

## ARCHERS FIND SLIM PICKING IN NEW PRESERVE

5 Rabbits, 2 Birds Bagged  
First Week by Bow,  
Arrow Wielders.

BY GEORGE H. DENNY  
At least five rabbits on the 1500-acre game preserve at the state park in Brown County were badly fooled last week.

Hunting in the preserve is limited to the use of bows and arrows and the rabbits were reported to be looking forward to a peaceful season. In fact it is said that sale of life insurance to game residents of the area fell off alarmingly after the archery restrictions were announced.

But now comes word that in the first week of the hunting season the bow and arrow wielders have scored five times on the rabbits and once each on quail and hawks. The tally book in the lodge verifies the rumor.

In fairness to the rabbits it must be said that up to 50 archers have spent more or less time shooting at them for the last week and if all the results were made into a stow the hunters would still be pretty hungry.

As for the quail, there is no specific report concerning the manner of its death, but hunters who know how much this little speedster looks like a dead leaf are probably correct in their surmise that this victim had very tough luck indeed.

### Guinea Fowl Eludes Capture

One archer ran right spans into a guinea fowl at close range and while he was trying to figure the matter out in the light of past experience the guinea hen screamed away very fast.

This Robin Hood was unhappy to learn later that the guinea hen was fair game, some 40 having having been planted on the preserve to give the archers a break. They were fairly untamed when released and by now are positively wild.

Another archer tried for several days, had no luck, and finally appeared with a shovel and pan and announced he would make expenses for the trip by panning gold from a nearby stream.

Probably six of one and half dozen archers.

### Hawk's Death Great Victory

The death of the hawk was regarded as a great victory for the forces of law, order and conservation, this particular one being of a breed that is especially handy in slaying the game the archers would like to shoot—or shoot at—themselves.

Among the optimists at the press service last week was A. E. Andrews, superintendent of fish hatcheries in the state conservation department. Mr. Andrews likes the sport so well that he is spending his vacation at the shelter.

There also are a few wild turkey on the preserve, but the season will be closed until they have time to get acquainted and have a lot of little turkeys.

### Good Hunting Reported

As for the regular hunting situation in other parts of the state, conservation officials say the "take" during the first week indicates quantities of game.

Reports from a number of southern counties tell of limit bags on quail. Rabbits are plentiful except in one or two small sections.

Duck shooting around the northern lakes has been fair to poor except in the Lake Webster backwater and on Lake Manitou, where it has been fair to good.

The trapping season began on the 15th and sale of Indiana furs should approach the \$1,000,000 mark this year.

### POLL SET FOR DEC. 17

Boonville Residents to Vote on Electric Utility Question.

By United Press  
BOONVILLE, Ind., Nov. 18.—Proposal to purchase the local electric plant for operation as a municipal utility will be voted on by the City Council Dec. 17. Boonville now is served by the Southern Indiana Gas and Electric Co., Evansville.

### TAX MEN TO MEET

200 Persons Expected to Attend Convention Here Dec. 2.

More than 200 persons from 22 states will attend the convention of the National Association of State Tax Administrators at the Indianapolis Athletic Club Dec. 2 and 3. Clarence A. Jackson, state gross income tax director, announced today.

### Come to the FASTEST GROWING BEAUTY SHOP in INDIANAPOLIS

Famous French and American Solution Permanent Waves Guaranteed Until the Hair Grows Out.

**SMILE BEAUTY SHOP**  
\$1 Up

Other Fine Permanents  
\$3 Value now... \$2  
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French Contour Hair Cutting!

**Unusual PERMANENTS**  
STANDARD VALUE  
The town's smartest permanent at this remarkable low price. New style recently designed. No appointment necessary. Comes with hair cut, shampoo, neck trim, rinses and pushup set, all at this low price of only \$1.

**Beaute-Artes**  
601 ROOSEVELT BLDG.  
Cor. Ill. and Wash. Lt. 7203  
Gray-Dyed-Applied Hair Specialist  
ATTENTION! We are co-operating in the "War on Cancer." Ask our operators.

