

CLASSIFIED ADS

For Sale

FOR SALE: Baby chicks, double blood tested. Our flocks are under State supervision of Indiana Plan for the Control of Pullorum disease. Herkington Hatchery, Brazil, Indiana. Phone 5642. 16-1f

SELL OR TRADE: 6 fall shoats for corn. See Paul Salmon opposite Mid-west Stone Quarry. 15-2p

FOR SALE: Gas range and refrigerator, like new. Call Mrs. John McFarlane. 15-3ts

FISH—PERCH—FISH
Fresh today, while they last
last 4 lbs., 25c
ECONOMY STORE

FOR SALE: Sweet potato, cabbage and tomato plants. Phone 746-L. 16-2t

FOR SALE: Rural New York seed potatoes, 3 miles north Reelsville, Harry Heber. 16-18-20-3p

FOR SALE: Poland-China Boars and Glts. Also some corn and hay. See J. Hammond. Phone 80. 16-2p

FOR SALE: Baby chicks from tested flocks as low as \$6.00 per hundred. A few started chicks. Custom hatching, \$2.00 per hundred. Complete line of brooder stoves and supplies. Record's Hatchery, 19 Franklin St. Phone 852. 17-tf

FOR SALE: Income tax books for sale. Special notice. Every farmer and merchant must keep record. Price 50c. Campbell & Ogles, Greencastle, Phone 60. Fillmore phone 404. 13-16-18-19-20-5ts.

For Rent

FOR RENT: Six room brick veneer house, strictly modern. Call at 5 Anna Court. 12-tf

FOR RENT: Dairy farm on shares. 50 proposition. Phone 429-X. 1p

FOR RENT: 5 room house with all yard and garden. Call at 406 Indiana street. 16-2t

FOR RENT: Reasonable attractive apartment; furnished or unfurnished. See in Phone 416-Y. 16-18-20.

FOR RENT: Almost new 5-room house with kitchenette and garage. Mrs. Weddell, 804 South College. 15-2t

RENTAL Property in Greencastle used lumber. Piano for livestock. Ed's Meat Market. 15-3p

Wanted

WANTED: Man to canvas this city. Exclusive territory. Good pay. Night man. 5120 Maple Lane, Indianapolis. 16-1p

Lost

LOST: One leather camera carrying case on Road 43 on or near Wal-creek bridge. J. O. Cammack. 15-2t

Miscellaneous

SECTION 10 of the Methodist men's League will collect your old papers and magazines. Call Mrs. Ross. Phone 81. 15-3t

PERSONS interested in cleaning Pleasant Hill cemetery meet at cemetery Thursday, May 17, at 8 a. 15-17-2t

GREEN ENAMEL—35c per quart. All grade of house paint, \$1.90 per gal. Sniders. 16-2p

DANCE at Banner Club Wednesday night. Music by Mac's Midnight Singers. Admission 15 cents. 1p

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT OF ESTATE

Notice is hereby given to the Creditors, Heirs and Legatees of Joseph H. Hare, deceased, to appear in the Putnam Circuit Court, held at Greencastle, Indiana, on the 8th day of June, 1933, and show cause, if any, why the said Settlement Accounts with the estate of said decedent should not be approved; and said heirs are notified to then and there make proof of heirship, and receive their distributive shares. Cause No. 7349. Witness, the Clerk of said Court, John W. Herod, Clerk Putnam Circuit Court. 16-2t

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT OF ESTATE

Notice is hereby given to the Creditors, Heirs and Legatees of George H. Hare, deceased, to appear in the Putnam Circuit Court, held at Greencastle, Indiana, on the 8th day of June, 1933, and show cause, if any, why the said Settlement Accounts with the estate of said decedent should not be approved; and said heirs are notified to then and there make proof of heirship, and receive their distributive shares. Cause No. 7350. Witness, the Clerk of said Court, John W. Herod, Clerk Putnam Circuit Court. 16-2t

MOVIES

AT THE GRANADA

Buster Crabbe, winner of the nation-wide contest seeking an athlete with a perfect physique and a pleasing personality, makes his screen debut in the role of the Lion Man in "King of the Jungle," animal thriller-drama at the Granada theater tonight.

