

## CLASSIFIED ADS

## For Sale

FOR SALE: Baby Chicks, double blood tested. Our flocks are under state supervision of Indiana Plan for the Control of Pulorum disease. Hermon Hatchery, Brazil, Indiana. Phone 5642. 16-1f

SELL OR TRADE, 6 fall shoots for corn. See Paul Salmon opposite Mid-West Stone Quarry. 15-2p

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

FISH—PERCH—FISH  
Fresh today, while they last ..... 4 lbs, 25¢

ECONOMY STORE

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

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

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

FOR SALE: Baby chicks from blood tested flocks as low as \$6.00 per hundred. A few started chicks, bottom hatching, \$2.00 per hundred. A complete line of brooder stoves and supplies. Record's Hatchery, 19 Franklin St. Phone 852. 17-1f

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

## For Rent

FOR RENT: Six room brick veneer house, strictly modern. Call at 5 Anna Court. 12-1f

FOR RENT: Dairy farm on shares. \$60 proposition. Phone 429-X. 1p

FOR RENT: 5 room house with all yard and garden. Call at 406 1/2 Indiana street. 16-2t

FOR RENT: Reasonable attractive apartment; furnished or unfurnished. Call 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. Bill's Meat Market. 15-3p

## Wanted

WANTED: Man to canvas this country. Exclusive territory. Good pay. Bill Herod, 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.m. 15-17-2t

GREEN ENAMEL—35c per quart. 1/2 grade of house paint, \$1.90 per gallon. Sniders. 16-2p

DANCE at Banner Club Wednesday night. Music by Mac's Midnight Miners. 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 Final Settlement Accounts with the estate of said decedent should not be approved; and said heirs are notified then and there make proof of heirship, and receive their distributive shares. Cause No. 7349.

Witness, the Clerk of said Court, 15th day of May, 1933. 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 Final Settlement Accounts with the estate of said decedent should not be approved; and said heirs are notified then and there make proof of heirship, and receive their distributive shares. Cause No. 7350.

Witness, the Clerk of said Court, 15th day of May, 1933. John W. Herod, Clerk Putnam Circuit Court. 16-2t

MOVIES  
AT THE GRANADA

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.

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 thrill-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. Mert Wade spent Friday night at Eel river falls.

Charles Bunter 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-

CHAPTER XIV

"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.

"Ooo, 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-

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 lapel of his coat, had quietly approached Judge Moffett, and now stood by the arms. Moffett turned angrily:

"Don't you like your hands off me!"

"All I want to do is 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 bag, 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—"

He caught himself suddenly, with a sharp intake of breath. "Is Judge Osgood dead?"

"Yes," replied the police judge.

"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, beligerently. "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 reporter:

"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 no one has brought forward one single iota of evidence. And now my enemies are attacking me in this outrageously unmerited manner. They are accusing me of murder!" He stopped, 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, that this is to be the end of this sort of thing. I demand an immediate hearing on these idle charges."

He had been 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, "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, 'Murderer!' Erskine am I under arrest?"

"You are."

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

"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 remain in custody of court until I am ready."

"You are,"

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

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

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