Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

W.N.U. FEATURES

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER IX: By accident McCale encounters a detective from a rival agency who is willing to sell some information. Rocky, McCale's assistant, reports on the Bigelow's activities at the mansion. He tells how both Vallaincour and Christopher Storm called on Veronica during the evening.

CHAPTER X

He slid the money over to the big man. He had the exasperating feeling that he'd been cheated. He shugged it away.

McCale had set his alarm for seven-thirty the next morning. It had shrilled in vain. A feeble ray of sunshine flickered across his face as someone shook him by the shoulder.

"Hey, boss," Rocky was saying, "it's almost nine o'clock. Your beautiful girl secretary will be here any time now. I've got a pot of java perking."

McCale began to dress as Rocky headed for the inner sanctum. It didn't take him long.

"Well," he said, between sips of the hot black liquid, "let's have your birds-eye or key hole view of the goings on of last night."

"Nothing sensational to report, boss, outside of a lot of nervous running in and out till about one a.m. I had a look-see at about everyone but the dame called Victoria. She'd gone out someplace to dinner when I got there and must have slipped in without my lamping her, if she came home at all."

"No trouble with the servants?"

* * *

"I only saw the butler. Very superior guy. He kept looking in the dining room where I was sitting with an eye on the door. I don't know whether he thought I was going to snitch some of the finger-bowls or sample the family bourbon. Anyhow, he kept popping up at odd moment until around ten-thirty. Say, what a parade of junk they've accumulated."

"Yeah. What do you think of the set-up? In general, I mean. Atmophere—that kind of thing."

"I may be wrong, but outside of the little old lady, they're a bunch of screwballs. She's okay. A little jumpy, but for that matter, the whole caboodle ain't my idea of what I've been led to think of as calm, quiet, unruffled bluebloods. They're all as jittery as a hang-over."

"Definitely."

"Well, here's five to your one that there's something cooking that's going to smell to heaven."

"You've no taker in me." McCale grinned and lit a cigarette.

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"Smart, as usual. The old dame acts as though she was walking through a bad dream but doesn't dare wake up."

"Very aptly put."

"She meets me last night, shows me around, sort of impersonal-like. So far as she was concerned, I might have been the plumber's helper come to repair a leak. Very cool and calm, but burning up with something inside her. Acts all the time as if she's scared stupid but won't admit it if it kills her."

Rocky poured himself a second cup of coffee and took a deep breath before he continued.

"She went to her room early—about nine. I didn't see her after that. Veronica, the bride and joy," he looked at McCale to see whether he was amused by the play on words, "of the old lady—she is that, isn't she—it sticks out all over—stayed home all evening, too. She was in the back library most of the time."

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"Did she look good to you?"

"Oh, yeah, if you like the placid type. She had two visitors. Guess?"

"I'll buy it. Don't play guessing games with me so early in the morning."

"Well, the present and the past Glamour Boy Number One, and good old dog-like, ever lovin' Chris."

"Oh. He impressed you that way? Christopher Storm, I mean?"

"Remember, I only got a short gander at the past and present crown princes, as they entered and left. He was the second one, by the way. Mr. Big came first."

"Go on."

"Well, I'd just got settled in the silver and crockery department when Johnny Weismuller comes swinging from tree to tree calling for his mate. Such a flutter they get into over him, don't they? The butler scuttled around after him as if he'd just brought the fatted calf. Then the bride-to-be comes down the stairs in a flurry. But a flurry, I said. And he just tells her he's off to dinner with some friends. She looks at him with the trust of a bird fascinated by a python. You know—'What enormous eyes you have, Grandmother.' And off they go to the library.'"

"I take it you don't warm to Romeo."

"Not me. Obvious as heck, don't you think?"

"I don't know. The boy's got something . Just what is it?"

"It's a old as the world, chief. The Vallaincourt can just make his eyelashes go boo."

"Take that needle out of your arm. He's in love with the girl."

"All right. So he's in love with her."

"What's your impression of the girl? You didn't show a great deal of enthusiasm."

"I guess I don't like 'em quite so wide-eyed, chief. She's nice. You know what I mean—nice—and when you've said that, you've said everything. Right out of a Mignon Eberhart novel, if you get what I mean. Just beautiful and wispy and too dumb to take off her rose-colored glasses."

* * *

Rocky had already settled for himself the fact that Veronica Bigelow was both beautiful and dumb. McCale leaned back in his chair and smiled, for Rocky was a good guy, most amusing.

