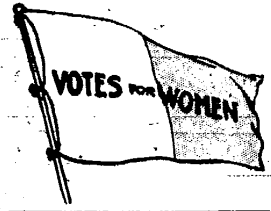


**THE ANDOVER NEWS**  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
BY J. HARVEY BACKUS

OUR KEYNOTE:  
"There is no 'A' Way, Cut a Way."  
Andover, N. Y., July 9, 1915

Entered as second-class mail matter under act of Congress, at the Post-office at Andover, N. Y.



It's better to be happy than snappy.

A tight shoe is better than a "tight" head.

Thanks, like banks, pay golden interest.

When a man gets pickled the kids get tickled.

Even our old reliable volcanoes are consumed with envy.

When you elevate your work your work will elevate you.

Between Europe Huerta and the devil, Uncle Sam is getting peeved.

No, the pot is not simmering in Mexico. The darned thing has melted.

The wage grumbler is usually paid in proportion to the services he renders.

Pull a long face if you must, but hang a mask over it while others are around.

Don't worry over people laughing behind your back. Be thankful it is not to your face.

Some men are so impartial they cuss the dog, the cat and the wife, all in the same breath.

Before asking our opinion of the war be good enough to state your own. We are some diplomats.

The physical courage of some people is so great that they will fight anything from a mosquito to a goat.

These wars and rumors of wars have at least one saving grace. They are keeping the Thaw case off the first page.

If General Huerta is really pining for his old time sulphuric activity, he might swap jobs with the old orthodox devil.

The first lesson in diplomacy is to count 999,999-999 before expressing an honest opinion. In the mean time an old lie will do.

We never kick at the fellow who does not measure up to our standard. Not all people can expect to attain our high degree of wisdom.

We told a pestiferous idler to go to the devil the other day, and the addle pated shrimp had the nerve to plank himself right down by our side.

"The Golden Rule is our highest standard of conduct," says a writer of note. True, quite true, and it is so high that most of us are unable to reach it.

Huerta and his thirteen generals and three privates may take consolation in the thought that for the first time in history a Mexican revolution has failed to revolute.

"Every time a married woman sees a comfortable-looking old maid she wonders a little if she has made the best investment of her own life," says an exchange. And doubtless that is the case with the wife of the cuss who wrote this slam at the marriage relation.

We were dutifully shocked when women commenced to ride astride and wear breeches, but we survived. Now we have the "closer to nature" women who dance bare-legged on the grass and our sight is growing dim. Tomorrow it is liable to be back to the "Garden of Eden" and we will just naturally fall dead.

**CUT THE STRING**

The purse string in this country and in this community is altogether too tight—cut it. Give it a pull.

There is just as much (and more) money around here as there ever was—a glance at the reports of our banks will confirm this statement—but it is hidden away and not put into circulation.

And why? Simply because some one yelled hard times, and people immediately jumped to the conclusion that we had hard times, and that the only thing to do was to bury their money, get it out of sight, anywhere on earth except into circulation.

It was simply an inflated case of flimflam and monkeydoodle. There is no occasion for hard times, we have none, and it is about time to quit thinking we have and come down to earth and get back to our occupation of doing business at the old stand. We have had years of big crops, another whale is in sight, farmers are all prosperous, and millions in gold are pouring in from Europe.

Hard times? Hard piffle! As far as supply and demand are concerned conditions are normal—even above normal.

And this whole hue and cry is merely the result of people who have money withholding it from circulation and hoarding it away.

And it is a mighty bad thing to do. It is not patriotic, it is not business like, it's not even horse sense.

It's everything it should not be and nothing that it should be.

It's converting a shadow into an elephant, where even the shadow does not exist.

Let's quit it.

Let's cut the string and let the money flow, and keep it flowing and moving and changing and earning and creating and multiplying and adding to the community riches.

Money is good only for what it will bring, and wealth hoarded away brings nothing.

Let's turn it loose and start it to earning again, and put this old town on the boom.

Get out the old purse, open it up, empty it out, do something to boost the community and the community will boost you.

There are opportunities all around us for investment and earning money, but more money is never made by gold that is hidden away.

Hard times are but a name, and even the name is worn down to the frazzle.

