

Feather in Her Hat

By JULIE ANNE MOORE



"Of course Ann's in love with Lee. Every girl he ever spoke to is in love with him. And why not? He's got everything—money, a big name, a swell disposition. He's the biggest catch in the country and if Ann—"

"Gag?" Mr. Rogers repeated. "What's the idea, Bill interpreted. 'What are you getting at?' 'Oh, I see,' Mr. Rogers smiled. Then, as the smile faded: 'Why, it's simply this. From one thing and another Ann said, I gathered you were one of her close friends here in Washington and I thought I would like to talk things over with you... You understand, Ann still means to go through with it. She doesn't love young Monday, but she feels she's committed herself and she's determined to marry him... And I'm just as determined that she won't. That's about all there is to it, I guess.'"

Bill nodded, slowly. "I get it," he said. "You feel Ann isn't old enough to know what she's doing." "Old enough, perhaps," Mr. Rogers said, "but still not knowing what she's doing. Not realizing, I mean, that she's being as unfair to Monday as she is to herself."

Bill pondered that. "I still don't see what you can do about it, though."

"I've considered that. It won't be easy. But as a last resort I can make a nasty scene about it. And if you know Ann, you know she wouldn't care to have her father making a scene at her wedding."

In a moment Bill was sitting on the desk, leaning toward the older man, saying earnestly, "You wouldn't do that. You aren't tyrant enough to want to spoil the greatest thing that ever happened to her. You wouldn't dare."

Mr. Rogers rose. There was no evidence of anger in his face, but his voice was hard and incisive: "I'm afraid I don't see eye to eye in the matter, Mr. Hudson. Let me remind you that I am Ann's father and I can assure you I have no intention of letting Ann ruin her life by marrying the wrong man when the man she loves hasn't the gumption to save her from her own foolishness... Thanks for your time and good night."

When the door had closed, Bill swung his legs over and sat on the outside of the desk, his heels kicking the thin panel. The chair Mr. Rogers had occupied was directly in front of him now and after a little he reached a foot out and kicked the chair half way across the room. He was still sitting there, still staring with unseeing eyes when some ten minutes later the telephone rang.

It was Ann. "I'm at the apartment, Bill," she said in a firm voice. "I've just had a wire from Lee and I'm worried. Could you possibly run up for a few minutes?"

Bill ignored the question. He said, bluntly: "I hear you folks are in town." It would have been so easy to say it pleasantly, but he didn't try. "Bring 'em down for the wedding?" "How funny you sound," Ann said. She explained that her father had had to come to Washington to testify at a hearing on a bill. "He said he would be at the Capitol all afternoon, but he'll be free tomorrow and I want you to run over to the hotel for a minute and say hello."

"Sure," Bill said, already a little ashamed that he had half suspected Ann of sending her father to see him. Obviously, Mr. Rogers had come of his own accord and without his daughter's knowledge. Now, abruptly, "All right, Ann. I'll be along in ten minutes or so."

When Bill entered the apartment Ann smiled a pleasant greeting. "You'll find Lee's wire on the table there," she told him. "It came just a few minutes before I called you."

Bill found the telegram and read it in a low murmur: "LEAVING LOS ANGELES 2 A.M. STOP LANDING CHICAGO TO PICK UP SENATOR RUNNBECKER AND CARL BALMER STOP HOPE TO LAND WASHINGTON AIRPORT ABOUT 7 TOMORROW EVENING STOP LOADS OF LOVE. LEE."

After a little silence, Ann said, "I don't like it, Bill. Unless somebody wired Lee to stop at Chicago, how could he know the Senator and Carl would be there? And if somebody did wire him—why?"

She was thinking of what Mollie had told her about Senator Runnbecker after their visit to Selma, of his last quarrel with Deane and of the little telephone mouthpiece device Mollie had taken from the Senator's desk. Since then she had never quite succeeded in freeing her mind of the suspicion that the Senator knew more about the brutal killing of Fuhrman Wells and Dean than he had let on.

Bill said loudly, "I don't like it, either. It looks to me like some of Carl's work. I think we'd better get a wire through to Lee to keep an eye on that boy."

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Ann sat up, leaned a little forward. "You don't mean Carl, Bill...?" "I certainly don't mean the Senator," Bill replied, shortly. "Runnbecker's as innocent as you are."

