

The GOLDEN FEATHER

by Robert Bruce

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Jean Dunn, secretary to Donald Monaghan, lawyer, delays her answer when Bobby Wallace, automobile salesman, asks her to marry him.

At the Golden Feather night club she meets Sandy Huxford, whose business connection is vague. Sandy introduces Bobby and Jean to a Mr. and Mrs. Lewis. Bobby tells some bonds for Lewis, while Sandy is arrested.

Larry Glenn, Federal agent, is trailing Wingy Lewis, bank robber. He learns about the bond transaction and questions Bobby. Larry believes the car Lewis bought is armored. Bobby undertakes to find out.

Jean agrees to a secret engagement with Bobby. The bank of which her father is president is robbed and Larry starts a search for the robbers.

Jean goes to see Sandy who has been injured. He and she are in a rooming at a farmhouse. She soon finds herself a virtual prisoner. The whole party leaves the farm.

Larry learns the robbers were the Jackson gang. He telephones numbers written on the wall, leads the Federal men to the farm.

Bobby visits the old brick works which he suspects may be where the armored cars are assembled.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

BOBBY WALLACE hunched himself back of the stunted, soot-blackened bush and held himself motionless with a tense effort that made his muscles ache. The light from the auto headlights inside the factory yard seemed to blaze with a brilliance beyond that of mid-day.

For a long, agonizing minute he was in the very center of the brightness, while he cowered low in sudden fear, not daring to move—with a little sprig from the bush tucking his ear.

Then, at last, the rumble of the engine grew louder as the car went into gear; the light swung slowly past him as the car turned to drive to the gate at the front of the encircling fence, and at last he was in darkness again.

He waited there a few seconds longer, straining his ears; he could hear no sounds that would indicate that he had been discovered. He grew bold enough to raise his head and peek out, over the bush.

The fence was not more than 15 feet away, and the factory wall was perhaps 40 feet beyond that. The car was trundling along over uneven ground between the fence and the building, and as it reached the front, where the gates were—a matter of 50 or 70 feet to Bobby's right—it came to a halt, its lamps throwing uprights of metal into sudden relief.

Bobby blinked until his eyes got used to the darkness, and stood up, peering beyond the fence intently. No one was visible along the wall; down at the front, where the car was, a few figures were visible.

One man, evidently the watchman—as he crossed the beam of the lights a holster was visible on his hip—was sauntering over to open the gate.

Two others had come out of the factory and were standing by the running board, talking to some one in the car. They had left the factory door open and stood in the light that came out from the inside.

THE ground where Bobby stood was full of cinders and little stones, and it was hard to walk without making a noise; but with infinite care Bobby tried to draw nearer. He had proceeded a dozen feet or more when the watchman swung the wire gate open.

The car's motor hummed more loudly, again, the men who had been standing at the running board stepped back, and the car went on through the gate.

As it did so, its rear end passed into the light that came from the factory door. Thinking the fortune which had given him good eyes, Bobby peered at the license number, silently repeating the digits over and over to fix them in his memory: FH-1973-X. Then the car passed out of the light and disappeared up the little ravine, its red tail light blinking brightly as it passed out of sight.

The watchman closed the gate, and the other two men went back into the factory and closed the door, leaving the place at the factory entrance as dark as the rest of the landscape. Bobby stood there, gaping at nothing, with his mouth open.

To be sure, he had seen nothing in the least out of the way... except for the fact that FH-1973-X was the license number of the car owned by Mark Hopkins, his employer, whom he suspected of running a secret and illegal factory where bullet-proof cars were made for gangsters!

He must have stood there for three or four minutes, quite motionless, oblivious to his surroundings, while he tried to think things out. His first impression was that all of this confirmed his worst suspicions.

He had in his pocket an invoice proving that Mark Hopkins' auto agency regularly bought a number of passenger car chassis from Detroit, which could not be accounted for in any of its ordinary business.

