

The GOLDEN FEATHER

by Robert Bruce

CHAPTER FORTY.

WHEN Larry Glenn arrived in Portsmouth he went at once to police headquarters, where he found Detective Sergeant Mike Hagan talking with a broad-shouldered, swarthy chap whom he introduced as Sergeant Doyle, of the Portsmouth force.

"Tell us the story again," said Mike. "I been giving it to Doyle, here, as I remembered it, but I may have left out something."

So Larry outlined the situation in detail, telling how the Jackson gangsters had been traced to the Engle farm, outside of Midlothian, and how a mysterious telephone call had announced that they were going to French Pete's.

"Have you any kind of a notion where or what French Pete's might be?" asked Larry. "The call came from Portsmouth, so I'm assuming it might be somewhere in this neighborhood. Ever hear the name before?"

Doyle slowly shook his head. "I wouldn't say I never heard the name," he said. "It sounds sort of familiar, somehow. . . . But I'll be hanged if I can place it." He was silent for a moment, frowning, then he shook his head again.

"I can't help feeling I ought to remember," he said, "but I don't."

"The's just a chance," said Larry, "that we might get lead from Washington." Before we left Dover I called the Division of Investigation and asked them to see if they had anything on it. They're to call me here, tonight, if they have. But it's a slim chance—awfully slim."

They fell silent for a time; then the plain-clothes men who had been sent to the bus station from which the call had been made came in to report that a careful check there had failed to disclose any information whatever about the fugitives.

"I didn't expect it would," said Larry glumly. "How's anybody in a place like that going to remember who went to the pay-station booth to make a phone call? You've got one chance in a thousand!"

The desk telephone buzzed soundlessly, and Doyle answered. He held the receiver up to Larry with the remark, "For you—Washington."

Larry took the phone and held a miasmal conversation. At last he hung up and turned to Doyle and Hagan.

"Well, for what it's worth—which isn't much—here's all the Washington files have got," he said. "They've checked their list of gangster aliases and they have one French Pete listed. He was a booze racketeer, back in prohibition days. Used to run whisky from Detroit down through the Middle-West. Both Portsmouth and Dover were on his route, apparently."

"But he was shot to death by Bryan gangsters back in 1928. So that's that."

MIKE HAGAN suddenly banged the desk with his fist. "Hey—I remember now," he said. "That guy—listen, Larry, maybe there's a lead in this, after all. Back about 1925 he was pulled in for murdering a village marshal who stopped his truck in some little town between here and Dover. And Don Montague of Dover was his lawyer. Montague came down and got him off. I don't remember the details, except that there was supposed to be something funny about it. Montague was supposed to get to the local prosecutor, or something."

Doyle's face lit up with eagerness. "Sure, I remember, too," he said. "It was a funny deal. The gossip was that Montague took this bird they called French Pete for about everything he had in the way or a fee."

He paused, frowning in his effort to remember.

"I got it," he said at last. "This fellow French Pete—his real name was Rubidoux. He used to have a sort of resort on a little lake over in Lycoming County, before he got into the booze-running racket. Anyhow, he held on to it, and the talk was that Montague made him sign over to him as part of his fee."

"Where is it?" asked Larry, quickly.

"I never knew, exactly," said Doyle. "I bet old Tom Thornton would know, though. He's been on this force for 25 years and he never forgot anything in his life."

He opened a door into another room and bawled, "Hey, Thornton—come in here a second, will you?"

A gray-haired, mild-looking detective came in and faced them inquiringly.

"Remember that bird Rubidoux, who used to have some sort of a resort on a little lake over in Lycoming?" asked Doyle.

Thornton nodded.

"Where was it, exactly?" asked Larry.

"Well," said Thornton, "it used to be in the country home of some rich man from Dover. Later it was a sort of country club. Then Rubidoux got it. Anyhow, it's tucked way off in the woods, about two-three miles south of the main highway—U. S. 120—around 10 miles east of here, or such a matter."

"Could you take us to it?" asked Larry.

Thornton pondered, then nodded. "I think I could," he said. "They have relocated one or two of the roads in there, but I think I could find it."

Larry got up. "Then let's go," he said. "It may be a bum steer—but it's all the steer we've got. Take me in and let me talk to your chief, will you?"

SO Larry went in to talk with the Portsmouth chief of police, while Tony LaRocco, at his instruction, hurried to telephone the Lycoming County sheriff; and both of these officials promised full co-operation to the extent of their ability.

An hour later three police cars drew to a halt at the concrete bridge that marked the county line. In them were Larry Glenn, three other Federal agents, Mike Hagan, and the Portsmouth chief of police with half a dozen of his best men—all heavily armed.

Beyond the bridge waited another car, with the Lycoming County sheriff and four deputies carrying riot guns. The cars stopped and Larry and the Portsmouth chief held a brief consultation with the sheriff; then they all started off again, with Thornton sitting beside Larry in the leading car to point out the route.

