ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY THE NEWS PRINTING HOUSE
Claire C. Backus, Editor

OUR KEYNOTE:
"If There is Not a Way, Cut a Way"

Entered as second-class mail matter, under act of Congress, at the Postoffice at Andover, New York.

ANDOVER, N. Y. ..... OCT. 18, 1935

Subscription Rates

One Year	$2.00
Six Months	$1.00
Three Months	$ .50

Our Defense Needs

THE recommendations of General Douglas MacArthur, retiring chief of staff of the army, are significant in lieu of the hostilities which have now broken into open warfare between Italy and Ethiopia and threatening to involve other great powers of Europe.

MacArthur has urged that a five year plan of modernization of the land military service to attain maximum effectiveness of the relatively small regular army. His program would call for the annual purchase of at least 800 new airplanes of modern type, equipment of every rifleman with semi-automatic type weapons, additions and improvement in the artillery branch, further mechanization and greater munitions reserves. These are the important phases of the recommendations that he makes and other lesser points are included.

Only the professional pacifists and those ignorant of the needs of defense can object to such a program. There is no hint of militarism in such a plan. It is no secret that our armament is far short of what is needed for reasonable safety against potential danger. Our land and water fighting forces and equipment are both very small in comparison with our size and needs. That both should be adequately equipped would not place us in any position of sabre rattling. Our regular army and navy is only the nucleus of an adequate national defense, and none can rightly object to maintaining maximum fighting efficiency in these limits that sufficient power and training may be mustered in time of need.

The status of the present conflict in Africa points clearly to the fact that we can maintain peace for ourselves and the protection of our sovereignty only by maintaining a strong position on national defense. A belligerent nation heeded by a leader eager for conflict and new glories will not hesitate to attack a [illegible]

Vote in the Straw Poll

MILLIONS of persons thru-out the nation await with interest the outcome of the pre-convention straw vote on presidential choices which has been launched by 2,000 weekly newspapers.

Coming at this time, when the policies of the administration are under thoughtful scrutiny by every man in the street as well as by politicians and governmental experts, the trends of opinion revealed in the unofficial vote should reveal significant information concerning sentiments in different sections of the country.

The poll is nation-wide and the participating newspapers represent various shades of political opinion. Most of them, we think it safe to say, follow the center path of political independence. The great majority are published in small towns and have their largest circulation in rural areas, but most weekly newspapers also have a very considerable circulation in larger urban areas. In view of this, we think the results of this poll should prove fairly well representative of opinion thruout the nation.

No straw vote, however, is absolutely dependable. But the greater the interest manifested, the more likely it is to be an accurate reflection of opinion. We sincerely hope that the readers of this newspaper will vote their sentiments in this poll.

Telephone poles and trees never hit an automobile only in self-defense.

Our Apple Crop

KEEPING the doctor away will be an easier practice this fall and winter in the United States according to reports concerning our apple crop. The commercial crop is several thousand barrels greater than usual, and is of unusually fine quality. This is true on an average for some sections fell short of normal while many others, with a bountiful harvest of the great American fruit, will serve to swell the total.

It is an old axiom that "an apple a day keeps the doctor away" and if a whole apple is required to turn the trick, then at least half the people in the country will need medical treatment, as the per capital consumption of apples is one-half an apple a day, we are told.

Apples are recognized as a very valuable fruit for eating raw. The immense production in the United States is due in some measure to the public spirited work of an unsung benefactor, Johnny Appleseed, who is credited with having started apple orchards all over the middle west before many white men ventured into the tractless wastes.

His services were recognized in Congress when in 1847, at the announcement of his death, he was referred to as an old man "who had done more for the West than any other man of his era."

Most of the knowledge of Johnny Appleseed rests on tradition. It is known that he was born in Springfield, Mass., in 1775, and it is said that he left his native state and wandered out into the wilderness because of disappointment in love. He was in the valley of the Potomac in 1799 and in western Pennsylvania in 1800. He gathered a great quantity of apple seeds from the cider presses in Pennsylvania and floated down the Ohio in a strange craft, made of two canoes, and loaded with bags of seeds. He was on his way to make the wilderness bloom with apple blossoms.

"My mission in life," he told a pioneer woman, "is to have the apple trees ready for the settlers when they come."

His first nursery was in West Virginia and then he wandered into Ohio and Indiana, planting his seeds and planting apple trees in the unsettled land. More than 100 nurseries were set out in the forests of the two middle western states by this strange wanderer.

With an axe, hatchet, and a hoe, he would seek a favorable spot near a river, prepare the ground and plant thousands of apple, pear and peach seeds. Then he would build a brush fense around the infant nurseries to keep out prowling beasts.

