The PENTHOUSE MURDER

By Carl Anderson

SECOND INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS: A card game is in session in Elmer Henderson's penthouse atop a New York skyscraper. The players are: Henderson, Police Inspector Flaherty, Martin Frazier, Archie Doane, Max Michaelis, and his friend, Williams, a stockbroker.

They are waiting for Stephen Fitzgerald. When he fails to appear, a telephone call brings the information that he is out with a girl. Fitzgerald and Henderson are both romantically interested in Lydia Lane, the famous actress, but Archie Doane reveals that she is engaged to marry him.

Doane leaves the party early when Fitzgerald fails to appear. A short time later he telephone Inspector Flaherty.

Dan Flaherty turned from the telephone with what Max Michaelis often termed his "Old Sleuth" expression on his face.

"Get your coat on, Max," he said. "There's hell to pay." Lydia Lane and Stephen Fitzgerald have been killed in the girl's apartment. That was Archie Doane phoning. He found 'em."

"Lydia dead!" gasped Henderson. He turned white and seemed about to fall from his chair. Frazier's hand on his shoulder steadied him.

"Murdered!" cried Williams. "After what we were talking about, too!"

"Archie found them? Frazier of the District Attorney's office spoke almost familiarly with the other two.

"Yes, and he wants you to come with me, Max," replied Inspector Flaherty, addressing Michaelis again. "You might come too, Frazier. No use guessing what's up, but it looks like a tough murder." Max Michaelis is in a difficult position.

He turned to the telephone again and dialed Spring [illegible] the other [illegible] stare at each other.

"Inspector Flaherty speaking," they heard him say. "Let me speak to Larkin. Then give me anybody who's in the Bureau—Homicide Bureau? Is Detective Martinelli there—Tony, this is Inspector Flaherty. I'm uptown. Get hold of the Medical Examiner or his deputy right away. You go with him to 213 West 59th, Miss Lane's apartment."

He turned from the phone to the others. "What floor's it on, any of you know?"

"On the roof," replied Henderson, setting down the glass which he had just drained. "Penthouse apartment."

"It's one of these penthouse apartments," said Flaherty into the phone. "Take a camera man and a Bertillon man with fingerprint equipment along with you. You'll find a fellow named Archie Doane there at least I think you will. Don't ask him any questions, but just see what there is to see until I get there. I may be there ahead of you, but if I'm not, don't let Doane go without word from me. Better phone the precinct and have 'em send a uniform man to hold anybody who tries to leave the building before you get there. Tell them at the precinct the instructions are to let nobody in or out without orders from me. Got that? And, Tony—"

"You don't really suspect Archie did it, do you, Dan?" Max Michaelis interrupted. The inspector waved his hand for silence. "I suspect everybody in a homicide case, and you know it," he said gruffly. Then to the man at the other end of the telephone he give final instructions.

"Call the police garage and have them send a closed car for me, right off. I'm at Fifty-sixth just off Fifth Avenue, Highhart Film Building. I'll be waiting in the main lower lobby, downstairs. Make it snappy, now, Tony."

He hung up and rejoined the others. "No use trying to get a taxi this time on Saturday night, in this storm," he said. "We'll have time to cash in on the game before the car gets here."

"It's stopped snowing," said Williams, who had pulled the curtains aside and was looking out over the white-shrouded roofs of the city. "The storm's over. See, the stars are out. Everything looks so peaceful and pure—and two people have been murdered! Even tho I never met Fitzgerald or Miss Lane, and only met Mr. Doane tonight, it—well it get's me."

