

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

### ALMANACS

**MACDONALD'S FARMER ALMANACS** for 1938 "new ready." Price 20 cts. a copy. ATLAS PRINTING CO., Dept. M., Birmingham, N. Y.

### ASTHMA

**OUR TREATMENT FOR ASTHMA** has been prescribed for years with good results. Money refunded if not satisfied. 24 capsules. Price \$1.00. THE C. E. DRUG CO., Box 1265, Sheridan, Wyo.

### ASSAYERS, CHEMISTS

**LEWIS & WALKER**, assayers, chemists. 106 N. Wyoming, BUTTE, MONT.

### AUTO PARTS

**TRUCK AND AUTO PARTS.** The only firm in the northwest specializing in truck parts. We carry the largest and most complete stock of truck, auto parts, and equipment in this part of the country. 24-hour service on mail orders. Write, wire or phone. **WILKINSKY AUTO PARTS CO.**, 210 Plymouth Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

### BABY CHICKS

**Gallatin Chicks** for greater poultry profits. Quality bred for high production, large eggs, and healthy birds. Hatching eggs supplied by certified breeders and hatched for quick safe delivery. Write for Gallatin Chick News. **GALLATIN CHICK HATCHERY**, Bozeman, Montana.

**BABY CHICKS**—Leading varieties. Oldest hatchery in North Dakota. Live delivery guaranteed. Located near Montana line. **SEVENSON HATCHERY**, Stanley, N. D.

**THOUSANDS BABY CHICKS** weekly from selected pure bred and blood tested flocks. Fourteen breeds including Giants, Rocks, Orpingtons, Wyandottes, Reds, Leghorns, New Hampshire, Minorcas and Anconas. Booking now for future delivery. **BLUE RIBBON HATCHERY** at Mandan, N. D.

**BEFORE BUYING CHICKS** get our low prices. Big discount. Blood tested. \$2.50 per 100, up. We ship C. O. D. **INMAN HATCHERY**, Aberdeen, S. D.

### BUSINESS SERVICE

**MANUSCRIPTS TYPED**, revised, edited, marketed. (Enclose stamp). **COLLINS**, 617 Exchange Bldg., Denver, Colo.

### ECZEMA

**IF YOU OR ANY OF YOUR FRIENDS** have burning itching eczema, I have a remedy that will give positive relief in a very short time. Or, if it fails to relieve, I will refund your money. Write MCK. EDWARDS, Valley, Washington.

### EMPLOYMENT

**ADDRESS POSTCARDS**, 20 each, paid in advance, supplies furnished. Details FREE. **MISHAWAKA MAILING SYSTEM**, Box 64-C, Mishawaka, Indiana.

### FARM LANDS FOR SALE

**FOR SALE**—200 Acres in Toole county. Reasonable terms. Write BOX 96, Nelhart, Mont.

**KAMLOOPS, BRITISH COLUMBIA** dairy ranch with private market, for sale. 145 acres, easily worked. Around 40 head stock, with implements. \$5,000. Half cash preferred. balance to suit. Owner retiring. T. H. HILL, Little Fort, British Columbia, Canada.

### FARMS WANTED

**FARMS WANTED:** With the completion of Fort Peck dam, hundreds of farmers will be obliged to move from their Missouri bottom lands and will be looking for new locations. If you want to sell your land, advertise it in the **GLASSGOW-PORT PECK COURIER**, Box 218, Glasgow, Mont. Rates one cent per word per insertion. Stamps accepted.

### FILM FINISHING

**ROLLS DEVELOPED**—25c roll. Two 357 double weight professional enlargements, 8 glossy prints. **CLUB PHOTO SERVICE**, La Crosse, Wis.

**THE PHOTO MILL IMMEDIATE SERVICE**—NO DELAY! Roll developed, carefully printed and choice of two beautiful 357 double-weight professional enlargements, one tinted enlargement, or eight reprints for 25c roll. Reprints 25c each. **THE PHOTO MILL**, Box 62-86 Minneapolis, Minnesota.

