"SALADA"
TEA
Delicious Flavour

Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

W.N.U. FEATURES

SYNOPSIS

Chapter XVIII: McCale hurries to the Bigelow mansion and conducts a careful questioning of the various members of the family.

Chapter XIX

"You might ask your mother to step in for a moment," McCale answered.

Sybil Bigelow came into the library.

"Sorry to bother you, Mrs. Bigelow," he said.

"Oh, no, I mustn't be spared," she sighed. "It's all so sordidly necessary."

"Why did you go to the White Abbey the night before last?" he asked without preliminary.

"Why, I—I wasn't there . . . I—" Quickly she sank into a chair.

"You were seen, you know," he went on. "Your altercation with your daughter-in-law and your entrance into the club."

"I've got a right to go anywhere I want. As for my daughter-in-law, I often have to be a bit harsh with her. She neglects my son."

"But you were heard not to believe her when she assured you that the man you came to see was not there."

A hard, beady look came into her eyes. Her face sagged as if the veneer were about to crack.

"Did you see him?" McCale prodded.

"I told you I did not go to—that is, I did go inside the lobby, but decided not to go upstairs, I returned home."

* * *

"You didn't see Curt Vallaincourt as you had planned, then?"

"I tell you I didn't go upstairs. Besides, I went there to get my son. He had quarreled with Karen and I was afraid he had started out on a—a binge." She said it very defiantly.

McCale wondered what her answer would have been if she had not known already that he knew Stephen had been there.

"One more question," he said. "What did you see, yesterday afternoon, when you were in front of this house at the time of the murder?"

The blow of it visibly staggered her. She gasped. Her eyes were filled with sheer terror. Her mouth grew slack.

"Oh, no," she whimpered, "I was not there. I wasn't. You're mistaken."

His voice became hard, his look insistent. "You wore a gray raincoat," he said. "Both Miss Adelaide and I saw you."

"No, no—she couldn't have. She didn't—hasn't—"

"She would not tell you. You know that. She has not admitted it even to me. But I saw you, Mrs. Bigelow. I know it was you."

* * *

He waited, tense, as she pulled herself slowly together. She arose with cold determination.

"Very well, then," she said at last. "I was going to protect her. God knows why. I didn't actually see the shooting. It was foggy, slippery, you know. I have very small feet and sometimes lose my balance. I was picking my way. I had my head down when the shot came. I was so frightened—and for a moment dazed. I didn't know it was Curt. I only saw a man stagger a moment. He seemed to recover himself and walk on—toward me. In my shock I stepped off the sidewalk and crossed the street. It was only when he fell to his knees on our steps that I knew something terrible had happened. It was then I saw Veronica running across the Common path. Veronica—" she drew herself up majestically.

"Why didn't you immediately come into the house? I should have thought—"

"Oh, but I couldn't. Don't you see? If I'd gone right in, everyone would have known, wouldn't they? I'd have had to say I'd seen Veronica. I couldn't do that—I couldn't."

McCale wondered why, if she couldn't face telling it then, she was able to be so glib about it now.

"I slipped down the other side of the street to the drugstore for cigarettes. I met Stephen there, you know—or don't you?"

"Yes. I have seen the police reports," he said gravely. "Will you send your daughter in please?"

She accepted her dismissal with the air of an actress taking a curtain call.

"You're making your farewell tour," McCale chuckled to himself, his mind busy with her treachery.

You never would have guessed that Victoria had been up most of the previous night. The circles under her eyes were no darker than usual.

"Too bad you weren't able to find your letters in Vallaincourt's apartment last night," he opened.

* * *

She did not seem startled. She tossed her dark head.

"Oh, you know that, do you? How did that get out?"

"My assistant, who helped you search. He was quite smitten by your charms."

"That ox." Her lip curled. "So he works for you. He told me he was a policeman."

"Well, he'd make a good one, at that." McCale chuckled. "You'd have recognized him if you'd been home the night before. He was on duty here all that night. Where were you, by the way?"

"That's my business."

"Perhaps it's mine. Or at least the police may want an explanation. Were you at the Vallaincourt apartment, by any chance?"

"My little romp with Curt was over long ago."