"Mollie doesn't think so." "All right," said Bill. "I'll tell you what I know and you draw your own conclusions." He pulled up a chair, straddled it and began to hunt for a cigarette. "I've probably done as much nosing around on this mess as the police have, and I've learned quite a lot. Not enough to convict anybody, perhaps, but still—quite a lot."

He talked slowly, in that low drawl of his. "We'll go back to the beginning—the night you and Rita came into this town of tears. It was that same night, you remember, that Mollie had the call saying Fuhrman had been drowned."

Ann nodded, Bill reminded her that Mollie had traced the call to a Thomas Circle shop and had then called Carl, whose apartment was near by, and asked him to go there and see if anyone was napping

around the public phone booth in the store.

"Carl went, all right," Bill said, "because I dropped into the shop soon after and talked to the proprietor." The proprietor remembered the occasion very well; he told Bill, because until the arrival of the Department of Justice man no one had used the public phone in his store for hours. The Justice Department man nevertheless searched the booth for fingerprints and called the telephone office to have them recheck the call.

"So you see," said Bill, "I had reason to suspect Carl from the very first."

Ann frowned. "I'm afraid I missed the point."

"I did, too, at first," Bill nodded. "But I got it pretty soon. Let's assume that Carl, for reasons of his own, decided to murder Fuhrman Wells and to tell some one who, as he thought, would tell Fuhrman. He knows that Fuhrman is to drop by Mollie's office that evening and get the key to her apartment for Selma. So he picks Mollie as the informant. But he's wise enough to know that Mollie is too good a newspaper woman not to try to trace the call. Maybe he plans to call Mollie—as himself, of course—immediately after the fake call in the hope that she will ask him to do exactly what she did ask him to do."

"Anticipating all this, he goes to the shop, asks the proprietor if he can describe the last person who used the phone booth and being told that no one has used the booth for hours, he insists on looking for fingerprints and calling the exchange to recheck the call. Actually, Mollie at the Globe and, using that little contrivance Mollie picked up at Runnbecker's, he tells her Fuhrman has been drowned in the reflecting pool. Then he hurries back to his room. In the meantime Mollie is talking to Fuhrman so that by the time she has an opportunity to trace the call and telephone Carl, Carl is back at his place."

Ann shook her head, doubtfully. "Sounds pretty far-fetched to me, Bill."

"As an isolated instance, yes," Bill agreed. "But still assuming Carl's the guilty man, you'll find in that first little episode a good deal that might help to explain some of the things that happened later. We'll come to that. Now let's get on to the night of the murder."

Bill got up and hunted around for an ash tray. When he had straddled the chair again, he said:

"Selma says she planned the reflecting pool business as a joke and that she had no way of knowing Fuhrman would turn up and be murdered under her eyes. When she told me she had rigged up the dummy 'corpse' and carried it to the pool, I asked her if she had done it alone and she insisted she had. Later the police got it out of her that Deane had done it."

He paused and Ann said, quickly, "I had a feeling Deane knew more about the murder than we guessed."

"Deane was too much the coward to kill a man, and I knew it," Bill declared. "But getting back to Selma. When I asked her if she put the dummy in the pool alone, I was trying to find out if Carl had had anything to do with it. And when she hadn't entered my mind, I deared she had probably lied to me, I deduced she had probably lied to the police as well."

"The point is," said Bill with emphasis, "if Carl had a hand in planning Selma's 'joke,' he was unquestionably responsible for Fuhrman's turning up at the pool just when he did. By what subterfuge he got Fuhrman to come there, I don't know; but if he did, he most certainly dropped the bomb that sent us all into the water and then proceeded to strangle Fuhrman with the piece of wire... When I got to my feet and looked around, Carl was standing where a few minutes later I made out Fuhrman's dark form lying on the bottom. Remembering the semi-darkness and our first excited confusion, Carl could have done the job."

Her expression one of complete bewilderment, Ann said, "I wonder if you realize it was Carl who pulled me up? I went in head-first, you know."

Bill nodded. "Yes, I know; but I didn't want to remind you of it. You landed within a foot of where Carl was standing."

Ann understood and was silent. If he was right in his suspicions, Carl had not been so eager to get her to her feet as he had been to keep her away from the pathetic object he was holding under the water.

