

The Andover News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY J. HARVEY BÄCKUS & SON

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

Andover, N. Y., March 4, 1921.

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Foreign Advertising Rates THE ANDOVER NEWS

If wars, like subscriptions, were payable in advance they might be just as hard to find.

We wish Mr. Hughes joy in his new office of secretary of state. We didn't want the job, anyway.

The proverb tells us that to every cloud there is a silver lining, but it doesn't tell us how to find it.

They say that rolling stones gather no moss, but when in the political arena they bring up a lot of mud.

The country is said to be undergoing a period of readjustment. We have progressed as far as the first syllable.

All men at heart are much the same. But, fortunately, the heart is a mighty small portion of the human anatomy.

When a fellow gets rich quickly he generally tries to forget his old time friends just as suddenly. But it isn't their loss.

Our local oracle avers that for every ten wise men that are born there is one fool. That makes it an even break.

After all, a fellow has a fair excuse for sleeping late in the morning. The hand of the clock is quicker than his mind.

Why sorry over the possibility of another war? Having had our eye teeth cut, the rest of us should be able to get rich then.

"There is a subtle force lurking in every smile," says a noted writer. We know it. We're married, and it pries our pocketbook open every time.

Chicago lays claims to being the meat center of the universe, and it's probably true. They do say that people are really getting fat in that old burg.

A really great man can go into a store, purchase his groceries, and depart just like an ordinary human being. It is the imitator who makes a big noise.

We are beginning to wonder if our friend the congressman is going to run for re-election. The customary package of garden seeds has not shown up.

Once upon a time a fellow and all his family got religion and broke off "pre-arranged" marriages. He killed him.

It is said to be Henry Ford's ambition to furnish every family with a Ford. Good! We're in a desperate mood. Henry's soul is a Richard.

Are you a fellow who will not travel, you know? Then you might be a good idea to get a pack from your trunk. You'll need it.

Chicago has just rejected a cut in wages on the pretext that living expenses have not decreased. And still, one can hardly expect them to descend to the level of their employers.

A New Zealand authority asserts that Japan is planning to take Australia and then step over and annex the United States. But don't let it disturb your peace of mind. We'll have plenty of time to down a few more chicken dinners before we have to kowtow to the little brown mikado.

THAT CITY STUFF

CITY newspapers and moving picture films are becoming filled with national sex stuff.

The average city mind runs in that direction and demands what it wants. The city newspaper that caters most to the popular demand gets the circulation, and advertising supplies the dividends.

The same rule applies to the cinema houses.

A good, healthy, elevating picture will draw a few people, but a sensational sex or murder film will fill the house. Moving picture men are after the money, and they employ the means that they know will produce it.

Country districts have not become so badly tainted with modernism. The people are more in the open, are oftener in communion with nature, and breathe more freely of the purity of life away from the dens of vice and iniquity.

That is the situation to-day, but who can tell as to the morrow?

It depends upon the mental and moral training of our young people. The ideas we instill into the minds of little children will have much to do with the bent of their mentality when they reach the age of maturity.

If we implant in their minds a healthy respect for the teachings of christianity and a devotion to the cause of right and justice, of purity in thought and action, they may escape the wave of viciousness that is sweeping the adult world.

But our hope for a better future rests with the children of to-day.

When we want to teach a dog tricks we begin when he is young.

The human race is not so far removed from the brute creation but what the same rule will apply.

YOU AND YOUR TOWN

YOUR town boosts you. Why not boost you?

No citizen is so powerful, noble, or humane, but what the town is an aid to him in some way or other.

The food that he eats, the clothes he wears, the recreation and amusement that he enjoys, all originate in the town, because the money with which they are procured is made there.

When a fellow boasts his own town he does not stop there. He is performing an act that improves his own condition, for every good word and every good deed has its elevating influence.

A few people are always home town boosters. They accomplish much in the way of community betterment, and this improves the condition of not only themselves, but also of those who do no boosting at all.

If every citizen would constitute himself or herself a home town booster, the result, collectively, would be many times as great, and opportunities for self improvement would be more numerous.

Think it over in your odd moments.

Then get into the boost wagon with the rest.

INTRODUCING MR. TOBIN

EDWARD J. Tobin, superintendent of the public schools of Cook County, Ill., appearing there in person at the school of his brother and sister in Andover.

Mr. Tobin, man of courage in a town of cowards, has furthered the cause of education by introducing "He Don't" and "It's Me." Ninety per cent. of all educated people, he claims, use these "ungrammatical" expressions in every day life.

What good does it do to teach school children a form of expression that is outlawed by common usage, and by a sense of "good form" he asks, referring to "It is I."

What good, indeed?

Tobin should be in the newspaper game, where editors kick antiquated grammars into the discard and adopt their own forms of speech, keeping both feet on the ground and the editorial eye on the pulse of the people.

AS THE EDITOR SEES IT

WITH farm products clear down in price, a few people are wondering what the farmer will do this winter. They fear he will raise on his own enough for his own use and for the rest of us starve.

It might be an act of just retribution if he did let the gougers go hungry. But he won't. He has a bigger heart than some other people and the world will not suffer thru any inaction of his. He will go right on raising his crops and we will keep right on eating them.