"Was it? he asked quietly, hard bunches showing along his jaw.

"Yes. Who says it wasn't?"

"The red wig you wore when you impersonated your stepsister, Veronica, each time you went there."

"You'll have to prove that."

* * *

Her eyes grew hooded and he saw her hands tremble. His shot in the dark had been a good one.

"Proof?" he said, smiling, "I don't need to prove it. It's self-evident. I know a lot more about the woman that Curt Vallaincourt knew than you can imagine in your wildest dreams."

"Oh, what does it matter, anyhow? We're all sunk. I did want those letters though. You know what I think? I think you know where they are. I think you could get them for me. Why won't you work for me? I said I'd pay you well. I've got enough money." Her eyes were bright.

"What good would that do?"

She got up, turned her back to the window, and made a quick, pleading gesture.

"Shari Lynn has them. She must You hinted at it the other night. You can act as intermediary — get your cut—anything. Only I've got to have them."

"Why?"

She was impatient in her anxiety, boldly took another talk.

* * *

"See here"—she came close to him, dropping her voice conspiratorily—"you're working all out for Veronica, aren't you? Now listen. If those letters come out, it will put her in a worse spot than she's in now."

"I'm sorry, but I don't follow you."

"Oh, Lord. I thought you said you were a detective. Look. Veronica found out, somehow, that I had known Curt rather well. Don't ask me how. I don't know that. We had a whale of a row over it, but I denied it. Do you see? Now, if they get her for his—his death, and the letters are found, it will prove she was right. Don't you get it? It will give them a moitve. If I can get them back, I can destroy them."

He chuckled cynically, striking his hands together with a muttered exclamation. "No," he barked, "not really! Don't tell me, in all seriousness, that you want to protect Veronica?"

"Of course. Why?"

(To Be Continued)

Britain's old maids want a pension and they're telling London about it in every way they can—including through these loud speakers hung from the mouth of one of the famed Trafalgar Square lions.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Can Love Triumph Over Separation?

DEAR ANNE HIRST: My fiance, who is 25, will be in school four more years, and he doesn't think we should be married until he finishes. We've been going together over two years, and been away from each other most of the time. Do you think we will still love each other after four years, a good deal of which will be spent in separation? I used to think if love were strong enough it could endure separation; but I have seen so many cases to the contrary that it has caused me to doubt. Also, do you think it is true that, generally speaking men are more unstable than women?—*Worried.*

* * *

● IT ALL DEPENDS

Answering your last question, the bulk of mail over the last two decades would tend to prove that men are less dependable in their affections than women—perhaps because women make a career of love, and to men it is not so essential. (Also, women are more prone to talk about it.) Yet as soon as I conclude that, I am always bombarded with letters from deserted husbands or fiances who have been betrayed and I am forced to admit it is a moot question. Like so many sayings—"Love is of man's life a thing apart,—"for instance—it dedepends upon the individual. Some men I have known are as capable of deep and lasting love as any great lover of the ages.

Many engaged couples who had enough of loneliness during the war have married while the veteran is still in school. The young wife keeps her job (or gets one) to augment his slim income, and somehow the majority of them seem to manage very well. Perhaps, however, your fiance has other reasons to feel that it is best to wait until he can begin his chosen career.

Have faith in yourselves, and in your love. Don't be influenced by what weaker people do.

* * *

● RESENTS PROTECTION

DEAR ANNE HIRST: "I'm 14 years old, and writing you for help with my parents. As you know, at 14 you have some liking for boys. Well, I love two—. "But every time one wants to walk me home, here comes our car with my father in it. I'm so embarrassed! My pride, and everything else, is hurt. Girls as well as boys tease me. I've never done anything to make my parents distrust me. Will I never be able to go with the gang without my Daddy coming after me? I want my freedom! What's wrong?

—*Desperate.*

* * *

Nothing is wrong, unless the fact that your parents consider you the most precious thing in the world is wrong. (Do you agree?) Instead of being ashamed, you should be proud to be held so dear. It is something to boast about, especially to these friends who ridicule.