The more thing about the fellow who knew his business is that he refuses to leave it.

The Autumn Season

THE autumn is the most delightful season of the year in point of beauty and genuine pleasure derived from viewing the finished handiwork of nature in the form of plentiful crops and mature vegetation of all kinds. A spirit of romance pervades it, nature puts on her coat of many colors and most of us ordinary mortals, if we will confess it, feel a quickening of the pulse when the leaves begin to fall and darkness comes before the evening meal.

One has but to recall the days of boyhood for an explanation of this fall romanticism. Ask any boy his views and his face will light up with pleasure as he dreams of the Saturday holidays when he can hunt nuts and thrill at the sight of the end runs and the smashing line plays on the football field.

Fall is a time not alone for enjoyment of the outdoors; it is also a time for reflection and sober thought. It is a season for gathering about the fireplace as the shadows lengthen to renew family ties that are weakened by the summer vacation season.

Autumn seems sad and melancholy, as nature, like the hand of death, withers vegetation. But it is also a time for joy, because it ushers in a period when we have more time indoors for self improvement and enjoyment of the substantial things of life.

The early bird gets the worm, but most of us like to sleep best.

In addition to abolishing poison gas in international conflicts, some organization should pass a similar rule against it in politics.

WHY MOTHERS AGE — by A. B. Chapin

THIS WEEK IN ALBANY

Albany, Oct. 15.—A rather dispirited group of gentlemen arrived in Albany the other day. They were the members of the widely advertised Republican Assembly caravan, which started out from New York City earlier in the week, determined to sweep the state for the G.O.P. in the November election.

The first leg of the journey proved to be very discouraging.

Westchester county, one of the major battlegrounds in the Assembly election, refused to get excited. At one meeting there, the speakers found an audience which consisted of one man, one woman and a white cat.

At another rally, timed to accommodate the workers from a large industrial plant, the audience failed to appear. Thinking that a mistake had been made about the closing hour of the plant, one of the touring Republican orators asked a bystander where the workmen were.

"Oh," was the reply, "they have been going by in their cars, on their way home."

At Catskill, Greene county, despite plenty of advance notice, fewer than 100 persons attended the night rally, at which one of the speakers was a Republican state chairman.

Some of the members of the caravan are soothing their ruffled feelings with the thought that this is a nice time of year for an automobile ride anyway.

If Governor Herbert H. Lehman had any doubt about the public reaction to his recent anti-crime conference, it has been dissipated during the last few days.

Hundreds of letters praising the Governor for his declaration of war on the underworld have poured into the executive offices. Many of the missives came from school children, who were addressed over the radio by the Governor and Chief Judge Frederick E. Crane of the Court of Appeals.

Within the next few days Governor Lehman will appoint a committee of experts to study all the suggestions advanced at the crime conference and to formulate recommendations which will form the basis for remedial legislation next winter.

This committee will work plenty hard. The minutes of the various conference meetings total about 1,000,000 words.

When the conference delegates went home they were very tired ladies and gentlemen. The Governor kept his promise, made at the beginning, that the gathering would be featured by long hours of work. It was.

Voters in some of the upstate counties who may have been impressed by Republican use of the increased gasoline tax as an issue this year, might ask their fiscal officers how much their counties have received in state aid and how that total compares with the amount their motorists pay annually in gasoline taxes.

And here's another thought for the motorist. Dig up last year's bills and see whether the price of gasoline per gallon today is above the average for the last ten years, or even above the average for 1934.

New York State's dairy farmers must decide within the next few weeks whether or not they like the proposed "order" outlined by the Governor's committee, representing the seven states in the New York milk shed.

In announcing the "order," Commissioner of Agriculture Peter G. TenEyck emphasized that it will not be made effective unless the dairymen want it.

Most of the farmers have read the plan, but for those who have not, here are its main features:

1. Appointment of a marketing agent, to be selected by the secretary of agriculture to administer provisions of the order.

2. Classifying milk into three classes and the fixing of minimum prices to be paid by handlers to producers on interstate milk for classes 1 and 2, with a formula for computing prices for Class 3.

"The order," said Commissioner Ten Eyck, "is designed to provide substantially uniform payments to dairymen thruout the milk shed."

Word has gone thru political channels that Republican master minds have decided to "lay off" criticism of Governor Lehman in the Assembly campaign and to confine their attacks to the national administration.

If Governor Lehman is not vulnerable, how can the G.O.P. figure the Assembly, which helped write his program into law, should be turned out for one which would oppose the major portions of his program.

Priceless historical records, scattered thru the counties of New York State, are to be preserved for posterity.

