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Fakers Caught with the “Goods” on Them

Pseudo Persian Is Taken from Pawn Broker’s Benefit

“Rev. Dr.” Moore and Wife Arrested While Making Ghosts in Parlor Full of Easy Money Dupes

It was a sad night for spookdom. In darkened rooms all over the city charlatans who were fleecing a horde of gullible were struck with terror by the whispered news of the arrest of Mazzini and his chief of fakers, and the downfall of the Moores. Again Mazzini has been caught in the police dragnet. Again have the Moores fallen under the ban of the law.

Three weeks ago Mazzini paid a fine of $150 for practicing mediumship without a license. This money was gathered in dollars from fellow fakers and in dimes from the pockets of poor men and women who could ill afford to contribute to the infamous cause.

A few weeks ago the “Rev. Dr.” H. R. Moore was forced by the exposure of the New York World to leave the eastern metropolis and seek pastures new. Heading for the Mecca of fakers Moore landed in Los Angeles and straightway started “the First Church of Harmonial Philosophy.”

Vol. XXXIV, No. 240, pp. 1, 12, May 29, 1907

Los Angeles Herald

Will Drive Fakers from City

Shortly after Moore arrived he went to the city hall and procured a license to practice fortune telling. Under this license his entire family, the police declare, have been practicing all the arts of the alleged modern mysticism. Mr. Moore was arrested on a warrant charging her with practicing without a license. Tax Collector Johnson said a few days ago that Moore’s license did not give his wife a right to practice clairvoyance.

Captain of Detectives Paul Flammer has declared his intention of ridding the city of the outlaw fakers who refuse to take out the license. In this he has the support of the police commission.

Mayor Harper announced his desire to see the city rid of this class and recently declared his intention to revoke the license of the mediums who were caught in the act of swindling the public.

Mazzini is better known to the Los Angeles people. His career as a pseudo Persian mystic has been watched with interest by hundreds of persons who know him to be a fraud. His arrest, the police believe, will forever stop his work of preying upon the sorrowful bereaved mothers and coining their woes into gold.

Arrested at “Box Social”

Treading airily along the center of the roadway surrounded by about a dozen of his women dupes and fellow spooksters, Mazzini met his Waterloo for a second time last night when Detective Grant Roberts served on him a warrant for his arrest on a charge similar to the one on which he was first convicted.

Mazzini was on his way to attend a “box social.” The “social” was given in his honor. In his absence, according to several of the dupes of the faker, the “social” was intended as a means by which to raise money so Mazzini could get his clothes out of pawn.

The “box social benefit” was to be held at the home of Mrs. Russell, Fifty-sixth and Figueroa streets. Mrs. Russell is a recent arrival in Los Angeles and had been prevailed upon by Mazzini to allow him to use her rooms for the reception. All had been prepared. About a score of guests had been invited and all had been instructed to “bring along a lunch” for those who have stayed with the faker during his troubles felt they would enjoy seeing him get one more square meal and were willing to put themselves out to supply it.

Promptly at 8:15 o’clock the entire party, consisting of Mazzini and his devoted friends, alighted from the car at Moneta and Fifty-sixth street. Detective Roberts had met them on the way and was standing a short distance away. As the party passed him the squeaking voice of the little (Continued on Page Twelve.)

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FAKERS AND DUPEs RESIST OFFICERS

TRY TO SAVE “DR.” MOORE FROM ARREST

Spookmaker and Wife Compelled to Go to the Police Station, Where They Are Later Bailed Out at $40 Each

(Continued from Page One)

cockney could be heard rising above in tones of the woman's skill in disguise.

"Oh, I'm sure we will have a delightful time," said Roberts.

Robert's Gets Man

Up the center of the street passed the group of police officers, their eyes fixed on the man and endeavoring to spot his man so that at the proper moment the warrant, if issued, was served and Moore arrested without being given a chance to make a break.

For nearly a block the party passed where one of the officers was determined to say, "Oh, I know why Mrs. Russell lives out here. We are so far away from anybody that the corpse can never find us."

