

# THE ANDOVER NEWS

BY J. HARVEY BACKUS.

Andover, N. Y., May 20, 1916.

### OUR KEYNOTE:

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

Entered at the post office at Andover, N. Y., as second class matter.

We wonder how many of our boys realize that land is going fast—boys brought up to think that in America land can never be scarce, that when they have played out at everything else they can somewhere get a piece of land for nothing and the next day be a prosperous farmer, can with difficulty be made to see it. In 1865 there were but little over \$1,000,000 acres under cultivation in the United States. Today the cultivated acres number 236,000,000 and these acres are not only our best, but they are fast going up in value beyond the reach of men of small means. Keen scented corporations snuffing the inevitable battle from afar are turning their attention to land, and greedily buying whole counties with no idea of ever letting an acre go, but the boy who thinks he is made for something higher looks calmly on thinking there will be plenty left for him should he ever have to stoop to it. The sons of half starved teachers, lawyers, traders and others, who are unsuccessful in their over-crowded callings, are turning to our cheaper lands, sure to find there what they and their parents have never known before—truly independent homes.

If we are to judge by the thousands of people who are being daily swindled by the numerous get rich schemes that infest the country, the American people are becoming particularly easy. Almost every large city seems to be a fruitful field for the swindler's operations, and the poor dupes almost tumble over each other in their effort to get something for nothing or fabulous returns for a small outlay, which anyone of average intelligence ought to know was a swindle without being apprised of the fact. Aside from this the press of the country is continually warning the people of the dangerous character of those swindling operations and publishing reports of the thousands who have learned by dear experience of the fraudulent nature of so many concerns in which they have entrusted their all. We would say it serves them right were it not for the fact that the victims in many cases are poor people who can ill afford to lose their daily earnings in this manner.

No town will become a good business center so long as its business man rely on a few merchants to make the effort to bring trade to town. Too often the men in a few lines of trade are about the only ones that reach out after custom. Other merchants wait until these men induce the people to come to town and content themselves with trade that naturally drifts to their place. A public spirited man should ask himself if he is doing his part to attract people to come to town to trade in helping the entire business community and no town is a success unless all lines are working to extend the trade as far as possible and trying to bring a larger territory in the circles in which the town is the business center.

There are a large number of useless dogs running about town. They are no good to their owners and no good to the community at large. They keep up a barking and yelping at night, scare children, frighten horses, and make themselves a nuisance in general. Most cities and many towns have a license, and every dog is required to wear a tag, or be taken in by the dog catcher. This is a good scheme. Besides putting a little money in the city treasury, it rids the community of numerous worthless curs. We believe our city council would be wise in adopting such a plan here. Those who have dogs which they prize for one reason or another would not object to the small tax.

One of our good farmers was telling on the streets yesterday a conversation he chanced to hear between a young boy in his teens and a Christian Scientist. It appears the Scientist came across a small boy sitting under an apple tree doubled up with pain. "My little man," he said, "what is the matter?" "I've got some green apples," moaned the boy, "and, oh, how I ache!" "You don't ache," answered the follower of Mrs. Eddy; "you only think so." The boy looked up in astonishment at such a statement, and then replied in a most positive manner: "That's all right; you may think so, but I've got inside information."



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#### CLEARING SHIP FOR ACTION.

A Lively Time While the Decks Are Being Stripped of Everything That Would Impede the Fire of the Guns. Working the Torpedo Nets.

It is a little after two bells in the forenoon watch, or, in shore going talk, 9 a. m., and the officers and men of the battleship wear an expectant air. The ship's company is fallen in at stations for general exercise. The commander, surrounded by his staff—a midshipman, a bugler and the chief boatswain's mate—is standing on top of the after barbettes. A kind of tense hush is over all hands and, indeed, over the rest of the squadron at anchor in the bay. It is a general drill morning, and the ships of the squadron are about to compete against each other at various evolutions.

