...UCATION.

...in English of ... New Test... s. Version ... ary

Our hard ea... l, democr
For every na... shall be,
A now awaken... e shall see
With dawn of Peace.
LOIS A. HOREL,
Age 15 years.

LETTER FROM FRANC...

Blossonville H...

THE UNION NEWS

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF HUMANITY—THE PEOPLE'S PAPER

Vol. 66, No. 52 — Union, N. Y., Wednesday January 29, 1919. — 50 c...

Among The Churches

UNION CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
Rev. E. S. Doloway, pastor
Sunday Services,

Morning Service	11:00 a. m.
Sunday School	12:15 p. m.
Y. P. S. C. E.	6:00 "
Evening Service	7:00 "

Prayer Meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30.
Covenant Meeting 1st Thursday in each month.
Our seats are free. All are welcome ... will ...
"Come thou with us a... good."
Num. 10:29.

METHODIST CHURCH
Rev. W. Watrous, pastor.

Class Meeting	10 A. M.
...ching Service	10.30 A. M.
...School	11.45 A. M.
...ue	2. P. M.
...ague	6...
...ching	

...
...ening Service ... 6:30 to 7:30 P. M.
Everybody welcome.

ENDICOTT CHURCHES

FREE METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday School	10 a. m.
Morning Service	11 a. m.
...Meeting	12 m.
Evening Service	7 p. m.

Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p. m.
You are cordially invited to attend the services.

First Baptist, Monroe cor Grant avenue—Rev. C. L. Parkhurst, pastor

First Methodist, Madison avenue, cor—Rev. L. N. Sanford, pastor.

First Presbyterian, Monroe cor. Grant avenue—Rev. David F. Boener, pastor.

St. Ambrose Roman Catholic Washington avenue, cor. Broad. Rev. J W Byrne, pastor.

St. Paul's Mission (Episcopal) Chapel, Rev. T. R. Jones, pastor

1st Sunday morning prayer and sermon.
2nd Sunday morning prayer, litany and sermon.
3rd Sunday morning prayer, communion and sermon.
4th Holy Communion at 9:15 A. M. morning prayer at 10:30.
5th Morning prayer and sermon

The Lodges of Union

ONEACTAH TRIBE, No. 104, I. O. R. M. Regular meetings every Wednesday evening. Red Men's Hall, Main Street.

Sachem, A. H. Schoolcraft
Prophet, D. C. Morgan
Sr. Sagamore, F. G. Forman.
Jr. Sagamore, Clayton Monroe.
C. of R. Clive Warner
C. of W. C. G. Rodman
K. of W. A. L. Oliver

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...NEY-AT-LAW.
...al Law Practice.
...years clerk of the Surro... Tioga County, giving ex... perience in Surrogate's work ... ministration of estates. ... York State. Pone 18 D

...LWOOD S. COE
Piano Tuner

Farm Administration—59

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

If women students took courses in veterinary surgery and animal husbandry there was no very good reason why the men students at the short winter courses of the state agricultural college should not select Prof. Lucy Cummings' course, known as farm administration—59. Still Prof. Lucy Cummings was surprised, not to say a little confused, when off to the left side of the lecture room, contrasting with the 50 or more young women's faces, she saw the four men students who had apparently elected to take her course.

It dealt, as the catalogue said in describing it, with "the psychological and sociological problems of the farm household," and considered in detail the problems of "making the farmhouse a center of family recreation and neighborhood social activity."

Three of the young men who had elected it wore spectacles and took notes copiously. Lucy discovered that they were fitting themselves to be instructors in agricultural subjects and were apparently going straight through the catalogue as part of their preparation.

The fourth member took no notes—he was, in fact, not taking the course for credit. He was among the dozen or so attendants of the agricultural college who apparently came to a few lectures merely as a matter of diversion during the winter months when time hung heavily on their hands.

She Met the Two Brown Eyes.

The fact that he was the only one of the class who was not taking the course for credit and that therefore his were the only pair of eyes left free to study Lucy as she delivered her lecture made his presence loom large in the lecture room.

Sometimes it semed to Lucy—who was but twenty-five and just in her second year as a college professor—it seemed as if the room contained but those two smiling, rather amused, kindly, always attentive brown eyes.

Lucy herself had never lived many months on the farm. She had chosen to specialize in agricultural housewifery because it combined her natural interest in domesticity and things rural—not because she had really worked out the problem of the farmer's wife or had even a remote idea of the difficulties that faced the farm woman in her domestic relations.

Lucy frequently felt handicapped because of her lack of practical experience, but never did she feel so much so as when in the course of a lecture she would give utterance to some highly optimistic and theoretical ideas as to the charms of farmhouse life and she would see the eyes at the side of the room registering a degree more of amusement.

