

THE ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY J. HARVEY BACKUS

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

Andover, N. Y., March 5, 1915.

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It's easy to quit and just as easy to stay quit.

Don't shout for war until you are ready to go yourself.

Hello, Mex! How many presidents have abdicated to-day?

Just why does the month of March remind one of Joe Cannon?

Some fellows are always enthusiastic when they talk about themselves.

Buck up! Be a sport! Sinking American ships may become an old story in time.

A hundred million mouths with which to protest, and nothing with which to fight! Huh!

Somebody wants to know what becomes of the missing dogs. Reducing the high cost of living.

Five hundred people went bathing at Coney Island last week. No doubt they needed the bath.

In the event of hostilities we might borrow a few of those guns we obligingly shipped down to Mexico.

His appointing! The flight of Haiti's president could only command an inch of space in the daily press.

Why buy big guns for coast defenses? Once started, Congress can roar loud enough for all bellegent purposes.

Eat up! The department of agriculture reports that the United States is in no danger of a shortage in food supplies.

The Japanese are extremely modest in their demands of China. They only want the whole country—and are in a fair way to get a good slice of it.

Here's a bully good idea. Let's have a law requiring every senator and congressman who votes for war to enlist and go to the front. Then "there will be no war."

Fashion has decreed that women must reduce in weight in order to wear the latest gowns. What a calamity for those who cannot reduce, and yet will not wear an out of date garment.

Washington dispatches report that the President is much concerned lest the United States become embroiled in the European war. Small wonder, with little to fight with except popguns and pitchforks.

Robert J. Thompson, former American consul at Aix la Chapelle, Germany, wants Congress to appoint a commission to secure peace in Europe. And we want Congress to keep its mouth shut and its nose at home.

Certain obliging "experts" are charging the high cost of flour to the war. Certainly—of course—just so! And this poor old war will be scapegoat for every piece of speculative skulduggery for the next fifty years to come.

China unwittingly perpetrated a monumental joke when she begged the United States to protect her from the encroachments of Japan. Uncle Sam would have difficulty in protecting his own national hide. Nations cannot fight without munitions of war.

Mayor Harrison of Chicago made a grand stand play of not entering the race for nomination until his wife gave her consent. The question was properly and scientifically mooted, and duly advertised and discussed in the daily press, with a weather eye always to leeward for the woman vote. And the women did vote—and Carter will return to the bosom of his family, the worst defeated candidate who ever jockeyed for feminine favor. Women are not fools.

LET THE PIGS GRUNT

Let the pigs do the grunting. There is better work ahead for us. Grunting never lessened the burden of a load, never pulled a community out of a rut, never added a dollar to any man's bank account.

Grunting makes pessimists, and pessimists have bad livers and poor digestion and sour countenances, and are general nuisances all around.

And pessimists are always grunting about something. They grunt if times are bad; they grunt because they are not better when they are good; they grunt over their meals, and over politics, and religion, and anything else that offers a chance to grunt.

And then they grunt because there is nothing left to grunt about.

Grunting is a habit, with them—it is their daily pastime—and nothing is so dear to their hearts as a great big unadulterated grunt.

Many of us grunt a part of the time, but some folks grunt all of the time.

Now let's quit grunting. Let's get down to hard tasks and dig a lot of wealth out of this community. It's here, but grunting won't do the digging.

Let's make this the greatest productive year in local history. Let's get out and hustle—let's find the opportunities, or make them where none exist.

The soil is as rich to-day as it was a year ago, and it will produce as much and the products will sell for more money.

There is nothing produced in this community but has a market waiting for it. If we don't see the market, let's get out and find it. Time is too short for it to hunt us.

Let's not sit on dry goods boxes and wait for the world to come to our feet. We will die grunting if we do.

There's a great big place for us in the world. Let's fill it—let's do something—let's let the rest of the world know that we are alive, that we are producers, that we are something more than grunters.

Let's be optimists—for optimists do things, and never grunt. Let the pigs do the grunting.

There are better times and more congenial work ahead for us.

Let's all get busy and whoop it up.

AS THE EDITOR SEES IT

Opportunity of A Community.