He had discovered this factory, tucked away in an almost undiscoverable part of the waste-lands on the fringe of the industrial district, guarded by an armed man who permitted no one to loiter near it. Now he had discovered that Hopkins himself came out here, late at night, and yet, he told himself, it might all mean nothing at all. There might be some perfectly proper explanation for it.

"I'll tell Larry Glenn all about it," he decided, at last. "He'll know what to do about it."

HE began walking toward the front of the building, to find the cinder road that would take him back to Pulaski-av, where his car was parked. And he thought so hard about what he would tell the Federal man that he forgot how much care he ought to exercise in putting his feet down on the crunchy gravel; and suddenly a harsh voice split the night with a rough, "Hey, you! Where you going?"

Bobby froze in his tracks. Beyond the fence he could just see the hulking figure of the watchman standing up and staring at him. For one painful moment Bobby waited there; then, impulsively, he broke into a wild run, heedless of direction, seeking only to get as far away from the factory as he could at that time as possible.

"Hey!" called the watchman. "Stop or I'll drill you!" Bobby heard a sharp report behind him; but if the bullet went past he never heard it.

He did not know whether the watchman tried to pursue him or was satisfied with having put him to flight. He only knew that he ran and ran, up and down the wildly ridged and furrowed waste-

land, missing a sprained ankle in the dark and the treacherous footing only by miraculous good luck—until at last he came out of the wasteland into the paved length of Pulaski road.

Bobby staggered to a halt, and listened; although he was panting so hard that for a moment he could hear nothing else, he soon outdistanced pursuit, if pursuit there was.

He looked about to orient himself, concluded that he must go to the left to find his car, walked a few hundred yards along the lonely roadway—and, with a heart-throb of thankfulness, found it at last.

By the time he got back to town he had regained both his breath and his composure. He returned the car to the place where he had rented it and took a street car to his rooms; there his first act was to call Larry Glenn. But Larry's phone did not answer, and Bobby was obliged, at last, to go ingloriously to bed with his exciting story untold.

He went early to the sales agency the next morning, got out his demonstrator car, and announced that he was going to give a prospect a ride; then he drove downtown, parked, and went to the suite of offices occupied by the Department of Justice men.

There, to his disappointment, he learned that Larry was out of town, with the date of his return uncertain.

When Bobby hesitated and mumbled that he had some important information, he was invited to an inner office where an agent named Frank Watson sat down with him and, in less time than Bobby would have thought possible, extracted all the facts—plus the invoice slip.

"Do you think it amounts to anything?" asked Bobby.

Watson was noncommittal. He murmured that they would investigate, thanked Bobby for bringing in the information, and promised to tell Larry what Bobby had done; presently, Bobby was out in the street again, feeling almost as if he had been cheated out of something.

He wandered down the street, and presently he came to the office building in which Jean Dunn worked; and the sight of this perfectly prosaic box of steel and cut stone afflicted him with all the romantic melancholy which might visit a swain who in a happier era beheld again the rustic bower where in he had first kissed his lost love.

Without exactly intending to, he came to a halt in the entrance and stood there, his last night's exploit forgotten, thinking of the girl he loved, who had told him, the week before, that she could not marry him.

AT last he looked up—and, with a start of amazement, saw Jean's father coming out of the building. Mr. Dunn saw him and came toward him with one hand extended, smiling a rather preoccupied smile. They had hardly shaken hands and greeted one another when the banker said:

"Bobby, do you know where Jean is?"

Bobby looked at him uncomprehendingly and said, "Why— isn't she up there?"

"No," said Mr. Dunn. "I was just up. You see, I came to town unexpectedly—I left Maplehurst on the midnight train last night and got here about 7. I had to come up in connection with our robbery insurance. I called Jean's apartment when I got in but there was no answer. So, thinking I would reach her a little later at her office, I had breakfast and made another little call, and then came down here. And they tell me she's gone out of town for a few days!"

"Out of town?" said Bobby blankly.

"Yes, I can't understand it. This Mr. Montague, her employer, wasn't in, but one of the girls said Jean left day before yesterday. She didn't know where she'd gone, or anything, except that she supposed she'd be back in a few days."

