The PENTHOUSE MURDER

Clue Puzzle

FOURTH 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 with the frantic news that he has found Fitzgerald and Miss Lane dead in Lydia Lane's penthouse apartment.

When Flaherty and the medical examiner reach the apartment they find that Miss Lane is still alive. She is rushed to a hospital where [illegible] transfusions and care promise to restore her.

The door opening from the elevator landing into the foyer of Miss Lane's apartment proved to be equipped with two locks: one the regular Yeagle Lock provided by the owners of the building; the other a patent Yeagle proof lock which [illegible] but and [illegible] the door. The door, in the [illegible] stretch of roof garden that disclosed was level, fluffy and unbroken. A little ridge of snow had fallen from the door sill.

"Nobody has come in this way since the snow began, said the Inspector. "There isn't any way for anyone to get in from the front except by climbing the building that I can see."

"Or over this penthouse roof above us," suggested Frazier, "and the snow on the edge of that is undisturbed too."

"Before we look over the back roof," said Max Michaelis, "let me ask Archie a question or two. I think I know the answers, but I want to get them in the record.

"Archie, do you own a pistol? Did you ever own a pistol?"

"Never," replied Doane. "I'm afraid of the things."

"You have had to handle pistols in your professional work as an actor, haven't you?"

"Yes; in fact I have to use one in the picture I am now making."

"Where is that pistol? Do you know?"

"In the property room at the Highhart Studio, as far as I know."

"When did you see it last?"

"A day or two ago; Thursday, I think, we shot the last scene in which I am supposed to use it."

"What sort of a pistol is it? A revolver or an automatic?"

"It's a revolver, nickle plated with a pearl handle. In the picture I am supposed to shoot a burglar with it."

"Do you know the calibre—the size of the bore?"

"I think it is what they call a thirty-two."

"Did you ever fire that pistol?"

"Only once. That was in the studio last Thursday."

"Is this picture you are working in a sound picture?"

"Yes."

"Were any precautions taken to soften the sound of the shot?"

"Yes; there was a silencer on the weapon."

"At whom were you supposed to fire the pistol?"

"At Stephen Fitzgerald. He was directing the picture and also playing the part of the burglar."

"Did you load the pistol yourself when you fired it?"

"No; the property man loaded it, I suppose."

"If you had desired to kill Stephen Fitzgerald, could you have substituted a loaded cartridge for the blank cartridge used in the picture and so have made it appear an accident?"

"Why, such a thought never entered my mind. I suppose I could have done that, but it would never have occurred to me."

"I thought I knew what you would say," said Michaelis. He turned to Inspector Flaherty.

"Your man has made a thoro search for a weapon here, hasn't he, Dan?"

"What about it, Tony?" asked the Inspector of Detective Martinelli, "Find anything?"

"Not a trace, chief," replied the young detective. "I've looked into every place where a gun could be hidden and there isn't a sign of one. Either the guy that did the shooting took it away with him, or else he threw it away. The snow would hide it, you know."

"We'll keep that in mind, too," replied Inspector Flaherty, as he led the way to the rear of the apartment.

Under the beams of the pocket flights of Detective Martinelli the men from Headquarters [illegible] roof garden of the penthouse apartment showed the same unbroken expanse of fluffy snow as the narrower space in front had exhibited. The white surface was broken only by the footprints of a man, which led from the janitor's roof door around the elevator shaft and the kitchen extension of the penthouse, to the French door which gave access between Miss Lane's bedroom and the roof.

"I want a photograph of these footprints, and of the whole roof," said Inspector Flaherty to the camera man. "You've measured them?" he asked the Bertillon expert.

"Yes, and I've compared them with Mr. Doane's overshoes," was the reply. "They are his footprints without doubt."

"I'd like to inspect them carefully," said Max Michaelis. He borrowed Martinelli's searchlight, and as soon as the camera man had set off his flash and obtained his photographs, he scrutinized the tracks for several minute. Then he stood up and threw the searchlight beams on the rungs of the iron ladder to the penthouse roof and the coping which bordered the main roof on all sides, and upon the chimney stack which projected above it, seven or eight feet high and some twenty feet to the rear of the doorway in which they stood.

