

ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

OUR KEYNOTE:

"If There is Not a Way, Cut a Way."

ANDOVER, N. Y., FEB. 20, 1925

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

Subscription Rates

One year \$2.00, Six months \$1.00, Three months .50



Pettiness

NOTHING retards a community like pettiness among its business men or people. Yet how many towns and small cities are free from its influence?

It is related that not so long ago, in a certain city of about 5,000 inhabitants, the merchants on one side of the court house square banded together to hold a special sale.

They secretly organized their advertising campaign and expected to take their competitors by surprise and net a big profit for themselves.

As they should have had judgment enough to know, the sale was a big failure in not coming up to their expectations and was harmful to the town because of the bad feeling it engendered among the other merchants.

Nothing is ever accomplished when the vision of a community's business men and its people is so narrow that everything is done is only for personal gain.

Helpful co-operation is the only key to community success and until this lesson is learned, no community is going to progress very far.

About the only change we've been able to notice between 1924 and 1925 is the new calendars and some of them are very similar.

A School Problem

AN INVESTIGATION of the mental ability of 5,352 children in the public schools of two Indiana cities made and disclosed that approximately three per cent was definitely feeble-minded in varying degrees, another three per cent was sub-normal in intelligence.

The school children of most communities will not reach this percentage of mental inferiority. With six per cent, disqualified from receiving the benefits of a public school education, educators have a real problem to cope with an endeavoring to correct defect in present education methods.

There is a small per cent, who are mentally superior. They offer no problem at all because they can be advanced without waiting for their class to move on, there is nothing to do with the mentally deficient except to hold them in the same room, term after term, they benefit little, if at all, from going over the course of study repeatedly.

They require special attention, which can not be given by the public school teacher because of the size of the classes. If they do not measure up to the room, they drop behind.

A teacher has little opportunity for devoting any time to individuals when she has a class of thirty-five or forty pupils.

In some schools "opportunity classes" have been started to meet the need for special training of pupils who are below the standard in mentality.

Thus the public school is able to cope with a situation that is a menace to the normal child and it is fulfilling its obligations to the sub-normal child.

School teachers earn their money because they have to teach children many things that should be taught at home.

Guiding Principles

MOST men who have achieved great things have kept steadfastly before them fixed principles by which they have been guided. It is said of the late Marshall Field that he had twelve dominant ideas in his life from which he never swerved.

They were the value of time, the success of perseverance, the pleasure of working, the dignity of simplicity, the worth of character, the power of kindness, the influence of example, the obligation of duty, the wisdom of economy, the virtue of patience, the improvement of talent and the joy of originating.

There is nothing marvelous or superhuman about the success of a man who adheres to such a life program. He who has ever before him such ideals can not fail, though he stumbles; he will succeed though he falls short of such a goal.

Fifty women were enjoying the peace and tranquility of a women's Turkish bath in an eastern city when "dry" agents raided the place. It is said that the raiding party discovered a still and some "moon" besides finding the fifty case of hysteria.

Lessons on the Air

A CHANGE of college by a change of wave length is one of the possibilities of the very near future, we are told.

Radio courses are being installed by some colleges and the only requirement for a college education will be the purchase of a radio set.

If the student wishes to "cut" a class, he can do so with impunity, but he may have trouble making the broadcasting professor believe that his antenna was not working or his aerial was blown down or his station detector was not hitting on all fours.

There will be plenty of air alibis in these radio courses, but the students will have to pass examinations and there is where the rub will come.

They may fall back on the excuse that their lesson got lost in an air pocket and was picked up by a dishonest person who failed to return it to the sender, but even that will not prevent the professor from giving them zero.

Lessons on the air will be very convenient, but there is no escaping responsibility, if anything is accomplished—radio courses not excepted.

Sometimes it looks like civilization's chief aim is to do things contrary to the Bible.

You can't get rich on politics and keep your reputation at one and the same time.

The eclipse of the sun should teach us that no light shines so brightly but that it cannot be extinguished.

Fortunes have been made recently on the grain exchange instead of the farm where they ought to have been made.