The farming interests of this community cannot place too much emphasis upon the advisability and necessity of making every foot of ground productive to the highest degree.

With nearly the whole of Europe unproductive there will be a tremendous demand made upon America for food stuffs in the months to come, and this demand must be met or those people will starve.

This does not necessarily mean that America will be called upon to feed Europe gratis. Europe will pay in gold for what it gets from us, dollar for dollar.

A duty and an opportunity confront us. Duty demands that we produce to the limit, that the hungry across the water may be fed.

Opportunity knocks at our door, in that there will be a ready market at high prices for every ounce that we can sell. Even now the hand of Europe is outstretched across the water for American bread.

It is an opportunity for the building up of this agricultural community, for the enriching of our people, for an influx of foreign gold such as we have never known before.

For Europe must eat, and to eat Europe must buy the food stuffs we have to sell.

Let every foot of ground produce something for the financial weal of this community.

The Call Of Blood

The hour is at hand for all peoples in the United States to use extreme caution and great forbearance in discussing the conflict in Europe lest a spark ignite the powder which is to blow our neutrality to the four winds.

The blood of every nation at war is mixed in our citizenship. America is made up of peoples from many lands. These people are good citizens, loyal to their adopted country, ready to defend it in case of need, but we cannot expect them to entirely forget the kindred ties of their nativity.

The blood of their forefathers is calling to each of them, and in the heat of argument or in the stress of strong emotion it is easy to say or do that which will wound some man whose sympathies are with another country—with the place he once called home—with the land that shelters the bones of his ancestors.

Let us use forbearance one to another. Let us concede to others that same right of sympathy which we ourselves enjoy. Let us remember that there is good among all peoples, honorable men of all races, justice in every land. Let us refrain from acrimonious debate, and turn our united energies to the preserving of our free country from the horrors of the conflagration which is devastating Europe.

Let's speak softly and say little.

Does Taft Predict War?

In a recent statement William Howard Taft, former president, sounded a note of warning to the American people. Mr. Taft says the time is at hand for every American, every citizen of the United States, to loyally uphold the President in his foreign relations, in any action he may deem it necessary to take, irrespective of party lines.

Are we to assume from this that Mr. Taft sees the United States at war with one or more of the foreign belligerents in the near future? And if so, what condition are we in for prosecuting such a war? We have only a handful of soldiers, an inadequate navy, we are short of ammunition, guns are few, coast defenses are lamentably weak, and Congress resolutely refuses to make adequate provision for defense.

Let us hope that war will not come, but if it does we will be but paying the price of our own shortsightedness.

When the political parties of a nation reach the point where the pork barrel is greater than the flag the inevitable catastrophe must come sooner or later.

And to-day our Uncle Samuel is skating around on thin ice.

Sign Boards on the Up-road

By Hamilton B. Williams

My friends, how many days have we lived in the Garden of God as He would have us live?

When we come back from the dream land in which we live, in while we slumber, with what thoughts do we set out to live the day?

Are we arising to play the fool? The "fool" is he who puts barns and bins in the front place of his thoughts and attempts to feed the soul on husks.

Are we arising to play the vulture? That will be the part if we set out to prey upon our kind.

Are we arising to seek the rosy ways along the purple slopes of gross and animal pleasures? Are we aiming to do the work of a human being? We are made to express in labor of every sort the thought of the Great God who cannot be content with star-praising but must have an entrance into life through human hearts. To plow a field or to write a poem, the nature of the work doesn't matter; the putting worship into plowing and poetizing is very necessary.

The work of being a human being demands the interest, energy and deepest sacrifice. It is a work that demands ourselves with grudge or stint. God may not express Himself through half-opened gates or poorly devoted priests. They who minister about the altar must be "set apart," devoted with the very blood of sacrifice.

W. C. T. U.

The Womans Christian Temperance Union will meet this afternoon, Friday, March 5th, with Mrs. E. A. Pease, for a Mothers Meeting.

Mrs. Pease
Mrs. Thorne
Directors

HAWTHORNE CLUB

The Hawthorne Club will meet with Mrs. Pease, Monday, March 8th, at 7:30 p. m.