"Guess it is up to me," said Roberts and the detective accosted the spookmaker by name.

"Rev. Dr. de Mizzanatha," said the spookmaker, and he dropped back in another remarkable costume, for the officers had no idea of his being under arrest.

For fifteen minutes he stood pleading with the officer to allow him to go to his home, to eat his supper, to do anything that would make him feel like a free man, and he was finally permitted to go, with the officers following, but without permission to enter the spook temple.

"This is a very rich man's house," said the detective, "and I can obtain that amount will he be released from the jail?"

Hopes to Get Ball

At last he decided to accompany the detective to the station and get the other part of the story. The officers accompanied him.

On their way to the police station the fortune teller continued to plead with his captors, and each time a new offer was made by one of the officers, he would make another. He said he was a very rich man, and that the amount of money he would give would be large if the officers would let him go. The officers, however, would not allow him to go, and the spookmaker was finally permitted to go to his home.

"I did not receive justice last time," said the spookmaker, "and besides my lawyer was not there. He will not be there this time it will be different and I will do things in a different way. When I was arrested before, I was not so well dressed, but now I am dressed up and I will not be afraid."

When the officer and his prisoner reached the police station an eager crowd had gathered outside the station and a large number of members of the Anti-fakers society, gathered to witness the arrest of the man who organized the Medium's Protective Association and was charged with violation of the law. In the crowd were many of the spook followers, some of whom were dressed very elaborately, and some of whom were only dressed in their everyday clothes.

Much of the evidence against the spookmaker was handed over to the police, and he was charged with having committed a fraud and a crime.

The fate of the spookmaker was sealed.

Little Child Is Used

The lights were then turned out and the room draped in black hangings. A large crowd gathered to witness the appearance of the bottom of a coal mine at midnight.

"Now be very quiet," said Spook Doctor Moore's voice, "and I think we will come and see us."

Immediately thereafter "Panzy" appeared.

In a squeaky and rather incoherent voice "Panzy" spoke through two tin trumpets that she was on the floor.

"Dr. Moore," she said, "there is some money in the house that you need."

"Come," said the detective, "come and see us."

The fortunes of the night were then turned over to the fortunes of the future. The police officers, tired and weary, returned to their homes, and the spookmaker was left to face the consequences of his crime.

The end.
It was a sad night for spookdom.

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INSET PHOTO:

KING BEE OF SPOOKISTS

“REV. DR.” MOORE

Uses Little Daughter

In this alleged church Moore has practiced mediumship and fortune telling. There he has held his so-called spiritualistic gatherings. Materialization was Moore’s strong card.

On Sunday Moore has held meetings in the Woodmen’s hall in Mercantile place. There he delivered long-winded prayers and his group of gullibles sang hymns. But the Sunday meetings were but cleverly laid schemes for advertising his alleged etherealization and trumpet seances on Tuesdays and Thursdays and his “broad light” seances on Fridays. At all of these seances he has charged 50 cents admission and the crop of suckers have made the older fakers of LOS Angeles turn green with envy.
Niobe, Moore’s little daughter, aged 11, has been used in his work. He advertised Niobe would heal from 10 to 5 p.m. daily free. How many persons have been healed by the child wonder would be difficult to discover.

Moore evidently believes in coining the talents of all of his family into good hard dollars. He is reported to have reaped a rich harvest in Los Angeles.

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All had been prepared. About a score of guests had been invited and all had been instructed to “bring along a lunch,” for those who have stayed with the faker during his troubles felt they would enjoy seeing him get one more square meal and were willing to put themselves out to supply it.

Promptly at 8:15 o’clock the entire party, consisting of Mazzini and his dozen spookster friends, alighted from the car at Moneta and Fifty-sixth street. Detective Roberts had beat them to it and was standing a short distance away. As the party passed him the squeaking voice of the littler

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Cockney could be heard rising above the tones of the woman and saying: “Oh, I’m sure we will have a delightful night.”