**SNAPSHOTS IN COLOR**—Roll developed. 8 natural color prints. 25c. Natural color reprints. 3c. Amazingly beautiful. **NATURAL COLOR PHOTO**, C-35, Janesville, Wis.

### HEREFORD BULLS

**FOR SALE**—THIRTEEN HEAD registered Hereford bulls. Domes, breeding, 10 yearlings, three two's. \$75 each. **EARL B. RICE**, Forsyth, Mont.

### HEREFORD AUCTION

**46 HEREFORDS AT AUCTION.** Domino-Bass Mischief breeding. 15 bulls, 18 cows with calves at foot, five bred cows, six open heifers, May 6. Catalogues on request. I. W. THOMAS, Lakota, N. D.

### IRRIGATION SUPPLIES

**THE PERFECTION WATER BOOSTER** is "the answer to a farmer's prayer." It is reasonably priced, sturdy built, economical to operate. For free information write the **PERFECTION PUMP WORKS**, Department B, Hryshan, Mont.

**DEPENDABLE IRRIGATION PUMPS** at low prices. State your water problem fully in first letter. Also CORUGATED, steel wheel and tractor types: OAR-LOCKS and COMPLETE SETS IRONS FOR HAY DERRICKS. Lowest Prices. Prompt Shipments. **PARMA WATER LIFT COMPANY**, Box "J", Parma, Idaho, U. S. A.

### LIVESTOCK

**FOR SALE**—One registered 3-year-old brown Swiss bull. Banes tested. One 8-week-old brown Swiss bull, eligible to register. **JOHN A. GREER**, Simms, Mont.

### MEDICAL

**ARTHRITIS, NEURITIS, Rheumatism.** Suffer no longer. Write BOX 1382, Lone Beach, Calif.

### MISCELLANEOUS FOR SALE

**CORD WOOD SAWS**—Saw mandrels, bolting. Our saws are right and so are our prices. **ALASKA JUNK CO.**, Inc., Spokane, Wash.

### MONTANA TEACHERS NEEDED

**ENROLL IMMEDIATELY** for increasing opportunities. Certification booklet free with enrollment. **E. L. HUFF TEACHERS' AGENCY**, Missoula, Mont. Member N.A.T.A.

### MUSIC SUPPLIES

**SHEET MUSIC** **MUSIC BOOKS** **Music Service** 30 RIVERSIDE AVENUE SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

**TONGUE RIVER PROJECT** Completion of a diversion tunnel on the Tongue river water storage project has been announced by Governor Avery. The project, which will irrigate 40,000 acres, store 900,000 feet of water and cost a total of \$1,200,000 will be entirely completed by Nov. 1, it is stated.

# Racket Smasher Hunts the Big One

Charles J. McGuirk

(Copyright 1938: By Charles J. McGuirk)  
IN TWO PARTS—PART TWO

Published by Special Arrangement With The Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate, Incorporated.

Dressing in his home that night for his dinner engagement with his friend, Thomas Napier, well-known corporation lawyer, at the Harvard club, David Hobson thought with irritation of Eleanor Dale, Michael Dale's daughter. He had seen her in the bevy of girls who drank in avidly the lurid testimony in the trial of Mary Drake that morning. He had been struck afresh with pity at sight of the girl's lovely young beauty. He could easily imagine the grief that would be brought upon her should he convict her father as a racketeer. He sincerely wished he could do something about it.

That earnest wish was characteristic of David Hobson. It never occurred to him that he might drop his pursuit of Michael Dale. There was no charge against the man. Indeed, it would take a lot of digging and luck to unearth any evidence against him at all.

It never occurred to him for the simple reason that that course was unthinkable. Michael Dale was a breaker of the law. He, David Hobson, was the district attorney, who prosecuted law breakers. That was his duty. That was his job. His pity for Eleanor Dale was impersonal. The pity he felt was that of a soldier compelled to wound or kill an enemy for whom he has a profound admiration.