Now let's bury the frazzle and get down to business. Let's turn loose the gold and let it work.

Opportunity is knocking at our door, but it will not wait while we sleep, or while we persist in hoarding our capital.

Let's cut the string on our purses.

**PUSH BUT DON'T SHOVE**

Push your town along, but don't shove it off the map. Work for it, not against it.

You may think that your defection is but a single instance and will therefore have no injurious effect, but you are wrong.

If you are anything but a numskull there are others who are always ready to follow your lead, even though it result in the wrecking of your own home town.

You cannot keep your questionable acts under cover. They are bound to creep out, and once in the open they breed like mosquitoes in a swamp.

And you cannot kick your own town without breaking your own toe.

Pushing is a good thing—but shoving is not so good. You can push your town along by encouraging Andover industries.

You can push it along by producing to the limit and keeping the profits at home.

You can push it along by being of it, as well as in it, and remembering that every dollar you keep in the town is just that much additional prosperity for the town and for you.

The home merchant knows you, is your friend, and wants to see you succeed.

The mail order man doesn't know you—don't care a rap about you, and never wants to see anything of you but your money.

Push your town along, brother, but don't shove it off the map.

The loyal citizen never breaks his own toe kicking his own town.

**As The Editor Sees It.**

THE MOST successful shoppers in the world are inveterate readers of the advertisements in their local papers, and their success is brought about mostly through the advertised information gleaned from such advertisements. If a bargain is offered at a store that advertises they see it and rush forth to buy before it is gone and the price returns to the normal again. In this way they supply most of their wants throughout the year, and often secure more goods at less cost than their neighbors who are neglectful of the opportunities heralded in the local newspaper. The habit of devouring the ads is growing rapidly upon the people, and the wise merchant knows this and purposes to meet it. A few moments spent in reading the advertisements in this issue of the News will be time well spent and profitable to you if the opportunities found are utilized.

WE ARE a firm believer in work—and the fellow who works. This is a great country and it is because we are a nation of workers. Work has made us what we are, and more work will make us even greater than we are. There is no end to the possibilities when everybody works.

THE POSSIBILITY of an amicable adjustment of our differences with the Teutons and the Allies is particularly pleasing to the American people, and every right thinking man will applaud the President in his determination to protect the rights of our people without rushing into the flames that are devastating Europe. But while our eyes are now fixed upon an honorable peace we should not overlook the fact that it is not, by any means an assured fact. Little things have created the greatest wars in history, and for a nation to permit herself to remain unprepared in this day is but to invite an attack and court defeat. Action should be taken for the strengthening of our national defenses, and that action should not be delayed. America is too rich in gold and products to be left at the mercy of an invader.

ONCE UPON A TIME a beggar, upon being asked why he did not go to work, replied that he was afraid of work, because work killed his wife. And there is food for a deal of thought in the tail-end of his statement. There are women in this world who know nothing but work, the hardest kind of grinding, nerve racking, death dealing and soul destroying toil. The man finishes his day's work and smokes his pipe in peace, but the wife's toil are without ceasing, washing dishes, ironing, mending, slaving until ready to drop. And though but a few short years ago the husband solemnly promised to love, cherish and protect that wife, he now appears oblivious to the fact that her life blood is slowly ebbing away in toil to heavy for her strength. Fortunately such cases are not in the majority, but even a minority should not exist.

DO YOU know that it is impossible to contract malaria without being bitten by a mosquito? It's a fact, for mosquitoes alone spread the malaria germ. The mosquito gets in its deadly work in the dark hours of night, when the weather is hot and the windows are open and the people are longing for a little fresh air. Hundreds of thousands of lives might be saved if more attention was paid to the screening of windows and doors and especially in this case where little children are growing up. The time for the mosquito is at hand—put up your screens and save your children.

Our Job Printing Department is Just Now Turning Out Some Especially Fine Commercial Work.