The main objection to a lazy man is that he takes up so much room on the street corner when people with something to do are trying to get some place.

TELLS OF A TRIP UP THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER

(Continued From First Page.)

ed, the last syncope measure died away and "Miss Syncope" came on the upper deck. I was sitting on a seat that ran completely around the side of the boat. She seated herself a few feet ahead of me. Soon a sharp puff of wind came and lifted the bee-hive she wore on her head. It came my way. I leaped as I used in my base ball days for a "fly." I barely touched it with my finger tips. It passed me hitting a guy-wire of the boat's smoke stack, from where it bounced out over the river, I thought it gone, but no, another gusty breeze brot it back farther astern, I was there when it arrived and taking no chances this time I knocked it to the deck and fell on it—at least as much as was possible in its location, partly under the seat. Before getting up I examined my capture to see what damage I had done. There were several dents in it and I tried my best in my cramped position to straighten them. Some were quite obstinate and I doubt not they were put in by the milliner who shaped the hat. Before I had time to get it entirely reshaped, Miss "Syncope" had me by the shoulder, crying: "Did you get it? Did you get it?" Of course I had to get up then and give her the hat. She took it with a sour smile and giving me a frigid thanks, put it on her head and went to the stern of the boat where she rode alone amid the foliage as the boat made its turns during the balance of the afternoon. To this day I am of the opinion that she was not exactly pleased with my hasty expert work on her hat, but I am sure it pleased her as well as her ragtime pleased me.

The river was not all short elbows. There were some stretches where it ran straight for some distance. At the farther end of one of these places I saw a fire. Ten or a dozen rough looking men were grouped around it. It could not have been built for warmth as the weather was very mild, I suppose it was a "smudge" to keep off the insects. As we neared them the men made a rush for some boats drawn up at the shore. "Oh! I thought," they are river pirates. We are to be held up and robbed.

But on looking closer I discovered a net folded on a small platform at the stern of each boat, one end of the net was staked to the shore and as they rowed across the river in our wake the nets payed out so that, reaching the other side, their seine was stretched across the river. The steamer wakes up the fish and the sooner the seine is across the better chance for a large haul. Although I saw this scene repeated at several places along the river that afternoon, I did not see what they did. After reaching the other side we passed out of sight too quickly. Once a man tried to cross too soon after the boat passed, the wash nearly upset him. His net slipped off and his boat half filled with water. As we passed out of sight he was frantically trying to get organized.

Then we came to a wide stretch of water. Built well out in the stream was a low, squat building resting on piles. We veered in this. Mooring ropes were thrown, gang plank let down and four colored gentlemen assisted by four hand trucks, quickly transferred a dozen barrels which stood on the platform to our hold. "Twelve barrels of fish," I heard our purser's voice from the hold, "Twelve barrels of fish." The gang plank was drawn up, the ropes cast off and we were on our way once more.

The banks of the river do not seem to be populated to any extent. Infrequently you see a house or two in the distance, but until I retired for the night, I did not see anything worthy to be called a village, after leaving Sanford. Soon we passed thru a swing bridge, which swings on a pier in the middle of the river, swinging endwise to the stream, allowing the boats to pass thru. This with the bridge near Sanford were the only bridges I saw, tho it is possible we passed some during the night.

Next came another house built out in the river on piles where we moored and the colored gents got busy on a larger lot of barrels than at the first stop. It was amusing to watch them go on the run with a barrel on their trunk and return still running to tip on another one and repeat. Very soon they were all loaded. "Man on wharf" said: "Forty barrels of fish." Purser from below echoed: "Forty barrels of fish." Oh yes, there are fish in Florida and the quickest way to catch them is with a net. As they were casting off a young lady came to my side of the rail and asked me: "Do you know what they loaded here?" I replied, "I heard them say forty barrels of fish." Her handkerchief went to her nose and she said: "If I had stopped to smell I might have known for your nose knows." Of course mine did not, but I judged from her looks and actions that it is not all attar of roses in the fish business.

