

THE ANDOVER NEWS

BY J. HARVEY BACKUS.

Andover, N. Y., May 13, 1910.

OUR KEYNOTE:

"If There Is a Nat. a Way, Cut a Way."

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MOTHERS' DAY.

About three years ago, an appreciative daughter, Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia, Pa., desired to commemorate the anniversary of her mother's death. It was not only the thought of laying some flowers on mother's grave, but it occurred to her that it would be a beautiful tribute to all mothers, the living as well as the dead, if their children, on a given day, would unite in the simple wearing of a white flower and thus make Mother's day universal. The papers everywhere caught up the idea and in two years it swept over not only all of North America, but was heartily welcomed in other lands. The purpose of Mother's Day as conceived by Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, U. S. A., with whom it originated, is a day in which all lands as one nation may unite in honor of mother.

The second Sunday in May of each year is proposed as the day when mother is to be specially remembered and universal motherhood exalted in the esteem of every man, woman and child. The plan is to make it not only a sentimental observance, but as far as possible to clothe it with the sanctity and dynamic power that comes from concerted action. The wearing of a white carnation or other white flower, the beautiful emblem of truth and purity, will be filial evidence that the wearer loves to honor his mother living, or her memory if dead.

TOO MUCH STUDY.

With our school children bending over school benches the first week of September, not to stand up straight again till July blows her hot furnace; with the teacher, almost appalled, addressing herself to the year's work that lies before; with the severe demands that our modern educational processes make upon one side of the boy's nature, leaving the other side severely alone,—we are bringing up a race of abnormally developed children, sharpened at one corner and rounded off at all the others. The beginning of the school year may well carry the measure of terror that it does for so many. We need to give less time to mental cram and cerebral culture, and more to rounding or developing the boy or girl; and so education would become less the awful task that the young student finds it to be and life would lose nothing of importance and high purpose in adding to the sum of its zest.

Strayed—An old-fashioned spring—not a bed-spring or a hand spring—but an old-fashioned season of blooming roses and budding trees and glorious sunshine; an old-fashioned spring with white washed fences and barefoot boys and clover bloom and bay colts and bumble bees' nests; an old-fashioned season with farmers scouring their plows in the highways and the household goods scattered over the front porch; an old-time season with housewives marching through vacant rooms with their heads tied up and scrub brushes in their hands; with husbands slamming gates behind them and marching down town for cheese lunches; an old time spring with one poor boy making a ten foot onion bed and seventeen hard hearted neighbor boys passing by with fishing rods on their shoulders. When last seen, the spring above described was going south on a freight train wrapped in a shiver and a muffler. Her nose was blue and she had her hands in her pockets. Return, oh! warder, return! Come back and no questions will be asked. Return and view our lay out. Our angle worms are hanging near the fire and so are our flower beds and sky blue pants. We are talking in a deep bass and there is a red flannel rag around our throat. The neighbors are busy rolling a boy around on a kerosene barrel who skated through an air hole on the swimming pond. Our onions set, but froze on the nest and the cord wood haulers are holding a convention in the timber. Return and let us linger in your lap.

The season for sowing is approaching. Let us all prepare to scatter seeds of kindness, sow abundantly that we may reap a large harvest of true happiness, and have our grainaries overflowing with peace and good will, and we can reap our measures with malice toward none and charity for all.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER
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Man born of woman is of but few days and many grows. When the spring comes, gentle Annie, and the rain waters the earth he complaineth because of the mud and a few weeks later his soul is grieved because of the exceeding muchness of the dust. In the winter he cryeth it is too cold, and in the summer he would fain join an Arctic expedition that he may escape from the summer heat. When the sun shineth brightly it hurteth his eyes and when it hideth behind a cloud it giveth him the blues. When the wind bloweth he curseth the cyclone, and when it stoppeth joy departeth from him and he moaneth, O, give us a breeze. Yes, verily there is nothing which satisfieth man. He cometh into this world crying, and he leaveth it grumbling. And this, too, is vanity.

The season of the year is now at hand when the average boy, that is too poorly to chop an arm load of wood or spade a small patch of ground in the garden, thinks nothing of turning upside down all the ground in the back yard in search of worms for fish bait and walking five miles to go a fishing and thinks it fun. The young lady that can walk up and down the streets from early morn till evening, calling on friends and gossiping about the neighbors and her beaux while her mother does the cooking and washing at home, is just as smart as the average boy and is no better. Both are at par with the man who spends his time idling around the stores, talking politics because his wife is cleaning house; all three, however, are necessary nuisances and have to be tolerated.

