ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

By J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

OUR KEYNOTE:
"If There Is Not A Way, Cut A Way"

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By the People

A SMALL minority that has no faith in our form of government has succeeded in putting in the mouths of people who do not hold to their views, the word "democracy."

"Saving the world for democracy," rolled off the tongues of war-time orators with great ease. The thought had been implanted in their minds by others and they never stopped to study the meaning of the phrase.

The wide application of the primary law, which has been foisted off on an unsuspecting people by political reformers, may have led some to think that we were coming close to a democratic form of government.

This is still a representative republic, however, as those who founded it intended it should be, and unless we stick close to shore and dodge the breakers of a pure democracy, our future as a nation is endangered.

Those who wish to characterize the American government correctly should discard the misnomer "democracy." A railroad run directly by the stockholders, with every share owner attempting to give orders to the trainmen, would be a democracy, but few people would want to risk their lives on such a railroad. The stockholders elect directors to represent them in running the business.

The United States is a large corporation. Every voter is a share holder. We go to the polls at stated periods to elect our representatives to attend to the affairs of government. If they don't act in accordance with our views, we can recall them.

We don't need any initiative or referendum to decide whether the laws they enact are proper. We select them to pass laws and enforce them. If they don't perform as we think they should there is always another election coming.

The kind of citizens we don't want in this county are those who measure their intelligence by the length of their hair.

Static Minds

WE OWE much to the college professors, aside from the fact that they teach our young men and women, for the bright ideas they offer, particularly in warm weather when wits are dull and need sharpening.

A member of the faculty of a midwest university has found a new use for the automobile—not that the automobile needs a defender but he evidently was moved by a sense of duty and gave it to a waiting world.

It is this: If you happen to be so unfortunate as to be "static-minded," you should buy an automobile and cultivate "motion-mindedness."

If you are "static-minded," you would dive into the water to rescue a person at the place where the person disappeared. Or, for example, you would not be successful in beating the train to the crossing.

This professor thinks "motion-mindedness," being able to think where the car will be a few minutes later, is a sign of progress. And perhaps he is right.

An automobile driver who isn't able to visualize what will happen if he does certain things, is of few days on earth. He is one of the thousand whose lives are wasted annually because they could not "see ahead."

There are many "static-minded" folks who don't drive automobiles, and others who do. They see things only as they are and not what they are gradually becoming. They are our best known pessimists, who think that the present offers nothing of good, and that only the past is worthy of emulation.

This "motion-mindedness" business may be overdone, however. Even motion is not always progress. It may be largely wasted. Motion that doesn't accomplish something as it goes forward will never do the world's work. What we need is a happy medium.

Since worry makes a man bald, why can't he worry with his chin instead of his head?

Color as Camouflage

IF YOU'VE wondered what started this epidemic of sky-blue alarm clocks, jade pianos, aqua-marine kitchenware, lavender ice boxes and such erstwhile dull objects that now enliven American home life with their gay colors, here's the man to tell you. Meet Capt. H. Ledyard Towle, one-time portrait painter, wartime camouflage artist, now color expert for the corporation producing America's most varied line of motor cars.

What's responsible? The war is, says Captain Towle. More specifically, the art of camouflage developed in the war has been turned to the uses of the home and industry.

For example, your motor car when unpainted looks heavier, broader and more awkward than when a cleverly applied combination of colors on body and fenders, a deftly curved stripe running lengthwise, and other painter's embellishments make it the stream-lined graceful thing you drive with pride. That's what the motor makers learned from the navy's success in changing the apparent size, shape and even direction of its cruisers with a paintbrush.

"If that can be done, why couldn't color be used to affect the other senses as well as the eye?" Captain Towle asked himself when he came out of the war. He already had painted portraits that hang in the National Gallery at Washington and other famous exhibits, but he gave up that promising career to find out. The result was that he pioneered the movement which has made the kitchen gay with colorful utensils.

Elbow grease still does more of the world's work than soft soap.

