Help The Red Cross

"SALADA" TEA

Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

W.N.U. FEATURES

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER VI: When Curt took his leave and kissed his fiancee good-night McCale knew that he was really in love with Veronica. That night McCale and Anne dine at a gay night club.

CHAPTER VII

He lighted a cigarette and started to recount carefully the affair Bigelow as far as it went. He tried to make of it a series of pictures, in his own mind at least, like the slowly unwinding reel of a movie camera, ready to stop dead at any moment the scene went wrong or a gesture became significant. Ann heard him through to the end, a puzzled frown marring her features.

When he finally paused, she said, "No more?"

"No more."

"So far as I can see from where we're sitting then, there is'nt any mystery unless it's your Irish hunch."

"Have I ever been wrong?"

"Oh you must have been, once or twice."

"But I swear there is something going on there—some deep trouble. I tell you, the whole family has the jumps. They're shaky, nervy—out of sorts. It sticks out like a sore thumb."

* * *

Ann selected a salted nut and bit into it with her strong white teeth. She said, an amused look in her eyes, "What sticks out is that the whole family is crazy about the gorgeous Curt. And he takes the one with the money. He must be quite a boy."

"I assure you he is. Can't you just see them all from my description? The old lady at wit's end; Sybil drowning something or other in sherry; Karen cold and lax, taking it out on the piano; Veronica dazzled; Victoria cruel and fighting back; Stephen lost and floundering. Why—"

"Of course, darling. I see them all."

"But what do you think?"

"I think you're smitten with this Karen wench."

McCale roared. "Good Lord, are you jealous? Of me? Now, see here—"

"Of course I'm jealous, you wretch." She waggled a finger at him, then pointed. "And here, if I'm not mistaken, comes another member of our cast."

* * *

Lights went down suddenly and a girl stepped into the yellow oval of a spot. She was dressed in some silver business so cunningly draped that it turned her into a shimmering pillar. She had a wide raspebrry mouth and dark brown hair with strange lights in it. The saxophones wailed and subsided to a moan. The drums were a tom-tom accompaniment. She stood perfectly still, a cigarette hanging from the corner of her mouth while she sang. Her voice was a husky contralto and she wrenched the lyrics from the commonplace into the realm of the boudoir. It was top-notch old-school singing.

"Wow!" exclaimed McCale. "That's showmanship. What were you saying, my pet, when Love Walked In?"

"That was Shari Lynn."

McCale raised an eyebrow. The girl had walked out onto the floor again to take a bow. She accepted the acclaim in the same slow, sultry way she had sung.

"I hope you won't go into a jealous rage if I say I think she's got something there," said McCale slyly.

* * *

"Not at all. She's got something with her, too, if you'll look where she's headed."

McCale turned and saw the top of a curly black head, the set of unmistakable shoulders. He whispered under his breath.

"Curt Vallaincourt," he murmured.

Ann sighed. "So that's the boy himself. I can certainly see why the girls drop their handkerchiefs whenever he goes by."

"I'll admit he's handsome."

"Handsome, darling, is not the word for it."

"Ann, I'm ashamed of you. I did not dream that girls—"

"You listen to me instead. Almost any man with a lot of money is on the hunt for the best deal he can buy. What's the matter with a woman who's got a few million lying around loose buying herself a gorgeous piece of freight — like that?"

* * *

It was true, however, that Curt Vallaincourt, that highly salable male, was going to the highest bidder on Saturday next. McCale thought of the clairvoyance that had made him sure only that afternoon that the man was truly in love with Veronica Bigelow. It hardly seemed credible now that he saw him here in a tete-a-tete with Shari Lynn. But there they were, a table or two away, deep in conversation.

The flash of a million golden sparks went by their table. McCale looked out of the corner of his eyes and saw that a tall woman with hair the color of spun sugar was passing. He recognized her immediately. It was Karen Bigelow. She looked more like a Norse goddess than ever in a dress which looked concocted entirely of gold mesh bags. She saw him, but gave no glance of recognition. Her eyes were fixed straight ahead in a cold, hard glaze at the table where Vallaincourt sat with the torch singer. She deliberately walked toward them.

