

THIS WEEK IN ALBANY

Albany, Aug. 21.—Works Progress Administration funds started to flow into upstate New York this week. The initial allocation being \$1,000,000.

Lester W. Herzog, state administrator, announced that this money will be used on projects in the sections damaged by recent floods and that more funds will be made available for that work from time to time.

In addition, Conservation Commissioner Lithgow Osborne announced the assignment of additional CCC workers to the devastated sections.

Large WPA allocations to the upstate area are anticipated within the next several weeks and hundreds of projects will be under way before early fall. The machinery for directing these projects has been set up.

This is that peculiar season of the year when propaganda, ballyhoo and similar forms of platform gymnastics have their way.

Melvin C. Eaton, Republican state chairman, jumped the season a bit, but he is taking fullest advantage of it. He recently attacked Governor Lehman on the latter's program for rehabilitation of flood sufferers and promised to send investigators into each county affected to reveal "the truth."

Of course, the investigators will be unbiased non-partisan persons, who will render an accurate report to the public. Or, perchance, will they be selected by the Republican leaders in those several counties?

In one of his speeches Mr. Eaton gave the impression that the state administration was responsible for the lives lost in the flood areas. He neglected to add that the state health department, acting under the direction of Governor Lehman, was responsible for preventing a vast list of casualties in sections where water supplies and sanitary facilities had gone out.

Apparently convinced that the flood issue was making little impression, particularly among the thousands of persons who know better, the state chairman turned the other day to the Governor's drive against crime, scheduled to reach a climax at a conference in Albany next fall.

Reading about the plans at his upstate home Mr. Eaton commended himself and reached the conclusion that it would be very bad politics to permit the Governor to have any credit for a successful battle against the lawless, even the Mr. Lehman invited the Republican legislative leaders to participate.

The chairman hastened to the telephone, called Republican state headquarters in New York and dictated a lengthy attack on the Governor, charging among other things that the latter is acting in bad faith in his anti-crime campaign.

Mr. Eaton's main argument seems to be that 10 of 17 so-called anti-crime bills failed of passage at the 1935 session of the Legislature. If the Governor was sincere, he says, he would have raised his voice in favor of those measures which failed of passage last winter.

The Republican minority, Mr. Eaton continued, fought tooth and nail for those bills. But, did they? Any one curious enough to look at the record will find that several of the most bitter foes of the measures were Republicans. Those same curious persons also would learn that many of the bills made their appearance during the 1934 session, when the G.O.P. controlled the Assembly, and that they had less suc-

cess than they did in 1935. It seems very strange that the state chairman is devoting so much of his time and energy to attacking Governor Lehman because the latter:

1.—Threw every resource of the state government into flood rehabilitation work.

2.—Secured the co-operation of the state's leading jurists, attorneys, penologists, law enforcement officers and legislators in a campaign to fight crime.

Had the Governor done neither of those things criticism would have been in order. Could it be that Chairman Eaton fears the action taken by Governor Lehman will add to the popularity which brought his re-election last year by a record plurality?

The sympathy of many political observers is going out to Mr. Eaton who is unable to draw the Governor into a debate with him. Governor Lehman merely smiled when informed of the crime discussion by the gentleman from Norwich.

Those who keep a record of such things recall that in the last gubernatorial campaign the Republican candidate, Robert Moses, made a great many speeches and attacked the Governor personally. He received no reply to personalities, the executive hewing to the line of direct state issues.

It is understood that Governor Lehman will consider some of the Eaton statements when they have to do with matters at issue.

Small boys yelling from the safety of the stands never get a reply from the man on the field.

The state department of labor is seriously concerned over the "occasional users of explosives," many of whom know nothing about the dangers with which they are flirting.

Industrial Commissioner Andrews pointed out that in the initial use of a high explosive, the individual usually engages the services of an experienced man. Thereafter he is apt to feel that he can do the job himself. That's where the trouble starts. The commissioner urges that such persons not store explosives near a residence; that they store the fuse in a cool place; that caps be kept away from dynamite and that they refrain from smoking while handling explosives.

"Above all," he added, "don't attempt to investigate a misfire too soon or if it is thought the fuse has not been lighted or has been lit."

