"SALADA" TEA

Just try it

Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

W.N.U. FEATURES

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER XI: McCale converses with Miss Adelaide Bigelow. She admits that she is worried about Vallaincourt's background, in particular since he will control the huge fortune as soon as he marries Veronica.

CHAPTER XII

"Yes and no." Miss Adelaide rushed on now as though pressed for time "My brother did not believe in having money standing idle for always. He wrote a most peculiar will."

She steadied herself, as if giving information on so private a matter required a supreme effort.

"I think he believed we would all benefit eventually. I—I believed he counted on Veronica's marrying someone whose background we all knew. You see, Sybil and I have to agree on Veronica's choice."

"Rather hard on Veronica, I should say."

"Oh, yes." She yas trying hard to explain it as she saw it. "But he thought—"

The old voice rose now, an hysterical note in it. "He wished a man to have control of it. Veronica's husband gains control of it to do with as he will."

* * *

"God!" McCale exploded. The spool of his brain turned swiftly in a convulsive unreeling. The plot it brought to mind left him numb—by its malevolence.

"Why didn't you come to me before?" was all he could say. McCale laughed harshly.

"Now you are caught in a really diabolical web. Too late to extricate yourselves without a scandal."

Light fled from her old eyes as inwardly she contemplated such a thing. He felt cruel and vicious and hard, but at least rational, and was not quite able to comprehend her attitude.

"We can still expose this fellow-me-lad. It's quite possible that I can dig up something in a few days."

"Imposible," she murmured.

"Then why, in all justice to yourself, did you call me in at all?" he wanted to know.

"I think I wanted to be sure."

"Who introduced Curt Vallaincourt into this house?" he asked.

But this query went unanswered. For an instant of bringing his glance to focus on her, he saw her sway as if something outside had struck terror to her heart.

* * *

A shot split the silence, forcing a cry from her lips. He believed for one awful moment that someone outside had shot Adelaide, half expected to hear the shattered glass of a windowpane fall to the floor. In one leap, he was at her side. She huddled against him, pointing out and down

One quick glance and the scene below was forever photographed on by-path of the Common that bisected the hill.

She stopped running when she reached it. For a moment, he thought he saw someone else, someone in a gray raincoat walking steadily away into the fog. He could not tell whether it was a man or a woman, for the gray of the coat dissolved the figure into a mere blur. It only struck him as odd that the figure did not turn or falter or come nearer. It just walked—sedately was the only word—away There was something terrible in the unruffled walk, because directly across from it and below where they peered out, something quite awful staggered, one hand to its chest, the other groping out blindly.

* * *

It was a man, tall, wide, a dark shadow of agony, seeking to climb the Bigelow stairs.

The doorbell pealed sharply, a ring of sheer despair.

Miss Bigelow and McCale, in a single movement, ran out of the drawing room. McCale reached the stairs first, tumbling down them two, three at a time. The bell was ringing now, steadily, a shriek, as though someone leaned heavily against it.

The butler, King, came out of the back hall, a sour look on his face. But McCale was already wrenching open the door. A light went up in the hall as the startled man servant pushed a button. For a moment, no one seemed to be there. The door gaped wide and black. Then, from around its edge, a bulky object slid, slumped to its knees, lunged forward, then out flat.

Curt Vallaincourt turned his exquisite head once, opened his agonized eyes once, mouthed a word before he died.

"Veronica," he muttered thickly before his heart bubbled up into his throat.

It was then that Adelaide Bigelow dropped down beside him, cradling his head in her lap. Her tired old hands smoothed dark silky curls out of his eyes.

"A doctor," Miss Bigelow gasped.

* * *

"The police," McCale said curtly.

"But he may be dying—a doctor."

"I'm sorry," he looked deep into her eyes, "but he is dead."

A shudder ran over her thin frame. He stepped around the grotesque bundle at his feet and out of the door. He had been at the upstairs window an instant after the shot. But there were only two humans in sight at that moment—the woman in green, running across the park; and the shadowy person in the gray raincoat, running away from the crime!

He closed the door on the night, shutting it out with the incredible thoughts which seethed through his mind. He barked an order to the butler, necessary action taking over his brain and body for the next few minutes.

"Leave the body just as it is," he cautioned, adding, "a police requirement," for he saw a look of dismay on Miss Bigelow's face.

She was still sitting numb and stricken, on the carpet beside the body.

McCale spoke briefly to the butler. "Get the police department on the telephone. Wait a minute. Call Devonshire 1212—line 103—and ask for Donlevy, chief of homocide."