Their preservation has been made a works progress administration project. About 600 experts will be required for the gigantic task, which will be carried on thru the co-operation of Dr. Alexander C. Flick, state historian.

The work will take about one year. Ultimately the survey will complete a picture of the social, business and civic life of the state.

METHODIST APPOINTMENTS

(Continued from First Page)

The Rev. Clifton E. Swearington; Whitneyville, Pa.; and the Rev. J. Babcock, Woodhull-Rathbone.

Olean District—The Rev. John A. Mann, Allentown; the Rev. Alfred J. Gross, Angelica; Dr. W. T. H. Bayford, Arcade; the Rev. Harry L. Webb, Belfast-Oramel; the Rev. J. R. Ennis, Belmont-Phillips Creek; the Rev. Fred M. Poland, Birdsall.

The Rev. Frank White, Bliss-Eagle; Dr. Frederick Wood, Asbury church, Bradford, Pa., and Custer City; Dr. Claude H. King, First church, Bradford; the Rev. Daisy Eggleston, Castile; the Rev. L. C. Clark, Centerville; the Rev. Arthur J. Bailey, Ceres.

The Rev. Homer B. Potter, Coudersport and Sweden Valley; the Rev. J. H. Bailey, Crosby-Betula; the Rev. Homer C. Evans, Cuba; the Rev. Archie W. MacDougald, Duke Center-Knapps Creek, Pa.; the Rev. William C. Edmunds, East Otto-Ellicottville.

The Rev. Harold Wass, Fillmore-Hume; the Rev. Ernest H. Hammond, Friendship; the Rev. H. C. Evans, Hinsdale; the Rev. David Angus, Johnsonburg; the Rev. Walter L. Chauncey, Machias-West Valley; the Rev. Cecil C. Shedd, First church, Olean.

The Rev. Clarence H. Nash, People's church, Olean; the Rev. Ralph C. Shergur, Roulette; the Rev. Lloyd C. Clark, Rushford; the Rev. John W. McGavern, Salamanca-Kilbuck.

The Rev. John A. Mann, Scio; the Rev. Arthur J. Bailey, Shinglehouse, Pa.

The Rev. J. M. Reese, Short Tract, Wiscoy; the Rev. Owen C. Baker, Silver Springs; the Rev. Jacob W. Sanderson, Warsaw; the Rev. A. Merritt Dietterich, Wellsville.

Rochester District—The Rev. Mark Shenton, Albion; the Rev. J. A. Clark, Alexander-Darien; the Rev. L. C. Teague, Allen's Hill-Canadice; the Rev. Howard V. Moses, Avon; the Rev. Lincoln L. Rogers, Barker; the Rev. T. Garland Smith, Batavia.

The Rev. William J. Harrington, Bergen; the Rev. Aseginald E. Cory, Brockport; the Rev. William H. Edmunds, East Bloomfield-Bristol Center; the Rev. F. B. Laundry, East Groveland; the Rev. Robert T. Doherty, East Rochester; the Rev. D. F. Keith, Elm Grove.

The Rev. Raymond C. Shaw, Fairport; the Rev. H. V. Moses, Fowlerville; the Rev. William J. Brown, Geneseo; the Rev. S. Harry Stokes, Groveland; the Rev. Robert T. Doherty, East Rochester; the Rev. D. F. Keith, Elm Grove.

The Rev. Raymond C. Shaw, Fairport; the Rev. H. V. Moses, Fowlerville; the Rev. William J. Brown, Geneseo; the Rev. S. Harry Stokes, Groveland; the Rev. Arthur W. Hart, Rush; the Rev. J. W. Allatt, Scottsville; the Rev. H. W. H. Cory, South Byron; the Rev. Paul S. Miller, Stafford; the Rev. Henry J. Marquis, Waterport, Kuckville and Kennyonville.

STATE OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF STATE

To the Board of Elections of the County of Allegany:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN pursuant to Section 69 of the Election Law, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next (November 5th), the following officers may be lawfully voted for, to wit:

Three Justices of the Supreme Court, for the 8th Judicial District, in place of Harley N. Crosby, Clinton T. Horton and Thomas H. Noonan.

A Member of Assembly.

A County Judge and Surrogate, in the place of Walter N. Renwick.

A Sheriff, in the place of Edson A. Brigham.

A County Treasurer, in the place of Claude L. Cummings.

A District Attorney, in the place of Ward M. Hopkins.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Given under my hand and Seal of Office of the Department of State, at the City of Albany, this first day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirty-five.

JAMES M. KELLY,
Deputy Secretary of State

STATE OF NEW YORK,
Allegany County.

Filed in Commissioners of Election office of Allegany county on the 5th day of August, 1935.