The average American newspaper reader is a queer creature. He is the most critical fellow imaginable. He picks up his local paper and scans it carefully to see if there is any personal mention of himself. If there is not he denounces the personals in a newspaper, and yet all he reads it for is personal items. Everything in an enterprising editor can make an item of is legitimate booty for him. There is nothing in the papers of the present day so greedily devoured as the little personal, family and society items. It is therefore a matter of policy and business to the proprietor of a newspaper to furnish for his readers as far as lies in his power, that which will best satisfy the tastes of the majority of newspaper readers.

Be progressive. Do not wear your life away struggling along in the old ruts of your forefathers cut so deep by continual travel. While they are good in their way and no doubt considered safer, yet the wheels of your vehicle turn so slowly that you are left far behind by your more progressive fellow travelers. Keep a-moving, and a-pushing, and a-crowding toward the front. You'll not much more than hold your place in the procession the best you can do. The men at the front these days are those of brains and energy combined. You have a place there if you will hustle for it. If you don't hustle your place will be taken by the fellow who does. Be alive.

"The country newspaper is the greatest agency for the betterment of your community, and it will be progressive or backward in the degree that you support it," is what L. J. Boughner, city editor of the Minneapolis Tribune, told 400 students at the State Agricultural school the other day. "When you go back to the farm, look up the editor of your local paper," he urged, "and make a friend of him. The editor of your local newspaper will help you in everything you undertake for the uplifting of your locality. You need his co-operation and he needs yours."

When the trees begin to blossom, and the violets to bloom; when the bullfrog in the meadow warbles boom-ah-boom ah-boom; when ducks are flying northward and bright butterflies are out, and when the robins go housekeeping in the broken water spouts; when grasshoppers are hopping, and black bats come out at night, and venture in your bedroom attracted by the light, when birds fly down the chimney, and hens walk in the center of the floor; when the mud is o'er your shoe tops as you cross the new ploughed land—you may count on it, certain, sweet spring is near at hand.

"Story of a Tariff" is the title of a document of 480 pages, just issued by the American Protective Tariff League of New York, which will undoubtedly prove of value, not only during the Congressional campaign, but for the use of speakers, writers, etc., for years to come. This document or book includes speeches of President Taft, quotations and statistical matter from the speeches of over 150 Senators and Representatives in Congress delivered on the Tariff during the special session of the 61st Congress.

—New flowers and ribbons to make old hats look like new at Trainor's Millinery.

The Difference.
"Mistah Walkah, kin yo' tell me de difference 'tween a cold in de head an' a chicken coop wit' a hole in de rufe?"

"No, Sam; that's a hard one. What is the difference between a cold in the head and a chicken coop with a hole in the roof?"

"De one am a case o' influenza, an' de uddah am a case o' out dew hens, sah."

The Cobra of India.
Among the true cobras of India the naja is found all over India and Ceylon, Burma, the Andaman islands, southern China and the Malay peninsula and archipelago. It ascends the Himalayas to an altitude of 8,000 feet. It extends also over Afghanistan and through Persia to the eastern shore of the Caspian. It may attain a length of nearly seven and a half feet, but it is usually not more than a little over five and a half feet long. Najas vary much in color and markings, but have generally the spectacle mark on the back of the neck, which they always distend before making an attack.

Fish in Former Times.
Men of former ages, unless they lived near the sea or a river, had great difficulties in gratifying their taste for fish. The great houses had their fish ponds or steeps, but sea fish, such as cod, beam, sturgeon, herring and sprats, were salted, and the excessive consumption of highly salted fish in the middle ages is said to have produced leprosy. Fish was also baked in pies to enable it to be carried for great distances.

In a New Light.
Actor-Playwright—I have been told, sir, that the Corot you sold me is not genuine! Art Dealer—Who said so? Actor-Playwright—The art critic of the Daily Whirl. Art Dealer—Do you believe what their dramatic critic says about your plays? Actor-Playwright—I never thought of that! What have you to show me today?—Smart Set.

Firmness.
"When my wife makes up her mind," said Mr. Meekton, "there is no use of arguing with her."

"But every woman changes her opinion sometimes."

"Yes, and Henrietta is particularly resolute when she makes up her mind to change her opinion."—Washington Star.

Self love is at once the most delicate and the most vigorous of our defects. Nothing wounds it, but nothing kills it.

THE COMING CONCERT.

Mr. W. E. Sackett, who has been assisting June Reed in the coming concert, plays two great piano solo numbers, has taught piano for several years in Boston. He was a pupil of Calvin Cady and studied abroad with Harold Bauer. We quote the following from the Wellsville Reporter: Mr. Sackett's playing last evening particularly the solo which he rendered, was excellent, showing originality in expression, skill in execution, and as a successful student in technique, shading and modulating of musical tones, which stamped him as a pianist of much merit.

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