"SALADA"
TEA
Outstanding Quality

Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

W.N.U. FEATURES

SYNOPSIS

Chapter XIV: Donlevy calls on McCale and trades information with him. McCale is convinced that there had been an affair between Shari Lynn and Vallaincourt—that they may have been man and wife at one time.

CHAPTER XV

"To get on with it, the Garboish Karen is quite another ticket. As masklike and cold as the Snow Queen. Concerned, but unruffled, if you know what I mean. She turned a shade whiter, if that's possible, but I got the distinct impression she'd only walk around the corpse and go her way. A bit too controlled.

"Victoria was next. She flew in with a book under her arm. Had been browsing around the Public Library—walked home."

McCale pursed his lips. " I imagine: she screamed once, made an inappropriate remark and had a long hooker of whisky on it."

"You are very adroit."

"I've an unusual mind, I guess," said McCale facetiously. "What crack did she make?"

"She looked down at the corpse in a kind of mixture of fright and sheer excitement and said, "Then someone did have the nerve'."

* * *

McCale whistled.

Donlevy turned a page. "Christopher Storm—the guy that didn't get the girl—or almost didn't, what? He probably will now. He swears that he was walking back and forth along the lower Common path, hoping to intercept Veronica on her way home if she should come that way. She didn't show, so he came on up to the house. There's a funny thing, Duke, them all breaking up in onesies after the wedding rehearsal. Oh, well. We come now to Veronica, the bride."

"Veronica drove up in a cab—the last to arrive. She was strangely excited, I thought. She'd been doing some last minute shopping, saw it was getting late and got a cab at the corner of Boylston and Tremont." He hesitated. " . . . she said." He let his last two words hang in the air.

* * *

"She is the obvious suspect, of course, Bart. The accusation of Shari Lynn; the fact that both Miss Bigelow and I saw a girl in green running away from the scene directly after the murder. Too bad she should have picked the corner of Boylston and Tremont street to get her cab. There are very few shops there and, as you have noted, the path running from the gate opposite the Bigelow house, over the hill by the cannon, ends at that precise point.

"Hardly coincidence."

McCale shrugged. "What about the weapon?"

"She must have thrown it away."

"Then the area in which to search for it is small. A woman cannot throw too far."

"I know that." A thwarted look came over Donlevy's craggy face. "We've had a special squad hunting it for three hours. So far, not fallen leaf, emptied every ash barrel a sign of it. We've actually used floodlights and turned up every in the park, with no luck."

"That, then, for the moment, is that."

Funny, but McCale's mind seemed relieved.

* * *

The case was dropped momentarily while they talked of pleasanter things. It was nearly twelve when Donlevy stood up to go.

"I rather thought," he said at the door, "that you were retained by the old lady Bigelow to get at the truth. Now, I'm sure you're hired to protect the girl." He tried to put it over with a slow smile.

"Nothing of the sort has been suggested to me, I can assure you." McCale returned his smile sardonically. "That's the truth."

"Okay. I have my duty to do, you know."

"I'd find the weapon first."

"Oh, sure, sure. We'll find it."

The echo of Barton Donlevy's footsteps had hardly died on the stairs when McCale, standing before the dying fire, spoke.

"I held out on the torn bit of letter."

"So I see, chief. You don't think the girl in green was the Veronica dame, then?"

"Maybe."

There was a silence for a minute, then Rocky said, "They have not found the rod."

"No." McCale's eyes lighted up as he looked quizzically at his friend and employee. He smiled as though he knew what Rocky was thinking.

"Didn't you say the gal who ran away stopped a minute to look back when she got to the cannon on the hill?"

"Yes."

"Well, chief," he jumped up, "you've been waiting to see if I'd think of it. Of course I have. After all, I've heard you tell it three times, That gun ought to be in the belly of that cannon."

* * *

They left the office in a mad rush. A cab deposited them in rapid time at the Common entrance. It was late and any police who had been searching for the gun were gone.

In silence, they climbed the rise of ground where the old World War cannon stood. It was Rocky who pushed his longer arm into its barrel, groping, grunting. He withdrew it finally, growling his disappointment.

"No soap, Duke," he said. "I touched bottom. Nothing there but a handful of leaves."

McCale was puzzled. "Leaves at the bottom of that shaft? Nonsense. Let's see." He snapped the button of his flashlight.

In the round yellow circle of light, he examined the "leaves" Rocky held in his hand. An exclamation of surprise escaped his lips. The handful of "leaves," tangled, wet, was obviously a woman's red-haired wig.

"Well, I'll be--" said Rocky.

