

# The Andover News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
BY J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON  
OUR KEYNOTE  
"There is not a way, cut a way."

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Nick Romanoff, too, would doubtless appreciate a "place in the sun."

Keep your eye peeled for the price-boosting hog. He isn't dead but steepth.

Quit wondering when the war will end and decide when YOU are going to help start it.

The price of wool inclines the buyer to believe that the "fleece staple" is true to its name.

Vegetarians now have the opportunity of their lives to test the accuracy of their theory.

If the price of gasoline keeps on mounting it ought to put a damper on the automobile thieves.

An exchange speaks of "most of the beef at the average man's table." That's a mistake. It ain't there.

Jeremiah O'Leary boasted that he would go to hell for his country, and his country is unanimous in speeding his going.

Looking for a safe bank for your war-price savings, neighbor. What's the matter with Uncle Sam's great Liberty Bank?

When your boy sets his face toward France, it won't be the foe in front that he will fear, but the enemy in his rear.

That "little handful of wilful men" are now busy explaining to their constituents. The people, however, knew the answer.

Kaiser Bill may have gone to Constantinople to give the Turks a course in "culture" with a few lessons in frightfulness as incidents.

Mr. Morganthau says when the plans for the world war were completed the Kaiser went on that yachting trip "to allay any possible suspicion." France, however, had one eye open.

That bunch of Congressmen, who propose to visit the battle front in France, should be careful. The fireworks over there are entirely different from those they are used to in Washington.

The Germans profess to regard the American Army as a "negligible force." If they will continue to act on that theory after Pershing and his Sammies get into action, they will greatly hasten the end.

It is a historical truth that no industry is destroyed without pulling down some other in its fall. The District of Columbia "went dry," and now watch the withering of those choice congressional mist beds.

The efforts to add a yellow stripe to the national flag is meeting with a mighty cool reception. It can't be made to harmonize with the present colors. Fact is, yellow isn't in the American color scheme.

When a man between the ages of 21 and 31 resists the draft, we proceed to handle him without gloves. When a man past 31 works his jaw over time resisting not only the draft, but every other measure of self preservation the government has, we investigate his loyalty.

Don't like the word, "Copper," but it's the only word everybody knows either American or the German.

## OBSTRUCTIONISTS

In ordinary times, times of peace and quietness, the exigencies of government will permit of wide divergence of opinion and much discussion of action and policy of public affairs. As a matter of fact, the cause of popular government is helped and forwarded in the earth by this very latitude.

But these are not ordinary times. These are very extraordinary times, and in extraordinary times, extraordinary proceedings become necessary.

The real patriot, in this emergency, will place not a straw in the way of those charged with carrying out the plans of the government. It matters not the shade of political belief in days past, the man who really has the welfare of his country at heart in this crisis will forget politics and all pertaining to it, and join wholeheartedly in helping in every way to aid the government in the huge task that is facing it.

The truly great men of the nation have already taken this stand. Mr. Taft, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Root and scores of other great leaders of public thought have forgotten that they have any political bias and are standing shoulder to shoulder with those in authority in safeguarding the nation. It is only the two-by-four or the secretly disloyal who are endeavoring to thwart the will of the authorities.

We say "will of the authorities" advisedly, because the American people have placed these men in authority and are holding them to a strict account for their every act. President Wilson will have to answer at the bar of public opinion for his every act. That being the case, he should be as free as possible to carry out his plans. He should, in fact, be given every opportunity to make good.

And it is not only in the halls of Congress that one meets obstructionists. Men in all walks of life can cripple and obstruct the governmental machinery. Every unthinking criticism has its effects. The know-it-all who imagines he could or would do so and so, is as truly obstructing as the member of Congress who openly antagonizes the administration on the floor of house or senate.

We pride ourselves on our willingness to give every man the square deal. Let us put our boast into active practice. We have placed on the leaders of our country a terrible responsibility. Let us see to it that they are not prevented, thru our unfaithful and ungrateful conduct, from a full discharge of that responsibility.

The man who in this crisis cannot place his country first doesn't deserve a country.

## BAR THE GERMAN LANGUAGE

The Des Moines (Ia.) Capital very sensibly suggests that the United States prohibit the printing of newspapers, books and pamphlets in the German language.

The suggestion is worthy of adoption. And in this connection we would urge the barring of the German language from our schools.

There is absolutely no reason why the children of loyal American parents should be saturated, during the most impressionable period of their lives, with the literature of a nation whose ideas and ideals are so greatly at variance with those of this country as are those of Germany.

There can be no doubt that the dissemination of the German language in this country tends to create a certain sympathy for the people who speak that language. Our sympathies follow our associations to a great extent. It is impossible to acquire a working knowledge of any language without developing sympathy for its people. Just at this time, sympathy for German is a misfit in the breast of any American. True there are many German-Americans among us, but the time has come when these must be either flesh or fowl—Americans or Germans. The hyphenated nationality must cease. In plain words, this country has no longer any room for the person of divided allegiance. The German-American must go, and in his place must be either American or the German.

that our citizens of foreign birth must forswear and forget the land of their birth, but if we are to be a nation and not a polyglot mixture of all races, this is precisely what they must do.

