

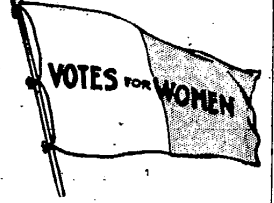
# THE ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
BY J. HARVEY BACKUS

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

Andover, N. Y., October 8, 1915.

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Idle talk makes busy tongues.

The Balkans are due for another blow-up.

The man without pride is seldom without price.

Man proposes, woman supposes and the press exposes.

A dollar gained by a lie to-day will cost you two to-morrow.

Hard work never kills any man. It only snuffs out the makeshifts.

We want to float a billion dollar loan too. Who will do the underwriting?

The most conspicuous decorations of the average ball-room are the wall flowers.

If they whittle that billion dollar loan down much more it will not be worth handling.

A big gun shoots far—the pop-gun only makes noise. Learn the lesson of comparison.

A hungry dog camps on the trail of a juicy bone. Europe is the dog and America the bone.

Occasionally we hear of a husband who declines to talk to his wife. Perhaps he is a diplomat.

Some husbands are providers, while others are merely husbands, and some, incidentally, are only providers.

If you think taxes in this country are high, just think of the poor devils in Europe for the next generation to come.

The man who does his work will never fear the presence of the boss. It is only the idler who exists in a state of dread.

If we made munitions of war as fast as we make automobiles we soon would be able to lick the whole world. But we don't.

The war situation up to date: m-xpgrwtjgiff M.-sd; lk-zs e2yb; hndf gybni renylft. And that is about all anybody knows about it.

The farmer of to-day is a man of brains, and the greatest evidence of this is the fact that he is not always blowing his own horn about it.

America is asked to prevent the slaying of Armenians in Turkey, and we don't even prevent the slaughter of our own citizens on the Mexican border.

Just how long are we Americans to tamely submit to invasion of this country by Mexican soldiers commanded by Mexican officers in uniform? Even a worm will turn in time.

A writer once said that the best way to remember a thing is to write it on a piece of paper, roll the paper up into a ball, and put it in your pocket with your loose change. It will do the rest.

Another New York preacher, a very estimable man, has gone up the rocks of commercial speculation. Stick to the saving of souls, brothers; it is less hazardous and more productive of lasting results to the human race.

H. G. Selfridge, erstwhile American citizen and now a London merchant, urges the United States to "get into the war and help the allies" and the Teutons would like us to "get into the war and help them," and not one of them would stretch a finger to help us when our time comes—not even Selfridge, erstwhile American citizen.

## MODERN CHARITY

Once we gave to the needy because they were needy. To-day we give with a blarney trumpet that the world may know that we give, that we may shine in the circle of the elect, that we may bask in the sunshine of publicity, — charity — crucified Charity.

Some days ago the Chicago papers were filled with an account of the South Shore Country Club, that was given in the name of and undoubtedly for charity. One paper says: "Satan presided, and theimps of hell were out in force—and likewise a sprinkling of respectable people—many of whom retired in haste." The object of the fair was commendable—the fair itself was damnable.

And why? Because a people assembled in the name of charity were in reality violating the laws of God and man.

It is said that gambling devises in the guise of games of chance flourished everywhere, and people were persistently and insistently importuned to "try their luck." They tried—and a few won, while the many lost. Young girls parted with their all and begged from strangers the carfare necessary to reach home.

But it was for "charity," and the mantle of charity covers a multitude of sins.

At this particular affair so-called respectability enveloped the affair because of an ostensible barring of children. But the reports say children were there and young men and women just crossing the threshold of adult life were afforded an excellent coaching in the school of vice.

Charity—sweet charity.

The goodly spirit of giving has been changed to the sordid one of chance; the dime spent in the name of charity is with the hope of winning a dollar in the name of luck; the meek and gentle spirit of the Nazarine is supplanted by that of grasping.

Charity, gentle charity.

On the crowded streets of great cities women in rags with babes in arms are begging for a few pennies for bread. People of means pass them by with indifference or a cold and haughty stare, neglectful of the fact that before them is an object of real charity, forgetful of the impatient shrug and scornful lip that stamps them as being weighed and found wanting before the altar of true manhood.

Charity, stricken charity.

Where is true Christian charity to-day? Gone, obliterated, forgotten! When civilization was young and the mind was clean and our veins were filled with the blood of purity, charity to the needy was a Christian duty and was religiously performed in that gentle manner which relieves but does not humiliate. Men gave according to their means and God alone kept the record. The gentle hand of woman administered to the sick and the distressed.

But to-day in an era of "advanced civilization" witness the crucifixion of charity.

