

The Andover News

Published Weekly
By J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

OUR KEYNOTE:
There is not a Way, Cut a Way.

Andover, N. Y., Mar. 16, 1917

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We are Americans.

Villa, we note, is dead again.

It is a good flag. Up with it! Keep it up!

If you cannot be patriotic at least be silent.

Even the name fillibuster has a rotten sound.

Wise men never waste time extolling their wisdom to others. Fools do that.

Bean soup is healthy and very appetizing, provided you can afford a whole bean.

The Lord loves a cheerful giver and we love a prompt payer. Step up and pay up.

The world do move. First we had a Judas, then a Benedict Arnold and now the fillibusterer.

We might discuss the high cost of living were it not for the fact that it is too high for comment.

Everybody knows the "man about town," and to everybody he is "just the man about town."

Many a fellow sits at the head of the table and fondly imagines that he is the head of the family, but —

Yes, Austria is willing to keep peace with the United States, provided we are willing to back up and be kicked.

Ask any well-read man to define the term, "international joke" and he will unhesitatingly say "Garzanza."

Those twelve fillibusters have written themselves a place in history, tho the writing be nothing but slimy smudge.

No, we are not making any caustic remarks about short skirts. We are just getting a new pair of glasses.

When you want to know what kind of a man a fellow is, just get his wife's estimate of men in general and you will ring his number.

The twenty-seven greatest liars of the universe have been discovered. They are seniors in Princeton University and profess never to have been kissed by a girl.

The Andover News stands for loyalty and the protection of every citizen of this country who conducts himself as a citizen of this country. Others should take the hint and move on.

No man is too old or too young to fight for his home and his rights in this country, and if the worst comes we can put twenty million men under arms—provided we can get the arms.

No, Gladys, the Dodo is not the only bird that is extinct. There is also the old fashioned housewife who used to do the family washing on Monday, patch and darn on Tuesday, iron on Wednesday, clean house on Thursday, bake on Friday, catch up with odds and ends of work on Saturday and convoy the old man and children to church on Sunday. Some of us have memories of her, but even memory is becoming dim.

On or before the 20th pay gas bills and save discount.

EMPIRE GAS & FUEL CO. Ltd

"Mother and Son" Thursday, April 12th

WELL, YES, I GUESS SO, BUT—

There is a man in this town who if you were to ask him if he is glad to be alive, would answer, "Well, I guess so, but—" and then would follow a string of pessimism as long as a tape line.

We sometimes wonder if this man feels any sense of gratitude to his Creator or to his parents for bringing him into the world.

And then, again, we wonder why they brought him here.

He is the father of all pessimists. He is the original propounder of the query—"Is life worth living?"

The rotting of his eye registers a blue color blue. Everything looks blue to him. God's glorious sunshine is as lifeless to him as a moonbeam. The very blood in his veins must be composed of skin milk.

You've seen this fellow. You've seen him mingle with a joyous crowd when fun and frolic were at high tide and his presence had an effect like that of a chemical engine at a fire.

You've seen him enter a meeting when enthusiastic souls were striving to launch some movement of great social and civic betterment, and the very sight of his face, to say nothing of his pessimistic doubtings has acted like a wet blanket on the spirits of those present.

He is the identical party for whom was framed the famous negro benediction: "Blessed are dem wadn't expect nothin' case dey ain't gwine t' git nothin'."

We marvel and speculate as to the depths of misery his gloomy prognostications will ultimately lead him, and we feel just like shaking him and saying:

"Smile d—n you, smile!"

Poor cus!

EDUCATE MORE FARMERS

It is coming to be recognized as a most obvious fact that if we as a people are to again put our country on an equitable living basis we must educate more farmers.

Not educate more farmer boys for professions but educate more boys for farms.

From the incipency of public school up to within the last decade the entire trend of education has been away from the farm and toward the professions. Even the manual training schools have tended to swell the ranks of the mechanical trades at the expense of the farms.

No nation can achieve permanent prosperity without a great and prosperous farming class. When the farm decays the nation deteriorates. Our farms are the very life and heart of our country.

Some, tho, may ask how we are to educate more farmers.

Very simple. Make every free school in the land primarily an agricultural school, and a literary school as a secondary matter.

Belles letters is not the crowning necessity of existence. Bread and meat are. Educate the youth of the land first toward that which is most vitally necessary to our national life, and when this is accomplished, if there is leisure and means for adding the "frills," let them be added.

Nine out of every ten high school pupils, on emerging from that school, enter the ranks of the toilers in some department or other. If in their education the farm has not only been made attractive to them but they have been given a thoro and practical knowledge of its workings then a large per cent. of them will, as a matter of course, choose that as their occupation in life.

When war broke out between the allies and the central powers the world stood amazed at the wondrous perfection of the German military machine. But the cause behind it was as simple as A, B, C. Every German youth had been educated and trained as a soldier first of all—after that for a vocation.