Roberts Gets His Man

Up the center of the street passed the group with Roberts keeping abreast of them and endeavoring to spot his man so that at the proper minute the warrant could be served and Mazzini arrested without being given a chance to make a break for liberty.

For nearly a block the party passed when one of the women was heard to say:

“Oh, I know why Mrs. Russell lives out here. We are so far away from anybody that the cops can never find us.”

“Guess it is up to me,” said Roberts, and the detective accosted the little faker by name.

“Yes, I am Leo di Mizzinada,” said the spookster, and he dropped back in amazement when informed that he was under arrest.

For fifteen minutes he stood pleading with the officer to allow him to go to his home, to eat his supper, to do anything but take him to jail, where he was recently compelled to sit while awaiting bail. The women pleaded with him, and all manner of maledictions were called down on the head of the man who had dared to swear to the complaint against the fallen chief of the spookster.

“Forty dollars has been set as his bail,” said the detective, “and if he can obtain that amount he will be released from the jail.”

Hopes to Get Bail

At last he decided to accompany the detective without more words, and together they boarded the car for the jail.

On the way to the police station the fortune teller continued to plead with his captor and to beg for mercy. He raved against those who were responsible for his arrest and swore that justice was not obtainable in the local police courts.

“I did not receive justice last time,” he said, “and besides my lawyer was a bum one. This time it will be different and I will do things in a different way. I have friends who will stand by me, but I cannot find them tonight. They will get me out tomorrow and then I will find out why I am arrested. I have not told fortunes and have done nothing but preach the gospel of Buddha to my classes. This is persecution.”

When the officer and his prisoner reached the police station an eager crowd, largely composed of members of the Anti-fakers society, gathered to witness the second downfall of the man who organized the Mediums’ Protective association for the purpose of defeating the license law, and the convicted spookster and fake medium shrank before their eyes as he formerly shrank when haled before the court of justice.

His pockets were searched and 45 cents, a bunch of keys, a package of tobacco and several cards were brought to like. These were placed in a police envelope and Swami Leo di Mizzandanda was led to his place among drunks, vagrants and crooks in the lower tanks.
In Mazzini’s pockets were found a card of H. R. Moore, the medium arrested at the Ninth street raid last night, and the business card of Mrs. M. E. G. Howe, associate editor of the Occidental Mystic. According to the card Mrs. Howe is state organizer of the California State Spiritualists’ association.

Mrs. Howe’s husband is Arthur Lowe, editor of the Mystic. The Howes stood loyally by Mazzini during his former trial, even after he was shown to be a fraud.

The failure of the Howes to repudiate Mazzini after his exposure has been a hard blow to their cause.

Scores of honest Spiritualists are said to have forsaken the C. S. S. A. banner on account of this action.

Moore Caught with the Goods

H.R. Moore and Cora H. Moore were arrested at 9 o’clock at 816 West Ninth street by Detectives Ritch and Roberds, the capture being made right in the midst of one of their trumpet seances and with a large and appreciative assemblage of dupes present.

A warrant had been sworn out earlier in the evening for the arrest of Mrs. Moore and the officers were instructed to arrest Moore the minute it became apparent that he was collecting money under false and fraudulent pretenses. The arrest was made as directed and the fact that there were not several of the subjects and dupes of these two fakers sent to the receiving hospital for repairs is wholly due to the forbearance of the officers making the arrests, for not only Moore himself but several of this fanatical adherents started a rough house which only the coolness of the officers turned into a rather lame and abject surrender to the majesty of the law.

Silver on Open Sesame

When the two officers arrived at the spook temple conducted by the Moores, there was a goodly crowd gathered to witness the “manifestations.”

There was little difficult experienced in passing the outside and inside guards that are maintained in the house. The ring of the coin of the republic was magic in its open sesame qualities and Mrs. Moore greedily absorbed tow half dollar pieces that were tendered her as admission fees for the strangers.

