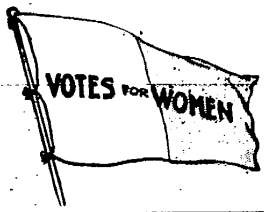


# THE ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
BY J. HARVEY BACKUS  
OUR KEYNOTE  
"If There is not a Way, Cut a Way."

Andover, N. Y. June 11, 1916.

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Burn the war, anyway.

The dove of peace flies out of sight.

On with the war—against the town grouch.

Woman's love is like the sea—you never touch bottom.

We still retain hopes of an ultimate Summer.

Mexico is creeping into the headlines again.

Uncle Sam's hat is still on his head. Hope it stays there.

The American flag is a great flag. Let it feel the breeze.

Hats off to the June bride. May it always be June with her.

President Wilson stands pat. The Kaiser stands pat. Some pat.

Uncle Sam's gun may be slow to fire, but it has a mighty long reach.

When you speak a good word for your town you speak two for yourself.

Think before opening your mouth. You will talk less and say more.

"Americans Fleeing From Germany," says a headline. Getting the habit.

And now the remnants of the world are about ready to take the plunge.

That Indianapolis automobile race was a flash in the pan. No one was killed.

The most exasperated woman on earth is the one whose husband refuses to quarrel.

Mr. Wilson should back Mexico up against the automatic kicker and turn the crank.

The most popular gown in high society is the one that costs most and obscures least.

Of course we are just pining for peace, but how in heck are we going to get it!

An excellent way to avoid exposing your ignorance is to replace it with horse sense.

Whether it is Gulf-flight or Gulf-light is a question which should be definitely settled.

The President avers that great days are ahead for this country. For the love of Mike, push 'em along.

Italy might execute a master stroke by using her tenors to lull the enemy to sleep on the eve of battle.

As an evidence that the uplift movement has struck Mexico, General Villa is to operate a shoe factory.

Many of our public men are discoursing learnedly on the German situation, and—saying nothing.

President Wilson is a humane man. He would fill the Mexican stomach before administering a drubbing.

A lady at Peoria, Ill., has been in mourning ever since her marriage in December. And still they marry.

With the approach of warm weather the call of the wilds is getting in its work. Ditto the call of the jug.

## AS THE EDITOR SEES IT

There is one important thing of which this town stands in dire need. We need an organization for the purpose of fostering civic pride and advancing local interests.

We humans are like a flock of sheep. We follow our leader. That's the reason we need an organization with a backbone of steel, some one to take the lead and keep the lead and push the lead away up to the front rank of progressiveness.

We could make this town so clean it would be a household word throughout this whole section of country—if we wanted to. But we never want to unless some one takes the lead, and pulls off his coat, and gets down to cleaning up his own premises, and injects the clean-up spirit into others.

But who's going to take the lead? Are you?

There need be no expense to keeping a clean town—just a matter of every fellow keeping his own place just a little cleaner than the others, and all hands pushing the authorities along in the matter of polishing up the public places.

By all means let's have a civic pride organization, with every member constituting himself a leader and trying to outdo everybody else in community cleanliness and beauty.

Make the start, gentlemen, somebody make the start. This paper will get behind and shove.

For the past few weeks advocates of a more powerful Navy have been springing up on every hand, and the country seems to be almost unanimously of the opinion now that greater defensive measures should be taken. But while we are agitating for a big Navy let us not overlook the fact that when war finally comes it is the Army that does the bulk of the fighting. Nations are like dogs—the big one with sharp teeth gets the bone, while the little fellow gets licked. The Army constitutes the teeth of a nation, and if they be blunted its fighting qualities are reduced to a minimum. Give us an Army as well as a Navy.

Every girl of normal mind wants to be considered beautiful, although few seem to realize that beauty is practically within their grasp—if they have the energy to grasp. Walk a mile each morning before breakfast, eat plain and wholesome food, drink lots of pure water, observe the laws of cleanliness, take plenty of physical exercise, help your mother with the household duties, and think of something besides the boys. Nature will do the rest.

France hails America as the savior of humanity, which sounds good and tickles us mightily. But in the meantime let us adopt measures to save America first. It is a man's job, and will require many men to put it over.

Photographs of Pederewski, the world famous pianist, are being sold by the thousands in an effort to raise funds for the war sufferers in Poland. That is good, and Pad is a patriot, and if it becomes necessary for other noted men to come to the front we shall unhesitatingly tender the use of ours.

An editor once wrote an editorial entitled "The Naked Truth." The office devil lifted the T and made it read "The Naked Ruth," but it happened in high society and was only an incident of the day. And this just reminds us that down among normal human beings clothing makes the man, and the lack of it makes him stare.

Our staff correspondent at the front sends us a wireless to the effect that "the war may end next week, and then again it may not." For downright reliability, sagacity, and truthfulness, that correspondent is second only to yourself. He's a bird.

There is some consolation in the thought that "conscience makes cowards of us all." When an irate subscriber threatens to sweep up the office with us we just set him down as a man without a conscience, and jog serenely on.

Even war has its compensation. Hell is losing its terrors.

### BE A BUILDER, NOT A DESTROYER

Are you a builder, or are you a destroyer?

Are you seeking to advance the interests of the community in which you live, or are you diverting your efforts to its ultimate destruction?

It is one or the other, for there is no happy medium. You are either a benefit to the town, or you are a detriment.

You are either a builder, or you are a destroyer, and the responsibility rests with you.

Others know you as you are, but do you know yourself? Every town has within its borders many excellent people who want to see their community advance and keep pace with the rest of the world.

