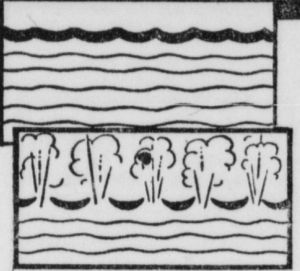


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Swindler Hooks Four Britons in Fake Dope Ring

Respectable Citizens Led To Put Up \$7,500 in Imaginary Trade.

LONDON.—Victims of a swindler who pretended he was running an illicit drug traffic business with huge profits were criticized by Justice Charles at Gloucester session of court recently in England.

In sentencing the author of the swindle the judge remarked: "You managed to find four people who were willing with you to enter upon the foulest trade known just to make a little money."

"These four were willing to believe some of their money would go to bribe the police who were also connected with that foul trade."

"For these four men I have nothing but contempt. No one but dishonest blackguards would enter into such a contract."

The trial resulted in five years' penal servitude for Hartley George Grail, 44 years old, described as an engineer, and formerly proprietor of a guest house, The Hawthorns, Eastington, near Gloucester.

There were 11 charges of fraud against Grail involving a total of \$7,500.

They comprised obtaining by false pretenses \$5,600 from John Goodwin Morley Headlam of Marlborough House, Montpellier, Cheltenham, a company director; \$625 from Joel Coupland, a lorry driver of Hill street, Stroud; \$530 from Andrew Douglas Gordon, a retired major of the Indian army; \$200 from Reginald Frank Rymer of Churcham, near Gloucester, and attempting to obtain \$500 from George Henry Hill of Armscroft road, Gloucester, garage proprietor.

In each case, said Prosecutor A. J. Long, the false pretence was similar.

It was to the effect that Grail was in a position to execute illicit deals in drugs, that he was carrying on a drug trafficker's business, and that there was vast money to be made by people who went in with him.

Judge—"These were not ordinary medical stores, but heroin and cocaine?"

Prosecutor Long—"Yes." Another pretence put forward by Grail, which the prosecution regarded with exceptional gravity, was that quite innocent police officers were in this business, were conniving at it and profiting by it.

On another occasion, continued Long, Grail brought in a number of Scotland Yard officials and said they had put money in this wicked traffic.

There was not a vestige of truth in that.

It All Comes Out.

It came to such a pitch that Inspector Berratt, a retired Scotland Yard officer, received a letter from solicitors at Cheltenham asking when he and his friend Lord Trenchard were going to wind up the business and divide the profits.

A more preposterous suggestion it was difficult to imagine. In the case of Gordon, Grail told him he could make money on heroin deals.

Various sums were obtained from Gordon, and in all he lost about \$530.

"I am glad to hear it," observed the judge.

Long said Grail told Coupland he was carrying on traffic in cocaine, morphia, and ether, and that the police were in it with him.

Inspector A. V. Hancock revealed that Grail was born at Lydney, Gloucestershire, and was for a time in the army.

He was divorced in 1936. He had been convicted of fraud several times. It was stated Grail had made a clean breast of his frauds.

Merchants Can't Change Bills, Broke With \$2,800

STOCKTON, CALIF.—He couldn't eat. He couldn't sleep. He couldn't even buy a package of cigarettes or even a postage stamp. In other words, he was "flat broke."

And yet he had \$2,800 in currency. This was the quandary of a Mr. Walters found himself in, so he went straightway to the Stockton police department and unloaded his problem on their shoulders.

"I got some money, but I can't use it," Walters reported. Accustomed to all sorts of moochers, the police officers prepared to give him a chill reception.

"Sa fact. I got lots of money." Thereupon Walters displayed the contents of his wallet. It contained: Two \$1,000 bills. One \$500 bill. Three \$100 bills.

"I sold a horse in Agua Caliente, Mexico, and this is the way they paid me off," Walters complained.

No one in Stockton Walters had contacted had been able to make change for the large bills. "Police then contacted a hotel manager who was able to 'break' a \$100 bill into smaller denominations and the stranger left town well fed and happy.

Choisy BOSTON.—The thief who entered Mrs. Margaret Davis' provisions store was extremely fastidious. He took sample bites from at least a dozen cakes and pies before selecting two pies to take with him.

A Suit of Clothes

By MARY KEELING

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

"THERE are certain temperaments," the professor was remarking blandly, "of which it is—" "Look out, daddy!" cried Pat.

The professor nimbly sidestepped to avoid the string of motors that suddenly started when the green light changed.

"There are temperaments, my dear, of which it is—" "Oh, daddy, do please look out!" Pat cried again as a car whirled around the corner.

The professor sidestepped once more, but not nimbly enough this time to avoid a splashing of muddy water as the car passed through a puddle close to the curb.

"Oh, daddy," wailed Pat, as she mopped away at the professor's coat tails, "whatever will mother say? And your second best trousers are quite too—too unsafe for wear in public."

"There are temperaments, Patricia," began the professor. "I do wish, dearest," said Pat reproachfully, "that you'd try to remember your own temperament—how careless you are about crossing streets and spoiling clothes and—"

"Henry," remarked the professor's wife at the breakfast table the next morning, "you simply must order a new suit of clothes at once. Your appearance is a disgrace to the family."

"That reminds me, my dear," said the professor cheerfully. "I have a distinct impression that I ordered a suit of clothes last week."

