

# The GOLDEN FEATHER

by Robert Bruce

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE (Con.)

HE smiled. "You more than made up for everything when you shot Jackson," he added. "And that reminds me—Bobby has atoned for his slip in the matter of the bonds, too. He was able to give my office enough information and evidence to warrant a raid on an obscure factory building out on the southeastern edge of town. We descended on it today—and found Bobby's employer, Mark Hopkins, engaged in the manufacture of armored cars for the gangster trade. And since we seized the car the Jackson outfit had, and are able to prove that Lewis bought it from Hopkins about a month ago, Mr. Hopkins will be going to prison to join Mr. Montague.

"Those are the links in the chain I'm telling you about—men like Montague and Hopkins. Men like this miserable Dou-Jacks, out in Chicago, who's another man due for a trip to prison. People like the Engles, down at Midlothian, who harbored these gangsters, and who also are going to prison for a while. "Gangsters don't stand alone, you see. They need all kinds of help, and it takes a long string of play boys in widely separated walks of life to give it to them. In this case we've not only destroyed a gang—we've also broken the supporting chain."

The apartment buzzer sounded, and Jean stepped to the speaking tube. She said: "Oh—come on up." In a queer, flat voice; then she turned and said, "It's Bobby Wallace."

Larry Glenn smiled and got up. "Mr. Dunn," he said, "it's a delightful evening out here. Don't you think you and I should go for a little stroll, to get some fresh air?"

Mr. Dunn looked at him and wagged his head understandingly. "By all means," he said.

Overriding Jean's protests, the two men got their hats and left. Jean stood alone in the living room. They had left the hall door open, and she could hear them, greeting Bobby, on the stairs. Then the sound of their voices died away. She heard a quick step coming along the hall, the door clicked shut, and Bobby Wallace was in the room.

She stood by the windows, her back toward Bobby, fumbling miserably with the curtain. She heard him coming over to her, and her knees trembled.

"Well," said Bobby at last, "aren't you even going to say good evening?"

She said: "Good evening," in a small voice.

"You don't sound awfully glad to see me," said Bobby. She made no answer, but continued, absently, to fumble with the curtain.

"I'm glad to see you," he remarked. "Or I would be, if you would turn around and let me look at you."

"No, you're not?" she said miserably. "You can't be. You're just being—po-polite."

"No, you can't. Not after—after everything—"

Two strong hands suddenly came down on her shoulders and spun her around. Bobby was saying, "For the love of Mike, will you leave that curtain alone before you ruin the dam thing?"

"Then he was standing, facing her, his hands on her shoulders. She looked down at the middle button on his waistcoat and waited.

"Listen," he said. "If you

waded out over your depth in this business, so did I. If you got into a jam over it, so did I. Don't be like this."

One hand came down and took her chin and tilted her head back. She was looking in Bobby's eyes, at last—those same clear, honest eyes that she had known since childhood, speaking now with a message that was like balm to her bruised self-esteem, speaking a pledge of love and fidelity that no accident and no folly could shake.

"I love you," said Bobby. "Maybe you've forgotten, but I do. And even if you don't love me the same way, why if you like me quite a lot you could stand having me around, and—I mean—Jean, dear, can't I take care of you after this?"

She looked up, wondering.

"We'd get along," he said. "You like me like a—sister. You said so. And I wouldn't bother you. I'd—"

"Who said I liked you like a sister?"

"You did."

"I was a fool. You shouldn't have believed me. It never was true."

He looked down dumbly.

"I love you like—like a—sweetheart," said Jean suddenly. "Like a wife. Oh, Bobby, darling, if you can ever forgive—"

But just then Bobby kissed her, and she never did manage to finish the sentence.

THE END

## Bulky He-Men Used Make-Up in 1500 B. C.

By Times Special

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—Big hulking he-men of Egypt back in 1500 B. C. wore make-up. They darkened the eyes to make them large and interesting. They waved their hair with hair-curlers, too.

So American archeologists have learned by digging at Thebes where they have explored the family tomb of Crown Princess Hatshepsut's private secretary.

Results of the Metropolitan Museum of Art Egyptian Expedition, announced here, give prime importance to the new knowledge of life and tastes of middle-class Egyptians revealed in undisturbed depths of this tomb.