"The two men looked at each other. 'You knew nothing about it?' asked Mr. Dunn. Bobby shook his head. 'I haven't seen her for a few days,' he said.

"I don't understand," repeated Mr. Dunn. "Jean wrote nothing to us about it. She would surely have written."

And then Bobby was struck by a horrible thought—one that put an actual, physical pain in his chest, and made him feel a little weak and giddy. Even as he told himself that he was being disloyal and stupid for even thinking it, he knew that he could not rest until he could find out about it. He seized Mr. Dunn's arm.

"I'm going up to Larry Glenn's office," he said. "He's out of town, too, but they've got to tell me where I can reach him. They've got to! I want him to know about this."

At that moment Jean Dunn was riding north in a big blue sedan, aware at last that she was the virtual prisoner of a desperate man; and Larry Glenn, without knowing it, was standing in a room he had quitted less than an hour before.

(To Be Continued)

Daily Recipe CAULIFLOWER WITH CHEESE

1 tablespoon butter
Yolks 4 eggs
1 tablespoon grated onion
2 cups stale bread crumbs
1 cup milk
2 cups grated cheese
1 tablespoon flour

Boil the cauliflower and break it apart. Carefully put a layer of the flour in the bottom of a baking dish, then a layer of crumbs, onion and cheese, then another layer of cauliflower and so on until all materials have been used. Mix the butter and flour, add the milk, then the yolks of eggs and pour this sauce over the ingredients in the baking dish. Put bread crumbs on top and bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes.

Loose-Hanging Fur Coats in Favor



—From Arnheimer, New York



—From J. J. Fox, New York

Originated by Vionnet, the full-length evening wrap, left, of luxurious white broadtail has wide, flat-terling sleeves and a quaint hood which can be worn over the head or about the shoulders to form a soft collar.

Right—Leopard cat is used to make this smart fur coat that is perfect for campus as well as town. It is swaggar length and has Schiaparelli's new and popular round collar.

BY MARIAN YOUNG

NEW YORK—Rather loose-hanging, straight coats—quite different from the fitted types of past seasons—and swaggers, with fullness at the back, are the two important silhouettes for which smart women should look when they take advantage of fur coat sales.

The trend is toward the practical type of simply tailored coat that can be worn on all occasions. The one important period design for fall was inspired by the Italian Renaissance. It appears in Lyolene's semi-sports model of sealskin.

Seven-eighths length coats that allow the hemlines of dresses to show are extremely good. A coat of this length, lined with woolen or silk to match a specific frock, makes an ideal late fall or early winter ensemble.

A college girl might have her coonskin, muskrat or lapin coat lined with brilliant plaid to match or harmonize with a woolen dress of the same fabric. A woman who lives in town could have duobont, dark green or rust silk lining and dress.

Belts on fur coats often are placed above the normal waistline, thereby achieving a princess effect.

Collars, generally made of matching fur, are wing varieties that stand up at the throat, flat, tailored types or soft ones that ripple slightly. The new saucer collar which covers the throat and frames the face can be turned down when the weather is less wintry.

Shoulders are molded and close-fitting with full sleeves, held in at the wrists or bell-shaped ones, without cuffs.

Spool buttons, braided frogs and metal buckles are fashionable trimmings. Less expensive furs are as smartly made up as the precious ones.

Pering seal (dyed coney), lapin (shaved rabbit), Hudson seal (dyed muskrat) and a good many other so-called synthetic coats, not as much as a cloth coat, last more than one season and are lovely as can be.

Among the more extravagant furs, broadtail, ermine, mink, caracul and squirrel continue to hold honor places.

For evening, long wraps with hoods that can be worn up over the head or down to form a soft, rippling collar are new and interesting. Full length, three-quarters and shorter silver fox capes are headliners, too.

Practical for School Wear

BY ELLEN WORTH

There's loads of smartness about today's pattern. It is so very jaunty looking with its plaits and "little boy" collar. And so simple to sew. The scheme in ginger brown rabbit's wool is very gay looking and so practical for school wear.

