

THE MORRIS CHRONICLE.

L. P. CARPENTER'S SON, Proprietor

DEVOTED TO THE PROGRESS AND INTERESTS OF THE BUTTERNUT VALLEY.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

VOLUME XLVIII, NUMBER 43

MORRIS, OTSEGO COUNTY, N. Y., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1915.

WHOLE NUMBER 2833.

The Morris Chronicle

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT MORRIS, N. Y., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. Fifty Cents for six months; 25c for three months; 10c extra for subscribers out of the county.

At the expiration of your subscription we put a cross against the name; if you want the paper stopped notify us at once. The cross against the name means that you are indebted to us and settlement is desired.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING. One insertion, 25c an inch; one inch one month; 75c; cards of thanks 25c; business cards 50c to \$1.00 a year. Other rates made known on application. Marriages, Births, Deaths and other items of news carried without charge—when they are news.

JOBS PRINTING. In all its branches satisfactorily done and finished when promised.

Morris Directory.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, Pastor Rev. E. B. Russell.
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Rector Rev. M. S. Ashmun.
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Pastor Rev. Charles C. Vols.
UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Pastor Rev. F. G. Leonard.
FRIENDS CHURCH, No Pastor.

LOUISVILLE GRANGE Secretary Pearl Eaton.
TELEPHONE LODGE, F. & A. M., Secretary A. W. Welch.
HILLINGTON CHAPTER, R. A. M., Secretary E. J. Davis.
REVELL CHAPTER, 308, O. E. S., Secretary Lucinda Sloan, W. M.; Stella Wallace, Sec'y.
NATIONAL PROTECTIVE LEAGION, Secretary Mrs. F. G. Leonard.
K. O. T. M., NO. 187, Secretary Louis Card.
GEO. KIDDER POST, Commander A. P. Foltz.
MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL, Principal Harris Crandall.
TOWN OF MORRIS, Supervisor Chester Backus, Town Clerk A. W. Welch.
VILLAGE OF MORRIS, President B. D. Phillips, Clerk S. W. Weston.
MORRIS FAIR ASSOCIATION, Secretary D. F. Wickham.
HILLINGTON CEMETERY ASSOCIATION, President Merrill Bridges.
VILLAGE WATER BOARD, President B. D. Phillips, Secretary L. C. Smith.

BUSINESS CARDS.

MERRITT BRIDGES, Lawyer. Office over G. H. Vols' store, Morris.
W. W. WILSON, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office over the Bank, Morris, N. Y.
ARTHUR W. NOLAN, Attorney and Counselor at Law, New Berlin, N. Y. General practice. Special attention to settling estates and preparing wills.
W. NAYLOR D. V. M., Veterinarian. Morris, N. Y. Office and Veterinary Hospital at residence. Telephone 120 to 4.
E. CARPENTER, Notary Public, Morris, N. Y. Term expires in March, 1916.
DENTISTRY—Horner J. Miller, D. D. S., New Berlin. Hours 9 to 12; 1:30 to 4.
B. L. Rockwell, M. D., MORRIS, N. Y. Office at residence on Broad street. Office hours 11:15 and 7 till 9 p. m. Telephone, 28131.

Morris Insurance Agency

H. W. WEBBEN, Agent.

WENNA of Hartford
PHENIX of Hartford
CON. INVTAL. of New York
HARTFORD of Hartford
THE MICHIGAN CO. of New York

A SPECIALTY OF FARM PROPERTY.

When you place your insurance in this Agency you are sure of two things:—1st—You are protected by the best companies known; and 2d—Your policy will never be assessed. Get into one of these old time tried and fire tested standard companies and be safe. Office over Woodman's Hardware Store.

Automobile Insurance Written.
Otsego County Farmers Fire Ins. Co.

Butternut Valley Mutual Fire Ins. Co.

OF OTSEGO, DELAWARE AND ORANANGO COUNTIES.

HOME OFFICE AT MORRIS over Post Office on Main street.

Geo. Whitman, Pres't.
Frank L. Miller, Vice-Pres't.
E. C. Hiller, Secretary.
V. J. Hoke, Treasurer.

Root & Ross

Successors to H. J. Patrick

MARBLE AND GRANITE MEMORIAL WORK,

24071. COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.
Mr. Ross will make regular trips in the Butternut Valley. Mr. Root formerly resided in Gilbertsville and is the late County Clerk.