Crabbe is cast as a youth who, orphaned in the African jungle at an early age, grows up with a pack of roaming lions and ultimately becomes their leader. Captured while trying to rescue one of the pack who is trapped, he is brought to the United States where he becomes head trainer in a circus.

The film reaches its climax when fire breaks out in the circus, and the hysterical animals break loose from their cages to roam the streets of a large city, leaving a trail of death and destruction.

FILLMORE

Mr. and Mrs. Galvin King and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lobdell were Sun-

day dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer McKamey.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Morehart and children spent Sunday with Mrs. Morehart's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Morgan.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Schafer of Greencastle visited with Mr. and Mrs. Sammie Goodwin Sunday.

Lee Akers was taken to the hospital Saturday afternoon. Miss Kathleen Coffin returned to her home Saturday morning after visiting with relatives here.

Gordeline Ruark visited with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Cowgill last week.

The condition of John Sinclair who has been ill is said to be improving.

Mrs. White of California is visiting with her son, Frank White and family.

Rueben Heaven spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Morris Heaven.

Mr. and Mrs. Mert Wade spent Friday night at El River falls.

Charles Buntin returned to his Mr. and Mrs. Paul Von Berg and children, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Shell and daughter of Indianapolis, Mrs. Myra Curtis and son Benton of Greencastle, Mr. and Mrs. John Tres-

ner of near Roachdale visited Mr. and Mrs. William Glidewell Sunday. home Saturday evening from the Methodist hospital at Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Ruark and son Bobby were Sunday visitors with Mrs. Lou Reese.

PLAY AT WORTHINGTON

The Indiana All-Stars will play at Worthington Sunday, according to Manager Art Huffman. The local colored semi-pro baseball team now has a standing of .500 per cent, having won from Russellville and losing to Cloverdale. The All-Stars are expecting a tough time with Worthington but believe with a little more batting practice that they can give any independent club in this section of the state a good run for their money.

FOUND OLD COINS

NORTH EASTHAM, Mass., (UP)—While digging clams on a beach near here, Charles Lee, 65, fisherman, unearthed five half dimes. The oldest was dated 1841 and the newest 1854.

UNIQUE CRIME RECORDED

BLACKFOOT, Idaho, (UP)—Some thing different in crime went on record here when three men were accused of stealing a barn. The structure was wrecked and the lumber hauled away.

OBITUARY

"Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea."

Unannounced unheralded out from the Infinite in space, in time, in mind came that clear call and one we loved so well answered.

Melvin Aubrey, son of William and Lydia Everling, was born in Elwood, Ind., on March the eighteenth, nineteen hundred four and died in Cincinnati, May ninth, nineteen hundred thirty-three, a few weeks over twenty-nine years, yet how much life in that brief span of years!

At an early age, after his grandmother's death in 1918, Melvin Aubrey, realizing his best friend was gone, took up the burden of life for himself and in the course of a short while enlisted with the U. S. regulars and was sent to the Mexican border.

Upon returning to civil life again, he was employed as a railroad bridge builder. In the employ of the Big Four he met his death.

Melvin Aubrey possessed an unusually happy disposition and although throughout his life there were many hardships, disappointments and sufferings, he bore them nobly and bravely, not complaining.

Real true happiness came to him when on April 23, 1932, he was united in marriage to Gail, daughter of W. F. and Goldie Judy, and when they established a little home so sacredly dear to them. Just a few blissful months was he given the sweet privilege of returning from his labors to his home and bride he loved with all his heart and soul. He was so capable of loving home and family and friends, especially did he love children, who affectionately knew him as Mel. They had no better friend than Mel. While they cannot fully realize, yet they know he is gone and they will never cease to miss him and cherish his memory.

Truly Melvin was a friend to man. Although he had not identified himself with the church (always saying he was not good enough) he was a careful reader and Bible student. He possessed many beautiful traits of character. In this short acquaintance and life in the Judy family and community he endeared himself to all.

We shall long remember that cheery smile and happy greeting, the hearty handshake, good fellowship and sturdy manhood.

Melvin literally breathed and lived the spirit "Not for self but for others."

