

THE ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY J. HARVEY BACKUS

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

Andover, N. Y., Jan. 22, 1915.

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HAVE A TASTE FOR THE BEST

It is a fact that the trend of the nation today is for amusement rather than for intellectual entertainment.

The lecture Monday evening by Governor Mann of North Carolina, was one of the most interesting and profitable yet it did not draw many single admissions.

While there is nothing wrong in attending the shows of a lower page, if they are respectable, (except the waste of one's time), it is a fact that from them we take little benefit.

An entertainment such as many Andover people enjoyed Monday evening is one that will live in the minds of all those present for weeks and months to come, always prodding us to do the right and the better things.

It does not take long, if we will only try, to get the habit of liking the things that benefit and at the same time entertain us. Why not cultivate the taste? It will be better for us all.

PUTTING IT UP TO THE BOY

Whenever a boy leaves his school at Lovelock, Nev., Superintendent Mc. Kibbin sends him a letter, which reads in part: "Are you going to be one of the headless army?"

PROGRESSIVE STATE CHURMAN

Walter A. Johnson of Westchester county has been elected chairman of the Progressive State Committee to succeed the late Douglas Robinson, resigned.

Sign Boards on the Up-road

By Hamilton E. Williams

Dr. M. J. MacLeod, a New York minister in a very fine article, shows that the family altar is the secret of a home's strength and endurance.

We cannot define prayer - we only know that it brings life and health to the soul.

What is so true to the body so is prayer to the soul. One is as mysterious as the other. To do without either means death.

The home with a shrine of daily prayer is a home built upon the King's Rock. The boys and girls who hear daily a father or mother lifting up their souls to God in prayer.

God forgive our press of business, our doubts, our blindness that keep us from daily prayer.

Now let us thoughtfully ponder up on the words of the writer whom I, today, introduce as a new friend of the Andover people.

D. McLeod says: "Every home like every church has its atmosphere. In one door we inhale a sweet incense. It is the 'Smell of a sweet incense. It is the 'Smell of a sweet incense. It is the 'Smell of a sweet incense."

Alas, today I fear, if the truth were frankly told, it would have to be confessed that this holy shrine has just about tumbled into ruins.

There is a growing custom among us to-day that many good people are watching with anxious concern. It is the boarding school fad.

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The Forum

By Rev. V. L. Eggleston

I have heard a man say that when he was a lad he often lamented that he was born too late to go to the war, and that there were no great events in which he could take a part.

The days of heroes were past and he could share in no great achievement. He felt differently now he said, and thought that the true hero and true worker of every degree could find his field and his day, no matter when he might enter upon life.

He was right. Great events do not happen; they are created. Great men are not accident; they are necessary culminating points in human evolution and they age as necessarily to one age as to another.

It used to be the fashion to count wars as way-marks in human progress and heroes as the successful commanders - the Alexanders, the Caesars, the Bonapartes, the Washingtons. Aside from wars there were few chances for heroic deeds.

But the sweet incense of the memorable spot to most of us is the Family Altar. Nothing glorifies the home life like that. It is the very perfume of the life.

There is no better way to bind the heart of a child with chains of gold to God's throne. It is the altar after all that makes it a sanctuary. When Carlyle was dying his mind wandered far back to the simple hearth stone in Dumfriesshire. He thought his niece was his mother. He put his arms around her neck and called "Mother, dear." How beautiful! The great old man is in Cheyne and is now well past four-score. But he dreams of his childhood, and the humble log cabin with its morning and evening devotions.

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GREAT OPPORTUNITIES

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Men die and their property is divided. Their names perish. Thus it is with the individual, but humanity is immortal. It transforms, but never loses. All the wealth, all the intellect, all the moral values, which it treasures today, are the fruit of seeds planted, the accumulation of investments made, at periods of which no record exists, except nature's ineffaceable record, written upon existing forms as the geological history of the solid earth, is impressed upon the rocks.

Every person in a given community stands face to face with the same circumstances. Individual circumstances of course differ, but the outer world exists the same for all. In this sense all have the same opportunities. All the difference consists in the power of grasping and using the opportunities.

Certain general conditions exist in each community. One young man will meet those conditions in a manner to win high success, that of wealth, or usefulness, or philosophical contentment. Another, aspiring to any one of these, will fail. One cannot reflect too often upon the fact that the difference is in the person, not in the outward world. A striking example of

the average American does not see. George Brandes, the Danish critic, "seem to have the slightest idea of how necessary solitude is to the formation of an opinion."

Haven't you, as you've talked with farmers, been impressed with the "softness" of their opinions? There are stubborn city men, of course; but the mixiness of life in city tends to a certain versatility of thinking - you might almost say tend to substitute impressions and sensations for thinking.

The farmer, on the other hand, working for the most part alone and quietly, has ample time to assemble and digest his thoughts and to arrange them into a definite philosophy.

Hence what sometimes seems like stubbornness in him is, instead, merely the confidence with which he holds to an opinion upon which he has done a careful, and so far as was able, a thorough job of thinking.

The great works of literature have mostly been written in the country. For that matter, most of the world's big men have been country born. The arms of nature and amidst her silences they have wrestled with life's problems and wrought out lifeful ideals and visions.

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Our "3 P" advertisement with decorative border and text.

Burrows NEW YORK advertisement with decorative border and text.

MAILS CLOSED advertisement with decorative border and text.

Cow and Goose advertisement with decorative border and text.

Tuttle & Rockwell Co. A Sweeping Reduction Sale advertisement with large text and multiple price points.

Vertical column of news snippets on the right side of the page, including mentions of Eugene Chalker, Miss Julia Chappel, Roy Brundage, S. P. Rumsey, Peter A. Sikes, J. M. Brundage, Mrs. A. A. Porter, Lynn Bridge, and a party giving his name.