We made but one more stop. It was shortly after this, at the foot of a bank about forty feet high. Here was a small building, with a

the sooner the seine is across the better chance for a large haul. Although I saw this scene repeated at several places along the river that afternoon, I did not see what they did. After reaching the other side we passed out of sight too quickly. Once a man tried to cross too soon after the boat passed, the wash nearly upset him. His net slipped off and his boat half filled with water. As we passed out of sight he was frantically trying to get organized.

Then we came to a wide stretch of water. Built well out in the stream was a low, squat building resting on piles. We veered in this. Mooring ropes were thrown, gang plank let down and four colored gentlemen assisted by four hand trucks, quickly transferred a dozen barrels which stood on the platform to our hold. "Twelve barrels of fish," I heard our purser's voice from the hold, "Twelve barrels of fish." The gang plank was drawn up, the ropes cast off and we were on our way once more.

The banks of the river do not seem to be populated to any extent. Infrequently you see a house or two in the distance, but until I retired for the night, I did not see anything worthy to be called a village, after leaving Sanford. Soon we passed thru a swing bridge, which swings on a pier in the middle of the river, swinging endwise to the stream, allowing the boats to pass thru. This with the bridge near Sanford were the only bridges I saw, tho it is possible we passed some during the night.

Next came another house built out in the river on piles where we moored and the colored gents got busy on a larger lot of barrels than at the first stop. It was amusing to watch them go on the run with a barrel on their trunk and return still running to tip on another one and repeat. Very soon they were all loaded. "Man on wharf" said: "Forty barrels of fish." Purser from below echoed: "Forty barrels of fish." Oh yes, there are fish in Florida and the quickest way to catch them is with a net. As they were casting off a young lady came to my side of the rail and asked me: "Do you know what they loaded here?" I replied, "I heard them say forty barrels of fish." Her handkerchief went to her nose and she said: "If I had stopped to smell I might have known for your nose knows." Of course mine did not, but I judged from her looks and actions that it is not all attar of roses in the fish business.

We made but one more stop. It was shortly after this, at the foot of a bank about forty feet high. Here was a small building, with a

the sooner the seine is across the better chance for a large haul. Although I saw this scene repeated at several places along the river that afternoon, I did not see what they did. After reaching the other side we passed out of sight too quickly. Once a man tried to cross too soon after the boat passed, the wash nearly upset him. His net slipped off and his boat half filled with water. As we passed out of sight he was frantically trying to get organized.

Then we came to a wide stretch of water. Built well out in the stream was a low, squat building resting on piles. We veered in this. Mooring ropes were thrown, gang plank let down and four colored gentlemen assisted by four hand trucks, quickly transferred a dozen barrels which stood on the platform to our hold. "Twelve barrels of fish," I heard our purser's voice from the hold, "Twelve barrels of fish." The gang plank was drawn up, the ropes cast off and we were on our way once more.

The banks of the river do not seem to be populated to any extent. Infrequently you see a house or two in the distance, but until I retired for the night, I did not see anything worthy to be called a village, after leaving Sanford. Soon we passed thru a swing bridge, which swings on a pier in the middle of the river, swinging endwise to the stream, allowing the boats to pass thru. This with the bridge near Sanford were the only bridges I saw, tho it is possible we passed some during the night.

Next came another house built out in the river on piles where we moored and the colored gents got busy on a larger lot of barrels than at the first stop. It was amusing to watch them go on the run with a barrel on their trunk and return still running to tip on another one and repeat. Very soon they were all loaded. "Man on wharf" said: "Forty barrels of fish." Purser from below echoed: "Forty barrels of fish." Oh yes, there are fish in Florida and the quickest way to catch them is with a net. As they were casting off a young lady came to my side of the rail and asked me: "Do you know what they loaded here?" I replied, "I heard them say forty barrels of fish." Her handkerchief went to her nose and she said: "If I had stopped to smell I might have known for your nose knows." Of course mine did not, but I judged from her looks and actions that it is not all attar of roses in the fish business.