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STANDARD VALUE  
The town's smartest permanent at this remarkable low price. New style recently designed. No appointment necessary. Comes with hair cut, shampoo, neck trim, rinses and pushup set, all at this low price of only \$1.

**Facial - Arch, Both for 50c.  
Hair Cut-  
Manicure, 25c  
each.**

**ATTENTION! We are co-operating in the "War on Cancer."**

**Ask our operators.**

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on "The Development of the English Bible."

Baptist ministers were to meet this morning at the First Baptist Church to discuss plans for cooperating with the school. The Rev. O. B. Barber, city moderator, is to speak on India.

Woman Killed as Car Leaves Road

HUNTINGTON, Ind., Nov. 18.—Miss Imogene Grossnickle, 18, was killed instantly and Irvin Lindsley, 19, was injured critically last night when a car in which they were riding left the road 10 miles north of here.

## The GOLDEN FEATHER

by Robert Bruce

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## PUBLICITY MEN OF COLLEGES TO ASSEMBLE

Association Members Are to Hold Annual Meeting  
Here Dec. 13-14.

BEGIN HERE TODAY  
Jean Dunn, secretary to Donald Monroe Wallace, automobile manufacturer, asks her to marry him. The night club she meets Sandy Hardin whose business connection is vague. Sandy introduces Lewis to Larry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis. Bobby, a gambler, is trailing Winky Lewis, a bank robber. He learns about the bank transaction and guesses that Lewis is a bank robber. Sandy is Larry's believes the car Lewis bought is armored. Bobby undertakes to find out. Jean and Sandy are to be married. Sandy is to see her and she agrees to a secret engagement.

Jackers, a gambler, tells her Sandy has been injured in a little town some distance away and wants to see her. She and the Lewises are staying.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE  
ARRY GLENN sat a table in the Division of Investigation office and looked down at the shyster medico, Doc Jeckers. Jeckers cowered in his chair, the defiance that had marked his demeanor earlier that day completely vanished; instead he cringed and was humble, and his hands kept twisting and rubbing each other as if he had no control over them.

"You'll let me have that box—after?" he begged.

Larry nodded. "Just as soon as you've told me what I want to know."

Jeckers made a violent effort and regained a semblance of self-control.

"Just what do you want to know?" he asked.

"I want to know about this man you treated for a gunshot wound. First of all, when was it?"

"It was—let's see—four days ago. This was Thursday, isn't it? It was late Sunday night. About midnight, or such a matter."

"Tell me all about it. Everything."

The little man darted a longing glance at the pill box in Larry's hand, moistened his lips, and began: "I got a ring there in my place," he said. "A man I've treated before. He gave me a name—that we'd used before, so I knew it was him. He said to come right out to a North Side apartment to take care of a man who'd got hurt. He gave me the address."

"What was that address?"

"Apartment 23, in the Ranelagh apartment building, out on the drive."

"Go ahead."

"I called a cab and hurried out. I got there in about half an hour and buzzed the buzzer and went right up. There were four men there. One of them had been shot through the shoulder. He—"

"Just a minute. Who were the men?"

"I didn't recognize any of them. I'd never—"

"Who were the men?"

"I'm telling you—"

"Come off it," said Larry roughly. He got up and slipped the box back into his pocket. "I'm not going to come clean."

"So help me," said Jeckers desperately. "I don't know who they were. I knew this one guy—that is, I'd seen him before, but I never knew his real name. All I knew was they called him Winky."

"And you didn't even have a notion who he was, or who any of the others were?"

"All right. Well, let's go at that. How about the man who was shot?"

"He was tall and light-haired, and tanned," said Doc Jeckers, obviously relieved to be through with the painful business of identifying the nation's most badly wanted criminal, who was notorious for the punishment he meted out to persons so

said Jeckers nervously.

"What was that hunch?"

"I might've figured—." Jeckers twisted his hands in agony of apprehension. "I—one man was big and red-haired. I figured he looked like L. D. Jackson—I mean, like the pictures I've seen in the papers, and so—"

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