E. M. SLOAN & SON, UNDERTAKERS

AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS
MORRIS, N. Y.

Rooms at residence on Main street. All calls day or night promptly attended to. Embalming done when desired. We are prompt, reasonable and reliable.

E. M. SLOAN. C. A. SLOAN.

Dr. Homer E. Smith, F. C. S.

Devices for the exclusive professional attention of Dr. Smith are the latest and most effective for the treatment of the eye, ear, nose and throat and the fitting of glasses.

Key laboratory for photographing and retinal photography.
Weak eyes only.

TURNER BLOCK, NORWICH, N. Y.

MORRIS BARBER SHOP

High Grade Work At Right Prices
Your Patronage Solicited
B. C. SMITH, PROP'R.

WE ARE THE BIRD referred to in the following letter, and are quite proud of the fact that a manufacturer of the standing of The ROYAL TAILORS could select Morris and our store and way of doing business as worthy of praise:



THE LINE OF AMAZING VALUES WITH SIX DISTINCT SELLING FEATURES

Messrs. A. L. Welch & Son, Morris, N. Y.,
Gentlemen—The early bird who gathered the choice breakfast has a very worthy disciple in Morris, N. Y. And if you have a mirror near by you don't need to look far to see who that disciple is.

We are writing this letter to express our appreciation to you for the early start you have made. The opening of your Fall business so soon after the shipment of your Royal line is mighty gratifying to us. It still further substantiates the impression we have steadfastly held to—that your store is the best in your town for Royal Tailoring.

Fifty per cent of the strategy of a good tailoring campaign lies in going after the business early—in digging your trenches and placing your guns weeks before the real fighting season opens. Our alert dealers are busy getting orders lined up—securing goods selections and taking orders for November and December delivery.

The prompt opening of your Fall business indicates that it is not your disposition to let grass grow or snow melt under your feet.

Yours Very Truly,
The Royal Tailors.



As the above letter indicates, we are Morris agents for the Royal people, and they certainly give great values in custom tailoring, and when it comes to classy work and the fit of the suit they have the country tailor on the run.

We are practical tailors—learned the trade over 30 years ago. Never worked at it, but it makes us wise as how to measure you up for a suit or overcoat.

Been taking measures for 30 years for custom suits for men. We know how, and if we should make an error the Royal people say to you, "Don't accept the garment unless it pleases you."

Two good guarantees with each suit. Try us.

A. L. Welch & Son, Morris, N. Y.

Pine Valley Rug Co.

Makes New Rugs From Old Carpets

PRICES

Size	Price	Size	Price
12x18	\$1.00	12x18	\$1.00
12x12	.75	12x12	.75
10x14	.60	10x14	.60
8x12	.50	8x12	.50
6x10	.40	6x10	.40
4x6	.30	4x6	.30

DO NOT SHIP MATERIAL UNTIL YOU HAVE WRITTEN US FOR SHIPPING DIRECTIONS, ETC.

Pine Valley Rug Factory,

Pine Valley, Chemung Co., N. Y.
Mrs. Alice C. Soper, Mgr. Orders attended to at this Office.

Stoves

In your Kitchen the most important article is the Range. If you have any idea of putting in a new one, the purchase of which is often an economical thing to do, I have in stock the kind of Range that will please you. I should like to show them to you.

In Heating Stoves

I have a fine display of both Wood and Coal Heaters, and Coal and Wood combined. The new Round Double Return Flue Heaters are the most economical heat producers on the market, and I have several of the best on hand for you.

Oil Heaters Also

A complete line of Winter Gloves and Mittens for every kind of use.

C. H. LAWRENCE, Morris, N. Y.

Convinced

Story of a Well Kept Secret.

By F. A. MITCHEL

Rosamond Deane was sitting at breakfast in her home in the center of a Georgia plantation. She was a spinster, and as Queen Elizabeth was married to the state so was Miss Deane married to a girl friend. That friend had left her some time before to take her invalid mother to Europe. Letters were received from the traveler postmarked Naples, Rome, Florence, Lucerne and other points. The last, received from a little seacoast town in England, announced that the writer would be at home within a few weeks.