A Prime Mover in Business

ADVERTISING is a prime mover in creating business. It rouses people out of lethargy, makes them want to live more fully and to possess the means of living more comfortably and enjoyably.

When sales are hard to get, then most people who have things for sale double their efforts to sell. The harder they try to sell, the harder their competitors try to sell. But no amount of selling effort—in the usual sense of the word—can create demand; it can only take advantage of the demand that has been otherwise created.

Advertising and selling ought to be considered of equal importance. Advertising creates the consumer demand. Selling connects this demand with the supply. Each needs the other to make its work complete and each is just as essential as the other.

Consumers will not have information regarding the things that are necessary for them to get the maximum of enjoyment out of life, unless they read the advertisements. Merchants are unable to develop a demand for the things they sell unless they advertise.

Advertising is a two-way proposition. The merchant who does not use it is handicapping his own efforts to sell and the consumer who does not depend on it in satisfying his wants is not buying to the best advantage.

Railroad Speed

AS FAR back as 1893 American railroad trains were capable of traveling at more than 100 miles an hour. In 1901, over a five-mile stretch, one engineer set a record of 120 miles an hour—two miles a minute, flat! Yet today the country's fastest scheduled train travels at only 93 miles an hour on an average, and an average 45 miles an hour is considered a good maximum for a main-line train over a long run.

Those figures would make it appear that instead of progressing railroads have slowed down in the past 20 years, while motor cars and aeroplanes have been making this the speed age. But such is not the case.

The fact is that while top-speed schedules have been reduced, main-line trains everywhere are transporting passengers at from 10 to 20 miles an hour faster than a generation back, and with a vastly greater degree of safety.

It is the "Safety First" consideration that has slowed down, for example, the flyers that once made the New York-Chicago run in 18 hours and that now take 20 hours for the trip.

Safety demanded the all-steel car. The average passenger train of today weighs five times as much as that of the early days of the century. The net result was heavier equipment and heavier power. Safety requires regular arrivals and departures. And from the other side of the fence efficient operation demands strict adherence to time-tables and constant observance of safety rules. As a by-product you have an increased cost.

The Land's Burden

FARMERS have complained, and justly so, about the heavy burden of taxes which the land bears.

It has increased in recent years, not alone due to the tax-free bond in which capital has been invested, but also to taxes levied locally for purposes of more than a local scope.

This is especially true of school taxes. Education is recognized as being necessary to the proper development of society as a whole, but rural communities, in educating their children, have to pay a much larger per capita cost, with the result that boys and girls in the country are handicapped, compared with advantages which city children possess.

Many states lay down requirements fixing minimum school terms and salaries for teachers, and courses of training and study are prescribed. Yet the cost of maintaining these state-wide standards is left mainly to the local school districts.

Education is admittedly a social function, the benefits of which are not restricted to the area or even to the state or the country in which it is given. It is therefore obviously unfair to burden farm property or rural occupations with higher school taxes than other sources of tax revenue have to bear. This would be the case if there were an equal interchange of population between the city and the country.

Enforcement a Principle

BOTH the Republican and Democratic platforms this year declare for law enforcement.

There is nothing unusual about that. Any political party that did not believe in law enforcement would not survive long.

Law enforcement is a principle not a policy. It is fundamental and neither party needs to refer to the matter in its declarations on the public questions of the day.

The president, when he takes office subscribes to an oath to "protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

The constitution declares that the president "shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed." This means no particular law, but all laws.

When a presidential candidate or any other candidate lays stress on one law, it may be assumed that he does not look upon the enforcement of others as of such pressing importance.

Even people who do not obey all the laws believe in law enforcement. It is a principle deeply imbedded in our theory of government.

Disloyalty

THERE is always somebody ready to condemn this community for its shortcomings and that somebody is generally a citizen of the community.

He is not only a citizen, but makes his money here, enjoys his pleasures here, rears his family amidst the advantages the community affords and is indebted to it for everything that he has.

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

If asked to subscribe to a civic fund, beautify the community, help increase trade or some other public spirited endeavor, he promptly and sullenly refuses.