"I'd like to call your attention, Dan, to the footprints more particularly," he said to the Inspector. "They bear out Archie's story that he approached this door, over the roof, paused here, backed away a step or two, then returned to the door and entered. There are no tracks pointing away from the door, except those which your camera man made just now.

"I'd also like you to note that the snow ridges on the edge of the coping, on the rungs of the ladder and on the edges of the penthouse roof and on the top of the chimney are unbroken. Nobody has gone up or down the ladder, over the edge of the roof at any point, since it snowed."

"I don't know what that proves, Max, but I've noted it," responded Flaherty.

"It proves that if Archie did the shooting there are only two places where he could have hidden the gun," replied Max Michaelis. "He could have stood here by the door, where we are now, his feet pointing toward it, and tossed the gun up on this penthouse roof, or he could have stood in the doorway and thrown it beyond the rear edge of the main roof into whatever courtyard there is between the high walls all around us.

"Now, I suggest that, if there is no reason for having the snow on the roof garden undisturbed, since it has been photographed, that we go to the end of the roof and see what the snow below in the courtyard looks like."

"Why couldn't he have gone thru to the front and thrown the pistol into the street?" demanded Inspector Flaherty. "It would have been harder to find there."

"Because, Dan, as you probably noticed, the front door and the windows of the studio had not been opened since the snow began until we opened that door a minute ago. You recall how the banked up snow on the doorsill tumbled inward when you opened the door?" replied Michaelis.

"Not until after the men from Headquarters arrived and let me in there I hardly moved from the chair at the telephone table, after I called up the Inspector, until I rose to open the door for the detectives."

The searchlights revealed an enclosed courtyard at the rear of the building as the party looked over the coping and down into an L-shaped well, bounded on all sides by the walls of the buildings. It was obvious that nobody could have thrown anything over the roof of any of the adjoining buildings and there was not a mark or blemish in the unbroken surface of the snow below them, so far as could be seen from where they stood.

"Go down and get the janitor, Tony," Inspector Flaherty ordered the detectives. "Have him let you out into that yard and see if there is any spot we have overlooked.

"Wait a minute," he went on, as they turned so that they were again facing the penthouse. "First run up that ladder and see if anything has been thrown on the upper roof."

"It might have been thrown down the chimney," suggested Frazier, as Detective Martinelli hurried to obey orders.

"Hardly likely," said Michaelis, throwing the searchlight he had borrowed from the Bertillon man on the chimney stack. "See. It has a stone covering over the top of the flue, with apertures at the four sides to let the smoke out. It would have taken a good marksman to toss a pistol or anything else from the doorway there with sufficient accuracy to hit a hole about eight by twelve inches, at an angle, without disturbing the snow on the edges of the bricks."

"That's right," Frazier agreed. "I hadn't noticed the covering."

They reentered the apartment and Dan Flaherty addressed Doane.

"Did you ever play baseball, Archie?" he asked, with apparent casualness.

"Yes; I used to be a pretty good pitcher. Why?"

"Oh, nothing; I just wondered," replied the Inspector.

Martinelli, scrambling down the ladder, joined them as they took off their overcoats again. "Nothing on the roof, Chief," he reported. "I'll go down and look over the yard now."

Inspector Dan Flaherty stood in the middle of the bedroom and searched every plane and angle of it with his deep-set blue eyes, in silence.

"We've cleaned up outside," he said at last. "I'm going to comb this apartment again for the gun, the Tony seldom overlooks anything, and if he can't find what he's looking for it usually means it isn't there. But there are a lot of other questions in my mind before I can give you a clean bill, Archie.

"First, I want to look over Fitzgerald's body with the doctor, here. What's the matter, Archie? Catch him, somebody!" he cried, as Doane white-faced, reeled and would have fallen but for Max Michaelis.