**FRANK'S CASH GROCERY**  
2 dozen Very Best Jelly Tumblers ) \$1.00 Value  
1 Empire Jelly Strainer ) 75 CENTS  
Leave Your Orders for  
**RASPBERRIES AND HUCKLEBERRIES**  
Phone 485 **F. E. FRANK**

**A PROGRAM THAT WILL PLEASE EVERYBODY**

THE program that has been arranged for our Chautauqua is one that will please everybody. Each session has been planned with this idea in mind. The various attractions have been so combined that there will be an abundance of music, entertainment, instruction and inspiration for all at every session. Every family in the county should plan now to be present every day of the entire

**CHAUTAUQUA WEEK**

For the lovers of music there will be the Metropolitan Glee Club, the Venetian Players, Miss Mae Sheppard in operatic and old time melodies, Vitale's Italian Marine Band and the Swiss Alpine Singers and Yodlers.

Those seeking first hand information on the vital issues of the day will find it in the addresses of Dr. Charles L. Seasholes and Harry G. Hill.

Those interested in social and economic problems and in the betterment of mankind generally will be enthused and inspired by the talks of Charles Brandon Booth, noted prison reformer; Douglas Malloch, authority on community development, and Hans P. Freece, opponent of Mormonism.

And every one, young and old, will be delighted with the high class entertainment by Elma B. Smith, child impersonator, and with the Herbert and Floy Sprogue rendition of "Rip Van Winkle" and other character studies.

**BUY A SEASON TICKET AND SAVE MONEY**

You can buy a season ticket from the local committee for \$1.50 or at the gate for \$1.75. Adult single admission tickets, afternoon, 25 cents; evening, 35 cents, except on Band Day, when the afternoon admission will be 35 cents and the evening admission 50 cents. Thus if you expect to attend only part of the sessions it will pay you to buy a season ticket. Let some other member of your family or a friend use it when you can't go. All season tickets are transferable.

**CHILDREN**—Season tickets 75 cents from the local committee, \$1.00 at the gate. Single admission tickets 15 cents, both afternoon and evening, except Band Night, when the admission will be 25 cents.

Take another tack, tell your enemy to go but to expose your modern conditions.

**GO TO J. CAPITOLI BAKERY**  
ON NORTH MAIN ST.  
for your  
Fine Cakes, Biscuits, Pies, Rolls and BREAD  
TRY OUR CREAM  
Largest line of all of Cakes and Breads  
Lowest Prices

Furnish Your Home Premiums from **Eureka Coffee**

Cut Glass Furniture Enamel Ware Silver Ware Aluminum

**E. TRAIN**

Those Wishing Row Boats or Parties Motor Boats May secure the same by calling 307 or 81-X

**The Burr**

Condensed from

Loans and Discounts Overdrafts U. S. Government Bonds, Securities, Fixtures Cash on Hand Federal Reserve Redemption Funds

Capital Stock Surplus and Profits Circulation Dividends Unpaid

Deposits

**New York**

MAILS CLOSE.

Going East.	
M. Train 222	8:55
M. Train 26	2:30
M. Train 224	6:45
Going West	
M. Train 25	11:2
M. Train 541	6:05

for R. F. D. Routes close at 8:00 P. M.  
W. F. O'Connell, Postmaster

The recent census gives the population of Dansville as 4,023. Roscoe Duke of Wellsville, his arm broken while cranking his automobile. Crops on Pingrey Hill were damaged to a considerable extent by the washout Friday. Regular meeting of Anna W. Arthur Chapter O. E. S. Monday evening, July 12th, initiated. The difficulty of doing two things at once is what makes it hard to forgive and forget. J. C. Lever traded his driver's license to a Coudersport party in part payment for a 1915 Maxwell car, Tuesday. The West Greenwood Grange will hold its annual basket picnic Saturday, July 10th, at the Orange Hall. It is a public picnic and everyone is cordially invited. Fred Widman, who has been conducting a furniture store in Dansville, has purchased the L. I. property in Whitesville and returned to that town, his former home. William Martin, a Hornesville farmer, was seriously injured late Monday afternoon, when a horse he was riding reared and came down with its front hoofs on his head. Traffic on the Erie was halted a few moments Friday on account of water flooding the tracks a mile west of the village. Stearns Crossing. A clot of water at that point threatened to overflow the Erie. The water was insufficient for it all. Cuba streets witnessed unusual scene Tuesday afternoon when two immense automobiles of J. N. Adams of Buffalo halted their way to Belmont, with a view of furnishing consignments to a resident of the county. The Patriot.