

STOREROOM TO BE INSTITUTED FOR CITY'S USE

Council Votes \$15,000 Fund
Recommended by
Controller.

The City Council contented itself last night by passing seven minor ordinances and again side-stepping controversial measures dealing with repeal of the anti-picketing ordinance, compulsory inspection of automobiles and regulation of barber shops.

On the recommendation of Walter C. Boettcher, city controller, councilmen set aside \$15,000 in a revolving fund to be used to establish a central storeroom. Mr. Boettcher explained that the city would save thousands of dollars annually if supplies were purchased in large lots and stored in a central place. He proposed that the city barns at 1334 Shelby-st be remodeled into a storeroom.

Building Code Changed

The building code was amended to give business establishments on narrow streets the right to erect overhead projecting signs out as far as the curb line, instead of two and a half feet inside. Other ordinances passed dealt with the transfer of funds within the various departments from one accounting item to another.

Although a delegation from the Citizens' Safety Committee attended the meeting, none of them spoke in favor of the motor vehicle inspection ordinance.

As in previous meetings a majority of the members, led by Dr. Silas J. Carr, objected to the measure on the grounds that it would put an unnecessary burden on motorists and seemed designed to promote the garage business.

The measure provides for compulsory semi-annual inspection of all automobiles under police supervision for an annual fee of \$1. Council agreed to postpone action to allow experts of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce time to study the measure.

Truck Measure Killed

Although Glenn Dragoo, an attorney representing the Brookside Civic League, asked the council to provide funds to build a swimming pool in Brookside Park, members did not discuss a pending ordinance which would set aside \$40,000 for this purpose.

The council killed a measure which would have prevented heavy trucks from using Central-av. Henry B. Steeg, city engineer, explained that trucks would have to use this thoroughfare, since other North Side streets had been closed to this type of traffic.

Measures introduced provided formal ratification of the utility district's action in taking over the Citizens Gas Co., prohibited parking for longer than one and one-half hours on W. Michigan-st from Tremont-av to the Peoria & Eastern railroad, and provided for fund transfers in the Department of Public Safety and Public Health Department.

Cardui Pain Relief Also Strengthening For Weak Women

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"I suffered quite a bit of pain, cramps and aches, and the doctor said I was extremely nervous," writes Mrs. H. Angula, of Biloxi, Miss. "A friend recommended Cardui and I commenced using it right away. Cardui did me so much good, I took it up and used it whenever in every way. I took twelve bottles in all. I am glad I heard of Cardui." Of course, if Cardui does not benefit you, consult a physician—Advertisement.



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GREYHOUND
Line

The GOLDEN FEATHER

by Robert Bruce
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CHAPTER FOUR (Continued)
Hagan pumped Larry's hand vigorously, tossed his hat on an empty chair, and sat down with him. Once seated, he took a very black, fat cigar from a vest pocket, elaborately puffed off and spat out the end, jabbed the cigar in his mouth, and then put both elbows on the table and looked at Larry with a friendly grin.

"Oh, I ran into one of the boys over at the Federal Building the other day, and he said you'd been transferred here," he said, answering the last question first. "And I figured you'd be bound to hit this joint sooner or later. How you been, anyhow?"

"Swell. And you?"

"Can't kick. What're you doing here? Just killing time, or after something?"

"After something," said Larry. "I'll bet you can help me. Look at these."

He took out the envelope and spread out the photos before Hagan. "Ever see her before?"

HAGAN looked at them carefully, while he applied a match to his cigar. At last he grunted. "Uh," he said, "I think I have. I wouldn't be dead sure, but she looks like a dame that plays this place more or less regularly."

"Ah," said Larry softly. "He was silent for a minute. Then he asked, "Does she come here alone, or with somebody?"

"With a John, usually. Sometimes with two of 'em. The one that's her especial boy friend is a kind of slight, undersized bird with black hair and a sneaky look. If he isn't a con man or a hot bond shover I miss my guess."

He puffed at his cigar. "What'd you want of her?" he asked.

Larry told in reply, and it explained not only his interest in this unidentified girl, but his own presence in the Golden Feather night club.

It began several weeks before this particular night, in the National Bank of Neola, a small town some 300 miles to the west of Dover. . . .

The morning was hot and quiet. A farmer stood at the glass-topped counter along the wall, making out an entry for his savings account.

Entering the little lobby, they proceeded to shatter its Sabbath-like calm. They held ugly automatic pistols in their hands and they swung their muzzles back and forth in slow, menacing arcs; and one of them barked sharply, "Put 'em up, everybody! Reach for the ceiling if you want to live!"

"Come on—up! Up!" cried the bandit who had spoken before. "And no funny business!"

He remained in the center of the lobby, glaring at his victims with a gaze which seemed capable of looking at all four of them simultaneously.

His companion walked quickly to the railing behind which the stenographer sat and stepped over it. He smirked at the terror-stricken girl.

"Take it easy, sister, nobody's going to hurt you," he jeered. Then he opened the wire-netting door that gave access to the cashier's and teller's cages, and walked in.

From beneath his coat he took a wide-mouthed canvas sack, and into it he quickly swept all the currency that the shelves and cash drawers contained. Then, holding the sack with one hand, he thrust the muzzle of his revolver into the pocket of the cashier.

"Now, grandpa," he said jocosely, "suppose you open that safe over yonder—and do it dam' quick, too." The cashier gulped, looked about helplessly, felt the hard gun-muzzle against his thin chest, and obeyed. Pushing him ahead of him, the bandit entered. More cash went into the sack, and a fat sheaf of bonds.

Then, still preceded by the trembling cashier, the bandit came out. He shepherded the cashier into the front office, gave him a parting jab with the gun, tucked his now filled sack under his coat, and rejoined his companion in the lobby. With a parting threat, the two men hurried outside, and—joined by the man with the machine gun—trotted over to their auto. Tum-

bling inside, they cried, "Step on her!" to the driver.

The driver swung the car out from the curb just as the town's one policeman, hastily summoned by a merchant who had witnessed things from his store window across the street, came around the corner.

Helplessly valiant, he ran toward the car, revolver in hand, shouting. The snout of the machine gun protruded from a side window of the car, which was gathering speed.

There was a swift, dry sputter of metallic sound, a dozen stabbing spurts of flame—and the policeman, who had planned to get home early that evening to freeze ice cream for his small daughter's birthday party, fell down on the sidewalk and died.

(To Be Continued)

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