"It's got all of us," said Max Michaelis. "We all know Fitz—knew him, anyway—and we all love Archie. And Henderson, here—feeling better, old man? Want to have

"The inventor shuddered. "No thank you. I couldn't stand it. Even if I didn't feel as I do about Miss Lane, I would go to pieces and be a nuisance. The rest of you go on, don't mind staying with me, anybody. I'll be all right. But I hope—I hope it isn't Archie—that did it, I mean. I thought from the way you spoke, Inspector—"

"Well, look at it as if you'd never heard of anybody concerned," Dan Flaherty interrupted. "A man's engaged to marry a girl. He's jealous of another man. He worries all evening because he doesn't know where the girl is, or the other man. He goes to the girl's apartment and finds the two together. Of course, he says they were both dead when he got there. But if you knew just that much and didn't know any more—whom would you suspect?"

"Now, I don't suspect Archie Doane any more than I suspect anybody else. But I'm a policeman. Friendship cuts no ice with me in a murder case. Get my point of view?"

"Of course, you have to look at it like that, Inspector," Henderson [illegible] "But it doesn't sound like

Where's the Medical Examiner? What does he say?

one of us stay with you?"

"Come along, if you like," said Dan Flaherty, with gruff kindliness. "The sort of thing Archie Doane would do. Does it to you, Frazier?"

"No, it doesn't," the Assistant Attorney agreed. "He was awfully upset tho, tonight, about Miss Lane."

"I wish you'd phone me, Frazier, as soon as you find out more about it," Henderson requested. "You understand my curiosity? Will you let me know. I'll be waiting for word from you."

"I'll do that, gladly, old man. I'll tell you as much as Dan Flaherty will let me tell. He's the boss."

"That's all right," grunted Flaherty. "We'll give you a ring. Come on, Max. Come on, Frazier. Going now, Mr. Williams, or staying here?"

They had settled their poker winnings and losses while waiting, and all moved toward the elevator. Williams glanced again at Henderson.

"You're sure you don't want me to stay with you?" he asked.

"Sure," replied Henderson, forcing a smile. "You're good to offer it."

"By the way, Mr. Henderson, have you got a flask, or can you spare a bottle of that Scotch?" asked Max Michaelis. "Archie may need it. I would, in his situation."

"Certainly. Take a bottle. It's nearly full," said the inventor.

Warned by Inspector Flaherty, the little group of four said nothing about their errand in the presence of the night elevator man and doorman of the Highhart Building. Williams said good-night at the door and started off on foot, thru the three inches of fluffy snow. The others had but a few minutes to wait before a big sedan with the Police Department shield on the radiator and a brass-buttoned policeman driving, pulled up before the door. Not until they were inside the car did any of them speak.

Dan Flaherty was first to break the silence.

"This looks like a tough case, Max," he said. "Sort of thing makes a policeman wish he didn't have any friends."

"Jumping to conclusions, Dan, as usual?" asked Michaelis. "You talk as if you thought Archie did it."

"Suppose he did," retored the Inspector. "I've got to bear down on him harder than I would if I'd never known him; the best I can do I'll be accused of trying to shield a friend."

"I get you," agreed Michaelis, "but let me remind you that his calling you up was the act of an innocent man. He didn't have to do it. For all we know now, he could have slipped away and said nothing."

"But his asking for you is the act of a man who realizes that circumstances look bad for him," countered Dan Flaherty.

"Agreed," said Max Michaelis. "And I realize your position, Dan."

"I don't need to tell you that I'll play fair in anything relating to Archie," growled the Inspector, "and I'll be glad to have your help, Max. You know that."

"Even then, we've got a personal interest, all of us, in finding out who killed Fitz," Max Michaelis reminded them. "Our first concern must be for the living, but we must not forget our duty to avenge the dead."

"All right, Dan, I wish you'd tell me just what Archie said to you over the phone." Max Michaelis responded, as the car halted for the stream of after-theatre traffic going up Seventh Avenue into Central Park, its progress slowed up by the fleet of scrapers and trucks of the snow removal gang, already on the job. "What's the starting point? How did he come to be at Miss Lane's rooms? Did he explain that?"