Commissioners of Election,
By HARRY E. KELLER,
Secretary

To the Electors of
Allegany County:

NOTICE is also given that at said General Election above mentioned there will be elected in each town in said Allegany County, Town Officers for all those whose terms of office expire on December 31st, 1935

Dated at Cuba, New York, this 5th day of August, 1935.

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

Getting Up Nights

If you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Swollen Joints, Dizziness, Headaches, Loss of Pep, Burning, Smarting, Itching and due to functional Kidney or Bladder trouble, try the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-tex). Must bring new vitality in 48 hours and satisfy completely in 7 days or money back. Guaranteed Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists.

Field studies made at harvest time in 1931 and 1932 in potato fields on 254 New York farms showed that ten per cent of the tubers were injured by the digger.

Because of unfavorable haying weather in many parts of New York State this year, the storage of poor-quality hay will intensify the dairy feed problem this winter.

Why not? with cheap electricity taking the drudgery out of housework!

There's a heap of work to keeping house. But thousands have proved that the work can be done—and the job made interesting—with the inexpensive help of modern electric servants. Electricity can serve you in dozens of ways . . . and for mere pennies! First, because the cost of electricity has come down and down in recent years. Second, because the more you use the less each kilowatt-hour costs. It's just like buying apples by the bushel instead of by the dozen.

Let low cost electricity work harder for you for a few extra pennies a day. And you'll understand why housewives who do are in love with their jobs!

Washing in less than two hours for about 2c a week

A few cents a day will keep foods fresh in an electric refrigerator

NIAGARA, LOCKPORT AND ONTARIO POWER COMPANY

NIAGARA HUDSON

The DIVORCE COURT MURDER

BY MILTON PROPPER

PAS-Reproduction

©HARPER & BROTHERS-1935

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS—Six persons are in an inner office of the law firm of Dawson, McQuire and Locke at Philadelphia. A master hearing in the divorce case of Rowland vs. Rowland is under way. Mrs. Rowland, represented by her lawyer brother, Mr. Willard; Mr. Rowland, the defendant, and his attorney, Mr. Trumbull; the court clerk and Mr. Dawson, the master, are the six persons. There is a new development in the case. After failing to defend himself against the charge of adultery in earlier hearings, Mr. Rowland digs up evidence and asks the court's permission to produce witnesses and resist the suit. Judge Dawson overrules the heated objections of Mr. Willard, and orders Mr. Trumbull to bring in the first witness. Rowland's lawyer goes to get the witness but finds her dead—chloroformed. She is Mrs. Barbara Keith, wife of a prominent Philadelphia business man. Judge Dawson phoned for the police. Detective Tommy Rankin is assigned to the case. He is now questioning all of the parties involved in the case.

Now go on with the story—

The young man made an apologetic gesture. "I'm afraid I wasn't fair to her and took advantage of her lucky appearance," he explained persuasively. "You see, I asked her to join me, but didn't tell her why I wanted her; I only said it would be an important service to me and urgent. I was excited and that made her curious and desire to help me. It wasn't until we were already trailing my wife and Campbell away from the club, toward city limits, that she fully realized the predicament I placed her in. But it was too late then and she was sporty enough to see it thru; for my sake, she agreed to risk the publicity and gossip and give evidence. If I had ever dreamed it would end like this—"

He left the sentence unfinished, compressing his lips with a sigh, shaking his head dolefully. An awkward silence followed until Rankin asked:

"Then you and Mrs. Keith were good friends, Rowland. How long have you known her?"

"I met her two winters ago, at Palm Beach, tho, like all Philadelphia society, I had heard of Barbara Keith. She stayed at the Royal Arms Hotel, where Adele and I were and because he was too busy to join her, she was a grass widow and needed company. That, her social position and her attractiveness made her welcome with all the young men at the resort. I did my share to entertain her; I rode and visited the casino with her, and several times attended the dog races. Even Adele acted fairly cordially toward her."

"Well, what happened the night here you followed your wife and Campbell?" the detective prompted. "Where did they lead you?"

"Out the Park Drive and left on the Ridge Pike," Rowland said. "We passed thru Roxborough and Norristown. At Collegeville we caught up and followed them off to the right, along the narrow country road paralleling Perkimen Creek. At the end of five miles they halted finally at a substantial stucco bungalow along the creek. It was then one-thirty.

"Again I drove my car past, about two hundred feet, and parked where a clump of trees fringed the road and hid us from the cottage. Campbell produced a key and unlocked the door; then he turned on the lights. I have inquired about it since and learned it belongs to Nick Alberti, the manager of the Organdy Club, a friend of Campbell's. Adele was then cautious enough to pull down all the blinds. Still watching silently in the darkness, Mrs. Keith and I could make out they were drinking in the living room. At two-thirty they started to retire and a half hour later Campbell turned off the lights. I considered I had gathered enough evidence against Adele to enter a defense to her suit; so I retraced the trail with Mrs. Keith back to the city."