The paper quoted above contains its article with the assertion that "there is not a loyal German newspaper in America." The statement may be too strong; but be that as it may, the cultivation of the language affords to say the least, a strong cover for disloyalty.

The German-American owes it to himself to become at once and forever an American. When he feels that he cannot do this, he should have the decency to take his person from a country to which he can not give his heart and his whole allegiance.

## TEACH PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM

In seeking for an explanation for the apathy and lack of patriotism manifested in many parts of the country, one is confronted in almost every instance with the one underlying influence—ignorance. Ignorance of American ideals, traditions and principles. Ignorance of the plain duty of every citizen of a beneficent government to preserve and defend the institutions of that government.

In the schools of this country from this time on a department of practical patriotism should have foremost place. Love of country is not all hereditary. A practical knowledge of all that our country and our government stands for in the lives of its citizens is essential to the development of the highest type of patriotic citizenship.

It is not enough that a people should have a sentimental love for the soil that bred them. Thousands of aliens within our borders, now loyal citizens of our country, have this love. It is noticeable, however, that this does not detract from their full allegiance to the government that has received and nurtured them.

There must be more than this to make up the true American type. There must be first knowledge—a full realization of the superiority of our institutions; a full appreciation of the great benefits that we as individuals have received and are continually receiving from them. Add to this a carefully cultivated sense of gratitude, and the country will be safe in the hands of its citizens.

In past years much has been said of the privileges of our land. The time has come when we must emphasize the duties of the people to the government that makes possible those great privileges.

Teachers and parents of America, it's up to you.

(Continued from page one.)

lar each, and there was no discount to tourists. A longshoreman would sit at the lunch counter and order the same meal as I did and pay four bits for it, and then the Celestial would ring up one dollar for me, at the same time, while I watched the figures on the cash register. It appears to me a splendid exhibition of nerve. But tourists are considered legitimate prey. They are stalked. But I will say that the meals were good and well cooked barring some trifles. One of the trifles, or a pair of them, were two able-bodied mosquitoes floating around in my coffee cup. I called the chink's attention to the natatorium and he remarked, "get in water." I asked for another cup of coffee, and he replied, "Makee no dif, get in next cup." I left the coffee for the next man.

When the weather cleared we slopped out to a little stream where some miners were prospecting—fighting the water and cave-ins and trying to get a hole down to bed rock. One of them told me there was "a prospect" there. "A prospect." Those two words are heard all over Alaska. They are the miners' hope, the grubstakers' curse. "A prospect," men chase them for years and years. They go thru hardships and suffering known nowhere else on God's earth. They work 18 hours a day at the hardest possible labor, live like beasts and half starve. Skin rashes break out because of filthy bodily conditions, scurvy sometimes follows. Tuberculosis is common and

strong men soon break down for life.

After seven days the steamer Alice came in. It arrived in the night and early the next morning I paid my bill, took my grip and went aboard. The big gang plank was not yet down, only a long lumber plank, about a foot wide. It took some nerve to walk it, but I was desperate to get aboard—and I made it safely.

The purser was just getting up, I presented by ticket. He looked over his list, handed it back and remarked: "Nothing doing, full up." In vain I argued I had a thru ticket, and must go on that boat or I would miss the Umatilla at St. Michaels. "Can't take you everything is full. See the agent."

Again I negotiated the narrow plank and found the "agent" and I insisted that I had a thru return ticket and it was up to the company to give me passage, but he said the best he could do was a "standee." This he explained was a canvas covering, with some blankets, and the passenger could hunt his place on the lower deck around the boiler or on the wood pile. It didn't do any good to protest that my ticket was not steerage—take it or leave it.

Then the purser came ashore and sang a ditty of hope for me. He said I simply could not endure a "standee" for four days and nights, but he said the Sarah was due in three days; she was an oil burner and didn't have to stop for wood; she would go down empty and would not have any long stops, and she would make the Umatilla with time to spare.

I went again to the agent and he sang the same song. I showed him my ticket and asked him if it was good on the Victoria, if the Umatilla was missed, and he answered me it was good on either line and pointed out the printed provisions, good on either the Alaska or Pacific Steamship Companies from St. Michaels to Seattle. But he assured me there would be no doubt about making the Umatilla, "no doubt at all."

And right here I want to remark that after a boat leaves Dawson, everything is chance. Nobody knows anything positive. Each steamer runs to its division point and none know anything about what is ahead, what time a boat will get in or out, or what connections will be made. At the same time there is a river Masonry, to which every boat official and employee is in good standing, and the passengers are told what they want to hear—assured that everything will turn out just as they want it to go.

So I was pumped full of hope and decided to wait—or rather it was decided for me. Several others, among them my friend Wilson, were in the same fix, so we sat on the bank and watched the Alice depart.

Later I learned that the steamer was packed with locals, prisoners and court witnesses, who were going down to Holy Cross or some other official town, and that thru passengers were sidetracked to give them passage.