They made wrong turnings. As Thornton said, some of the roads in this part of the county had been located in recent years; once they followed an execrable road that petered out, at last, in somebody's

New Formal Gowns Enliven November Events

BY GERTRUDE BAILEY

AS November sparkles with gala nights and travel bureaus paint enchanting pictures of balmier evenings in tropical climes, stores are making the most of a lively season of formal fashions.

The new chiffons in water colors, or jewel tones; the pure whites in satins, crepes or chiffons; the very exciting golden wedding yellow about to be launched in formal fashions are not intended solely for resort and cruise wear. They will be equally fashionable in night life far from tropical climes.

Whatever the setting, the Sert Room of the Waldorf or the smartest terrace at Palm Springs, your next formal gown must have a sense of style that is not too conspicuous.

At his direction, therefore, the deputy drove past the place where the lane branched off, and parked their cars out of sight around a bend in the road. Then, grouped about the leading car, Larry laid out a plan of attack with the sheriff and the Portsmouth chief.

At a signal, Tony LaRocco, Thornton and Doyle crept off through the woods; and five minutes later one of the Lycoming County deputies got one of the cars, turned it around, and drove slowly for the mouth of the lane that led to French Pete's place. Reaching the fork, he turned down the lane, with his lights on, and slowly followed it. The rest of the party followed on foot, 50 yards behind him.

The car had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile from the road when a man suddenly appeared in the light of its lamps. He stood in the middle of the road, an automatic shotgun in his hands. The deputy slowed to a halt.

"Where you goin', buddy?" asked the man with the gun. The deputy put his head out of the window and said, innocently, "Why isn't this the road to Middleville?"

The man with the gun looked at him scowlingly.

"You ought to know it ain't," he said. "This is private grounds. You'll have to go back to the main road."

"Sure thing?" said the deputy.

"Sure thine," said the man with the gun. "Come on, back up. You can't go through here."

The deputy, instructed to stall for time, began to make some protest, and the guard came up toward him, gripping his gun menacingly; then, out of the darkness of the woods, came a curt, "Put 'em up, buddy—you're covered!"

The man with the gun faltered back a step, and into the light of the auto's lamps came LaRocco, Thornton and Doyle, levelling revolvers at him. He cursed softly, and hesitantly elevated his hands, still holding the shotgun. LaRocco stepped forward and took it away from him. The man was quickly frisked and relieved of a .32 automatic and a blackjack.

Then he was dumped into the rear of the sedan and handcuffed with his arms about one of the rear window stanchions.

The rest of the party came up, and Larry and the sheriff fired questions at the captive. He cursed and refused to answer; so they left him there, with two deputies to guard him—and with the sedan parked in such a way as to prevent any other car from passing along the lane.

Then the officers started on down the lane again, on foot.

"They're here, all right," said Larry softly. "We'll just go on down and surround the place, and then invite 'em to come on out. Be ready for some shooting, all of you!"

(To Be Continued)

CLUB ARRANGES

ANNUAL AFFAIR

Hoosier Athletic Club is to hold its annual Thanksgiving dance at the club tonight. Arrangements have been made by the house committee.

A feature is to be a floor show. Master of ceremonies is to be Allen Cary, club member.

Among those reserving tables are Dr. and Mrs. Paul Kernel, Messrs. and Mesdames Paul Blackburn, H. C. Matlock, B. B. Blum, E. B. Smith, H. B. Marshall, Frank J. Lebold, Robert Wallace, John Bauer, Lee Nicholson, Frank Huse, Charles Bowes, Robert Barnes, J. Forest Davis, Lou Feaster, Clarence Schenck, Paul Cook and Wade Lushbaugh and Glen Goethe.

Sherry Watson and his orchestra are to play for tonight's dance and for the Saturday night dance.

Entertainment and activity are to be held in the club rathskeller following the dance.

Aids in Play

Miss Elizabeth Anne Elder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Elder, was stage manager of "Cradle Song," presented recently by Monticello College senior class, at Godfrey, Ill.

Daily Recipe

OYSTER PIE

6 tablespoons butter
1 cup sliced mushrooms
7 tablespoons flour
1 1/4 teaspoons salt
1 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
1 1/4 teaspoon celery salt
3 1/2 cups milk
1 pint oysters

Pepper
Pastry (1 1/2 cups flour, 1 1/2 cup shortening, 1 1/2 teaspoon salt, water to moisten)

Melt the butter, add mushrooms and cook two minutes. Stir in flour and seasonings and when well blended add milk. Stir over low fire until smooth and thick. Add drained oysters and pour into individual baking dishes or into a large casserole. Cover with pastry, make two or three slits in pastry and bake in a hot oven, 450 degrees, about 10 minutes until brown.

They made wrong turnings. As Thornton said, some of the roads in this part of the county had been located in recent years; once they followed an execrable road that petered out, at last, in somebody's

a particularly youthful and smart scheme.

Navy cotton broadcloth, besides bright shades in satin or silk crepe, are other schemes.

Style No. 545 is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Size 15 requires 4 1/4 yards of 39-inch material.

Our fall and winter fashion magazine is just full of smart new clothes, that can be made easily and inexpensively. Price, 10 cents.