The lecture that Lucy planned to give the day before class disbanded for the Christmas holidays was a practical talk on Christmas in the farmhouse. When she worked this lecture up the year before she felt that she had achieved her masterpiece, and in fact many of the students of that year had told her that it had proved immeasurably helpful.

In the lecture she gave practical—based on no actual experience, to be sure—advice on how to bring Yuletide cheer to the farmhouse, how to set up the Christmas tree and how to deck it with ornaments that could be all produced on the farm—strung popcorn, cranberries and rosy apples.

She took occasion to draw a contrast between the Christmas season in a city home and that in a farmhouse, with all the advantage scored in favor of the latter. In order to get through the lecture at all she had to keep her eyes steadily turned away from the side of the room dominated by the pair of brown eyes. Then came the end of the lecture and Lucy knew that she had said something that had brought an anticipatory thrill of Christmas spirit to her class.

She was almost overcome with happiness as she heard the many voices giving their Christmas best wishes. They had actually clapped to show their appreciation. This Lucy knew to be a most unusual tribute at the college.

And Lucy needed this encouragement sorely, for after college had closed all that was left to her was the little deserted boarding house in the college town. Almost every one had left for the holidays, but Lucy had no place to leave for. Her only relatives, very distant cousins, lived across the continent, and Lucy had grown used to solitary Christmases, the one day in the year when people so seldom include anyone but their own family in their jollification.

So a snowy Christmas came and went and all the Yuletide cheer that Lucy got was in the recollection of the spirit of Christmas that she had put into that lecture and the applause of appreciation that came afterward.

Lucy went out for a solitary stroll over the snow the day after Christmas and it was there that she met the two brown eyes for the first time out of classroom. All she had learned about the owner of them was that he was a well-to-do and prosperous farmer who was taking the course merely for a diversion.

As far as actual knowledge of agriculture went there wasn't a specialist in the college to whom he could not give practical pointers in the specialist's own subject, so Lucy had been told.

Before Lucy knew it she had accepted the invitation offered to h... from her interesting student to get in... his sleigh, and then she realized t... she actually consented to accom... her companion to his farm five ... away.

"I'd like to have it fixed u... way you told us farms ought ... fixed up," he smiled, "but it'... hard for an old bachelor lik... get any of that fine spirit ... ing. When my mother was ... there we used sometimes t... little, but now all the com... in the winter is one hir... his wife to do the cooki... they know or care abo... psychological aspect."

Lucy flushed. She ... her student was laug... when she looked at ... he was looking very ...

"I'm surprised, th... here for the holida... had an idea you ... the kind of ...

"No," said Lucy simply. "I was at the boarding house. I had no place to go." And then, feeling that she had perhaps been a little too communicative, she changed the subject.

Assuming her most professional air and trying to talk as she would had her companion been an eighteen-year-old student, and not a stalwart man of thirty-five, she said: "You don't know how pleased I was to have you boys elect my course. I was especially surprised that you should have found it worth while—"

The brown eyes were leveled at her and the professional air vanished.

"Now you ask, I'll tell you," he said slowly. "I'd have to tell you sometime. I took that course because when I read in the catalogue all that hot air about higher psychological aspects of farm life, I said to myself that any one that could get up and talk that kind of thing would be funny enough to listen to. It seemed to me that there just wasn't any high aspect of farm life. The women I knew never found any in it. Even to my mother it was killing drudgery.

"So I went prepared to be amused. I thought I'd just listen a time or two; and then—well, I might as well tell you the rest—then I fell in love with the teacher. I knew the only way I could ever hear her voice was to listen to her lecture. I felt that so... never have any other intere... crude farmer man like me—"

Lucy was trembling in spi... self. "Hadn't we better tu..." she faltered.

"No, we hadn't," came t... answer. "I'm going to tak... with me. You didn't have ... mas—you just told me yo... neither did I. There's a f... waiting to be cooked an... a spruce tree I chop... the cranberries.

"I thought I'd get s... er psychological as... farm,' but the hired ... were away and I co... myself. I'm going ... with me if I have... That's how ... the world str... me."

And that was ... Cummings' car... When college ... days a mor... more practic... course. Lu... eyes were f...

THE BASE HUTS ARE LARGE AND COMFY

This is one of the better type of Y. M. C. A. huts put up by the American army and navy somewhere in Fr...

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Paints, Oils, C...
Netting, Screen...
Farm and ...

Ajax D...
Auto Acces...
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HENRY GEORGE

...en Cry
...ETCHER'S
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Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S