He flails the air because his neighbor of means does not pay his just share of the taxes then leaves nothing unturned in an effort to slide out of paying his own.

Most everyone is quick to strike at disloyalty to tear down our community and undo the efforts of those who are trying to build up.

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.

Address your queries to How, What and Why, Room 201, Roberts Hall, Ithaca, N. Y.

To Can Tomato Juice

Mrs. A. E. H. asks: "What is the most satisfactory way to can tomato juice?"

The simplest way to make tomato juice, if the tomatoes are thoroly ripe, is to wash them, remove all imperfect spots, cut them in pieces and press them thru a fine wire sieve. Pour the pulp into clean jars. Add a teaspoon each of salt and sugar to each pint jar. Put the rubber on the jar and cover, leaving the lower clamp up; then cook in a hot-water bath for 16 minutes after the water begins to boil. This process gives a product of that excellent color and flavor, almost as good as the fresh tomato.

Another method is to prepare the tomatoes and cook them before putting them thru a sieve. Boil the pulp for five minutes, add sugar and salt in the same proportion, pour the mixture into clean hot jars and seal. A small amount of onion juice may be added if you desire, altho tomato juice, which is to be used as a breakfast drink, may be preferred without it. Any further seasoning may be done just before serving.

Other methods of using tomatoes are given in a home economics bulletin, E-159, Food Preservation, which will be sent free on request to the office of publication, Roberts Hall, Ithaca, N. Y.

Snapdragon Rust

Mrs. M. P. says: "My snapdragons are not growing well this year. A neighbor says they have the rust. What is the rust like and how can it be controlled?"

Professor C. E. F. Guterman of the department of plant pathology says: From your description of the symptoms, I believe that your snapdragons are affected with a common fungous disease known as rust. The following paragraphs give you a description of this disease and suggestions for control. If the symptoms as described do not appear to fit the trouble affecting your plants, we should be pleased to have you send us some affected plants for examination.

The brown, powdery pustules, often grouped in circles on the leaves, are typical signs of this disease. The pustules may also occur on the stems and bases of the flowers. They consist of microscopic spores or seeds of the fungus which, when carried to nearby healty plants by air currents, germinate and cause further infections.

This disease is rather difficult to control out-of-doors. Only healthy plants should be selected for planting or propagation by cuttings. Since the spores of the fungus are not seedborne, a healthy stock of plants can be obtained by growing from seed. If applications are made before or soon after the plants become affected, the disease can usually be controlled by dusting with sulphur. A good grade of dusting sulphur and a hand duster suitable for making the applications can be obtained at seed stores for reasonable prices. Light applications of the dust should be made at least once every one or two weeks. The treatment should be discontinued as soon as the plants begin to flower because the sulphur has a tendency to bleach the bloom. A complete clean-up and destruction by burning of all dead plant debris in the fall will aid in preventing further trouble with rust the next season.

Keeping Bermuda Onions

Mrs. E. J. G. asks: "Could you advise me how to cure Bermuda onions to keep all winter? I set 500 Bermuda onion plants and when the tops began to droop, I gathered nearly three bushels of large onions put them singly on the granary floor and turned them over nearly every day. They all rotted."

Arthur J. Pratt of the college of agriculture replies: "I believe your method of curing Bermuda onions was about right. When the tops begin to droop the onions should be pulled and left lying on the ground for about a week to become thoroly dried. They should then be stored in a cool and dry place which must, however, never get below freezing.

"Bermuda onions are easily bruised and must be handled carefully and as little as possible. They can usually be stored best in crates. Do not attempt to turn each onion because this may bruise them and start decay. At the best, Bermuda onions keep a relatively short time. I expect two or three months would be considered a good length of time to keep these onions.

Job Printing ... The Andover News

CARL MARSHALL ON SELFISHNESS

The Following is an Editorial From a Recent Issue of the Allegany County Democrat.