"Yes," replied the Inspector. "He said that he went to his own rooms when he left the game and had been there only a few minutes, when his telephone rang and Miss Lane, apparently greatly excited, asked him to come at once. Something terrible had happened, she said. He got no answer at her door. Got in thru some sort of back entrance—he knew his way about there—and found Fitz and the girl, both dead—shot.

"Said he had done nothing before phoning me except to take a quick look around the apartment to see if anybody was hiding there, and that was all he said."

"That fixes the time of the shooting pretty closely, then," was Michaelis' comment. "Archie left us about ten-thirty, perhaps a few minutes later. He phoned you about eleven-twenty-five. Give him twenty minutes to get here, another five to look around, and he must have been talking to Miss Lane just about eleven o'clock. She, at least, was alive then. If the 'something terrible' which she said had happened was the shooting of Fitzgerald, then that must have occurred just before that. It's a quarter of twelve now—Whatever happened must have occurred within the last forty-five minutes."

"If he's telling the truth," growled Dan Flaherty.

"I can't make any other assumption than that," replied Michaelis.

"One thing we've got to remember," said Martin Frazier, as the car pulled up in front of Number 213 West Fifty-ninth, "is that Archie Doane is an actor. A good actor, trained to simulate emotions which he does not feel, to wear a mask at will."

"A point well taken, which is offset by the fact that when he does feel emotions he has difficulty in hiding them," commented Michaelis. "We have only to think of his evident distrait during the game this evening to realize that."

Another Police Department car was standing at the curb in front of the converted dwelling in which Lydia Lane had her apartment, and a uniformed policeman, on guard at the door, saluted Inspector Flaherty as he and his two companions alighted.

"Medical examiner get here yet?" asked the Inspector.

"Five minutes ago, with three plain-clothesmen," replied the policeman.

"Is this the only entrance to the building?"

"Except the trap door from the cellar, and that's right here in front" the policeman answered. "Nobody's been in or out since I got here."

"Let 'em in if you're satisfied they live in the building, and have been out all evening," the Inspector instructed him, "but take their apartment numbers in case I want to talk to them. If anybody wants to go out, send up to the penthouse apartment for me. Where's the janitor?"

"I haven't seen him. I think he has a room in the cellar."

"Better ring for him and keep him around to run errands for you," said Flaherty. "Any hallboys or elevator attendants?"

"No; it's an automatic elevator. One of these push-button ones."

The building had once been a rather pretentious mansion, which had been remodelled after the New York fashion, into small suites. It stood between two towering new apartment houses, overlooking Central Park. Yet, like most buildings of its type, it was tenanted at high rentals by those who preferred privacy and commodious rooms to the outward gorgeousness and cramped living quarters of the ordinary apartment. It was clear enough at a glance that an intruder might find little difficulty in entering and leaving unobserved.

There was not much room for Max Michaelis and Martin Frazier after Dan Flaherty had inserted his bulky form into the tiny elevator. The Inspector pressed the upper button and the cage ascended, to stop at a landing on the top of the building, five stories up. The elevator door opened upon a sky lighted lobby, from which the stairs descended. To their left, as they stepped out of the cage, there was a door which apparently gave access to the flat roof; to the right, a door on which a small brass plate bore the name of Lydia Lane.

Inspector Flaherty rang the bell and the door was opened by a tall, dark young man who bore none of the customary earmarks of the police. However Flaherty soon dissipated this idea in the way in which he addressed the fellow.

"Hello, Tony," said the Inspector "What does it look like?"

"Hello, Chief," was Detective Martinelli's response. "I don't know enough yet to make anything of it. It looks bad—" he glanced over his shoulder and lowered his voice as he spoke. "It looks bad for Mr. Doane."

"Where's the Medical Examiner? What does he say?" Inspector Flaherty demanded, as he and his companions pushed thru the door and into a square foyer from which other doors face at opposite ends. One of these doors opened as he spoke and the Medical Examiner himself came out. He reached for the telephone on a stand between the doors.

"The girl's alive," he said. "I'm going to call an ambulance."