Schemes in wool jersey, rayon novelties, lightweight tweed woolens, etc., are excellent, too.

Velveteen returning to favor, is another scheme you'll like trimmed with gold buttons and worn with wide suede belt.

Style No. 455 is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Size 15 requires 3½ yards of 30-inch material. Let our fall and winter fashion magazine assist you in assembling your family's fall clothes. Price 10 cents.

H. A. C. DANCE

TO MARK HOLIDAY

Hoosier Athletic Club's Thanksgiving celebration is to be a formal dance Wednesday when a floor show is to be presented as entertainment.

House committee is arranging for holiday decorations. Sherry Watson and his orchestra are to play.

Among those who have made reservations are Dr. and Mrs. Paul Kernell, Glen Goehle, Wade Lushbaugh, Messers, and Mesdames Paul Cook, Clarence Schneider, Lou Feaster, J. Forest Davis, Robert Barnes, Charles Bowes, Frank Huse, Lee Nicholson, John Bauer, Robert Wallace, Frank J. Liebold, H. B. Marshall, Ernest B. Smith, B. B. Blinn, H. C. Matlock and Paul Blackburn.

A bingo party is to be held at the club tomorrow under direction of Robert Burke, who announced that prizes are to be given. Horace Riggs and his Black Cat orchestra are to play for the weekly dance.

Club to Visit Museum
Emerson Grove Garden Club is to visit the Children's Museum at 12 Tuesday. A short business meeting is to be held.



A wing collar which frames the face and an accented high waistline give Lyolene's daytime swagger of fine black sealskin an air of the Renaissance period. It's trimmed with unusual metal spool buttons.

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A Day's Menu
Breakfast—
Stewed dried apricots, cereal, cream, bread crumbs, pancakes, honey, milk, coffee.

Luncheon—
Corn and tomato chowder, toast sticks, head lettuce with French dressing, date pecan pie, milk, tea.

Dinner—
Boiled corned beef with cabbage and potatoes, baked squash, orange and onion salad, pineapple upside-down cake, milk, coffee.

FUR COATS

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Girl Shouldn't Expect Her Feelings to Be Permanent at 16, Says Jane Jordan

Make Sure, However, That Love Ideal Hasn't Been Made So Rosy That No Living Male Is Able to Attain It, She Advises.

Jane Jordan is a local woman employed by The Times to study your problems for you. She will answer your questions in this column.

Dear Jane Jordan—I am 16 years old and fairly attractive. I do not smoke or drink. My trouble is that I nearly go "nuts" over certain fellows and after I have about one or two dates with them I don't like them any more. In fact I hardly can stand to be around them and it is hard for me to be sociable although I try my best. I can't understand myself. I always have been treated with respect. When I am on a double date I usually like the other girl's boy friend better than my own. Do you understand this or is there something wrong with me? I am a senior at Shortridge High School. My girl friend is going with a boy now and I am just about crazy over him. I don't want to break them up so I keep my feelings to myself. Please help me if you can.

PUZZLED SENIOR.
Answer—At 16 years you should not expect your emotions to be permanent. You're apt to project your own love ideals on the defenseless head of any presentable young man. It takes but a short time for you to discover the wide gap between the ideal and the boy. It would pay you to look sharp into your private ideal of a lover and see if you've made it so rosy that no living man can attain it.

More serious is your preference for the other girl's boy friend. If it happened only once or twice it would be fair to assume that your preference was based on the fact that he actually was more attractive than your own suitor; but when it becomes a habit the cause is apt to lie within yourself rather than any difference between the boys. Look back to your relationship with your father against your mother, and were you a little bit jealous of your father's affection for any one besides yourself?

If this guess strikes home you'll have to wait that you do not carry this childish pattern over into the adjustments of maturity. When you are unable to love a man without the thrill of taking him away from somebody else, you need help. Of course you can help yourself tremendously simply by recognizing the infantile nature of your wishes. Train yourself to judge people by their personal merits.