When the page boy led him through the chaste halls of the Harvard club to Napier's table, he found Michael Dale already there as Napier's guest.

"I thought you two should know each other," Napier explained. "Mr. Dale, one of the most profitable clients, is interested in your work."

"Strange," David said to Napier, as he shook hands with Michael Dale, "to find a big business man interested in the prosecution of racketeers. Generally they are either afraid of the consequences of the city's daring to prosecute or they have no interest in the matter at all."

Michael Dale whitened, recovered himself and smiled.

"I became interested when you prosecuted and convicted my dear old friend, Fat Levanti, the labor leader," he said. "We can't desert our old friends when they are in trouble. Besides, I thought you were unjust to him. He merely played the game as it was being played around him."

"True," David admitted. "But it was being played too roughly and too illegally. There was the matter of about 20 murders committed while slugs took over legitimate trades unions."

"You have something there," Dale smiled disarmingly. "I don't like murder."

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

### PERSONAL

**WHY BE LONELY?** Let me introduce you by mail. Send 10c. BOX 8, Menlo, Calif.

**MARRIAGEABLE PERSONS** introduced by mail. No fee. REV. W. FLETCHER, Reading, Vt.

**LONESOME?** Want a sweetheart? Many wealthy. (Confidential). Established 1924. Free particulars. Photos, sealed. **REEDER**, Box 549, Palestine, Tex.

**RUBBER STAMPS AND SEALS**

**RUBBER AND METAL STAMPS**, Stencils, check signs. **PACIFIC STAMP WORKS**, W. 516 Sprague Ave., Spokane, Wash.

**WE MAKE STAMPS**, Rubber type. **HELENA STAMP WORKS**, Helena, Montana.

### RESORT PROPERTY

**PROPERTY ON EAST SHORE** Flat-head lake, for sale. Lake frontage. 3 1/2 acres. Grocery store, gas and oil, 4-room house 27'x37' full basement, cement cellar, water and lights in house. Irrigating water taps. Lots of fruit. 10 miles south of Bigfork. 24 miles north of Polson on oil highway. A good buy. **LEE H. KIMMEL**, Big Fork, Mont.

### SEED AND PLANTS

**MASTADON, GEM**, Progressive, Champion Strawberries, 125 for \$1.00; 500 for \$4.00. Dorset Premier Dunlap Strawberries, 200 for \$1.00. Lathan St. Regis Raspberries, 75 for 25 cts.; 100 for \$2.50. **FRANKLIN DAVIS**, Hamilton, Mont.

**FREE FLOWER** and Vegetable seeds. Plants and Everblooming Bush Rose to Members. (Educational). Particulars Free. **M. RAPANAPRES GARDEN CLUB**, Mound, Minn.

**CABBAGE PLANTS**—Montana grown, 50c per 100; Cauliflower, \$1.25; Celery, 90c; Tomatoes, \$1.25; Asparagus, 10c; Lettuce, 10c; Cucumber, 10c; etc. Booklet. **BALZ-HISER'S**, Drummond, Mont.

**PLANT KATAHDIN**—Heavy yielding dry land potato. Good seed, \$1.00 cwt. f.o.b.; 25 lbs. postpaid. 3rd zone, \$1.00. **DEERWOOD**, Sandpoint, Ida.

**SWEET CLOVER** 8c lb. up. Alfalfa 25c lb. up. Timothy, Bromus Grass, N. D. Grown Seed Corn, Millet, and other forage crops. Free samples. Discounts on large orders. Satisfaction or money back. **GRIMM ALFALFA ASSN.**, Fargo, N. D. 500 co-operating growers.

**SWEET CLOVER, CRESTED WHEAT** straw and all field grains, including corn, are materially cheaper this spring. Save money by sending for your free copy of our 1938 Spring Catalogue which is setting a new standard of values throughout the Northwest. **THE SEARLE SEED CO.**, Lewistown, Mont.