And we went back to our misery—back to serve another term. I noted the men on the street began to address me as "Doctor." "Good morning Doctor," they would greet me, or "how do you find business, Doctor?" Finally I held up a man and asked what the big joke was. He said there wasn't any joke that he knew a traveling dentist. Then I discovered there was another Brown in town, a tooth-jerker, who went from house to house, pulling and plugging. Then Wilson dubbed me "Doctor Brown" and it stuck to me for many days.

There is no money smaller than two-bits in Alaska and no purchase can be made for a less sum. If you buy a trifling article, for instance a package of chewing gum, you will be handed three packages and charged a quarter. If tourists have small change in their clothes they ditch it until they get back outside. La down two dimes and a nickel and the merchant will take it, but the way he will look at you plainly says, "he's pretty near all in."

Three days later the Sarah paddled in and our spirits revived only to be shower-bathed by the official announcement that it would not leave until a boat got in from Fairbanks with some empty barges, so the passengers

on board came ashore and we had some new faces for a change. so for two days more we waited the heat, fought mosquitoes, and tried to pass away the hours.

In a drawer on the registering desk at the hotel I found an old tattered coverless book, "Puddin' Head Wilson." I had read it years ago, but I pounced on it with glee. One after another of the passengers would ask me to let them have it after I had finished it. I carried it to my room with me nights for safe keeping.

One appreciated treat we had in Tananna, each afternoon a wireless bulletin was received from the government radio station at the fort. It was only a skeleton of the most important world events, but it was a link to former civilization, waited for and welcomed. For this service the six saloons of the 200 population town paid \$6 per month each.

Usually when the bulletin came in the bartender would read it aloud. He would comment on the most important dispatches, and the crowd would chew over them and argue. And between the discussions and serving drinks the bulletin would last for some time. And then in turn every fellow had to read it over for himself.

At first I would listen with keen interest to the talk of the prospectors, as hour after hour they would tell each other of the prospects, hard luck, hopes, etc., but after a time I hated the very word "mine," and I would leave the room to get away from the talk.

After five days more of servitude it was announced that night, and I have had a heap of sympathy passengers could come aboard.

About 60 came in from places, and the one who "Will we reach St. Michaels" to catch the boat. More than half of them as they were booked to side passage, but all went to get across the bay as for one who had a trip before said, "God we have to wait ten days Mike."

But everyone from the deck hands assured me you will catch the boat, and a jewelry store the same appearance of a for a foreclosing. The Commercial Co., which has stores in nearly every river had all the trade. When the saloons are put out of business, I wonder what rough-necks will do for That "it will be hell" was general verdict.

As I sat in a deck chair, ing for the steamer to move blot out this nightmare of a town, a lady tourist sat down side me and asked if this was first trip down the Yukon. "No ma'am," I answered. "IS MY LAST?"

As I had been in that town even two weeks, and I have had a heap of sympathy for Napoleon.



To help the business  
To provide plenty of  
To effect a steady

The system meets  
good citizens; it must  
to reach its full development.

You can secure the  
system and at the same  
in developing it by  
with us.



## The Burrows

TABLE, JUNE 10, 1917

WEST		EAST	
Due	Mails Close	Due	Mails Close
7-11:16 a. m.	10:50 a.	26-1:47 p. m.	1:30 p.
3:41-6:38 p. m.	6:20 p.	8-8:52 p. m.	8:00 p.
		Sept Tuesdays and Fridays	
		7:30 p. m.	
		R.F.D. mails close at 8:45 a.	

## GOVERNMENT GOSSIP

Frank Davis lost a battle for suffrage victory and our grand Old Empire State. We have political freedom. We'll never forget the date. We are justly proud of Andover, no only won by two, stands for true democracy and our own Red, White and Blue.

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Mrs. Emogene Potter, of Wellsville, was married to Mr. and Mrs. Arlie of Whitesville.

The Masonic Convention of the 35th Masonic District will be held at Wellsville, Thursday, afternoon and evening.

Chas. Hammond returned Monday morning from a trip having been discharged from account of a dislocation of his ear.

T. J. Applebee died at his home at Park Place, Wellsbury, aged 85 years. Applebee was a man of strong character, held in high esteem by his acquaintances.

Leonard Willetta died at his home in Belmont, Ohio. He was born in 1861, and died in 1917. He was associated in business with his brother Isaac Willetta.

Three births were reported from Andover: Mrs. Jay Knoble, Oct. 1, daughter, Laura Leone; Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. 27th; and to Mr. and Mrs. Case, on Oct. 28, daughter.

There were fifty people in attendance at the "Ladies of the Library," Wednesday, Oct. 27. Mrs. Brown read a letter in connection with the service.



## "GOOD-BYE, DEAR"

"Don't worry about the coal. The Perfection Oil Heater keeps me warm wherever I am. I can carry it to any room, so that I'm always comfortable."

With coal at present prices the Perfection Oil Heater is a greater saving than ever.

A gallon of kerosene gives warm, cheering heat for eight hours.

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Use So-CO-ny Kerosene for best results.

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