The Quality Tea

"SALADA"

ORANGE PEKOE

Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

W.N.U. FEATURES

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER XVII: Rocky reports that Virginia Bigelow had entered Vallaincourt's apartment the preceding night, hunting for the letters, and that he had helped her search. They found nothing, however. McCale then calls up Ann, and tells her to run over to Shari Lynn's apartment, to see what she can find out.

CHAPTER XVIII

The library was dim and still and only the sound of a piano being played in the drawing room upstairs came through the oppressing quiet as Adelaide Bigelow finished her recital of events, and looked at McCale sadly.

"What are we going to do?" she asked.

"I think," he answered, "that I may be able to see a little further, get a little more than the police were able to do. That is, if I can gain their confidence. If you will ask them to come in"—he rose as she got up, smiled and added—"one by one, if you please. It might be easier that way."

"To trap them, I suppose," she murmured, surprisingly.

"Why, of course." He bowed, the smile leaving his lips.

* * *

He felt the subtle antagonism leap between them. Then she came over to him, impulsively putting a thin patrician hand on his sleeve.

"Forgive me," she whispered. "It's only that I'm so upset. I know how things must be from now on. I see a whole way of life disappearing before my eyes, an empire slipping aay. I know—"

"That below the surface, things have not been what they seemed for a long, long time," he interjected, keeping the pity carefully from his tone of voice, for he knew that this she would not have.

"Yes—yes. You won't need me again?" She spoke as if that would be abhorrent to her.

"No. It is better that I do my—dirty work alone." He smiled once more, as he watched her leave the room.

* * *

He stood by the fireplace, staring moodily into the ashes of last night's fire, until he heard the door open and close behind him. When he turned, he saw Stephen Bigelow standing irresolute and nervous in the gray morning light.

It was clear, as he sat down in the chair opposite McCale, that he was completely shaken. Although it was no doubt partly hangover, McCale intuitively sensed that not a little of it was due to the fact that he was on his own. A complex lad, this one, he thought, riddled by complexes. He had seen enough of Stephen to know that in spite of his high-nosed arrogance, he was lost without the support of his wife and silly mother. He pondered as to which one of them had been clever enough to send him in first, so that either or both could expertly deny any break he might make.

* * *

In a business like way, McCale said, "I am willing to take the police report of your actions yesterday afternoon verbatim. However, I'm more interested in something that may not seem relevant to the murder. If you will only have confidence in me, I can assure you it will probably go no further. I ask it entirely in the hope of helping your foster sister, Veronica, out of a ticklish situation. I know, of course, that you are eager to be of any assistance possible to her."

"Oh, quite." The answer came readily enough. McCale studiously ignored the contemptuous curve of the lips that accompanied the remark.

"Very well, then, I'd like to know if you had known Curt Vallaincourt before he became engaged to Veronica. What you know of him. What you thought of him, to be exact. How, for instance, did it happen that he came so suddenly to this city to be taken up immediately by your family.? I'd welcome anything you can tell me."

He saw the relief come over Stephen's face, relief that the question was not the one he had feared. Stephen smiled—a thin-lipped, uneasy smile.

"I met him in Chicago," he said calmly, "about six years ago. Victoria was running around with him, I had gone there for a couple of months, just to renew a few old acquaintances."

* * *

"Anyone in particular?"

"No." His hands shook a little as he fumbled for a cigarette and lighted it. "Just a couple of fellows I had known in the navy. At one time, you see, things were not very—well, pleasant at home. I ran away and joined up. I made a few friends while I was in the service. I corresponded with them from time to time after I got out. We are not a particularly happy group, McCale, en famille, so to speak. So—er—a little squawky, I decided to hop out to Chicago and visit a chap who had since married and done quite well for himself."

"Sort of run away again, is that it?" McCale's grin was sardonic. He thought—as you've run out on everything unpleasant since you were a kid, I can bet.

"Well, I suppose you could call it that"

"You took Victoria with you?"

* * *

"No, she came to fetch me back, as it were. All is forgiven, you know. That sort of thing. Victoria had met Curt in some of her wanderings. I had met Karen by then and didn't want to leave until there was some sort of understanding between us. We stayed almost a year, until I married her. Vicky corresponded with Vallaincourt for a while after she came home. It was she who finally got him here. Ran into him by accident in New York or something, and she brought him along for a visit. He just stayed that's all."