The speaker concluded his narrative and fell silent until Rankin asked:

"And at no time did your wife or Campbell see you or become suspicious of your presence?"

"I'm practically certain they never realized they were being followed."

"Then they and Mr. Willard had no idea in advance with whom they had to reckon? Mr. Trumbull felt sure they hadn't identified Mrs. Keith as your chief witness before she arrived at the hearing this afternoon."

Allen Rowland pondered a moment. "That's right, unless Adele noticed her at the night club," he offered at length, "and she probably didn't; her arrival there that night must have been one of the reasons Mrs. Keith left without waiting for her date."

"Yes, I suppose that's possible." Rankin frowned uncertainly. "And you have no other proofs of your wife's infidelity? Your entire case depended on her?"

"Mrs. Keith's death doesn't leave me a leg to stand on," Rowland replied, a harsh note in his voice.

Abruptly, the detective shifted the subject. "Now, just one more point Mr. Rowland," he said. "About the night of Wednesday, February first, when Mrs. Rowland caught you and Miss Edmond together at the Sunset Inn. I've found out that immediately after the interruption, Mrs. Keith's husband arrived there. Can you tell me how he came to be there or what his connection was with—" he paused delicately, "your intrigue?"

But as Jill Edmond had done, the young man professed to be unable to account for the manufacturer's appearance. He had never met Mortimer Keith, he said; tho, having seen him several times, he had recognized him when he entered the room. He could add no explanation or detail to the secretary's description of the incident.

Concluding his questions on this circumstance, Rankin thanked Rowland and dismissed him.

His next step was to examine the dead woman's checkbook. Except for two stubs, her accounts seemed in perfect order; her expenditures, with the date, purpose or name of payee and amount were carefully audited. The sums she spent were comparatively small and far from commensurate. Rankin wondered at her low balance, which never exceeded five thousand dollars, and at present came to less than one.

The two check stubs which were not identifiable as to purpose, however, indicated exceptionally large sums. One check had been drawn about three months ago, and the past Thursday—for two thousand and three thousand dollars respectively. The only clue to the reason for these withdrawals was the word "Personal" written on each stub.

Before the detective could ponder the significance of these entries, a knock interrupted him. At his command, the policeman he had sent to locate Mortimer Keith opened it and entered the room.

"Cottman?" Rankin greeted him. "You've been gone a long time. Is Mr Keith with you?"

The officer shook his head. "No, I haven't found him; he isn't in town at all," he replied. "It was no use to visit his offices, so I called at the Aldwich Apartments and learned from his butler, Stanley, that he had gone away—on business, he thought, to Washington."

The detective's lips in disappointment. "Washington? I suppose you discovered what business took him there and communicated with the people he went to see, Cottman?" the detective inquired.

"No, I didn't, altho I tried to; that's what took me so long. The secretary said it had something to do with the New Ray Silk Company. Neither he nor the butler had any idea at what hotel Mr. Keith might stop, tonight."

"Hotel? Then he isn't expected back today?"

The policeman shook his head. "No, not until tomorrow," he answered, "when he's completed his business."

"Well, I imagine we can wait and give him a chance to turn up according to schedule," Rankin said, dismissing Cottman.

Johnson entered as Cottman left. "Finished, Johnson?" asked Rankin.

Johnson did not reply until the officer had gone. "I've taken everybody's fingerprints, Tommy," he said, "but I can't make a detailed report until I've had time to study them—say tomorrow morning."

"How about the gloves?" The detective spoke eagerly. "Any clue to who owns them?"

"Again I couldn't swear to it," the expert said, "not without trying them on all the men here. But personally, I've little doubt about the only pair of hands here with such a wide palm and short pudgy fingers that could wear a seven and three-quarters comfortably."

"Who do they belong to, Johnson?" asked Rankin.

"Harvey Willard, Tommy—Mrs. Rowland's brother, who, I understand, denies ever going into that room."

The furor Rankin expected the death of Barbara Keith to produce was fully realized in the early editions of Thursday's papers. They made capital of the crime in black screaming headlines; and half of every front page in the city devoted itself as much to the facts behind Mrs. Rowland's suit as to the murder. There were articles about the manufacturer's business success and social position; and it was recalled, with some relish, was Barbara's marriage Mrs. Keith was a beauty shop in Detroit.

Yet the death of really material information about the dead woman or her life was immediately and significantly apparent. The detective read the accounts at breakfast.

