

THIS WEEK IN ALBANY

Albany, Aug. 14.—Preliminary plans were laid at the Capitol this week for the important anti-crime conference which Governor Herbert H. Lehman has called for October. Thirty of the state's prominent jurists, lawyers, law enforcement officials and criminologists met with the Governor and pledged their utmost efforts to war against crime "on all fronts."

A Brooklyn newspaper suggested that Brooklyn also has a zoo. Accepting the suggestion, Mr. Osborne turned over to the Brooklyn zoo a fawn found in Rensselaer county.

Deputy State Comptroller Francis J. Burns of Clinton county has been designated by Comptroller Morris S. Tremain to represent New York State at the annual convention of the National Association of State Auditors, Comptrollers and Treasurers in Denver next month.

The convention is expected to devote particular attention this year to auditing and financing problems that have arisen as a result of increased relief expenditures due to the depression.

New York State is keeping on the trail of Dutch Schultz, former Bronx beer racketeer, who twice escaped conviction in federal court on the charge of tax evasion.

The state contends that Schultz owes about \$36,000 income taxes to it and is moving to collect it. Some newspapers have raised a question as to why the state stepped aside and permitted the federal government to prosecute Schultz when it had a charge against the racketeer too.

The explanation advanced by Mark Graves, president of the state tax commission, is simple. "Under the federal law," he said, "willful evasion of income taxes is a felony, subject to heavy fine and long imprisonment. Under the state law it is only a misdemeanor, subject to a fine of \$1,000 or one year in jail or both. Naturally we preferred that Schultz should be tried in the court where he faced the heaviest penalty."

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DO YOU KNOW?

This column is sponsored by the Medical Society of the County of Allegany.

GERMS to the number of more than 50,000 were found by two professors of the Michigan State College on a supposedly perfectly clean drinking glass.

QUACKS there have been in all ages. In New York State during the 17th and 18th centuries the practice of medicine was wholly unregulated. In 1760 Dr. Middletown said: "So amazingly easy of belief are some people in these miracle-mongers that as if there were something creative in the name of Doctor, seldom any other test of their skill is required than their assuming that title; so that this appellation with a competent presence of mind and a string of ready-coined cures, carefully propagated by such as find their account in carrying on the cheat, have seldom failed of procuring traffic in New York."

LITTLE GIRLS cry more than little boys, but they fight just as much, we are told as the result of a scientific study made at Columbia by Dr. Arthur T. Jersild. He watched two thousand engagements between children ranging in age from two to four years. The doctor emerged unscathed.

CHILDREN'S TEETH are improved by certain foods. Growing teeth require calcium and phosphorus, while certain vitamins aid in the assimilation of these minerals. Among the foods recommended are: Milk, eggs, dairy products, whole wheat cereals, meat and fish. Vitamin A is found in cod liver oil, butter, milk, cheese, carrots and spinach; Vitamin C in oranges, lemons, tomatoes, grapefruit; Vitamin D in egg yolk and cod liver oil.

INJURED workmen, who formerly were required by the compensation law to accept the services of a doctor designated by the employer or the insurance company, may now choose their own physician from a roster approved for this type of practice by county medical societies. This new law went into effect July 1 in New York State, and its operation is being watched with interest throughout the country.

BABIES need less food in summer, the same as grown-ups; the most vital factor is cleanliness in all the implements used in connection with its food.

JOE GISH BEER BEER. FASHION REPORTS SAY DESIGNERS AIM TO MAKE FEMININE WAIST LINES DISAPPEAR-- BUT I'LL BET THE FELLERS AROUND HERE WILL FIND THEM.

"SLUMBERING GOLD"

(Continued from Page Three)

but never in your cold-blooded style. At least they're given the offer of a last drink or a smoke. Why don't you do it regular?"

Some of the old-timers voiced approval of that. "All right," Fallon growled. "You can ask him. I'm damned if I will."

The man put the question. "If it's a choice," said Speed. "I'd like to roll a cigarette. I've got the makin'."

His hands were untied and the bartender told to "bring a glass of the special, Soapy."

Gratefully flexing his wrists Speed rolled a cigarette and was lighting it, when the drink arrived in a well-filled tumbler. "I take this kind, Soapy," he said, "but I never liked to drink alone. You can use my name freely in urgin' drinks on the house. The marshal has my wad."

This sentiment was most favorably received by a number of the revelers whose thirst had outlasted their means. The discovery that the condemned man's credit was still good with Soapy created a generally good impression. Fallon gnawed his cheek.

Curious newcomers were jamming in thru the doorway, and Speed paused with the glass half-drained, at sight of one of them. Lefty, wearing a look of strongly mingled triumph and discomfort, answered his stare by touching one bulge in the side of his coat and another in his pocket. Speed resumed his drink with a twisted grimace.

The money would have been safer in the marshal's office. With the deft trick of his kind in worming thru crowds, the dip drew nearer. The forward press of the crowd had brought Rose nearer too. Speed met her clouded eyes again in a long study, as he emptied the glass and lowered it.

Fallon jerked it from his hand. "Any other little thing you'd like?" he inquired sardonically. "They's one other thing," acknowledged Speed, still looking at Rose. "I ain't heard no music for some time. If the lady will play a song while I finish this cigarette."