Searching for the coffee pot, Duke's eyes slanted up quizzically at Rocky as he said, "Well, boy, what's the word on Christopher Storm, now that you've dusted everyone else off?"

"J. P. Marquand has done him to a turn, on both sides and in the middle. More than once. That guy was born to the Yankee purple, has gone to the best schools, and never stepped out of line in his life. He may be a little shocked at the Bigelows, but they are Bigelows, aren't them? So they couldn't be wrong. Veronica has tossed him overboard, but would he say a word about it? Would he ride up in his Stanley Steamer and rush her off to the nearest Justice of the Peace before she makes a fool o herself? No sirree. It just isn't done by people in our set, doncha know?"

"He did come to see her."

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"Oh, yes. Had a short confab with her in the library. I didn't get a chance to eavesdrop, of course, but I did see them when they said goodnight at the door. He had the most miserable little-boy-who-has-been-kicked expression on his puss when he kissed her good-by."

"He kissed her?"

"Don't let it throw you. It was just the old I'll-be-a-sister-to-you act. She sort of put her head up and he gave her a solmn brotherly kiss on the forehead before he went into the night like the last act of an old melodrama. I could have spit in his eye, the dope!"

"My, my. You are taking this to heart."

"Not so you'd notice it. Well, do I go on in the order of their appearance?" he asked, a sour smile on his lips.

Rockey waited a moment, look-

"Oh, of course. No offense, pal."

Rocky waited a moment, looking at McCale skeptically, not quite sure he wasn't being made fun of. Then he resumed.

"Let's see. First there is Mr. Stephen. Now there's a jumpy guy. Surly, wedded to the bottle, too.

Comes in all decked out for the night life. Soup and fish. Gave me the once-over and had a few quick straight ones. When the butler stuck his nose in the door, he spat out, 'Tell my mother I'm going out this evening.' Not his wife, mind you—his mother."

"Mama's big boy."

"Oh, sure. He and his wife don't get along, I take it?"

"Your surmise is a good one, I think."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

New Method Used to Harvest Honey

A streamlined technique for harvesting honey from Northern Manitoba's wild flowers is being planned by a farmer in the small Saskatchewan town of Tisdale, 70 miles west of the Manitoba-Saskatchewan border.

The farmer, B. Baines, last year shipped more than 50,000 pounds of honey from his mobile aplaries.

His technique is described as being simple. In the spring he spots three or four hives in isolated areas, surrounding them with electrically charged fences to discourage roaming bears. In the fall he garners the honey and prepares the hives for the winter.

Northern flowers, Mr. Baines says, appear to enable bees to produce a more concentrated honey than the normal, generally pure white and greatly in demand on the market.

ENGLAND HIT BY FLOODS

First it was snow storms, now floods that are crip pling England. From London where the swollen Thames River has contaminated the municipal wa ter supply an emergency call has gone out for tank-truck loads of drinking water. At Maidstone, in Kent, the River Medway rose to its highest level in 27 years, flooded its banks and then the town. The customers at an inn (left) wade through water to get a drink at the bar and a housewife (right) wea rs boots to do her housework. To complicate matters, another round of blizzards and gales hit the country over the week-end.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. Should a woman's title be left off the envelope when writing a business letter to her and one does not know whether or not she is married?

2. Is it good form to talk about one's self?

3. What is the most popular way to make a public announcement of an engagement?

4. Is it proper to place the elbows on the table while eating?

5. Is an entire outfit of new clothes necessary for the bridegroom?

6. At what age should boys and girls be introduced in proper form?

ANSWERS

1. No; address the envelope with the prefix "Miss". 2. There are many people who have the idea that to talk about one's self is bad form; however, most people do not think so. If the story one has is amusing or instructive, there is no reason why it should not be told. 3. The newspaper announcement is the most popular. 4. This practice

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I remove clogged ink from steel pens?

A. Dip them in a strong solution of ammonia water. This softens the ink and it can be easily wiped off.

Q. How can I prevent olive oil from becoming rancid?

A. Add two medium size lumps of sugar to each quart of olive oil as soon as it is opened to keep it from becoming rancid.

Q. How can I clean white kid gloves?

A. Pure alcohol is preferable to gasoline for cleaning white kid gloves. It dries quickly and without the unpleasant odor of gasoline.

.Q How can I tell if an egg is fresh?