While Miss Deane was breakfasting that morning it was fated that she should receive the surprise of her life. Chloë, an old darty woman who was born on the plantation, came into the room carrying a basket and exclaimed: "Fo' de Lawd, Missy Rosa, wha' yo' s'pose I found on de po'ch?"

Placing the basket on the table, she turned down an embroidered blanket and exposed the face of a girl baby that appeared to be three or four weeks old.

"Poor dear little motherless child!" exclaimed Miss Deane, bending over the baby and kissing her.

"Wha' yo' tink of dat woman who lef' her baby to some un else?" grumbled Chloë.

But Miss Deane heard not. She was busy examining the child with a view to examining the clothing for a mark of identity. The apparel was of fine texture, but there was nothing on it to give a clue.

"Well, Chloë," said Rosamond, "I'm sorry for its mother, but her loss is our gain. We will keep it. The house won't be so lonely hereafter."

"Ef' yo' do when yo' come to lub it somebody come along and tak' it away from yo' sho'."

"I can't help that. I can't turn the little stranger away."

But fickle fate, having brought a joy, turned about several days later and brought a sorrow. A letter came announcing the death of Miss Deane's bosom friend. It was dictated by the dead girl's mother, but was written by a man. The shock to Rosamond, severe and the more intense that she had expected any day to receive word that her friend had arrived in America. For a time she forgot the little girl who had come to her in her grief, then suddenly it occurred to her that the child had been sent by Providence as a compensation for her loss.

"Taking the little one in her arms, she covered her with kisses. It was all in due time a letter was received, written in the same hand as the first, and signed Edward Warwick, stating that the mother had survived the daughter but a few days and both would be buried in England. This was a disappointment to Rosamond, who had hoped for the satisfaction of at least keeping her friend's grave green.

The clothes in which the foundling had been received were put away as if they might possibly prove as an identification in the future. Chloë was installed as nurse. Miss Deane acted as mother. Months passed without any intimation as to the baby's parentage.

And what was at first desired came to be wanted. By the time little Winifred, as her foster mother named her, reached the age of six months she had so completely won her friend's heart that Rosamond Deane and Chloë that any one appearing to claim her would have been regarded as an enemy.

When Winifred was eighteen months old her foster mother received a letter postmarked Philadelphia that astonished her. It was written in a man's hand, and an attempt seemed to have been made to disguise it so that a child had been left at Miss Deane's plantation whose identity at the time could not be divined without causing serious trouble. A change had come in the situation owing to the demise of the child's grandfather. A check for \$1,800 was included as payment for what had been expended on the child and more than enough to time to be forthcoming. This was all the information contained in the letter except that the baby had been born in wedlock.

"Wha' I tole yo', missy!" cried old Chloë when the contents of the letter were made known to her. "Nex' ting some fine lady or gentleman come down with a kerriage and carry de baby off."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Miss Deane, shocked at the mere prospect of such an event.

From this time Winifred's foster mother and nurse lived in a state of anxiety. An envelope came once a month containing a check for \$100. The envelopes were addressed in different hands and were postmarked Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Munich, London, though one of two had been mailed in America. One day a letter came, evidently from the person who sent the checks, as follows:

It has been suggested to me that a possible change might occur in the day that left in your care and be borrowing to you. I therefore have this means of securing you that the same will be removed from your custody, your name.

"Everybody knew a well kept secret had been kept," grumbled Chloë. "He hadn't sense enough to know of one took de child in one wouldn't want to gild her up."

"You're right, Chloë," replied Rosamond. "Some woman in his confidence has told him how unjust he was to us to keep us in a state of anxiety. It's a pity he did not think of it himself when he wrote the first note. I wonder if he is any relation to Winifred?"

"Like enough he de fadder. He mus' be mighty mean to keep de baby away from de mother."

"We are completely in the dark about the matter, Chloë," replied Rosamond. "There is no use in our speculating about it. I expect, however, that some day it will be explained. Winifred is evidently the daughter of parents of the upper social strata. At any rate, whoever is sending us money for her must be wealthy. Half of what we receive would more than cover the cost of keeping her more than cover the cost of keeping her."

Miss Deane might have added that all the amounts received had gone into a savings bank, to be used as a dowry for the child when she should come to womanhood.

One day Chloë, who was dusting so anxiously that it was evident something was irritating her, let out upon her mistress:

"I don't tink a woman wha' hab chillen hab de right to marry ag'in no how."

