

THE ANDOVER NEWS

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BY J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

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HEED THE SIGNAL

A DANGER signal has been hoisted which should be heeded by every law abiding person if we as a nation are not to come to grief.

That signal is the prevalence of crime and grief and contempt for law that is becoming daily more pronounced in all sections of the country.

Newspapers are filled with reports of this abyss of depravity into which we are falling, but their words seem to fall upon deaf ears. Little is ever done about them.

True, while the subjects are fresh in the minds of the people, thru widespread publicity, official investigations are profusely promised, and sometimes started — but too often suddenly abandoned. Pigeon holes are safe places for them until the storm blows over.

But why are so many of our law enforcement officers the country over so derelict in their sworn duty?

Why are there so many "investigations" started and so few cases actually brought to trial?

The answer is simple.

Because the law abiding element of our population storms for a few days and then forgets, while the law-breaker sits tight until the storm subsides and then goes right ahead with his criminal practices, knowing full well that there is little likelihood of any one being on his trail.

And because, again, we as citizens are derelict in our own duty. When those of us who vote leave the polls we seem to consider that we have properly and fully performed our duty.

And still again, the average reputable citizen shirks jury duty as he would avoid a pest, while the underworld is always ready to fill the juries with their own disreputable class.

While we are thus asleep the criminal element is wide awake and extending its destroying tenacles into every walk and activity of life, undermining everything that works for law and order and good government, and gradually attaining a power of numerical supremacy that is appalling to contemplate.

The danger signal is out.

Will it be heeded? Or will respectability surrender its control of affairs to perfidy, rascality and debauchery?

ROBBING THE FARMER

SOMEBODY somewhere is robbing the farmer of his legitimate profits, to the detriment of the nation as a whole.

With the improved methods of agriculture, and the consequent increase in production, the farmer's profits should be far in excess of what they are to-day.

From one end of the country to the other the consumer continues to pay high prices for farm products, only a small portion of which as a rule goes to the farmer.

Who gets the difference? Who is lining his pockets at the expense of both the farmer and the consumer?

Many official investigations have been started — but are still to be heard from.

Many promises have been made — but are yet to be kept.

Many people are wondering how long this condition will continue — but they will keep on wondering.

Because, as a matter of fact, there appears to be no one with moral, physical and political courage, enough to unearth the robbers and give them their just deserts.

Life is short, but many people manage to let it drag along.

If you don't allow little things to worry you the big ones won't bother you.

The love of woman is past understanding — when bestowed upon some men.

Inquisitiveness never gets the better of a person. It is always the worst.

People who are continually looking for soft berths invariably find them — in the possession of others.

When a woman wants to know of the defects in her new sealskin coat she has but to show it to her dearest friend.

The government will find it utterly impossible to make our American ships dry. The bottom will always be wet.

Most people are moral in their own estimation.

Avoid the clinging girl, fellows. She'll be a hard one to shake off after marriage.

Nobody wants to hear of your troubles. They would rather tell you their own.

Some people never succeed in reaching the top because they want to start there.

Perhaps the straight and narrow path is hard to find because it is overgrown with weeds.

Pity the woman who says she is perfectly contented with her married life. She is probably making the best of a bad bargain.

The fellow who angles for the good opinion of his neighbors generally shows himself up for what he is as gets what he deserves.

AS THE EDITOR SEES IT

SOME men think there are too many women's clubs. We think there are not enough.

There was a time when women were expected to sit demurely in the home and keep the cat company during the absence of her "lord and master." But happily that day has passed into history.

Woman, by her own efforts, has emancipated herself. She is a property holder, a voter, an office holder, a rapidly increasing power in the business world, and is entitled to her proper share in life.

She can not determine the proper duties and responsibilities of her sphere by remaining at home or by discussing current topics over the back yard fence.

Healthy club life cultivates the mind and brings to the surface the best that is in both man and woman.

At the club she meets her friends, learns their views, hears all sides of questions that are before the public, and is therefore better able to determine the proper course to pursue.

Join a woman's club. It is one of the best things that you can do.

WHEN shivering in the cold this winter do not allow your throats to dwell too much upon shivering. That is oppressive.

Turn them toward the warm and sunny days of another summer. That would be anticipative.

Dwelling too much upon disagreeable things shuts out the brighter side of life. It stifles enthusiasm and renders impotent many of the best efforts of mankind.

We have but one life to live upon this earth, and that life will be only as we make it.

