ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY THE NEWS PRINTING HOUSE
Claire C. Backus, Editor

OUR KEYNOTE:
"If There is Not a Way, Cut a Way"

Entered as second-class mail matter, under act of Congress, at the Postoffice at Andover, New York.

ANDOVER, N. Y. ---------------- JULY 3, 1936

Subscription Rates

One Year	$2.00
Six Months	$1.00
Three Months	$ .50

Third Parties

THE launching of a "third party" in this year's Presidential campaign was not unexpected by shrewd political observers, but nobody foresaw, a month ago, the combination of elements which have united to form the new Union Party. Back of its Presidential candidate, Representative William Lemke of North Dakota, there are lined up, so far, Father Coughlin and his Union for Social Justice. Mr. Lemke himself is spokesman for a large element of farmers and others in the Northwest who hold that the way out of our economic difficulties is by the issuance of more money, regardless of its gold backing.

Not every third party movement has been entitled to be taken as seriously as this one. Whether or not the Union Party will deflect more votes from the Democratic ticket or from the Republican candidates no one now can predict; but that it will get a large vote in many states is hardly to be doubted. It is a new fector in the campaign, and one seriously to be reckoned with by both sides.

Literally, of course, the Union Party is not the "third" party. Officially recognized in every state is the Socialist Party. In nearly all states the Communist Party has long had a place on the official ballot. In several states the Farmer-Labor party is the dominant one. Indeed, the Farmer-Labor party, with one Senator and three Representatives in Congress, and the Progressive Party, with a Senator and seven Representatives, might properly be called the "third" and the "fourth" parties.

The test of a political party's real strength, however, lies in its ability to carry states for its Presidential electors. Only twice since the Civil War has a third party done that. The People's Party, in 1892, won 22 electoral votes, and the Progressive Party of 1912 88 votes for Theodore Roosevelt in the Electoral College. Its name remains, but its influence does not extend far beyond the borders of Wisconsin. The Republicans who flocked to the Bull Moose standard under "Teddy's" leadership are now the nucleus around which the Republican Party itself has been reorganized.

Back to the Farm

THERE are more Americans living on farms today than ever before in the nation's history, according to a report just made public by the United States Bureau of Census. There were 31,800,907 in the farm population of Jan. 1, 1935. That is 1,356,557 more than on April 1, 1930, when the last previous farm census was taken.

This increase in the farm population may seem, at first glance, somewhat difficult to account for in view of the widespread talk about distress and starvation among the farmers of America. But everybody who knows anything about rural America knows that there are two kinds of farmers. One is the speculative, commercial farmer, usually operating on a one-crop basis, whose situation is comparable more to that of a business man than to the typical farmer of tradition. The economic distress among this class of farmers is far from being typical of farmers generally. It affects probably less than a quarter of all American farmers.

The typical American farmer operates the "family type" farm. He has for the most part been neither a claimant for nor a beneficiary of political efforts to "do something for the farmer." With him, farming is a mode of living rather than an effort to enrich himself. And most of the new population on the farms falls into this class.

According to the Director of the Census most of the current increase in farm population consists of families who have moved back from industrial centers to the security and peace of the land. They are "subsistence farmers" in the phrase now current. They are the type of Americans who prefer to dig their own living out of the soil, even at the cost of remoteness from the movies, rather than to go on relief.

Longer Life

FIFTY years ago, a man was considered old at 60 years of age. Today he is only in the prime of life, with many years of usefulness yet ahead of him.

In one country today, the oldest inhabitant is still farming at the age of 132 and he isn't worrying about the approach of death. In our own country we have many past four score that are still active and several instances of men 90 and over who are hale and hearty.

We appear to be a generation of people enjoying longer lives than our forefathers, a fact which the average man is unable to explain.

Yet the pessimists are still trying to make us believe that the pace we travel will get us. It will eventually, of course, but the remarkable advancement which has been made in the care of infants and the safeguarding of health early in life, that produces strong men and women, have been instrumental in adding to the years on earth of the average human being.

Many girls today feel that mother should have plenty of exercise, and leave all of the work for her to do.

Some things that really come with waiting are hunger, blil collectors and whiskers.

No one has invented any insurance which will prevent death and injury at grade crossings.

In the days of long ago the profits fixed the law, and today the law fixes the profits.

Our Mechanical Age

IT HAS become the fashion in certain circles to deprecate our modern industrial age, on the grounds that it exalts the machine above the individual, and the mechanical above human values. It is blamed for unemployment and the resulting economic depression. A short time ago, we heard much ballyhoo about technocracy, whatever that may be, for it is doubtful if anyone ever did determine, even those who styled themselves technocrats.