Our attention has been called to an editorial in a recent issue of the Allegany County Democrat. It is so good and hits the nail so squarely on the head that we republish it herewith:

Selfishness

If a man should tell you that he has started into a general exporting business and planned to ship diamonds to Kimberly, snow to the North Pole, water to the Atlantic Ocean and wheat to Kansas, you would immediately decide that there was something wrong with his gray matter and you would also forecast the quick and certain failure of the project. However, much the same is being done right here in Allegany county by a number of concerns and the outstanding fact is that the firms engaged in this business are succeeding or at least they are not losing money. Every day, every week and every month thousands of gallons of gasoline and oil are being shipped to the retail market of this county from other fields and the people of this county, at least some of them, are patronizing these outside products in opposition to our own local Pure Pennsylvania Crude products.

Selfishness has always and will always be a trait abhorred by men in their fellow men, but like every other man-made rule, there are exceptions to this one. It is our duty, as residents of one of the greatest oil producing counties in the United States to be absolutely selfish in our desire to use no other oil products other than those produced and refined in Allegany county.

The oil business is by far the largest industry in this section of the state. We all have neighbors, close friends and even relatives who are engaged in some part of this industry and whose entire future depends on the success or failure of the oil business. The very financial structure of the county is built on the strong foundation of oil and unless each and every one of us do our part to make that foundation strong, we are apt to witness the day when the structure will come tumbling down about our ears like Rome around Nero.

So, we say let's be selfish. Let everyone of us make a vow to use nothing in the line of crude oil products unless it is produced and refined in this section. Let us drive from our midst those companies who have the nerve to enter our retail field and tell us that they have a better product than the one we produce and refine ourselves. Thus you will help yourself, your neighbor and your friends and aid in the upbuilding of Wellsville and the strengthening of our financial structure. The job is up to each of us personally and the sooner we develop this selfish trait, the sooner our one big industry is going to come back to its former eminence and the city of Wellsville again enjoy some of that 1929 and 1930 prosperity. Let's be selfish.

A New York newspaper reporter was given an assignment to learn whether there is a family on Manhattan Island which keeps live chickens. Only one has been found to date and that one away up in the Bronx.

* * *

Legislation is being prepared in Germany to impose a tax on bachelor girls.

A&P

5¢ SALE

An extra-ordinary low price on foods and household items make this an outstanding money saving event—Sale ends Sat. night.

CHERRIES	Red Maraschino	3 oz. btl.	5c
TOMATO JUICE	Van Camps	13-oz.	5c
VEGETABLES	Golden Bantam Corn, Spinach or Succotash	can	5c
RASPBERRIES	Red or Black	8-oz. can	5c
SPARKLE DESSERT	7 flavors	pkg.	5c
VANILLA	Peacock Imitation	3-oz. btl.	5c

CREAMY TUB BUTTER . . lb. 21c

NECTAR TEA	Orange Pekoe	2-oz. pkg.	5c
MILK	White House or Van Camps	tall can	5c
APPLE SAUCE	. .	8-ounce can	5c
SARDINES	Neptune-Mustard or Jitney	tin	5c
BEANS	Quaker Maid or Sultana Red	lb. can	5c
MACARONI	Spaghetti or Noodles	pkg.	5c

1932 NEW PACK—RED RIPE TOMATOES 4 No. 2 cans 25c

CORN STARCH	A&P	lb.	5c
BULK PRUNES	60-70 Size	lb.	5c
TOILET PAPER	Waldorf or Gauze	roll	5c
SOAP	Fels Naptha, Camay, Ivory (med.)	cake	5c
LAUNDRY STARCH	A&P	lb.	5c
LAUNDRY BLUE	. . .	bottle	5c

GRANDMOTHER'S BREAD Plain or Sliced 16-oz. loaf 5c

The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.

"Sight Unseen"

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

EIGHTH INSTILMENT

SYNOPSIS

Six people, Horace Johnson (who tells the story), his wife, old Mrs. Dane, Herbert Robinson and his sister, Alice, and Dr. Sperry, friends and neighbors, are in the habit of holding weekly meetings. At one of them, Mrs. Dane, who is hostess, varies the program by unexpectedly arranging a spiritualistic seance with Miss Jeremy, a friend of Dr. Sperry and not a professional, as the medium.