They want a larger and better town, a more prosperous farming community, more gold in the pockets of every citizen, and they labor unceasingly to this end. They are good citizens, and the great mass of the populace rates them as good citizens.

They are Builders.

But often the most persistent efforts of the builders are more than overshadowed by the other class—the destroyers.

A destroyer can undo in a day what it takes a builder a year to accomplish.

And destroyers are legion.

They travel in all walks of life and are exceedingly active.

You find them among the rich property owners, the landed proprietors, the business and professional man, the mechanic and the farmer. You find them everywhere.

They do not realize that they are destroyers—but they are.

Many rich men and landed proprietors are opposed to all forms of public improvement because they fear it will increase the amount of their taxes.

As their eyes are firmly fixed upon that tax list, they lose sight of the fact that public improvements that increase the tax roll slightly likewise increase property values immensely.

They oppose improvements and thereby become destroyers, placing the tremendous weight of their hostile influence in opposition to the advancement of the community.

Then there is a certain class of men who carry around a load of grouch which they let loose upon every possible occasion and without regard for their victims.

They damn the town, and the people, and everything and everybody but themselves.

To mention civic improvement to them is like shaking a red rag at a mad bull.

They rave at all times and at everybody, and their ravings travel on wings, and grow, and penetrate every section of the country.

And then there is still another class that comes along with their contributions to the downfall of the community. They are the patrons of the mail order man—the world's greatest enemy of the small town community.

Many of these people utilize the local stores when they want something in a hurry or on credit, and then send the bulk of their cash away to the great cities. They give the mail order man the ripe ear of corn and toss the husks to the local merchant.

They, too, are destroyers, and are daily throttling the community which shelters them—the community which they should foster and encourage in every way, for without the close proximity of the local stores and the market place their farms and other property would be worth far less than its present value.

These are just a very few of the many ways in which a community may be destroyed—in which THIS community IS being destroyed every day.

The builder creates and is enriched by his labors.

The destroyer kills and gains nothing but his own ultimate destruction.

These few lines have been penned in the hope that you will pause and think, for thinking breeds healthy action, and action is the birthplace of building, and creation, and riches.

Every man is a possible builder, if he will but emerge from the shadows and look upon the bright side of life.

And a future article will speak of how the building may be done.

## BLOSS BROTHERS' GROCERY

—GROCERIES—  
We aim to please our customers and give them the best quality of goods possible for the money.

Our lines are fresh and up-to-date.

Large, Juicy Strawberries  
Yost's Ice Cream

BLOSS BROS.

Phone 238

GET RESULTS BY ADVERTISING IN THE ANDOVER NEWS.

Garvin Bros  
Will Load

CALVE

Wednesday  
JUNE 16th

HIGHEST MARKET PR

Announcement

The undersigned feed dealer wish to announce that in the future all feed accounts will be settled on or before the 15th day of each month. An accumulation of accounts on our part makes this action necessary.

E. B. Rollins  
A. M. Burrows  
C. W. Williams  
G. E. Brown  
Walter Lanphear

Asparagus  
Cucumbers  
Ripe Tomatoes  
Lettuce  
and Pineapples  
FOR SATURDAY

E. TRAINOR

STOP, LOOK, LISTEN



LAWYER received \$10,000 for that sign, "Stop, Look, Listen" of dollars in damages. It's a lesson often warned by a sign to stop in time. How about your account is the BEST KIND

Burrows N  
NEW YORK ST

Report to Com  
Capital, \$25,000.00  
Resourc  
S. Phillips, President.  
W. Burrows, Cashier.

MAILS CLOSE.  
Going East.  
M. Train 222 .....8:  
M. Train 26 .....2:  
M. Train 234 .....6:  
Going West  
M. Train 25 .....11:  
M. Train 541 .....6:  
all for R. F. D. Routes close  
M.  
W. F. O'Connell, Postmaster

GOSSIP

Monday—  
Flag Day.  
Miss Reva Clarke is suffering from a sprained ankle.  
A daughter was born to Mrs. Vern Wilbur of Boonville May 29th.  
Mrs. Dell McClure shipped household goods to Warren last Wednesday.  
Patrick Maloney died suddenly at his home in Cuba last week. His body was taken to Belfast for burial.  
Miss Sophia A. Link of Wells and Norman J. Swartout of Boonville were united in marriage May 26th.  
The United States must fight to spread our ammunition with something besides a league oratory.  
Fred Burdick of Elm Vale passed a new Buick automobile of P. C. Lynch & Son, Saugerties.  
Governor Whitman has signed a bill for Clean Flood Abatement by the State for an appropriation of \$100,000 to dock the banks of the Hudson at Crook.  
The body of Albert LaWall, 70 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. John LaWall of Pittsburgh, Pa., was brought to Wellsville for burial Monday.  
Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. James McEwen of Wellsville to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Elsie, to Harold S. Brown of Boonville.  
The Ladies Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church will hold their annual picnic on Monday afternoon, June 15th. Mrs. Clara Rogers at Boonville and Mrs. Ames Rogers of Wellsville will be the speakers.

# A. M. BURROWS' SONS

Special Sale of

## Summer Shoes

One lot of Women's Oxfords, large sizes, 98c

One lot of Children's Oxfords, 10½ to 2, 98c

Broken sizes in many styles—two strap, pumps of satin, patent and gun metal, high and low heels, all sizes in the lot, \$1.49 and \$1.98

All our best grade of J. & K. Shoes in the newest styles - 10 and 20 per cent off

These are the best values in Shoes we have ever offered at this season of the year. Come early before your size is gone.

# A. M. BURROWS' SONS