* * *

The Baysreuth had once quartered the creme de la creme of hotel dwellers. But it didn't any more, though. Now it was just a little tarnished and tired-looking.

In suite 802, it was very hot and very quiet. Heavy draperies were pulled together across the windows.

Shari Lynn was noticeably done in. She lolled on the divan in an almost unnatural attitude. McCale thought for a fleeting moment that she had passed out or was dead.

"Oh," she said, "it's you."

"The door was ajar," he offered, and knew that instant that she had been expecting a visitor.

She swung herself off the divan abruptly at that and staggered to her feet. She looked at him, her eyes snaky and vicious.

"Get out of here before I call the desk and have you thrown out. I've got nothing more to say to you—or your friend, the lieutenant, either."

* * *

"So the cops have got to you already," he smiled.

She pivoted slowly, and there was uneasiness under her bravado.

"Listen, mister. Just what is it you want with me?"

"I only want to ask you a question or two and give you some advce."

"Look here," he said. "I know it was you who ran away from the Vallaincourt murder. You were the only woman who ran over the hill. I know, because I was at an upstairs window, and if there had been two women, I would have seen them both."

"You know a lot," she said sullenly, "but you can't prove it."

"I'm on my way to."

"Oh, yeah? Well, my story is still good. Besides, the woman had red hair. If you saw her, you'd know that."

"Granted."

"Well, then?"

(To Be Continued)

IRONING MADE FASTER AND EASIER

Nobody's yet discovered a way to make ironing a pleasant occupation but modern science has made it safer and a little easier. Ironing board covers made of Fiberglass, a fabric made from glass threads, are now on the market. They're said to be absolutely fireproof which is interesting when it's noted that over 300 fires were started in Ontario alone, last year, by irons being left on ironing boards. Also with the glass fabric cover there is no need to lift or tilt the iron . . just slide it off the garment and let it rest easily on the cover. This saves so many tiring movements you can squeeze in an extra shirt or two with the same amount of energy!

Clandestine Love Not For Nice Girls ★

BY ANNE HIRST

DEAR ANNE HIRST: I am madly in love with a married man. He had to marry his wife, but since the baby came I think he has learned to love her a little more. He also loves me very much. He keeps asking me to go out with him, and you don't know how I'd like to! But I keep refusing, because of his wife and child. What shall I do? I want to be honest. —Forlorn Lover.

● BE HONEST

One sign of real love is to desire the happiness of the beloved more than you desire your own. Is this the way you feel toward this man? If you do, you will keep on refusing to go out with him, and give him a chance to make his marriage a good marriage. It is consistently hard for him to be loyal to his wife while he thinks he can slip out with you.

You wouldn't like that kind of a date, you know. Sneaking in places where nobody you know would see you, constantly fearing gossip! It might intrigue you for a while, but soon you would find you could not bear it. Everything decent in you would rebel. You two would come to hate each other, just because you are partners in guilt. It just would not work out.

There are heart breaks and heartbreaks, you know. Now you are suffering from one. But it wouldn't compare to the miserable remorse you would feel later on. You could not forget you are shaming your family, cheating his wife, breaking up a home. A girl as fine as you could know no peace.

It is too bad that you ever saw him even once after you knew you were in love. Don't let there be one other time. Tell him, when next he calls, that you cannot see him, ever again. He will know why, and honor you for it—no matter what he may say.

Later on, when you meet a man who is free to marry you and wants to, there will be nothing on your conscience to prevent it. How good you will feel then!

● CHILDREN COME FIRST

DEAR ANNE HIRST: A week ago I left my husband. We just can't get along. I found a man that I really love, and he loves me—but he is married! My husband won't let me have my children. We both worked, and had our own home, and it was a nice one. But we fought so much I couldn't stand it, so I left. We were married for 16 years, and have two little girls.—Ashville.

Go back to your husband, and ask him to try again, for the children's sake.

How could you bring yourself to leave your little children? No man's love is worth that—and this man can't marry you anyhow.

If you had had no children, you would have no responsibilty except to your marriage vows. But you have children. They are your first responsibility now. How are they getting along without their mother? Do you dare to think? You and your husband brought them into the world, and they look to you both for a decent home where they can be raised to be good citizens. If you stay away longer, the onus will be on you.

Go back as fast as you can—and do your best to get along with their father. You owe them this.

* * *

Troubled hearts turn to Anne Hirst, knowing she will understand and help. Write her at this newspaper.

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Housing

One of the most acute housing ortages in the world is in Rio de aneiro, Brazil. This Brazilian capital has increased a half-million in population in the past few years.