"Why, Chloë, wha' put that into your head?"

"A stepfadder air pretty nigh as bad as a stepmudder—sometimes worse."

"Come, Chloë, explain. What are you drivin' at?"

"Ef' yo' marry Marse Childers like enough he git all de money wha' yo' put in de bank fo' Winifred."

"Good gracious, Chloë! What makes you think I'm going to marry Mr. Childers?"

"Ef' yo' ain't goin' to marry Marse Childers wha' fo' all de dowers he sendin' yo', I lak to know?"

Rosamond's blushes indicated that Chloë was not far from right. Henry Childers had recently come into the vicinity, had met Miss Deane and had soon begun to pay her marked attention. He was an attractive man, and Miss Deane had not shown any disposition to turn him away.

"Chloë," she said soothingly, "Mr. Childers is a very fond of children, and it is his nature he shows toward Winifred that has attracted me to him."

"Fond of chillen? Just yo' wait! He git chillen ob his own. Winifred hab to take a back seat."

Notwithstanding this protest Miss Deane continued to accept the attentions of Mr. Childers. He was evidently a gentleman and seemed to be comfortably situated in a financial way. He was not a man of business, but his nature inclined, rather, to the agricultural life of the negro. He said that he would like to manage a cotton plantation, and whenever one was for sale it was offered to him. But none of them seemed to be exactly what he wanted. His main object seemed to be courting Miss Deane. At last he proposed to her. She put him off by repeating what Chloë had said about the only reason for her refusal of him. Rosamond admitted that it was, he asked her if she would consent provided he would satisfy her that his treatment of the little girl would be always kind and affectionate. She replied that no one could give any such assurance or, at least, it could not be relied on. He left her, saying that he would convince her beyond a doubt.

The same evening a darky rode up to the plantation house with an envelope for Miss Deane. It was addressed in Mr. Childers' handwriting. She took it to her room where she would be alone, to read.

It contained a story too long to be given here. The following is a synopsis of it. Rosamond's bosom friend, who had gone abroad with her invalid mother, had met a young American whom she had soon come to love and who loved her. He had nothing of his own, though his father was wealthy and allowed him an income, which he was spending in travel. He had called his father that he was about to wed an American girl of no fortune. The reply was: "If you do your income will be cut off and you will be disinherited."

The only person in the secret of the marriage was the young wife's mother. A baby came, and its mother died. She had planned the future of her child in case of her death before its parentage could be acknowledged. Her husband was to take the little one to America and leave it with her friend Rosamond Deane. When the child's grandmother died he returned to America and, not daring to give up his secret to any one, had the baby left on Miss Deane's porch. His father died, and his son came into the possession of a fortune. At the time of the father's death the son was abroad. His wife had given him a sealed letter to be opened two years after her death. It was inclosed to Rosamond with a request that she should bring her child together. He was Henry Childers.

Rosamond perused the narrative with great emotion. She wondered that her friend had not given her a hint of her marriage, but remembered that she had no right to do so. She went over the child and could not but admire the care with which the secret had been kept. A singular decree of fate was that she had named the foundling for her absent friend, her mother.

When Mr. Childers came the next day, or meeting Rosamond he asked: "Are you convinced?"

"For reply she offered him to take her to his arms."

Our School Section

Conducted by Merton R. Porter, District Superintendent

NOTES.

The first teachers' conferences of the year will be held as follows: At Garrattsville, Monday, November 1; at Morris, Wednesday, November 3; at Gilbertsville, Thursday, November 4; at Mt. Vision, Friday, November 5. The academic departments of the high schools will not close for these conferences. Grade teachers in the high schools and rural school teachers may attend the conference on the day and place most convenient for them. The morning session will begin at 9:30.

Following is a complete list of principals and teachers in the fifth supervisory district for the year 1915-1916.

