ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

OUR KEYNOTE:
"If There is Not a Way, Cut a Way."

ANDOVER, N. Y., ... MAY 17, 1929.

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Training Is Needed

POSSIBLY because in the early days so large a percentage of our population engaged in farming, the idea has persisted that anybody can be a farmer, regardless of ability or training.

The truth is that today it requires knowledge and good judgment to be a successful farmer, just as it does to be a successful manufacturer.

The farmer is, in a way, a manufacturer. He takes the soil and seed as his raw materials which must be sold on the market, just as a manufacturer's products must be sold.

His task is even more difficult than that of the manufacturer, because he must plan farther ahead and is unable to forsee what market conditions will be when his crop must be sold. To avoid loss he must make his plans with a reasonable margin of safety.

Like the manufacturer, he must produce those commodities which may be expected to bring a price which will show a profit over cost of production. If he cannot do this he had better produce nothing. In other words, he should change his vocation.

To be successful, the farmer, like the manufacturer, must read and think and plan. The farmer who will not do those things is doomed to failure. He is a misfit on the farm and should get a job where he will have some one to do the reading and thinking and planning for him.

A Nation of Meat Eaters

IT SEEMS to be the common impression that Americans are eating a great deal less meat than they used to, altho government figures prove that the decrease per capita is very small.

Last year the average American ate 142.8 pounds of meat. Of this total 63.4 pounds were beef, 65.7 pounds pork, 8.2 pounds veal and 5.5 pounds mutton and lamb. That is only eight-tenths of a pound less than he ate in 1928.

In 1907 the average American ate 159.1 pounds of meat—including one-tenth of a pound of goat. From that year the per capita meat consumption of the United States diminished, year by year, until the war. It was at its lowest during 1917—the year America entered the war—and those who stayed at home enjoyed plenty of meatless days. But it is climbing again, as government statistics show.

One of the unmistakable signs of this dietetic inclination is the disappearance of the vegetarian restaurants and the disappearance from the menus of vegetarian meals. The American public has struggled with these innovations for some years, but the net complete satisfaction after a meal has not been reassuring. There is a certain psychology about a meal. After a meal has been achieved, there must be a sense of compensation for the time spent and for the nutrition and substance assimilated. The vegetarian diet has lost out in the race. Hunger is a sense of a void, or a weakness. Nothing ever has been found to appease it so adequately, and in so little volume as meat. Food reforms make interesting topics on which to speculate. Yet, all comparisons are made with meat, an inadvertent yet convincing argument for savory roasts, chops and steaks.

Loafing is hard work, and very few people have ever made a success with it.

A National Disgrace

ONE person out of every 24 in the United States in 1920 could not read or write, according to the Federal census of that year. Nine years passed, and another census will soon be taken. What will its findings be? Will it again reveal to us 5,000,000 illiterates within our borders? Will it again place us tenth among the great nations of the world?

Adult illiteracy can be wiped out in the months that remain in 1929, according to the statement of the National Illiteracy Crusade, which is actively engaged at its Washington headquarters in stimulating all responsible officials and volunteer organizations thruout the country to make every effort to reduce the illiteracy totals.

The crusade points with particular emphasis to the most pathetic of all illiterates—the 1,000,000 mothers who can neither read nor write. While the children are young, the mother's ignorance is a dreadful handicap in training them, and when the children have grown up and left home her loneliness is pitiable. She is separated from them by more than mere miles. She cannot write to them, she cannot read the letters they send. She cannot turn to her Bible for consolation.

Surely these million mothers, many of them native born Americans, are worthy of the education which is within the power of every literate adult to give. The National Illiteracy Crusade has demonstrated that adults can be taught to read and write in from four to six weeks. It has placed suitable text books at the disposal of the volunteer teachers. It has developed an easy method of instruction.

If the patriotic citizens of this country will cooperate by devoting the necessary time to the instruction of the illiterates in their communities there is no reason why the Federal census of 1930 should not show a reduction in illiteracy about which the entire nation may be proud. And altho literacy is an end to be desired in itself, it is bound to bring with it many other benefits—improved standards of living, more intelligent care of children, and better understanding of American ideals.