The lawyer eased the actor into a chair. "It's that," he gasped, finally, with a motion of his head toward the sheet-covered form on the floor. "I can't stand it; never could. I'm sorry."

"Drink this," said Frazier, who had poured another generous libation from Henderson's bottle. The medical examiner took Doane's wrist in his hand and felt the pulse.

"Better go into the other room and lie down," suggested the doctor. "I'll lend you a hand."

"It's genuine enough," he reported, as he rejoined the others. "Not uncommon for the sight or even the thought of blood to unnerve a man who has that peculiar sensitiveness."

"Wouldn't do for a policeman," commented Dan Flaherty, grimly, as he turned back the sheet that had been thrown over the huddled form of what had been Stephen Fitzgerald. "Doc, does it strike you that there's anything queer about this body?"

"I don't follow you," replied the medical examiner "The position is a trifle distorted, but that may not signify anything."

"Ever see a man shot thru the heart? See the actual shooting, I mean?" the Inspector demanded.

"No, I can't say I have, replied the medico.

"Well, I have, said Dan Flaherty, "and I never saw one fall backward. They fall forward, every time. Sitting down or sideways or a dozen ways but always forward.

"Now, this guy is lying on his back, and there's burn [illegible] in my eyes since I came in. If he was lying down when he was shot, that could account for it. I don't see how he could be lying that way, anyway, unless he was thrown down on his back. Will you go over the body and see if the bullet went thru? If it went thru and isn't under him, somebody moved the body after he was shot."

The medical examiner proceeded with professional callousness to strip the clothing from the upper part of the body, with the aid of the two men who had accompanied Detective Martinelli from Center street.

Max Michaelis and Martin Frazier watched the proceeding with intent and interested eyes. Inspector Flaherty seemed to be looking at every corner of the room at once, as his keen blue eyes darted from one object to another.

Suddenly the Inspector stepped forward, reached across the body of Fitzgerald and poked his finger into a tiny hole in the silken upholstery of the cushion of the chaise lounge on which Lydia Lane had been lying.

"There's a bullet in there, somewhere," he said, "or I'm mistaken." He lifted the cushion from the couch and felt of its downy interior. "Here it is," he said. He ripped the cushion open and disclosed a bullet which had penetrated it, edgewise, to a distance of a foot or more.

"This is the one that went thru the girl's arm, all right," he said. "It's a thirty-two calibre. What do you find, Doc?"

"The bullet went thru the man," said the medical examiner. "Missed all the ribs and came out in the middle of the back. Thru the clothes and all. But it doesn't seem to be under him."

He poked about with a metal probe in the pool of rapidly clotting blood which the turning over of the body had disclosed, and upon which the Inspector now turned his search light.

"No bullet there," agreed Flaherty. "Therefore, he was not shot while lying here. The next thing we've got to find out is where the bullet went; then we may be able to tell where he was when he was shot. If he was shot inside of the apartment, the bullet is still here, for there isn't a crack in a pane of glass. Now, to speed things up, I wish you would all help."

Michaelis and Frazier agreed willingly, and the two Headquarters men took the request as an order. To each of them the Inspector assigned one of the walls of the bedroom. "I'll take the floor and the ceiling," he said. "Go over every square inch of wall, woodwork, furniture, until we find that bullet."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

The Inspector poked his finger into a tiny hole in the upholstery.

In ancient China, bakers who adulterated flour with sand were compelled to eat some of their own products, thereby breaking their teeth and a bad habit.

HELP KIDNEYS
To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste
Your kidneys help to keep you well by filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys fail to function properly and fail to remove impurities, acids and poisonous waste from the whole system can develop disturbances.
Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent or too frequent urination, loss of pep and strength, dizziness, rheumatic pains, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, tired, worn out.
In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has been scientifically tested and found worthy. Use Doan's Pills. A mild diuretic. Get Doan's Pills. Ask your druggist for Doan's. Insist on Doan's. Don't accept a substitute.
DOAN'S PILLS

I Pick 'em Up
TRUE STORIES OF HITCH HIKERS
by L. ELLIS EVONS

THE END OF THE TRAIL

It was getting dark. The road was bordered by dense woods on either side. A few miles back I had passed a sign, announcing the fact that this was the highest point on the state highway system. Over the brow of a hill I noticed a lone figure walking slowly but steadily. Coming closer, the walker, a man, elderly, stooped-shouldered, a coat on his arm, soft hat, no baggage. He looked around as he heard the car coming, indicating his desire for a lift.