Notice of Public Letting

NOTICE is hereby given that on the 30th day of August, 1935, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, the undersigned will let to the lowest bidder the job of printing the primary election ballots and supplies to be used at the primary election to be held on the 17th day of September, 1935.

All supplies and ballots to be printed and delivered to the undersigned at their office in Cuba, N. Y., on or before the 13th day of September, 1935.

Dated at Cuba, New York, this 24th day of August, 1935.

J. HARVEY BACKUS, HARRY E. KELLER, Commissioners of Election of Allegany County.

Political Announcement

To the Voters of Allegany County: I am a candidate for the office of County Judge and Surrogate of Allegany county, and will be a candidate for the nomination for such office on the Republican ticket in the primaries to be held in September, 1935.

I respectfully ask for and will appreciate your support.

Wellsville, N. Y., May 22, 1935. FRANCIS B. O'CONNOR.

Around Our House

WASHING PILLOWS

Warm summer days call for certain housecleaning tasks which are better done now than later. Washing pillows is one of them, says the New York State College of Home Economics.

To wash pillows, rip a small opening in the seam of the pillow ticking. Place the open end of a clean pillow in the open end of a clean pillow case. Gather the pillow closely around the ticking with the hands, so that no feathers will leak out. Shake the pillow until all the feathers have shaken into the pillow case. Tie together the open end of the pillow case with a string, and wash the pillow case with the feathers in a good suds. Repeat the washing in a second suds if necessary.

Rinse the pillow case with the feathers in lukewarm water, changing the water two or three times. Squeeze it dry and hang the pillow case with the feathers on a line in the sun. Beat it occasionally while it dries. Let it stay there until the feathers are dry.

Wash the pillow ticking in a good suds, turning the ticking inside out; rinse it well. After the ticking is dry, turn it back to the right side and iron it.

When the feathers are dry, put them back in the ticking, which has been washed and ironed. To do this, place the open end of the pillow case inside the open end of the pillow tubing. Gather the ticking around the pillow case and shake the case until the feathers are all back in the ticking.

Sew the open end of the ticking together with an overhand stitch. Beat the pillow several times to fluff up the feathers.

DON'T DRIVE NAILS IN TREES

Serious Accidents Caused When Saws Strike Nails, Says New York State College of Forestry.

A warning comes from the Pack Demonstration Forest at Warrensburg, N. Y., which is operated by the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University, concerning the practice of driving common nails and spikes into maple trees upon which to hang sap buckets. Usually such nails and spikes and sometimes sap bucket spouts are left in the trees and frequently are struck by the saws in the mills when the logs are sawed into lumber.

Serious accidents have thus occurred as well as cost to repair and loss of time to employees of the mill as the result of this practice. One can imagine what happens when a band saw strikes a nail! These saws are long ribbons of steel traveling at terrific speed and when one breaks and starts whipping around in the mill it becomes exceedingly dangerous to human life. If the person who drives a nail in the tree would be thoughtful enough to draw it out when it has served its purpose he may be saving human life.

Clifford H. Foster, Director of the Pack Demonstration Forest, has had experiences recently in the sawing of lumber from maple trees cut on the Pack Forest in which nails were struck by the saw. These nails were driven into the trees 40 to 50 years ago and were completely imbedded in the wood. He suggests that only copper or other soft metal nails be used in the sugar bush. If this type of nail happened to be forgotten and left in the tree, little injury would result in sawing.

Experiments in which the entire cotton plant is used in making rayon are being conducted by the University of North Carolina.

"SLUMBERING GOLD"

(Continued from Page Three)

blast you into the canyon. Throw that gun down."

A man with his arms raised came around the cliff ledge by which Dalton had approached so short a time before. Maitland was too confounded to utter a sound. He wore the uniform of the Mounted Police.

There are no braver men than the Canadian Northwest Mounted, but they are neither immortal nor impervious to the menace of two .45 six-shooters at blank range.

Speed emptied the mounty's holster and kicked the gun behind him into the snow.

"This only makes it worse for you," said the officer. "I demand that you and your partner surrender to arrest."

Here was just the vicious turn of fate that Speed had feared, with an extra twist to make it worse. After evading the suspicion of Cathcart, who had mistaken Dalton for a Siwash, were they now, by a climax of irony, to be charged with the murder of Dalton himself?

