

## SCHAUL & ROOSA CO.

### Spring Showing of Knox Hats

There's More to a Hat Than a Label

You feel a certain natural pride when anyone catches sight of a Knox label in your hat.

Experience has shown American men the wisdom of wearing Knox Hats. They know that when they see the Knox label, they needn't look any further.

KNOX HATS

## SCHAUL & ROOSA CO.

117 Main Street

HORNELL, N. Y.

### Of Interest to Farmers

#### LIVINGSTON WINS COW TEST HONORS

Report of Associations of State Gives Scottburg First and Second Places in November Butter Fat Production

Livingston County carried off first and second honors in butter-fat production among the cow testing associations of the state, according to the report for November which has just been tabulated at the State College of Agriculture at Ithaca.

Nam Barber of Scottsburg, Livingston County, had the honor cows. His Aaggie, a grade Holstein, produced 91.8 pounds of butterfat from 1995 pounds of milk, and his Babe, also a grade Holstein, came next with 37.7 pounds of butterfat from 1877.1 pounds of milk. In milk production, however, Babe had to take second place to a nameless Holstein-Friesian owned by Dale Brothers of Gasport, Niagara County, who made 1950 pounds of milk. In butterfat, however, he was way below Babe, as her figure was only 72.2 pounds.

Third place for butterfat went to L. C. K. P., a Holstein-Friesian owned by J. M. Hoff of Hemlock, Livingston County, who produced 74.5 pounds from 1146 pounds of milk.

The Dale Brothers cows 72.2 pounds of butterfat tied with Florence Nightingale, a grade Jersey, owned by G. E. Purcell, of Hemlock, Florence, however, fell way below Dale Brothers' cow in milk production, as she produced only 1032 pounds.

#### Agrigraphs

Trust in the Lord and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. — Psalms 37:3.

The farmer who wants to beautify his farmstead needs only to go into the woods and fence-rows for shrubs which will equal any the nurseryman can furnish.

Uncle Ab says: "The fellow who makes it a point to do one job each day that he'd rather not do, doesn't need any formula for getting better and better."

Winter is a good time to "read up" on the science of farming, and correspondence courses from the state college offer the help of specialists with your reading.

New York stood at the head of the list in 1922 in the production of certified seed potatoes. Of the 2,255,360 bushels raised the country over, New York produced 352,000 — nearly 16 per cent.

"Prices of Farm Products in New York" is a new Cornell bulletin every farmer will want. P. 416 with your name and address on a postal card addressed to the State College at Ithaca will bring a copy.

This country will not practice forestry until woodland owners get the idea that timber is a crop, to be planted, cared for, and harvested like any other crop, except for its longer growing period.

All is not silk that glistens. Pure silk being expensive, many substitutes and adulterations have been developed. A vegetable product of high luster is substituted for real silk, either used alone or woven with cotton. Silk is often weighted with salts of tin, iron, or lead. Cotton is frequently combined with it.

Varnished floors retain their luster better if no water is used on them.

#### WOMEN ADAPTED TO POULTRY KEEPING

Mrs. E. M. Dawley, of Mexico, N. Y., Who Has Held 21 Years of it, Tells of Her Experiences.

Poultry keeping is well adapted to women and if they love the work and learn the rules of the game they can make a success of it, believes Mrs. E. M. Dawley of Mexico, N. Y., who told of her experiences before an audience at the State College of Agriculture at Ithaca recently.

"A woman is an acquisition to every poultry plant," she said "especially during the rearing season. Her motherly instinct especially fits her for this work. There is much light work on the poultry farm that a woman can do, work that requires skill and which takes time. If a woman does this work, the men are enabled to devote their time to the heavy manual labor. Woman is unable to compete with man in such labor. Farmerettes were all right in times of war, but they are unnecessary in times of peace."

#### A Poultry Fan

"Twenty-one years ago when I moved from the city to the farm I talked chickens so much that the storekeepers used to come out on the pavement and crow at me while we were hitching our horses. 'Oh, they said, 'it's nothing but a fad. You'll get over it in a year or two.' Yet after twenty-one years I have a worse case of hen fever than ever. We do the cackling now, with pullets eggs selling in the country stores all winter for 75 cents a dozen."

"We learned in these years of experience that poultry farming is no invalid's job; it is no kid-glove job. But if you love the business and are especially fitted for it, start in with superior stock and on a small scale and grow gradually."

"Breed carefully, learn to know your hens individually, live with them. Early in your career get in touch with your agricultural college, and become a farm and home bureau member. Don't be afraid to ask questions. Get standard equipment. Don't try anything new until it has proved a success. Be thorough and systematic. Keep strict accounts by a simple and easy method of book-keeping. Study marketing of your products. All of these things, except the experience, you can get in the winter course in poultry husbandry at Cornell. My advice to you would be to take this course before you invest any money in a poultry plant."