An egg-laying contest was held recently in a nearby state, and it was luck for the hens that no flies were entered.

Chain-Farms Next?

THE chain store has threatened to supplant the local merchant in the cities. Will the chain-farm be the next step in the march of progress under the present system of commercial and industrial development in America?

Will the individually owned farmer be forced into the same type of competition that the individually owned store meets in the chain system? This is a matter of serious thought for farmers as experiments along this line are already being conducted.

The Aetna Insurance company of Hartford, Conn., recently foreclosed loan mortgages on 14 Monroe (Indiana) county farms. One farm was a tract of more than 1,000 acres. Instead of going into the real estate market and selling the farms in an effort to recover the money loaned on the property, the insurance company is going into active agricultural pursuits.

An office has been established in that city by the company. A car load of tractors and other farm equipment has been shipped there to be used in actually working the farms. Nine car load of fencing and a large amount of paint for buildings has also been received there.

Soil experts are being sent by the insurance company to Monroe county to determine the kind of crops best suited to that section of Indiana. A foreman will be appointed for every three farms to direct the work of planting and harvesting by the latest and most approved methods.

Loans on these farms were made several years ago. Some during the war at what was thought to be 40 per cent. of their true value. Land prices fell. Real estate values fluctuated and many found it more convenient to lose their farms than to pay the heavy mortgages and interest that accrued.

The Aetna company is said to have taken over more than 600 farms in Indiana on which it had loaned money. If the company goes into the field of actually farming these tracts of lands, using the aid of science and big business to run them on a strictly commercial basis, it will soon force the individual farmer out to where he is meeting competition in his own back yard just as the store keeper is finding himself face to face with the chain owned and operated commercial enterprises.

Cold weather kickers will be hot weather kickers in a few weeks.

According to the United States department of agriculture, no sure remedies are known for contagious abortion in cattle, hog cholera; influenza of hogs horses and other animals; tuberculosis of cattle and poultry; distemper of dogs, cats and foxes; heaves of horses; bacillary white diarrhea, fowl cholera, roup, sore throat or diphtheria, and chicken pox of chickens, and blackhead of turkeys. These diseases must be conquered by methods of prevention.

An increased acreage of dry beans up to ten per cent. above 1928, and normal growing and harvesting conditions in 1929, would result in a crop large enough to meet market requirements.

HIGGINS BROTHERS

88 Cent Sale

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, May 16th to 18th

Overnight Bags $1.88

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DOZENS OF SMART NEW
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$9.88 - $7.88 - $4.88
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SILKS House Pongee, Printed Tubs, Chiffonette, Silversheen 88c yd.

HIGGINS BROTHERS
WELLSVILLE, N. Y.

You'll never get a "school girl complexion" over a cook stove

YOU'RE more likely to get a red face than a lovely complexion — if you spend your time over a hot stove.

Spring's here. Why not lock the kitchen door for the day... go out into the fresh sunshine... let the blossoms print their bloom on your cheeks?

It's so easy if you have an electric range. You can put dinner in the oven before you leave... set the automatic time and heat controls. When you get back at dinnertime, everything's deliciously cooked! Electric cooking is so clean, too. No blackened pots and pans to scrub.

And all for a penny a person per meal. For never has your electricity cost less—cheaper even than when women wore high-button shoes.

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280

ANDOVER LODGE NO. 766 I. O. O. F.
Meets Every Tuesday Evening. Visitors are always cordially welcomed.
AMES L. ROGERS, Secy.
LLEWELLYN CLAIR, Noble Grand

Union Encampment
NO. 171, I. O. O. F.
Meets Second and Fourth Monday Evenings of Each Month.
C. S. JONES, C. P.
A. L. ROGERS, Scribe.
Visitors Are Always Welcome.

ANDOVER LODGE NO. 555 F. & A. M.
Meets 1st and 3rd Monday Evenings of each month at 8 o'clock. Visitors always welcome.
B. B. HANN, Secy.
CLARENCE MEAD, W. M.