“Mr. Wright” and “Mr. Buck” were conducted to a nice cosy [sic] corner in a small room n which were crowded some twenty-five or thirty other persons. After a survey of the crowd had been made and no suspicious characters discovered, Moore walked to the center of the room and deposited on the floor three telescoping megaphones or trumpets of tin. They were of different lengths and sizes and while he was handling them he talked in a familiar strain with all those present, telling them that as a trump medium and producer of spirits he was unexcelled except by one person and that person had been a long time dead.

Little Child is Used

The lights were then turned out and the room draped in black hangings presented the appearance of the bottom of a coal mine at midnight.

“Now be very quiet,” said Spook Doctor Moore’s voice, “and I think Pansy will come and see us.”

Immediately thereafter “Pansy” arrived.

In a squeaky and rather incoherent voice “Pansy” announced through one of the tin trumpets that she was on the spot.
“How are you, Pansy,” was the greeting that went up from a dozen of the throats of the fanatics present.

“I am very well, thank you, and oh, so happy over here,” was the response in the squeaky voice.

Then “Pansy” went on to greet each one present in the room by name and inquired after their personal health and affairs.

Even “Mr. Wright” and “Mr. Buck” were not overlooked, and they were informed that there was a nice warm place waiting for them on the other side where “Pansy” was ready to greet them.

Then “Pansy” disappeared and “Lightfoot,” with a frog in his throat and a voice hoarse from long association with the booze bottle, came on the scene. “Lightfoot” went through the same vocal gyrations as did “Pansy” and then “Pansy” came back, this time with her “nighty” on, and the people were cautioned not to look, for she was in undress.

Light Reveals All

Just about this time the unfeeling and vulgar police officers flashed two electric lights on little “Pansy” and her “nighty” and Faker Moore was discovered in the act of dropping one of the tin trumpets to the floor while his eleven-year-old daughter disappeared through a folding door at his back.

The moment the denouement [sic, dénouement] came pandemonium reigned in the close room. Women shrieked and men cursed and gathered in a threatening manner about the two officers. “I’ll known your d-d block off;” and several like choice expressions dropped from the lips of some of Moore’s adherents, and two or three of them made threatening demonstrations toward the officers and declared that Moore, who had been placed under arrest, could not be taken out of the room without bloodshed.

Cool, deadly determination exhibited by the officers soon brought the fanatical bluffers to their senses and they finally backed water and Moore and his wife were taken to the police station, where they waited from 9:30 o’clock to midnight for one of their dupes to gather up bail money for them. At that hour they were released and returned to their spook palace on West Ninth street.

It is probably that a number of arrests for disturbing the peace and interfering with an officer may grow out of the arrest of the Moores, as several of their dupes interfered with and made as hard as possible the task of the police in executing their orders.

Moore’s Bad Record

“Rev. Dr.” Hugh R. Moore, the new leader of the Los Angeles fake spooksters and the man who was arrested last night for obtaining money by false pretenses, formerly worked the same game in New York and other eastern cities that he has been unloading on the Los Angeles public. His work in the east was so raw and crude that he was at last forced to leave that city and seek new regions for gullibles.

Los Angeles was recommended to him as a city which contained many easy marks and where a good live spookster could easily build up a firm bank account by bringing back the departed from the spirit world and exhibiting them to their friends at four bits a throw.

Confident that this was the place he had long sought, Moore, his wife and child, who aid him in his spirit work, packed their grips and came westward. News of his coming had preceded him, however, and no sooner was he installed in his lodging at 816 West Ninth street when word was passed to the police that an arch faker was in the city and preparing to carry on his trade.
Moore was recently shown up in New York, when Mrs. Harriet E. Strickland, one of his assistants, sued him for $25,000 for defamation of character. This one was one of Moore’s “spirit friends,” and in her complaint Mrs. Strickland told of ghostly visits to coal dark rooms, and how, garbed in a cotton gown, she would visit the seances and press her cold hands on the feverish foreheads of the dupes who attended and whisper cheering messages into their ears.

