

The GOLDEN FEATHER

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

JEAN HANNA, secretary to DON-ALD HONZINGER, lawyer, delays her answer when BOBBY WELSH, a young business man, asks her to marry him. At the Golden Feather club, Jean meets KNUCKLES WELSH, who also meets LARRY HANNA, who is a very successful lawyer. Bobby is a young man who is trying to locate WINGY LEWIS, who is a very successful lawyer. He is a young man who is trying to locate WINGY LEWIS, who is a very successful lawyer. He is a young man who is trying to locate WINGY LEWIS, who is a very successful lawyer.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XV

IT was just one week after this that Mr. Knuckles Welsh dropped dead. Knuckles Welsh was technically unknown to fame, but his acquaintance was wide and varied. He lacked the visible means of support, but he drove a 16-cylinder car and ate and drank—frequently—of the best. He drifted silently up and down the back ways of Dover, and although nobody had ever proved anything on him, which was his proudest boast, it was nevertheless common gossip that whenever an exceptionally rare deal was pulled on anywhere in the city Knuckles Welsh would be found to have drawn cards in it somewhere, if you could only trace things far enough.

Rumor, busy on many things, may have wronged him here and there, although it is not very likely; but at any rate, among the things rumor said about him was that he was Dover's unofficial chief of police. He had never in his life held any elective or appointive office—nor, for that matter, had he ever done any honest labor—but he held a wide and mysterious influence among people who did, and he found it lucrative.

The money that reached him in these ways went to various destinations, but a good share of it remained in his possession, so that when he was at last, and unexpectedly, gathered to his father, he left quite an estate. Furthermore, his domestic affairs having got rather tangled during two decades of gay living, this estate was left in a badly jumbled condition. So jumbled was it, in fact, that the court had to appoint officers to see just what was what and who was to get it.

It was for this reason that a certain safety deposit box which he had rented came to be opened under circumstances quite different from anything he would have desired. . . .

When men who had been appointed to appraise and conserve his assets looked at the different things they found in the box with varying stages of interest. And at last one of them passed a serious pad over to his shoe, scribbled down some notes, and then reached for a telephone. He called the number of Dover's largest bank, and when he got it he said, "Let me talk to Mr. Hughes in the bond department." And when Mr. Hughes got on the wire he said, "Hughes—this is Bert Thompson. I've got some business here and I think there's something phony about 'em somewhere. Can you give me a report on 'em?"

"Okay. Here they are. Five per cent gold bonds of the Atlat & Iron River Railroad, issued 1922, \$500 denomination. Serial numbers 12566 to 12569, inclusive. Will you check 'em and let me know?" Thanks.

A few minutes later his phone rang. He answered, said, "Thanks a lot," and hung up. He turned to his colleague and tapped the desk softly with a little sheet of bonds. "Well," he said, "I know something."

"So?"

"Yeah. These bonds here were stolen from the National Bank of Nevada—you know, that little town downstate—about a month and a half ago in a holdup."

"That's a pretty good-sized wad," he said at last. "These bonds have a face value of \$14,500. What's more, they're within a few points of par right now. Unless the man who gave them to him was pretty badly pressed, they must have changed hands at within a couple of thousand or so of their face value."

He paused, and there was a little silence. Then he went on: "Listen, Mike. Have you got any kind of an idea of any racketeer here in Dover who might have put that big deal through with Knuckles Welsh during the last week or 10 days?"

Mike frowned thoughtfully and looked at the ceiling, rubbing his chin with stubby fingers. "It's hard to tell," he said finally. "They might have been part of some regular, periodic payment. I mean, take a bird who's at the head of some syndicate or other, and who's down to pay Knuckles 10 grand a month. These bonds might have been used for one month's payment. On the other hand, of course, they might have represented some separate deal."

"But the one thing we can be confident of," said Larry, "is that Welsh didn't act as the fence." "Not him. He had a finger in pretty near everything, but he was never a fence."

"So that he got the bonds as a payment for something, and didn't just buy them?"

HAGAN nodded. There was another silence, during which the detective continued to rub his chin thoughtfully. "Here's the only hunch I got, and it's nothing more than a hunch," he said. "About a week ago, I hear a fellow is opening a new string of bookie joints through the east side. This fellow is a policy operator—you know, sells those 'numbers' tickets—and he's starting to branch out in the gambling racket. I'm not on that detail, so I don't know much about it, but one of the boys tells me this fellow gets wired in with the city administration and isn't bothered."