How we love to think of the words of Jesus in the scripture: "Let him that would come after me deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." We find comfort in an account of the last judgment: "And the King shall answer and say unto them, 'Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

Surely our loss is his gain, but how great is our loss! His place can never be filled but we shall cherish his memory and thank our Maker that we ever knew him and loved him so well, looking forward to that time and place where there are no heart aches, no disappointments. There are none in heaven.

"I can not say, and I will not say that he is dead, he is just away! With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand He has wandered into an unknown land."

And left us dreaming how very fair It needs must be for he lingers there. Besides his heartbroken wife, he leaves to mourn their loss his father of Elwood, three brothers, Sherman of Logansport, Herman of Elwood, Cleo of Indianapolis; a sister Lola of Indianapolis; two aunts, Mrs. Bertha Blue and Pearl Harley Tharp of Indianapolis; one uncle, his mother's brother Cleveland Sosbe of Elwood, also survive his step-mother Anna and step-sister Maggie Purtee and a number of nieces and nephews. Many friends deeply feel their loss.

"Sunset and evening bells,
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark."

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank the neighbors and friends for all their kindness and sympathy shown us during our recent bereavement. Also for the beautiful floral offerings. Especially do we thank Mr. McCurry and the singers for their kind assistance.

Mrs. Gail Everling and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Judy and family.

NEW MAYSVILLE

Mrs. Emory McCamack, Mrs. Hurst and Lulu Weller spent Wednesday with Ida and Laura Steward. Miss Ruth Kefauver is spending a few days at Indianapolis with her sister, Mrs. Maglean Overstreet and Mrs. Eula Chatham.

Miss Maglean Weekly of Amo is

200,000
Silk Dresses

Perhaps the largest dress purchase ever made.

THE "SCOOP"
OF THE YEAR

The J. C. Penney Company buyers scored a "knockout." A large manufacturer needed cash. Otherwise such dresses could not have been bought so low.

OUR SHARE HAS ARRIVED
THEY WILL BE READY
THURSDAY.

Sizes 14 to 20 — 36 to 46 — 16 1-2 to 20 1-2

What glorious materials, what stunning colors and patterns — and oh, what a thrift price — ??? (PRICE ANNOUNCED TO-MORROW) Whatever you've been wanting in a dress is here! Field flower prints, conventional prints, pastel and dark toned crepes, the new sheers—all ready for a gay season! The most becoming necklines, the trickiest sleeves—the smartest and most unusual color contrasts.

J.C. PENNEY CO.

spending a few days with her grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Weekly.

Mrs. Lena Asher and daughter of Indianapolis spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Jess Kendall.

Miss Etta Stewart of Indianapolis spent Wednesday with her brother, Walter Stewart.

Mrs. Chaucery Perkins and children spent last week with her mother, Mrs. Dan Hope, who is seriously ill.

Mrs. Ella Eggers spent Wednesday afternoon visiting in New Maysville.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory McCamack spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ver-sal McCamack and daughter.

TAVERN OWNER SPOILS
ATTACK OF STRANGER

BRAZIL, Ind., May 16. — Franz Hawkins, proprietor of the McKinley tavern, just east of Harmony on the National road, had a narrow escape from serious injury Sunday night when he was struck over the head with a revolver by a hitch-hiker, to whom he had given something to eat and some money.

The hitch-hiker, who said he was on his way to Kansas to seek work, stopped at the tavern and asked Hawkins for something to eat and a little money. Seating the man at a table, Hawkins brought him some food and then gave him a quarter, but as he turned to go back to the kitchen the stranger struck Hawkins over the head with a 32-caliber automatic. The blow, however, was a glancing one and did not fell Hawkins, turned on the man and knocked him down with a blow on the chin. A fight followed in which Hawkins obtained possession of the revolver, but when he attempted to hold the man on telephone for help, the stranger broke away and disappeared, leaving behind the revolver, which proved to be unloaded.

FURNITURE
and Stoves

We are combining the two Cook Hardware stocks and moving all goods to the store on the north side of the square.

We have about FIFTY STOVES and a lot of FURNITURE now at the south store. Before moving this we are going to open the south store,

Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week for a
Great Reduction Sale.