The penthouse apartment in which Lydia Lane lived consisted of a large studio on the north front of the building, overlooking Central Park, a smaller but still commodious bedroom on the southerly side, connected with the studio both thru the entrance foyer and by a dressing room which opened into both rooms, off which was a bathroom. Also opening off the foyer, at the rear, was a little kitchenette with a tiny room for a maidservant adjoining.

At the front, the structure, really a bungalow built on the roof, was set back some six or seven feet from the cornice, making a little roof-garden on which French doors gave entrance. At the rear there was a much larger roof expanse, running back perhaps 25 feet, where an L-shaped extension had been constructed. The windows of the bedroom, the kitchenette and the maid's room opened upon this part of the roof, and there was another French door leading from the bedroom directly to the roof.

To give the janitor access to the roof and as a means of exit for tenants below in case of fire, another door, on the opposite side of the elevator shaft, opened from the elevator and stair landing on to a narrow passage which led also to the rear roof garden of Miss Lane's apartment. And up the side of the elevator shaft ran a vertical iron ladder, for the use of workmen in making repairs to the elevator machinery or the roof of the penthouse itself. At the rear of the roof extension which formed Miss Lane's roof garden an iron fire escape ladder led down to a courtyard.

There were windows only on the front and back of the apartment. On both sides the building was hemmed in by the windowless side walls of the adjoining structures, which rose 50 feet or more above the roof of the little house.

All of this was not, of course, immediately clear to Inspector Flaherty and his companions. Their first concern was with the facts, and with Archie Doane.

They followed Detective Marinelli into the bedroom while the Medical Examiner was telephoning to Roosevelt Hospital.

Smoke from the police cameraman's flashlight was oozing out of a window which had been lowered from the top, and the first sensation of the new arrivals was the acrid odor of magnesium powder.

Stretched on a chaise lounge in the farther corner of the room lay the body of Lydia Lane. She was attired in a flowered silk kimono, which had been partly pulled or thrown aside, revealing the dainty silken lingerie beneath.

The face whose pure profile had made her the darling of the screen was as beautiful in its white waxiness as when the pulses of life had colored it. Her boyishly-cropped golden hair seemed dark by contrast.

One bared arm hung limply over the edge of the couch, its whiteness marred by a dark streak which began at a blue-bordered hole midway between elbow and shoulder and coursed down to the ends of the tapering fingers which touched, it seemed almost caressingly, the face of the man who lay on the floor in a crumped, disorderly heap.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Health Camp Services Sunday Afternoon To Feature Band

The second in a series of eight vesper services at the Allegany County Children's Health Camp on the shores of Cuba Lake, will be held from 4:30 to 5:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon.

The Wellsville concert band will be featured this week with the Rev. A. Merritt Dietterich, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, Wellsville, in charge of devotions. The program will be heard over a public address system.

More than 70 children who are making a three-weeks stay at the camp will take part in Sunday afternoon's program.

The services are non-denominational, each week featuring organizations from vicinity communities. They are sponsored by the Allegany County Ministerial Association. At the close of the services those attending may inspect the health camp under direction of camp counsellors.

DISH FOR THIS WEEK

A tempting vegetable dish with lots of color is this casserole of summer squash, green corn and tomatoes.

Summer Squash and Green Corn

Use fresh tender squash. Peel the squash and cut it cross-wise in slices one inch thick. Lay the slices in a well-greased baking dish. Brush each slice with melted butter and sprinkle it with salt. Cover the dish and cook the squash in a moderate oven until it is tender.

Then add a layer of sweet corn about two inches in depth and dot it with bits of butter and pepper. Cover this with thin slices of tomato; sprinkle with salt and sugar and add three or four very thin slices of bacon. Bake in a hot oven (400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit) from 25 to 30 minutes.