Andover Grange No. 1098
Meets Every Second and Fourth Wednesday Evenings, I.O.O.F. Hall.
LESTER GREEN, Master,
EMMETT ROBINSON, Lecturer
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Andover Dairymen's League Co-Operative Association, Inc.
Meets First Saturday Each Month.
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HENRY JOYCE, Vice President
HARRY SMITH, Secretary.

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Attorney and Counselor at Law
Office over J. D. Cheesman & Co. Store. Andover, N. Y.

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law
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Hours—8-9 a. m., 1-3 and 7-8 p. m.
Sundays Emergency Only.
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Lady Assistant.
Phone 278. Andover, N. Y.

MALCOLM L. FLETCHER
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Successor to Dana Jackman.
Orders may be left at the
City Restaurant
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Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Guy O. Hinman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Randall A. Pease, late of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executor of said Estate, at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the first day of September, 1929.

Dated this 15th day of February, 1929, at Andover, N. Y.

38 A. R. MEAD, Executor

NURSES know, and doctors have declared there's *nothing* quite like Bayer Aspirin for all sorts of aches and pains, but be sure it *is* genuine Bayer; that name must be on the package, and on every tablet. Bayer is genuine, and the word genuine—in red—is on every box. You can't go wrong if you will just look at the box:

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in the United States Patent Office) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

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Rockwell Bros & Co.
Wellsville, N. Y.
Dry Goods—Ready-to-Wear
Rugs—Furniture
The largest retail store in Allegany County.
A position held for 47 years.

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Every meal becomes more interesting when you vary your Breads.
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PHONE 128

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. B. B. Ackerman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of P. C. Lynch, late of the town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Administratrix at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley, in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 10th day of June, 1929.

Dated December 4, 1928. 23
BRIDGET LYNCH, Administratrix

THE DESERT LOVER

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BOR UEN

It was a fair spot which their two seconds had chosen to stain with bloodshed. Close almost to their feet, the blue waters of the Mediterranean, glistening in the early morning sunlight, broke in tiny, rippling waves upon the firm white sand. Inland was a semi-circle of steep cliffs, at the base of which were great boulders of rock, fern-covered and with hyacinths of many colors growing out of the crevices, and lending a sweet fragrance to the fresh morning air. It was a spot shut off from the world, for the towering cliffs ran out into the sea on either side, completely enclosing the little cove. There was only one possible approach to it, save by boat, and that a difficult and tedious one, and, looking upward from the shore, hard to discover. But on the northward side the cliffs suddenly dropped, and in the cleft was a thick plantation of aloes, thru which a winding path led down to the beach.

Perhaps of all the little group gathered down there to witness and take part in the coming tragedy, Signor Pruccio, Lord St. Maurice's second, was looking the most disturbed and anxious. His man, he knew, must fall, and an ugly sickening dread was in his heart. It was so like a murder. He pictured to himself that fair boyish face—and in the clear morning sunlight the young Englishman's face showed marvelously few signs of the night of agony thru which he had passed—ghastly and livid, with the stamp of death upon the forehead, and the deep blue eyes glazed and dull. It was an awful thing, yet what could he do. What hope was there? Leonardo di Marioni he knew to be a famous swordsman; Lord St. Maurice had never fenced since he had left Eton, and scarcely remembered the positions. It was doubtful even whether he had ever held a rapier. But what Signor Pruccio feared most was the pale, unflinching hate in the Sicilian's white face. He loathed it, and yet it fascinated him. He knew, alas! how easily, by one swift turn of the wrist, he would be able to pass his sword thru the Englishman's body, mocking at his unskilled defense. He fancied that he could see the arms thrown up to heaven, the fixed, wild eyes, the red blood spurting out from the wound and staining the virgin earth; almost he fancied that he could hear the death-cry break from those agonized white lips. Horrible effort of the imagination! What evil chance had made him offer his services to this young English lord, and dragged him into assisting at a duel which could be but a farce—worse than a farce, a murder! He would have given half his fortune for an earthquake to have come and swallowed up that merciless Sicilian.