Slowing down the old car and opening the door, I invited him to get aboard. As he slowly got in, I knew he was well up in years.

"How come you are so far out in the country?" I asked him.

"Last man who gave me a lift let me out at the sign that says it is the high point. He turned off at a side road there and I have been walking, want to get to a town where I can find a Salvation Army Home to stay tonight. Had eight lifts in two days to get this far. No one going any distance, all short rides, been walking half the time."

"Are you one of the homeless men who drift about the country?" I asked.

"Yes, I guess I am, but I hope this is my last drift. I am getting well up in years, in my seventy-third. A mere has promised me a home and I am trying to get there."

The next town of any size to support a Salvation Army Home was forty miles away so I had time to get the old man's story, which he told me as I questioned him. I wanted to find out why he had been a wanderer and he started at the beginning. It seemed as though he was anxious to tell his story to someone willing to listen.

"I was born and raised in a small town in New York, Port Jervis," he said. "Never had any real trade but could do most anything, got to be sort of a handy man. I made a good living and thought of getting married like most young fellows, but the girls around those parts wanted some one who could be a sport and dress up in swell clothes and entertain them with fancy talk. I was a quiet sort, a poor mixer. I guess you would call it. I left my home town and when I was thirty-one years old I met a real woman. We fell in love with each other and were married."

He hesitated as though to recall the events of many years back. I said nothing and soon he spoke again.

"Those were the best days of my life," he said, "we were both very happy and very much in love with each other. She was a wonderful woman and I was glad to work hard, to give her as much as possible. But our happiness was not to last, for she developed a cancer and died after we had been married five years. We had no children and it seemed as though the world had come to an end for me.

He sat silent, while the tears ran down his wrinkled cheeks. He had gotten dark and I pretended not to notice. He recovered himself and went on with his story.

"I was about thirty-six then and I started to go from place to place, trying to forget. My wanderings have taken me to every part of the country, and at times I have worked at paperhanging, painting, and all kinds of jobs. I was in California for five years and worked as an extra in the movies. They paid four and five dollars a day. Some men cut there let their hair and beards grow and get ten dollars when they need characters like that. The hard times made it harder to get work and I was getting up in years, been going down hill lately, just lost my last job, washing dishes in a restaurant, seems they want a young fellow. Two days ago I got a letter from my niece and with the last dollar I had to my name I started to what will be my last home, I hope. I can still do things and will try not to be a burden."

We drove into the city where my rider would get free lodging at the Salvation Army. I thought, how many times people who think themselves above giving anyone a lift on the highway, may be passing up a great experience, perhaps a life story like this.

He disappeared in the shadows of the city streets. He had given me his name and the town which he hoped to reach. Some day I will be going that way and will try to look him up. I hope he will find peace in his declining years, faithful to the memory of his sweetheart and wife.

THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS By Mac Arthur

Country Correspondence

South Hill
(Mrs. Earl Schoonover, Reporter)

July 26.—Howard Healey motored from Buffalo Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Lillian Healy and her granddaughter, Rose Mary. Mr. Healy returned home in the afternoon and Mrs. Healy and Rose Mary stayed on with the Deans for a few days. Mrs. Healy will be remembered as Miss Lillian Sullivan who resided on the Sullivan farm where Gus Lynch now lives.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moon were pleasant callers of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Griggs, Saturday evening.

Mrs. Howard Dean was a Wellsville shopper Saturday afternoon and also called on her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Daniher.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Yager spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moon.

—Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Schoonover and son Gerald, returned from their week's vacation Saturday and spent Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beihl of Pingrey Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Horan spent one day last week in Buffalo where Mr. Horan consulted a specialist in reference to an injury received some months ago to his arm while drilling at Allentown.

Mrs. Anna Benjamin was a business caller in Andover and Wellsville Monday afternoon and also motored to Petrolia where she was a supper guest of her sister and family, Mrs. Roy Hulbert and Miss Doris Hulbert returned home with her to spend a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Clark and son Bruce, called on Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Baldwin, Monday evening.

Mrs. Dewey Northrup and Mrs. Earl Schoonover motored to Friendship with Miss Doris Baker, Matron of the Andover Juvenile Grange and the Juvenile Grange members where they attended a very interesting meeting of the second Juvenile County Rally. The Juveniles of Cuba took the chairs and called the Grange to order about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, with guests of honor Mrs. R. Fidd, State Juvenile Superintendent and Mrs. Shultz, Juvenile Matron of Dansville and Mrs. Howard Whiteman, Juvenile Deputy of Dansville. The Juvenile Grange officers of Andover exemplified the Juvenile degree in a very pleasing manner with a fine program of music and singing and a play, "Wanted, a Wife." Mrs. B. Kidd gave a very interesting talk on the Morals Grange established for Youth.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dean and family, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Dougherty and family, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Clark and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Joyce and family and Mr. and Mrs. Paul McCormick enjoyed a picnic dinner at Demon Lake near Howard, Sunday.

Davis Hill
(Mrs. Floyd Slocum, Reporter)

July 28.—Mr. and Mrs. Ford Green and family of Wellsville were visitors at Orville Green's, Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Barney Schriener and sons, Kathleen Slocum and Beverly Hackathorn of Wellsville were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Green attended the funeral of Mrs. Herman Halladay at Wellsville, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emeral Ordiway of Pixley Hill were visitors at Laurence Ordiway's, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Dean and Earl Ordiway were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Smith at Whitesville, Sunday.

Mrs. Orville Green is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Glenn Amesbury and family at Richburg, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Ordiway and family and Mrs. Mable Halsey attended the Bible school services at the Independence church, Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum and Billy Schriener were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hyland, Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Coats and Arling Briggs of Andover were visitors at Frank Halsey's, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Davis and family attended the Bible school exercises at the Independence church, Sunday evening.

Miss Betty Green is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ford Green at Wellsville this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Coats were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Dodge Tuesday evening.

Shoddy, or wool removed from garments, is sometimes used to strengthen poorer grades of virgin wool.

Independence
(Mrs. Floyd Clarke, Reporter)

The Daily Vacation Bible School closed Monday with a picnic at Sunnybrook Glen at Stannards.

Mrs. Earle Greene spent Thursday at Niagara in company with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clarke passed Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Clarke and Mr. and Mrs. George Burdick at Little Genesee.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleon Clarke were visiting in Portville, Port Allegany and other places last week.

Earle Greene carried the mail for Rob Church Thursday and Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bassett of Wellsville are spending a few days with Mrs. Esther Bassett.

Jason Hawks, in company with friends from Hallsport, are passing a week in Washington, D. C.

Miss Marion Mattison of Whitesville is visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Cleon Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Clarke, Mrs. Evelyn Baker and Mrs. Lottie Drew were in Hornell, Monday.

Joyce Hill
(Mrs. Bertha Green, Reporter)

Linford Potter and family were callers of Mr. and Mrs. George Alvord, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Karnes of Elm Valley called on Mrs. Karnes parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Alvord Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Karnes motored to Penn Yan with John Conrad who has been at his uncle's, George Alvord's, for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Joyce and family and Edward Dixon of West Greenwood spent Sunday at Mrs. Tom Joyce's, Mr. Joyce's mother and Mr. Dixon's sister.

Norman Joyce is doing George Alvord's haying for him this year.