At his desk in the Central Detective Bureau, Captain Thomas greeted Rankin from behind his newspaper.

"Any news, captain?" the latter asked his superior. "Have you any word from Gordon or a message from Mr. Keith from Washington?"

"No, I haven't seen Gordon this morning," Thomas replied, "and Mr. Keith hasn't shown up or got in touch with us."

At that instant, Johnson entered with some papers and addressed Rankin eagerly.

"I think I've made a discovery, Tommy!" he declared. "I've just finished comparing the prints I took with those I found. There's one set that doesn't belong to anyone in the office yesterday and can't be explained in any reasonable way."

"A strange set? But what good is that, if we can't tell who it belongs to?"

The expert paused dramatically and Rankin asked, "Who was it?"

"In our hands several times," Johnson announced triumphantly. "'Mitch' Riley, alias Tony Lynch, alias a half dozen other names."

It was Rankin's turn to become excited.

"Mitch Riley?" Recognition rang in his startled tone. "Thug, second story man, and rumrunner. Are you positive there's no mistake, Johnson?"

Johnson extended the paper he had brought. "Here, you can see for yourself the prints are identical."

From personal encounters, the detective was acquainted with Mitch Riley. Originally he came from New York, a hoodlum, ex-pug and jack of many crimes. His criminal career began 15 years before.

His photographs disclosed a typical felon's features, with a bulging forehead and closely cropped brown hair. He was about 35, he had a flat nose and heavy lips. He was strongly built, broad-shouldered and, according to the record, six feet tall. Even Rankin's inexpert eye could note the similarity of the finger patterns Johnson was comparing.

"It looks damn suspicious," Rankin commented grimly. "He must be brought in to explain, if we have to turn the whole city inside out to locate him."

Before they could depart, the detective director arrived to present the results of his hunt for Hugh Campbell. Finally he had located him at the exclusive and ornate St. Andrew Hotel, on Broad Street. From the registry, it appeared Campbell had been stopping there for two weeks—ever since Friday, May 26th. The difficulty now was that he had not been seen since he went out yesterday; he had not returned to the hotel last night. At the same time, since his baggage remained in his rooms and he had not checked out, he apparently intended to return.

Instructing Gordon to continue his search, Rankin eventually set out for the Aldwich Apartments.

The Keith apartment was C12 on the twelfth floor. At the detective's knock, Sergeant Gilmore opened the door.

"There have been no developments here, Tommy," he greeted his colleague. "So far, no word from Mr. Keith; and except for the distress of the servants, it's been quiet. They last saw Mrs. Keith when she left here at two o'clock yesterday afternoon—except for the chauffeur, who deposited her and Rowland at the Wolff Building."

"Yes, I know about that, Dan," Rankin returned. "In the meantime there's another job I want you to take charge of. A man hunt. I want a little chat with Mitch Riley. You're as familiar with him as I—and with his friends and hangouts. Also get in touch with the New York authorities."

The sergeant asked curiously, "What has Mitch done to connect him with murder?"

"Just left his calling card on the table beside Mrs. Keith's body," Rankin informed him.

"All right, Tommy, it's a tall order you've given me," he said, "but I guess we can manage to round up Riley within a day or two, at the most."

He went out, to return to Headquarters, and Rankin stalked thru the apartment. It was a spacious, twelve room establishment, simply but opulently furnished.

The detective selected the boudoir as the most probable place for the dead woman's personal effects. In a dresser against the wall Rankin found in profusion the usual evidences of woman's vanity—cosmetics, toilet articles, hair appliances—and a work-basket.

At first glance, the escritoire promised as little as the dresser. Mrs. Keith's only letters came from chatty acquaintances, she had absolutely no correspondence of a personal nature or from her family. He did, however, find checkbooks and canceled checks, returned from her bank. They revealed that she had made special payments, marked only "personal" in amounts of two or three thousand dollars each time. They started as far back as June, two years before and continued regularly every two months since.

The only other discovery Rankin made seemed trifling enough. In the dead woman's private medicine cabinet he saw, among other preparations, several bottles labeled "Pyramidon." This he recognized as a medicine in tablet form for headaches. According to their tags, most of the bottles were purchased from local druggists. But the faded and yellow label of one empty bottle bore the words, "State Hospital for Women," Allerton, Indiana.

Rankin had just turned away from the cabinet when the furious pealing of the doorbell sent him hastening into the hall. The butler preceded him to the door.

A man Rankin recognized as Mortimer Keith pushed breathlessly past, coat and hat in hand. Even in that moment, when on the verge of a breakdown, the man whose likeness the papers carried revealed his aristocratic breeding.

He looked so exhausted that Rankin motioned him to a chair.