#### Homespun Yarn

The sweetest type of heaven is home. — J. G. Holland.

Mouse proof, bug proof, and damp proof containers are the best kind for cereals and flour.

Aunt Ada's Axioms: "There's a richness of mind as well as of pocket-book, and the first kind of wealth is the best."

Large kitchens, haphazardly arranged, may give the housekeeper plenty of exercise, but that's all that can be said for them.

They may call it a "tea wagon," but the biggest contribution it can make to saving work is carrying the used dishes from dining room to kitchen.

"Revive the old debating school," is a slogan of folks who want to make country life more attractive. The state college at Ithaca has a free bulletin on the principles of debate. It is F. 149.

## Out of the Darkness

by CHARLES J. DUTTON

Illustrations by Irwin Meyers

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(Continued from Page 3.)

dead. That's the reason why I believe that she knows more than she will tell."

"What can it be?" I asked. "I don't know, but it is something that was causing a great deal of trouble to Slyke, perhaps to all of them. It might even be something that will bring dishonor. Anyway, it was so serious that, sleeping or waking, it was on her mind. I wish she would talk; we need a light we can get."

"But that does not actually prove that she knows anything about his death," I suggested.

Bartley turned quickly and glanced at me to see if I were serious. Seeing that I was, he explained: "I don't say that it does. The outlay board performances and the dreams were before his death, not after it. Of course, the fact that the dog did not bark throws suspicion on everyone that was in the house at the time."

He was silent for a while, gazing thoughtfully out of the window, and then resumed his story.

"After I left him, he had locked himself in the tower for over an hour and gone over the two rooms and the balcony almost inch by inch. The only thing that had escaped us in our first search, he said, was a small stopper, the end covered with red wax. He was not sure whether the finding of the stopper meant anything or not. His second examination had made him more positive than ever that Slyke had been murdered, and that the murderer wished his death to appear to be suicide."

It would be almost impossible to make a jury believe that it was murder on the slight evidence that we had, and I said as much to Bartley. He agreed with me, and admitted he would not be surprised if King, a coroner, brought in a verdict of suicide. I pondered on this a while; then a thought struck me.

"Suppose, after all, he did kill himself, Bartley. You base your theory of murder on the position of the bedclothes and the way the gun was held. Suppose he did kill himself, and some other person, not the murderer, came into the room and pulled the bedclothes up around his neck."

He shook his head in denial. "We would still have, Pelt," he said with a rather sarcastic smile, "the other questions to be answered. First, we would ask how the blood-stains got on the balcony of the tower. We would also want to know why the hand did not grasp the gun as tightly as it should. Then we would demand to know why there was no blood on the pillow where his head rested. It won't do. There is no doubt of it. He was killed."

I interrupted to ask if, as Miss Potter admitted, she had closed his eyes, why she might not have been also the one who pulled the bedclothes up around his neck.

Bartley replied, "It is true that she did close his eyes, but she insists she touched nothing else."

"But," I broke in, "what was her real reason for doing it?"

"She said, you remember, that the eyes frightened her. Let a nervous woman come suddenly upon a dead body and it is very possible that the eyes staring at her might so frighten her that she would close them. Her confession cleared up a point that bothered me. The accounting for the eyes being closed does not prove that he committed suicide, however. There is little enough evidence one way or another, but what there is points to murder and to nothing else."

"There is another thing," I said. "Why was the revolver taken from him while we were upstairs? It seems a very foolish thing to have done. Who did it? Was it the butler or Miss Potter?"

Both the butler and Miss Potter had been out of the tower room, Bartley reminded me, for some time before we suspected Slyke's death was murder and not suicide. As to who had taken the revolver, it was impossible to say as yet. If we believed that the butler had seen Briffner on the stairs while we were on the balcony, then he might be the one. The finding of the gun in the vault and his appearance almost immediately afterward seemed to point to him. Whoever had done it had been very foolish.

The next matter that he spoke about did not seem to have any relation with what had preceded it. It was the robbery of the year before. He had learned from the step-daughter Ruth that she had not positively identified the men now in jail, but had thought that one of the men was similar in height and build to one of the men she had seen in the room. The room had been too dark for her

to see very clearly. Nor was that all that she had told him which had disagreed with the accounts of the burglary that Rogers had given us. He had said that she had heard Slyke and told him that burglars were downstairs; while in her story to Bartley she stated that, after she heard the noise in the living room, she went to the door of Slyke's room to call him, but found it empty. When she saw him he was standing on the lower step of the stairs leading to the living room. There had evidently been a struggle, and a gun went off just before she reached him. It was she who had called the police, and Slyke had opposed her doing so "as nothing had been taken."