For a dinner the New York State College of Home Economics suggests: mashed potatoes, meat loaf with mushroom sauce, summer squash and green corn hearts of lettuce with home made salad dressing, graham rolls, lemon sponge and peanut butter cookies.

In some parts of Europe eggs are safeguarded from molds by storing them in sealed containers of inert gas, such as nitrogen or carbon dioxide.

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THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS By Mac Arthur

Country Correspondence

South Hill

(Mrs. Earl Schoonover, Reporter)

July 12.—Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Marsh and two granddaughters of Bath and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Marsh of Endicott were supper guests of Mrs. Alice Livermore and family recently.

Miss Mary Lou Clark spent a few days with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis of Independence the first part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Schoonover and daughter Dorothy joined with several friends to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Watson at their home Friday evening, in which all enjoyed a very interesting evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hulbert and daughter, Doris, called on their mother and grandmother one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Schoonover and family and Howard Barney spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Schoonover with the later returning home with them for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Foster and two sons of Independence were supper guests of the Livermore family Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beihl and family spent Monday evening with the Schoonover families.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Schoonover passed Sunday afternoon with friends at Alfred Station.

Miss Gertrude Schoonover returned home Saturday evening from Allentown, where she has been helping Mrs. Fred Knox with her housework duties.

Bennetts Creek

(Harold Church, Reporter)

July 12. The ladies of the Cater Community Club held their annual monthly supper Thursday, which was well attended. About 160 plates were served.

A surprise birthday party was held Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Burley in honor of Mr. Burley's 27th birthday. Those attending were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bassett, Sam George and daughter, Vera, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hawkins and son Ernest.

Lawrence Knight and daughter Louise were business visitors in Canisteo, Tuesday.

Roy Hawkins is doing some of the haying on the Ray Bassett homestead.

Monroe Ackley was a business caller in Hornell, Wednesday.

Glee Quick attended the dance at West Union, Wednesday evening.

Delores Atkins passed Thursday night and Friday with Enid Perry.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Whiting of Hornell called on Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hawkins, Wednesday evening.

Floyd Bassett was a business caller in Greenwood, Wednesday.

Harold Church passed Sunday and Monday with friends and relatives in Smethport, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Perry and family were business callers in Canisteo, Saturday evening.

Among those in Canisteo Saturday evening from this place were Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Vedder and daughter Faith, Floyd Bassett, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Knight and daughter Louise, Harold Church, Roger Banks, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Burley, Mr. and Mrs. John Mullen and family, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Stewart and family, Mr. and Mrs. Alta Quick and son Glee, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Woodworth and family, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Plaisted and family and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hawkins.

Karl Bassett of Greenwood called on friends here Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Symer and daughters of Wellsville called on Harold Church of this place, Wednesday evening.

Donald Perry was a business caller in Canisteo, Thursday evening.

Oliver Keough called on Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Mullen, Saturday evening.

Earl Spencer visited friends in Greenwood, Sunday.

The shower for Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Dibble was well attended, Wednesday evening and a good time reported by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Buck and family of Elkland, Pa., passed the week-end with his sister, Mrs. Glenn Vedder of this place.

Mrs. Wm. Ackley passed the week-end with relatives in Wellsboro, Pa.

Mrs. Earl Bassett visited relatives in Emporium, Pa., Tuesday of last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Norton of Belmont passed Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Glenn Vedder of this place.

Elm Valley

(Mrs. Charley Cole, Reporter)

July 12.—Mrs. J. A. Walsh and Miss Nan Murray of Peidmont, W. Va., and Richard Clay of Braddock, Pa., are passing a ten day vacation at the home of their sister and aunt, Mrs. Edw. Greenan of South Hill.

Mrs. Edw. Greenan and guests spent Monday and Tuesday at Niagara Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Goodrich entertained guests from Buffalo last week.

Mrs. Elmer Ludden left Sunday forenoon for a visit of several weeks with a sister in Charmore, Okla., and her father and brother in Denning, Ark.

Miss Beatrice Drake of Hornell was a week-end guest in the Whiting home.

