

THE ANDOVER NEWS

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BY J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

Our Keynote: "If There Is Not a Way, Cut a Way."

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ONLY A PRODUCT OF THE AGE

THE heart of a man is susceptible to many influences, but that of woman is greatest of them all.

A fair sample is the case of Chicago's absconding bank president, Spurgin, who was recently reported dead—very dead. It was said at the time that he had entered hell by his own hand, but the report was later denied. Perhaps the devil wouldn't have him.

A good wife and daughter were not enough for him. He annexed an affinity and squandered his depositors' money on her. When exposure could be no longer delayed he decamped with the bank's funds.

With officers of the law hot on his trail he sought asylum in Mexico with Pancho Villa, the former bandit chief who defied governments and armies with impunity.

His ill gotten money Ask Villa.

But Spurgin, a blood relation of distinguished bankers and noted citizens, is no more or less than a product of the age in which we live.

Wealth and social ambition are the great curses of our day.

Intelligent men will scheme and cheat and swindle in their efforts to amass fortunes in order that they may trail along in the class of more successful men.

Their wives and daughters and high-rolling sons will scatter their money to the winds in their insane desire to attain and maintain exalted social positions.

Only great incomes can withstand the strain of this mad pace, and when the income begins to shrink, and ambition cries out in protest against a more modest mode of living, the devil steps in and provides the means of recouping declining fortunes.

But the devil is not alone in his work as a destroyer. The vamp is a worthy accomplice.

The man of wealth who seeks an affinity seldom looks for her in his own social or financial set. She is generally some poor, silly thing, who is possessed of a pretty face and an attractive figure and hasn't brains enough to safeguard what God gave her.

The attentions of a "great man" tickle her vanity and her avarice soon begins to tickle his purse.

Once started, it is difficult for the man to break away without scandal. Often he doesn't care to break. She is the "forbidden sweet" which adds spice to his life, and he is content to drift along until too late to avoid the inevitable end.

The man is inexcusable, but he is not alone in his folly. Too many women think their duty ends where it began—at the altar. They are more engrossed in social climbing than they are in providing that real home life which every normal man craves.

The man who is neglected in his home is tempted to seek consolation in some other home. It is always to be found.

But not all men have this excuse to offer. Instead, it is perhaps just the natural laxity of the ancients cropping out again in these days of modernity, fed by the fires of lust and fanned by the curse of inordinate ambition.

The resurrected story of Spurgin should be a lesson to all, but it will be heeded by none. To-day it is a mild topic of conversation. To-morrow it will be forgotten.

Other Spurgins will arise, and follow the pace, and be dragged down to perdition by the weight of their transgressions.

And we will continue to talk, and forget, and wait for the next sensation to break.

It is the microbe in the blood of the age—nothing more. The microbe that transmits the wickedness of the ancients to the children of to-day.

Don't argue with your razor. It is sharper than you are.

"What's in a name?" inquires a doubting one. A hyphen, too frequently.

Your neighbor voices his true opinion of you when he looks at your back yard.

No news may be good news at times, but not when the expected check fails to arrive.

Rich men are not self-made. In most cases their workmen made their money for them.

Why speak of a fellow having lost his nerve at the critical moment? He had none to lose.

The size of a fellow's kick does not indicate the quality of his brain.

The hustler takes what life has in store for him and then goes out and gathers in a little more.

It is no longer advisable to "keep in the middle of the road." You might get honked to hades.

If you have time to waste confine it to your own. Other people often have something better to do.

There is, however, a distinct element of danger in that Washington conference on limitation of armaments. Some of our distinguished visitors may want to stick with us, and forget to go home.

NEWSPAPERS MAKE MEN

MANY people imagine that the prominence of great men is due entirely to their own genius.

But it is not so.

In this age the most brilliant of men would be practically unknown except for the work of the press in following their careers step by step and reporting them to the country at large.

Newspapers have been known to pick up men of just ordinary intelligence and make them governors, or place them in other offices of honor and responsibility. They are commonly known as favorites of the newspaper. More often it is simply because they are willing to allow the paper to dictate certain policies and appointments.

But few men ever succeed in getting into public office against the hostility of their party press.

The press makes or unmake them when it so desires.

It is not that the editor is a man of such superior intelligence that he towers above the rest of mankind. Far from it. We of the fraternity claim to be no more than ordinary humans who are trained in the arts of observation, analysis and dissemination.

No public man is ever so perfect but what the editor can unearth glaring flaws in his career. It is the analyzing and dissemination of these flaws that puts him out of the running.

This the editor can do or not, as he desires.

On the other hand, every public official possesses certain admirable traits of which the public knows but little. If the press keeps these things to the fore it is only a matter of time energetic service when the official becomes what is known as a "made man."

Fortunately most editors are rather human. They know the weaknesses of public men, but they do not expect perfection in any one. They are content to give a fellow a fair show, and if he makes reasonably good they boost him along. If not, they generally permit him to gracefully retire at the end of his term, unless his acts are such as to warrant condemnation and exposure.

It is not the will of the editor alone that decides these things. It is the fact that the editor places his information before the people and they render their own judgment. It is in this way only that the press makes and unmake men.

But it does it, just the same.

THE BAD MAN'S GUN

OF all the laws of this country, the one prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons is most flagrantly disregarded, and with most disastrous results.

The bad man carries a gun in his pocket, because it is his stock in trade. Without it he would cease to be any kind of a terror.

Some who are not so bad carry them. It is habit or a matter of bravado.

Others—good citizens—often carry them, but purely for self protection against the bad man who is ready to shoot at the first opportunity.

All are violators of the law of the land.

If the law against the carrying of concealed weapons were rigidly enforced against every person—and if the penalty were changed to a penitentiary offense—there would be very few murders and other outrages committed. The unarmed man seldom commits a criminal act.

Our law officers and courts are going about the business of stamping out crime in the wrong manner.

Criminals have no fear of the law against gun-carrying. A small fine has no terrors for them. They pay it and shove the gun back in their pockets again.

But serving a year or two in the pen would not be so easy. It would occupy too much time, and wouldn't be altogether comfortable. And if the second or third offense meant five or ten years in limbo, we

imagine the practice would soon cease entirely.

At any rate, it wouldn't be on the increase in the centers of population and in many country districts, as it is to-day.

The fellow who isn't satisfied to fight with his fists should be forced to use fighting steps.

When some people reach the top of the ladder of success they climb down again to see if anything has been overlooked.

If a preacher were to tell the whole truth to the average congregation he would probably be invited to repeat it—elsewhere.

The man who is not accustomed to great things, is not in the proper way. They never neglected the little things.

Our idea of a real diplomat is a fellow who can keep a woman from spilling the beans when she has a silly secret to tell.

We often wonder how it would feel to be a millionaire. But no doubt they are just as curious to know how it feels to be human.

Trouble with this country is, there are too many things of the past. They should be improved upon and made assets of the future.

It is a good idea to occasionally look at these things. It is a good idea to occasionally look at these things. It is a good idea to occasionally look at these things.

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Our diplomats abroad have been rather fortunate of late. Those attempts to kill them gave them some perfectly good newspaper publicity.

A noted Russian singer says that the less a woman wears the longer she will live. In that event it is only a question of time when half of the undertakers will go out of business.

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