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The Andover News
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY J. HARVEY BACKUS
OUR KEYNOTE:
"There is no Way, Cut a Way."
Andover, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1917.

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Washington tells us we are to have the most powerful warships in the world.

Non-partisan elections are those healthy good things we are eternally hearing about but never see.

Every time a great man dies the cold chills dance a hornpipe along our spinal column, lest it be our time next.

We saw 'em, and the temptation is great, but you won't find a word about 'em in the paper this week.

If our delinquent subscribers would all walk in and pay up we would cheerfully buy our wife a dog, cat and automobile.

We are told in the Good Book that the Lord loves a cheerful giver. But we opine that He finds them in minus quantities these days.

This is a funny world any way you take it. Preachers keep right on tying matrimonial knots and the judges promptly untie them.

An addepatated man once made the statement that "the biggest hit he ever made in his life was the one he made with his wife before their marriage. Now he's hunting another one."

When you meet an automobile sleeping along at a hundred miles an hour, step lively and skidoo. If the chauffeur runs over you and leaves a few spots to tell the story you will never get a cent of damages. The judges all own cars.

We've paid the advance in the cost of eats, and clothing, and shoes and print-paper, and have managed to live thru it, but this boost in the price of cigarettes and puff bags is too intolerable to bear. We demand an investigation.

We have known some warm-hearted and kindly people in whom taciturnity was carried almost to an extreme. And, too, we have known a few whose cordiality was but a mask for their cold-blooded calculations and personal gain.

The widow of the late Colonel John Jacob Astor, who went down on the Titanic, has testified in court that \$20,000 a year is not enough to pay the expense of bringing up the Astor baby. Holy maker! If it costs \$20,000 a year to rear a mere baby, what would it cost to bring up a millionaire's pet pooch!

TOWN BUILDERS.

When a town is like a cow's tail—growing downward—it needs an organization of its business men, a Board of Trade, Chamber of Commerce or "Busy Booster Bunch," such as the Andover Community Co-operative Club.

No town that aspires to DO THINGS can afford to be without a good life organization of this character.

The Board of Trade is to a town what the aggressive judicement is to the business man—it puts all of the telling points prominently before the prospective customer.

A live board never sleeps. It is always alive to the possibility of adding another citizen and another enterprise to the community, and that is what builds your town—its adding, one by one, of people and enterprises.

Men who DO THINGS—"live wires"—do not locate in a town unless there are inducements.

That is the one great work of your Board of Trade—to CREATE inducements; to bring about conditions that will attract desirable enterprises and desirable citizens.

Manufacturers, dealers, business men are constantly on the alert for LIVE towns in which to locate their enterprises.

In the great majority of cases these enterprises are largely dependent on the co-operation and encouragement of the citizenship of the town and surrounding country for support. If that is given the town adds the proposed enterprise to its list. If it is withheld the enterprise passes by and goes to the town that DOES co-operate and support.

But just getting together and organizing a board and then becoming absorbed in our own affairs is not going to turn the trick.

No board can put the town on the map without the hearty co-operation of the citizenship of the town and countryside.

Not only should every enterprising man be an active member, but each should consider himself personally pledged to uphold the organization in every way.

Just a concret illustration: A citizen of the town of S—and one from the town of C—are conversing with a chance travelling acquaintance. The traveler mentions that he is desirous of locating a site for a manufacturing plant. The man from S—passes the remark by as no concern to him, but the man from C—at once accepts a prospective enterprise for his own home town. He engages the prospect in conversation, gets his plans and a knowledge of his requirements, takes his address, and upon returning home puts the matter up to his home board. The prospect is communicated with and found to be worthy. Inducements are offered which he accepts and soon the village of C—numbers one more enterprise.

But S—had the same opportunity, and her representative was asleep.

This is not an imaginary case. It is happening every day all over the land.

The business that is worth having is worth getting out and hustling for, and without hustling there is little or no business.

Business is not conducted in graveyards—they are places of rest.

The town that is "big enough," whose citizens can see nothing more to be achieved soon finds itself growing like the cow's tail—DOWN HILL.

The town that doesn't get out and hustle for new enterprises will soon find itself wondering what has become of those it once had.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

The publishers of Allegany County held a meeting of their association in Wellsville, Friday of last week. A study of their deliberations together with a close scrutiny of our county exchanges, with a view to noting the effect of the high cost of print paper combined with the increased cost of living, has brought one thing vividly to the writer's notice.

Strict economy throughout every department and the intensive system, is being put into force and effect. There was a crying need for this among county newspapers generally.

Never was there a more happy-go-lucky set of fellows in any line of business than the county editors and publishers a decade ago. Each aspired to be a prince of good fellows, and his paper soon became the vehicle for furthering the projects of every one in the community—except himself. The political fortunes of all of his friends were carefully nursed and cultivated. The social aspirations of all were cheerfully aided and forwarded, and in short, the editor resolved himself into a regular Handy Andy with apparently no other aim in life than to please others. And the pathetic feature of the case was that the public came to so regard him.

Lately, however, conditions have been changing and publishers, forced by stern necessity, have been learning to place their paper on the proper plane—a strict business basis.

Where Mrs. Gadabout a few years ago would have been given half a column write-up on the occasion of her winter migration to Palm Beach, she now draws down a five or six line local. When Colonel Grabitall would have drawn a two column eulogy on his announcement for the legislature, he now gets his name in the announcement column at \$10 per inch, is invited to purchase display space at regular rates, and pays line prices for his puffs.