* * *

"That your Karen?" Ann whispered.

"Uh-huh."

"Well, I do hope there'll be no trouble."

If there was, it was remarkably well-bred and closely held. Karen reached the table and spoke quickly to Vallaincourt. He looked amazed, shaken. He turned to Shari Lynn once, blindly. But the Lynn girl only sat there, utterly relaxed, her mouth a sulky sneer. Karen took something from her bag and handed it to Shari. She looked once at Curt, a long, searching, smoldering look, and turned away. Vallaincourt made a move to follow her, but Shari caught his hand, drawing him back. He almost stumbled in the alcove.

It was then that McCale, swiveling around to the startled Ann had his second shock of the evening. Not five tables away, almost hidden in a corner, sat Stephen Bigelow. There was a row of empty glasses in front of him as though he had ordered them all at one time. Yet he did not seem to be drunk. His eyes were sunken in that face so prematurely cadaverous but they glittered with a cold sardonic amusement that was frightening.

* * *

Ann Marriot gripped McCale's hand in an imploring gesture. "Let's get out of here."

"Maybe the fun is only just beginning," he said, rising with alacrity.

"Let's go anyway. These—these sacred concerts annoy me."

They went downstairs where the simpering, half-dressed check girl gave them their wraps.

On the steps, a slight altercation was taking place. Karen Bigelow was trying to restrain a slightly bedraggled, fussily dressed woman. McCale saw that it was Sylvia Bigelow.

Karen was saying, "You mustn't go in, Mother Bigelow, you just can't. Let me take you home."

"Get out of my way!" the older woman said.

(To Be Continued)

SEEING-EYE BARS HER FROM SCHOOL

Blind Patsy Ruth Fergus, 16, is shown at "school" in her parents' trailer home in Los Angeles, tutored by Kay Brooks, public school teacher, after school officials barred her from classrooms, declaring her seeing-eye dog, "Lucky," a hazard to other pupils.

Sunday School Lesson

An Example in Humility

John 13:3-15, 34, 35.

Golden Text: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." — John 13: 34.

The Deity of Christ

Here is set forth the Deity of our Lord as He declares that He came from God and "went to God." Note the past tense. Jesus regarded His return to the Father as an accomplished fact, notwithstanding that so much suffering must intervene.

The serving Christ showed the humility of the Son of Man. He rose from the supper at which He was the guest of honor. He lay aside the outer robe, donned the towel apron, poured water into the basin at hand, and began to wash and wipe the disciples' feet.

The Humility of Christ

As He proceeded with His menial service Jesus came to Peter whose question, "Lord, dost Thous wash my feet?" appeared to stress his own humility to the point of pride in it. Certainly neither Peter nor any of the disciples could have comprehended the full meaning of this act: "but Thou shalt know hereafter" or afterwards, meaning presently. Peter did not understand the Master's words, much less His act.

Spiritual Cleansing

When Peter still refused to submit to the washing of his feet by the Master, Jesus answered that cleansing and surrender were necessary. Whereupon Peter, in complete change of attitude bared his his head and hands for the holy bath. If by the washing of his feet he was to gain a blessing, how much more, if the Lord would but wash his hands and his head! The impulse was born of love and devotion but Peter was still lacking spiritual perception. What Jesus was saying to Peter was, that he had been cleansed in the larger sense (spiritually) and symbolized by the act which was common custom. But there was one among them who was not cleansed, even though Jesus had washed his feet.

The Example of Humility

How was Jesus to show these His followers the meaning of true humility? How better than by giving them an example? They might forget what He said, but what He did must be forever impressed upon their minds and hearts.

Jesus had come primarily to be their Saviour and Redeemer, but He was also their example. By the washing of their feet, He had shown them the meaning of humility. Within a few brief hours He was to show them His love. He was to give His life for them, and He asks them to love one another as He loved them with a great unselfish love.

Safe Passage

A 50-man convoy to squire an estimated 500,000 migrating geese northward across Iowa has been planned.