- Gilbertsville High School.
1—Charles M. Lillie, Principal; Helen B. Wiles; Bertha M. Stratton; Nellie A. Curtis; Clara Anderson; Ray D. Bary, agriculture; Helen N. Estabrook, Home Making.
2—Helen B. Brown, Gilbertsville.
3—Vera Post, Gilbertsville.
4—Fern Pittsley, Otego, R. D.
5—Gertrude Parker, Otego, R. D.
6—Elsie Church, So. New Berlin, R. D.
7—Elva Webster, Gilbertsville.
8—Ruby Hughson, Wells Bridge, R. D. Laurens.
Laurens High School.
1—Francis J. Casey, Principal; Jessie T. Post; Olive M. Ayles; Myrtle H. Brownell.
2—Harriet D. Newell, Mt. Vision.
3—Augusta Dorfer, Laurens.
4—Bessie H. Dyer, West Laurens.
5—Mildred D. Bunn, West Laurens.
6—Florence Harrison, Mt. Vision.
7—Alta S. Milliken, West Laurens.
8—Katherine Garjner, West Laurens Morris.

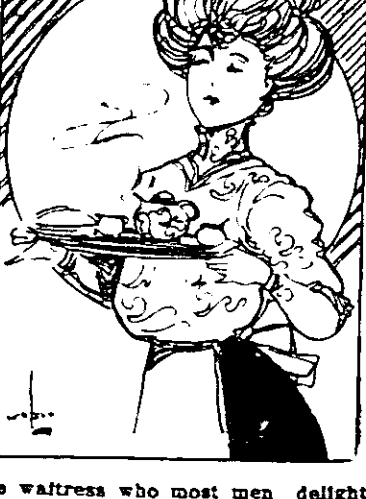
Morris High School.
1—Harris Crandall, Principal; Ethel C. DeWitt; Elizabeth Gardner; Ruth Light; Helen M. Colvin; Mabel Granton; Lavinia Nearing, Training Class.
2—Satie L. Elliott, Morris.
3—Edith Light, Otego, R. D.
4—Laura Apin, Morris.
5—James Greene, So. New Berlin, R. D.
6—Floyd Strain, Morris, R. D.

New Lisbon.
1—Vera Thurston, New Lisbon.
2—Lucinda Johnson, Garrattsville.
3—Laura Tilley, Hartwick.
4—Jennie Potter, Mt. Vision.
5—A. M. Arckley, Mt. Vision.
6—Attie E. Harrington, Mt. Vision.
7—Hazel H. Robison, Mt. Vision.
8—Bertha DeGroat, Oneonta, R. D.
9—Marguerite German, Mt. Vision.
10—Christina Cranston, Laurens, R. D.
11—Alice Chase, New Berlin, R. D.
12—Nettie T. Southworth, New Lisbon.
13—Grace K. Tutus, Edmeston, R. D.

By this list it will be seen that there are three high schools and thirty-four rural schools in session this year. Eight rural schools contract with adjoining districts. There are fifty-one teachers employed for the year and approximately one hundred pupils in regular attendance.

The school libraries division of the Educational Department will ask the district superintendents, some time during the year, to make a report of the work accomplished and interest taken by pupils, teachers, and parents in the school library. They will also ask for the names and addresses of all trustees of schools where a suitable book case has not been provided for the books. There were several new book cases put in the rural schools of this district last year, yet there are a few instances where there is no suitable place for keeping the books.

HER STRONG POINT



The waitress who most men delight is not so fair to see. The admiration she excites Seems rather odd to me: Yet this much own I in her praise— She really has got fetching ways.

On the Safe Side.
—Why are you so anxious to be friendly with old Smuthe? we ask our acquaintance. "Even if he were your friend he wouldn't do anything for you." "I know that," replied our acquaintance, who occasionally ties up his money in stocks. "What I want to do is to have him so friendly with me that he won't do anything to me."

Cultivate Art of Listening.
Listening always implies understanding, for neither the babe nor the sage will come and talk to us if our understanding has not first awakened them and called them forth. "Counsel in the heart of man is like deep water," says the ancient, "but a man of understanding will draw it out."

THEN ALL WILL PRAISE



Scrubber—What's the best way to become a great poet? Ruyter—Write a bunch of junk that no one can understand.

Old Knee Joint.
Estimated by scientists to be from 250,000 to 275,000 years old, the petrified knee joint of a mammoth was unearthed at Long Beach, Cal., by workmen twenty-eight feet below the surface. The discovery has been presented to the chamber of commerce by Anton Cherkas, the finder. "The knee joint of the largest species of animals that ever roamed the earth is well preserved, despite its great age. It measures 15 inches in length and 12 inches in diameter."

Individual Gifts.
Devices made by Foster there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, if used, will be a gift to the race forever.