THE ANDOVER NEWS

BY J. HARVEY BACKUS.

Andover, N. Y., May 20, 1910.

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 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 they have played out at everything else they can somewhere get a Blece of land for nothing and the next day be a prosperous farmer, can with difficulty be made to see it. In 1885 there were but little over \$1,000,000 acres under cultivation in the United States. Today cultivated acres number 236,000 value beyond the reach of men of small means. Keen scented corpora mean means. Keen scented corpora-tions sauffing the inevitable bat-the from afar are turning their at-tention to land, and greedily buying whole counties with no idea of ever letting an are go, but the how who hisks he is made for something higher tooks calmly on thinking there will be plenty left for him should be ever have to stoop to it. The sons of half starved teachers, lawyers, traders and others, who are manyers, transers and others, who are transaccessful in their over-crowded callings, are turning to our cheaper lands, sure to find there what they fore their parents have never known before—truly independent homes.

If we are to judge by the thou-sands of people who are being daily swindled by the numerous get rich achemes that infest the country, the American people are becoming par-American people are developing par-titudarly easy. Almost every large city seems to be a fruitful field for the swindler's operations, and the poor drups 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 onshi to know average intengence 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 opera-tions and publishing reports of the thousands who have learned by dear experience of the fraudulent nature of so many concerns in which they have intrusted their all. We would have intrusted their all. We would have intrusted 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 men 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 omen induce the people to come to town and content themselves with trade that naturally drifts to their A public spirited man should ask himself if he is doing his part to attract people to come to town to to attract people to come in own or 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 use There are a large number of use-less 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, acare children, frighten horses, and make themselves a nuisance in general. Most cities and many towns general. Most cittee 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 money in the city treasury, it mass the community of numerous worth-less curs. We believe our city council would be wise in adopting such a plan here. Those who have does which they prize for one reason or another would not object to the arreal for to the small tax.

One of our good farmers was telling on the exceets yesterday a contersation he chanced to hear between a young boy in his teens and a Christian-Selentist. 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 also some green apples," moaned the boy and, oh, how I ache!" "You don't ache," anawered 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 versation he chanced to hear beright; you may think so, but I've got inside information."



Not so many years ago, "farmer" was about as scornful a slang term was about as scorniur a stang term as could be applied to anybody who blundered, stumbled or "got in bad." But what would the average man in the streets say today it some-body shouted at him, "You farmer"? Wouldn't he throw his chest out and wouldn't be throw his creat out and spring a smile as broad as if he own-ed a gold mine? He certainly would. The farmer doesn't wear his haysed in his hair any longer. He sells it and buys an automobile, remarks a Texas exchange.

While we beautify our gardens and remises we should not forget our relatives and friends who are at peaceful rest. There are more little mounds in our cemetry than there are residents in our city and there are residents in our city and it is fitting that our Silent City should be kept in order. None of us are too poor to plant a rose above the resting place of a relative or friend.

young woman went into a store carrying three chickens. She inquired the price of chickens and at the same time put them on the quired the price of chickens and at the same time put them on the counter. The clerk didn't know the chicken's feet were tied and asked if they would lay there. She bit her handkerchief and said: "No, sir; they are roosters."

It has fallen to the lot of the writer to travel up and down this writer to travel up and down this broad commonwealth to a consider-able extent, both in search of business and pleasure, and without an attempt to flatter the good people of this section it can truth-fully said that no town of equal size has yet been found that equals our

Whenever you hear a man glorify-ing the past and driveling of the good old days, you may be sure that good out also, you may be safe that man's physical and intellectual powers are waning, and that he is straggling farther and farther behind in the rush of the world's progress. The best thing about the good old lays is that they have not a return

Simple Transaction.
"I like de 'pearance o' dat turkey
mighty well," said Mr. Johnson after
a long and wistful study of the bird.
The dusky marketman seemed strange-

ly deaf.
"How could I-- What arrangements could a pusson make dat wanted to buy dat turkey?" Mr. Johnson asked after a pause.

after a pause.

"Easy terms 'nough." said the marketman briskly. "You get him by means o' a note o' hand."

"A note o' hand." repeated Mr. Johnson, brightening up at once. "Do you mean I writes it out and pays some time when." But his hope in this glorious prospect was rudely shattered by the marketman.

"A note o' hand means in dis case," he said, with disheartening clearness, "dat you hands me a two dollar note, Mr. Johnson, and I hands you de turkey in response to dat note."

All le Not Lion That Roars.

A negro was arrested for stealing coal and employed a lawyer of loud oratorical voice to defend him in a justice court.

"That lawyer could roar like a llon," the negro said. "I thought he was going to talk that funder off the head."

the negro said. "I thought he was going to talk that judge off the bench and that jury out of the hox. I got one continuance and hurried up to burn all that coal and hide the evidence. Then came the day of my trial. That roarin' lawyer went up and whispered to the judge. Then he came back and whispered to me:

"Tou better send that coal back or you'll go to jail." "Kansas City Star.

Ruse That Worked.
Roundsman—How did you keep all of those girls from rushing out of the moving picture show when the lights went out? Policeman—It was dead easy. When they started to rush I said: "Hust's right! Old laddes first!" And the way they held back was a caution—Chicago News.

BRITISH NAVAL DRILL

Practice That Keeps the Crews In Fit Condition.

CLEARING SHIP FOR ACTION.

Lively Time While the Dacks Are Being Stripped of Everything That Would Impede the Fire of the Guns.

Working the Torped 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 stantling on top of the after barbette. 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, sign!" he cries. "Out nets!" shout the boatswain's mates. Instanty bordes of men dash at the nest oll value for men desh at the nest oll value for men dash at the nest oll value for the summary to the store of the summary to the store of the summary to the summary that the rest oll that the summary that the su

lense, sir: ne crea.

bawls file commander. "Out nets" shout the boatswain's mates. Instantive 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, out.

board. They revolve slowly about their

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lower ends, which are near the water line and, hauled by the steam capatan on one side and the seamen on the purchase on the other, extend them-selves at right angles to the hull. "Break!" beliews the commander, and a eignalman jerks the balyards.

red, white and blue pendant, hitherto waiting in a ball at the topsail yard-arm, prease from its commencer, and figate out on the breeze, announcing to all and sundry that the ship has finished the evolution and is now pro-tected from torpedo attack by her crinoline of nets. "First ship, sir," refinished the evolution and is now proceeded from torpedo attack by her crinoline 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 struggles of the remainder of the fiest. There is a short pause till these are ended; then another holst rises from the figship'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 hand 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 speciator pandemonium follows.

ed 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 eamen davits, stanchions, rails, stove pipes—in fact, all things that can pos-sibly restrict the fire of the guns—dis-appear with a rapidity that gives the impression of their being mowed down; skylights are masked by steel hatches 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 fallen 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—"Away all boats' crews; pull round the fleet."

The men tumble into their boats at

rews; pull round the fleet."

The men tumble into their boats at the davits, the lowerers pay out the fails, 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

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

n from all the visited of the design see from all the vasion. The comes the balley—the capacity boat, manned by a picked crew and dancing through the water under the long sweeping strokes of the carafrix boat back. Again the triodiced pendant files out, and the captain's "doggie" (midshipman) climbe out of the galley's stern sheets, bearing all over his boyen counterlance.

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the men of the ways maken to the sound of the study had been to the sound of the study had playing on the shather feet. Freezerly all to square again. The postsychia mates pipe "Hands carry on subping." The formacol's drills are over, and officers are one of the same ways again. and men slike are in go

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