Lyle Nye of Whitesville passed Sunday afternoon with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Atwell and children called on Russell Stahlman in Coudersport, Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Cowles Whiting entertained a party of friends and neighbors with a picnic at the Red Rooster, Sunday afternoon, in honor of her husband's birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Leonard motored to Rochester last Tuesday.

Miss Lina Crowner and Mr. and Mrs. Cowles Whiting and Douglas Whiting attended the Empire Gas & Fuel company picnic Saturday.

Mrs. Lola Howden and three children of Petrolia were Sunday afternoon callers at Charley Cole's.

Earl Mattison returned to the CCC camp in Centerville after passing Sunday at his home here.

Howard Green and family and Clifford Green of East Valley were Sunday guests at Wilmer Atwell's.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Leonard and Mr. and Mrs. Bernice Leonard and Gilbert Cornish of Olean and Mrs. Lovina Osborn and son Will, also Mrs. Lovina Schields were dinner guests of Mrs. Pattie Wood [illegible] and over, Sunday.

Mr. and Mr. Otto Calkins of Pittston were Sunday guests at [illegible] Meade.

Whitesville

(Mrs. Ella Millspaugh, Reporter)

July 12.—Several thunder showers visited this place Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Kear, daughter Roberta, sons Donald and Dougall are passing a week's vacation with relatives at Ryndale, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rice visited in Andover, Tuesday.

Prin. Charles G. May of the Whitesville High School, is attending summer school at the University of Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCracken of Andover were calling on Mr. and Mrs. Lee Millspaugh, Sunday afternoon.

Milford Bassett and Lee Millspaugh were doing business in Wellsville Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. George Borschel and four children of Buffalo were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Hurlbert.

Mr. and Mrs. John Southard of Elgin, Ill., who have been visiting their niece, Mrs. C. L. Travis and family the past two weeks, left Tuesday for Randolph, where they will visit relatives a few days and then return home.

Mrs. Polly Edwards, wife of the late Nathan Edwards, aged 75 years, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Miranda Atkins on Friday, July 8, 1938 and was buried from the M. E. church Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, the Rev. L. J. Engler of Corning, a former pastor, officiating with Rev. C. E. Swearingen of this place assisting. She had been ill for two years and is survived by five children: Herbert and Miranda of Whitesville, Mrs. Laura Quick of Silver Springs, Mrs. Mary Church of Andover, Mrs. Agnes Green of Independence; two brothers, Lester and Wilber Baker of Whitesville; two sisters, Mrs. Florence Lee and Mrs. Cora Matteson of Whitesville and many other relatives. Mrs. Edwards was a fine Christian woman, a kind neighbor and friend and will be missed by a large circle of friends. Interment was in Rural cemetery.

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Joyce Hill

The airplane on Mrs. Conley's flat has been very busy the past few weeks carrying passengers.

Emerald Ordiway is helping Lyle Hunt with his haying.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Schoonover and daughter Dorothy called on Mrs. Schoonover's mother, Bertha Green over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Merl Karns were visitors here with her people for the day Sunday.

George Alvord is much improved at this time.

Mrs. Nora Cartwright and daughter Bertha, Mrs. Sylvia Grosaman and children and Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Cartwright and daughter were calling on Mrs. Bertha Green, Sunday evening.

The fine rain Monday did a lot of good for the farmers on the hill.

Edwards Reunion

The Benjamin Edwards reunion was held at the home of Walter Edwards in Elm Valley Sunday, July 10th, with about 50 members present to enjoy the dinner and social time. At the business meeting Ernest Benjamin was re-elected president and Alvin Edwards was elected vice president; John Edwards secretary, Mrs. Minerva Roe of Horseheads treasurer. The next reunion will be held at the home of Ernest Benjamin at Odessa, on the same date, the second Sunday in July.

