

THE ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY J. HARVEY BACKUS

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

Andover, N. Y., May 28, 1915.

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Rivers of blood and still it pours.

Neutrality has its virtues—and its penalties.

In the meantime, we have work to do—let's do it.

In these piping days of peace war is worse than hell.

What a beautiful thing is peace—and how fleeting.

Blessed are the peacemakers—though they get it in the neck.

Back up. We'll have peace when there's no one left to fight.

Don't kick for the other fellow's kick may be harder than yours.

Every woman admires a man's singing when he sings her praises.

Peace is a good thing. Grab it—hang on to it—but let it be with honor.

Millions in the death grapple, and still they call for more cannon and their meat.

A few weeks longer and Europe will resemble the center of a haystack on fire.

One fleeting smile is of greater value to the world than a whole year of grouch.

In the absence of other worlds to conquer Portugal conquered itself and promptly subsided. Thanks.

In the face of national peril we become one country, a united people with but one flag to serve. May it ever be thus.

A few more days and the June bride will have her inning. And in time the divorce courts will be furnishing her outing.

The American foot is slow to descend, but that which is beneath withers and dies when it does touch the ground.

If munitions of war were as plentiful as volunteers the United States could spank the whole of Europe between meals.

General Huerta has deposited his dignity in New York and is preserving the tranquil calm of judicial neutrality—whatever that may be.

"If you ever begin a task you will never finish it," yelps an exchange. But how about finishing the one the other fellow fell down on?

Of course the United States will become an international home for cripples, but this is the land where humanity never calls in vain.

To advertise your goods is to tell the world that you have goods that are worth buying. Keep your eye on the merchant who advertises.

We are by no means a kicker, but if it be true that the United States has the greatest supply of gold in the world we'd like to know where in heck ours is.

It is said that grass or hay placed in a pipe for a few days will cause it to smoke as sweetly as when new. But who wants to drag through an eternity without a puff?

A Chicago lawyer asserts that the time is near at hand when prisons will be abolished and criminals will be "doctored" instead of being punished. Is this a new advertising campaign for the medical colleges?

YOUR NEIGHBOR'S KEEPER

"I am not my neighbor's keeper," you say. Wrong, brother, wrong—you are your neighbor's keeper. You have it with in your power to instill the doctrine of brotherly love into the heart of your neighbor, to keep before his mind the higher and nobler things of life, to make him a living monument of what man should be.

There is no man but what values the good will of his neighbors, and all men strive to retain that good will to the end, for it is a universally accepted fact that your neighbor comes the nearest of all to knowing you as you are.

And while your neighbor may not speak of them, he sees your goods points and your bad ones, and they are impressed upon his mind even to the most minute and trivial details.

Hence it becomes all the more incumbent upon you to so regulate your life that your neighbor may find nothing therein to divert his mind from the path that leads to uprightness and right living.

Cultivate your neighbor, give him a friendly word and a worldly boost, teach him to feel that you are his "neighbor," and not simply "the man across the way."

As you act toward him, so will he in time reciprocate.

And if your acts be uplifting and of a high moral tone, he in time may seek your level, with its enlightened atmosphere and its lofty ideals.

Yes, you are your neighbor's keeper, brother. Let your stewardship be above reproach.

Community Pride is an asset, and it is one of the greatest of all assets.

The town that improves its streets, cleans up the alleys, paints the houses, cuts the grass, rakes the lawns and plants its flowers is not only encouraging cleanliness, but is making for itself a name among the people of the outer world.

Commercial travelers and others come, and look, and go away and talk—and the talk is all in favor of the town and its people.

Talk travels, and grows, and multiplies until the town becomes known in many climes for its cleanliness and progressiveness.

In time other men who are looking for a change of location hear of this town—and then they go, and look, and talk and are pleased, and it becomes their home.

And the town continues to expand and progress, and as the years roll by it gradually assumes larger proportions and a more commanding and dominating position in the world.

When Community Pride comes in Prosperity enters by its side, and the two become the mighty levers that control the machinery of success.

Personal Pride and Community Pride should march side by side, for when these two potent factors join hands in a laudable purpose opposition quickly melts away.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE ABOUT IT?

Twelve men, acting as jurors in the famous Barnes-Roosevelt libel suit, at Syracuse, had placed before them the evidence from all sides, and were required to decide upon the same question as that given the electorate of this country in 1912, i.e. Is it Wm. E. Barnes or Theodore Roosevelt that tells the truth. They decided unanimously that it was the Colonel.

Five million voters in the Fall of 1912 came to the same conclusion.

The decision of that jury in its findings has justified the action of every one of these five million voters.

