

THE ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY J. HARVEY BACKUS

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

Andover, N. Y., Jan. 15, 1915.

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"KNOCKERS"

Recently we saw a map showing Colonel Roosevelt's "River of Doubt" it was considerable relief to learn that it is definitely located in South America, for as we saw the map we were inclined to think it ran right through the middle of Andover—as well as right through a number of other places not far away that could be mentioned. Of course we do not mean to say that every body here is in the habit of taking daily dips in it, but most of us are inclined to yield to the temptation now and then.

This town, like every other place, has a few fellows that are always "agin" every movement that is proposed, no matter how beneficial it is. They are sure to say "It can't be done." They are suspicious of anybody that really wants to do anything for the public good, and if they can't find any other objection, they spread the report that somebody is "getting something out of it." They have no faith in anybody or anything and are very proud of it. That seems to be what makes life worth living for them. If one of these fellows should wake up some morning accidentally believing in something, he would sink back on his pillow in a fright and send for a doctor. Such an unusual experience might really make him sick. Probably few would weep if it did.

What we need here, no matter how much of it we already have, is more confidence in ourselves and our opportunities—more "punch" to put it in slang. The croakers don't do us any good. You might think that in time they would get tired of bracing themselves on their mulish toes, pulling on the coattails of progress and being dragged forward in spite of themselves, but they don't seem to. No matter how far ahead you move them, they want to stick right there, in spite of the fact that they fought with all their might against being put there at all. The very people who made the town what it is, they call dreamers and do everything in their power to hamper them. Their favorite prophecy is "impossible," and their principal occupation is making their prediction come true. They seem to have wallowed around in the River of Doubt until they are soaked full of it. If they could drown in it we might think the stream of some real use.

The live citizen has to pull his own share of the load and those of the doubters besides. But of course they don't allow him any credit for it. No, they blame him for trying to do anything, whether he succeeds or fails, no matter how much benefit they get out of his efforts themselves. When they think any good thing has been killed, they are happy, especially if they had a hand in the supposed killing, as they usually have. They never get wise that a good thing can't be killed.

We have some bad cases of this kind in Andover. The only thing to be done about it is for the rest of us to be as little like them as possible. Most of us might be a little more hopeful and public spirited than we are. Let the doubters splash around in their muddy old river and be happy.

KIT CARSON'S COOL NERVE

How the Daring Scout Tamed a Band of Hostile Kiowas.

In "Kit Carson Days," by Edward L. Sablin, is an account of a dramatic incident that happened after Kit Carson's first return from Washington. It was out in the Platte country:

"Into the first noon camp of the Carson party, twenty-five miles from the Big Horn mouth, rode seven Kiowas. I have the story from Wiggins. 'No Indians of early plains days were more to be feared than the perpetually hostile Kiowas, and the arrival of the visitors indicated trouble. Although Carson's reputation among the tribes of the southwest was undiminished, he had been absent so long that to many of the young men his face was unfamiliar. These Kiowas evidently did not recognize him. They sat, ate and the inevitable pipe was filled, lighted and passed.

"Carson understood enough Kiowa to make out what the guttural asides meant. Said the leader to the other bucks:

"These are some of those Carson men who have killed so many of us. When the smoke has gone around the third time, kill them quick."

"Carson understood, but betrayed no emotion other than the suave dignity which characterized the meeting. He spoke to his companions:

"Be attending to the horses. Watch what I do, and if I lift my hand, shoot."

"The pipe passed once, twice, and as Carson took it for the third pull he remarked pleasantly, but clearly, in plain English:

"I suppose this is the last time round, is it? Now you will kill us."

"The Indians understood enough English to interpret aright either the words or the tone. Carson's men of course sprang forward with their weapons. The startled Kiowas threw off their blankets, but they were too late. Carson berated them in Kiowa and English.

"You red dogs! You thought you could murder us. Do you know who I am? I am Kit Carson. Take a good look at me, before you die!"