Dodge Reunion

The descendents of Levi W. Dodge held their reunion at the home of Howard Green in East Valley Sunday, July 3rd, with a dinner on the lawn. Over 50 members were present and at the business meeting elected Levi Dodge as president, W. H. Green, vice president; Mrs. W. A. Green, secretary and treasurer.

They voted to hold the next gathering at the home of John Dodge on Davis Hill, July 4th, 1939.

A fine program of readings and songs was given by different [illegible]

Dates Set for Fall Teachers' Meeting

The programs for the annual fall meetings of the New York State Teachers Association have been completed, according to an announcement made by fall officials this week. The closing dates as released follow:

Aug. 5: Poultry, pigeons, rabbits, eggs.

Aug. 6: Farm horses, cattle, goats, sheep and swine.

Aug. 12: Dairy products.

Aug. 17: Fruits, flowers, farm products, oats, Indian village.

Aug. 27: Boys' and girls' division.

Homespun Yarn

To avoid rings when dry cleaning fabrics, use the cleaning solvent sparingly and blow on the spot while working.

Linings or pads prolong the life of rugs and carpets almost half, according to tests by the National Bureau of Standards.

A new ultra-violet lamp is now being used to kill germs and prevent the growth of mold and bacteria in meat display cases, in bottling beverages and milk, in canning jellies and in the frozenfruit industries.

The right type of jelly bag is essential for good jellies, says Cornell bulletin E 267, "Jellies, Preserves and Fruit Juices," which tells all about jelly-making. For a free copy, write to the Office of Publications, Roberts Hall, Ithaca, N. Y.

Births

July 8.—To Mr. and Mrs. George Bennett of Canaseraga, a daughter.

July 7.—To Mr. and Mrs. George McNulty of Wellsville, a son.

July 8.—To Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hopkins of Wellsville, a daughter.

July 9.—To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Ludden of Wellsville, a son.

July 11.—To Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Palmatier of Genesee, Pa., a daughter.

July 9.—To Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Dodson of Friendship, a daughter.

July 10.—To Mr. and Mrs. Carl Coon of Little Genesee, a son.

Marriages

July 3.—Miss Emma Scott of Fillmore to Thomas Nelson of Bliss.

July 1.—Miss Genevieve Hale of Caneadea to Lawrence Anderson of Falconer.

July 2.—James Love of Richburg to Miss Helen McClure of Franklinville.

July 2.—Miss Agnes B. Odum to Charles A. Slocum, both of Wellsville.

July 2.—Miss Doris Bullock to Harold Dorsey, both of Angelica.

DEATHS

William Wallace Eldridge, 70, of Fillmore, June 29, following a short illness. Surviving are his wife, Cora, two sons, two daughters, seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Interment in Short Tract cemetery.

E. C. Kingsley, 60, Rushford, July 3. Surviving are his wife Lorena and one daughter. Burial in Mt. Prospect cemetery, Franklinville.

Mrs. Eunice Slater, 71, Angelica, July 3, following an illness of several weeks. Surviving are Rev. I. W. Slater, one son, nine grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Interment in Until the Day Dawns cemetery.

Jerry Ryan, 56, Angelica, July 7th, suddenly of a heart attack. Surviving are his wife, three sons, two grandchildren, his mother, two sisters and two brothers. Interment in Until the Day Dawns cemetery.

Colonel William H. Tefft, 65, formerly of Belmont, July 1 at Fort Sam Houston. The Colonel, following 40 years of Army service was retired March, 1937. Surviving are his widow, Cordelia Tefft, a daughter, two sisters and a brother. Interment was in the National cemetery at Arlington, Va.

Frank Fox, Jr., June 28 at his home in Portville. Military services were conducted by Ernest Lamb Post No. 814. Burial in Chestnut Hill cemetery.

Mrs. Lillie Green, 91, lifelong readent of Canaseraga, July 6. She is survived by two daughters, two sons, three grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. Burial was in Canaseraga.