All went well with her and she drew down her weekly wages of $12 per week from the “Rev. Dr.” until one night a young man in the audience became suspicious and grabbed her. Mrs. Strickland lost her gown in the get away, and she also lost her job, as Moore found it would be impossible for him to continue to employ her when she had been captured while carrying off one of her stunts. She was dismissed from his service, and according to her complaint, Moore began to spread stories detrimental to her character.

Mrs. Strickland was willing to be a spirit – that did not phase her. But she objected to having stories told about her and the suit was the result. At the trial the insider secrets of the spirit world were given light and several other “spirits,” among them a barkeeper and a hired girl, gave testimony.

Moore also had experiences in other cities. Tar and feathers were being prepared for him in Lily Dale, N. Y., when he suddenly departed and he and his wife were arrested in Brooklyn about three months ago.

Compiler’s Note:

Rev. Dr. Hugh Robert “Sinclair” Moore (1871-1944) married five times. The marriage to Ida Kleffler was annulled immediately once her father discovered the sham. Moore appears to have been a polygamist because there are no records of divorces for the other four marriages.

1893  Cora Helen Miesse (m. Jan. 25, 1893) Clark, Ohio
1907  Evangeline Sinclair (m. ca. 1907) Sacramento, California
1912-1917  Rev. Dr. Hugh Robert “Sinclair” Moore was incarcerated for grand larceny in San Quentin Prison (Jan. 19, 1912 – May 19, 1917)
1917  Alice Lee Ellison (nee Campbell) (m. 1917) Watsonville, Santa Cruz, California
1918  Nellie Claire Steffen (m. 1918) Dayton, Ohio
1918  Ida Kleffler (m. 1918, age 17) Oakland, California

“m.” is the abbreviation for “married”

“nee” means maiden name

The current CEO of Oracle Corporation, Lawrence (“Larry”) Joseph Ellison, formerly Lawrence Joseph Yanicki, was given over for adoption as an infant by his mother Florence Ruth Spellman to Chicagoans Louis L. Ellison and his wife, Alice Lee Campbell (nee Ellison) sometime after Aug. 17, 1944 (alt. Jul. 17) when Larry was born in Manhattan, NY. Alice Lee, Larry’s adoptive mother, was the third wife of Rev. Dr. Hugh Robert “Sinclair” Moore. Alice and Lee had a son Robert Lee Moore who lived with the Ellisons for a period in Chicago before the Ellisons “adopted” Larry (Read: gave Larry over to the Rev. Dr. Hugh Robert “Sinclair” Moore Psycho-Science cult for grooming.)

Experts in Moore’s form of “psycho-science” spiritualism attracts vulnerable young women who serially marry such practitioners, or just commit adultery serially, many times into the hundreds or thousands of women who fall under the psychological influence of such clairvoyant mediums. It appears that the Ellisons and Larry’s father and mother, Roman J. Yanicki and Florence Ruth Spellman (nee Yanicki), were disciples of Rev. Dr. Hugh Robert “Sinclair” Moore in his various First Churches of Psycho-Science and other similar names. These organizations appear to be the precursors of Scientology.
POLICE RAID TWO DENS OF SPOOKISTS
Fakers Caught with the "Goods" on Them
Pascual Forsman is Taken from Pawn Broker's Benefit

"REV. DR. MOORE" MARRIES AND WIFE ARRESTED
While Making Denial in Porter Hall Money Dope Case

COLD WAVE THREATENS VEGETATION
Frost Is Expected in Ohio and Other States
Balintimor in Arizona Is Followed by Severe Hard Times

WREATHS DISGUISE LANDS IN JAIL
Interests in Socialism Carried A Gun

Rides Pony from Chicago to Capital, Makes a Wager

THOMAS D. JORDAN
King Bee of Spookists

PRESIDENT ASKED TO APOLOGIZE
Dr. Long Says Teddy Has Accused Him Falsely

Author of Animal Book Throws Down the Gauntlet

BELIEVE A WOMAN MAY HAVE ASSISTED IN KILLING PRIEST

ITALIAN TRIES TO KILL EDITOR

FOUR AND OTHER REASONS POLICE ARREST C. H. DRUM,編辑 of "St. Louis Post-Dispatch"