But is the machine guilty of all these serious indictments? The results seem to differ from the theory. The machine has, for the first time in history, given a vast amount of leisure to the great majority of people. It has increased production and shortened hours of work. It has made possible the wide dissemination of luxuries at prices which fit the average purse.

Motor cars and telephones and heating systems and elevators and endless other mechanical devices have lessened the time necessary to perform the duties of life, that more time may be had for the luxuries.

There can be no question that there are many who use their leisure poorly. But it is not the machine that must defend itself against this criticism. It is human intelligence.

And it is not illogical to believe that the machine will be the means to an end—a time when education and knowledge will be really general and this newfound leisure will create a greater and better-balanced civilization.

Neither can we blame unemployment on the machine, for we need to consider only the consequences if our vast industries were taken away from us—those industries which manufacture pleasure giving and time saving items which would not be possible to buy if they were not produced on a quantity basis. The automotive industry is an outstanding example of this classification. To the contrary, it can be said without equivocation that the machine increases employment.

All we need is a new and equitable method of distribution so that all can enjoy the things that they need and want. There is no surplus of any article as long as need and desire are unfilled. Create the income for the individual and his purchasing activities will be unlimited, keeping all of our industries and all of our machines working overtime to supply the demand.

A Question of Safety

IS YOUR child quick—or dead?

This rather pertinent inquiry or warning has been issued in connection with safety campaigns that have been waged to reduce traffic accidents.

The reason for it is that about one-third of all humans who are killed in traffic accidents, are children.

The assumption then is that the child that is not quick and on the alert every moment of the time spent on the streets, is of few years on earth.

Reckless autoists take this terrible toll of child life, and since they are not being curbed very rapidly, it behooves parents to use the greatest precautions in guarding their children against such an untimely death.

A study of statistics regarding this phase of automobile fatalities shows that the overwhelming majority of youngsters are killed while running errands or going to and from school. The loss of life among children playing in the streets is comparatively small.

No community escapes the blight of this ever-present menace. Tho accidents are less numerous in small towns, they are no less in proportion to population than in the large cities.

Tho speeding, reckless automobile drivers may be punished, the vengeance of the law will not bring back the little life that might have been spared, had more care been exercised.

How Much Is a Billion?

IN OUR modern day of high finance and huge governmental spending, the term billion has almost become a matter of fact, a part of speech in contrast with the time when it was spoken of in awe and was very rarely seen in print.

Hardly a day goes by that we do not see the term in print in our daily newspapers, referring to new public spending or to the national deficit. It is spoken freely on the street and wherever groups gather and the conversation turns to public finance.

A vast majority of those who use the term so freely and in such offhand manner, have no conception whatever of the magnitude of the amount that is so termed. In fact, it is doubtful if anyone can conceive of such a stupendous sum of money.

One writer has turned statistician long enough to give us a comparison that will lend a new reverence to the term even if it does clarify the comprehension of the amount involved. This writer says we have tangled the meaning of the term million and billion. He says, "The real difference may be illustrated by pointing out that if the attempt should be made to count to one billion, and it were possible to count 300 every minute, ten hours a day, 365 days a year, taking only the extra day for each leap year off, it would require fifteen years, 80 days, five hours and 34 minutes to count to one billion, whereas one million would be counted before the end of the sixth day."

Thus we have at least a mental picture of the tremendous amount that one billion dollars really represents. Other comparisons and contrasts would be even more amazing, perhaps.

Some folks get all of the enjoyment possible out of life on the theory that it will have to last them thru the next.

Jesse James never had but one picture taken. This bit of history does not discredit photography, but it does credit to the famous bandit's foresight.

Failure is what happens to a man when he achieves success and then sits down to enjoy it.

Automobile thefts are not nearly as common as they used to be, which is due, no doubt, to the fact that almost everybody has one.

No man can rightfully claim to be boss at home if he has all of his mail delivered at the office.

The supply of trouble always exceeds the demand, but the excess does not reduce the cost any.

Of the twenty women who have been members of the national house of representatives, eight were sent there originally to serve out the unexpired term of their husbands who had died.

HOW, WHAT and WHY?

The Andover News has arranged with the Office of Information of the New York State Colleges of Agriculture and Home Economics to answer questions about problems of farm and home. If you enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope and mention the name of this paper, you will receive a direct reply to your query from the colleges. Do not ask more than one question in one letter or on one postcard. Ask as many questions as you like, but make each one a separate communication.