Dear Jane Jordan—I am a boy of 21 years. I have known a girl for two years. I fell in love with her over the last week-end. I don't know whether she loves me or not. I am out of work and not able to take her out the way I would like to. She has been going with another fellow but I think I could win her if I had the chance. She is 19 and pretty as she can be. Do you think it is right for a fellow to try to win a girl when he is in his financial condition?

P. D.
Answer—The trouble is that as long as you have no work and therefore no money you are going to lack the self-confidence which it takes to win a girl. There is no reason in the world why you shouldn't be friends with her whether you have a job or not so long as your acquaintance is casual. But if you are going to assume a serious attitude and expect to monopolize her time, you will need the background of a good job.

Young people have three major problems to solve: Love, work and social adjustment. You would do well to put equal emphasis on all three and not let the love problem crowd out the other two. Go after the girl if you want her, but go after a job with equal determination.

News of P.-T. A. Groups
Marion County Council, Parent-Teacher Association, is to meet at 10 Monday at the Severin. J. Malcolm Dunn, county superintendent of schools, is to speak on "Visual Education in the Schools." A representative from the Marion County Tuberculosis Association is to talk on the Christmas seals. Mrs. J. B. Lewis, the representative of the P.-T. A. on the Marion County educational achievement committee, is to explain program plans.

The New Augusta P.-T. A. is to meet Tuesday night in the community hall. Dr. Rebecca Parrish, world traveler, is to talk on "Oriental Customs." Twenty-five costumes are to be worn by high school girls.

The Pleasant Run P.-T. A. is to meet Tuesday night. There will be a chili and oyster supper served from 5 to 7, followed by a short business meeting with Mrs. Fred Winters presiding. Dr. Mathew Winters is to be the speaker. Blue ribbons are to be given to children who rated 100 per cent in the summer-roundup.

The Southport High School P.-T. A. is to meet at 7:30 Tuesday night. All parents of the freshmen class are urged to be present. They are to attend their children's classes as pupils. Miss Harriet Kersey's home-room is to present a short minstrel show. The Rev. Luther Markin of the Southport Presbyterian Church is to lead devotion. Two study groups are to be organized.

Garden City P.-T. A. is to sponsor a play, "Ladies for a Night," at the school at 7:30 Monday. Fifty local men are to make up the cast.

Spade and Trowel Garden Club met today with Mrs. A. B. Chevalier, 604 E. 61-st. Mrs. Frank W. White talked on "Flower Legends."

life

AT THE BISMARCK

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FLAPPER FANNY SAYS:



A shampoo helps when you're in a lather over the condition of your hair.

Mother Would Appreciate Gift to Aid Beauty

BY ALICIA HART

She probably has told you that she needs new house dresses, pans for the kitchen and fabric for draperies, but if you want to make mother doubly glad that you're her child, put at least one beauty gift in her Christmas stocking.

If her own hair has been straggly for months because the budget has been slightly unbalanced ever since the children started back to college in September, pay for a fine permanent wave in a good shop and hang a card that says so on mother's side of the Christmas tree. If you want to do the whole thing up right, buy her several scalp reconditioning treatments that she can get prior to the appointment for the wave.

If her dressing table, except for one cream and the makeup she simply has to have, is quite bare, how about a treatment box that contains two creams, a lotion and a powder base especially suited to her type of skin? If you can't figure this out for yourself, ask one of her best friends to advise you.

Housework being what it is as far as hand beauty is concerned, mother undoubtedly would love a huge bottle of lotion and several pairs of rubber gloves. You might look at new little sets which contain gloves, treated inside with almond oil, special hand soap and a hand cream.

A manure outfit, with cuticle remover, lots of orange sticks and emery boards, powder polish and buffer as well as neutral colored liquid enamel and a cuticle cream to use at night makes a perfect gift for one who does her own nails.

Talks on Legends
Spade and Trowel Garden Club met today with Mrs. A. B. Chevalier, 604 E. 61-st. Mrs. Frank W. White talked on "Flower Legends."

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