Fallon wheeled, but Rose did not see his scowl. A chord as clean and sweet as the tinkle of the wind at twilight thru a desert canyon flowed from the strings under her touch, and shed an almost instant lustre on the crowd. Then her voice dissolved into the music—a clear, exquisite contralto, plaintive, strong and deep like the shore wash that sounded thru it, sustaining the rhythmic lapses of the song.

In that beginning, fluently riding spell of sound, the prisoner forgot everything apparently, but the singer's magic. But his eyes drifted to Lefty's with a sidelong glance at the accordion which dangled in the hands of its owner in the orchestra. Fallon, watching Rose and waiting for the end of her song did not notice the invisible prompting. Eyes and wits less sharp than Lefty's would neither have perceived the look nor interpreted it; but the dip quickly detached the instrument from the listless fingers, and before he was aware of what had happened, tossed it to Speed. The pass was hardly observed before Speed had chimed the accordion with the closing bar of Rose's song.

She looked up in wonder, but continued playing an accompaniment as the accordion repeated her melody. The sudden unexpectedness of the gesture took the crowd's breath no less than the perfect chording of the two instruments. He lured Rose's song into a lighter, brisker measure which she instinctively matched with the guitar until the melody itself was subtly changed.

Here was dance music such as few camps have heard, played by two artists who had music in their hearts and fingers. And as Speed swayed slightly with the playing, his eyes evading the smoke that curled up from the shortening cigarette butt, his feet were just visibly weaving in too—as it seemed, to the infection of his own music, but with a crafty, studied strain against the rope. "Come on, boys," he chanted suddenly. "Take your partners!"

The crowd was almost swept off its feet. In another moment the miracle might have been done. Lefty, with a gaze of awed admiration, caught the meaning of Speed's strategy.

But Fallon came alive with a roaring curse. "I'll make you dance, you jiggin'—!" He made a stride for the table to kick it over.

The kick, however, was not completed. The crowd had buckled and swayed inward from the door, cleaved apart by a powerful pair of shoulders, and by a dark, youthful battling head which Speed had never hoped to see again. It was Maitland.

There was a sharp crack of fist against bone, and Fallon was stiffened to his toes by a terrific driving smash to the jaw. He rocked and went backwards but saved himself from falling by lurching into the piano keys with a loud discord.

To the crowd it was like a gong. A lynching was one thing; this was something more; the challenge laced their blood with a strong intoxicant. The night had a head of steam. Fallon shook his head groggily. A movement of one hand to his belt

brought a roar of protest from the crowd—on their own account no less than that of fair play. But Fallon had no intention of shooting. He pushed the gun tight in the holster, and bracing himself against the piano, leaped for his antagonist.

The crash when they met sounded like an impact of bulls. Both men were magnificently strong, and toughened by the snow trails—the weight and matured experience were in Fallon's favor. He drove in a pounding barrage of body blows. Maitland closed in, trying to smother the assault, but taking meanwhile a thrashing rain of jack-hammer blows to the head and body.

The instinctive balance which a sailor learns on heaving decks must have steadied him now; he thrust back of a sudden, and Fallon's foot less sure of the glassy floor, slipped a little. The boy lashed up with a short left that cut the other's upper lip, and then drove home a full-shouldered right, as Fallon's head snapped back. He came back with a spring that tore thru Maitland's guard by sheer weight and fury. They slipped and came up in a swaying grapple.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

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(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Notice to Creditors

SURROGATE'S COURT: County of Allegany: In the Matter of The Estate of William F. O'Connell, Deceased

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Walter N. Renwick, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the Estate of William F. O'Connell, late of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Administrators of said Estate, at the Office of The Andover National Bank, in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 29th day of November, 1935.

Dated May 21st, 1935. ANDREW D. FULLER, MINNIE O'CONNELL, Administrators

Political Announcement

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Assemblyman for the County of Allegany, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held Tuesday, Sept. 17, 1935.

Your support will be very much appreciated.

WILLIAM H. MACKEON, Belmont, N. Y.

Group tours to the New York State college of agriculture to see and study pastures, dairy cattle, beef cattle, and other livestock, gaining in popularity this year.

THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS

By Mac Arthur

Comic strip panels with dialogue: YOU ACCUSE ME OF DECIDING THE SUNDAY DINNER BY ALWAYS HAVING ROAST CHICKEN... ROAST FORK? YOU KNOW THAT'S TOO RICH FOR JUNIOR'S BLOOD!... I DO LIKE ROAST BEEF! BEEF! THE LAST TIME WE HAD IT I HAD TO MAKE HASH AND CROQUETTES... I THINK WE'LL HAVE A BOILING CHICKEN FOR A CHANGE...

Three Valuable Books That Every Woman Should Possess: "PLANNING THE PARTY", "MARKETING & MEAL-PLANNING", "THE EASY WAY CAKE BOOK". Written by Katherine Caldwell. Absolutely Free with each 1-Year Subscription or Renewal to this Paper During August Only. Remember -- This Offer is Good for August Only! The Andover News