But in time war will cease. The arts of peace will demand the attention and energies of the world, and among them there is none to compare with the great art of coaxing from Mother Earth her golden harvests.

But, you may ask, if all the boys are educated to a farmer's life, what of the professions?

There will always be some who by natural fitness will gravitate to professions; enough to keep their ranks filled. As a matter of fact these same professions could spare half of their present members and not suffer in the least.

Educate farmers! The farms

are suffering for them, and the professions and trades are overburdened with men.

"Mother and Son" Thursday, April 12th.

W. C. T. U.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will meet with Mrs. Henry Livermore, Friday afternoon, March 16th.

F. C. MARTIN

CHIROPRACTIC

Will be in Andover Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays of each week from 9:30 a.m. to 11:30 a.m.

Those desiring to consult him kindly leave word at the News office and he will call at your house.

For Sale or Rent

Two Good Tenement Houses

FOR RENT

House Near the Concession

J. L. Williams

BEST EDITORIAL COMMENT

Relating to Live Topics by the Nation's Greatest Editors

JUVENIA FOR AMERICANS (from the Minneapolis Journal)

Europe says of us that in literature our tastes are juvenile. Perhaps they are. Juvenia, after all, is the sort of thing our reading public pays for. To defend our plea, of course, is youth. The plea is good, but the question remains whether we are ever to be grown up in our literary taste.

Because his books are juvenile, Robert Louis Stevenson has been popular with us. Keeping likewise, and juvenia flourishes right in our midst—the no longer young Mr. Tarkington is waxing rich, or so we hope by his denunciation of "juvenia."

What was the great Mark Twain but a big American boy to the end of his days? Isn't it by his boys that he will be remembered?

Very youthful youth, and age that isn't aged—they are credited by our writers, the reason being that the readers of these writers are all young in thought, in hope, in outlook.

Mr. American Business, May outside business is a regular boy, and the wife of him dresses like her daughter even when past fifty.

Our America looks out from her home as an alert bright boy looks out the window upon the lively street. Nothing sleeker than America, or more characteristically youthful.

America digs into work hard in order to earn the wherewithal to buy amusement.

But America doesn't find amusement in the real problems and speculations of life.

It is a well-known fact that the average American is a juvenile in his tastes. He is a juvenile in his tastes, in his tastes, in his tastes. He is a juvenile in his tastes, in his tastes, in his tastes.

The literature of the nation is juvenile. We are juvenile in our literary taste. We are juvenile in our literary taste.

But would we not be juvenile in our literary taste if we were to read the works of the great writers of the past? Would we not be juvenile in our literary taste if we were to read the works of the great writers of the past?

There is no mystery in America so why should we not be juvenile in our literary taste? There is no mystery in America so why should we not be juvenile in our literary taste?

While Europe reads and we leave in our pleasure, we are juvenile in our literary taste. While Europe reads and we leave in our pleasure, we are juvenile in our literary taste.

Among the latest and best of the juvenile literature of the day, we find the works of the great writers of the past. Among the latest and best of the juvenile literature of the day, we find the works of the great writers of the past.

FACTS

Indisputable Evidence

An impartial jury will always give a verdict in accordance with FACTS.

YOU ARE THE JURY, and the facts are plainly in evidence at this store.

The superior quality of our Groceries is a fact.

Our exceedingly low price is another fact.

And when you get all the facts in regard to this store your verdict will be:

"The Best Place in Town to Do My Trading"

Get the evidence. Render the verdict.

H. H. WILLIAMS

NOTICE OF ANNUAL ELECTION

Notice is hereby given that the annual election will be held in and for the Village of Andover, N. Y., on the 20th day of March, 1917, at Village Hall, in said village. The polls will be opened at 1 o'clock p. m., and closed at 5 o'clock p. m. The following officers are to be chosen:

- President in place of E. J. Atwood, Term 1 year.
- Trustee in place of C. E. Brown, Term 2 years.
- Treasurer in place of James P. Cannon, Term 1 year.
- Collector in place of Jas. D. Cheesman, Term 1 year.

The following is a true and correct list of all nominations of candidates for offices to be filled at the Village Election, filed with me pursuant to the provisions of chapter 99, Law of 1896 and amendments thereto.

NAMES OF CANDIDATES	RESIDENCE	OFFICE TO BE FILLED	PARTY NAME	EMBLEM OF PARTY
E. J. Atwood,	Andover,	President,	Union.	
C. E. Brown,	Andover,	Trustee,	Union.	
James P. Cannon,	Andover,	Treasurer,	Union.	
James D. Cheesman,	Andover,	Collector,	Union.	
Benjamin S. Brundage,	Andover,	President,	Citizens.	
E. Park Rogers,	Andover,	Trustee,	Citizens.	
James P. Cannon,	Andover,	Treasurer,	Citizens.	
James D. Cheesman,	Andover,	Collector,	Citizens.	

Angelo O. Tucker, Village Clerk.