

The Andover News

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

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Howdy!

Here we are again.

Your smile is charming—Keep it up.

Don't waste time talking about prosperity. Grab it.

Blessed is the man who pays his bills—if we get the dough.

The ups and downs of business are principally ups and downs.

We might add a little spice to life by turning Teddy loose on Villa.

Hail to sweet womanhood. Without her we wouldn't have any kind of a hood.

Man proposes, woman supposes, dad opposes, the lawyer exposes, and the judge deposes.

Why even speak of Mexico, where speaking appears to be all that we have the courage to do.

Load up with a grouch if you like, but shake out a smile before you come into our grin factory.

Big business is on the boom. So is little business. So is all kinds of business. So are you.

Don't worry about the mistakes of yesterday. Oil up your think works and avoid making any more of them to-day.

Any fellow can cure himself of the habit of villifying other people if he wants to. But most people are too absorbed in the art of villification to want to.

For once we will welcome the advent of the base ball season. It will be a welcome diversion from our Mexican assassinations.

An eminent writer has said that

we are really morally and mentally what we eat. So make us good! With this as an aid and a guide, we ought to be able to diagnose the thoughts of every one in town.

We don't know whether it is a lack of feminine courage or an evidence of masculine obstinency, or whether it "just happened," but the fact remains that we haven't a single leap-year wedding to report this week.

With some women frantically demanding the vote and other women vociferously and contemptuously denouncing it, how in tarnation is a mere "it" of a man to dabble with sinking in either the mud or the mire?

Have you ever been in a tropical country where you could stand at a safe distance and watch the allegators snooping around and waiting for an opportunity to pounce upon their unhappy victims? Mexico of to-day.

We don't lay any claims to being a wit or a wag, but we are just human enough to enjoy seeing our fellows crack a smile occasionally at some of the nerve-racking and brain fogging puns we dig up. Now take the hint and warm up.

Same old story again. An Oak Park, Ill., man owns \$2,000,000. His son wanted the money and plotted to kill his parent. Since they are prominent people the would-be murdered is pronounced "Mentally unbalanced." Of course, to be sure, etc.

When you get a big hunk of something stuck in your throat, and you can't get it up and it won't go down, the proper caper to cut is to make your will, and then get religion, and send for the doctor and the undertaker and the preacher, and if between them this bunch can't extricate you from your dilemma you will at least have the satisfaction of knowing where you are at and what sort of a dinged place it is.

Go to the store whose ad impressed you strongly—and you'll go to the right one, nearly all ways.

WHEN PEOPLE FORGET TO THINK

Forgetting to think is a prevalent ailment, the world over, and in this respect our own community is no exception to the general rule. It is a daily occurrence in our own midst.

It is not the big things of life that we forget, for our nature is such that important matters are more indelibly impressed on minds and therefore the more certain of receiving attention at the proper time.

But it is the little things that slip our minds, promises lightly made and soon forgotten, duties that are left unperformed because we simply forget to think.

Stored away in the vaults of banks are thousands and thousands of dollars-drawing interest for various good citizens when they, by right, should be credited to the account of other people.

Our merchants, doctors, lawyers, carpenters and practically everybody in fact have small book accounts due them here and there because people have forgotten to pay, have forgotten even to think.

It is fifty cents here, a dollar there or two or five, small in the individual account but enormous in the aggregate. If all of these accounts were collected together and one man became responsible for the entire sum, he would never forget to give it consideration, regardless of the extent of his wealth. It would be too important to overlook, too vital to forget.

We could name merchants in this town who have thousands of dollars on their books in insignificant amounts. The people who owe them these sums are not deadbeats, for they are among our best class of substantial citizens. They are not worrying over eventually getting the money because they know from long experience with these same people that their accounts are as good as gold—with an exception. The gold in hand would enable them to increase the size of their stocks and sell more goods and thereby earn greater dividends on their investments.

Wholesale manufacturers require their money on the dot and a hundred or a thousand small accounts due the merchants are not considered in the light of an asset by the men from whom they buy their goods.

If each of the men who owe these small accounts would take thought and pay up these small bills the merchants would then be in condition to do even better by them in the future.

But they simply forget to think, and their money remains in banks and they continue to draw interest on it, while the merchant patiently waits for his due.

Even men of the highest intelligence and the most rigid integrity can forget to think. Some of them forget to think in our own case.

No person can pay his bills with the honor and integrity of those who owe him.

But it will not always be so. Some day people will not forget to think, for our people are right-minded and their forgetfulness is but a fault and not a crime. But if it were only to-day.

MONEY AND ITS MAKING

To make money is comparatively easy. To save it is more difficult. To make it grow is a problem.

