The Quality Tea

"SALADA"

ORANGE PEKOE

Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

W.N.U. FEATURES

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER XX: Karen corroborates McCale's surmise about the family plot to keep control of the fortune through Vallaincourt. She also says that it was Veronica who found a scrap of a letter in which Vallaincourt tipped his hand.

Chapter XXI

When Christopher Storm bounded in with his quick virile stride, McCale turned hurriedly to shake the young man's hand. He looked into the clean-cut face and spoke quickly.

"I'm in a hell of a hurry, Storm. You can answer just one question, if you will."

"Gladly." He faced McCale with open candid eyes.

"How did you happen to give The Nest to the bride and groom?

For a moment Storm looked rattled, as if the question were far from what he had expected. Then he explained.

"You see McCale," he said, "I'm an architect. The Nest was a little house for newlyweds. I'd built it for a contest. It's a modern affair, as you know if you've seen the model—all te latest gadgets, sun decks, and stuff."

* * *

"Yes, yes," McCale interjected irritably.

"Well, Veronica and I had worked on it together. We were practically engaged and we thought when we did marry it would be just the place for us." His eyes were far away.

"Exactly," McCale said. "I understand that."

"Then Curt came along." His voice was bitter.

"Then it was a gesture? A definite, backhand slap—"

Not at all. I never would have done a thing like that. I'd had it in for Curt, all right, but after I had a talk with him, just the day before is—his death, he convinced me he really was in love—that he wanted to make Veronica happy. I—well in a great big sentimental glow, I decided to deed them The Nest. That's all."

* * *

McCale studied him. He said finally, "Yes. That's just about what I'd expect you to do."

The telephone at his elbow rang and he made a motion for Storm to answer it. The young man spoke a few words, then turned to McCale.

"For you."

"McCale here," he said, wondering who could be calling him there.

It was Ann. She sounded frightened, urgent.

"Is it all right for me to spill?" she asked.

"Go ahead."

"Duke, I'm down at the drugstore under Shari Lynn's Hotel. I went there an hour ago and could not raise her. I thought she was still asleep. I came back just now. The police are there—our friend Donlevy, and the homicide squad. The bellhops won't say a word, but, Duke—Duke—does that mean—?"

"Hold everything," McCale said.

Ignoring Christopher Storm, he made a grab for his hat.

* * *

Shari Lynn lay on her back, a weird, tragic figure in death. Her head was half under the table, as she had fallen, but not too far under to hide the staring eyes and the look of surprise and terror on her face, The patent artifice of her dyed hair accentuated more than ever her age and dissipation.

McCale's eyes were grim as he noted the neat round hole in her chest, the pool of dark blood that had spilled down her side, saturating her gown, soaking the carpet.

His eyes swiveled around to encounter two calm gray ones which contemplated him from the extreme opposite corner of the room. Ann Marriot sat astride a small theatrical trunk. She was holding the hand of Veronica Bigelow, who sagged, white and haggard looking, in a straight-backed chair.

"Ann, why did you come back here, after you called me?"

"Well, I saw two officers escort Miss Bigelow—Veronica here—into the lobby, I thought: 'Good Lord, what are they up to with that poor girl now?' So I came on up in the same elevator."

"Good girl. But how did you manage to invade the premises?"

"That was too easy. In fact, I was brought in as a prize suspect. Darned if the elevator boy didn't remember he had taken me up an hour before, so, of course, being properly awed by the majesty of the law, he just couldn't help whispering that bit of information at the door. Whereupon I was rushed in with a firm grip on my elbow." She turned to Veronica. "Are you feeling better, Miss Bigelow? Mr. McCale is going to get us out of here."

* * *

"I'll do what I can," he said, and there was genuine concern in him that came as a real surprise. He heard a soft tread behind him and turned to face the lieutenant.

"Johnny-on-the-spot as usual, I see." There was a shadow of a smile on Donlevy's lips. "Sorry I had to detain Miss Marriot, but she rather arranged her own entrance, so to speak, together with one of my over-zealous squad."

"Surely you're through with her now?" McCale was devastatingly formal.

"Quite, quite. She could have gone a half hour ago, but when I learned she had phoned you, I thought—that is—Miss Bigelow was a bit under the weather." He disregarded Veronica studiously, his manner to her hard, restrained.

So that's the way the wind blows, McCale thought, and said to Ann, "You run along now. Wait for me at the office." He looked at his watch.