"You see how it looks, Pelt," he said with a grin. "Slyke did not want the police in at all. He did not want any action taken, either then or later. He was nearer the men than anyone else, yet he swore he could not identify them. That makes me believe that he knew who they were and did not want the matter looked into."

"Did the girl tell you who found that piece of newspaper?" I asked.

"She said it was the chauffeur who had called their attention to it. The police do not seem to have made any search that night, owing to the fact that the next day, then with the help of the chauffeur and the butler, they searched the living room, and the chauffeur directed their attention to a piece of paper lying on the floor, half under a rug. Of course, you see what that leads to. For hours that room had been unguarded, and any one who wished could have gone in there. Even the piece of cloth was not found for several days, strangely enough; nor did the police find the footprints under the window until three days later, although they claimed they had searched the spot before."

I broke in with, "That looks, in other words, as if—"

"As if some one wished to send those men to jail," he finished for me. He sighed, gave a little laugh, and remarked: "There are at least three things I would like to know. First, 'Was the robbery a plant?'"

"A plant?" I asked, looking at him in wonder.

"Yes! There may have been no robbery at all."

"What do you mean by that?"

He threw out his hands. "I don't quite know myself, but let that pass. There is another thing that puzzles me, and that is the chauffeur. I can tell by the way Miss Potter acted when we mentioned his name that she does not like him. He it was who took from the library the book with the account of the English crime in it. He had words with Slyke the day before the murder, and was missing when we wanted to question him. A few minutes after he was seen near the tower room the revolver was missing. I believe he is well worth watching. And lastly, what was the motive for Slyke's murder?"

A wild thought struck me. I knew at the time how absurd it was, yet a desire to hear what Bartley would reply made me voice it.

"Perhaps the girl killed him."

Bartley gave me a surprised look, started to speak, then decided to wait and hear what I had to say.

"You say," I suggested, "that Slyke was killed about two o'clock in the morning. The girl might have come to the house and killed him; then gone back to her uncle's, and told the story about being afraid to go through the woods alone. She said it was three o'clock when he came with her to the house. That's a good alibi, of course; but suppose she had been to the house once before. The dog didn't bark, because he knew her. She was also in the house when the revolver disappeared. If you claim the taking of the gun was foolish, why can it not be said to be the kind of an illogical thing a woman would do? The average man would know it was no use to remove the gun. You remember how startled the aunt was when she saw the girl."

Bartley had listened with an amused smile that grew broader as I talked. Though I had not been serious when I began, the more I thought of the idea the more plausible my suggestion sounded. Bartley himself had said that in the case we must build up a theory first, and then see if the facts would fit it.

When I had ended, he said that he himself had, at first, considered the possibility of the girl's having done it, but had decided against it. He reminded me that Slyke had been killed on the balcony, and carried down two flights of stairs, and that Slyke weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, the girl not a hundred. Remembering that and the task it was to carry such a heavy weight down so many stairs, did I still think the girl could have done it?

My face turned red with chagrin, and, seeing that I was hurt, he smiled at me kindly and apologized. "I didn't intend to hurt your feelings, Pelt. You are like all newspaper men, you enjoy building up a story out of nothing. In this affair, we mustn't let ourselves get sidetracked. We shall need all the clear thinking we can do."

Anxious to redeem myself, I said, "John, we have been going on the theory that some one from outside came into the house and killed Slyke, a mysterious visitor who arrived after Lawrence had left. Perhaps the murderer was hiding in the house all the time."

He gave me an interested look and an approving nod.

"Suppose," I went on, "that the murderer was on the balcony. It was

a good place to hide. It was so dark up there that he could not have been seen from the ground. Then let us assume that Slyke heard a sound above him, when he was in the room below the balcony, and went up to see what it was. The person may have made the sound on purpose to attract his attention. At any rate, when he does come out on the balcony, he is killed."

Bartley did not speak for a while, turning my suggestion over in his mind. Then he answered, "You may be right. It is possible that some one was waiting for him to come upstairs. But do not forget that, if that is so, the person would have had to wait there for a long time; for he could not tell when Slyke would come into the room below the balcony. Still, your suggestion is well worth keeping in mind."

Although he spoke so favorably of my idea, I could see that he did not really agree with me.

I yawned and Bartley glanced at his watch. It was after three, and we should have been in bed several hours ago. He rose, and taking two objects from his pocket placed them on the desk. I leaned over to see what they were.

Lying black and sinister on the dark mahogany surface were the revolver that had been taken from Slyke's hand and hidden in the vault, and a little cork stopper, its end covered with red wax that showed where a knife had been used on it.