"Now," said Bill, "having said that Carl killed Fuhrman, there's still plenty to explain."

"Plenty is right," Ann said, "I was just wondering about all the things they found in Fuhrman's room after he was killed—the piece of wire and the book on suicide, or whatever it was about, and all the detective story magazines."

(To Be Continued.)

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HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET A \$1000 CHECK? 1118 OTHER GENEROUS CASH PRIZES!

The Kellogg Company wants to help you have a fine Christmas. Just write a slogan for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Send it to us with the top from a package of ALL-BRAN. Every one has an opportunity to win.

For years, Kellogg's ALL-BRAN used the slogan: Help Yourself to Health. We received thousands of letters from folks whose lives have been made brighter by this cereal. Out of their sunny letters was born a new slogan: Keep on the Sunny Side of Life.

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Weigh these facts too: Many meals served today lack needed "bulk." Often, these "Minus Meals" lead to common constipation.

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HERE ARE THE PRIZES TO BE MAILED TO WINNERS JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS

- \$1000... FIRST PRIZE NEXT 5 PRIZES \$50 each
500... SECOND PRIZE NEXT 8 PRIZES \$25 each
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FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

- 1. Write your new slogan for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN on one side of a sheet of white paper. Print your name and address and the name and address of your grocer on the same side. Enclose the top of a large, small, or individual ALL-BRAN package with each slogan.
2. The slogans will be judged solely on whether they are catchy and interesting—easy to say, easy to remember, and suitable for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.
3. The decision of the judges will be final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All slogans submitted become the property of the Kellogg Company.
4. Mail your letter to ALL-BRAN Contest Editor, Kellogg Company of Canada, Ltd., Box B-55 London, Ontario. You may send as many entries, with slogans and accompanying box tops, as you wish. Each entry must be postmarked not later than midnight, November 30, 1935.
5. This contest is open to every one except employees of the Kellogg Company, their advertising agents, and their families.

PRIZES TO GROCERS TOO!

Put down your grocer's name and address in your slogan entry. The grocer or store manager of the customer who wins first prize gets a substantial grocer's first prize. We are giving these prizes to grocers in recognition of their co-operation in displaying Kellogg's ALL-BRAN and in helping you with suggestions on the contest. Here are the 46 prizes to grocers:

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200... SECOND PRIZE 50... FOURTH PRIZE
NEXT 2 PRIZES... \$25 each
NEXT 40 PRIZES... \$5 each

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DOMINION OF CANADA Province of PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In the Surrogate Court, 26th George V. A.D. 1935. In re Estate of John McKinnon, late of California in the United States of America, formerly of West Royalty in Queens County in the said Province, deceased intestate.

By the Honourable HAROLD LEANORD PALMER, Surrogate Judge of Probate, etc., etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queens County or any Constable or literate person within said County

Whereas upon reading the petition on file of Allan McLean of Milton in Queens County aforesaid, farmer, the administrator of the above named estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Surrogate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queens County, in the said Province, on Friday, the sixth day of December next, coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of Donald McKinnon, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioner. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the Royal Bank of Canada in Charlottetown aforesaid and in front of the School-house in West Royalty aforesaid, so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this 25th day of October, A.D. 1935, and in the 26th year of His Majesty's reign.

(Seal) (Sgd.) H. L. PALMER, Surrogate

A-2319-10-31-11-7-4-31

FARM FOR SALE

I am instructed to sell by Auction on the Premises at South Melville, the farm owned by the late John McQuaid, on Tuesday the 12th instant, at 2 P. M. This farm contains 100 acres, is in high state of cultivation, is conveniently located and has up-to-date buildings in first class condition.

NOTICE

Armistice Day, November 11th, being a Dominion Statutory Holiday will be observed by the closing of all Civic offices, and general observance throughout the City is requested.

SAMUEL KENNEDY, Mayor L 2558-11-7-31

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CHARLOTTETOWN to FORTUNE Fardy Bus Service & Taxi Service

Table with columns: Leaving Charlottetown, Hazelbrook, Keefe's Lake, 48 Road, Cardigan, Bridgetown, Dundas, Dingwell's, Arrive Fortune. Includes times and destinations.

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Table with columns: Leaves Elmira, Souris, Dingwells Mills, St. Peters, Morell, Mt. Stewart, Arrives in Charlottetown. Includes times and destinations.

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