Adelbert Clark, 78, lifelong resident of Wellsville, July 9 at the home of his son, Lawrence Clark. He is survived by five sons, four daughters, two brothers and one sister. Interment was in Woodlawn cemetery.

Mrs. Maude Witter, 77, widow of the late Dr. George Witter, Wellsville, July 7, at the home of her daughter, Dr. Margaret Witter Barnard of Forest Hills, N. Y. Services were held at the Barnard home. Interment in Woodlawn cemetery.

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New European Discovery, proved in thousands, gives quick relief or it costs nothing. Works on principle of internal colon irrigation. Flushes out poisons and waste that cause rheumatic pains, nervous tension, sleeplessness, nervous headaches, dizziness, bloating, gas, constipation, loss of pep and vitality, due to kidney and bladder troubles. Ask for Cystex (Sis-tex) on 4 days trial. Only 75c at all druggists. Money back unless first dose relieves. Cystex (Sis-tex) is a prescription, not a laxative. Acts in 15 minutes. Relief from bladder irritation, burning, scanty or frequent urination, usually in 24 hours. Cystex (Sis-tex) is a mild diuretic. Cystex (Sis-tex) is a scientific combination of 6 ingredients. Cystex (Sis-tex) TABLETS in brown bottle.
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LITTLE BITS OF HUMOR

No Lunch

"Let me off, quick, conductor!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I thought that was a lunch wagon!"

Consolation

"Mamma," said little Joan, will you please button my dress?"

"Please do it yourself, dear," was the reply, "mother's busy."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Joan, "I don't know what I would do without myself!"

Hm'm!

"Dad, how can guns kick when they have no legs?" asked Bertie.

"Don't ask absurd questions," declared his father.

"Guns haven't any legs, have they?"

"Certainly not!"

"Then what's the use of their having breeches?"

Toot—Toot!

One night, two men were driving furiously in a car along a road that ran side by side with a railway track. Suddenly an express train, traveling in the opposite direction, flashed by them.

"I say," said one, "did you notice how that village was lit up?"

"Yes," replied the other, "that house was on fire."

Doubtful

"Why are you crying?"

"Father called mother a modelling goose."

"Well?"

"Mother called father a [illegible] ass."

"But why are you crying?"

"What am I?"

The Old Story

Husband: "Can't you guess what I've been?" he asked pridefully.

Wife: "I can, but [illegible] your story."

Even Balances

The young nature study class was having a lesson on animals. The teacher had asked a number of questions which were easily answered. At length she said: "Why does a dog hang out his tongue when running?"

A boy who had not answered before held up his hand. "Yes, Tommy, what is it?" she said.

"To balance his tail," was the reply.

BRIEF BUSINESS BRINGERS

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FOR SALE—The Julius Updyke house, barn and lot on Greenwood street, Andover, N. Y., also one-half interest in a 105 acre farm one-half mile from village of Andover. Good barn.—Mrs. Eliza Hann, Andover-Wellsville road, Phone 297. 29p

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MEN WANTED—Good nearby Rawleigh Route now open. If willing to conduct Home Service business while earning $30 and up weekly, write immediately. Rawleigh's, Dept. NYG-21-45, Albany, N. Y.

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Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of the Honorable Ward M. Hopkins, the Surrogate of the County of Alegany, in Surrogate's Court, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against Sara R. Cannon, late of the Village of Andover, in said County of Allegany, N. Y., deceased, are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, the administrators of the estate of said decedent, at the Andover National Bank, in the Village of Andover, in said County of Allegany, N. Y., on or before September 1, 1938.

M. ELIZABETH CANNON,
EDWARD R. CANNON,
Administrators

Dated February 21, 1938.
PHILLIPS & AHEARN,
Attorneys for Administrators,
One Liberty Street,
New York, N. Y. 32

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W. S. Calhoun, Secy.

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NO. 1088
Meets every second and fourth Wednesday evenings.
DEWEY NORTHRUP, Master
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