

The GOLDEN FEATHER

by Robert Bruce

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
JEAN DINA, pretty, 21, is secretary in DONALD MUSTAUGH's office. MUSTAUGH is a well-known community leader and is frequently asked to marry her. But Jean says she won't.

At the Golden Feather night club she meets SANDY HANSEN, a friend of her father's. He is trying to win WILLY LEWIS, a girl who is a friend of her father's. He is also a friend of her father's. He is also a friend of her father's.

JEAN and SANDY are both friends of her father's. They are both friends of her father's. They are both friends of her father's.

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GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER XI
SEVERAL days later, Larry Glenn leaned back in his swivel chair, extended his long legs under his desk, dropped the letter he had been reading, and frowned thoughtfully at the blank wall of his office. For nearly a minute he sat thus, his hands clasped behind his head; then he reached for his telephone and gave the number of police headquarters.

"Detective bureau—Sergeant Hagan," he said, when he got his number. Then, a moment later: "Mike? This is Glenn. Can you drop up here for a few minutes? I got a funny one for you."

He put the phone away and continued to look pensively at nothing. When, 15 minutes later, Mike Hagan came in, Larry carefully handed him the letter.

"Seems as if our friend Evelyn is running around with somebody else," he said. "I send in those fingerprints of that glass, and there's no record of 'em. They're no more like Willy Lewis's than mine are."

Hagan read the letter and dropped it on the desk.

"Look," he said, "did you see that waiter get the glass?"

Larry nodded.

"What'd he do with it? Bring it right to you?" asked Hagan.

Larry thought a moment.

"No, come to think of it. He went out to the kitchen with his tray of empties, and then he brought our order—and slipped me the glass."

His eyes met Hagan's.

"So," he said presently. "You think he switched glasses on me?"

Hagan ran his finger through his hair and took out a cigar.

"I think they're kind of a tough crowd at the Golden Feather," he said. "I got a notion that waiter thought things over on his way out and decided not to help turn in one of their star customers if he could help it."

"Yeah," said Larry. "Yeah, that's probably what happens. And if he switched glasses on me, he undoubtedly told Lewis about it—it is Lewis—right afterward. Which means that Lewis knows, by now, that somebody is interested in him . . . which may mean that the whole mob'll run for cover."

THERE was another silence. Then Hagan asked, "Say, did you notice that long light-haired guy that was with 'em—I mean, did you notice him especially?"

"I took a good look, but it didn't tell me anything. Why?"

"Well, I looked, too; and it seems to me that he comes pretty close to fitting a description we got for one of the men that stuck up the Acme Box Company's payroll that day last week."

Larry looked up with new interest in his eyes; but all he said was "Well, you know what those descriptions are like—you could pinch 'most anybody on 'em."

"Well, I know," said Hagan. "It's not only that. Far as that goes, he fits it: 'Six feet one or two, light-haired, tanned complexion, broad shoulders'—but that isn't all. . . . D'you know about that stickup?"

Larry shook his head.

"Just an ordinary stickup," said Hagan, with the air of one to whom robbery is no novelty. "Friday evening is payday at the Acme plant, and every Friday afternoon the cashier gets his silver and drives over to the 10th street branch of the Dover Trust Company and gets the dough—it runs to about \$2000. Don't ask me why they didn't have an express company deliver it with an armored truck. They just didn't."

"Anyhow, last Friday a touring car crowds this cashier's silver over to the curb as he's on his way back to the plant. It's broad daylight, but it happens on one of those deserted streets back of the freight yards and there's nobody to see. A young fellow gets out of the car, sticks a gun in the cashier's face, and takes the money before you can say boo. Then he gets back in the touring car and his buddy, at the wheel, gives her the gas, and that's all there is to it."

"WELL, what I happened to think of is this. The cashier gives us this description, which as you say don't help much. But he says that the guy with the gun sort of looked like a cowboy."

"I didn't think much of it, at the time. But since we were in the Golden Feather the other night I been thinking; that long drink of water at that table—didn't he have a sort of cowboy air about him?"

Larry pursed his lips thoughtfully.

"I don't know but what he did now you mention it," he said. "He did seem sort of—western, come to think of it. Think your cashier could identify him?"

"Might be worth a trial," said Hagan.

"Listen," said Larry suddenly. "I don't care whether you can hang anything on this chap or not. But if you can get enough of an identification to warrant you in bringing a formal charge against him, you

can take him down to headquarters and get his fingerprints. Then I can send them in to Washington and we can see if he has a record—and if he's a member of Jackson's mob."