A fund must be raised, lest we be humiliated by the starving upon our own threshold; food must be provided for the famished, lest the agony of disintegration and hopelessness of despair become offensive to our aesthetic tastes.

Do we quietly collect the funds and relieve the distress? No, indeed! There is neither glory nor publicity nor a sanctimonious front in that. If we give the public eye must see our gift, lest we part with a nickle without receiving due credit.

We blatantly pass around a subscription paper, that all may see our names inscribed upon the roll of self-complacency. We give a dollar because John Smith has subscribed fifty cents, and our donation must be equal to or greater than John's.

Or we give a supper or a charity bazaar or any old kind of a what-not at which we may shine in the reflected glory of giving to charity that which charity seldom sees. Expenses consume most of the receipts, and charity gets a smell where it is famishing for a square meal.

Charity—Christianlike charity!

In the name of its sacredness we do all of these things—an atom of good to a pound of bad—giving a penny to charity and a dime to self glory.

But the worst of all forms of charity, is that which paves with gold the road that leads to destruction. Gambling at a charity fair! Charity! Oh, charity! Sweet charity that was but is not.

## THE SLEEP OF GOLD

Will its sleep of gold yet be the undoing of the United States?

Will history be repeated and our workshop of mammon become the means of our national destruction?

Will the people of America—rich, grasping, indifferent to safety—become the serfs of a congering nation?

It is food for serious thought—food which should be desecrated and consumed without loss of time.

A book has been widely circulated throughout the Japanese empire calculated to influence the passions of the little brown people against the people of the United States and pave the way for the waging of a conquering war against this country. It is creating wild and deadly enthusiasm throughout the empire.

The United States is pictured as a nation of money grasping weaklings incapable of self-defense, a people devoid of national pride or honor, a nation the conquering of which could be idle pastime for the finical hordes of the mikado.

The book describes in detail the methods of an alliance with Mexico, the destruction of the Panama Canal and a simultaneous invasion of this country from thesea shores and across the Rio Grande.

The book is not the fantastic creation of an idle brain. It is a stern reality and must be faced if we would maintain our entity.

If much it is ridiculously overdrawn and warped from all semblance of truth—designedly so in order to inflame the masses—but in other respects candor compels us to admit it is only too true.

We are a nation of money-grabbers and gold is our God. We are periling our national safety in our greed for more gold.

We are linking our patriotism in the name of indifference. We are a nation without the means of self-defense. We are facing the wearing of the yoke, of a nation of believers, a nation of blood thirsty fanatics. We are walking blindly into the jaws of destruction, without a thought of the ignominy of submission, without a conception of the horrors that face the future of the women of our race. We are virtually sleeping in the jaws of death.

Japan, with its millions of veteran troops can conquer us to-day with ease. A Japanese-Mexican alliance can crush us to death.

This is not the day of David and Goliath. It is a day when big guns and disciplined and seasoned troops win the battles. It is a day of death to the weak and victory to the strong. It is the day for us to forget our greed for gold and think of our security of to-morrow.

It should be the day of protection for women and children. It is time for united action in defense of home and country.

## As The Editor Sees It.

Here are a few of the experiences of a newspaper office, several times each week and usually daily.

The newspaper is known and acknowledged as a booster, always doing its utmost to push every good thing along, and usually without such boosting and hard pushing on its part—the results would be small indeed.

First a delegation from some church will call at the office and announce that the church needs funds and they are arranging to give a bazaar.

"We are going to depend upon your assistance," they will say, "for we know that without your assistance we will not have much of a crowd, and we do want everybody to come and buy."

Upon being asked to run a display advertisement of the bazaar in the paper, they taboo the suggestion on the ground that it would be useless expense as the news articles would accomplish the desired results.

The articles that were to be sold at the bazaar were such as the local merchants would give them at cost and were to be sold at extremely high prices.

A lodge or fraternal order will send delegations to the editor and request him to boost a state meeting of the order that is coming to town. When asked about the programs and other printing the delegation will blunty and without seeming embarrassment tell him that the "printing-committee" had charge of that and had taken it to some other office.

Then the members of some Sunday School, Epworth League, Christian Endeavor or Baraca will call and request the editor to publish some articles boosting a rally day or some other "coming attraction." It needs publicity and the editor is depended upon to open up his columns and make it a success—but the program, announcements, tags, etc., were printed at some other office, a denominational publication house, that makes a big noise for them and does cheap printing at a combination rate, printing one-half and letting the local committee "fill in" the other half by hand or mimeograph.

A merchant will remodel his store, increase his stock and arrange for a great sale. He will come to the newspaper office and suggest that the fact is worth a big writeup in the paper—for the benefit of the people, you know! He is not a regular advertiser, but he is quite of the opinion that such an important event requires special mention in the press—and he gets it, like the chicken.