"The Indians collapsed—not so much from alarm as from astonishment. They dropped their guns and bows.

"You're a nice set of cowards, scolded Carson. 'Shame on you and your tribe! Go! Go tell your chiefs that you have seen Kit Carson and that he let you live. Stop! he yelled, as they slunk away. 'Take your bows and arrows so you can kill a few rabbits on your way. And next time you smoke the peace pipe with a white man don't plan to murder him."

His Day of Reckoning.
As the stout man whose appetite had excited the envy of the other boarders turned to leave the parlor he looked down at his waistcoat. "I declare, I've lost two buttons off my vest!" he said ruefully.

He was a new boarder, but his landlady saw no reason for further delay in showing her banner, "Watchfulness and Economy For All." She gave him the benefit of the chill gaze so familiar to her older boarders.

"I think without doubt you will find them both in the dining room," she announced clearly. — Youth's Companion.

Her Inference.
"Now, I suppose," remarked Mrs. Snaggs, "that the surgeons of the army are attached to the medical corps."

"Your supposition does you great credit," replied Mr. Snaggs sarcastically. "It's a wonder you didn't imagine that doctors joined the army for the purpose of building bridges or going up in a balloon. Where should army surgeons be except in the medical corps?"

"Well, I thought that they might possibly belong to the lancers," — London Mail.

Tenants in Persia.
In Persia the tenant is absolutely at the mercy of his landlord, who can even seize upon the persons of himself and his family and reduce them to a sort of slavery till arrears of rent and interest are worked off, and this is true of most countries under despotic rule. Tenants are generally tenants at will and can be dispossessed on most frivolous pretexts.

One Sample Enough.
"Why do you keep your daughter practicing so incessantly on that piano piece?"

"I want to be sure she can play something when our friends ask to hear her."

"But suppose they want to hear her play something more?"

"Oh, there's no danger of that," — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GLORIES OF WARFARE

There Are Two Sharply Defined Steps to the Vivid Picture.

"The glories of war!"

Courage, devotion, endurance, contempt of death. These are glories that the unmartial may not deride. Verily, even the humblest of brave soldiers is a hero, for all that his heroism costs the misery of others, but what does the soldier know, see, feel, of the real "glories of war?" That knowledge is confined to readers of newspapers and books. The press man, the romancer, the historian can with glowing pen call up in the reader a feeling that war is glorious; that there is something in itself desirable and to be admired in that licensed murder, arson, robbery that we call war. Glorious war! Every penny thrill of each reader of the newspaper, every spasm of each one who sees armed men passing or hears the files and drums is manufactured out of blood and groans wrung out of the torments of the human heart and the torture of human flesh.

When I read in the paper of some glorious charge and the great slaughter of the enemy I feel a thrill through every fiber. It is grand, it is splendid! I take a deep breath of joy, almost of rapture. Grand, splendid! That there should be lying with their faces haggard to the stars, hundreds, thousands of men like myself, better men than myself! Hundreds, thousands, who loved life as much as I, felt pain as much as I, whose women loved them as much as mine love me! Grand, splendid! That the blood should be oozing from them into grass that once smelled as sweet to them as it does to me. That their eyes, which delighted in sunlight and beauty as much as mine, should be glazing fast with death; their mouths, that mothers and wives and children are aching to kiss again, should be twisted into gaps of horror. Grand, splendid! That other men, no more savage than myself, should have strewn them there. Grand, splendid! That in thousands of faroff houses women, children and old men will soon lie quivering with anguished memories of those lying there dead. — John Galsworthy in Scribner's.

The Obliging Office Boy.
A dapper young fellow met with rather a humiliating experience the other day. The dapper young fellow has a "best girl." And "she" happened one day recently to call him up at the place of business where he poses as a "clerk." The office boy answered the phone.

"Is Mr. L. there?" chirped a delightfully feminine throat, and the office boy recognized the voice as one which called rather frequently. Quicker than a flash the office boy came back at her in a very polite tone of voice:

"Yes, he's out sweeping the sidewalk, but if you'll hold the line a minute I will call him."