He settled back in the chair, a little less jangled, as if a job had been done and rather well done.

McCale settled back in his chair and looked at Stephen Bigelow with unconcealed disgust. Then he decided to try a shot in the dark and see what it would hit.

"O course you know that Curt Vallaincourt was married at some time in his lively career."

"Oh, yes. He was," Stephen admitted, completely ofl guard.

"To Shari Lynn?"

"You knew her, too?"

* * *

"Sarah Linsky to you," Bigelow blurted, then bit his lip, realizing the trap.

"You knew her too?"

"I'd met her. We all met once or twice. Bue he divorced her, you know."

McCale changed the direction of his next questions strategically and said with the suddenness of a catapult, "You were spying on your wife and Curt Vallaincourt at The White Abbey night before last, weren't you?"

"No, indeed. I just happened to be there. I saw them talking. What of it? Karen comes and goes as she pleases."

"You didn't, then, suspect her, say, of having an affair or some secret connection with him — say something she wished to keep from you?"

* * *

"Not at all, Mr. McCale. Whatever gave you that absurd idea?"

Mr. McCale thought—he has been lying to me now for the last three minutes.

He shrugged. "You haven't a thing to tell me that might help the growing case against Veronica, then?" he asked.

"Nothing at all."

Stephen rose, well aware that he had acquitted himself, in his own mind anyway, with some success—that the interview was over. He paused at the door.

"Who is next for the inquisition?" he asked mockingly.

(To Be Continued)

IN POVERTY-STRICKEN GREECE

Their home, a shack in the slums, Georgia Haloulou and her family manage to keep alive. The children sell flowers in order to purchase food. The current campaign to raise $1,500,000 in the Canadian Relief to Greece Appeal is an attempt on the part of Canadians to help provide medical care and hospital equipment for the sick and the diseased in Greece. Many of these are children.

There are more than a million people absolutely homeless in Greece today. There are two million souls suffering from tuberculo- and chronic malaria. There are 375,000 orphan children. These are the results of the stand taken by the Greek people against the Axis drive through Southern Europe.

Facts like these are being pointed out by officials of the Canadian Relief to Greece Appeal committee which is now organized and campaigning for $1,500,000 to be spent in Canada on medical and hospital supplies for shipment to disease-stricken Greece.

The former U.N.R.R.A. chief whose organization withdrew from Greece the end of March, urged further assistance and pressed for the success of a fund-raising appeal. By voluntary contribution, Canadians have already sent approximately $4,500,000 worth of medical supplies and concentrated food consignments. But this help must be continued, officials emphasize, if the children of Greece are to have a chance to grow into healthy, self-supporting men and women.

Major General L. R. La Fleche, Canadian Ambassador to Greece says in a letter to the Greek committee: "I trust that the excellent work of the Canadian Relief to Greece Appeal will be continued because after U.N.R.R.A. leaves Greece, some organization will simply have to continue to do something for the people here who have not yet recovered from the terrible losses of the war and the occupation. Would you try to contrive to keep things going?"

Canadians who want to send in a contribution no matter how small, are asked to get in touch with the local committee or mail their donation direct to the Canadian Relief to Greece Appeal, Committee Rooms, 36 Adelaide St. E., Toronto. An official receipt will be mailed acknowledging the contribution

Sunday School Lesson

Fall of Northern Kingdom

2 Kings 17:5-12, 22-23; Isaiah 28:1-4

Golden Text. — For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.—Psalm 1:6.

"The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish."

That is as true concerning peoples and nations as it is of individuals. And it is as true today as it was in ancient times.

Ten of the 12 tribes of Israel, it will be recalled, had revolted under Jeroboam, the rebel against Solomon. Jeroboam returned from Egypt to lead the successful revolution against Rehoboam, Solomon's son, when the latter refused to lighten the burdens that Solomon had imposed upon the people. Two tribes, Judah and Benjamin, remained loyal to Solomon's successor in the Southern Kingdom.

* * *

The Northern Kingdom, with its 10 tribes, should have been the stronger. But it had in it from the beginning elements of dissolution and defeat. Jeroboam, who came to power, was not long revealing his baseness.

The weakness had the familiar aspects of all social failure and deterioration—dishonesty and corruption in public and in private life, licentiousness and debauchery among the well-to-do, disregard of the poor, exploitation of the people.