Wood for Outdoor Cooking

F. K., asks: "What kind of wood is best to cook a meal in the woods?"

Professor J. A. Cope of the forestry department answers: "Nearly every woodlot in the state is rich in good coaling woods, such as beech, birch, maple, oak and hickory, so an excellent meal is assured as far as good heat is concerned.

"Do not try to cook over the flame except for boiling a liquid. Coals are needed for steady, constant even heat, and this means waiting until the flame has gone and only the charcoal remains."

Raising Ducks

S. F., asks: "Are ducks raised mostly for the meat or for eggs? Is it true that duck raising is on the increase?"

Professor L. M. Hurd of the poultry department replies: "Duck raising as practiced in New York State may be listed in four classes: Commercial duck-raising to produce duck meat; duck raising as a by-product on the general farm; duck raising for egg production; and duck breeding for pleasure, for exhibition, or for the sale of breeding stock.

"Most of the ducks in this state are raised for meat, altho there is considerable interest in the laying type of duck.

"Duck farming as a business is limited, because the demand for duck meat is not steady, and the meat is not in such great demand as chicken meat. The sale of duck eggs also is limited. Most consumers seem to be prejudiced against duck eggs for table uses because they are said to have a strong flavor. Ducks lay larger eggs than do chickens but eat more feed in producing them. Except at Easter time, the price of duck eggs is usually several centes a dozen less than that for hen eggs.

"Judged by census figures for 1910, 1920 and 1930, duck raising in New York State has been increasing, probably due to nearness to good markets. Suffolk, Nassau, Erie and Sullivan counties lead in the number of ducks raised."

CUT WORM INVASION WORRIES GARDENERS

Serious Damage Reported in Some Sections—Poison Bait Has Proved Effective in Giving Quick Relief.

Reports from various sections of the State of serious damage from cut worms have been frequent this season. Injury has been common on vegetables, strawberries, raspberries, and grapes and even greenhouse plantings have sustained attacks from this pest. To meet the situation, entomologists at the Experiment Station at Geneva have issued directions for making a poison bait that generally gives very satisfactory results.

The following formula will provide sufficient material to treat two to three acres, depending on how the bait is applied. The formula may be modified where larger or smaller areas are to be treated. The formula is as follows:

Bran, 20 pounds; paris green, 1 pound; cheap syrup, 2 quarts; three lemons, and about 3½ gallons of water.

The bran and paris green are mixed dry. The juice of the lemons are squeezed into the water and the peel and pulp chopped to fine bits and added to the water. The syrup is then dissolved in the water and fruit mixture and the liquid stirred into the bran thoroly in order to dampen the latter evenly. If a smaller quantity is wanted, the amounts of the different ingredients should be reduced proportionately.

Because cut worms are night-feeders, it is recommended that the poison bait be applied in the evening so that it will be in a fresher condition and thus more attractive to the worms than if applied earlier in the day. Owing to the danger of poisoning chickens, birds and dogs, it is advisable to cover the bait with stones, shingles, etc., if it is applied in small pots. It is claimed, however, that when the bait is broadcasted so that only flakes of the brain are offered to the insects, the danger of poisoning other animals is remote.

Interesting Trip To Cape Cod

Itinerary of Beautiful Motor Trip, as Outlined by Bear Mountain Bridge Commission

It is said that Cape Cod was first discovered by the Norsemen in the year 1006 and then by the Dutch in 1609. In 1620, this beckoning arm extending 25 miles out into the Atlantic Ocean, greeted the Pilgrims, who made the dangerous voyage across the sea, on the "Mayflower" in quest of religious freedom.

Millions of people have since discovered that Cape Cod is without equal as a summer seashore resort. Its excellent beaches running for miles along the ocean offer every kind of outdoor sport and recreation. Its inland waters are renowned for the quantity and quality of their fish. The beautiful scenic effects created by the huge sand dunes and the ocean have made Cape Cod a rendezvous of artists. Tourists have discovered its wonderful roads and cars from every state in the Union may be seen here.

Fine roads lead from Andover to Cape Cod, on which the scenery is superb and which avoid congested traffic areas, thereby assuring a pleasant trip all the way. Here is the way to go: Motor southeasterly along the Liberty Highway, Route 17 into Bloomingburg. At this point leave Route 17 and follow instead Route 215 eastward into Newburgh.