State and Federal wildlife officers will travel by foot, car and air to see that "trigger-happy" hunters don't disturb the birds as they travel up the Missouri River fly-way to Canadian nesting grounds.

The migration usually is the nation's largest concentration of geese. It is illegal to shoot them in the spring.

Going Up?

Plans are to be drawn up for the erection of two skyscrapers in Moscow—a 38-story building to house ministries of the Soviet Government and a 20-story hotel.

Moscow's highest building at present is the 15-story Moscow Hotel where delegations to the Four-Power Conference next month will be accommodated. Since it was built, all new buildings have been limited to 10 stories.

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OPP. — C.N.R STATION

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I clean and press velvet?

A. To remove spots or stains from velvet, moisten a rag with eucalyptus oil and rub the article gently; the stains will gradually disappear. Do not press velvet. To clean and also raise the nap and remove creases, hold it pile side up over the steam of nearly boiling water to which a litle ammonia has been added; then brush.

Q. How can I make an eye wash?

A. A good eye wash is one pint of hot water poured over the one ounce of boric acid. Let it dissolve and cool before putting into a bottle.

Q. How can I replace a small bit of wood that has been chipped off a piece of furniture?

A. It can be replaced by using the white of an egg.

Q. How can I make the fat on boiled ham firm and white?

A. When serving cold ham as a luncheon dish, place it in iced water immediately after removing from the boiling water in which it was cooked. The fat will be white and firm and the meat will be a good color.

Q. How can I prevent small articles from rolling down the furnace register?

A. Place some fine wire netting over the top of the hot air pipe, directly below the register.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. When typing a business letter, is it well to type one's name under the written signature?

2. At what age should a child be taught to say "thank you"?

3. Does the bridegroom or his parents mail the wedding invitations?

4. Is a woman privileged to go to the office of a man, who is an acquaintance, to ask advice on some personal or business matter?

5. Should one insist on helping the hostess if she is serving dinner without the help of a servant?

6. Is the straight or the indented margin correct when addressing an envelope?

Answers

1. Yes, as so many signatures are illegible. 2. Just as soon as the child begins to talk. The two words "thank you" should be among the first in his vocabulary. 3. No; they should be mailed from the bride's home. 4. Not without making an appointment; and it is better to make this appointment outside of the man's business hours—unless, of course, her business is in line with that of the man's. 5. No.; make the offer quietly and sincerely, but do not insist. 6. The straight margin is preferred.

Milky Way

Americans take their milk drinking and ice cream eating seriously. Two hundred quarts of milk per person was the total guzzled last year. Ice cream is disappearing at exactly double the consumption rate for 1940, an average of 19 quarts per person.

Penny Sale

You'll never guess what an Hawaii firm is offering at a penny sale — Quonset huts, $899.99 for one! two for $900. Going, going, gone. But there's a catch — only two to a customer.

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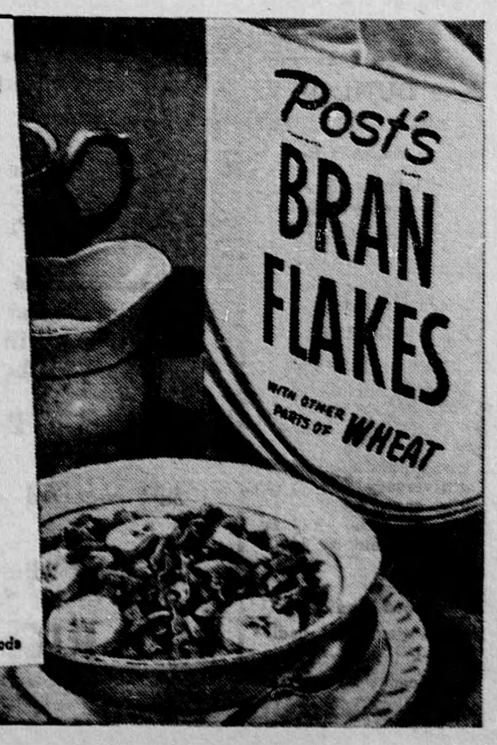

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