* * *

This is a temperance lesson, and the prophesies of the time in their revelation of the social abuses stress how large a part strong drink had in breaking down morale, bringing woe and destruction upon the nation.

Temperance lessons and lectures are not popular today. The prevalent psychology is favorable to drinking and indulgence, where a generation ago it was favorable to total abstinence. It is fair to make a distinction between drinking and drunkeness, between use and abuse of intoxicants.

But it important to remember that intoxicating liquor has in it inherent dangers.

The Northern Kingdom went down in ruin, and any nation that does not overcome evil with good is doomed to disaster.

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ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Hatred Must Not Embitter Grief

DEAR ANNE HIRST: Four months ago my brother was killed in an automobile accident. A neighbor's boy asked him to go riding, said it was a friend's car. There was an accident and the other boy, though hurt, ran off and left my brother alone! It seems he had stolen the car, and was afraid he'd be found out. He lied about his own injury — and I only learned the truth when I saw my brother in the hospital a little while before he died. I want you to tell me what to do when I see this boy. I feel like killing him! I can't tell you how I hate him. Will you help me? I don't want to do the wrong thing.—*Mrs. A. H. M.*

* * *

● OUT OF YOUR HANDS

A few years ago, the little son of a friend of mine was killed by another boy who was playing with a shotgun. The first act of the dead lad's mother was to go to see the other boy's family and tell them how sorry she felt for them all. She knew the tragedy was accidental, and she realized that this young boy would carry the grief of it through all his life. She was and is a great lady.

Your hatred of this boy, who was the cause of your brother's death, is the first natural reaction to shock. It will, I believe and hope, pass. You will remember that his punishment is out of your hands. Life will never let him forget, and throughout all his years he will live in the shadow of the thing he has done. Leave him to Fate.

For your own sake, you cannot afford to nourish this bitterness against him. It will poison all your thinking, it will destroy your sympathies; it will change you from a gentle, Christian woman into a spiteful person whose soul will slowly shrivel. Your life is before you. Will you make it an evil life?

You will never get over the grief of your brother's death. But you can get over this hatred you feel now and even, some day, come to feel the compassion we all must try to cherish toward those who suffer from the consequences of their own weakness.

● HUSBAND NEEDS SHOCK

DEAR ANNE HIRST: I have been married 15 years, nd I am in a daze. My husband won't stay home and act like a married man. If it were not for the other woman, I feel we could be happy again, for I love him dearly. I have even offered to divorce him. I have tried everything! We own our business, which I have been running—he'd rather be foot-loose. We don't get to go anywhere together. I'm afraid this will get the best of me. The children love their Daddy and need him, but they are beginning to understand. Is there any way to shock him into a sense of his responsibilities? It is up to me to make some move! You have helped so many—can you help me?

—*Puzzled Wife Thelma.*

* * *

It is time, indeed, that you put your foot down. Tell this skittish husband of yours that you cannot run his business and take care of the children and the home any longer. He must take over his responsibilities or you are through.

You have been too easy with him—yet I can understand why. Now be firm, and let him see that you mean what you say. He must be made to see that he cannot own a business and neglect it, any more than he can have a wife and children if he neglects them. Either you will take the children and leave, or he must. I think this will give him the shock you and I agree he needs.

Don't play the part of Fate. Anne Hirst will help. Write her Box "A," 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

C.N.E. BULLETIN

Space-Saver Plans Win $100 Prize

There's one thing about the Canadian National Exhibition—you don't actually have to go to it in order to participate.

People from the far-away cities, the towns, the villages and the farms right across the country have the opportunity of entering many of the C.N.E. competitions. Prizes don't go to those who attend the Ex—they go to the best entry, no matter where it comes from.

There's $100 for the person sending in the best space-saving and storage ideas. These days, with houses hard to come by and families doubling up into smaller quarters, every inch of space can be used.

Clever homemakers are always working out space-saving ideas—cupboards, bedroom closets, storage cabinets and a hundred different original ideas for preventing clutter. In some homes, there are the most ingenious ways of hiding the card table, the youngster's toys, Dad's overalls and boots.

By drawing these ideas out on paper, by describing them briefly, it's anybody's chance to win $100. Entry forms may be obtained by writing to Women's Section, Canadian National Exhibition, Exhibition Park, Toronto.

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