We made but one more stop. It was shortly after this, at the foot of a bank about forty feet high. Here was a small building, with a

We made but one more stop. It was shortly after this, at the foot of a bank about forty feet high. Here was a small building, with a

We made but one more stop. It was shortly after this, at the foot of a bank about forty feet high. Here was a small building, with a

At Auditorium, Monday Night, Feb. 23 BENEFIT OF SENIOR CLASS

A Mammoth Spectacle

Rafael Sabatini's Great Romantic Drama



See Thrill! Romance! Adventure!

A drama of fierce, vivid color and amazing adventure, through which stalks one of the truly great and masterful figures of romance.



The galley slave bent to the oars, dreaming of the day he should strike for freedom and love.

MILTON SILLS

Supported by Enid Bennett, Lloyd Hughes, Wallace Berry and a cast of 3,000 players.

TWO-REEL COMEDY

Prices 15c and 35c

Not a Preventative

PREVENTION of automobile accidents is pressing for solution, but compulsory accident insurance is not the answer.

Those who are proposing that careful drivers shall be punished for the misdeeds of the reckless do not take into account that compulsion to insure will not be a preventative but rather will end to increase accidents.

It would reduce the incentive to careful operation which results from the present personal liability and which is now an important factor in holding insurance rates to a reasonable level.

It is the other fellow who needs protection; not the irresponsible or intoxicated driver whom compulsory insurance advocates propose to protect against loss.

Some heroic measures will have to be attempted to reduce the all too heavy loss of life that may be attributed to motor traffic.

Stiffer penalties in court, as in the instance of the Indiana man who was found guilty of manslaughter when he drove his car into another and killed two persons, and all regulatory legislation framed with the idea of preventing accidents—these are the palliatives that are needed.

Prevention should never be subordinated to indemnity, for then the real purpose to be accomplished is swallowed up in the means used.

Large mirrors at railroad crossings to reveal the approach of trains are proposed, but that wouldn't do, because the toll among feminine motorists who stopped to arrange their toilet would be too heavy.

Flappers as Flippers

PEOPLE who are gravely concerned about the flapper's future may be surprised to learn that she is more assiduously devoting herself to learning how to be a pancake flipper than she is giving to the study of flapping.

A recent report of the United States bureau of education says that the increase of student enrollment in home economic courses exceeds that of any other subject in the curriculum.

This ambition on the part of the American girls to learn more about the scientific management of their homes is reflected in the great number of home service departments with their lectures, cooking classes and radio talks which have been installed during the past year by the gas-companies of the United States.

Nearly 8,000 high schools in this country now give courses in domestic science, with a total enrollment of about 400,000 girls and 3,000 boys. This compares with only 1,350 schools ten years ago. The enrollment of girls taking these courses in grades 5, 6, 7 and 8 of the elementary schools approximates 3,700,000. This means that there are well over 4,100,000 children of school age learning how to cook and keep house according to the most modern principles.

The society editor calls it a "surprise shower" when the bride that is to be receives some gifts, but most of us have a harsher term for it when caught out with an umbrella.

IN THE B... shows th... Washington... As the... to the me... dent have... to this ste... to the found... In... This Ins... Che... JESSE S... JOHN E... F. W... ERWIN... Train No. 1,0... Train No. 7... Train 1,001... Mondays... and Fridays... Wednesda... 7:30 P. M... J... L... HAP... —Regula... man Relief... —Prang... harvest on... day mornin... —Prof... entertained... at cards... —The... Woman's... at Saratog... —The E... have exte... Frank L... —Mr... come a... Feb. 18th... street... —Mr... tainted... dinner, T... home on... —Mrs... ceived th... of Alleg... York Sta... Clubs... —Miss... tained th... few invit... West G... evening... —Mrs... Jones M... last Fri... Jones h... several... —The... church... ermone's... beginnin... —Dr... merly c... given c... a new... is decla... 24 hour... —Ho... during... city cla... give th... post of... sponsor... —By... flowers... trees, b... about... sects, ... crop... —T... day e... afterm... W. St... tender... per e... Febru... Elnorr... bridge... Leon