And not all of us are born with the problem of making money. But if ever there was a time when we faced the problem of making money, it is now.

Everybody knows that the primary source of the nation's wealth is the land. If he plants acreages, and nature does her part, his yield is bound to become the harbinger of prosperity.

When the farmer's land is supplied with funds for new machinery and more machinery, and the making gives employment to millions of people.

These people in turn have money to spend and the begins to increase the volume of his business and gather profits.

And as it is with these, so it is all down the line, going into every industry and into every home.

This year the farmers of this country marketed the crop in history, the total value of the leading crops an astounding figure of over \$5,280,000,000. This exceeds the yield by over \$415,000,000.

The making of money by the people of this community will depend greatly upon the farmers of the community. If they increase their acreage the wealth of the community will be enhanced in proportion, and through the routine of barter and trade it finds its way into every town, farm and countryside.

The year to come will witness a tremendous demand for farm products. This demand will come from every section of the globe and the buyer pays in gold.

For this reason we urge upon every farmer the utmost importance of cultivating every possible ground, even to the doubling of your acreage if such a thing is within the bounds of possibility.

The opportunity for making money is before you—do you have ever seen, possibly greater than you will ever see again.

You are our mainstay, our backbone, the one man upon whom we all depend, to whom we all turn as the child turns to his mother.

Your success will be our success, your prosperity our prosperity, your advancement our advancement.

You are the man of the hour, and the opportunity is yours.

YOU ALL KNOW HIM

A local citizen played it on his wife the other day, home to lunch. Very silent. Thoughts apparently far from him. Mooned around for an hour. Told his wife he had seen the most beautiful woman on earth. Discovered an intense frigidity in the atmosphere. Home searched for electricity. Wife dignified and silent. Uncommunicative. Children dismayed and in awe. Dog and cat slunk away. Stomach about to break. Man remarks the "beautiful one" is dead. Husband a lucky dog. He is the husband. Frigidly pears. Electricity vanishes. Clouds melt away. Sunshine warmth everywhere. Peaches and cream. Lousy, downy, drea happy. Dog and cat back. Pie for a week. Amen.

Safety, Courtesy, Accommodation, Advice.

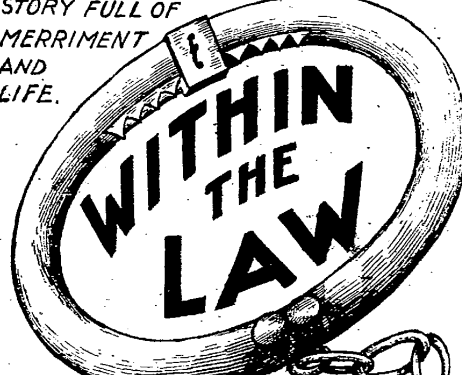
BURROWS
 NEW YORK
 Capital \$25,000.00
 J. S. Phillips, President.
 F. W. Burrows, Cashier.

MAILS CLOSE
 Going East
 A. M. Train 222
 P. M. Train 26
 P. M. Train 8
 Train 8, mail closes at
 P. M., Tuesdays and Fridays
 Going West
 A. M. Train 7
 P. M. Train 541
 W. F. O'Connell, Postmaster

Cow
Go sip

Easter comes on April 23.
 The "M. M." Club met.
 Mrs. Pomeroy Tuesday night.
 Mrs. Hiram Boyd is those confined to the house illness this week.
 Jerome Remington is going slowly from a critical illness his home on First street.
 The Western New York edition of Women's Clubs held at Salamanca, next Monday.
 Michael Casey and Quigg are the trial Jurors from the Town of Andover serve at February term of Court.
 Dr. O. K. Stewart and family of Belmont were ill with mumps poisoning last week result of eating canned salmon for lunch.
 The body of Amos R. former resident of Frie was brought from Willard village for burial last week ceased was 50 years of age.
 The case of Roy Chas now in Sing Sing prison, for murder of his uncle, Henry, of Wellsville, will be before the Supreme Court of the State of New York the February seventh.
 One day little Florida taken to have an aching removed. That night, when she was saying her prayers, her mother was surprised to hear her say, "And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."
 The S. H. Burns Company has been petitioned against involuntary bankruptcy in the United States district court at Albany by creditors who allege the company has committed insolvency.
 The New York State Commission of Horsemen are preparing for a campaign for safe roads for their horses, on the part of the measures asked for are a dirt or gravel drive on side of macadam, concrete roads for the use of horses, claiming they are improved by the slippery condition of the roads. Other projects considered will be traffic signals, and road grade crossings, and the education of owners and drivers of automobiles.

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 Prices:—35c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00. Children 25c
 162 Seats Down Stairs at 50 Cents