* * *

Then he added poi tedly to Donlevy, though he faced Ann, I'll see that Miss Bigelow gets home safely, unless, of course"—he turned steely eyes to the lieutenant "—unless you are not willing to remand her in my custody."

"Oh, quite all right," Donlevy said.

Ann murmered a few cheery words to the girl and went out.

At the window, Donlevy spoke with an impatient gesture which took in the whole room. "A little more of the same mess," he said. "Eh, my friend?"

McCale sighed. "Looks like it," he said bitterly. "The worst part of it all is that if I'd had my wits about me, it might have been prevented."

"What?"

"I was here in this room talking with Miss Lynn about two this morning. I'm convinced by what she said that she knew something. When I came in I had the feeling that she expected someone else."

* * *

"A little blackmail, what?" Donlevy's eyes showed their intent interest.

"Yes." McCale began to prowl around the room. Everything seemed just the same as it had been.

He stopped before the collection of snapshots and photographs he had noticed on the wall the night before. He pointed to a space.

"Someone has removed a picture," he exclaimed.

Donlevy came right over. "I noticed that. But whose picture—that we'll probably never know. You didn't by any chance—"

"No I looked them over last night, but didn't recognize anyone. What about the rest of the place?"

"Oh, the whole joint has been searched. Bedroom torn apart. What they were looking for is probably gone."

* * *

McCale let his voice drop to a murmur. "Then why in God's name are you determined to pin it on that girl over there?" He indicated Veronica. "Surely—"

Donlevy shrugged. "The motive, my friend. The motive always comes back to that. The motive has piled up in the last twenty-four hours."

McCale sounded sullen. He knew only too well how it had piled up. "You satisfied?"

(To Be Continued)

Chinchilla Thrives on Baby Food—Charlie, a two-day-old chinchilla, is an orphan for all practical purposes. Born in the California State Exposition building in Los Angeles of parents kept for exhibition, the mother chinchilla ignores her offspring, born in captivity. The caretaker says he is making progress on a diet of strained baby food.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Mother Blames Son's Wife For Neglect

DEAR ANNE HIRST: I am a widow with a married son whom I get to see only about once a month—on account, I believe, of his wife. I don't think she allows him to come to see me, for when she visits her mother for a few days he wants no one but me. They have a fine son whom I seldom see, and it is grieving me to death.

I am 52 years old, and work hard at a very responsible job. I can't keep my mind on my work! They live only a few doors from me. I have never to my knowledge interfered with them.

I told him I hope his son will never treat his parents as they have treated me. Don't you think it will come home to them? And what do you suggest I do? I just can't write the way I feel about it! —*Broken-Hearted Mother.*

* * *

• OFFER TO HELP

One way to win friends or family over is to make one's self useful to them. Have you offered to sit with the boy while his parents take the evening off? Reliable sitters, I hear, are hard to find, and I expect your help would be appreciated. You could have the child to yourself, which of course you'd thoroughly enjoy.

Since your son does not seem to know the cause of his wife's indifference, it is probably due only to her thoughtlessness. Assume that, anyhow. The fact that you live close by, too, may be another reason. She has to plan ahead to visit her own mother, but you are so accessible that she probably thinks each day she'll run in tomorrow—and then something arises to prevent it. You know yourself that those whom it is easiest for us to see are just the ones we often seem to neglect.

I understand how deeply you feel about this, and I hope you will not assume there is any personal reason, unless you have to. Go out of your way to do little thoughtful acts for your son's wife when you can, and take it for granted they will be welcomed.

Young people, particularly in their eearly married life, often seem selfish and thoughtless to older members of their families. They let their own friends absorb all their leisure, and of course they like to be alone, too, in their new privacy.

Try to remember this, and so relieve your mind and heart of this strain. It will do your health no good, you know.

* * *

ESPECIALLY in in-law situations is it best to believe the best. Anne Hirst will help you to. Write her at Box A, Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

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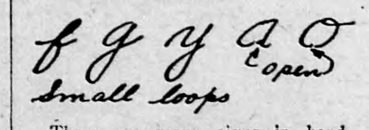
Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott

Handwriting and Reserved Friendship

When letters f, g and y are written with small loops below the writing line, about twice as long as the letter above the line, it is an indication that these writers are reserved and select their friends with care. Although such writers may be friendly and enjoy companionship, they prefer to select a few people as their particular friends. This does not mean that they are snobbish; on the contrary, they make excellent companions. They do not regard everyone as a close friend but prefer to associate with a few.