**Find Personal Belongings**

Nefer-Khewet, the man who was a chief secretary to Hatshepsut before she became Egypt's feminist queen, had one royal gift from his employer to display. This is a large alabaster vase marked with the princess' name and title.

Not only Nefer-Khewet but 10 members of his family, including five poor relations, came to be buried one by one in the tomb.

Tellings of the many personal belongings removed from the tomb, William C. Hayes of the expedition points out that the numerous personal weapons suggest the war spirit in Egypt when this family lived.

The aged secretary had a bow, a sheaf of bronze tipped arrows, two quarterstaves, and three singlesticks. His powerfully built son, or son-in-law, named Boki, had a fine bronze battle ax and a long boomerang.

**Played Games, Too**

The secretary's office equipment—bronze knives and carbon for making ink—were found. Game boards, for "robbers" and other games like parchesi, show how the family amused itself at night. Jewel boxes and baskets with the women's things contain finger rings, hairpins, bronze mirrors, wooden combs, and polished ivory sticks for applying to the eyes the dark cosmetic called kohl.

Men used kohl, too, says Mr. Hayes. "Even the great hulking Boki had, in addition to his various lethal weapons and other items of mainly equipment, a delicately carved, 'four-barreled' kohl container of ebony, inlaid with ivory and fitted with a swivel lid."

**Mistakes Are Discovered**

Burials of the poor relations are described by the archeologists as shoddy and pathetic in their carelessness. The one best provided for was found in a borrowed coffin.

Even with respected members of the family, curious mishaps occurred. The fat, yellow Boki was buried up-side-down, presumably because the persons bandaging his mummy lost track of which side was front. They made bulges of padding where feet and chest should have been, but when unwrapped Boki was discovered lying on his face.

## DRRESS-JACKET-FUR GOOD COMBINATION

The woolen dress and matching jacket, lavishly trimmed with fur, is the ideal type of winter suit. One handsome outfit of this type includes a green wool dress with softly draped neckline and a jacket with shawl collar, deep cuffs and patch pockets of beaver.

An ensemble with cape consists of raspberry woolen dress and mole cape, lined with the raspberry woolen.

## FLAPPER FANNY SAYS:

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Punting a football is one way of getting a kick out of college.

# Blouses Blossom at Luncheon, Tea and Theater

BY GERTRUDE BAILEY

"WON'T you slip off your jacket? You'll be more comfortable." More glamorous, too, if you are wearing one of the silky formal blouses in metal, satin, or georgette that are costumes in their own right, complete with slim skirts of wool or velvet.

Blouses are blossoming from their one-time obscurity under a suit jacket. In their more formal versions, such as Molyneux's sleeveless lame blouse with draped amioles and shirred bodice, they are worn under fox or mink capes for the theater, night clubs or the cinema. They may be worn without hats, or with absurd little evening hats that are mere twists of metal cloth or velvet.

There are long-sleeved or short-sleeved blouses in all-over patterned silk lames, or in soft silks with delicate motifs in metal embroidery.

The shirtwaist or jacket type of blouse, worn outside of the skirt, is more formal when fastened with long rows of self-covered buttons, rhinestone studs set on a front tuck, or with elaborate frogs in the Merry Widow manner.

For luncheon in a smart restaurant, for afternoon tea there is nothing more flattering than a blouse of luscious silk satin, softly draped or shirred at the shoulders and bodice, and with a new version of the high cowl neckline.



For the cinema blouse, above, huge frogs trim a jacket of white and silver silk metallic in a scroll pattern.



The new vogue for pleating in a sheer silk georgette blouse, royal blue in color, with a shirred round yoke and soft sleeves.

**An important new bodice treatment in a formal blouse of white and silver taffeta with a tiny dot pattern.**

The importance of shirring and draping is seen in the high neckline and the deep armholes.

Wear an emerald green satin blouse with your dressy suit of black woolen or black velvet, or under a fur or cloth coat with a skirt of satin. Or let it top an ankle-length skirt for little dinners at home.