He touched the detective's sleeve. "Do that," he said. "Have somebody pick him up tonight—he's pretty certain to be there at the Golden Feather, judging by past performances, and if he isn't there tonight he'll be there tomorrow night. Look, Mike . . . If this is part of the Red Jackson gang hanging around in Dover, they're hanging around for some reason. Something is being planned. Now is my chance to get up on that . . . I ask is that you can just get a charge placed against this fellow, twenty-four hours after I get his prints I can tell you if he's in the Jackson mob or not. See?"

Hagan stood up.

"I'll go back to the detective bureau now and detail a couple men to go out there with me tonight and bring him in," he said. "And I'll have someone else get that cashier down to have a squirt at him."

THE unexpected angles to police work in a big city are numerous. Hagan did as he had promised that afternoon. To put the order through he got authority from the deputy inspector temporarily in charge of the bureau. The order was read at afternoon roll call. It passed through the hands of three clerks. And half an hour after it was issued, a man slipped quietly out of the detective bureau, went to a drug store across the street, entered a telephone booth and called a number.

He spoke into the instrument in a low voice, his lips close to the mouthpiece.

"Hello—Frosty? This is Tommy. Listen, I got a tip for you. Pass the word to Oklahoma, will you? . . . Oklahoma—you know, the tall, sure, him. . . . Listen, tell Oklahoma that he's gonna be fingered for the Acme payroll job. . . . Acme, you lug—A-C-M-E—get it? Okay. At the club. Tonight. Tell Al."

Then he hung up the receiver and unobtrusively went back to the detective bureau.

And after a while, as Art Lanning walked from his office to the kitchen of the Golden Feather, one of the waiters drew him aside.

"I gotta tip they're going to put the finger on that sandy-haired guy from Oklahoma here tonight for the Acme payroll stickup," he said quietly. Lanning looked at him, nodded, and went back to his office. There he took his telephone and dialed a number.

"Hello—Eve? This is Lanning. Listen. Tell Sandy to stay away tonight. I just got the word they're getting ready to hang a payroll rap on him. . . . Yeah, the Acme job. . . . They're supposed to be here tonight to pick him up. . . . No, that's all I know."

Evelyn Brady strolled into the living room of her apartment. Lewis was at his ease in a big arm chair, smoking a cigar and listening to the play-by-play description of a ball game coming over the radio. Sandy was stretched out on the davenport, his muscular body relaxed, panther-like, his shirt open at the throat, a detective story in his tanned fist.

"Sandy," said Evelyn. "Lanning called. He got a buzz from somebody down town. Somebody's going to be looking for you at the Golden Feather tonight."

Sandy looked at her inquiringly. "What for?"

"Some payroll stickup. Acme, or something like that."

Lewis peered at him over the end of his cigar. Sandy went back to his book.

"Well, what about it?" asked the girl.

Sandy lowered the book. "Keep your shirt on," he said. "I'll just stay away that's all."

"Going to stay in town?"

"Sure. I got an assignment here."

She laughed. "Yes, I know. A blond assignment. She's kind of cute too, Sandy."

"Yeah. She's cute all right. She's going to be useful, too."

(To Be Continued)

I can't be a crusader and a good government official at the same time—M. L. Cooke, rural electrification director, asked whether New York consumer was not being "cheated" by high rates.

Because . . . defenses would be of comparatively little value in the next war, I think we had better begin to decide whether we wish to preserve our civilization or whether we think it of so little use that we might as well let it go.—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Flapper Fanny Says

No matter what the subject, an examination subjects you to an ordeal.

OUT OUR WAY



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



THE NEWFANGLES — MOM'N POP



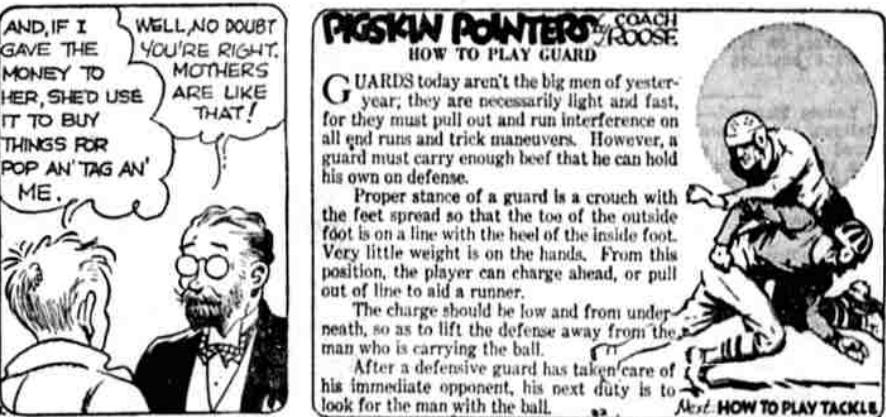
BY J. R. WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY COWAN