Pajamas for Lounging and Sleeping

BY ELLEN WORTH

With Christmas and cold nights just around the corner here's a charming gift that will help solve your Christmas problem.

Who doesn't love to snuggle into warm pajamas on cold, wintry nights? Versatile is today's model.

Or if you want a dash of military swank, trim with frogs instead of buttons. Navy blue baldriggan with light blue buttons or braid frogs is

attractive, with its light walls and bright draperies.

The Stegers have a charming new apartment at 60 Gramercy Park, North. They invited mother and me down for tea last week to meet Roark Bradford and his wife (Rose Himpler), my mother voice say, "Yes, a wave and manicure today, please!"

I knew that Mrs. Bradford was once with Bobbs-Merrill, for I often heard Lawrence Chambers speak of Rose Himpler. Mr. Chambers is in town again at the Duane, on one of his commuting jaunts.

We're having our first snow storm. Park is veiled in a white mist!

Faithfully yours, HELEN WORDEN.

Young Women Ask Advice in Endeavors to Entice 'Good Men' Into Marriage

Six Relevant Queries Are Answered by Jane Jordan, Who Thinks Questioners Are Too Calculating in Their Search for Husbands.

Have you questions which never have been answered satisfactorily? Write to Jane Jordan and read her replies in this column.

Dear Jane Jordan—We are two young women, attractive, intelligent, between the ages of 25 and 27, wear our clothes well, know all the facts of life and have many friends, but they are all girls. We both have had very disillusioning experiences with the other sex but we still sincerely believe that there is the right man for each of us if we can just find him.

We would like to ask your opinion on the following questions so that we will not be so likely to mess up our last attempt at getting good men.

1. Should we neck and if so how far should we go?
2. Do men really respect a good girl, or do they even know whether she is a good girl or not?
3. Is it better to be sweet and naive and pretend to be very innocent, or should we be ourselves?
4. If we get a man to the point of being interested enough to want to marry us, should we try to force the issue or would it be better to let things take their natural course?
5. Should we let the man know we love him?
6. How can we find a man—preferably with money?

Answer—1. When young people are attractive to each other, caresses are natural as breathing. I see no cause for the horror that people pretend to feel over such demonstrations of affection. I do think it is offensive to spend the evening in a clutch with a young man who means nothing at all simply because he knows no other method of entertaining a lady. How far you go depends on your own good taste and discretion. Nobody can give you cut and dried instructions about something which has no charm whatever unless it arises spontaneously. You can't make blue prints to guide petting.

2. What do you mean by "good"? When you ask the question I suppose you have chastity in mind. In spite of the freedom of the times I believe that the average male still puts a high value on chastity. An intelligent man does not regard chastity as the sole measure of virtue and does not refuse to marry a woman whom he loves simply because she does not possess it. But oftentimes even he is obliged to repress a certain amount of regret. An idea which has persisted so long in the human race is not easily refuted. Those who renounce puritanical standards have no charm whatever unless it arises spontaneously.

3. Pretense is futile for the truth is bound to come out after marriage. Something about the way you use the words "sweet and naive" suggests that you have quite a bit of scorn for men after all. Perhaps you have difficulty in putting your own ego in the secondary position and this may be the root of your failure to attract.

4. How can you force the issue and expect your lover to like it? The time-honored method is to make him aware of you as a woman and then let him fear he can not get you. While this may be a round-about method of forcing the issue, it isn't as obvious as the shotgun or its equivalent.

5. Certainly you should let your prospective husband know that you love him. The fact that he finds appreciation in your eyes is one reason that he wants you. You needn't smother him with attention, to be sure, and it is wise to leave something further to be desired. He who can love only that which he can not obtain is not suited to marriage.

6. I don't know. I think both of you young ladies are too calculating in your search for husbands. It is too obvious that you want some man to give you the material things you want in life and relieve you of the necessity of making an effort on your own behalf. Women who are definitely engaged in a "man-hunt" repel their partners and defeat their own purpose. A sincere desire to join in the fellowship of love with another human being is not repellent, but the diligent search for an easy berth is.

Franklin Rand Magees Entertain Former Hoosiers in New York

New York, Nov. 26.

Dear Beatrice Burgan—When I was having my hair shampooed recently at Richard and Marie's, a little neighborhood beauty shop, I heard a familiar voice say, "Yes, a wave and manicure today, please!"

I knew that Mrs. Bradford was once with Bobbs-Merrill, for I often heard Lawrence Chambers speak of Rose Himpler. Mr. Chambers is in town again at the Duane, on one of his commuting jaunts.

We're having our first snow storm. Park is veiled in a white mist!

Faithfully yours, HELEN WORDEN.

Announce Marriage

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Elliott announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Jane Elliott, to James F. Newhouse, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Newhouse, Lawrence. The ceremony took place Sept. 23. The couple is to reside in Lawrence.

Local Girl Class Head

Times Special

COLUMBIA, Mo., Nov. 27.—Miss Jean McKibbin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. McKibbin, Indianapolis, is the newly elected junior class president at Stephens College, and

one-fourth cup well washed sea moss, 3 cups milk, 1 cup whipping cream, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla.