

The Andover News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

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

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MOTHERS OF MEN.

All over this country people observe Mothers Day. They listen to words of praise of the mothers of men, give credit to the mothers of other people, and perhaps a passing thought to their own mothers.

It is human nature, the way of the world.

We see the good traits of the mothers of other boys because we view them from a distance and analyze them from a disinterested standpoint.

We often overlook the excellent qualities of our own mothers because we have been accustomed to them from birth and accept their solicitous care and attention as our due and as a matter of course.

There is no one like a mother. She is the one who brings us into the world — the one who guards and trains us from infancy to maturity the one who gives of such love as no other human being may ever know.

No pedestal is too high and no consideration is too great for the mother of man.

For mother is mother, the most wonderful work of Him who creates all peoples and all things.

PAGE KING SOLOMON.

Chicago, a big city of many thrills, has been all a-flutter of late over a poor little girl who was born out of wedlock.

She was adopted in infancy by a kind hearted couple and brought up as their own daughter. Every possible love and care was lavished upon her, she was happy and contented, and the world was ignorant of the stain upon her birth.

The little girl is now twelve years of age, too young to understand the penalties and the purgatory of illegitimacy, as many others have known before her.

But she will not always be in ignorance, for the real mother claimed her and went into court to obtain possession of her, revealing her shame to the world.

Some day this little girl will be a young woman, and then she will understand, and will feel, and the blush of shame will never leave the fair young brow.

What think you?

Should the real mother have claimed the child after all of these years, making public the shame of its birth, or should she have continued to bear her pangs of silence in order that her innocent flesh and blood might be saved pangs equally as great?

What would genuine and unselfish mother have done?

Frankly, we don't know.

HE'S A RARE BIRD.

There is always someone ready to take a public slam at the United States, and that someone is generally a citizen of the United States.

He is not only a citizen, but he makes his money here, enjoys his pleasures here, and is indebted to this country for everything that he has.

He is the fellow who finds everything wrong, and yet does nothing to remedy the conditions of which he complains.

He is the one who rails over the election of inefficient men to public office, and yet does nothing to secure the election of men who are known to be efficient.

He is the bird who criticizes the authorities for creating soft berths for political henchmen, and yet would grab one of these berths in a holy second if it came his way.

MOB LAW

THE daily press continues to report an occasional lynching — not always in the south.

For years it was the favorite pastime of certain northern editors to flay the south because of its lynchings. Then the north began to feel lonesome, and adopted the lynching habit itself.

Sheriffs and courts and juries in the south didn't always bother to punish the lynchers. Perhaps they felt that there was some moral justification for the infliction of such summary punishment.

Again the north in time became lonesome, and now many of its officials are conveniently deaf, dumb and blind in the matter of punishment where the people have resorted to mob law.

As a matter of fact, human nature is the same all over this country of ours, — north, south, east, west, or in the middle.

When the law repeatedly and flagrantly fails to mete out punishment to a certain class of criminals it is not strange that people can be found with the will to take the law into their own hands. It is not long ago that church leaders burned women at the stake under the mistaken belief that they were witches.

We condemn mob law, and it is right that we should, but we should remember that mob vengeance is seldom wreaked upon the innocent. Human passions are only aroused to such a point by the acts of human fiends who have no moral right to live.

The responsibility of mob law lies at the door of legal law, which dismally fails to convict and adequately punish in proportion to the crime.

When the laws of the land are impartially and energetically enforced we have no more incentive to lynchings. These may be unpalatable truths, but they are nevertheless truths that can not be refuted.

COLLEGE HAZING AGAIN

HAZING classfights in colleges and universities have reached a point where the public should call a sudden and emphatic halt.

In 1921 a young man who took part in a class warfare at one of our big universities disappeared during the fight and no trace of him could be found. A few days ago his skeleton was discovered and identified by a belt buckle and bits of clothing. Apparently he had been killed in the fray and his body hidden under an old unused pier.

This is only one case — a sample of conditions that exist in some of our big institutions of learning.

If the authorities of these universities can not maintain order and discipline, then parents should cease to send their sons to such institutions.

They are a menace and are not worthy of confidence and public support.

He flails the air because his neighbor of means does not pay his just proportion of taxes, and then turns heaven and earth in an effort to slide out of paying his own.

He is a citizen of the United States, yes, but judged from the standpoint of true citizenship he is a rare old bird and a lame duck.