"Look," Bartley said, pointing at them with a laugh. "The sole result of a day's work. The only clues we have are before us. One is a revolver, that did not have a finger print on it; the other a little stopper that might have come from anywhere. From these we have to discover the murderer."

Again he laughed. I stood looking at the two objects, thinking how insignificant they were and wishing they could speak and tell their story. Catching my mood, his face grew grave. He stood looking at them for a moment, then with a sudden gesture swept them into a small box saying, "We ought to have been in bed hours ago."

I had watched my room and was pulling down the bed covers when he called to me. I returned to his room and found him sitting on the edge of his bed taking off his shoes.

"I forgot to tell you, Pelt, that when we reach the solution of this murder, somehow or other whisky will be mixed up with it. When you told me that Slyke had been selling whisky to his friends, I knew that something was wrong. The finding of the liquor in his own vault makes me more certain. He must have known that that whisky was there. Why, under heaven, a man that had the money Slyke was presumed to have had, should secrete whisky on his grounds is more than I know."

"But," I reminded him, "you say he did not have as much money as people thought he had."

"Yes, that is true. The lawyer confirmed what I had heard about his losses. Whisky and Slyke had a good deal in common, you will find."

He yawned, and I started again for my room. As I reached the door he added, "Black thinks the chauffeur killed Slyke. Maybe he did. Still—"

he laughed—"I never saw a

with a square head that knew very much. And that detective certainly has a square head."

And with that absurd remark in my mind, I went to bed.

(To be continued)

## THE MARKETS

New York, Feb. 27.—The state department of farms and markets report to-day says that barreled apples of either red or green variety of fancy quality and in good condition met an active demand, and prices held firm. Supplies were moderate from Central and Western New York as well as from the Hudson Valley. Most of the offerings continued to consist of Greenings. "A" grade 2½-inch Baldwins sold at from \$4.50 to \$6.00 per double headed barrel, and Greenings from \$4.50 to \$6.00.

The apple exports from the United States and Canada for the week ending February 17 to the British Isles and other European countries were 44,305 barrels and 131,752 boxes of which 4,183 barrels and 46,929 boxes were shipped from the port of New York. The total exports for this season from both the United States and Canada were 1,480,242 barrels and 2,731,793 boxes.

The supplies of state old crop white Danish cabbage were rather light. Arrivals showed wide range in both quality and condition some stock being frosted. The market remained firm, particularly for fancy stock with the early morning demand moderate. New crop southern cabbage also held firm with receipts comparatively light. Bulk per ton, old crop white Danish brought from \$50 to \$65, and new crop per 1½ bushel hamper, Florida \$3 to \$3.25, large crate of about 100 pounds \$4.25 to \$4.50.

The market for sacked old crop carrots was rather dull and considerably weaker. The early morning demand was rather light and supplies liberal. New crop bunched carrots were in moderate supply with demand and prices practically unchanged. Per hundred pound sack, all up-state sections, old crop ranged from \$1.35 to \$1.75 and new crop bunched Texas from \$2 to \$2.75 per bushel basket. Bermuda per crate \$1.50 to \$1.75.

The receipts of sacked onions were moderate from New York as well as from the middle western producing states. The early morning demand was rather light, partly on account of the unfavorable weather conditions. The market remained unchanged, especially for large sized yellow stock of fancy quality. While red continued rather dull, per hundred pound sack, Central and Western New York yellow No. 1, ranged from 2.25 to \$3, Orange County yellow from \$2.25 to \$2.65; red \$1.75 to 2.25.

Fancy well graded, white potatoes free from frost were in very light supply and moderately active demand. The market held firm, with round whites No 1 bringing from \$2.75 to \$3.50, bulk per 180 pounds, and 150 pound sacks bringing from \$2 to \$2.50. New crop Bermuda, per double headed barrel, No. 1, \$13.50 to \$14.00.

## Boy's Rubber Boots

Buy now, your boys' Rubber Boots. We will sell all sizes at cost and less.  
Boys' gum Short Boots, sizes 12 to 2 at \$2.15 a pair; sizes 3 to 2 at \$2.98.  
Where you can buy Better Shoes for Less Money.

## Endicott-Johnson Shoe Store

110 North Main St., Wellsville, N. Y.

## An Unusual Sale of SUITS FOR MEN

To clean out the balance of our this season's stock

\$25 and \$27 SUITS REDUCED TO	\$18.95
\$30 and \$32 SUITS REDUCED TO	\$22.95
\$35 and \$37.50 SUITS REDUCED TO	\$27.95
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SPECIAL \$1.50 and \$2.00 Outing Flannel Night Gowns 95c

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Main St. at Broadway. Hornell, N. Y.

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Feb. 28. — first Spring m-lamb supremacy

A. M. Ming citizen, was a day last week.

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