"Anyhow, the take on a thing like that'd be pretty big; and if he got himself wired in, he most likely did it through Knuckles Welsh, because Knuckles was the bird to see on things like that."

Larry thought for a minute. "Who is this bird?" he asked. "Name's Boyd—Sonny Boyd, they call him. He's been in the policy racket for years. Oh, and by the way—I have heard that he'll handle hot securities now and then, too."

Larry was already getting up and reaching for his hat. "How's for taking me out to see him?" he asked. Hagan grinned. "Sure thing. The guy's off my beat, and"—he scowled angrily—"he's one of those birds it isn't healthy for a city cop to touch."

"Yeah, come along. I'd like nothing better than to see somebody make him sweat a little. Somebody he couldn't call off by giving some politician a buzz."

They went down to the street and got into Larry's car. Twenty minutes' driving brought them to an unobtrusive little cigar store on one of the crowded streets of Dover's east side. Hagan shouldered his way past the little knot of idlers in the store and led Larry into a pool room at the rear. A sallow man in shirtsleeves and a green eyeshade came up to him.

"Hello, Marty," said Hagan. "Take us in to see Sonny, will you? I got a friend here wants to make him a city cop."

So they were shown into the private office of the notorious Sonny Boyd.

(To Be Continued)

Flapper Fanny Says



OUT OUR WAY



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



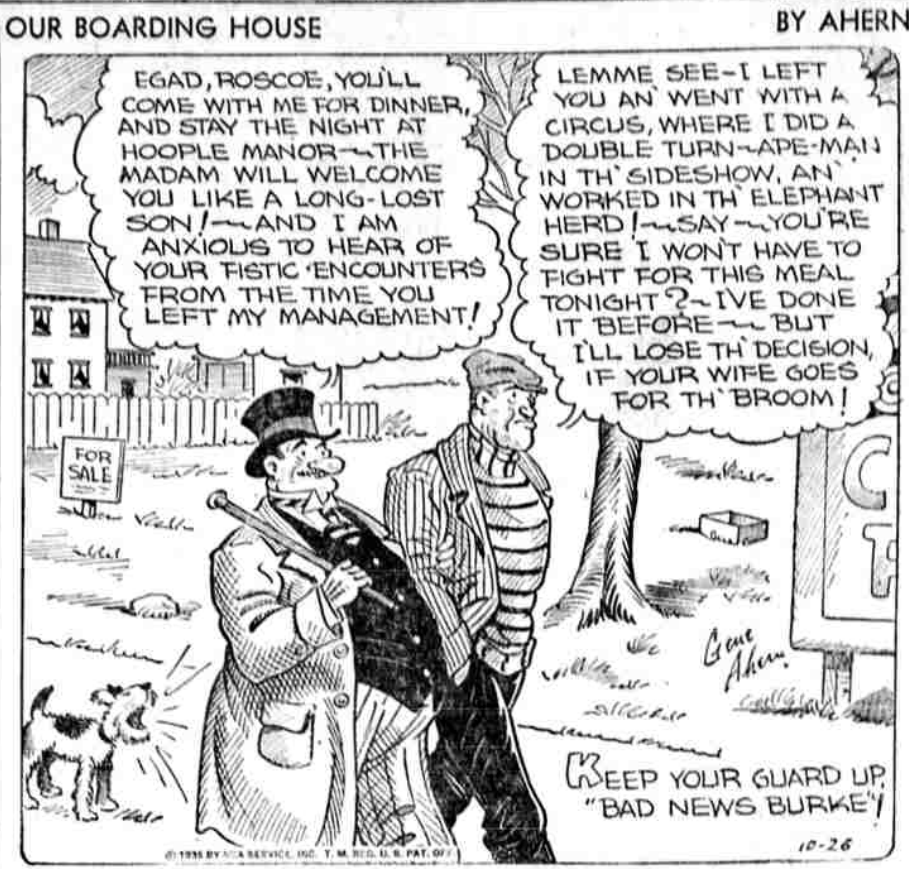
WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



THE NEWFANGLES — MOM'N POP



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY COWAN