It is a pity, tho, that there is no way of singling out the gougers and profiteers and compelling them to grub for themselves or do without.

It would be mighty comforting to the farmer, the retailer, and the fellows who pay the piper.

UTOPIAN dreams are pleasant things while they last.

Just now a good many well meaning people are in favor of America setting the world an example by disarming without waiting for other nations to take similar action.

That reminds us of the big dog with a juicy bone. As long as his teeth are good and sharp he will hold onto his dinner. But remove his teeth and some mangy cur will take it away from him.

America's greatest wealth is a mighty juicy bone.

Our armament is our teeth. Figure it out yourself.

CONGRESS reminds us of old Rip Van Winkle. It sleeps and sleeps and then shows signs of slowly coming to life.

At last it appears to be awakening to the peril of wholesale immigration from pauperized Europe, after the press of the country has been sounding warnings for many months past.

Adding to our unemployed is dangerous at any time; and it is especially so when we already have about four million men out of work.

Close the door, Rip — at least until there is work enough for our own people to earn three meals a day.

In the old days mothers kept their daughters almost in total ignorance of the ways of the world as regards the masculine sex.

To-day such a course is fraught with much danger for the girl.

It is no longer possible to keep a young girl in ignorance. There is always some one ready to impart the knowledge which she has a right to possess, and if it comes from one who is not overly scrupulous in her ways it often throws a glamour of attractiveness around unconventional acts upon which the respectable world frowns.

All that a girl should know prior to her wedding day — and that is much — should be told her by her mother. The jealous solicitude of mother-

hood can not be replaced by any other, nor can the responsibilities it entails be safely shifted to other shoulders.

The young girl approaching maturity has a right to know. It is the duty of the mother to tell her.

READ the sporting pages of the daily papers of the big cities. You will find many glowing tributes to the prowess of prize fighters — men who earn great incomes by punching other people, just as the bull fighters of Spain earn fortune and glory by brutally inflicting wanton pain upon dumb animals for purposes of sport.

When the next war comes these prize fighters — men of prowess — would make good soldiers. But they

won't — unless drafted and driven to it.

The lecture platform is due for another heavy strain upon its timbers after March 4th. The customary number of senators and congressmen will be open for enticing propositions.

Fighting for wealth and glory is one thing. Fighting for country and a pittance is quite another. And then, in the prize ring one may get knocked out. On the battlefield he may get bumped off.

There's a difference, and it is considerable.

Every day there's a bargain for somebody advertised in the "want columns." The readers and answers of want ads find these bargains.

When the Lord created the earth he gave to man the means of protecting himself against all of the things that walk or crawl thereon — even the profligate. He slipped a cog there.

DEATHS

Mrs. Jessie Irish Burrows died at her home near Friendship, Feb. 22nd, of pneumonia, following the birth and death of a little son the week previous. She is survived by her husband, Clayton Burrows, and six children. Mrs. Burrows was born Dec. 24, 1884, daughter of M. C. and Ellen Crandall Irish.

If a real estate ad "reads all right," and seems to you to be promising, don't let some one else make a prompt investigation and quicker decision than you.

GREATEST & VALUES & EVER

We have just received 25 Men's All Wool fine worsted Suits in Brown, Blue and Dark Gray, and Black Mixtures. Beautiful dark, rich patterns, specially priced

\$32.50

Boys' short pants Suits, patch pockets, belt all around, nobby styles; aged 9 to 18 years; specially priced

\$6.75

Boys' Knee Pants \$1.25 and up. Service Unionalls in plain, extra quality, Blue or Khaki, were \$6.00, now \$3.75. Blue denim and steifel stripe Overalls, and Jackets were \$2.25, now \$1.50. Men's Freeland Work Shirts \$1.00. Tan Jersey Gloves 20c

SHOE SPECIALS

Women's brown calf custom grade high laced Walk-over Shoes, were \$12.50, now \$6.50. Women's gun-metal, lace Shoes \$3.45. Men's brown blucher Work Shoes \$2.95

EXTRA SPECIAL

Ball Band Rubber Boots for Men \$3.95

James P. Cannon Company

CLOTHING Store Open Every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday Nights SHOES

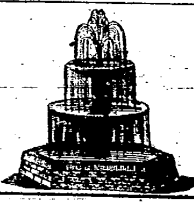
NOTICE of ANNUAL ELECTION

Notice is hereby given, that the annual election will be held in and for the Village of Andover, N. Y., on the 15th day of March, 1921, at the Village Hall, in the said Village. The polls will be open at 12:30 o'clock P. M. and close at 4:30 o'clock P. M. The following officers are to be chosen:

- President in place of B. S. Brundage, Term 1 year. Trustee in place of E. P. Rogers, Term 2 years. Treasurer in place of James P. Cannon, Term 1 year. Collector in place of Velencia Slocum, 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 1920.

Table with 5 columns: Names of Candidates, Residence, Office to be Filled, Party Name, Emblem of Party. Rows include Benjamin S. Brundage, Henry Stephens, James P. Cannon, and Velencia Slocum.



B. B. HANN, Village Clerk

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