The Quality Tea

"SALADA"

ORANGE PEKOE

Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

W.N.U. FEATURES

Synopsis

Chapter X: Rocky is not impressed with Vallaincourt but thinks he is in love with the beautiful, but not very intelligent, Veronica. On leaving the Bigelow mansion Cristopher Storm solemnly and in a brotherly fashion kisses Veronica goodnight.

CHAPTER XI

"Well, while he was having his snort, the wife comes in. She stood there in the doorway, looking daggers at him. 'Going out, Steve?' she says, and he walks by her without a glance. She put her hand out, but he brushed her off."

"She's kind of helpless where he is concerned, I guess."

"Helpless! You got her docketed all wrong. She just watched him go and gave me a big icy stare. Then King, the major-domo, calls her to the phone and she goes out."

"She had a phone call?"

"Yep. After which she banged heck out of the piano for another half hour."

"She went out, you say?"

"Yes, she did. She wasn't gone long. About an hour. When she came home, she messed around the ivories until hubby rolled in, about twelve o'clock. Then the place quieted down for the night."

"Stephen came home late?"

"Yes. He must have heard her going in, 'cause a door opened upstairs. The piano stopped. He shouted something or other at her that I didn't get. Then a couple more doors slammed."

"That the story?"

* * *

"All but mama. There's an old die-hard. If there's anything rocks my boat, it's the old gals that won't give up the ship. She stopped King in the hall and asked for Stephen. She almost dropped when he told her sonny boy was doing the town. Then she yelled for Karen. When the butler reported that Karen had gone out too, she made a beeline for the upstairs. In about twenty minutes, she came down, called a cab anad made her exit."

"When did she get home?"

"Just before Stevey-boy. She came in, or floated in, would be more like it. She had just got the shock of her life. No act this time. I actually had to help her upstairs, though I'll bet she won't remember it."

McCale nodded thoughtfully and they fell silent for a few minutes. The figment of his imagination was jumping about wildly. He was surer than ever that tragedy stalked the Bigelows. Finally with a gesture—half disdain, half despair—he launched into a description of the events witnessed by Ann and himself at the Abbey.

* * *

When he had finished, he cocked an eyebrow, looking interrogatively at his friend and employee.

Rocky said at last slowly, "The thing that sticks out farthest, chief, at least, as I see it—"

"Is what?"

"Is what Mr. Curt Vallaincourt, bridegroom-to-be, seems to be as busy as a bee, painting himself right into a corner."

At four-thirty that afternoon, Duke McCale stood before the fireplace in the upstairs drawing room of the Beacon street house. He was facing Adelaide Bigelow, who was huddled in the corner of a Victorian sofa. There was something held back in her a studied remoteness.

McCale had been talking quietly, in a voice which surprised himself at its own compassion.

"You'll have to pardon me if I say you have been—shall I say—extremely British about this situation. You have made a concession here, an appeasement there, until it is quite futile to take any action. You have called me in months too late."

"Mr. McCale," there was a light touch of hauteur in her tone in spite of herself, "you are presuming too much. I called you in to look after the house during the week of the wedding."

"I'm sorry, but that is not the truth. Never once have I believed you came to my office with that in mind. I knew you were in trouble even though you withheld your confidence. Even now you will not admit it, even to yourself. I have gone on that premise from the first—that you wanted me to find out things without even the rsponsibility on your part of telling me what."

She rose stiffly, without answering, and crossed the room to the front window.

"I wish to withdraw from the case, Miss Bigelow. There's nothing I can do for you."

* * *

"Oh, no!" The words, half muffled in the heavy atmosphere magnified themselves in the vastness of the room.

"It is necessary for me, since you will not confide in me, to tell you exactly what it is that is bothering you—what it is that you fear. You see, I know. What is it?"

Miss Bigelow turned and McCale saw into her mind quite easily.

"So many things are not as we want them to be, nor as we believed them to be," she said. Her eyes clouded. "What do you know?"

"I know that a certain young man of undeniable physical attraction is marrying thirty million dollars next week. I know that in your subconscious mind, you believe him to be an adventurer. I know that you should have investigated him months ago—that you are also bothered by the fact that your entire family seems jealous of his marriage to your niece. Not jealous, mind, of his perhaps having the benefits of a great fortune, but jealous in a more personal way, as if secretly they were all in love with him and wanted him for themselves."