Bright spots should be cultivated until they become the predominant side of existence. Dark ones should be eradicated and then forgotten.

Shiver — but think of the sunny days ahead.

IN Chicago a reckless motorist passed a street car on the left or forbidden side, and killed a little girl.

A judge promptly imposed a prison sentence of from one to fourteen years.

That's the kind of judge to have. Fines mean nothing to the automobile "Smart Aleck," but iron bars are a holy terror to him.

And since fines will not check him, prison bars should detain him.

A life for a life, tho, might be a more adequate punishment in many cases.

WILL money buy anything? It would almost seem so.

In one of our large cities two supposedly reputable citizens have confessed to perjuring themselves in giving testimony that freed a murderer from paying the penalty of his crime.

They were promised \$10,000 each for their perjured testimony. They received \$125 each.

Is American manhood slipping away, or are only the black sheep being exposed?

DON'T like this town.

It is only occasionally that we hear such a remark, but when we do we wonder how much the people of the town like the person who makes it.

Most of us like this town because we know and like each other. We enjoy our daily interchange of views.

But we feel sorry for the poor fellow who is "out of tune." He reminds us of a fiddle with a busted string.

His noise is not music to our ears.

ARE YOU A PATRIOT?

Mr. Webster defines a patriot as being "one who loves and serves his country."

We really have no desire to raise a delicate question on this community, but we candidly wonder how many of us can qualify in that class.

Can you?

Men's clothiers are always pleased when a new and pretty girl comes to town. It stimulates trade.

Richard Lloyd Jones tells About Our New Crop, Culture.

IN 1847 a play by an American author was produced in a New York theatre. It was the custom then, as long since, for Americans themselves to believe that that which represented purest culture must come from overseas.

Before the curtain rose on this new play, the leading actor stepped before the footlights and read a poem-prologue which scoffed at the idea that an American could write a drama, and then rebuffed the sneer by emphatically declaring that an American can. The audience greeted the patriotic plea and the play with cheers.

Since that day many Americans have written many great plays. An American culture has expressed itself as well in the field of fiction, poetry and philosophy; in art, music and in science.

Culture is just as much a crop as corn. It is the refinement of the product of the cultivated field. Growing great crops, producing great plays, we have refined our output into the best. From the earth we dig both gold and iron ore, and through the refining processes we produce the delicately intricate watch.

The genius that can dig out the hillside and convert it into a watch can find the melody of the brook in the string of the violin.

An American pianist who had acquired international note went abroad to play. With the skill of 1922 she had the frail faith of 1847, and had to go abroad to discover America.

In her first performance only once, and then for an encore, did she play a composition penned by an American composer. The critics rebuked her.

"We know what European music is," they said. "We came to get your message. We came to rejoice over the harvest of your crop of culture. Give us not that which is ours; give us that which is yours."

America is developing an architecture as distinct and as secure as that of Ancient Greece or Rome. One of our greatest sculptors found his art on the parched plains of Utah. One of our greatest painters came from a little town hidden in the foothills of the Adirondacks. He has pictured for the future historian the romance of the opening West.

O. Henry, the master artist of short-story writing in the English language, found his fiction in the ranch life of Texas.

When a \$10,000 prize was recently offered for the best contributed movie scenario, it went to an unknown writer from Apalachicola, a small town with a big name. Brains are found on Main Street as well as on Broadway.

The phonograph, the radio and the moving picture screens are building, not only appreciation, but the creative genius to which appreciation responds.

We need no longer look east for the finer things. That east is looking westward for that which we have to give.

We are ripening a crop of culture just as surely as we are ripening a crop of corn.

The Story Of Good Old Indian Summer.



Don't gamble. You can not afford to rob the loser and he can not afford to rob his family.

Listen to the man who brags. It is the only way he can make himself heard.

When you hear scandal let it go in one ear and out the other without stopping.

If the Lord loves a cheerful giver the editor should be pardoned for doting upon a cheerful payer.

The fellow who writes poetry is safe. He doesn't have to listen to other people read it.

There are two sides to every question, but the milk of the coconut is always in the middle.

There would be fewer bad bargains in married life if there were less bargains at the beginning.

Many people are judged by their associates, and likewise by those who decline to associate with them.

If you want to be popular with a woman don't talk about yourself. She may know the truth about you.

Give you life in accordance with your own lights, but see that your light shines in the right direction.

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