Drive southward from Newburgh on the "Scenic Route" U. S. 9W, over the picturesque Storm King Highway, and past the gates of West Point, site of the United States Military Academy and thru Highland Falls and Fort Montgomery to the Bear Mountain Bridge.

Near the western entrance of the Bear Mountain Bridge one will find the new Trailside Museum Buildings and the Nature Trails. This collection of buildings is an interesting sight in itself. They contain many exhibits of a historical, geological and botanical nature. The trails are well marked with attractive labels attached to natural specimens and will aid everyone to get a better understanding of trees, plants, animals, rocks and minerals.

Cross the Hudson River by means of the Bear Mountain Bridge, the first highway bridge to span the river south of Albany. For the convenience and comfort of travelers, the bridge is normally open to traffic 24 hours each day of the year. Its completion more than eleven years ago, opened up a new route into New England which not only saves time and mileage but also avoids all congested traffic centers. The views up and down the Hudson from the bridge are superb. In order that travelers might enjoy them, parking is permitted on the bridge.

After crossing the bridge, turn right and continue over the Bear Mountain Bridge "Scenic" Approach Highway, which has been built for almost its entire length of three and one-half miles, directly above the river. The traveler will encounter some extraordinary views, particularly from "Inspiration Point," where the roadway, on easy grades, reaches a height of 410 feet. At this point is a large parking space, which may be utilized by the traveler should he care to do so.

The Bear Mountain Bridge Approach Highway leads to the picturesque Bronx River Parkway Extension and this latter route in turn leads to the connection with Route U. S. 6, several miles east of Peekskill, avoiding this town entirely.

Now on Route U. S. 6, go eastward thru Mahopac, site of a beautiful lake of similar name and thru Carmel and Brewster into Danbury, Connecticut, the gateway into and from New England.

From Danbury proceed on U. S. 6 to the point of contact with Route 14 in the vicinity of Woodbury, and then on the latter route travel thru Waterbury, "the brass city of America," and thru Milldale, Meriden and Middletown into Willimantic.

Now on U. S. 6, again journey into Providence, the capital city of Rhode Island, founded more than 300 years ago by Roger Williams, after his banishment from the Massachusetts Colony for heresy. The ideals sponsored by Roger Williams were eventually written into the Constitution of the United States, and today everyone recognizes in religious freedom and tolerance the wisdom of Roger Williams' thoughts.

Travel from Providence on U. S. 6 thru Fall River and New Bedford, a renowned port for whaling vessels during the old days and the site of many interesting exhibits of those days, into Buzzards Bay. Then drive out to the very tip end of Cape Cod into Provincetown, on U. S. 6. The Pilgrims originally landed at Provincetown, but found that the land was not suited for colonization, re-embarked and sailed to Plymouth where the first white settlement was established. A large monument at Provincetown, commanding an excellent view of the ocean, commemorates the landing of the Pilgrims.

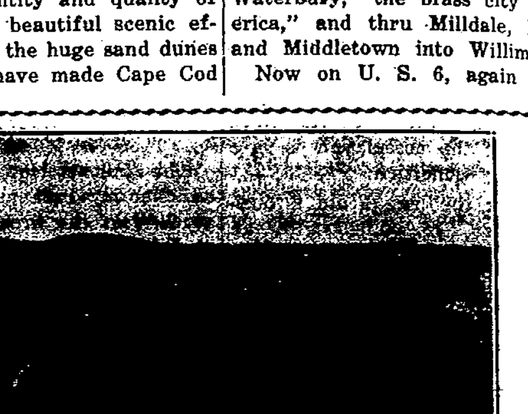
There are many beautiful beaches between Buzzards Bay and Provincetown, but in order for the visitor to see them it will be necessary to turn into the side roads which are plainly marked with the names of the various beaches and resorts to which they lead.

The trip around Provincetown will be greatly enjoyed. In places the roadway has been laid between the ocean and the huge sand dunes, giving one the impression of a desert on one side and an excellent view of the ocean on the other.

To visit the other side of the Cape, which likewise abounds with beaches and resorts of the finest type, retrace U. S. 6 to Orleans, where Route 28 is met and followed thru such outstanding resort towns as Hyannis, Cotuit and Falmouth back to Buzzards Bay.

In order to really enjoy Cape Cod, motorists should watch the signs pointing towards the ocean from the main motor routes. This is very important, for unless one travels over these side roads to the ocean and the resorts located along it, much of the pleasure derived from a trip to Cape Cod is lost.