**SONG POEMS WANTED**

**SONG POEMS WANTED**, 50-50 plan. **HERBERT OSTROW**, 5708 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**STAMP COLLECTORS**

**LET ME SEND YOU** my stamp approvals. **F. MILO LOBBELL**, 625 So. 16th St., Salem, Ore.

**TURKEYS**

**WORLD'S FINEST Narragansetts**; Eggs. **HUDSON'S TURKEY FARM**, Tazewell, Ore.

**BRONZE POULTS** available in April. **SCHWEITZER'S HATCHERY**, Canby, Ore.

**TENTS & AWNINGS**

**SINCE 1883**

**AWNINGS**

**Canvas Products of All Kinds**

**F. O. BERG CO.**, Spokane, Wash.

**M. N. A. APRIL 26, 1938 (1)**

Through the dinner, David succumbed to the man's charm.

"A man of your ability," Dale told him, "is wasting time in public office. You could do much better in private practice."

"I could," David admitted. "But I like public service. I like to think I am doing my bit toward making life more tolerable for a lot of people here in the city."

"How?" Dale inquired, and David admired his effrontery. "By eliminating the rackets? Don't you know that it will prove only temporary? Human nature doesn't change. Soon the rackets will be in full swing again."

"I think not," David disagreed. "Crime left long enough unchecked destroys itself by arousing public opinion against it. It doesn't need moderation."

"And how do you feel about the men you sent to prison?" Dale asked.

"I have no feeling at all toward them. Some of them, I suppose, are likeable persons. But they had broken the law. I had one advantage, however. I tried them before a high type, an unreachably what the press calls a 'blue ribbon' jury. So they went to prison."

"Then you consider them human beings," Michael Dale said eagerly. "You do not consider them rats?"

David smiled. "I do not consider them personally at all. But if I did, I'm afraid I would consider them rats. Still not holding anything against them. As a reasonable man, I can imagine that there are quite a number of likeable rats, if human beings would forget this propaganda about their being bearers of bubonic plague and other lethal diseases."

Thomas Napier laughed and Michael Dale stared at him.

"I wouldn't want you to be after me, Mr. Hobson," he said slowly. "Of course, there's no reason why you should be and even if there were, I am sure a man like me would never allow a man like you to put him behind prison bars. Nevertheless, I'd hate to have you on my trail. You are that most dangerous thing, a materialistic idealist."

"I am sure a man like me would never allow a man like you to put him behind prison bars."

Now what had Michael Dale meant by that?

David Hobson thought it over as the days went on and the more he thought, the more interested he became.

Looking at the calendar one afternoon, he noted that it was the 11th, just a week since Michael Dale had hurled his challenge. For he was convinced the words carried a challenge.

Goggly, David reviewed all the material he had waded through. There were plenty of signs of Dale's criminal influence but not a shred of evidence that would warrant his asking for an indictment.

Sitting in his office, he thought back over the conversation he had had with Michael Dale over the dinner table that night. And suddenly, the name, Fat Levanti popped into his mind. Michael Dale had said he was his friend.

David tensed in his chair. He remembered Levanti, the labor racketeer, at the trial nearly a year ago. A rugged, square-headed man with an iron jaw. As tough as they came. And he was Michael Dale's friend. He was tough, undoubtedly, but sometimes prison changed a man and Levanti had been in Sing Sing 10 months now. He called Ed Hargan, his assistant.

"Ed," he said. "I want an undercover man to be sentenced to Sing Sing for an indefinite term not later than day after tomorrow. Think the police have a good one?"

"The police always have," Ed smiled.

Up in Sing Sing the days passed slowly. When a man becomes a number, minutes crawl on leaden feet and the days drop into the past with a dull thud. The most trivial thing becomes important after a while and a "fish," a new prisoner, an event of absorbing interest.

Thus Fat Levanti, the labor racketeer, going into the 11th month of a sentence which might end in 20 years or which might go right through the rest of his life was childishly interested in the new prisoner who was locked in the cell next to his.