The columns of a newspaper are the publishers stock in trade. If they are of value to a money-making scheme they are worth paying for. The business man demands his price for his goods, the professional man and the laborer for their services, the farmer for his products and the preacher for his sermons—and they get it.

Is the editor not human, that he alone must be asked to advance without compensation the interests of undertakings founded and conducted upon a monetary consideration?

Or, is he like the horse, expected to give "something for nothing," to the end of his days?

## COMPTROLLER'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the School District No. 1 of the town of Andover, County, for the year 1915, that I will receive all the tax for the next 30 days, per cent., at Village Hall, days and Fridays, between hours from 9 to 12 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Dated Andover, N. Y., 19, 1915.

CALVIN SLOCUM  
The woman who studies pays less than the woman doesn't—about nine times ten.

## Dead Star

Bed Bug  
POISON  
KILLS MOTHS  
AND INSECTS

Try a Bottle

## E. TRAINOR

## STAR POOL ROOM

We have rented the Lynch Pool Room on North Main Street and invite your patronage.

## Farley Brothers

Have You Seen our beautiful stock of Trimmed and Untrimmed

## HATS FOR WINTER WEAR

If not you have missed something. We have a big stock of the very latest designs of this season's selling. Also will help you in selecting your Winter Hat. We quote prices that will not be thought of as exorbitant.

## Haugh Millinery

Opposite Postoffice

## ROCKWELL BROS. & CO. ROCKWELL BROS. & CO.

## LISTEN TO THIS

When you buy Jewelry here you pay only what it is actually worth.

Not all jewelers can say as much. We also repair anything and charge but little.

Floyd C. Vars, Jeweler

## Home Bakery

Don't buy flour. Don't sweat over a hot oven baking bread. Save your gas bills and your grocery bills by

Buying Baked Goods from your own Home Bakery

AT LOWEST PRICES SPECIAL PRICE TO STORES Graham and Rye Bread always fresh and in stock.

J. Capitoline

10 Minutes by Rail  
15 Minutes by Auto

Takes Andover people to the Largest Department Store in Allegany County—one that is as well equipped with desirable and

Seasonable Merchandise as you'll find in any city store and at prices a shade lower.

We particularly invite you to come at this time and inspect the new fall

Suits, Coats, Dresses and Furs

Impressive showing of Dress Goods, Silks, Fancy Neckwear, etc.

Carpets and Furniture delivered promptly without extra charge.

## Rockwell Brothers & Co. WELLSVILLE, NEW YORK

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

## WILL YOU MEET IT HALF-WAY

When you start a business your early efforts at it may not equal your own you may not be able much as you anticipated your accumulation will have a larger of the many advantages possibilities in this meeting fortune half- Our bank account your convenience, have to deposit a certain specified time.

## BURROWS NATIONAL NEW YORK STATE

Report to Comptroller J. S. Phillips, President. W. Burrows, Cashier.

## MAILS CLOSE.

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

Mr. F. D. Routes close at W. F. O'Connell, Postmaster

## HOW TO GET A TIP

Miss Eileen Platte and Bert, both of Cuba, were married Sept. 22nd.

daughter was born Sept. to Mr. and Mrs. Clayton of Angelsea.

Regular meeting Anna W. Chapter O. E. S. Monday evening, Oct. 11th.

ewis, the infant son of Mr. Mrs. Charles Sisson of Andover, died very suddenly Tuesday

ariner Wells, retired black and veteran of the Civil War, died Sept. 27th at his home in Andover.

ariah A. Bray of Waverly, at the home of her sister, Celia Maddock of Wellsville 23rd, aged 69 years.

daughter was born to Mr. Mrs. John Luddon Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Luddon, father, Frank Witter, on 2nd street.

at the next regular meeting of the Grange is to have a rally. County Deputy Barnes will be present and the time will be had.

Mrs. Clarinda Beers died at the home of her son in Boliary, 23rd, aged 87 years. Deceased was a life-long resident of Andover where she was held in esteem.

The steady advance of the price of crude oil is noted with action by the producers who are looking for it to reach \$2.00. They claim it is necessary for the present work.

Michael Loughlen, father of J. J. Loughlen, of this village died at his home in Ross, N. Y., Tuesday, from hemorrhage of the stomach, aged 86. Mr. Loughlen was a veteran of the Civil War.

The Hawthorne Club held its first meeting for the year last evening, at the home of President, Mrs. F. S. Clarke on 2nd street. The required for 1915-16 are "Social and Civic Forces in American History" by Albert Bushnell

"The Ways of Plunging" by La Evans Martin; "Change America" by Edward A. and "American Ideals in Fiction and Life" by Hamlet Wright Mabie.