Dorothy Schoonover who has been staying with her grandmother over the week-end went home Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Emerald Ordiway and twins, Shirley and Barbara, called on Mrs. Ordiway's aunt, Mrs. Bertha Green, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Schoonover and daughters Dorothy and Gertrude and Howard Barney called on Mrs. Schoonover's mother, Mrs. Bertha Green recently.

There is not much change in the condition of Mrs. Henry Joyce at the present time.

Mrs. Inez Ordiway was assisting her aunt, Mrs. B. Greene in her housework one day last week. Mrs. Green is improving from her injury

Whitesville
(Mrs. Ella Millspaugh, Reporter)

July 26.—Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Longwell of Norwich, N. Y., were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Travis, Wednesday.

Some Whitesville women are attending the Women's Republican Club in Belmont today.

A picnic for the students of the Vacation Bible School was held on the lawn of Dr. H. R. Taylor last Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Mingus of Stannards and Mrs. Clara Perkins of Hornell were calling on Mrs. Arthur Crittenden Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Millspaugh and daughter, Bethel of Alfred and Mrs. Ella Millspaugh were Hornell visitors, Saturday afternoon.

B. E. Heselton, who was very ill last week, is much improved at this time.

The Whitesville Auxiliary, W. F. M. S., will hold a bake food sale in the Legion hall next Saturday from 10:30 a. m. on.

Mrs. Anna Hurlbert and Mrs. Robert Clark who are attending summer school at Geneseo, were home for the week-end.

Miss Doris Leach, a teacher in Geneva High School for several years, is spending part of her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rho Leach.

Mrs. C. L. Travis attended the meeting of Catherine Schuyler Chapter, D. A. R., held in the Christian Temple, Wellsville, last Thursday.

Fred Blackman of Harrison Valley is spending some time with friends in Whitesville.

The remains of Jay Goodnough of Emporium, Pa., were brought here for burial in the family plot in Rural cemetery today (Tuesday). He was a native and former resident of Whitesville 65 or more years ago and had become prominent in political life in Pennsylvania. The time and cause of his death is unknown to the writer at present.

Voorhees Hill
(Mrs. Raymond Church, Reporter)

July 26.—Miss Thelma Lewis passed the week-end at Brockport and attended the wedding of Miss Evelyn Smith on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Randall and son Neil of Los Angeles, Calif., visited her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Adams and other relatives in this section from Thursday until Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carrol Church and family spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Carpenter and family of Almond.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Rawleigh and son Sherwood of Elmira passed Sunday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Church and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Abram Slocum and Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis were visiting relatives at Brockport, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Kruger and Miss Lenna Church of Wellsville were afternoon callers at the Raymond Church home. Verna Jean Church went home with Mr. and Mrs. Kruger for a few days visit.

Mr. and Mrs. James Copeland of Pearce, Ariz., visited his aunt Mrs. Margaret Adams and husband over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Adams and their guests attended a reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Allen at Friendship, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Simkin motored to Hornell Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Keeler of Bolivar to attend a Sabbath school picnic.

Lytle Church of Elkland, Pa., returned Saturday to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Church from Jones Memorial hospital, where he underwent an operation three weeks ago. Mrs. Church and little daughter have been guests at the Church home during his illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Mingus of Stannards and Mrs. Clara Perkins of Albany were dinner guests of Mr and Mrs. Burritt Perkins, Sunday.

Miss Evelyn Miller of Westfield, Gaylord Miller of Whitesville, Mrs. Imogene Witter and little daughter Vera of Ulysses and Claire Church of Elkland called on Mr. and Mrs. Lytle Church, Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Church called on Mr. and Mrs. Burrell Canton of Fulmer Valley, Saturday evening.

Rev. Charles Kemp and wife and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Davis of [illegible] Hills were making calls on the [illegible] one evening last week.

Slate Creek
(Mrs. Raymond Stewart, Reporter)

July 26.—Hay has been an excellent crop in this community. Grain and corn are looking good.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Baker of Hornell called on his aunt and uncle, Mrs. Newell Stephens and John Crawford, Sunday.