"What's your name, buddy?" He whispered hoarsely through the bars that night. "What are you in for?"

"Amati." The man growled. "A stick-up. I was framed."

"Mine's Levanti," Fat whispered. "They threw the book at me on a labor racket." Amati began to laugh.

"What are you laughin' at?"

"You're Mike Dale's stooge, ain't you? The boy that took the rap for him. I suppose he told you he'd get you outta here. Well, here you are and there he is on the outside, sittin' on top of Park avenue."

"Who did you say you was?"

"Nobody to you, sucker. Nobody to you."

The 15th, the 16th, 20th—22d—24th—

Two men watched the short February days slide across the calendar.

Down in the city, District Attorney David Hobson watched their passing ruefully. Every day gone brought him nearer to defeat. Every day brought nearer March 3d, when Michael Dale would take ship and sail out of his jurisdiction, laughing at him.

Up in Sing Sing the Number that was Fat Levanti watched them with a smoldering and slowly mounting anger. One day. Another. At least 20 years of them. And what was Mike Dale doing about it? Nothing. He had promised he would but Fat had been up here near 11 months and not a move had been made. Maybe he never would make a move.

That thought, taking root, grew as swiftly as a weed. Two days after he conceived it, he was positive that Michael Dale had thrown him aside, had double-crossed him. But he didn't

act on that belief immediately. He had lots of time. He waited another week. Then he broke, positive now that Dale had made a monkey of him.

On Feb. 28th, he sent word to the district attorney that he had something important to confide. When David sent Ed Hargan, his assistant, up to interview him, Fat asked for an assurance of a shortening of his sentence. Ed told him he would do what he could.

Then Fat said in part: "Mike Dale is the man that backed every racket but vice and narcotics in the city. He did it with his brains and his money. All I can tell you is the facts and you can't prove them by me. But I'll send you to another guy who's got all the records. His name is Maurice Olliphant. He is Mike Dale's secretary-valet. If he won't talk, here is the way to put the pressure on him."

"Twenty-two years ago he killed a guy named Tony Barredo. Beat him to death. Mike Dale had the case quashed. But murder's never beyond trial. You threaten Olliphant or go through with it for all I care. I'd like to have them two guys for company. And Olliphant will come through. Why should I play the sucker?"

"I don't know anything about Mr. Dale's business affairs," Maurice Olliphant told David Hobson as he sat in a chair opposite him in "The Singing School." But his big still face had become stiffer and his hard eyes darted uneasily between David Hobson, Ed Hargan and the stenographer who sat there making notes, paying no attention to him at all.

"Mr. Dale," David told him softly, "financed all the rackets except vice and the traffic which handled narcotics. He took a large proportion of the profits from all of them. We know that you have in your possession the records dealing with such transactions. We want you to turn them over to us so that we may use them in prosecuting Mr. Dale." (Sing, Maurice, Sing.)

"I don't understand you. I don't know where you could have gotten such an impression. I am Mr. Dale's valet. The hard eyes darting, the still face beginning to melt.

"Mr. Olliphant," (By Mr. David Hobson, the district attorney). "On the night of Oct. 28, 1915, on the docks of the North German Lloyd you did feloniously and with malice aforethought beat to death one Antonio Barredo in the course of a fight."

"On Jan. 15, 1916, the record of this case shows that the charges against you were dropped on the request of Mr. Michael Dale, then leader in the 27th Assembly district."

"Subsequently, you entered the employ of Mr. Dale, Mr. Olliphant, we know that Mr. Dale, your employer, financed all the rackets except vice and the traffic which handled the narcotics. He took a large proportion of profits from all of them."

"What do I get if I come across? Do I get prosecuted for a murder that happened 22 years ago?"

"It is possible," David smiled, "that Barredo may have died in the fight with you."

"Oh, he did, Mr. Hobson!" Olliphant's big face was pouring perspiration.

"Mr. Olliphant, we know that Mr. Dale, your employer—"

"All right," Olliphant crumpled. "I'll talk. I'll do better than that. I'll get you all the records. Send a man with me—"

"Gentlemen," District Attorney Hobson addressed the Blue Ribbon grand jury (all grand juries were now Blue Ribbon juries since he became district attorney). "I ask the indictment of Michael Dale, realtor of Park avenue on these 48 counts. In that we have proven that on Nov. 12, he did feloniously—"

"Maurice," Michael Dale called that day. "Maurice!"

He stood there at the door of the library in his Park avenue apartment and listened for an answer which never came. Closing the door softly, he walked back into the room and sat down at a great long table which once had graced a Florentine nobleman's castle. He sat there and gazed eastward and past eastward to the illimitable and unknown future he mortals know only as, "The Beyond."

Listening, he heard the steps of Doom. They paced heavily, as measured as the lock-step kept by long term prisoners in a penitentiary. A cold, clammy sweat was on his forehead. Then came the sound for which he had been waiting. A ring at the doorbell. He heard the second man answer the door and the murmur of voices. Then the second man's steps hurrying toward the library. The door opened.

"It's detectives, Mr. Dale," he said. His eyes were wide. "From the district attorney's office. They said—"

"All right, Campbell," Michael Dale said calmly. "Ask them to wait a moment."

As the door closed, he reached down

and pulled out a drawer in the table. From it he took a large revolver. Then he lifted a telephone from its cradle, gave the number, calmly waited. "Hello," he said. "Mr. Hobson? Mr. Hobson, this is Michael Dale."

District Attorney David Hobson sat in his office awaiting word from the men he had sent to arrest decently and quietly one, Michael Dale, racketeer de luxe, who, for years, had carried on a nefarious career under a cloak of respectability. He felt no triumph. He liked Michael Dale. His desk phone rang. He picked it up and recognized Michael Dale's voice.

"Mr. Hobson? Mr. Hobson, this is Michael Dale. Thank you for the courtesy you have shown in trying to arrest me quietly. I appreciate it. I deeply regret that I cannot submit to arrest. I believe I spoke to you about it the one time we met. Remember? I said something about a man like me never allowing a man like you to put him behind prison bars? That is true. Your men are here. But I got the warning when Olliphant, my man, disappeared. Listen, Mr. district attorney."

The revolver shot banged against David's ear. . . .

Still, David was thinking three hours later, he really brought it on himself by looking me up to get a line on me. I think he really should have done something about it afterwards, left the country or something. Though maybe that would be asking too much. Thoughtfully, he picked up his clarinet. In the room next to his office, Ed Hargan, his best assistant, and Al Abrams, his big, heavy-set bodyguard, sat waiting. And to them came the sweet sounds of a clarinet excellently played. They listened. The district attorney was softly playing. "Over the Hills and Far Away."

—THE END—

**HOSPITALIZATION**

Responsibility for medical care and hospitalization of nonresidents rests with the county in which the patient maintains his legal residence, according to a ruling by Attorney Gen. H. J. Prebourn at the request of L. M. Brandford, administrator for the state board of public welfare.

Pigs of Shanghai, China, have a Sherman name for war because they now have to walk for hours through crowded streets to reach market places instead of being rushed there by trucks as in the good old days.

Bananas "au rhum" may be made by sprinkling one tablespoon of rum, a few drops of lemon juice and a bit of brown sugar over the fruit. Arrange the bananas in a shallow, well-buttered dish and bake until they are soft. (About 20 minutes).

## NO CHANGES MADE IN FISHING RULES

NIGHT FISHING IS STILL ALLOWED; BAG LIMIT REMAINS SAME

After waiting through requests from nearly 100 Montana sportsmen's organizations, the state fish and game commission recently decided not to change present regulations permitting night fishing and setting the daily limit at 25 fish.

B. L. Price said half of the clubs recommended discontinuing night fishing and cutting the bag limit to 15 fish while the other half asked that the regulations be left unchanged.

B. L. Price of Laurel, chairman of the board for the last year, was re-elected to the position at the board's