A. A fresh egg is indicated by a rough surface and how quickly it dries when it is taken from boiling water.

Q. How can I clean the window shades without using water?

A. The effect will be very satisfactory if a rag is slightly moistened with paraffin oil and then rubbed over the window. After a few minutes, polish with a clean dry cloth.

Q. How can I make a needle-book that will not permit the needles to rust?

A. If a needle-book is made of chamois, instead of the usual flannel, the needles will not rust.

New Director

Alfred Pittman succeeds W. Stuart Booth on Board of Directors of First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston.

The Christian Science Board of Directors has announced the resignation of W. Stuart Booth, C.S.B., for eight years a member of the board, and the appointment of Alfred Pittman, C.S.B., to succeed him. As Mr. Pittman's successor as Publishers' Agent, the Trustees under the will of Mary Baker Eddy announce the appointment of Hudson C. Burr, C.S., who resigns from the Board of Trustees of the Christian Science Publishing Society.

FOR BRONCHITIS YOU CAN'T BEAT BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE

Sunday School Lesson

Jesus Lays Down His Life

John 18: 37-38; 19: 10-16, 25-30.

Golden Text.—For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3:16.

Palestine, the homeland of the Bible, has been strangely a land of great beauty, idyllic happiness, and somber, terrible tragedy.

Goodness, wisdom, visions of peace and happiness and plenty, and ideals of righteousness and truth are forever in the heritage it has given to the world. But violence, hatred, evil, and all the fruits of evil have been all too manifest from the beginning in Cain, who slew his brother, through all the history of the Jezebels, Herods, and other perpetrators of iniquity.

All the beauty, tenderness, and goodness of that land, with all the tragedy of hate and violence, were comprised in the brief earthly life of Jesus of Nazareth.

* * *

The law of vicarious sacrifice, of suffering, and of giving of life for others was written deeply into the history and religion of Israel. Among biblical scholars there has been much controversy as to how directly and in what way the 53rd Chapter of Isaiah, with its portrayal of the Suffering Servant, referred to Jesus.

But plain readers, whose common sense judgments are often sounder than those of hair-splitting critics, have had little doubt about the matter. They have read that chapter seeing how Jesus fulfilled its vicarious law and its spirit.

* * *

Just how early in His earthly ministry Jesus became conscious that His ministry was to be fulfilled in His death is not clear. Nor is it clear whether or not He assumed at first, as the disciples did, that His ministry might involve the setting up of an earthly kingdom.

What is plain, however, is that Jesus came to foresee and to accept fully the fact of His sacrificial death. He was the Good Shepherd about to lay down His life for the sheep.

We tend to speak of the cross lightly. We wear it as a piece of jewelry or a symbol, but how much does it mean to us of the reality of sacrifice and suffering? How much are our lives given for others?

C.N.E. BULLETIN

Prize of $100 For Best Quilt

"If you're proud of your quilting and you want to make $100 for yourself or your women's organization, there's a real chance to do it by entering the special "Canada" quilt competition at the Canadian National Exhibition this fall," according to Kate Aitken, Director of Women's Activities for the C.N.E.

Mrs. Aitken explains that the $100 prize will go to the winner of the most artistic quilt in the form of a picture map of Canada. It should be done on a white background with the Provincial boundaries outlined. The industrial and natural resources of the nation are to be shown by embroidery or applique.

"Open to individuals and organizations in which several women may wish to combine their artistry in producing the finest piece of Canadian quilting, this contest is a challenge to the ingenuity of Canada's best quilters," Mrs. Aitken says.

Particulars about the special "Canada" picture quilt may be obtained by writing direct to the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.

Stop Worrying Learn to Relax

If you take frequent short rests, you can work longer and harder, Dale Carnegie promises, in the periodical, Your Life. The more rested you are, he says, the less tendency you will have to worry. "You cannot continue to worry if you relax." Carnegie writes (neglecting, however, to tell us how to relax when worried.)

Carnegie says that the secret of Winston Churchill's phenomenal energy during the war was the fact that he worked in bed until 11 a.m., slept for an hour after lunch and for two hours before having dinner at 8. He was thus able, Carnegie declares, to work "fresh and fit" until long past midnight.

Eleanor Roosevelt has told him, he discloses, that before meeting a crowd or making a speech, she often closes her eyes and relaxes for 20 minutes.

For those who cannot indulge in afternoon naps, Carnegie recommends an hour's nap before the evening meal. This, plus six hours of sleep at night, he writes, "will do you more good than eight hours of unbroken sleep."

—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

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