There are many signs in handwriting that tell of unfriendliness or deceit. The most common of these and easiest to recognize is the open space at the base of the letters "a" and "o". It is, however, always well to check this sign of unfriendliness with other signs in the handwriting. These will be discussed in a later article.

Anyone wishing a more complete analysis please send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Box B, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. There is no charge for this service.

To Antarctica

A combined British-Norwegian-Swedish expedition is to explore the Norwegian territory in Antarctica in the fall of 1948. Under Norwegian command, scientists will study the geography, geology, and the plant and animal life of Queen Maud's Land, practically unknown until 20 years ago, but visited since then by several Norwegian expeditions.

DON'T WAVER. Say "Maxwell House". It's the same marvellous coffee blend whether packed in *Super-Vacuum Tin* (Drip or Regular Grind) or *Glassine-lined Bag* (All Purpose Grind).

ISSUE 24—1947

Sunday School Lesson

Judah's Last Days

Kings 23:31 to 24:7; Jeremiah 36

Golden Text—The fear of the Lord prolongeth days; but the years of the wicked shall be shortened.—Proverbs 10:27.

The Northern Kingdom had fallen before the hosts of Assyria, and its people, carried off into exile or dispersed, had become "the Lost Ten Tribes" of history. The Kingdom of Judah, or Southern Kingdom, lasted another 136 years, but it soon met its downfall and the exile of its people to Babylon. From that defeat and exile, however, there was to be a glorious return and a rebuilding of Jerusalem.

Two things must be borne firmly in mind if we are to understand those times.

Such lessons are particularly appropriate for the United States and Canada, for these democracies face new and unforeseen responsibilities and dangers in their relation to the rest of the world.

The two things to remember about Israel's situation are that the prophets of the time were more important than the kings and that Israel, too, had lost any isolation it might have had.

A small tribal group, in the era before rulers and empires, had set out for world conquest and had now become a kingdom situated between great contending powers. It was always, therefore, in physical danger and in the additional danger of allying itself with one against the other and of the consequences of making a wrong choice.

It was under these circumstances that the prophets urged against entangling alliances and appealed for a high integrity in Israel itself. The prophets could not alter Israel's physical situation any more than we can alter our "one world" situation today.

It is quite possible that even a highly moral and spiritual integrity might not have spared Israel a fate of martyrdom. But what a different fate it would have been from going down in weakness and sin!

What is more to the point, the only real hope of Israel's safety and contribution to the nations lay in the preservation of her integrity. Internal honor and honesty, avoidance of intrigues and entanglements, and wise diplomacy would have been her proper course—the course our countries should be following today.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it proper to fold napkins for the dinner table into fancy shapes?

A. No; the correct shapes for the dinner table are either the perfect square or the oblong, although the triangle may be used for breakfast and luncheon.

Q. Shouldn't a hostess have something to read in the guest room?

A. Yes; a few late magazines, and, perhaps, a short, light novel.

Q. Should a small boy who is ring bearer at a wedding wear a buttonniere in the buttonhole of his jacket?

A. No.

Q. Should word be sent to the hotel to hold the room that has been reserved if one finds he is unexpectedly delayed and cannot arrive on the day stated in his reservation?

A. Yes, because hotels do not hold the room if you are not there to claim it within a reasonable time after you have stated you would be there.

Q. What are the two most important rules to follow in conversation?

A. Refrain from asking personal questions, and be attentive to the person who is talking.

Aid to Burma

Britain will contribute £12,000,000 toward Burma's 1946 budget deficit and advance more than £18,000,000 toward 1947 rehabilitation costs—all under the Anglo-Burmese financial agreement.

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Recipe

Dissolve 1 tsp. sugar in ½ c. lukewarm water; add 1 envelope Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let mixture stand 10 min. Then stir well. Scald ½ c. milk, add 3 tbs. shortening, ¼ c. sugar, ½ tsp. salt; cool to lukewarm. Add 1 c. sifted flour to make a batter. Add yeast mixture and 1 beaten egg; beat well. Add 2½ c. 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. When light punch dough down; roll out into oblong piece, about ¼" thick. Brush with 3 tbs. melted shortening or butter. Sprinkle with ¾ c. brown sugar, 1½ tsps. cinnamon, ½ c. raisins. Roll up lengthwise in a tight roll; cut in 1" slices. Place cut-side up, 1" apart in greased shallow baking pan. Cover; let rise in warm place until light, about 1 hour. Bake in 425°F. oven about 20 minutes.