

## MACFADDEN TO ADDRESS CLUB IN NEW SERIES

Columbia Members Arrange Group of Political Lectures.

Bernard Macfadden, magazine publisher and recently mentioned in the East as a potential Republican presidential candidate, will address members of the Columbia Club Nov. 12.

This is to be the first of a series of monthly addresses the club has arranged for its members and their guests during the winter. Frank A. Butler, club president, said.

Following Mr. Macfadden will be Silas H. Strawn, Chicago, one of the country's leading attorneys, in December. George Olmsted, Des Moines, chairman of the Young Republican National Committee, is to speak in January. Other speakers not definitely confirmed at this time are among the outstanding Republican leaders of the country.

### Educational Nature

While all of the lectures will be of an educational and political nature, none of them will champion the cause of any political faction, or promote any candidate, according to John K. Ruckelshaus, chairman of the arrangements committee.

Each of the addresses will be in the Columbia Club ballroom. There will be no admission charge, however, admission will be by ticket only. Members may obtain tickets for themselves and their friends by applying to the club office, or from any member of the ticket committee.

Assisting Mr. Ruckelshaus on the committee are John A. Rose, Ralph M. Spaan, John D. Pearson and William H. Remy.

### MAYOR BANGS TO TALK TO MUNICIPAL LEAGUE

Huntington Official to Tell of Battle With Utility.

Clare S. Bangs, Huntington Mayor, is to speak Friday at 12:30 in the Washington before the Indianapolis Municipal League. Mayor Bangs is to talk on his experience in jail following sentence for contempt in his utility battle. Mayor Joseph M. Waltermann, Richmond, also is to speak.

## The GOLDEN FEATHER

by Robert Bruce

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**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
Jean Dunn, secretary to Donald Monroe, lawyer, delays her answer when Bobby Wallace, automobile salesman, asks her if she has seen him.  
At the Golden Feather night club she meets Sandy Hardin, whose business connects her with the Sennings, Bobby and Jean to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis and Lewis' friends sell some bonds for Lewis. Lewis tells them to Donald Montague.

Glenn, Federal agent, is trying to locate Wimpy Lewis, bank robber. He finds some stolen bonds, traces them to Lewis' apartment. Federal men go to Lewis' apartment, but he and his wife have disappeared.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

#### CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE (Continued)

As she crossed the street and A approached the hotel, she saw a man standing on its old-fashioned, small-town wooden veranda. She gave a little start, and looked again; surely there was something familiar about the set of those shoulders and the way he cupped his hands about a match to light a cigarette? As she drew near the man turned and faced her. He looked at her in surprise, and then hurried to meet her. Sandy!

The old thrill of excitement that the mere sight of him seemed to arouse jarred her nerves once more. She shook his hand and murmured something about being surprised to see him.

"Told you I was going to drop in and look you up, didn't I?" said Sandy. "I keep my promises and I waste no time. Where are you going now?"

"Why—why, nowhere special," said Jean. "I was just—"

"Fine," said Sandy, taking her arm and swinging into step beside her. "We'll take a little walk, and you can show me the sights. I just got in. Driving through this part of the state, and I remembered that was your town, so I checked in at the hotel, and here I am."

They went down the street, past the brief business district and the little red railroad station, and entered the rather unkempt park which Maplehurst maintained on the banks of the sluggish river which looped itself about the west side of the town.

"Sandy," she said putting a hand on his wrist and looking up at him soberly. "I want you to explain something to me."

"Yeah?" He looked down, saw how serious she was, and became equally serious himself. "What is that?"

"That—that day we went to the police station—remember? I said we'd been out canoeing on the Friday before, when that—that robbery happened. Well, I got to thinking about that on the train, coming

down here, and I remembered something. I remembered that it wasn't much as I am, and I was still so kind of hazy I didn't argue with him. So we sat there, and Rags had a bottle, and he said we'd have a drink and get straightened up so we could think what to do—and of course we just got worse."

"Anyhow, after a while Rags got an idea. There's a moving picture house down the street a ways, and being Saturday night there'd be sure to be a big crowd in. So Rags said we'd go down and—stick the place up, and get our money that way. If he hadn't been drunk he'd never in the world have dreamed of doing a thing like that, and if I'd been myself I'd have talked him out of it."

"But we were both—well, pretty well crooked. I had just seen enough not to like the idea, and I argued and argued, but it was no use. Finally Rags said, 'Well I'm going to do it and if you're too yellow to come along, why to hell with you.' So he started out. He'd got a gun somewhere—I don't know where. We didn't either of us carry 'em—cowboys don't any more, you know, when they go to town—and he put it there in his coat pocket and starts out."

"I followed him. I had some hazy notion of stopping him, or of warning the theater people, or taking the gun away from him; anyway, I followed. He got ahead of me, and I ran to catch up. I overtook him just as he got up to the ticket window of the movie house and stuck his gun on the cashier."

"Well, something went wrong. I don't know how it happened, but Rags—he pulled the trigger and shot her. Killed her instantly. Then there was an awful tumult, and I remember running off in the dark as fast as I could go. I must have wandered down into the freight yards and shaken people off my track; anyway, next morning I came to in a box car, 50 miles out of town and still traveling."

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