But that is not all that the Syracuse trial has done. It has proven true the contentions of thousands that the leadership of the Republican party was not honest and sincere. That it was being conducted mainly for the interests of the bosses' pocket books.

The great question now to be decided is what is going to be done. Has the rank and file of the Republican party got their eyes open yet, or must they still continue to be led around by the nose by a bunch of grafters?

The Republican press has been giving columns of space telling of the return of Progressives to their old time political affiliation. This may be true in some very few instances, but the greater part of these stories are made up from the fertile imagination of the Republican editors.

Why should they return?

Has the Republican Party reformed?

Has it made an effort to eliminate the corruption that they all knew existed long before the Syracuse trial?

True Wm. Barnes is not the Chairman of the State Committee, but who is there who dare say that he is not the power behind the throne.

There is no question but the two factions should be united. There can be no success at the polls for either without it. But there is no more use of trying to bring the Progressives back into the Republican party without a thorough and genuine purification of the Republican party organization by the elimination of bosses and the choosing of efficient, honest leaders, than there is of trying to make the standpatters ride a bull moose.

Sign Boards on the Up-road

By Hamilton B. Williams

The folk of the Trail of Time doublet. The king, if he have have many things in common, happiness at his hearth has been swept by hut and palace sweep the factly that which the humblest broad highway of joy, and the ditch-digger has. Skies every- gods of the road journey as where are starred, and the court- friendly with man of hodden gray, ous sun bestows his largess on as with the man of the silken all fields. Dawns lit adown

their crimson stairs as joyous to your gate as mine, and day as reluctant leaves the garden as the desert waste. All trees are harps for vagrant winds and night brings dreams or ghosts to all. Folk through the streets, amidst of their peculiar goals; and at all hearth sits much or little. Good comrades everywhere lift others loads; and lovers dream along their rose-lanes wide world round. The folk in your town or in mine are very like, and all speed towards the twilight merge out toward the hills of Faraway. So here's a rouse for the days of life, and cheer for the burdened ways of life and steady heart for the grays of life.

And blessed the place called Home-Town.

That's your town and my town. It stretches along the highways of the earth—and we're the village folk. Some of us live in big houses. There's a man in our town who has 26 servants; a big house, millions of dollars—and a hearth unlighted by smile of wife or laugh of child. Some of us live in little houses with joys beyond counting. And some have sorrow; and some have no place for home. But we cannot judge heart-diameters by size of houses. The biggest man the race ever produced had no place to lay his head.

We're very closely twisted into the warp of life, and your joy or sorrow stops at my door too.

We're all going on and up or down. And God's in His Heaven.

We struggle along experimenting with life marking each his equation of life—and when we think we learned the trick of life we see the curtain falling and we depart our home-town to see if we have struck the right equation.

Right's the word.

The right sort of town is made up of town-conscious people. That town will be marked on the map of two countries. Every town has all sorts of religions; but the religion that has God's thumb-mark on it makes people town-conscious. There are (apparently) many ways of going to heaven. Some are guaranteed. But nowadays we discount a religion that doesn't lead a soul to say: "My town." When a soul reaches that elevation from which he says: "My town," the old-time indifference to bad politics, wrong economic conditions, false social standards, will be transformed in to aggressive constructive programs. Tenements, rookeries, dens, dives, alleys, wretched living conditions, saloons, every vice-breeding place, every condition in which a life is handicapped, will be eliminated from the streets.

"If a man love God let him love his brother also" is not the maudlin sentiment commonly called "love."

Say town-consciousness. That means a right town.

SUFFRAGE CAMPAIGN FUND.

More Than Committee Asked Pledged In One Afternoon.

The suffrage luncheon given at the Astor hotel, New York city, in May by the Empire State campaign committee was attended by 1,400 men and women. Governor Whitman was not able to be present, but Mrs. Catt, who presided, introduced Mrs. Whitman as the "first lady of the state." After stirring speeches by Granville Barker, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw and Dudley Field Malone Mrs. Catt told the guests that the campaign fund must be brought up to \$150,000.

At the great mass meeting at Carnegie hall last November \$105,000 was raised, and \$10,000 had been pledged on condition that the fund reach \$140,000 by May 15. So it was obviously necessary to raise \$7,000 that afternoon. The pledges kept pouring in until \$74,000 had been added to the fund. \$15,000 more than the high water mark asked for to the committee.

Mrs. Catt referred to the fact that the committee was accused of raising this sum to buy votes and added, "We need 800,000 votes, and with \$150,000 we could give 24 cents apiece for them." She also took that occasion to deny the story recently published in the papers that within a month the Leslie bequest would be available for suffrage work. Many suffragists have felt that their hard earned dollars would not be needed when this sum, which the papers say equals \$150,000, was turned over. Mrs. Catt said that even if Mrs. Leslie's will were eventually respected there was no hope that a dollar of the estate would be paid in until long after election.