"She" banged down the receiver.

The Woman of It.
"Mary," said Mr. Thomas, when a silence fraught with unpleasant meaning had followed his first altercation with his young wife.

"Yes?" said Mary interrogatively.

"When a man and his wife have had a — a difference," said Mr. Thomas with a judicial air, "and each considers the other at fault, which of the two do you think should make the first advance toward reconciliation?"

"The wiser of the two," said Mrs. Thomas promptly, "and so, my dear, I'll say at once that I'm very sorry."

The Dot Over the "i."
The small letter "i" was formerly written without the dot. The dot was introduced in the fourteenth century to distinguish "i" from "e" in hasty and indistinct writing. The letter "i" was originally used where the letter "j" is now employed. The distinction between "i" and "j" was introduced by the Dutch printers at a comparatively recent date, and the "j" was dotted because the "i," from which it was derived, was written with a dot.

Inconsistency.
"Isn't that Jones over there—the man who writes the bitter articles about abolishing the tipping nuisance?"

"Yes, that's Jones."

"What's he talking about?"

"He is raising a saffistic howl over the fact that a noted millionaire is alleged to have given a waiter a nickel tip." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dumas' Wit.
It is well known that some of the novels bearing Dumas' signature are not his own. Meeting his son one day, he asked him whether he had read his latest novel.

"No," said Dumas the younger, who was remarkable for his ready wit. "Have you?"

Sign Boards on the Up-road

By Hamilton B. Williams

The first proposition to be considered by boys and girls about to enter the gates of the great world is this:

The business of life is to do the will of God.

This proposition looms like a mountain and it must be settled one way or another. There is no possible way of escape.

This proposition is true everywhere and in all situations. The possession of life entails a use. Right or wrong? That's for the Master to say. The Master will say—right. The self will decide otherwise.

A profit in dollars, place, honor, however many the dollars, high the place, and golden the honor, cannot justify a wrong. There stand two always at the gate of conscience: Peace and Self Respect. They will see to it that the ghosts shall walk in houses that troth with wrong.

There's many a haunted house upon the trail of life. And the salvos of the crowd, the jingle of the wages, the rattle of machinery may not drown the sound of the wrong that writhes about in the sunlight about the house.

The angel of the flaming sword will guard the ways lest peace follow the wrong.

For God is not to be jested with. Whatsoever we sow that we shall reap in due season. He has said it.

To do God's will is to strike allegiance with truth, with honor, equity, justice, right.

And "whatsoever ye would" still holds. Like a burning mountain it flows across the field its eternal "thou shalt."

Miss Ida Tarbell, America's foremost woman writer, after an

extended study of business, says that the ancient gods of business have been found to have crumbling feet. Few men dare to say that an intelligent company that they will run their business to suit themselves; that if a man doesn't like their ways and wage he can get out, that the more money the worker gets the more he drinks and blows in; that we are not in business for our health.

A few years ago these were the slogans of business. It was the creed of the jungle the yelp of the wolf.

A man voicing such sentiments to-day would be looked upon with the same wonder that would be caused if some "hang-over" of the jungle should attempt to justify slavery or the legalizing of the liquor traffic, or war, or poverty, or any other blood-drenched iniquity of our unchristian social order.

Miss Tarbell finds that the real business men to-day found their business on humanitarianism.

It is more profitable.

At all events, profitable or not, it is right.

And right is your final arbiter.

Well, Jesus, we're a long way behind. We've struggled along toting our little thy gods, and lading ourselves down with the dross. It has been the way of the world to hurt and rend and tear. We've been well fanged. The canine teeth are still big in our jaws. And we even hate God, we've been a long time in the jungle, but now we're climbing up. Be merciful and patient. We've seen the possible man and woman peeping over the horizon. We'll fare up sometime our Father. Just be patient.

An experienced ad-reader knows by an educated instinct, when she must really hurry to a store to secure a bargain.