"Sit down, Mr. Keith, and take it easy." The detective spoke sympathetically. "My name is Rankin—from Headquarters. I regret it's my task to investigate your wife's unfortunate death."

Mortimer Keith raised his head wearily. "It's utterly incredible," he declared hoarsely. "When I first read the news this morning, I could only pray some mistake had been made. And I hurried back home as quickly as possible."

"You've only returned from Washington, Mr. Keith?"

"By plane, Mr. Rankin," the other replied with a visible effort to control his emotions. "I received a paper while I breakfasted at my hotel—and the instant I grasped the terrible—thing, I hired a special plane."

"At what hotel did you put up for the night?" Rankin queried, pointedly.

"The Portman on G Street," Mr. Keith returned.

"And when did you leave for Washington, Mr. Keith? By which train?"

Mr. Keith hesitated perceptibly. "I went at noon, Mr. Rankin," he answered presently. "First, at eleven thirty, I visited my offices. My chauffeur drove me there and then he took me to West Philadelphia in time to catch the thru train at twenty-twenty-five. I reached the capital at three twenty."

"You caught the train in plenty of time?" Rankin pressed for details.

"With about ten minutes to spare" the other spoke with more certainty and composure

"Where did you go in Washington? I presume this was a business trip?"

"Yes, I had a conference with Mr. Leonard Kramer, president of the New Ray Silk Company."

Rankin wrote the name of the company officer in his notebook and said:

"Thank you. And now, Mr. Keith, painful tho the subject is, I must ask you to bear with a few questions about your wife—Your co-operation and the information you supply may go far to help us solve her death."

He could not tell why he sensed that Mr. Keith was relieved, as the relaxed after being on guard.

The husband shook his head gently. "Of course, I'm anxious to clear up this terrible thing. What do you want to know?"

"First, something about Mrs. Keith's background—who she was when you met her?" the detective said.

Prompted by his shrewd probing, Mr. Keith related in some detail how he met his future wife in Detroit, four summers ago. Vacationing nearby in Canada, he had stopped there on business, at the Hotel Michigan, where Barbara Webb was employed as a manicurist in the beauty salon. What attracted him at first sight was her loveliness, unostentatious but pleasing, she appeared to have genuine depth of character and intelligence.

He quietly married the girl, he continued, in Windsor, Canada, on August 26, 1929. Afterward, a stalling self-condemnatory mood, their martial life had not been very harmonious or satisfactory. Mrs. Keith seldom spoke of her past.

At the same time, he made conscientious efforts to bring her happiness. In the beginning they had taken a fine residence on the main line; then, unreasonably enough in the fall of 1931 she expressed an urgent desire to move into the Aldwich Apartments in Chestnut Hill. He had consented. That winter he wanted to send her to Europe, tho he could not accompany her; instead she insisted on spending the cold month alone at Palm Beach.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Subscribe for the Andover News.

YOUR HOME IS YOUR CASTLE
Admit only clean, constructive news by reading
THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

A Daily Newspaper for the Home

It gives all the constructive world news but does not exploit crime and scandal. Has interesting feature pages for all the family on Women's Activities, Homemaking, Gardens, Education and Books. Also pages for the Children and Young Folks. Vigorous editorials and an interpretation of news in the "March of the Nations" Column are of special interest to men.

The Christian Science Publishing Society
One Norway Street, Boston, Massachusetts
Please enter my subscription to The Christian Science Monitor for a period of

One year	$6.00	Three months	$2.00
Six months	$3.50	One month	75c

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

Sample Copy on Request

GREENWOOD

(Mrs. H. C. McCafferty, Reporter)

Sudden Death of Mrs. Webster

Mrs. Mary D. Webster of this place received fatal injuries in an automobile accident near Castile, Sunday, Oct. 6. When returning from Attica with her son, Clarence, they were crashed into by another car at a road intersection east of Castile and Mrs. Webster was so badly injured that she passed away within a few minutes after her removal to a hospital.

Mary Davis was born March 6, 1859, in the home here where she has always resided. Her parents were John and Laura Osborn Davis. Her grandfather, Levi Davis, bought the land on which the village of Greenwood was built. His father, who was also Levi Davis, built the first Universalist church in the world at North Oxford, Mass.

Miss Davis was educated at Clinton Liberal Institute and Alfred University. She was a member of the Universalist church all her life. On Jan. 7, 1886 she was married to George M. Webster, a prominent merchant and former postmaster. Mr. Webster died in 1911.

Mrs. Webster is survived by two sons, George Davis of Shaker Heights, Ohio, and Clarence at home three grandchildren, Eleanor, George Jr., and John Webster of Shaker Heights, a brother, Fred O. Davis of Berkshire and several nieces and nephews.

Mrs. Webster was one of the most respected residents of this village. She was a brilliant conversationalist with broad ideas. She was a great reader and was deeply interested in all the world's events. Her friends were numbered by the score, and her friendliness will be a lasting memory.

Funeral services were conducted at her home Thursday afternoon by Rev. Clara L. Morgan of Cohocton, a former classmate. Interment was made in the Greenwood cemetery.

Among those from out of town who attended the funeral were: Mr. and Mrs. Davis Webster and Mrs. Alice Trayte of Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Robinson and daughter, Martha, Auburn; Miss Mary Carr, Mrs. Rose McCormick and Mrs. Connolly, Buffalo; Mrs. E. J. Williams and Mrs. Brand, Bolivar; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Day, Mrs. Ade Middaugh, Isaac Allison Elmira; Ross Baker, Mr and Mrs. Harland Knight, Ithaca; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bradley, Mrs. Louis Bradley, Kanona; Mrs. Mary Mann, Mrs. Anna Ales and Mr. Ambrose Hoyt, Hornell; Hobart Lent, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Cobb, Canisteo; Mr and Mrs Clair Cobb, Gerrard, Pa.; Mr and Mrs Osborn and Mr. Herman Jackson, Elm Valley.

Rebekahs Install Officers

Following a dinner served at 6:30 o'clock at the I. O. O. F. Hall, Greenwood Rebekah Lodge installed the following officers Monday evening:

Mrs. Harry Smith, Noble Grand.
Mrs. Arthur York, Vice Grand.
Mrs. Ralph Wilcox, Chaplain.
Mrs. A. H. Dennis, Secretary.
Mrs. J. H. Goodno, Treasurer.
Mrs. A. B. Karlen, L.S.N.G.
Mrs. Herman Wallace, R.S.N.G.
Mrs. E. M. Scribner, R.S.V.G.
Mrs. Lida Kernan, L.S.V.G.
Mrs. Carrol Wallace, I. G.
Mrs. M. L. Brundage, Warden.
Mrs. Nellie French, O. G.
Mrs. Jennie Carney, Musician.
Mrs. Carrie Tyler and Mrs. A. L. Lewis, Altar Supporters.
Mrs. Merritt Osmin, Past Noble Grand.
Mrs. Clayton Scribner, Conductress.

Among the out-of-town guests were two past assembly presidents, Mrs. Clara Ingalls of Allentown and Mrs. Minnie Leonard, Hornell. District Deputy President of Allegany County District No. 1 Mrs. Howland of Andover and Mrs. Ruger, the installing officer, and staff of Bath. Other guests were present from Bath, Canisteo, Hornell, Whitesville and Andover.

Camp Fire Girls Entertain

The Iwa Camp Fire Girls entertained a few guests at a sailor party Wednesday evening at the home of the guardian, Mrs. McCaffery. All came in nautical attire and spent an enjoyable evening with games and music. Sea food refreshments were served.

Now Arrivals

Mr. and Mrs. Merle Green are parents of a daughter, Kathleen Ora, born at their home Oct. 8, 1935. The little one weighed eleven pounds.

A daughter, weighing eight and three-fourths pounds was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Waters, Tuesday, Oct. 15.

Former Resident Buried Here

Mrs. Mary A. Edwards, wife of Leonard Edwards, died at her home in Scio, Oct. 8, 1935. Mrs. Edwards was 64 years old and is survived by her husband and eleven children: William Edwards, Friendship; George Edwards, Belmont; Ruth Dennis, Greenwood; Leonard, Howard and Esther, Scio; Mary Thurston, West Clarksville; Delilia Muchler, Hornell; Clayton Edwards, Nile; Harold Edwards, Bolivar and Mabel Button, Yorks Corners, also 22 grandchildren, three brothers and two sisters.

Funeral services were held at the Methodist Episcopal church in Scio Friday, with burial in the Greenwood cemetery.

Shower for Newlyweds

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Updyke were tendered a variety shower at the Greenwood Grange Hall, Friday evening. Guests were present from Andover, Scio, South Dansville, Troupsburg, and Greenwood.

Mrs. Abbie Artman is spending a few days with Mrs. Reuben Thayer in Hornell.

Mrs. Milton Chaffee attended a Parent-Teacher meeting in Hornell, Wednesday.

Mrs. Addie Coston has closed her home for the winter and is passing a few days with her sister, Mrs. Emma Rollins in Canisteo before going to Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Reimann of Knoxville, Pa., spent Sunday with their parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Matthews returned Friday from New York City, where they have been attending sessions of the Grand Chapter of the Order of Eastern Star.

Ross