Sofa Talk.
"I would your mother be angry if I stole a kiss?" said the young man on the sofa.

"Why don't you look her up and try it?" said the sweet young thing coyly.—Yonkers Statesman.

ALLEGANY COUNTY POMONA GRANGE

Belmont, N. Y., June 10-11, 1915.

Thursday, 10:45 A. M.

Call to order and opening.

Singing.

Address of Welcome, J. R. Hodnett, Master Belmont Grange.

Response, Pomona Master C. F. Phinney, Canaseraga Grange.

Business session.

Report of the meeting of the Lecturer's and Master's League at Friendship, April 14, Mrs. L. C. Thomas, Black Creek.

Purposes of the Lecturer's and Master's League—Can Goud Be Accomplished? Suggestions—Miss Edith Wetherbee.

Discussion.

Mrs. Susie Parker, Whitesville.

Charles Seely, Belfast.

Singing.

Thursday, 1:30 P. M.

Singing.

Recitation, Gertrude Hodnett.

"The New York Farmer," Milton Case, Master Sco Grange.

Solo, Mr. Cline, accompanied by Miss Cline.

Family Dietary, Mrs. H. E. Robinson.

Reading, Mrs. P. J. Reynolds.

"The Cultivation of Corn and Potatoes," F. W. Coombs, Master Canaseraga Grange.

Piano Solo, Miss Cleo Williams.

Question Box.

Meeting of the Directors of the Allegany County Co-Operative Association immediately after the session.

Thursday, 5:15 P. M.

Piano Solo, Miss Mary McKee.

Recitation, Miss Gertrude Hodnett.

Working of the 5th Degree, Wellsville Degree.

Social hour.

Friday, 9:30 A. M.

Singing.

Business session.

Vocal Duet, Miss Ruby and Gene Sortore, Whitesville.

Remarks from—Whitesville, W. R. Ames.

"Paint and Painting for the Farm," Rev. W. H. Roberts, Canaseraga.

Instrumental Music, Miss Gertrude Hodnett, Lottie Carter, (Farmer's Standpoint), C. D. Hill.

Question Box.

Singing.

Friday, 1:30 P. M.

Singing.

Business Session.

Vocal Solo, Francenia O'Neil.

"The Grange and Its Opponents," D. H. Hall, Millsport Grange.

"Matters of Importance," District Deputy D. P. Barnes.

Question Box.

Singing.

C. F. PHINNEY, Master, Canaseraga.

E. P. AYERS, Secretary.

MRS. E. P. KARR, Treasurer.

E. E. POOLE, Lecturer.

Our "B. B. B." column brings quick returns. Try it.

Very Few

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W. Burrows, Cashier.

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M. Train 26 2:30
M. Train 224 6:40
Going West
M. Train 25 11:20
M. Train 541 6:05
Call for R. F. D. Routes close a
W. F. O'Connell, Postmaster



The W. C. T. U. meets this afternoon with Mrs. Robbins.
The Forum this week discusses "The Age of Opportunity."
Don't miss "The Last Day of Pompeii" at The Auditorium Sunday evening.
About one hundred new books are placed upon the shelves of the Free Library last week.
Edward A. Brown of Allegheny has been appointed collector of canal statistics at Oswayo, N. Y.

Miss Agnes Delaney died at the home of her daughter this week during Mrs. Fowler's absence.
Didn't it freeze Thursday morning? Ice nearly half an inch thick has been reported at several localities.

A smile from the heart is beautiful, but the artificial smile often reminds one of a hocus grinning mask.
Mrs. Delilah Davis, died at the home of her daughter this week during Mrs. Fowler's absence. She was 93 years old.

A business meeting of the Stone Club will be held at the home of Mrs. R. B. Edwards on Saturday evening.
Miss Sara Chapin died at the home of her parents and Mrs. G. H. Chapin this week. Death was caused by pleurisy.

The Cuba Knitting Mill industry at Cuba, is to be in operation June 1st. All twelve people will be employed for the first time. The mill will manufacture hosiery.
Mrs. Elizabeth Mathern returned to Buffalo for an operation and was so much improved afterward that she returned home Monday. The operation was very successful.

Miss Rowena Cole, aged 65 years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Cole of Fillmore died this week. She had been ill several months. March 26th she was operated upon for appendicitis at the Olean Hospital.

H. H. Williams GROCERIES



Yes, you can afford to come to Wellsville to get it, for we will allow you a discount of 10% on all purchases of \$2.00 and over. This will pay your round trip R. R. fare on a \$5.00 purchase.

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