

# The GOLDEN FEATHER

by Robert Bruce

**BEGIN HIS FEUD**

JEAN HAN, pretty, 21, is secretary in DONALD MONTAGUE's law firm. MONTAGUE is a Klamath Falls real estate man. He frequently takes her to movies. But Jean delays her movies to see her father.

At the Golden Feather club she meets her father, HARRY HAN, a friend of Jean and Bobby. He is trying to locate WILLY, who is in bank robber. He catches details of the case in his friend MICK HAGAN, of the local police force.

Jean and Bobby go to the Golden Feather again and are surprised to see MICK and WILLY. They go to the local apartment. Lewis tells Bobby he wants to buy a car. Bobby says he'll buy a car. Bobby says he'll buy a car. Bobby says he'll buy a car.

**CHAPTER X**

LARRY GLENN sauntered into the Golden Feather club. He handed his hat to the check girl and persuaded the head waiter to give him a small table partially screened by the curtains at the corner of the little stage on which the orchestra sat. He took his seat, ordered a sandwich and coffee and took a leisurely survey of the place.

It was getting on toward midnight now, and there were few and cant tables. Almost in his ear, the orchestra was blaring and blaring in the fevered manner peculiar to night club orchestras; on the dance floor a dozen couples were gliding and shuffling back and forth.

Larry looked about him, resting his gaze slowly on one face after another. That stout, red-faced man there in the gray suit; obviously a bootlegger, but basically harmless citizen, of the good-sport-harmless-spender type. The girl with him was just as easy to classify: party girl, neat in appearance, easy in manner, proud of her ability to take care of herself but apt to overestimate that same ability, once in a blue moon.

Next table . . . two boys and two girls in evening clothes; nice-looking youngsters beginning to get a bit loud and uncertain in speech. . . . Now what business, mused Larry, have four decent kids like them coming to a place like this? They can't be out of high school yet. Oh, well, they're not my children.

Next table . . . a woman in black, 35 or thereabouts, sitting alone and looking foreverward toward the entrance, waiting for someone, clearly, with scant patience, and methodically downing old-fashioned as she waited. Whoever it was that was late for his appointment was going to hear something when he did show up.

Next table . . . three men and a girl, the latter seated with her back toward Larry's table, so that all he could see of her was a dark dress and a large, floppy hat. One of the men wore tweeds and talked to her affably; a business man, by the look of him, proposing, except for a vaguely secretive look about the mouth. One of the other men was a ratty chap in blue serge, who was dreamily looking at the dancers and puffing at a cigar; the other was a small man, black-haired, almost foppish in a dinner suit, who was slumped down in his chair and seemed to be listening inattentively to the man in tweeds.

Mixed grill, thought Larry; a queer combination, that party, in some ways. And I can't say I care a whole lot for that little man's looks, either.

LOOKING up, he saw his friend, Mike Hagan, the sergeant of detectives.

Hagan replied to his greetings, pulled out a chair, and sat down. "SHIM looking?" he asked.

Larry nodded.

Hagan followed the direction of his eyes, and, like Larry, seemed to find the foursome worth attention. After studying each of the three men carefully, he turned to Larry inquiringly:

"Know any of 'em?" asked Larry.

Hagan nodded.

"I know the guy in the tweeds," he said. "He's Mark Hopkins. Runs an auto agency here. Up in the bucks, so they say. Good-time Charlie on the side; sports promoter in the wintertime."

Larry wrinkled his eyebrows. "Mark Hopkins? Where's I heard that name? Oh, sure, young fellow I know here in Dover works for him. Sells cars—or tries to."

"Yeah!" Hagan seemed only mildly interested.

"Know any of the others?" Hagan shook his head.

"I've seen 'em in here several times, that's all."

The music stopped, the dancers returned to their tables, a young man with an accordion came out and proceeded to sing, badly, a somewhat risque song, made more offensive by the smirks and leers with which he accompanied it; and the waiter brought Larry the food he had ordered. Larry ate in silence, and presently the entertainer withdrew and there was more music.

The government man looked again at the party which had attracted his attention. The rangy young fellow with the unruly blond hair had got up, and so had the girl in the floppy hat; they made their way to the open floor and began to dance. In a moment they passed close to Larry's table.

Hagan laid a hand on his arm. "Larry," he said, "did you look at the girl? If that isn't your Evelyn Brady, I'm cockeyed."

Larry looked again. As she and her partner slowly revolved and pivoted among the other dancers, he got fleeting glimpses of her face.

"Looks like her," he said. "But—his eyes returned to the table she had left—'none of the men in her party look in the least like our friend Willy. Willy's a red-head with a bushy nose. Try and find anybody like that at that table."

They looked again at the man who was dancing with the girl.

"He's out, anyway," said Larry. "Willy Lewis is short. This guy must be six feet tall."

If you've got a funny outfit on, the laugh's on you.

## OUT OUR WAY

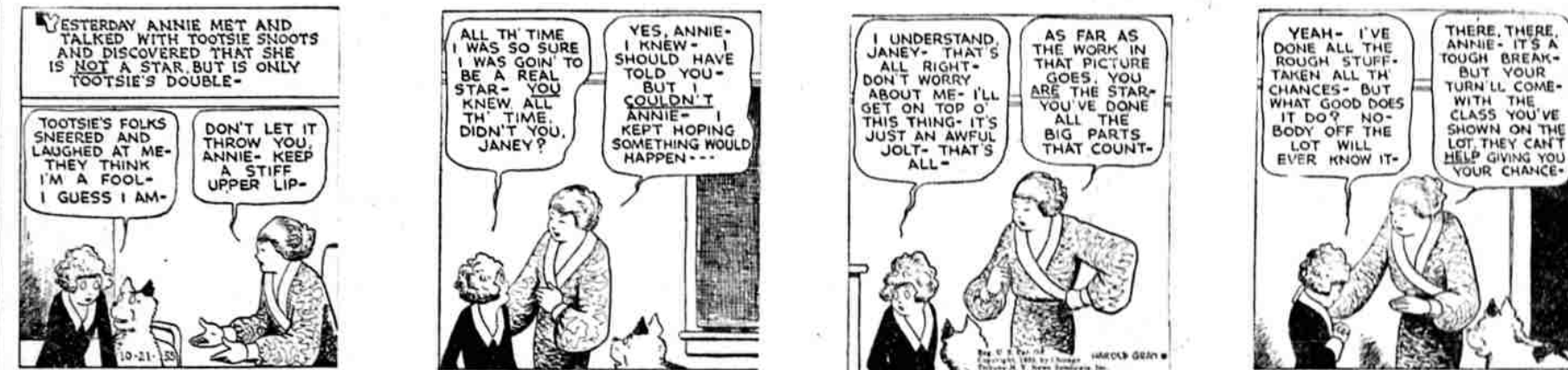
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BY HAROLD GRAY



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER



## WASH TUBBS

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## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

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## Flapper Fanny Says



## THE NEWFANGLES — MOM'N POP

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