On the after bridge the glasses of the signal boatswain and his yeomen are glued on the flagship. Presently a couple of gayly colored flags are hoisted at her main. Hardly have they left the rail when the signal boatswain spins round. "Signal's place net defense, sir!" he cries. "Out nets!" bawls the commander. "Out nets!" shout the boatswain's mates. Instantly hordes of men dash at the neat roll of wire nets lying on the shelf round the ship and push it overboard. One edge being held in place, it unrolls as it falls, making a veil on the side. "Clear the net shelf!" The men vanish. "Man the purchase!" Somewhere above a bugle blares out a "G."

The marines, handling large bearing out spars, shove the upper ends of the booms, from which the nets hang, outboard. They revolve slowly about their

lower ends, which are near the water line and, hauled by the steam capstans on one side and the muzzles on the other, extend themselves at right angles to the hull. "Break!" bellows the commander, and a signalman jerks the halyards. A red, white and blue pendant, hitherto waiting in a ball at the topsail yard-arm, breaks from its confinement and settles out on the breeze, announcing to all and sundry that the ship has finished the evolution and is now protected from torpedo attack by her crinolines of nets. "First ship, sir," reports the signal boatswain, and the men, once more at their general stations, grin contentedly and make contemptuous comments on the struggle of the remainder of the fleet. There is a short pause till these are ended; then another hoist rises from the flagship's bridge. "In nets!" is the order, and the ship's company is once more galvanized into action. Amid a scene of orderly confusion the huge booms return to position, shut back against the ship's side, the brails which pass beneath the nets every few yards are manned, all hands haul with a will, the mass of steel meshes is rolled up and secured on its shelf, and the bright pendant at the topsail yardarm is again broken by the signalman.

A short "Stand easy!" follows, soon ended by another signal, "Clear for action!" To the mind of the bewildered spectator pandemonium follows. But it is only in appearance. Each man knows what he has to do and does it. Under the onslaught of the seamen davits, stanchions, rails, stove-pipes—in fact, all things that can possibly restrict the fire of the guns—disappear with a rapidity that gives the impression of their being mowed down; skylights are masked by steel hatches, boats are turned in and secured, and in two or three minutes the decks are stripped bare and the men again fall in, awaiting the order to replace gear. This done—a longer job, but still accomplished with celerity—the last and most exciting signal of the forenoon appears—"A way all boats' crews; pull round the fleet."

The men tumble into their boats at the davits, the lowerers pay out the falls, and in a few moments the cutters, whalers, gigs and galleys are pulling for dear life, a midshipman in charge of each. On the after bridge the commander, waving two small, hand flags which control the huge steam derrick, is lifting the pinnace and launch from the boat deck and depositing them in the water. Men drop into them, double and treble banking the long oars, and soon these are pounding after the lighter boats.

The evolution is a race, ship against ship. Who will have the first boat back? Who will have all boats back and hoisted first? Midshipmen, probably with bets on the matter, are urging their crews on. Every man is putting his back into it for the honor of his ship. Telescopes watch prog-

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- Rye Bread, loaf, .05c
- Graham Bread, loaf, .05c
- French Rolls, doz., .10c
- Fried Cakes, doz., .10c
- Layer Cakes, each, .20c
- Loaf Cakes, each, .10c
- Cup Cakes, doz., .12c
- Jell Rolls, each, .10c
- Cream Puffs, doz., .24c
- Buttermilk Cookies, doz., .10c
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- Ginger Cookies, doz., .10c
- Sugar Cookies, doz., .10c

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- Fig Bars, lb, .14c
- Cream Cookies, lb, .11c
- Coffee Cakes, lb, .11c
- Sugar Cookies, lb, .11c
- Peanut Cookies, lb, .14c
- Cocoanut Cookies, lb, .11c
- Sugar Molasses Cakes, lb, .11c
- Coco Creams, lb, .11c
- Cream Deserts, lb, .17c
- Lemon Blossoms, 5 for 8c or 10 for 5c.

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ANDOVER, N. Y.