* * *

McCale grasped Miss Bigelow's elbow in a reassuring grip. "We have less than six minutes at the most," he said, "before the department, or at least a squad car, will be here. Where can we have a minute to talk? Alone."

"The library," she said, her voice stronger.

The library was directly back of the dining room where the gifts were on display. It was a large and comfortable room.

She sat down in one of the chairs immediately, and McCale noticed a slight squaring of her shoulders. Her face turned up to his seemed old and tired, but quietly resigned

She waited for him to speak.

"I want your help," he began, "I'm going to be out of here before the police arrive."

"Oh—but please—"

He held up his hand. "You must understand this. There may be some way I can lessen the publicity this case is bound to stir up. Don't think I mean to obstruct justice. I'm not that kind of detective, but you must understand that once the police come into this, you will have no peace. Your privacy, your home, your very lives will be ripped wide open."

"I understand." Her face was bleak.

* * *

He went on rapidly. "If I am here when the police arrive, I will be tied up for hours maybe with the preliminary investigation. If I am not, I can perhaps discover something before they do. I know Donlevy, Chief of Detectives. I can talk to him tomorrow. What I must do is get a head start. I want, for instance, to search Vallaincourt's rooms. Where does—did he live?"

413 Fensroad—but what shall I tell the police?"

"Tell them I left—that you do not know why."

"Yes."

He glanced at his wristwatch. Two minutes to go.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

This Takes Care of the Old Clothes

Mrs. Laura Swan of South Paris, Me., shows you the room-size braided rug she made for her daughter, who lives in California. Now the Swan family has no old clothes left.

Sunday School Lesson

The Kingdom Established

1 Samuel 9:1-2; 11: 12-13; 15: 1, 22-26, 34-35.

Golden Text; Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.—Psalm 33:12.

The kingdom was the kingdom of Israel, with its first king, Saul, standing head and shoulders above the people, chosen to be their leader and acclaimed as all the people shouted, "God save the King!"

It seemed an auspicious moment in the life of Israel, but the accounts, probably composed into the book of 1 Samuel by a later hand, are somewhat conflicting. The king is represented as "God's anointed," and Samuel is represented as acting with divine authority in anointing Saul.

* * *

But in 1 Samuel 10:19, Samuel charges that the demand of the people for a king is a rejection of God. He predicts with realistic somberness the oppressions and extortions that the establishment of a king will bring. Light is thrown on the words of Samuel by what happened a little later, when the people rebelled against the oppressions of Solomon, about to be reimposed by his son, Rehoboam, and civil war rent the kingdom in twain, never to be reunited.

Why should there be so much interest in the political history and life of a numerically small people so long ago in a country no larger than one of the smaller American states?

* * *

The answer is that the record is a part of the Bible, which has been truly called "God's Book for Man's Life." Nowhere in literature is there a record that in so comparatively small a compass sets forth with such clearness and precision the incidents and causes in the rise and fall of nations and the conditions that make for welfare, stability, peace, strife, tragedy and decay.

Moreover, it is in the life of a comparatively primitive people emerging to statehood on a comparatively small scale, that one can observe more clearly and accurately than in a complex modern society the forces and laws that are at work and that have their effect on welfare or disaster.

Laura Wheeler

What a luxurious effect you can obtain with truly simple stitchery! Spreads, bolsters—old or new—are beautiful with this popular design.

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Quick Spanking

There can be worse things than a quick spanking, quickly finished and not administered with savagery or hatred, says the Chicago Daily News. One worse thing is a sore and sulky parent, cherishing a long grudge against a child for some slight misdemeanor, and inflicting on the child a long sense of shame, and guilt. A light penalty, properly inflicted, soon over and done with does far less damage, even if it takes the form of a swat with the palm of the hand.

We do not recommend spanking. But far less do we recommend a mean and sullen parent who gives a child no chance to purge himself of his fault and forget it.

Cooking Tip

You may soon be finding frozen Alaska salmon steaks in the market: The Fish and Wildlife Service of the United States Department of the Interior has a hint on the proper cooking of salmon: a low temperature is preferable since high cooking temperature causes a loss of natural juices and flavor.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I iron curtains satisfactorily?

A. When ironing curtains, fold the curtain lengthwise with the selvage to the right, within about an inch of the center, being careful to keep the selvage straight. Unfold the curtain without stretching the two inches in the center which were omitted when the curtain was folded. This will make the curtain look like new, there will be no fold in the center, and it will hang perfectly.