* * *

"You are so—right," she faltered. Her eyes lit up in admiration. "How in the world—"

"I am a trained observer. It is my job to see what others miss. Then, too, I have sources of information.

"I know," he went on, his voice low and impatient now, "that you must have another reason, for surely you are not caught in the trap this fellow sets for the unwary. Are you afraid Veronica will lavish too much of the Bigelow money on him, forgetting the others? You see, I have heard that she inherits the bulk of it upon her mariage."

"I will tell you," she said simply. "Veronica's father, my brother," she began, motioning him to sit, "was a hard man, I suppose, but not unusual for his time, I think. He believed that women have no heads for business—cannot handle money. He was heir to my father's business and fortune of about twelve million dollars. With real estate and clever investing, he more than doubled that fortune. There was no male heir to whom he could leave it, you see."

* * *

"There was his adopted son, Stephen," McCale put in quickly.

"Yes, she hesitated, "but not his own flesh and blood. But there was certainly Stephen.

"At one time, I think he intended for Stephen to inherit. But Stephen, in his eyes at least, proved himself unworthy. Sybil always spoiled him. He grew up precocious, extravagant. He ran away once and joined the navy. A bitter experience for him. The more so when he found that Joel could no doubt have procured an appointment to Annapolis for him. Marriage to Karen has straightened him out somewhat."

"So the Bigelow fortune is held in trust?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

After a Hard Winter---This!

After a harrowing winter of the worst snows and blizzards in half a century, the English are plagued with floods. This woman at Maidstone, Kent, wears boots in her own home while she hangs up the children's laundry to keep it out of the River Medway's overflow, which is swirling right through the room.

Sunday School Lesson

THE RISEN LORD

John 20: 19-21, 24-29; 21: 15-17

Golden text.—As my father hath sent me, even so send I you.—John 20:21.

The Resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth is the one great ray of light, hope, faith, and inspiration in what, without that fact, would be a gloomy world.

So if the grave is the end of it all, the joy and happiness are short-lived, and the glory, no matter how great, is tarnished. The greater the life and the more splendid its achievement, the more startling its end.

When news came to the world of the sudden death of the late President Roosevelt, the shock to the nation was more than the passing of a foremost world figure. Much of the shock was at the fact of death itself—that death could so suddenly end a career of such forcefulness.

It is in the presence of death that we seek some evidence that can assuage its sadness and create some overpowering hope and confidence that can bring light into darkness and tragedy. And there is no evidence in nature, life, or history, except the evidence of the Resurrection of Jesus. It is the one supreme fact.

And what evidence have we of that Resurrection? The evidence of disciples whose lives, outlook, and actions were changed by the fact that they saw Him after His crucifixion.

They were affected by His death just as we are all affected by the death of one we love.

But beyond their sadness was the intensity of a great disappointment and discouragement, the blasting of hopes that had been great enough to induce them to leave everything and follow a master about to establish a kingdom.

Then suddenly their complete despair was transformed into a revival of faith. In that new-found faith their vain ambitions about who should be the first were left behind.

The miracle of what happened to the disciples is the miracle of the Resurrection. And faith in the Risen Lord has been the power and inspiration of those who have followed in their footsteps to bring to men God's gift of eternal life.

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How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. What is a treatment for ringworm?

A. A remedy for ringworm is one part of iodine in two parts of water, or alcohol. Touch the surrounding flesh with this solution. It will prevent spreading, and in about two weeks the ringworm should disappear.

Q. How can I prevent fruit from turning black when using cloves?

A. When whole cloves are used, if the round heads are removed and only the stems used, the fruit or vegetables will not turn black, but merely a light brown color.

Q. How can I wash windows on the outside during freezing weather?

A. Add a little salt to the hot water and it will prevent freezing.

Q. How can I mend a kitchen knife or fork that has become loose in the handle?

A. Fill the opening in the handle with powdered resin. Then heat the handle end of the knife or fork and force it into the handle opening. Tie a string around it and allow it to remain until dry.