"Why, daddy!" exclaimed Pat in astonishment, "however did you come to order a suit all by yourself?"

"It is true," allowed the professor, "that I gave the order to a young man who called upon me after class time. I feel reasonably certain, however, that it was clothing he wished to sell."

"Henry Porter!" cried his wife despairingly, "do you mean to say that you gave an unknown salesman an order for clothes without seeing what they were like?"

"My dear, you quite distress me," expostulated the professor. "The young man seemed of a most superior type and now that I consider the occurrence I remember mention of a club. It appears that his firm is most particular whom they admit to its membership. I was selected in order that a name somewhat familiar in educational circles might head their list."

"How much did you pay down?" asked Mrs. Porter.

"Only \$2, if I remember correctly."

"And when is the rest to be paid?" asked the business manager of the firm relentlessly.

The professor squirmed a little in his chair just as the doorbell rang, thus relieving him of the necessity of making an immediate reply. Fate was pursuing him, however, for Pat returned to the dining room with an aggressive sort of young man who demanded of the professor his \$2 installment due the suit club.

"May I ask," said Mrs. Porter with great dignity, "when my husband's suit will be delivered?"

"Oh, most any time, ma'am," said the collector with a sly wink at Pat. "Some one is chosen each week to get a free suit and the old gentleman may be the next lucky one."

"Daddy," whispered Pat as she opened the door for the professor, "there's a perfectly beautiful young man waiting for you in the library."

The professor adjusted his near-sight glasses as the young man rose from a chair.

"You'll not remember me, Professor Porter, but I'm the man who induced you to sign up with that suit club. I've found out that they are a bad lot, but I want you to believe that I honestly thought it on the square. If you'll tell me how much you've given them I'll be glad to pay you back myself. You were so white to me that I can't bear to see you fleeced."

"I see no reason in the world," replied the professor, mildly, "why I should allow you to be the loser. The amount is inconsequential, for I ascertained some weeks ago that the plan was fraudulent. However, I am exceedingly glad to have you restore my belief in my sound judgment of character. I confess it has been somewhat shaken of late. This, my dear," he added, as Pat entered the room patiently for the purpose of meeting the caller, "is Mr. Samuel Salter. You may perhaps recall my mentioning him in connection with the purchase of a suit of clothes. My daughter, Patricia, Mr. Salter."

"Daddy, darling," said Pat, squeezing the professor's arm rapturously after the young man had reluctantly taken his leave for the time being, "it's no wonder, poor dear, that you fell for that suit club."

"It is indeed gratifying," remarked the professor, "to know that Mr. Salter's countenance of nobility and refinement mirrors the sterling character of that I at once credited him with."

"What a funny old pet you are, daddy," crooned Pat, kissing the soon-to-be bald spot on top of the professor's head.

Aerial Musketeers Don Fighting Togs



Bound for an observation flight over enemy territory, these three British musketeers of the air head for their bombing plane. Equipment includes oxygen masks, telephone apparatus, parachutes and machine guns. In addition to the gunners, the plane carries a pilot, co-pilot and photographer.

PORTAGE FIREMEN SET DEADLINE FOR HAVING FIRES

Portage.—Any Portage resident desiring a fire must have same before 9 p. m.

Members of the Portage Volunteer Fire Company placed this warning on their bulletin board outside of the Municipal building last week after borough council voted that "lights be put out and the truck and engine room locked up at nine o'clock."

Motions were also carried prohibiting the playing of bingo in the engine room and a ruling that the fire company must hereafter pay its own light bill.

TURNPIKE PAYROLL IS \$69.50 EVERY MINUTE

Harrisburg — Every minute—day and night—an average of \$69.50 is paid the workers building the PWA-RFC financed Pennsylvania Turnpike between Harrisburg and Pittsburgh.

The 12,000 men employed by the 56 contractors on the Turnpike have been paid wages totalling approximately \$5,900,000 since work began last fall. In the same period more than 1,500 engineers, designers, inspectors, legal and accounting personnel, and office workers have earned more than \$1,500,000.

LEGAL NOTICE.

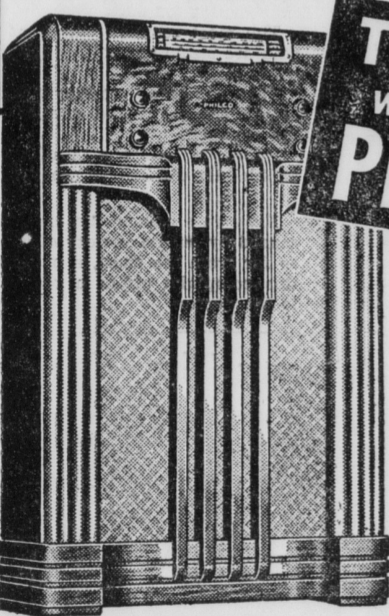
According to the records of The First National Bank of Patton, Patton, Pennsylvania, there appears to be undelivered the following Safe-keeping items and/or contents of Safe-Deposit Boxes, and unless the same are delivered before the sale of the assets they will be turned over to a successor custodian who may greatly complicate delivery. Anyone knowing the owner or the address of any of the following listed persons and will communicate the information either to the owner, or the Receiver of the trust, the same will be considered a favor to all persons concerned:

Alonzo Aikens, Fred Arble, Herman A. Bennett, Mrs. Caroline Biller, Bar-

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