The following lesson is planned: Roll Call—"Wit and Humor." Review—"Your Child To-day and To-morrow." Chap. 8-9 Mrs. Clark

Reading—"Among English Hedgerows." Chap. 22-23, Mrs. Calhoun.

NOTICE

My wife, Emma, having left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, the undersigned hereby notifies all persons not to trust or harbor her on any account. I will pay no bills of her contracting after this date.

M. J. GRAY
March 1, 1915.

NEW SUITS, COATS

AND DRESSES

Splendid showing of the new Spring Suits, Coats, Dresses and Skirts. The most authoritative styles and colors—all at prices to please. We extend a cordial invitation to visit our Ladies Ready-to-Wear Department (first floor) and inspect the new Spring Appareling.


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Notice of Annual Election

Notice is hereby given that the annual election will be held in and for the Village of Andover, N. Y., on the 16th day of March, 1915, at Village Hall, in said village. The polls will be opened at 1 o'clock p. m., and close at 5 o'clock p. m. The following officers are to be chosen:

- President in place of E. J. Atwood, Term 1 year.
- Trustee in place of James A. O'Leary, Term 2 years.
- Treasurer in place of F. W. Burrows, Term 1 year.
- Collector in place of Henry Garvin, Term 1 year.

The following is a true and correct list of all nominations of candidates for office to be filled at the Village Election, filed with me pursuant to the provisions of Chapter 10 of the Laws of 1896 and amendments thereto.

Title of Office	Name of Candidate	Party Name	Residence	Emblem of Party
President	Edward J. Atwood	Union	Andover	
Trustee	J. Melvin Hartrum	Union	Andover	
Treasurer	James P. Cannon	Union	Andover	
Collector	James D. Cheesman	Union	Andover	

A. D. FULLER, Village Clerk

Shall we arise to play the woman in every avenue relation? That will be a beautiful day and we shall be to the people of the Trail as a pleasant and sweet smell. Well, the Day stands by opening gate. God speed us!

A strange thing happened yestere'en, Comrade. Day long I had trod the tread-mill that grinds out grief for toil of blood, I had been wasting my immortal energy of life in thinking of the things that perit would buy my flesh. I chanced to look up. There, gazing upon me was a very familiar face—Myself, point for point, albeit very different—he was very beautiful, and sorrowful... seemed to be wondering why I was at I was. He seemed to be wondering how I could be so content with paitry, lifting so willing eye upon Gludge-ands. Long time I looked at Him, and suddenly 'Shame, like a shadow writhed between us—Me and Myself. Then Sorrow threw upon me, pitying me, gray and misty robe, misty and gray as a November rain, and after that I dared not lift mine eyes, but lay quite in the dust. 'Twas night upon the hill and down. The winds wailed in the pines. Then, Comrade, a hand touched my face, a voice bade me take heed. 'Till the thrill of strengthening arms, I lifted up mine eyes. I said unto myself, I will climb up. And then I saw Another One or was it light that shined? Howbeit, I only know my Other Self turned singing blithely toward the starways whence He came to wait my coming up.

WATCHES

A comparison of prices will prove to you that we can save you money on that new Watch. Call in and look them over.

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NEW ACCOUNT Burrows National Bank

Report to Comptroller
Capital, \$25,000.00 Resources, J. S. PHILLIPS, President. F. W. BURROWS, Cashier.

MAILS CLOSE.

Going East.
M. Train 2228:55
M. Train 262:30
M. Train 2246:45
Going West
M. Train 2511:2
M. Train 5416:05.
Mail for E. F. D. Routes close at A. M. W. F. O'Connell, Postmaster



—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Church have a little son born Feb. 22nd.

—The man who has no skeletons to conceal is never afraid of a newspaper.

—The Forum discusses "Self government," personal and political, in this issue.

—Albert Austin of Friendship underwent a serious operation for appendicitis last week.

—Miss MacKay has been unable to attend her school duties on account of illness the past week.

—Benjamin F. Stanton, aged and respected citizen of Friendship died at his home that village, Feb. 18th.

—Without question the appearance here of the English Op Singers next Thursday evening will be the greatest musical event of the season.



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