Sunday School Lesson

Revolt of Northern Kingdom

1 Kings 12:1-5, 12-15, 19-20.

Golden Text. — A man's pride shall bring him low: but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit. —Proverbs 29:23.

Revolutions are strange and unpredictable affairs. History shows that people will suffer grave injustices and oppressions, especially if they are under the rule of a strong hand. But when some leader arouses and organizes smoldering discontentment, action may be swift and sweeping.

The revolt of 10 tribes of Israel against Solomon's son and successor, Rehoboam, is typical. While Solomon lived he held the kingdom together.

* * *

A man named Jeroboam, "a mighty man of valor" and servant of King Solomon, had sought to lead a revolt, but had been unsuccessful and had been forced to escape to Egypt.

Now, as Rehoboam played the fool, Jeroboam had his opportunity. Returning from Egypt, he successfully led the 10 revolting tribes to the establishment of the so-called Northern Kingdom.

* * *

The story is thrilling and instructive. When the people came to Rehoboam, demanding reforms and asking that their burdens be lightened, the king requested three days to consider.

A great opportunity was his. But when the people came three days later to receive his answer, Rheoboam spoke in those tragic and memorable words of a oppressing fool: "My father made your yoke heavy, and I will add to your yoke; my father also chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions."

* * *

It was the beginning of the end. The Northern Kingdom went down in defeat and dispersion, and the Southern Kingdom, though it continued for over 100 years, experienced defeat and captivity in Babylon.

In Palestine momentous events are happening again. Will the future see a strong Jewish nation in that Jewish homeland?

C.N.E. BULLETIN

New Ideas Sparkle In Modern Homes

What's new in housing? All the things invented during the last six years to make home lovable and livable, will be on display this Fall at Canada's front door—the Canadian National Exhibition.

"Home exhibits will take on new significance at the C.N.E., now that housing is so important in Canada's national life," Kate Aitken, Director of Women's Activities pointed out.

"We are planning to have the very latest houses and their furnishings on view," Mrs. Aitken continued. "But as both these are difficult for Canadians to obtain these days, the greater part of the exhibits will show re-modelled homes. Displays will show C.N.E. visitors more ways of making over the attic, of transforming basement rooms into attractive, healthful flats."

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. What should be done if a friend asks you to recommend him for a job with another friend of yours?

2. Are place cards used at the informal luncheon?

3. If the father of the bride gives her away, which arm does he offer her when proceeding down the church aisle?

4. What types of entertainment may the hostess plan for her guests after an informal dinner?

5. Is it permissible to open and read a message or telegram that is brought to one while sitting and talking with guests?

6. Whom should a bridegroom select as his best man?

Answers

1. Give him a note of introduction or speak to the friend about him, but give an honest opinion of what he has to offer. 2. No; the hostess gives directions as to the seating, unless the guests are so many that place cards are needed. 3. His right arm. 4. This depends upon the congeniality of the group. The hostess may plan to have her guests dance, play bridge, or some other game. 5. Yes, but ask to be excused before opening it. 6. Preference should be given to his own brother, a brother of the bride, or his closest friend.

Built-In Pressure

Pressure cookers are here to stay. New G.E. electric ranges are first to appear on the market with built-in pressure cookers as standard equipment.

BE SURE OF SUCCESS by serving Maxwell House Coffee. It's packed two ways. In *Super-Vacuum Tin* (Drip and Regular Grinds) and *Glassine-Lined Bag* (All Purpose Grind).

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ISSUE 18—1947

Delicious CRUMB COFFEE CAKE

Recipe

Add 1 envelope Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast and 1 teaspoon sugar to ½ cup lukewarm water. stir and let stand 10 minutes. Scald ½ cup milk, add 3 tablespoons shortening, ½ cup sugar and ½ teaspoon salt; cool to lukewarm. Add 1 cup sifted flour to make a batter. Add yeast mixture and 1 beaten egg. Beat well. Add 2½ cups sifted flour, or enough to make a soft dough. Knead lightly; place in greased bowl. Cover; set in warm place, free from draft. Let rise until doubled in bulk, about 2 hours. Roll out dough to ½" thickness and place in greased shallow pan. Let rise in warm place, free from draft, until light, about 1½ hours. Prick top with fork and brush with 3 tablespoons melted shortening. Cream 3 tablespoons butter or shortening, add 3 tablespoons sugar gradually, mixing well. Add ¼ cup sifted flour, ½ cup dry, fine cake or bread crumbs, and ½ teaspoon cinnamon; stir until well mixed and crumbly. Sprinkle on top of cake. Let rise again in warm place about ½ hour. Bake in moderate oven at 400°F. about 20 minutes.