Mrs. Raymond Stewart was hostess to the Hartsville Grange auxiliary Tuesday evening. Over 30 were present. After a delicious picnic supper games were played and later in the evening ice cream and cake were served.

Harold Mullen is seriously ill with streptococcus infection. He is attended daily by Dr. G. L. Whiting. Harold had the scarlet fever in the spring from which this poisoning developed. His many friends are anxiously waiting to hear he is better.

Dan Mullen called on his aunt, Mrs. Wm. Mullen, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Stewart and children Charlotte and Billy, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Spencer of Lower Bennetts, enjoyed an outing at Long Point at Canesus Lake, Sunday.

Mrs. Ed. Mullen and Mrs. Jay Bunt of Andover called on Mrs. Wm. Mullen, Sunday.

John Stephens and children, Bessie and Gerald and Isabelle Caward called on Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Stewart and family, Sunday evening.

Mrs. Leo Cummings and children visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hale, Tuesday.

There will be an ice cream social and dance at Hartsville Grange Thursday evening. Everyone welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Dibble and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Keough and daughter Louise called on Mr. and Mrs. Dan Mullen and family, Sunday evening.

Lois Acker of Purdy Creek was a guest of Charlotte Stewart a few days last week.

Mrs. Emily King is spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Keough.

Mrs. Otto Freeland and Mrs. Newell Stephens were callers in Canisteo, Saturday.

Elm Valley
(Mrs. Charley Cole, Reporter)

July 27.—Mrs. Lura A. Putman of Almond is spending some time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cowles Whiting.

Guy W. Stowell of Norwich, N. Y., was a caller at the home of his brother, Floyd Stowell, Sunday.

Doris Atwell is spending a few days with her cousin, Vera Jean Krusen in Greenwood.

Earl Atwell and family were callers at the home of Dorr Covert in Canisteo, Sunday.

Mrs. Wilford Wilbur of Corning and Mrs. Wm. Bailey of Wellsville were Tuesday evening callers at Charley Cole's.

Mrs. Locha Burdick was the guest of Olean relatives a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Downs of Schenectady are visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Menzo Burdick.

Wesley, Kenneth and Bernice Leonard and Webster Cornish of Olean were Sunday guests of Mrs Lovina Osborn.

Mrs. Mary Day and Donald Mingus of Whitesville and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Burdick and sons and Cecil Hurd were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Rix at Hemlock Lake, Sunday.

A variety shower was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer Atwell in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Eldyn Brooks of West Almond. Lunch was served.

Bennetts Creek
(Harold Church, Reporter)

July 26. Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Cole of Cleveland, Ohio were callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Knight, Tuesday.

Mr and Mrs Freeman Rogers of West Hill were visitors on our street Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Woodworth and family were business callers in Canisteo, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Stephens motored to Hornell Friday evening, to see his father, who is critically ill at the Bethesda hospital.

The Misses Virginia Mullen, Miss Ruth Spencer and Miss Vera Bassett returned home Friday after spending several days at Lime Lake.

Floyd Bassett was a business caller in Canisteo, Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Knight and daughter Louise motored to Ithaca Sunday to call on his brother, Mr. and Mrs. Harland Knight.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Perry, daughter Enid and son Donald were business callers in Canisteo, Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Truman Burd of Canisteo passed Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Ackley of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Burley and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hawkins enjoyed a weiner roast Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hawkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Plaisted and family were business visitors in Canisteo, Saturday evening.

Harold Church was a business visitor in Belmont, Saturday evening.

Roy Hawkins was a business caller in Hornell, Monday.

Several of the farmers have cut their wheat the past week and a good crop is reported.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Atkins and family were business visitors in Canisteo, Saturday evening.

Oliver Keough motored to Wellsville, Saturday evening on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Totten and family were business callers in Canisteo, Saturday.

Miss Louise Knight is passing several days with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Harland Knight of Ithaca.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Spencer son Earl and daughter Ruth were Canisteo visitors, Saturday evening.