At the first sitting the medium tells the details of a murder as it is occurring. Later that night Sperry learns that a neighbor, Arthur Wells, has been shot mysteriously. With Johnson he goes to the Wells residence and they find confirmation of the medium's account. Mrs. Wells tells them her husband shot himself in a fit of depression.

At a second seance, Miss Jeremy adds details about a summer resort where Charlese Ellingham was known to have been at the same time that Mrs. Wells was there. She also speaks of a pocketbook being lost which contains some important car tickets and letters. Mrs. Dane, alone of the women, seems thrilled by the investigation.

Johnson goes alone and investigates the deserted house. He is frightened by strange noises, as of an intruder in the house, but completes his investigation.

He visits Mrs. Dane and tells her how he had carried off the fire-tongs and left behind his overcoat in his excitement. She then tells him she had advertised for the finder of the pocketbook and turns over to Johnson an answer she had received from one having guilty knowledge of the crime. Dr. Sperry announces he is to be married to Miss Jeremy when the club meets again.

Hawkins, the butler, is identified as being the person who answered Mrs. Dane's advertisement.

Now go on with the story—

It was my overcoat! My overcoat, apparently uninjured, but with the collection of keys I had made missing.

The address was printed, not written, in a large strong hand, with a stub pen. I did not, at the time, notice the loss of certain papers which had been in the breast pocket. I am rather absent-minded, and it was not until the night after the third sitting that they were recalled to my mind.

At something after eleven Herbert Robinson called me up at my office. He was at Sperry's home, Sperry having been his physician during his recent illness.

"I say, Horace, this is Herbert."

"Yes. How are you?"

"Doing well, Sperry says. I'm at his place now. I'm speaking for him. He's got a patient."

"Yes."

"You were here last night, he says. Do you happen to have noticed a walking stick in the library when you were here?"

"Yes, I saw it."

"You didn't, by any chance, take it home with you?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Certainly I'm sure."

"Suppose we'll see you tonight?"

"Not unless you ring off and let me do some work," I said irritably.

He rang off, I was ruffled, I admit; but I was uneasy also.

It was that day that I discovered that I was being watched.

I did not tell my wife that evening.

After dinner I went into our reception room, which is not lighted unless we are expecting guests, and peered out of the window. The detective, or whoever he might be, was walking negligently up the street.

As that was the night of the third seance, I find that my record covers the fact that Mrs. Dane was housecleaning, for which reason we had not been asked to dinner, that my wife and I dined early, at six-thirty, and that it was seven o'clock when Sperry called me by telephone, and asked me to accompany him to the Wells's house to see if we could find the other overcoat.

He slipped an arm thru mine when I joined him, and we started down the street. "I'm going to get to the bottom of this, Horace, old dear," he said.

"Remember, we're pledged to a psychic investigation only."

"Rats!" he said rudely. "We are going to find out who killed Arthur Wells and if he deserves hanging we'll hang him."

"Or her?"

"It wasn't Elinor Wells," he said positively. "Here's the point: if he's been afraid to go back for his overcoat it's still there. I don't expect that, however. But the thing about the curtain interests me. I've been reading over my copy of the notes on the sittings. It was said, you remember, that curtains—some curtains—would have been better places to hide the letters than the bag."

I stopped suddenly. "By Jove, Sperry," I said. "I remember now. My notes of the sittings were in my overcoat."

"And they are gone?"

He whistled softly. "That's unfortunate," he said. "Then the other person, whoever he is, knows what we know!"

"Just where does Hawkins come in, Sperry?" I asked.

"I'm damned if I know," he reflected. "We may learn tonight."

The Wells house was dark and forbidding, but I led the way with comparative familiarity.

"In case the door is locked, I have a few skeleton keys," said Sperry.

We had reached the end of the narrow passage, and emerged into the square of brick and glass that lay behind the house. While the night was clear, the place was in comparative darkness. Sperry stumbled over something and muttered to himself.

The rear porch lay in deep shadow. We went up the steps together. Then Sperry stopped, and I advanced to the doorway. It was locked.

The lock gave way to manipulation at last, and the door swung open. There came to us the heavy odor of all closed houses, a combination of carpets, cooked food, and floor wax.

"Now, friend Horace," he said, "if you have matches, we will look for the overcoat, and then we will go upstairs."

As we had anticipated, there was no overcoat in the library, and after listening a moment at the kitchen door, we ascended a rear staircase to the upper floor. I had, it will be remembered, fallen from a chair on the table in the dressing room, and had left them thus overturned when I charged to the third floor. The room, however, was now in perfect order, and when I held my candle to the ceiling, I perceived that the bullet hole had again been repaired, and this time with such skill that I could not even locate it.

"We are up against some one cleverer than we are, Sperry," I acknowledged.

"And who has more to lose than we have to gain," he added cheerfully. "Don't worry about that, Horace. You're a married man and I'm not. If a woman wanted to hide something from her husband, and chose a curtain for a receptacle, what room would she hide them in. Not in his dressing-room, eh?"

He took the candle and led the way to Elinor Well's bedroom. Here, however, the draperies were down, and we would have been at a loss, had I not remembered my wife's custom of folding draperies when we close the house, and placing them under the dusting sheets which cover the various beds.

Our inspection of the curtains was hurried, but finally we found what we were looking for. In the lining of one of the curtains, near the bottom, a long, ragged cut had been made.

"Cut in a hurry, with curved scissors," was Sperry's comment. "Probably manicure scissors."

The result was a sort of pocket in the curtain, concealed on the chintz side, which was the side which would hang toward the room.

"Probably," he said, "the curtain would have been better. It would have stayed anyhow. Whereas the bag—" He was flushed with triumph. "How in the world would Hawkins know that?" he demanded. "You can talk all you like. She's told us things that no one ever told her."

"We'll have a go at the floors under the carpets now," he said.

The dressing-room had a large rug, like the nursery above it, turning back the carpet was a simple matter.

There had been a stain beneath where the dead man's head had lain, but it had been scrubbed and scraped away. The boards were white for an area of a square foot or so.

Sperry eyed the spot with indifference. "Not essential," he said. "Shows good housekeeping. That's all. The point is, are there other spots?"

And, after a time, we found what we were after. The upper hall was carpeted, and my penknife came into requisition to lift the tacks. They came up rather easily, as if but recently put in. That, indeed, proved the case.

Just outside the dressing-room door the boards for an area of two square feet or more beneath the carpet had been scraped and scrubbed. With the lifting of the carpet came, too, a strong odor, as of ammonia. But the stain of blood had absolutely disappeared.

Sperry, kneeling on the floor with the candle held close, examined the wood. "Not only scrubbed," he said, "but scraped down, probably with a floor-scraper. It's pretty clear, Horace. The poor devil fell here. There was a struggle, and he went down. He lay there for a while too, until some plan was thought of. A man does not usually kill himself in a hallway. It's a sort of solitary deed. He fell here, and was dragged into the room. The angle of the bullet in the ceiling would probably show it came from here, too, and went thru the doorway."

It was getting on, so I suggested we give up further searching.

We reached Mrs. Dane's, to find him," said the voice. "He's afraid that Miss Jeremy had already arrived, looking rather pale, as I had noticed she always did before a seance. Her color had faded, and her eyes seemed sunken in her head.

"Not ill, are you?" Sperry asked her, as he took her hand.

"Not at all. But I am anxious. I always am. These things do not come for the calling."

"This is the last time. You have promised."

"Yes. The last time."

For our last seance, Herbert Robinson, who had been reading up psychic literature, said he had arranged things to convince us all of the genuineness of any phenomena that might appear.

Herbert placed Miss Jeremy in her chair and proceeded to wrap her chair and all, in a strong network of fine thread, drawn sufficiently taut to snap with any movement.

He finished by placing her feet on the sheet of paper and outlining their position there with a pencil line.

The proceedings were saved from absurdity by what we all felt was the extreme gravity of the situation. There were present in the room Mrs. Dane, the Robinsons, Sperry, my wife and myself. Clara, Mrs. Dane's secretary, had begged off on the plea of nervousness from the earlier and physical portion of the seance, and was to remain in the hall until the trance commenced.

Sperry objected to this, as movement in the circle during the trance had, in the first seance, induced fretful uneasiness in the medium. But Clara, appealed to, begged to be allowed to remain outside until she was required, and showed such unmistakable nervousness that we finally agreed.

"Would a slight noise disturb her?" Mrs. Dane asked.

Miss Jeremy thought not, if the circle remained unbroken, and Mrs. Dane considered.

"Bring me my stick from the hall, Horace," she said. "And tell Clara I'll rap on the floor with it when I want her."

I found a stick in the rack out side and brought it in. The lights were still on in the chandelier overhead, and as I gave the stick to Mrs. Dane I heard Sperry speaking sharply behind me.

"Where did you get that stick?" he demanded.

"In the hall. I——"

"I never saw it before," said Mrs. Dane. "Perhaps it is Herbert's."

But I caught Sperry's eye. We had both recognized it. It was Arthur Wells's, the one which Sperry had taken from his room, and which, in turn, had been taken from Sperry's library.

Sperry was watching me with a sort of cynical amusement.

"You've an absent-minded beggar, Horace," he said.

"You didn't by any chance, stop here on your way back from my place the other night, did you?"

"I did. But I didn't bring that thing."

"Look here, Horace," he said, more gently, "you come in and see me some day soon. You're not as fit as you ought to be."

I confess to a sort of helpless indignation that was far from the composure the occasion required. But the others I believe, were fully convinced that no human agency had operated to bring the stick into Mrs. Dane's house, a belief that prepared them for anything that might occur.

A number of things occurred almost as soon as the lights were out.

Then, suddenly, a bell that Sperry had placed on the stand beyond the black curtain commenced to ring. Quite without warning, my chair twisted under me.

Finally Mrs. Dane rapped on the floor and Clara came in. Mrs. Dane told her to switch on the lights. Miss Jeremy had dropped in her chair until the silk across her chest was held taut, but none of the threads were broken and her evening slippers still fitted into the outline on the paper beneath them. Without getting up, Sperry reached to the stand behind Miss Jeremy and brought into view a piece of sculptors clay he had placed there. The handle of the bell was now jammed into the mass.

"Now," Herbert said, addressing the medium, "we want you to go back to the house where you saw the dead man on the floor. You know his name, don't you?"

There was a pause. "Yes. Of course I do. A. L. Wells."

Arthur had been known to most of us by his Christian name, but the initials were correct.

"How do you know it is an L.?"

"On letters," was the larconic answer. Then: "Letters, letters, who has the letters?"

"Do you know whose cane this is?"

"Yes."

Up to that time the replies had come easily and quickly. But beginning with the cane question, the medium was in difficulties. She moved uneasily, and spoke irritably. The replies were slow and grudging. Foreign subjects were introduced, as "Horace's wife certainly bullies of her. And the fire-tongs—the fire-tongs—the fire-tongs!"

"Whose cane is this?" Herbert repeated.

"Mr. Ellingham's."

This created a profound sensation.

"How do you know that?"

"He carried it at the seashore. He wrote in the sand with it."

"What did he write?"

"Ten o'clock."

"He wrote 'ten o'clock' in the sand and the waves came and washed it away?"

"Yes."

"Horace," said my wife, leaning forward, "why not ask her about that stock of mine? If it is going down, I ought to sell, oughtn't I?"

Herbert eyed her with some exasperation.

"We are here to make an investigation," he said. "If the memory of the club will keep their attention on what we are doing, we may get somewhere."

"Now," he continued, turning to the medium, "the man is dead, and the revolver is beside him. Did he kill himself?"

"No. He attacked her when he found the letters."

"And she shot him?"