So many parents, busy with their own good times, let their daughters run wild, don't even bother where they spend their evenings, nor with whom! Yours are different. They intend to bring you up like a young lady, a nice girl who respects herself and whom everybody else respects, too. Their watchfulness is no reflection upon you nor upon your friends. In another year the nicest boys you know will be old enough to respect your parents' attitude, and give you a very different glance than the leers they use on lesser girls.

Cheer up! You may not understand what I say now, but take my word for it, it is true. Be proud of your father. There are not too many like him.

* * *

ABSENCE makes the heart grow fonder—" often of somebody else. Anne Hirst will help you understand. Write her at Box A, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

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New Feature

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Beginning Next Week
Watch For It

Sunday School Lesson

Judah's Unsteady Course

2 Kings 19:5-7, 32-37; 20:12-17

Golden Text — For thus saith the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel; in returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength. —Isaiah 30:15.

Judah became the Southern Kingdom of Israel after the division into the southern and northern kingdoms through Jeroboam's successful revolt against Rehoboam, son of Solomon.

The strength of David and the glory of Solomon soon waned when a people who ought to have been united with a common heritage in history and religion became strife-torn. In this history there is a solemn warning for peoples of today, particularly modern democracies.

The freedom that our democratic lands accord in speech and action is being used by some to promote discord and draw lines of hate and prejudice, sometimes in the sacred name of Christ and Christianity. Along that way surely lies ruin.

The Northern Kingdom, as we have seen, was the first to fall. It was swept away eight centuries before Christ when the armies of Assyria came down upon it. Its people became known to history as the "Lost Ten Tribes." The Southern Kingdom survived for another 136 years, but it also went down, before armies of Babylon.

Our lesson tells of an interlude in this 136-year downfall when a good king, Hezekiah, and a noble prophet, Isaiah, were dominant in Judah. It is the story, too, of a great deliverance prophesied by Isaiah, when a plague of disease struck the great army with which Sennacherib, the Assyrian, came to conquer the people.

But Judah's course, as the title of this lesson indicates, was unsteady. Periods of better living, wise kingly guidance, and welfare were intermixed with periods of bad leadership and idolatry.

Hezekiah himself, though a good king, was by no means perfect. He did a foolish thing when he vainly displayed to envoys from the king of Babylon his wealth and the treasures of his palace. The prospect of loot, in ancient as in modern times, was a fruitful cause of war and invasion.

Long-Lived Women

According to statisticians of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the average length of life for white women in the United States has reached the remarkably high figure of 69.5 years. For men the average length of life is 64.5 years, and for the American people as a whole, 66 years. The increase in expectation of life at birth since the beginning of the century results from a better control of infections in the young.

C.N.E. BULLETIN

Students Compete in Orange Crates

Secondary school students who know how to handle tools have a chance at the C.N.E. to show their ingenuity in making furniture, according to Exhibition authorities.

Orange crates are well made, available and inexpensive. From them, a dozen different kinds of furniture can be turned out. High school students are invited to enter the C.N.E. orange crate furniture competition no matter where they live.

Exhibits will consist of three different useful articles, each made from an orange crate. Students should use their inventive powers and mechanical ability. The three articles are to be well finished, painted or stained, so that they present a pleasing appearance. The C.N.E. requires parents to certify that the work has been done by the student exhibitor.

Prizes of $25, $20 and $15 will be given for the three best entries. Prize-winning furniture will be displayed at the C.N.E., it is pointed out. Entry forms are available by mail addressed to Women's Section, Canadian National Exhibition, Exhibition Park, Toronto.

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RECIPE

Add 1 envelope Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast and 1 tsp. sugar to 1 c. lukewarm water. Stir and let stand 10 minutes. Scald 1 c. milk, add 5 tbs. sugar; add 2 tsp. salt and cool to lukewarm. Add to yeast mixture. Add 3 c. sifted flour and 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 and let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk, about 1½ hours. Punch dough down in bowl and let rise again in warm place until nearly doubled in bulk, about 40 min. When light, roll out into rectangular sheet ⅛" thick. Brush with melted butter or shortening; cut into strips 1½" wide. Pile 7 strips together; cut into piece 1" wide. Place inch-side up in greased muffin pans. Cover; let rise in warm place, free from draft, until light, about 1 hour. Bake in 400°F. oven for 20 minutes.