and I would catch my breath and close my eyes. When we went out they were tying down the deck chairs and in the dining room the chairs were running together and dishes rattling; but they soon had the chairs all over the boat chained down. It continued bad all day and

the boat could not make good headway. I did not set up near all of the time and that night when I went to bed I felt pretty bad and kept thinking, if it would only stop tipping, but went to sleep after awhile and when we got up in the morning the wind had gone down and it was very nice and we could see land, the most of the day, off the coast of Belgium and then Germany.

We expected to land that (Friday) morning but did not until seven at night. You see, we went on the North German Lloyd line and landed at Bremen, Haven and there took the train for Bremen had no trouble getting thru the customs, our trunks were not opened at all.

We left Bremen that same night about eleven o'clock for Vienna, trains were poor and got into Wurtzburg, Germany about 10:30 in the morning, had to stop there until 6:30 p. m. This is a city of more than 100,000.

Mabel was very tired and doctor took us to a large nice looking hotel and engaged a room for the day, had two beds, running water and all that goes with a room and put on clean linen and when we left they charged him the same as eleven cents in our money.

It has been a pretty city but looked so quaint, saw only one street car, the draying or carting seemed to be done almost entirely by women and boys, women hitched to big carts drawing the biggest loads, or with the most terrible packs on their backs and I don't know how many oxen I saw hitched to wagons being driven thru the streets. It is all so different from our cities.

We rode all that night again and got into Vienna about eight o'clock Sunday morning, October 7th, and were glad to get thru. The country thru Germany and Austria is very pretty, every foot of the land cultivated and no lawn is kept smoother or more in perfect order than the German fields, and the woods so clean, every broken branch is taken care of, nothing wasted, and such strange looking little villages we passed thru. Most of the houses were plastered on the outside and all with red roofs, but all the Germans we have come in contact with have been kind and nice to us.

Have visited many places of interest since we have been here. It is very pretty city of 2,000,000 inhabitants. Have been several times to St. Stephens Cathedral, very interesting, was started in 1148. The big spire is over 400 feet high. It has thirty altars in it, and the amount of gold and old tapestries and the wealth inside of it is just immense. We were there over Sunday and they were having a funeral service for a priest at the high altar and at another altar at the same time they were having a wedding. The organ is just grand.

Three or four weeks ago we went up in the mountains for the week end to a place called Summering. A great health resort and also a resort for all kinds of winter sports, coasting, skiing, etc. There are many hotels, boarding houses and Sanitariums there and the buildings are into the side of the mountains, ground just dug out to make a level spot large enough to set the buildings on. There is just one mountain peak after another, covered with fir trees, very tall and covered with snow, and branches, all drooping. I thought it about the most beautiful sight I ever saw.

One week ago Sunday we visited the Museum of Natural History which I enjoyed very much and last

#### Rude Rural Rhymes

##### WINTER-WEAR

I write this rhyme that I may boast of garments that I love the most, because they keep me warm as toast—My undies. What sticketh closer than a brother, and what is nearer than a mother, more intimate than any other? Our undies. What comes off last and goes on first, and when with rough wool fibers cursed, what is it itches us the worst? Our undies. What is it that we stand upon, cold nights when other clothes are gone, the while we put our nighties on? Our undies. What clings about the shapely queens that make the ads such charming scenes in all the ladies' magazines? Their undies. What was it when cold days began, brot summer comfort back to man, made by B. V. D.'s an also-ran? Our undies. What is't shows us up at that and either outlines every slat or tells us we are waxing fat? Our undies.

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Sunday we went to the Museum of Arts, which was so very interesting everything is so ancient there. The original paintings by the most noted artists, dating back to the 14th century, large tapestries that belonged to Maximilian and so many Egyptian relics of ancient arts. The museum buildings are the most beautiful works of art, will tell you more about it when I see you.

We expect to go to Italy before we go home and also visit in France. We have been terribly shocked and saddened by the news of the deaths that have occurred since we left Andover.

The American Medical Association had a regular Thanksgiving dinner here with over 400 in attendance.

#### Our 25c Cash Specials

2 Bottles Catsup	25c
2 Cans Tomatoes	25c
2 Cans Corn	25c
2 Cans Beans	25c
2 Cans Salmon	25c
2 Pounds Cocoa	25c
2 Pounds Macaroni	25c

MRS. C. W. WILLIAMS