ANGELICA.

Jan. 11.—Mrs. E. J. Reiman who has been quite seriously ill at the Buffalo General Hospital, is reported as improving rapidly.

C. B. Epworth, D. D. G. M., is in Canasraga with his staff officers installing the Odd Fellow's for the coming year.

Miss E. A. Whitmore is quite ill with the whooping cough.

The Shawmut station was broken into one night last week, but excepting a small amount of food, nothing was touched.

Mrs. F. B. Lincoln, wife of the Superintendent of the Erie railroad, has been visiting friends in town the last week.

Mrs. C. B. Epworth entertained at bridge on Thursday afternoon.

The well advertised store is necessarily, a partly-new store every day. Changes take place in stocks quickly—the new crowd out the old at every turn.

2. Decision

Decision of character cannot be easily over-estimated. One who has but little decision of character will find himself disposed to change his course at every turn of the road. The lawyer, the doctor, the farmer, the preacher—all will find a strong inclination when adversity comes, to change their business. No one can ever succeed well at anything until he has decided what he will do and what he will be.

3. Devotion to Principle.
It is appalling to see how few of the teeming multitudes live and act from a conviction of principle. Thousands are drifting on the tide of public opinion, pandering to the caprices of the more fortunate. They do not for once stop to ask, is it right? But are satisfied with sipping the cup of pleasure no difference who drinks the dregs.

4. Moral Courage.
One may be a Solomon in point of knowledge; he may be wholly unselfish and he may have great desire to do right, but without courage of conviction he will never rise above the groveling millions who perform their round of duties, go down to their graves unlamented and are soon forgotten. Such an one never decides on any great question until he has ascertained the drift of public opinion. He believes something as well as others, but he is afraid to tell it. He has convictions, but he does not assert them. And thus he who otherwise might have succeeded well in life allows himself the rubbish of society. The call of the crowd and pushed aside with the rubbish of society. The call of this age is for men, brave men, men who have the convictions of right and are not afraid to assert them.

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The Burrows-Na
Christ
Holiday
OPENS MONDAY, J

SAVE
MONEY
BY THIS
SAFE
AND
EASY
SYSTEM
AND YOU
WILL BE
SURE OF
A
MERRY
XMAS
IN 1915

Ask for our special
you full details of the club
into the bank and let us
personally. Please act
enrollment gives you a
vantage.

The Burrows-Na

MAILS CLOSE.
Going East.
M. Train 222
M. Train 26
M. Train 224
Going West
M. Train 25
M. Train 541
Mail for R. F. D. Routes C
A. M.
W. F. O'Connell, Post

**Corn
Gossip**

Hear Gov. Glynn M
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Mrs. Roach of Dyke S
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...
A daughter was born
to Mr. and Mrs. Arch
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...
Mrs. Julia A. Corwin d
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...
Mrs. Mabel J. Cole die
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Mrs. Charles Tracy ret
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Hornell the last of the
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Walter D. Hillman of
died recently at a B
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Hillman was fifty-six
age and leaves his wife
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Twenty-six Wellsville
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Andover Wednesday ev
were guests of Miss
ldman for luncheon, s
me of Mr. and Mrs. I
yd.
...
One hundred and sixty
condensed milk has bee
Wellsville citizens for
of the Belgians. The
nment purchased at the
bers price cost \$465. at
shipment would have
\$708.
...
Save your discount
s by paying same on or
20th. Wednesday
EMPIRE GAS & FUEL

LEAHY & WHEATLEY

Our Great Coat and Suit Sale

Are you taking advantage of this, the GREATEST SALE OF THE SEASON?

The crowds that are taking advantage of this EXTRA EARLY CLEARANCE SALE shows how the trade appreciates honest advertising.

You save from \$5.00 to \$10.00 on every garment you buy, either COAT, SUIT or DRESS. Isn't it worth while?

Main Street Leahy & Wheatley Hornell, N. Y.