The sheer silk blouse, new this fall, is attractive with dark woolen or tweed suits or as a separate costume with a contrasting skirt. Chiffons and georgettes are the featured fabrics. Fine pleating or tucking on the bodice or sleeves, shirring around yokes or under necklines give the sheer blouse softness to enhance their simple lines.

Colors are no longer soft pedaled in blouses. Gold and silver vie for favor in metals. Strong blues and reds and greens are favorites in less formal blouses of satins and chiffons. Dusty pastels and strong vivid tones register for tailored blouses. And, of course, classic white is present in every mood.

Study the color photographs of fashions and you will see that the blouse provides the color accent for the ensemble.

Any one of the blouses photographed today, selected in gleaming metal cloth or bright colored satin or georgette, can sound the basic note of your costume. Your new blouse will be more than a costume accessory. It will be the basis of your costume.

## Teacher Rotary System for Schools Considered Better

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

In many ways the rotary system in schools is better than the old way of one teacher to a room. There is no doubt that a teacher giving all her time to one subject becomes more proficient in it. It is a day of specialization and we have carried it into education.

It has been the rule in high schools since the beginning, but educators have recently discovered that what was true of Latin is also true of grammar, and it is as necessary to have a specialist propound the principles of arithmetic as of algebra.

By down in the first and second grades, I sometimes wonder if it is the best plan, after all. A teacher herself told me of its drawbacks. She had been a first-grade teacher of high quality, as I happen to know, for several years. Then the new order was put into effect and she found herself facing a new roomful of strained little faces every half hour or so, to teach writing.

"They seem so bewildered," she said. "Half of them don't seem to know what it's all about. They're new to school and school ways, and what they need is to feel at home and have a little mothering. "With little children," she said, "it is this note of sympathy, the homey feeling that teacher sort of takes the place of mother, that counts. Association of ideas means much to a little child. He likes his own little desk and seat, his little niche in the room. The other children are part of the family. He is interested in his teacher and he knows she is interested in him. He counts. He is decidedly somebody. "But this other day he doesn't seem to belong anywhere. No one seems to be especially concerned about him. He crowds along the hall with the rest of the children from one room to another and he seems dazed. So much fussing, so much changing, just one of 50, like so many little lambs going places that don't mean anything much to them."

In some schools the process is reversed and the teachers go from room to room. But it seems to me the feelings of these little folk must be much the same. They don't belong to any one.



For the cinema blouse, above, huge frogs trim a jacket of white and silver silk metallic in a scroll pattern.



The new vogue for pleating in a sheer silk georgette blouse, royal blue in color, with a shirred round yoke and soft sleeves.

## New Clocks Catch Eyes of Grownups

While youngsters stand in wide-eyed wonder before the new toys in the Charles Mayer and Co. store, their elders probably will find just as many things to intrigue them in the clock and watch exhibit.

Junior marvels at the mechanism of electric trains and the head of the house discovers that there is a perpetual motion clock, which will run indefinitely without oiling or human intervention.

The clock, which is shown in a permanent collection of rare timepieces at Mayer's, is encased in glass. Only a slight temperature change is necessary to keep it wound for 120 hours. It represents the skill of Swiss and French watchmakers.

In addition to this clock there is a striking watch, modeled from one perfected many years ago. It is considered an ideal watch for a blind person, since by pressing a lever, he can hear at any time the hour, quarter hour and the minute recorded successively by a three-tone strike.

## Other Unusual Watches

Other unusual watches include one to be carried in the upper coat pocket, and attached to the lapel by a narrow leather cord. This can be obtained in a model suitable for either a man or a woman. Clocks in the collection include jump hour clocks; a double-faced boudoir clock, to be used on a table between twin beds, and a small mantel clock which contains Westminster chimes. Watches also have been designed which appear as pencils or cigarette lighters.

Small wrist watches for women are shown in popular round and baguette types. The tiny Swiss movements still are imported, although in recent years American makers have been able to make much smaller watch mechanisms than formerly. One unusual watch for women looks like a lipstick, but when opened by a press of the thumb, reveals a small dial.