We have OIL STOVES, GAS STOVES GASOLINE STOVES and all kinds of Heating Stoves.

These Are Bargain Days

At the south store, No. 721 south Main St.

G. W. DEER HARDWARE CO.
SUCCESSOR TO COOK AND SONS



CHAPTER XIV

Hooker hankered for what was in the small safe inside the big safe in Judge Osgood's library. His mouth watered at what he imagined he would find there. It would take but a few minutes to find out he would have found out only Grogan had almost forcibly torn him away. That safe and what it contained was in his thoughts, bothered him, until he had to do something to drive it away.

There was but one way to do that, open the little safe and find out! So it was that an hour later Hooker was back in Judge Osgood's library. He opened the outer safe a second time without any trouble at all, but the little one bothered him considerably. He worked a quarter of an hour; he sweat with anxiety, stopping every few minutes to look towards the library door. In an hour or two it would begin to get light, and he wanted to be far away from the spot before that happened.

His patience was rewarded at last. The combination of the little safe yielded to his deft fingers. He had removed the glove from that hand and, after opening the door of the safe, carefully wiped away all traces of finger-marks with his handkerchief, before looking inside.

The little safe was empty! Not a jewel nor a bank note in it! Nothing but two bundles of papers, which Hooker thrust aside after making certain there was no money concealed in the folds.

He had been cheated, played with! Anger made the veins on his face swell out. He tried to find a secret compartment in the safe, but his experience in such matters soon told him there was not a possibility of that. He closed the little safe, after wiping off all finger-marks, and angrily slammed the door of the outer safe. It shut with a snap that startled him. He shut off the dark lantern, went after a moment, opened the library door, and looked down the hallway. Every thing was quiet. He heathought him of the possibility of finger-marks on the door of the larger safe and returned and wiped it all over carefully, restored the handkerchief to his pocket, and started to leave.

The humidor on the Judge's desk caught his eye. Grogan hadn't even bought him the cigar he had promised to! Hooker went quickly to the desk, opened the lid of the humidor and grabbed a handful of the cigars which he was stuffing into his pocket when a voice shouted at him:

"What are you doing? Stop that!"

He whirled about. In the library door stood Judge Osgood, thin and frail, a bathrobe about him, a stout, heavy cane in his hands. He picked up a paper, tossed a dime to the clerk, and ran out of the store, forgetting his aches and pains.

His eyes were still fastened on the screaming headlines as he walked hastily back to the apartment: "JUDGE OSGOOD MURDERED" shrieked the streamer. "EMINENT JURIST BEATEN TO DEATH AND STRANGLED IN HIS OWN HOME," said one headline, while another proclaimed: "MAGISTRATE MOFFETT WANTED BY THE POLICE. TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO HIS ARREST."

As soon as Mike had unlocked the door of his apartment he began to untie the rope that bound Judge Moffett jerked him to his feet, stuck his hat on his head and pulled him out of the room.

Jim Thorpe, reporter for the Press, leaned against Judge Erskine's bench in police court.

"Any news of Moffett yet?" he asked.

"No, nothing."

Even as the Judge spoke there was a commotion in the rear of the court room, a growing murmur of voices and startled exclamations as the outer door was pushed open and Mike Thomas entered holding the disheveled figure of Judge Moffett by the arm.

"I'll rest a bit and have a smoke," said Mike, reaching in his pocket. The package he brought out was entirely empty. He then searched Judge Moffett's pockets for a cigarette. Finding none he looked down upon him with hurt scorn.

"Gee, you wouldn't even have a cigarette on you?"

He got his hat and started for the door.

"Don't do anything rash till I get back, fella, will you? Just think things over. That's all you gotta do—just think things over."

Mike, his muscles and bones tired and aching still from the terrible beating he had received at the hands of the gangsters, climbed painfully down the two flights of steps and down to the corner cigar and newsstand.

He asked for four packs of cigarettes and some matches, gave the clerk a dollar bill. He got his change and had started for the door when a pile of evening news-

papers caught his eyes with their scare headlines. He stopped dead, an expression of intense surprise and excitement on his face. He picked up a paper, tossed a dime to the clerk, and ran out of the store, forgetting his aches and pains.