Signor Pruccio had delayed the duel as long as he could, under the pretext of waiting for the doctor who had been instructed to follow them, but who had not yet arrived. Twice the Sicilian had urged that they should commence, and each time he had pleaded that they might wait for a few minutes longer. To enter upon a duel a l'outrance, save in the presence of a medical man, was a thing unheard of, he declared. But at last his respite was exhausted, for the opposing second, with a pleasant smile, had remarked that he himself was skilled in surgery, and would be happy to officiate should any necessity arise. There was no longer any excuse. Lord St. Maurice himself insisted upon the signal being given. Sadly therefore he prepared to give it. Already both men had fallen into position. The word was trembling upon his lips.

A flock of sea-birds flew screaming over their heads, and he waited a moment until they should have passed. Then he raised his hand.

"Stop!"

The cry was a woman's. They all looked around. Only a few yards away from them stood Adrienne, her fair hair streaming loose in the morning breeze, and her gown torn and soiled. She had just issued from the sloping aloe plantation, and was trembling in every limb from the speed of her descent.

The cloud on the Sicilian's face grew black as night.

"This is no sight for you to look upon!" he cried, between his teeth. "You will not save your lover by waiting. You had better go, or I will kill him before your eyes!"

She walked calmly between them, and looked from one to the other.

"Lord St. Maurice, I need not ask you, I know! This duel is not of your seeking?"

"It is not!" he answered, lowering his sword. "This fellow insulted me, and I punished him publicly in the restaurant of the Hotel de l'Europe last night. In my opinion, that squared matters, but he demanded satisfaction, and from his point of view, I suppose he has a right to it. I am quite ready to give it to him."

The seconds had fallen back. They three were alone. She went up to the Sicilian and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Leonardo, we have been friends, have we not? Why should you seek to do that which will make us enemies forever? I have broken no faith with you; I never gave you one word of hope. I never loved you; I never could have loved you! Why should you seek to murder the man whom I do love, and make me miserable for ever?"

His face was ghastly, but he showed no sign of being moved by her words.

"Bah! You talk as you feel—just now!" he said quickly. "I tell you that I do not believe one word. If he had not come between us, you would have been mine some day. Love like mine would have conquered in the end. Away! away!" he cried, pushing her back in growing excitement, and stamping on the ground with his feet. "The sight of you only maddens me, and nerves my arm to kill! Tho you beg on your knees for his life, that man shall die!"

"I shall not beg upon my knees," she answered proudly. "Yet, Leonardo, for your own sake, for the sake of your own happiness, I bid you once more consider. You would stain your hand with the blood of the man who is more to me than you can ever be. Is this what you call love? Leonardo, beware! I am not a woman to be lightly robbed of what is dear to me. Put up your sword, or you will repent it to your dying day."

The Sicilian was unmoved. The sight of the woman he loved championing his foe seemed to madden him.

"Out of my way!" he cried, grasping his sword firmly. "Lord St. Maurice, are you not weary of skulking behind a woman's petticoats? On guard! I say. On guard!"

She suddenly flung her hands above her head, and there was what seemed to be a miraculous increase in the little group. Three men in plain, dark clothes sprang from behind a gigantic bowlder, and, in an instant, the Sicilian was seized from behind.

He looked around at his captors, pale and furious. They were strangers to him. As yet, he did not realize what had happened.

"What does this mean?" he cried furiously. "Who dares to lay hands upon me? We are on free ground."

She shook her head.

"Leonardo, you have brought this upon yourself," she said, firmly but compassionately. "You plotted to murder the man I love. I warned you that, to protect him, there was nothing which I would not dare. Only a moment ago I gave you another chance. One word from you and I would have thrown these papers into the sea," producing a packet from her bosom, "rather than have placed them where I do now!"

A fourth man strolled out of the adoe grove, smoking a long cigarette. Into his hands Adrienne had placed the little packet of letters, which he accepted with a low bow.

Even now the Sicilian felt bewildered; but as his eyes fell upon the fourth man he started and trembled violently, gazing at him as tho fascinated.

"I do not understand!" he faltered.

The fourth man removed his cigarette from his teeth and produced a paper.

"Permit me to explain," he said politely. "I have here a warrant for your arrest, Count di Marioni, alias Leonardo di Cortegi, on two counts: first, that you, being an exile, have returned to Italian soil; and secondly, on a further and separate charge of conspiracy against the Italian government, in collusion with a secret society, calling themselves 'Members of the Order of the White Hyacinth.' The proofs of the latter conspiracy, which were wanting at your first trial, have now been furnished."

He touched the little roll of papers which he had just received, and, with a bow, fell back. There was an ominous silence.

At the mention of his first name a deathlike pallor had swept in upon the Sicilian's face. His manner suddenly became quite quiet and free from excitement. But there was a look in his dark eyes more awful than had been his previous fury.

"You have done a brave thing indeed, Adrienne!" he said slowly. "You have saved your lover. You have betrayed the man who would have given his life to serve you. Listen to me! As I loved you before so do I hate you now! As my love for you in the past has governed my life, so in the days to come shall my undying hate for you and for that man shape my actions and mould my life, and bring me over sea and land to the farthest corners of the earth to wreck my vengeance upon you. Be it ten, twenty or thirty years, they keep me rotting in their prisons, the time will come when I shall be free again; and then beware! Search your memory for the legends of our race! We ever a hate forgotten, or an oath broken? Hear me swear," he cried, raising his clasped hands above his head with a sudden passionate gesture, "by the sun, and the sky, and the sea, and the earth, I swear that, as they continue unchanged and unchanging, so shall my hate for you remain! Ah! You can take your lover's hand, traitress, and think to find protection there. But in your heart I read your fear. The day shall come when you shall kneel at my feet for mercy, and there shall be no mercy. Gentlemen, my sword. I am at your service."

PART TWO

Twenty-five Years Later

For three days Count Leonardo di Marioni abode in his sitting-room at the Hotel Continental, living the life of a man in a dream. So far as the outside world was concerned, it was a complete case of suspended animation. Of all that passed around him he was only dimly conscious. The faces of his fellow creatures were strange to him. He had lost touch with the world, and the light of his reason was flickering; almost it seemed as tho it would go out indeed, and leave him groping in the chaos of insanity. Mechanically he rose late in the morning, ate what was brought to him, or ordered what was suggested. All day long he sat in a sort of dreamless apathy, living still the life of the last five-and-twenty years of imprisonment, and finding no change save that the chair in which he sat was softer, and the fire over which he stretched his withered palms was a new experience to him. There were things even which he missed in the freedom—if freedom it could be called. He missed the warm dancing sunlight which, day by day, had filled the shabby sitting-room of his confinement. He missed that patch of deep blue sky seen thru his high, barred window, and the fragrant scents of the outside world which, day by day, had floated thru it. He missed the kindly greeting of his pitying gaoler, and the simple food—the macaroni, the black coffee, and the fruit—which had been served to him; and above all, there was something else which he missed.

(Continued Next Week)

Doctor-Found Women and Children Sick More Often than Men

"As a family doctor at Monticello, Illinois, the whole human body was my social part of it was Dr. Caldwell's practice. More than half his patients were women, children and babies. They are the ones most often sick. But their illnesses were usually of a kind that irregularity, fevers, headaches, biliousness—and all of them required first a thorough evacuation. They were constipated.

"In the course of Dr. Caldwell's 47 years' practice he compounded a prescription for constipation (dated 1878). He found it good, and he used it in his own family. Gradually, as the years went by, he developed it into a laxative form with the essentials for that purpose. He gave it to his patients. He developed it into what I consider to be the manufacture of a medicine. So he named it after himself, as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and in that year his prescription was first placed on the market.

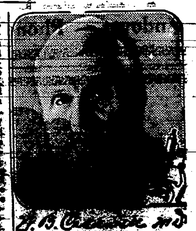
The preparation immediately had as great a success in the drug stores as it previously had in Dr. Caldwell's private practice. Now, the third generation is using it. Mothers are giving it to their children who were given it by their mothers. Every second of the working day someone somewhere is going into a drug store to buy it. Millions of bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin are being used a year.