## Frilled Dress Adds to Height

BY ELLEN WORTH

Perhaps you have been searching for just this sort of a dress with flared lines and frills. A great point is, it will give you a lovely graceful tall appearance. The frills, which you can buy ready or make, are of the dainty lingerie type, or gaudy, batiste or fine linen.

The dress itself can be of print, dimity, percale, cotton broadcloth, gingham, etc. And by the way, dark ground cottons are especially smart this season.

Style No. 1617 is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 3/4 yard of 33-inch contrasting.

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

Inclosed find 15 cents for which send by pattern No. 1617.

Name .....

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To obtain a pattern of this model, tear out the coupon and mail it to Ellen Worth, The Indianapolis Times, 214 W. Maryland-st., Indianapolis, with 15 cents in stamps or coin.

1617

# Learn More About Suitor Before Deciding to Wed; Young Woman Is Advised

Final Decision in Problem Rests With Questioner, Jane Jordan Points Out in Answer to 24-Year-Old 'Kitty.'

Do you need help in self-analysis? Put your problems in a letter to Jane Jordan and read her answers in this column.

Dear Jane Jordan: I am a girl of 24 and feel that I would like to settle down and have a home. I have lived in sleeping rooms for so long I feel as though I would go crazy looking at four walls constantly. I have had several puppy love affairs but I have high ideas about life and wouldn't marry just any one who could afford a ring and the price of a marriage license. Eight months ago I met a young man, married but separated from his wife. We went together for six months. He told me he loved me and to keep my chin up and everything would be settled soon. I believed him and loved him desperately. Out of a clear sky he and his wife reunited.

Now I have met some one eight years older, a very refined man. He is well-to-do and travels with the social set of this city. He takes me nice places and we dine at the very best clubs. He is a perfect gentleman at all times. I never have told him about my past and know very little about his except that his wife is dead. I am very fond of him and enjoy every minute we are together. Last week he asked me to marry him and return to California the first of the year. I must get away from this other fellow. I work where he does and see him every day, which makes it hard to forget. Do you think I should marry this man or stay here and force myself to forget if possible?

KITTY. Jane Jordan

Answer—No one can advise another what to do in any of the major problems of life. All that I can do is point out certain attitudes on your part which may be more or less unconscious, or at least not understood. As you come to a better knowledge of yourself, the solution of your problem should arise spontaneously. The final decision is yours, not mine. Naturally what I can learn about you from one letter is limited.

The very fact that you are willing to ask which man you should marry indicates that you are accustomed to follow authority rather than make your own decisions.

Please do not let this remark offend you. Instead let it serve as a clue to your whole behavior.

Your first choice of a lover is a married man. Although you may not think so this again indicates a lowered self-esteem. The very fact that the man is bound to another excuses him from shouldering the full responsibility for any affairs he conducts. This puts you in the inferior position which you would not accept if you were convinced that you deserve a man free to assume a socially responsible attitude toward you.

Other complications usually are to be found in the case of a girl who accepts a married lover. Because of some childish defeat at the hands of her father she may be in the grip of a desire to take a man away from another woman, i. e., her mother. This desire is so unpleasant to face that it usually is disguised so cleverly that the individual can not see it.

After your defeat, your next choice of a lover is an older man, more capable of surrounding you with benefits and giving you social security.

Is not this another link in the chain of evidence which points to your search for a father substitute who will take the responsibility of yourself off your hands?

I do not say that you should not marry him for I do not know, but I do suggest that you interest yourself in the man sufficiently to know more about him than you did when you wrote this letter. As it is you are interested only in his relation to you, not what he was before he knew you or what he is like when away from you. It is not necessary for you to take an inventory of his past or give him an inventory of yours in order to get better acquainted.

First, you want some one to tell you what to do. Second, you repeat the conditions of your childhood in which two women loved the same man. Third, you attach yourself to an older, more suave, more financially responsible man, closer to the father ideal.

If you are capable of learning from these facts it will help you to set a more courageous goal of personal independence and to regard marriage as an equal partnership in which benefits are given for benefits received.

## Romantic Wraps Popular With New York Women This Season

BY HELEN WOODEN

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock Jr. has a taste for Oriental fashions. Hundreds of tiny, thin gold bracelets tinkle on her wrists. The delicate yellow gold wires cover about three inches on each arm. They are worn with a vivid emerald green tulle evening gown. A richly quilted bright green knee-length velvet wrap adds to the beauty of this dashing evening costume.

