

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've been giving it to Doyle, here, as I remember 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 Middletown, 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 damned 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." "There's just a chance," said Larry, "that we might get a 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 the name of the pay-station booth to make a phone call? You've got one chance in a thousand."

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

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

"Well, for what it's worth—this 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 rival 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 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've got 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 of 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 Lyncoming County, before he got into the booze-running racket. Anyhow, he held on to it, and the talk was that Montague made him sign it 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, middle-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 Lyncoming?" asked Doyle.

Thornton nodded. "Where was it, exactly?" asked Larry.

"Well," said Thornton, "it used to be in the country home of a very rich man from Dover. Later it was a sort of country club. Then Rubidoux got it. Anyhow, it's tucked away 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 Lyncoming 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 Lyncoming 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.

Twice they made wrong turnings. As Thornton said, some of the roads in this part of the county had been relocated 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 balmy 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 an important air.

It may be slim as a pillar or fluttering about the feet; it may be entirely pleated or streamed with floating panels.

If striking color contrast does not announce its importance, glittering strass embroidery will speak for white or topaz rhinestones radiate for lovely gold chiffer.

Animated flowing lines, lovely to look at on the dance floor, appear in chiffon panels that float from the shoulders or from one shoulder and can be manipulated in various ways.

Back fullness in skirts may come from panels, too, or pleats, or gores, or bustle loops. Always this fullness is concentrated to accentuate the effect of a slender line at the hips and the front of the gown.

THIS is illustrated in the glamorous chiffon formal sketched today that we found in three distinct color contrasts.

It is lovely in fuchsia with peach, in royal blue with emerald green, in black with chartreuse. The contrasting color is worked softly around the décolletage and floats in panels from the shoulders and at the back of the skirt. It appears once in front, in starched chiffon flowers under the chin.

All-over pleated chiffon in topaz over a sheath of gold cloth is another "high season" fashion that is adaptable to Southern resort wardrobes and those to be worn for Northern social events.

The man with the gun looked at him scornfully. "You ought to know it ain't," he said. "This private grounds. You'll have to go back to the main road."

"Sure thing," 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, leveling 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. Blinn, E. B. Smith, H. B. Marshall, Frank J. Liebold, Robert Wallace, John Bauer, Lee Nicholson, Frank Huse, Charles Boves, Robert Barnes, J. Forest Davis, Lou Feaster, Clarence Schneider, Paul Cook and Wade Lushbaugh and Glen Goehle.

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

1-1/2 teaspoons salt

1-1/2 teaspoon nutmeg

1-4 teaspoon celery salt

3-1/2 cups milk

1 pint oysters

Pepper

Pastry (1 1-2 cups flour, 1-2 cup shortening, 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, 45 degrees, about 10 minutes until brown.

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A Day's Menu

Breakfast—

Baked pears, cereal, cream, salt pork with cream gravy, waffles, milk, coffee.

Luncheon—

Oyster stew, toasted crackers, cabbage and celery salad, pumpernickle, hermits, lemonade.

Dinner—

Cream of mushroom soup, broiled lamb chops, Bearnaise sauce, browned potatoes, new peas in cream, fruit salad, steamed graham pudding with liquid sauce, milk, coffee.

Excess Makeup

Indeed a Bad Idea This Year

BY ALICIA HART

It is a bad idea indeed to use too much makeup this year. Lips that look caked and eyes which are covered with heavy coats of mascara and eyeshadow simply aren't fashionable.

Wherever you go, you're bound to notice that the smartest women wear enough makeup to enhance their natural beauty and dramatize their best features, but certainly not enough to make their complexions look painted.

At the National Horse Show, gold or silver flowered in the same direction across the back, then shot forward in front of the right ear and covered part of her cheek.

Another girl—blond and rather fragile—had a coiffure that looked as though it had been brushed upward from the nape of her neck to her forehead. It was straight and lacquered in place. Bangs were curled in tight ringlets and lacquered, too.

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If you can't be home for Thanksgiving this year, a "voice visit" by telephone is the next best thing. Long Distance is quick, personal, and inexpensive.

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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?

M. J.

Answer—1. When young people are attracted 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 time 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 with the most vigor often are more at their mercy than they care to know.

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 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 repellant, but the diligent search for an easy berth is.

Franklin Rand Magees Entertain Former Hoosiers in New York

New York, Nov. 26. Dear Beatrice Burgen—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!" Mrs. Franklin Rand Magees had the booth next to mine.