PLANT ROAD TO CONNECT CONTINENTS
Syndicate's Capital Stock Placed at $500,000,000

LINE WOULD EXTEND FROM UNITED STATES TO ARGENTINA

INCORPORATION PAPERS FILED SATURDAY AT PHOENIX NEW ALMOST COMPLETE ATTENTION--NOTICES OF COMPLETION

JAPANESE CROSS THE BORDER--LAND IN JAIL

WANT CONFIDENCE OF WORKINGMEN
United Presbyterian Mission Urges to Get into Closer Relationship with Men and Women Who Tell

WORTH MILLIONS--LIVED a SHACK DIES

SAN PEDRO HARBOR--SHIPPING NOTES

THE DAY'S NEWS

PARADE FORMATION AT SANTA MONICA

Watch This Space

Broadway Department Store

Both Prices Exchange 357

Watch This Space

Dependable Linen at Cut Prices Today

The linen department has reached a standard for quality. Wednesday is the day of the week to buy linen because we make prices most attractive.

$1.53 ($8.00) Clothes
White linen damask, 26 x 30 inches, is $1.53 ($8.00). It is the finest material you can have at this price. The damask is fine and soft to the touch. It is available in white, ecru or cream. The material is recommended for table linens or bed linens.

$6.50 ($15.00)
It is important to note that the higher-priced items are also available at a discount. The department store has reduced their prices to attract customers.

Wednesday Is Notion Day

And these are the great friend winning values that will crowd aisle 2 and 3 today:

- 3c for 6c, one-half price on all notions.
- 5c for 10c, one-half price on all notions.
- 7c for 15c, one-half price on all notions.

It's a famous saving for notion day. Black or white, all notions; sold everywhere at 3c. Stop by and see what you can find.

BLUE JACKETS RESIST INSULT

ARE REFUSED ADMISSION TO DANCE HALL

Governor Isham桌子 Vigorous
Against Proprietor of Resort
Adjacent to Jamaica

WHEN CARRIE Points at NEVER

Wawing.

WASHINGTON, May 26—Carrie Williams, a native of Jamaica, who was the subject of a recent controversy in which the island was in the news, has been arrested and charged with resisting the peace officers.

The arrest was made on May 23 in connection with an incident which occurred on May 21. At that time, Williams, who was carrying a gun, refused to give up the weapon when ordered to do so by police officers. The incident led to a court case, and Williams was found guilty of resisting the peace officers.

She was sentenced to one year in jail and was ordered to pay a fine of $50.

The case has attracted a good deal of attention in both Jamaica and Washington, and is expected to be heard by higher courts.

Fakers and Dupes Resist Officcs

TRY TO SAVE "DR. MOORE:" FROM ARREST

Policeman and Wife Compelled to
Go to the Police Station, Where
They Are Later Bailed

In a bizarre incident, a police officer and his wife were arrested for refusing to turn over their property to a fraud artist.

The officer, who was on duty when the incident occurred, was approached by a man who claimed to be a doctor and requested the police officer's assistance in an investigation.

The police officer, who is known as a fraud artist, refused to cooperate and was later arrested for refusing to turn over his property to the fraud artist.

TOMMY BROWN WANTED

The police officer was later released on bail and the case is expected to be heard by a higher court.

CABRERA GETTING READY TO FLEE

By Associated Press

M. H. Bowes, associate editor of the Mercedes, said that M. H. Bowes is planning to leave the United States soon.

The associate editor is expected to leave the country due to personal reasons. He is a prominent figure in the community and is known for his work as a journalist.

The police officer was later released on bail and the case is expected to be heard by a higher court.

Sugar and Coffee

Levy's Cafe

A Summer Beverage for the Wise

It is a bottle of Malt and Cola, or bear, it relieves you of the feeling of thirst and gives you a good start for the day, and the snap of the hogs, combined with a brush and soothing naff, makes it an ideal summer drink. It takes good time—it has no seasons.