Shining black coq feathers trim Alice Andre's new black velvet evening gown. A feebly but charming little cape of the same iridescent black feathers is worn for a wrap. Miss Andre, who made her debut two years ago, is one of several pretty post-debts selling clothes in Mrs. Lytleton Fox's shop, Sibour, Inc.

## Romantic Wraps

Women are going the limit in romantic wraps this season. Mrs. Dennis Nolan, wife of the commanding officer in charge of the Eastern division of the Army, appeared recently in a Bedouin wrap of ruby velvet. But she didn't wear the hood over her head.

One or two of the debs made fur-trimmed attempts at pulling their velvet hoods, shepherd fashion, over their heads, but gave it up before they had gone half way to their boxes.

It takes a cold and snowy night to get away with a hood.

After the riot of color women have indulged in, they're back again to black. But the all-black usually has a bright accent. Mrs. Allan A. Ryan Jr. wears a chic, close-fitting black turban, with her smart two-piece black woolen suit.

**Bow Trimmed Neckline**

This week, when she lunched at the St. Regis, a large double velvet green bow trimmed the neckline of her black blouse. Eleanor Barry, lunching at the St. Regis the same day with Lord Dudley and Milton Holden, also wore an all-black ensemble.

Anne Foster, Mrs. Soton Post's

tail, slim, statuesque daughter, was the most striking looking girl at the opening of the new Trianon room in the Hotel Ambassador. Her vivid, green crepe gown was classic in its simplicity. Long, flowing panels hung from the shoulders to the trailing hemline. Two wide gold bracelets and a gold lame head bandeau carried out the Grecian idea.

At the same party, Mrs. Johnnie Schiff (Edith Baker) wore a soft, dull blue gown with rose velvet streamers fluttering from the shoulders. Her jewels were a diamond and sapphire necklace. Mrs. Schiff's husband is a son of the late Mortimer Schiff, the banker. Her father, George F. Baker, is also a banker.

## Wears Black Velvet

Vivian Dixon, the season's prettiest deb, wears a sweeping black velvet gown for evening, fastens gardenias in her hair and pins a corsage of the same creamy white flowers on her shoulder.

Ombre chiffon in delicate blue shading to dusky navy is the choice of Mrs. John R. Fell Jr. for evening. While her sister-in-law, Dorothy Fell, daughter of Mrs. Ogden Mills, is wearing a creamy white, self-figured, heavy brocade.

## 'DISGUISED' GREENS FAMILY 'FOOLER'

The family may be fooled into eating greens oftener if they are served attractively. Greens, cabbage and sauerkraut all present a more inviting appearance when served either in a molded form or in the form of a border. Arrange in a ring and fill the center with fluffy mashed potato piled high in irregular contour. Surround the border with brown sausage cakes or crisp bacon if you like. This saves dishwashing, too, because one serving dish does the work of three.

## 100% Air Cooled

Miss Costello returned from New York recently with the MOST STARTLING DISCOVERY FOR THE SAFETY AND COMFORT to women while getting a Permanent Wave.

It is known as PERMO-COOLER and is used with any Method of Permanent Wave.

Your scalp is kept absolutely COOL and you need not fear being burned while getting a Permanent. Cool air lays on your head while the wave is given. We know that you will appreciate this added service of comfort and safety—at no extra cost to you.

BEAUTY SALON. Open 8:30 A. M. R1-0267, 209 (2nd Fl.) Roosevelt Bldg., N. E. Cor. Ill.

## Daily Recipe

LEMON CAKE PIE

- 1-4 teaspoon salt
  - 1 tablespoon butter
  - 1 cup sugar
  - 2 tablespoons flour
  - 2 eggs
  - 2-3 cup of milk
  - Juice of 1 lemon
- Combine sugar, flour, salt; add well-beaten yolks with milk; melt butter and add, then pour in lemon juice. Lastly, fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Bake in unbaked crust and bake in hot oven for five minutes, then diminish heat to moderate oven for 35 minutes.

CLAY'S PATENT