"This looks compromise, I'll concede," he said. "But you boys is on the wrong track. While you're stakin' us, the real game is likely beatin' to cover. There's two more men in these mountains, and they're worth trailin'."

"Where did you see them?" the officer asked, without belief.

Speed pointed his gun. "Four miles that way."

"You saw me and an officer who trailed with me, perhaps, tho' we didn't come from that direction. You've got our distance and bearing twisted. If you have a hope of setting us on a false trail, you can drop it. The game's up for both of you. Should you refuse to return our guns and have heard the warrant, you'll be hunted down to a finish."

Speed picked up the police revolvers, emptied them and threw them into the chasm. "It's a difference of opinion that makes gamblers," he said. "Get me two lengths of rawhide, Bud."

The request brought Maitland out of a trance. "Don't do it, Speed," he said quickly. "Let the law get this straightened out. Investigations will clear us of what they suspect."

"You've got delusions about the law, Bud. I can't argue with you. I ain't got no words but a low-down gambler's lingo, and it don't just fit with what I'm tryin' to show. But I've got a hunch, and I'm askin' you now, if ever you trusted a pardner's word, to take mine when I say you ain't fixed to deal with the law. Let 'em maybe—not now."

Maitland was moved by the appeal, but not by its logic. His eyes

were wet when he spoke. "We've reached that junction, Speed, you once talked of. God knows I'll never have a truer partner. You know that if this change were made agin' you alone, and there was no other way out than the one you say, I'd travel any road to help you. But to escape by using force against the police isn't just a crime that would outlaw us for life; it's a useless crime. We'd be giving them the

real case against us they haven't got. That ain't all. We couldn't take Pete over that route, and I can't leave her to face this alone."

Pete would have spoken, but Speed's brooding look at her checked the words. "How do you figure it?"

"I don't know," said Pete, unhappily. "I feel that Bud's right, tho', when he says you'd give the law a case."

"You're an ornery young pair of cubs," Speed muttered. "Reckon you can't help it, comin' from where you do. Now it's the same junction, turned bankwards, and I can be just as damned ornery."

He pressed back the gun hammers tensely watched by the police officer who had followed his argument with a fateful interest. Speed's eyes, however, strayed to a long pendant spruce cone on a tree near the ledge. Without aiming, he fired. The cone fell, clipped from the branch, and before it reached the snow, four quick shots had broken it to fragments. The remaining shells blazed at these pieces as they spun down the slope.

The outlaw waited, listening, till the last echo died out of the canyon. Slowly then, he looked at the guns, and rubbed a spot from one of the clean blue barrels. They were still smoking when he handed them to the police officer.

"Well, go ahead and read your warrant about our supposed shootin' of this man," said Speed, indicating Dalton's body.

"We have a warrant for your arrest," said the mounty, "but not for killing that man. Since you've surrendered, I want you to understand that we don't railroad men, or even arrest them, on merely presumptive charges. We had a brush with this fugitive—nodding toward Dalton, 'down the creek. It's more than possible he was wounded by one of our guns. The inquest will show. My warrant is to arrest you and your partner for the murder of a Siwash on Lake LeBarge, on or about the twentieth of last November. The native's body was disposed of thru a hole in the ice, and has been recovered since the thaw."

Speed's eyes sought those of his partner and Pete, who looked dumb-founded.

"Your own warrant?" he demanded.

ed. "Mine would be sufficient. This one happens to be signed by Cathcart of the Mounted Police."

"Well, I'm son of a—!" Speed mumbled to the hollow chasm with a note of doom.

At the same moment, a clatter in the jackpine gulch swung their attention to that quarter. In these schooling surprises they had completely forgotten they had completely forgotten Rusty. Now a slinking wolfish head nosed around the cliff and covered back at sight of the fallen body. From behind the cliff, the strident, excited, harshly familiar voice of Corpolar Cathcart twanged like an untuned banjo: "Get this malamute, Burke. It's the wolf that gave us the blood trail—the Siwash's lead dog!"

It did not take the mounties long to get things in shape for the trip down to headquarters. Pete was delegated to serve breakfast while the officers disposed of Dalton's body in a crude, grave near the mountain hideout. At last they started, Speed closely guarded, gave them no cause for concern. He was meeting the law unafraid.

(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.

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