His eyes were still fastened on the screaming headlines as he walked hastily back to the apartment: "JUDGE OSGOOD MURDERED" shrieked the streamer. "EMINENT JURIST BEATEN TO DEATH AND STRANGLED IN HIS OWN HOME," said one headline, while another proclaimed: "MAGISTRATE MOFFETT WANTED BY THE POLICE. TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO HIS ARREST."

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Mike Thomas suddenly jerked himself free of Mike, seized the latter by the arm and started dragging him up the aisle towards the judge's bench.

"Come on, you," he said with a grin, chuckle, "I'm running things now."

People stood up in the court, crowded into the aisle and shouted

of "Moffett!" "It's Moffett!" were heard, and the rapping of Judge Erskine's gavel failed to restore order.

As they reached the gate in the railing, Mike pushed Moffett ahead of him into the enclosure reserved for those having business in the court. Moffett again shook himself free of Mike and rushed upon the platform in front of the police judge's bench.

"Hello, Erskine, how are you?" he said, stretching out his hand.

Erskine looked coldly down at him, ignoring the proffered hand. In the awkward pause that followed, Moffett lost a little of his assurance.

"I'm filing a complaint against this man for assault with a deadly weapon, assault with intent to kill and with kidnapping."

A detective, his shield showing on the level of his coat, had quietly approached Judge Moffett, and now seized him by the arms. Moffett turned angrily:

"Take your hands off me!"

"All right, if you won't take it like a gentleman," Moffett. I got a warrant for your arrest for murder. Come down out of there!"

"Murder!" shouted someone in the courtroom. "Arrested for murder!" Judge Moffett is arrested for murder!"

An old hag, in the front line of prisoners, rushed forward, thrust her face almost into that of the Night Court Magistrate, pointing her finger at him and cackling:

"Hats off, His Honor the Judge!"

A policeman quickly thrust her back into line. "The Judge will be judged," she added, fiercely.

"Murder!" said Moffett to the detective. "What murder?"

Erskine leaned forward over his bench.

"Moffett, you are accused of the murder of Judge William Osgood."

"Osgood? You're crazy! Why I saw Osgood only once. He caught himself suddenly, with a sharp intake of breath. "Is Judge Osgood dead?"

"replied the police judge.

"And you are accusing me of his murder?"

"Yes, and I needn't caution you that anything you say will be taken down in writing and may be used against you."

"You telling me the law?" interrupted Moffett, belligerently. "Are there any reporters here?"

Jim Thorpe and four or five other reporters swarmed around Moffett. He turned his back on Judge Erskine, and addressed the reporters.

"Judge Erskine has cautioned me not to talk. This is the time I will talk. I have been accused of almost every crime it is possible to imagine, and you have brought forward one single iota of evidence. And now my enemies are attacking me in this outrageous, unwarranted manner. They are accusing me of murder. He stood, then resumed in a more conversational manner: "Have you boys got that down? I'm facing these charges calmly, fearlessly, and I tell you, gentlemen, this is the time to be the end of this sort of thing. I demand an immediate hearing on these idle charges."

As he finished speaking, a nervous assistant district attorney made his way to the judge's bench and leaned towards him.

"If you please, Your Honor, the district attorney is not ready at this time. I would suggest that the matter be let go over for the grand jury."

"You see, boys, said Moffett, turning again to the reporters, 'It's the same old story. We're not ready, we haven't the evidence, we have no proofs, and then they point at me and yell, 'Murder!' Erskine and I under arrest?"

"You are."

"As a prisoner under arrest, accused of murder, and standing on my rights as an American citizen I demand a hearing now!"

"But, Your Honor, interposed the Assistant District Attorney, 'I know nothing about this case. I'm helpless.'"

Judge Erskine considered for a moment. "Get in touch with your office and ask the District Attorney if he can be here in fifteen minutes." He then turned to the Night Court magistrate. "Moffett, you'll remain in custody of court until that time."

"That's all right. I want to see your man!"—pointing to Mike Thomas—"held, too. I want him here, too."

Mike grinned at Moffett.

"They're going to try you for murder in fifteen minutes—you couldn't get me out of here with a truck!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)