Q. How can I whiten clothes?

A. One method is to soak them over night in a solution of one quart water to one teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

Q. How can I make a good solution for whitening the skin?

A. Mix 2 tablespoonfuls of oatmeal, ½-teaspoonful of powdered borax, and ½-pint rosewater. Let it stand for 2 or 3 days, then strain well and add ½-ounce of alcohol.

Q. How can I easily remove the white lining of an orange?

A. The white lining of an orange or grapefruit will come off with the skin if soaked in boling water for a few minutes before peeling.

Q. How can I make the new tooth brush last longer?

A. Soak it over night in salt water, to make it last longer and also to cleanse it.

Suffering from SINUS pain?

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generally affords quick relief from painful discomfort of sinus infection.

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Most Dangerous Room in House

It is estimated from studies of home accidents among Metropolitan Industrial policyholders and among other groups, that in the neighborhood of 6,000 men, women and children are killed each year in the United States from mishaps originating in the kitchen.

Many times that number each year are more or less seriously injured, though not fatally.

The kitchen, as a rule, is the centre of domestic activity, and the housewife and other members of the family concerned with running the household spend a good part of the day there. Even more important is the fact that the activities usually carried on in the kitchen—cooking, baking, washing, ironing—expose the family to a wide variety of hazards, such as burns and scalds, gas poisoning, cutting, contact with electric current, and falls.

In no other room is there such concentration of hazards, and in no other room is there as much chance during the waking hours for both adults and children to become involved in a fatal accident.

Disburbing

Teachers in Northwestern Ontario are finding their thoughts dwelling frequently on money these days, remarks the Fort William Times-Journal. One of them gets $2,100 a year. In the past 12 months five of his pupils have quit school for railroading and are making as high as $3,000 a year. The young fireman who is getting this top figure was none too bright as a student.

Slap-Tails Co-operate With Engineers

You know that the beaver is Canada's national animal and you may be aware that his pelt adds some $5 millions a year to the national income, but you've no idea what a helpful little fellow he can be when in the mood, says Maclean's Magazine.

From the Fisher River area in northern Manitoba we've been hearing about a roving pack (?) of beaver that, upon finding what struck them as a dandy place to build a dam, were only mildly provoked to find that some provincial engineers had got in ahead of them. What the beavers didn't know was that the dam hadn't quite raised the local water level as high as desired, and the engineers had decided a two-and-a-half-foot addition was called for. What the engineers didn't know was that the dam didn't suit the beavers either, but that they thought another foot would do the trick.

The slap-tails fell to, expanded the project according to their own specifications and hoisted the water level right to where the engineers wanted it.

Wobbly Furniture

Do you have a piece of furniture that wobbles because of uneven legs or a bumpy or sunken spot in the floor? An adjustable furniture cup has been invented to take care of just such a situation. Four cups, made of walnut plastic, come in a boxed set. One of the four screws around, and adjusts the table, chair, chest, stove, or refrigerator so that it sits solidly on the floor. There's no need to use unsightly wood wedges, match sticks, or wads of paper as makeshifts.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. On what occasions does one wear full evening dress?

2. When being introduced to someone, is it all right to say, "Pleased to meet you?"

3. How should invitations be issued to an informal dinner?

4. Which expression should be used in a social note or letter, "Dear Mr. Allen" or "My dear Mr. Allen?"

5. Should the bride and bridegroom both reply to a toast that is given to them?

6. Where should the coffee or tea pot be placed on the table?

Answers

1. At formal evening weddings, large formal dinners, balls, formal evening receptions, and the opera. 2. No. The only acceptable form now seems to be, "How do you do?" 3. By a short note or by telephone. 4. That depends upon whether the note is formal or informal. "My dear Mr. Allen" is the more formal. 5. The bridegroom replies for the bride. 6. At the righthand side of the hostess.

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SWEETER TASTIER **White Bread**

RECIPE

Put 1 c. lukewarm water in bread bowl, add 1 envelope Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast and 1 tsp. sugar, stir: let stand 10 min. Scald 2 c. milk, add 5 tbs. sugar: add 5 tsp. salt; cool to lukewarm. Add to yeast with 1 c. water; add 6 c. sifted flour; beat well. Add 5 tbs. melted shortening and 6 c. more sifted flour, or enough to make easily handled dough. Knead dough quickly and lightly until smooth and elastic. Place dough in greased bowl, cover; set in warm place, free from draft. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch dough down in bowl; let rise again until about ¾ as high as first rise. When light, divide into 4 equal portions; shape into balls. Cover with cloth; let rest 10 to 15 min. Shape into loaves; place in greased bread pans. Cover: let rise until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour. Bake in 425° F. oven for 15 min., then reduce heat to 375° F. Finish baking about 30 min. longer.