Aunt Sukey Jones died the other day. The last time she died her obituary filled a column and credited her with virtues which the Virgin Mary would have hesitated to profess. To-day her "In Memoriam" is about two sticks, giving a decent fare-you-well to the old lady and letting her go at that, with extra papers at five cents each.

And so it goes thruout the paper. The professional "beat" who has heretofore thrived and fattened on newspaper notoriety has been quietly told that "our columns are full" and has gracefully—or otherwise—obliterated himself, and the business of real importance is beginning to replace

in the press the space which he formerly monopolized.

But the publishers of to-day are not stingy or short-sighted because they must of necessity be economical. They buy without hesitation that which they believe will improve their papers and increase their income and therein they evidence increasing wisdom and expansion.

These are good things all around. True they have been brought about thru dire necessity, and we feel like slamming the insatiable price-booster in jail where they belong. But then, some of our greatest blessings of life are the dire outgrowth of necessity. And if there is one business in this

county that deserves to be recognized and credited with its true value to the community, it is that of the county newspaper. Let the good work go on.

The next time you take an unkind fling at your neighbor just stop and ask yourself how you would feel if he was to say the same about you. You will not repeat it, and the rest of the town will think more of you for your improved disposition, and you will think more highly of yourself.

Success is trotting right along beside you, but you will have to crook your arm before you can embrace it.

Sign Boards on the Up road

By Hamilton B. Williams

If but one vision were to be given to human creatures with destiny to follow the pathway unfolded what would we ask to see? If we asked to be convinced of the being of a Father-God we should have no further need. For with God we should be within the Land of Abiding Life.

No one hath seen God, but he that loves knows Him, and to know Him is life.

God is the Father as the ancient great poet affirmed and whose inspiration was quoted by Paul. "We are His offspring . . . and in Him we live and move and have our being." But God craves the joyous, voluntary friendship of His children. That is why He sent a life-filled man to tell folks of the hungry hearted God who would have His children want to come home.

We do not know the origin of life, but we think, with Wordsworth, that we came from God trailing clouds of glory. Certainly we were born on the knees of God and not born cursed into the world. That would be monstrous.

We do not know where homeland is, but we think we're home bound.

We would expect a Father-God to lend a hand in the solution of this apprenticeship period of existence. And He has done the best thing by sending one who was the outshining of His glory, and who came not to condemn but to save the world.

Jesus set forth a certain word on the way of the riddle of existence a word which does interpret life in every form and relation. When one has learned this word he has learned the word which gives one abundant entrance at God's gate even as it only gives entrance into the kingdoms of this world.

The word interprets Man and God, and makes intelligible the events of history in individual and nations.

He whose life is motivated by this word is a living soul.

The sting of life is taken out by its magic, and he who follows its gleaming never knows there is death.

The apprenticeship of the earth is for a little while and we shall break many vessels in learning how to fashion the crystal heart of us. "but a new heart I will give unto you" is the word of the Great Father. And "blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

After a little we'll dare the great adventure when from this little lane of many windings and much losing track, we shall pass. And the next phase of many lives yet to be lived will find us a little nearer the Father's throne.

There's a beautiful land where the sun always gleams.

For the month there is always May.

And the lips of the skies kiss the lips of the streams.

As a lover the live-long day.

It's a world that's eternal though to us blind a dream—

But the path that lifts up is the way.

What is earth-born must turn into ashes and dust;

The mountains and cities are mote-beam and mist

In the day of the Moth and the Rust.

But the very far land comes near as we trust,

And God will be true to His trust.

Oh my Soul, life's ahead . . . see, it's moving the veil . . .

And God's at the end of the Rainbow Trail.

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P. M. Train 8
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Going West
A. M. Train 7
P. M. Train 541
W. F. O'Connell.

Cow Goat

—He who wants to dig
spade somewhere.
—Two things you can
be dark—a carpet tack
erger cheese.
—A daughter was bo
nd Mrs. John Lehman,
ille, Saturday, Februar
—H. A. Norton, of
ed in Olean, Tuesday,
rom an acute attack o
s.

—Mrs. Will D. Butler
nion, died at her home
ace Sunday of last w
neumonia.
—The annual Winter
of the Tricounty Denta
on was held in Horn
ay, Jan. 27th.
—Miss Frances Beebe
pted a position with
le Nursery as stenogra
gan work Monday.

—Richard McCarty,
ng resident of Alma,
s home in that place,
b. 1st, aged 28 years,
—Mr. and Mrs. Samu
Almond, celebrated
n wedding anniversary
y evening, January 30
—Frank C. Colneel,
ed from a weak heart
going an operation at
spital. Deceased was
age.

—The Brook Hotel
e destroyed by fire W
th, January 31st
imated at \$10,000, with
insurance.
—Edward Briggs, of
e, has purchased a
m near Penn Yan and
take possession of the
st of March.

—The February term
Court is in session th
ere are three civil c
eral original cases
nder for hearing.
—The Rexville ladies
a show, an oyster
a dance, this eve
se funds with which
Rexville Cemetery.
—Leonard H. Fo
itesville, has purcha
g business of E. S.
that place and will
business in the Cran
—A small gas leak i
a room of the Victo
Company of V

News