Its great success is based on merit, on repeated buying, on one satisfied user telling another. There are thousands of homes in this country that are never without a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and we have gotten many hundreds of letters from grateful people telling us that it helped them when everything else failed.

While women, children and elderly people are especially benefited by Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, it is promptly effective on the most robust constitution and in the most obstinate cases. It is mild and gentle in its action and does not cause griping and strain. Containing neither opiates nor narcotics, it is safe for the tiniest baby. Children like it and take it willingly.

Every drug store sells Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Keep a bottle in your home,—where many live sometimes is sure to need it quickly.

We would be glad to have you prove at our expense how much Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin can mean to you and yours. Just write "Syrup Pepsin," Monticello, Illinois, and we will send you prepaid a FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE.



IT'S SNEAK TIME
AT ENDICOTT-JOHNSON'S SHOE STORE
Wellsville, N. Y.

THINK OF THIS.—Lace-to-toe Trimmed Sneaks for Boys and Girls.—Sizes up to 6. As many pair as you want at — — 87c pair

Children's Patent Leather, one-strap Pumps. Sizes 8½ to 11, at $1.98
Sizes 11½ to 2, at $2.29

Men's 17-inch Hi-Cuts. A real honest value that's hard to beat, here— $5.45

Women's Arch Built Cut-Out Ties with Cuban heels, Brown Kid, at $4.29
Black Kid or Patent at $3.98

Boys' Oxfords. The serviceable kind on new styles. Sizes 9 to 13½ at $2.39
Sizes 1 to 2 at $2.69
Sizes 2½ to 6 at $2.89

Scouts! Bushels of Scout Work Shoes — — $1.57

Men's sport and golf Oxfords in Elk and Tan combinations. Sport soles, at $4.98

Women's golf and sport Shoes in new shades. Elk, Biege, Fawn and black and white at $4.29 to $5.85

Girls' tan, green and blue Futuristic spike heel one-strap Pumps. Here— $4.98

Men's brown or black Dress Oxfords, good styles, at $3.48 up

Men's Gum Rubber Boots, rolled edge soles, at— $3.59

Women's one-strap Kid Comfort Pumps, cushion insole. Just right for the spring housework, here $1.98

Children's play Oxfords. Several cases of them. Sizes 5 to 10, at— $1.25
Sizes 11 to 2 at $1.48

Men's Moccasin toe work Shoes, with belting soles, at $2.85

These are but a few of our hundreds of good values—always at the E. J. Discount Price!

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A personal Invitation to you to inspect —
The ERIE LIMITED
A NEW 25 HOUR TRAIN
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Through cars between New York and Buffalo

"The Erie Railroad is extending this invitation to its Friends and Neighbors to come down to the Depot and see The New Erie Limited. We know they are going to be as proud as we are of this handsome new Train.

"The Limited belongs to the Communities it is going to serve, and this Exhibition is for our home folks to inspect it before it goes into Service on June 2.

"We have equipped The Limited with every substantial Comfort and Convenience for travel. Excess fare is charged only between New York, Paterson and Chicago. Between all other points The Limited provides excess fare Speed, Luxury and Comfort at the moderate Fares now prevailing.

"Everybody is invited to see The Erie Limited for themselves."

The ERIE LIMITED will be on exhibition on passing siding opposite Wellsville Station, Sunday, May 19, from 4:45 p. m., to 5:30 p. m., Eastern Standard Time.

President, Erie Railroad

SHIP BY RAIL ERIE

WESTBOUND NO. 1
Lv. Wellsville 6:00 p. m. E. S. T.
Ar. Chicago 8:25 a. m. C. S. T.

EASTBOUND NO. 2
Lv. Chicago 5:35 p. m. C. S. T.
Ar. Wellsville 10:19 a.m. E. S. T.
Ar. New York: Jersey City Station 7:10 p. m., E.S.T. Chambers St. Sta. 7:22 p. m., E.S.T. West 23rd St. Sta. 7:30 p. m., E.S.T.

ERIE RAILROAD SYSTEM