Q. What is a good cleaner for jewelry?

A. A solution of one-half ammonia and one-half water is excellent for cleaning jewelry. Then polish with a chamois.

Q. How can I relieve baby's hiccoughs?

A. A few grains of granulated sugar placed on baby's tongue is often an effective remedy.

Ear Troubles

Head colds may be followed by ear infections. Sufferers from chronic head colds are advised to consult their doctors so that these infections may be cleared up before they can cause more serious trouble.

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C.N.E. BULLETIN

You Might Win Cash Prize For Public Speaking

Where are the future politicians of Canada?

Right now, they are popping up as speakers—at the school concert, the Sunday School Easter program, the community charity affairs. They are learning to convince an audience by taking sides on debating teams, by being master of ceremonies on athletic night at the town rink. In fact, these are the very springboards from which young Canadians will so shortly flip into the important business of steering the nation.

That's how Kate Aitken put it in announcing plans for the public speaking competitions to take place at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, this Fall. There is a total of $200 in cash money and bronze medals to be won by six young Canadians. Mrs. Aitken explained that there would be three prizes of $50, $30 and $20 for both the elementary and secondary school students.

"Canada's Place in the World" is the subject of the oratorial contests. Public school pupils will be allowed to speak for three minutes and secondary students, five minutes. Competitions will be held on the C.N.E. Grounds during the day and winners presented before the public at the Band Shell at night.

Students wishing more particulars should write direct to Kate Aitken, Director of Women's and Educational Activities, Canadian National Exhibition Grounds, Toronto, it is pointed out.

Mass Seeding Conducted by Plane

Reforestation on a streamlined scale in 1946 saw Ontario Government experts harness the airplane in mass seeding experiments, R. N. Johnson, chief of the Lands and Forest Department's research division, said in Toronto recently.

Mr. Johnson said that one experiment, in which a pilot sprayed a 60-acre plot with 300,000 tree seeds in 10 minutes, will be "elaborated upon" this year.

He said white pine, red pine and spruce involved in 1946 experiments should reach Christmas-tree size within 15 years, and full growth of 120 feet in 100 years "if the experiments were successful."

Before planting the seeds are treated with rodent and fungus repellents and coated with fertilizer. "They are given a better start in life than the ordinary bush-born seedling enjoys."

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. Is it permissible to dip celery or radishes into the salt dish if the dish is an indivdual one?

2. Should a weddng announcement and an invitation be sent to the same person?

3. When a man caller is ready to leave, should a girl get his coat and hat for him?

4. When in a cocktail lounge with a man, should a woman tell her escort what she wants or give her order directly to the waiter?

5. What kind of trousers should be worn with a morning coat for a formal daytime function?

6. What should a man call his wife when introducing her to his employees?

Answers:

1. No; take a little of the salt in the saltspoon or with the end of a clean knife and place it on the side of the dinner plate, or the bread and butter plate. 2. No; when an invitation is sent to a person, it is not necessary to send this one an announcement. 3. No; she should let the man wait on himself. 4. She should tell her escort what she wants to drink. 5. Striped trousers. 6. "Mrs. Allen."

Satisfied

In Capetown, South Africa, when postwar radio-telephone service to Eire was resumed, a nostalgic citizen, who had been 51 years away from the Emerald Isle, put in a station-to-station call, instructed a dazed Dublin operator to "give my love to the purple hills of Wicklow," and contentedly hung up.

—Time Magazine.

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Add 1 envelope Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast and 1 tsp. sugar to 1 c. lukewarm water. Stir; let stand 10 min. Scald 1 c. milk, add 5 tbs. sugar; add 2 tsp. salt, cool to lukewarm. Add to yeast mixture. Add 3 c. sifted flour, beat until perfectly smooth. Add 4 tbs. melted shortening and 3 c. more sifted flour, or enough to make easily handled dough. Knead well. Place in greased bowl. Cover; let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk, about 1½ hours. Punch dough down in bowl; let rise again in warm place until nearly doubled in bulk, about 40 min. When light, roll out ¼" thick. Brush over lightly with melted shortening. Cut with 2" biscuit cutter, crease through center heavily with dull edge of knife, fold over in pocketbook shape. Place on well-greased shallow pans 1" apart. Cover; let rise until light, about 1 hour. Bake in 400°F. oven about 15 minutes.