"I can't tell you that."

"Try very hard. It is important."

"I don't know," was the fretful reply. "She may have. She hated him. I don't know. She says she did."

"She says she killed him?"

But there was no reply to this, altho Herbert repeated it several times.

Instead, the voice of the "control" began to recite a verse of poetry—a cheap, sentimental bit of trash. It was maddening, under the circumstances.

"Do you know where the letters are?"

"Hawkins has them."

"They were not hidden in the curtain?" This was Sperry.

"No. The police might have searched the room!"

"Where were these letters?"

There was no direct reply to this, but instead:

"He found them when he was looking for his razorstrop. They were in the top of a closet. His revolver was there, too. He went back and got it. It was terrible."

There was a profound silence, followed by a slight exclamation from Sperry as he leaped to his feet. The screen at the end of the room, which cut off the light from Clara's candle, was toppling. The next instant it fell, and we saw Clara sprawled over her table, in a dead faint.

In this, the final chapter of the record of these seances, I shall give as briefly as possible, the events of the day following the third sitting. I shall explain the mystery of Arthur Wells's death, and I shall give the solution arrived at by the Neighborhood Club as to the strange communications from the medium, Miss Jeremy, now Sperry's wife.

On Tuesday morning, I wakened after an uneasy night. I knew certain things, knew them definitely in the clear light of morning. Hawkins had the letters that Arthur Wells had found; that was one thing. I had not taken Ellingham's stick to Mrs. Dane's house; that was another. I had not done it. I had placed it on the table and had not touched it again.

But those were immaterial, compared with one outstanding fact. Any supernatural solution would imply full knowledge by whatever power had controlled the medium. And there was not full knowledge.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HARRY KEMP GAINS FRIENDS EVERY DAY

(Continued from First Page)

appears justifiable to inform enrolled Republican voters of the true facts.

The first two years of each sheriff's terms are used for the purpose of comparison. Figures were obtained from the annual reports of these officers to the Allegany County Board of Supervisors as published in the Official Proceedings. Brigham's figures are for 1927 and 1928, Witter's for 1930 and 1931:

	Brigham	Witter
No. of prisoners	178	422
Cost of prisoners' maintenance	$6,870.18	$12,265.17
Total number days served	2709	9,076
Daily cost of prisoners keep	$2.54	$1.35
Amount of fees turned back to county --	none	$2,943.12
No. of complaints investigated	No record	294
No. of process matters handled ------	No record	790

The sheriff's office is now open at all times, with a competent deputy in charge; and new and efficient methods of keeping records have been inaugurated, winning high praise from the state department.

An idea of the present efficiency of the department may be gleaned from a report made this week by District Attorney Ward M. Hopkins, covering the 2 2-3 years of his administration. A total of 170 cases has been handled in his office, resulting in one disagreement, two acquittals and 167 convictions by trial or plea, with fines collected amounting to $10,525. District Attorney Hopkins, who is a candidate for re-election, gives much credit to the sheriff's department and state troopers for obtaining sufficient evidence so that less than a dozen cases have actually come to trial.

These facts and figures, of course, have no bearing on the candidacy of Mr. Kemp, excepting to refute misleading statements of the opposition. Mr. Kemp has been connected with the department long enough to have formulated his own plans for the conduct of the office if he is elected this fall.

Mr. Kemp was born in Andover 40 years ago and has been a lifelong resident of Allegany county. He was educated in public schools, worked on a farm for a time and then became a driller in the oil fields. His present home is Andover, a township which has never furnished the county an incumbent to the shrievalty. He was appointed a deputy sheriff seven years ago and was promoted by Sheriff Witter to the office of Undersheriff, which he now holds. He has shown himself to be efficient, conscientious and fearless in the administration of the county's business.

With Brigham a known "wet," and Old Allegany proud of being one of the most arid counties in the State of New York, Mr. Kemp's candidacy has received great impetus since Brigham became his only opponent for the nomination at the primaries of September 20.

Dried seeds of some legumes are capable of germinating after a century.

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