As I was leaving, I stopped to ask if she had any Indianapolis news. "Yes," she said, "we gave a small dinner at the Drake Saturday night, for Mr. and Mrs. Evan Evans Steger Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William H. Garriques came, too."

The Stegers have a charming new apartment at 60 Gramercy Park, North. They invited me and me down for tea last week to meet Frank Bradford and his wife (Rose Himler). Unfortunately, I couldn't go, for I suddenly was called out of town. But my mother went and enjoyed herself very much. She thought the Stegers' home extremely attractive, with its light walls and bright draperies.

She said that Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Marquis were also there, with the latter's mother, Mrs. A. F. Potts. Roark Bradford is working on another Mississippi River story, and was here from New Orleans only for a brief visit.

"Mrs. Bradford told me she used to work for Bobbs-Merrill, in Indianapolis," my mother said, in describing the people.

I knew that Mrs. Bradford was once with Bobbs-Merrill, for I often have heard Lawrence Chambers speak of Rose Himler. 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

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.

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS:



Baby thinks mama goes by-bye, but papa swears she goes buy-buy.

Iodine Found in Seafoods Aid to Diet

BY MARY E. DAGUE

In some sections remote from the sea coast, the drinking water, vegetables and grains are so skimpy in iodine as to result in a widespread tendency toward goiter. Home-makers in such places have a problem. The only foods that contain significant quantities of this element are foods from the sea. Sea or Irish moss is said to have the highest content of iodine of all the ocean products, and is also the cheapest.

Crab meat rates high and next are lobsters, clams and oysters. These contain from 20 to 300 times as much iodine as some of the most common fresh-water fish. Shrimp has about twice as much iodine as the most common deep-sea fish, which contain considerable amounts. From this it is apparent that the shellfish are richer sources than the common deep-sea fish. Although all fishery products contain some iodine, those from the ocean have very much more than the fresh-water fish.

Moss Is Vegetable Gelatin

Irish moss can also be used in place of gelatin. It is a vegetable gelatin and can be used in any way gelatin or junket is used. One-third cup of dry moss will thicken one quart of liquid. The natural moss, as it is harvested, is very cheap but requires very careful preparation. The powdered form is called sea-moss farina and is ready to use.

In preparing the natural dry moss for use, it must be washed through many waters until each piece is perfectly clean and free from all sand. Then the loosely in a bag of cheesecloth and drop in milk or liquid for the pudding. Or it can be put directly into the milk and when sufficiently cooked, strained through a fine sieve before molding. It will take about half an hour to cook the moss.

Orange, almond, caramel and horehairs are particularly inviting flavors with sea moss.

You also can use sea moss for stiffening a sherbet, mousse or other frozen pudding and it makes a deliciously smooth ice cream.

Sea Moss Ice Cream

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

Cook moss in milk over hot water for 25 minutes. Strain and add sugar. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Add cream whipped until firm. Add vanilla. Turn into mold and freeze as usual.

Instead of freezing, turn the mixture into a mold to chill and become firm. Unmold and serve with a border of stewed dried apricots.



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A Day's Menu

Breakfast—

Baked pears, cereal, cream, salt pork with cream gravy, waffles, milk, coffee.

Luncheon—

Oyster stew, toasted crackers, cabbage and celery salad, pumpernickle, hermits, lemonade.

Dinner—

Cream of mushroom soup, broiled lamb chops, Bearnaise sauce, browned potatoes, new peas in cream, fruit salad, steamed graham pudding with liquid sauce, milk, coffee.

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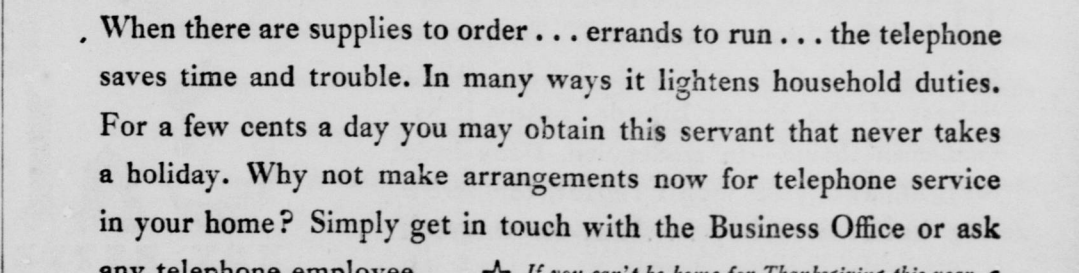
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