Fine highway maps showing this route in detail may be had without cost by writing to the Bear Mountain Hudson River Bridge at 39 Broadway, New York City or from the editor of the Andover News.



Bird's eye view of the Bear Mountain Hudson River Bridge Site, three Mile Scenic Approach Highway.

YOUR HOME IS YOUR CASTLE
Admit only clean, constructive news by reading
THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR
A Daily Newspaper for the Home

The GOOSE WOMAN by REX BEACH

Copyright, by Rex Beach

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS: Amos Ethridge is found murdered in a country lane with a crude cross of twigs on his breast and a scented sheet of note paper in his pocket. He was the richest man in the state with power and influence enough to make himself a candidate for Governor. With his death came hints of an unsavory private life, of wronged women and betrayed husbands and fathers who had reason to wish him dead. There was also a powerful secret order opposed to him . . . Mary Holmes, called "the goose woman" by newspaper reporters, lives nearest the scene of the crime on a small chicken farm . . . Gerald Holmes, her talented young artist son has been befriended by the murdered Ethridge and is engaged to another of Amos Ethridge's proteges . . . Hazel Woods lovely and brilliant young actress, has been helped to success by Ethridge. She lives in a small cottage owned by Ethridge. . . Jacob Riggs, eccentric old-time actor, now a doorman at the theatre where Hazel Woods plays, has appointed himself her guardian and lives in a room over her garage.

Now go on with the story—

Vogel had made her bring her scrapbooks of yellowed clippings and her photographs; he had also arranged for press photographers and camera men from the news weeklies for here was a subject suitable for the screen reviews. When Mrs. Holmes left the building, she faced a battery of still and moving-picture cameras, and a way for her had to be cleared thru the curiosity-seekers.

Word quickly spread that an actual eye-witness of the Ethridge slaying had come forward with an incredible story and a mob followed Mrs. Holmes to her hotel. It swarmed into the lobby and up to the elevator gates, reminding her of the crowds that had followed her in Paris, in Vienna. She would have liked to step out of her room to some balcony, with her arms full of roses, and throw kisses to the street below.

In a surprisingly short time extras were out and Mrs. Holmes heard them being shouted. They contained little but headlines and a brief statement of facts, but she read them avidly and could scarcely wait for the fuller accounts and for the arrival of the big Chicago dailies the next morning. It fed her vanity to realize that in many quarters upon typewriter keys and telegraph instruments fast-flying fingers were pounding out her life story and that it was being cast in molten metal for the world to read. Those old photographs which had lain so long in the dark were being reproduced and new ones finished! Mary Holmes "the goose woman," had set the presses of the country a-spinning; Maria di Nardi, the forgotten darling of grand opera, was being reborn.

Sustained emotion, such as she had undergone today, demanded relief, and again she appealed to the matron for some whiskey. But the latter was firm. Mrs. Holmes was too excited to eat any supper, nor could she sleep when bedtime came. Habit had become fixed, restraint had only whetted keener her desire for drink, and her outraged system clamored fiercely for its accustomed anodyne. She paced the floor until long after her companion had retired.

She wondered why Jerry didn't communicate with her. He must have heard those newsboys bawling "extra" by this time and—But of course he was mad at her for getting into print; he abhorred notoriety. A shrinking violet, that was Jerry! Bah! He had offered to make her over if she'd let him! Well, she had made herself over. She wished he could see her tonight.

Mrs. Holmes rang for a bellboy and asked him the earliest possible moment he could secure for her the morning papers. The boy volunteered to go to the offices and fetch the first copies off the press; that would probably be about three o'clock. This gave the woman an idea and she inquired if by any chance he could at the same time secure for her a little stimulant, preferably whiskey, altho gin would do. The boy assured her that he could. He did.

Mary Holmes found pictures of herself on the damp front pages. The stories that went with them were all that she could have desired. She smiled, to be sure, at Vogel's positive assertion that he was on the trail of "the man in the robe" and that his arrest was merely a matter of hours. Vogel was a great grandstander. He amused the reader. She lowered the liquor in her bottle and felt her tautened nerves relax, felt a grateful ease and contentment creep thru her.

When the matron came to awaken her charge in the morning, she found her lying across her bed with her clothes on, and with an empty flask beside her.

There was a perfectly good reason why Gerald Holmes did not communicate with his mother that night; he was, for the time being, out of communication with anyone. Even while the evening extras were in process of printing he had been taken to police headquarters and there put thru an examination sufficiently rigorous to be termed the "third degree." At first he was humiliated and bewildered, altho scarcely alarmed; he answered questions frankly and fully, not realizing in the least that every word he uttered closed the net more tightly about him.

The police began by asking him about his relations with Hazel Woods and he told them of his engagement to her. He also admitted ownership of an automobile and identified a linen dust coat as his property, altho why the police had taken pains to filch it from the car and bring it here he could not imagine. With equal readiness he admitted having driven out to his mother's farm on the evening of the murder and having left the car in the pine grove near the entrance to the Ethridge lane. Yes, his right headlight had been out of commission.

To Gerald it seemed inconceivable that these men could actually suspect him of complicity in the crime. Not until he had gone over and over the story of his trip out and back and had detailed his every action on that night without in the least impressing them did he begin to appreciate the seriousness of his situation. Why should they suspect him of the murder, he demanded to know. Why should he wish to harm the man who had done more for him than anybody in Westland? What possible motive could he have for destroying his benefactor?

They told him why, in language so plain, so brutal, that he was stricken dumb. Miss Woods had been Amos Ethridge's sweetheart and the cottage she occupied was their love nest. She was the writer of that "Thursday" note which had been found on his body, and, after the show on the night of his slaying, he had called upon her, as was his frequent habit. He had gone directly from her arms to his death.

Gerald leaped to his feet. "That's a lie!" he shouted. In a fury he struck at the speaker. No attempt was made to quiet him; on the contrary, his inquisitors undertook to capitalize his agitation. They goaded him; they taunted him with being a fool; they told him things about Ethridge and the girl that would have driven any lover frantic. Vogel came in while this was going on, but he took no part in the proceedings. When Jerry refused to be convinced, when again he called them liers and defied them to shake his faith in his fiancee, they shifted their tactics and read him his mother's deposition. He listened while incredulity changed to despair.

When they finished, he told them, miserably: "You shouldn't believe that. She's—not altogether responsible. She drinks more than she should and there are times when she's apt to do or say almost anything. She's not a credible witness."

"She wasn't drunk when she swore to this."

"But—don't you see, there's just enough truth to what she says to make it all sound plausible? She doesn't know that I have an automobile. I didn't tell her because—well because she would have considered it an extravagance, so she doesn't realize it was my car she saw pass the house. I did leave it at the grove and it did have only one headlight. Yes, and she saw the tracks there the next morning. But she didn't actually see the murder, or she'd have told me. Why, we talked it over when I got back from Chicago and she never said a word about it! Bring her here. Take me to her. She'll set this thing straight."

"You better come clean," one of the detectives told him. "It'll save a lot of trouble and you're not doing yourself any good raving like this. You may save yourself from the gallows." In spite of himself, Gerald flinched. "Pretty rotten to kill the man who befriended you. The jury won't be out twenty minutes. Why, listen to this and do a little thinking for yourself. Ethridge likes you, pays your way thru art school, and one day he introduces you to his gal. You fall for her, like any sucker, and want to marry her until you discover she's his sweetie. But she knows a good thing when she's got it and she stalls you. All those Janes have a young fellow on the side! Of course you're familier with Ethridge's habits; you know how he drives home that back way every night after he's been to see her, so nobody will get wise, and you know he has to get out to open that gate. You know every inch of the ground out there, having been raised on the spot. You buy a cheap car so you can get around—people on trolleys are likely to be seen and recognized, late at night. What's a guy like you, a picture-painter, want of an automobile? Yes? All right. One night when Ethridge has a date with your gal—his gal—you beat it out to see your mother. You're a nice, dutiful mamma's boy, only you're not living at home. No, you got your own place in town and you leave her alone with the chickens. You park your flivver where it's handy to the lane; then you frame an alibi by calling on the old lady. But you take pains to duck just before Ethridge is due home. Fine! It's a wonder you didn't set the clock back when she wasn't looking and call her attention to it. They usually do.

"But you get a bad break. One in a thousand. Your mother goes up the road in time to see you give Ethridge the works. Tough for you she wasn't close enough to recognize your voice or see your face; she'd have kept her mouth closed if she had, no doubt. Women are like that. But, not knowing you had a car, she spills everythings to Mr. Vogel, and he plays her just right. We have you covered before he brings her into town. And by the way, remember the two wops that talked to you the night you went back to hide your tracks in case she suspected you? Your right headlight was out that night, too. Why, man, everything checks up, even to the white robe, or 'mantle,' as she calls it! We find that light-colored dust coat in your car. It ain't exactly white and it ain't a robe; but it's close enough. I never saw a cleaner set-up. Better call it a day and sign on the dotted line."

Gerald spoke, quietly, listlessly: "You almost make me believe I did it, but there's one thing you can't make me believe, and that's what you say about—Miss Woods."

That night while his mother greedily read about herself in the papers and drank herself into a triumphant stupor, Jerry sat on the edge of a bunk in the city prison.

Westland was in a furore. There was but one topic of conversation. The Ethridge case had "broken" finally, and the explosion had rocked the city, for nothing so fantastic as the true facts had been conceived in the most imaginative mind. To begin with, the story of Ethridge's "love nest" and its charming occupant—which, by the way, the papers featured in screaming headlines—was sufficiently scandalous to delight the prurient minded. Then, too, the identity of the slayer was a genuine surprise. A wicked roue, a seductive actress, a Cupid's bower, and a jealous young lover! It was the oldest, the most hackeyed situation known to newspaper reporting; it was hokum of the highest quality, sure-fire stuff. Anybody could write it, everybody would read it. To have the lover prove to be a base ingrate was an added touch and a tasty morsel. But the thrill, the drama, lay in the fact that the ingrate's mother had actually witnessed the murder and, in absolute innocence of the part she played, had brought him to justice. Here was something stunning; here was a coincidence truly uncanny; here was the hand of God. Yes, and the final denouement, coming right on top of the discovery of her real identity, was piling sensation upon sensation.

To the general mind it was a peculiarly satisfying case because the motives were plain and understandable and because the persons involved, outside of the unfortunate mother, excited no sympathy whatever.

Mr. Vogel came in for great praise for the expedition with which he had solved a baffling mystery; the chain of evidence he had forged was so strong and so complete that nobody questioned it. On Sunday, the day after Gerald's arrest, more than one sermon had for its text "The wages of sin," and from pulpits, not alone in Westland, earnest preachers thundered against rich men of evil life, the ingratitude of youth, and the scarlet women of the stage.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

GREENWOOD

(Mrs. H. C. McCaffery, Reporter)

Commencement Exercises

Commencement exercises of the Greenwood Union School were held in Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening. There were seven members in the Senior class: Marian Chaffee, Gladys Cole, Mary Hamilton, Marian McCarthy, Lloyd Chaffee, Joseph Murphy and Wayne Warriner.

Processional—Miss Olive Clark.
Invocation—Rev. Shirley Travis.
Violin solo—Mrs. Alice Baker.
Salutatory—Marian Chaffee.
Class Prophecy—Joseph Murphy.
Class Will—Wayne Warriner.
Valedictory—Lloyd Chaffee.
Music—Mrs. Baker.
Address, "New Deals for Old"—Mr. Ludwig Dale.
Award of Prizes—Miss Salzer
Presentation of diplomas—Mr. Redmond.
Benediction—Rev. Travis.
Recessional—Miss Clark.

Mention should be made of the awards given by the Board of Education to students in the high school for good attendance. Marian Chaffee has had perfect attendance for six consecutive years and Lloyd Chaffee has been absent but once in eight years.

Mrs. Scribner Passes Away

Following an illness of six months, Mrs. Dora Bailey Scribner died at her home Friday morning. She was 54 years old and had been a resident of this section all her life. She married Ray Scribner, Sept. 30, 1911. Mrs. Scribner was very active in the Home Bureau of Greenwood.

Besides her husband, she is survived by two sisters, Mrs. J. C. Penney of Geneseo, Mrs. Ada Sweet of Jasper; four brothers, Walter Bailey of Geneseo, William of Roulette, Pa., Edward of Jasper and Ward of Troupsburg.

Funeral services were held Sunday at 2 o'clock at the home, the Rev. Shirley Travis officiating. Burial was in the Greenwood cemetery.

Mrs. Allison Buried Here

Funeral services for Mrs. Rhoda Allison were held at the home of her son, Donald Cheesman, Sunday afternoon, with burial in the local cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Salzer and Mr. and Mrs. Alton Salzer of West Henrietta attended Commencement exercises here Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Goodno and son, Redmond, have gone to Canandaigua Lake to spend the summer at their cottage there.

Miss Ruth Rudman, third and fourth grade teacher for three years returned to her home in Brockport, Thursday. Miss Rudman will be married during mid-summer.

Miss Eleanor Sweet is spending some time with her aunt, Mrs. Burdette Russell of Hunts.

Miss Gertrude Clark is working in Canisteo.

Mrs. Elmer Gifford and two children of Buffalo arrived Saturday to spend a month at the home of her aunt, Miss Sabrey Stephens.

Miss Ruby Tyler left Sunday for Buffalo where she will attend the summer session of the University of Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward McHenry, Atty. and Mrs. Lyle W. Jackson of Hornell and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fish of Canisteo were recent dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Buck.

Several from this place attended Commencement festivities in Canisteo last week. James D. Burd of this place was a member of the Senior Class in Canisteo.

Miss Ruth Salzer, language teacher and librarian at the local school, returned to her home in West Henrietta for a brief vacation before attending the summer session of Geneseo Normal School.

Miss Mary McKinley, who resigned her position as seventh and eighth grade teacher here to accept a similar one in Randolph, will attend the summer session of Albany State Teachers' College. Mrs. Reva C. McCaffery will teach the seventh and eighth grades the coming year.

Friends of Mrs. W. G. Kellogg will be pleased to know that she has sufficiently recovered from her serious illness to be out again.

Miss Maxine Armstrong and her mother, Mrs. Armstrong of Alfred attended the high school Commencement Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Shepard Murdock of New Haven, Conn., is visiting at the home of her father, A. L. Lewis.

A. B. Karlen, E. M. Scribner and R. P. Holly attended the meeting of the Past Masters' Association of Steuben county in Hornell last Thursday.

The home of Miss Ellen Young is resplendent in a new coat of paint.

Mr. and Mrs. Harland Knight of Ithaca spent the week-end here. They were accompanied home by Miss Grace Young. Miss Young will teach the Mead district school next year.

Miss Pauline Rollins, a student in the Elmira Business Institute, is passing the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Rollins.

George Williamson, Curtis Mattison and Clinton York were recent visitors in Buffalo.

Mrs. James Smith of Bath is passing the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Burger.

Mr. and Mrs. George Burd, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Burd of Canisteo, Mrs. Lottie Carpenter of Shinglehouse, Mrs. Flora Lewis of Bolivar, Mrs. Nancy Lewis and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hasko and daughter of Genesee, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Burd and Mrs. Sarah Redmond helped Mrs. James Burd celebrate her 77th birthday recently.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rollins and family were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Marze Blair in Nunda.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Young are passing a few days at their home in Buffalo. They were accompanied by Mrs. George York, who will spend some time with her sister, Mrs. Thomas Egan.

Mrs. F. E. Carney and Mrs. R. P. Holly attended Commencement exercises in Nunda, Friday evening. Arling Rollins, who accompanied them, remained for the week-end at the home of Marze Blair.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rudman of Brockport spent Friday and Saturday with their daughter, Miss Ruth Rudman at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Dennis.

Mrs. Thomas McEnroe of Wellsville spent Monday with her mother, Mrs. D. D. Baker.

Frank Warriner was a business visitor in Buffalo, Monday.

Miss Jennie Waters of Hornell attended the Eighth Grade Commencement, Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Aman of Irondequoit were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Stephens and Merritt Atkins.

4-H Enrollment Largest in History

The membership in Allegany county 4-H Clubs is now the largest since organized club work was introduced in 1931. Four hundred and ninety-six girls are enrolled for a total of 461 projects in homemaking and agriculture, and 439 boys for 618 projects. The largest increase in agricultural projects is noted in poultry with 171 members enrolled. Dairying maintains 137 enrolled. Many of these members are enrolling for the first time and have purchased animals of outstanding individual merit. The co-operation of Allegany county bankers is appreciated in making possible the purchase of outstanding animals in this and other livestock projects.

The assignment of Mrs. Eleanor Milliman as county agent at large to this county has increased the popularity and quality of work for girls enrolled in homemaking projects. Several new clubs have been organized that have contributed to our increase in enrollments. New projects are included in our girls' program which has raised the level of this type of work to that of the leading counties in the state.

Enrollments by projects are as follows:

Project	Boys	Girls	Ttl.
Garden	57	31	88
Potato	114	10	124
Small fruits	38	24	63
Dairy	121	16	137
Swine	31	3	34
Sheep	39	8	47
Baby beef	2	9	11
Poultry	147	24	171
Forestry	57	16	73
Colts	9	3	12
Homemaking			
Beginning Sewing			150
Made-over Garment			27
Sleeveless Dress			38
Ensemble			9
Foods Units			
Breakfast			140
Party Refreshments			139
Outdoor Cookery			86
Canning			33
Room Improvement Units			
Desk Equipment			51
Room Arrangement			8
Other Room Improvement			12

The Gee-lorious Fourth — by A. B. Chapin