Mrs. Raymond Mullen is passing some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bessie of Letchworth Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Vedder and daughter Faith, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hawkins and son Ernest were evening guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Knight recently.

Monroe Ackley was a business caller in Canisteo Saturday.

Glee Quick passed Sunday with Misses Charity Banks and brothers.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Tanphear were in Canisteo Saturday evening on business.

Mrs. Roy Hawkins and Mrs. Helen Knight were business visitors in Hornell, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Whiting of Hornell visited friends here Sunday evening.

Samuel Ackley was a business caller in Canisteo, Saturday.

Harry Smith of Canisteo called on friends here Sunday evening.

Kenneth Harvey was a business visitor in Wellsville, Saturday evening.

We are sorry to report Harold Mullen on the sick list, and his many friends and neighbors wish for him a speedy recovery.

Glenn Mullen is driving a new International truck on his milk route now.

Alfred Ross of Greenwood was a business caller in this city Saturday.

Cutworms are six footed creatures with a liking for newly set tomato, cabbage, and similar plants. To control them, scatter a poison bait on the ground near plants that are likely to be chewed off by the insects.

STOP THAT ITCH
DON'T SUFFER ANOTHER MINUTE
Evons' Oxylin Ointment absolutely new and different, not a greasy liquid. Greaseless, vanishing, non-poisonous, healing, anti-pruritic, antiseptic. Wonderful for itching, eczema, impetigo, burns, sore mouth, chapped skin, cuts and bruises, poison, after shaving, tired, burning feet, cracks between toes, athlete's foot and rectal itching. Safe to use on babies and children. Used by hospitals, doctors and chiropodists. Money-back guarantee.
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WE ARE IN ANDOVER MONDAY AND THURSDAY
Leave Orders at The Folsing Store

BRIEF BUSINESS BRINGERS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Plump and juicy Broilers. Hervey Thorne.

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FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Modern six-room apartment, Furnace, hard wood floors.—MRS. E. J. ATWOOD. tf

WANTED

WANTED—A housekeeper; companion for an old lady. Box 26, Nile, N. Y.

PROFITABLE, DIGNIFIED BUSINESS for high grade industrious men and women retailing Rawleigh Products direct from manufacturer to consumer. Every home your market. Large repeat orders. A few openings nearby. Write Rawleigh's, Dept. NYG-21-65, Albany, N. Y.

WANTED—To buy beef cattle of all kinds. Will pay Buffalo prices. Also buy fresh cows and springers. J. B. AMCHIR, Friendship, N. Y., Phone 64. tf

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of the Honorable Ward M. Hopkins, the Surrogate of the County of Allegany, 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 [illegible] 1938

M. ELIZABETH CANNON
EDWARD R. CANNON,
Administrators

Dated February 21, 1938
PHILLIPS & AHEARN
Attorneys for Administrators
[illegible] Liberty Street
Hornell, N. Y.

[illegible] and Adding Machine Vacuum [illegible] at the NEWS OFFICE

Andover Directory

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Frederick C. Mulholland
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Andover Dairymen's League
Co-operative Association, Inc.
C. A. ROBINSON, President
F. G. MEAD, Vice Pres.
HARRY SMITH, Secretary
Meets first Saturday each month

ANDOVER LODGE NO. 786 I. O. O. F.
Meets every Tuesday evening.
Visitors Always Cordially Welcomed.
James Mulholland, N.G.
W. E. Green, Secy.

ANDOVER LODGE NO. 558 F. & A. M.
Meets 1st and 3rd Monday evenings of each month at 8 o'clock.
Visitors Always Welcome
B. B. Hann, W.M.
W. S. Calhoun, Secy.

ANDOVER GRANGE
NO. 1095
Meets every second and fourth Wednesday evenings.
DEWEY NORTHRUP, Master
EDITH M. THORNE, Lecturer
LELIA LIVERMORE, Secy.
Visitors Always Welcome

MIRA DIFFIN
Attorney and Counselor at Law
Office over J. D. Cheesman & Co. Store
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