The wise man knows he has sense. The fool thinks he has.

Life is full of joy for people who open their hearts and let it in.

Shout with joy when a girl jilts you. It is cheaper than getting a divorce.

Few women can help admiring persistence when they themselves are the objects.

The fellow who butts into a family jar generally butts out again at the end of an explosion.

Many a good man fails in an undertaking. It is only the poor ones who never make a start.

And still, dollar gasoline might not be so bad after all. It would make us all feel like millionaires.

Marriage is a sacred institution, and that's probably the reason why so many people soon tire of it.

Good ministers tell us to cast our bread upon the waters, but most of us prefer to put it in our stomachs.

Don't get puffed up over the nice things your wife says about you to others. Most wives have too much pride to spill the beans.

Never tell a white lie unless you are willing to tell a black one in order to get out of it.

Of course you will readily agree with us that there is at least one good person left in this world.

Politeness costs nothing, and perhaps that is the reason so many people don't want it.

When a fellow boasts that he has never been kissed we feel justified in congratulating the other sex.

No, we never refer to America's idle rich as animals. Other animals might object to the comparison.

Don't let your vanity run away with you. Others might tell it to keep on going and forget to return.

And still, there is some satisfaction in being jealous. It gives a fellow an excuse for blowing off steam.

As proof positive that women can keep secrets, what man would like to have his wife tell all she knows about him.

Yes, there's some comfort in the knowledge that our old friend General Prosperity is becoming really prosperous again.

When telling your favorite joke give others a chance to laugh first. It is disconcerting to find that you have let out the only yawn.

It costs nothing to look on the bright side of life, but brooding on the dark side is an expensive habit.

Most people would like to get their paws into the United States treasury, but it's only the hog who tries to land there with both feet.

An addition to any sewing room is a stationary cutting table with large drawers for materials and unfinished garments.

Clothing

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The reformer justifies his existence when he begins on himself.

The fellow who aims low never hits the target in life.

The man who asks questions may expose his ignorance, but in the end he acquires knowledge to bestow upon others.

Tell your faults to your wife, and they won't seem half as glaring to her as when she learns them from others.

It is only a fool girl who deliberately makes a fool out of a man.

Fashion magazines should be suppressed. They are not longer able to keep up with the rapidly changing styles.

If old King Tut knew how popular he is 3,000 years after he kicked off he would get busy and kick right back again.

Rude Rural Rhymes

CONSOLIDATION

Some towns have got too many preachers; the signs of care are on their features. They find the pasture very thin and all their bones show through their skin. Their wages small are slowly paid, their wives are sad and early fade. If towns are small in population, they should be all one congregation. Let every burg consider whether it might not worship all together. Alike the hopes alike the needs for which our human nature pleads, and brotherhood is more than creeds. O let us, if our town is small warmed by one furnace, in one hall, pray all for each and each for all. Our little towns might be more happy if we were kinder and less scrappy. This spot of all the universe is ours for better or for worse. We breathe alike its vital airs, concerned alike with its affairs. To man it as our fathers planned, let's join together in one bunch and thereby magnify our punch. We meet each other on the pike and all of us are much alike. In daily life the Baptist man joins with the Presbyterian, and naught in either one, I wist, divides him from the Methodist. We're all alike in heart and soul; let's join in one efficient whole and knock old Satan for a goal. Let's keep one good fat preacher going, instead of three whose ribs are showing.

—BOB ADAMS

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ADAM'S ALE

One time a boy, who wanted to know, asked, "What is Adam's Ale?" Another boy, who knew enough to tell him, said, "Adam's Ale is the stuff that's good for what ails you."

And the other boy was right. Adam's Ale is for what ails you. There isn't anything like it. Nothing is "just as good." It is fine for your inside and for your outside.

Good old Adam's Ale is one of the best things of life. Think what life would be if all the water should be caught up, sudden like, and carried away. You would soon be carried away, too.

We have to cultivate a desire for many things. But not for Adam's Ale. We are born with a desire for it, for nine-tenths of our body cells are water cells. That's why we drink it, pour it over us, get under it. And the more we drink, pour and get under, the less there is that ails us.

And this being true — and you know it is — your plumber, then, is a dispenser of Adam's Ale, so to speak.

The plumber's business is to pipe you plenty of Adam's Ale — pure, cold or hot, for drinking, for bathing, for laundry, for everything.

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