Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

W.N.U. FEATURES

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER XXI: McCale is summoned to Shari Lynn's apartment, where Shari has been shot to death. He notices that a picture is missing from the wall.

Chapter XXII

Donlevy wrinkled his brow. "Come now," he said. "You're too romantic, Duke. I've got to be convinced. Besides, some of our cleverest murderers are pretty young women of good American family and background. Then, too, my investigating staff, the D.A.—they're all satisfied. Everyone except you." He smiled. He was very sure of himself and confident.

"Yes. I know. I seem to be unique. You're not arresting her?"

"We can wait for an inquest, I think. And you—?"

"I want the truth, of course." McCale showed his teeth in a dangerous smile. "I'm going on with the investigation, as you know."

* * *

Beside McCale, Veronica Bigelow lay back against the seat of the taxi cab, silent. She looked drained of all vitality, a figure of carved gray stone in terror of her inner thought. There was the distilled essence of tragedy in her young face, a face too young to be so harrassed, so bewildered. She seemed to have grown up overnight, and the growing had been too sudden, too awful.

McCale spoke to her gently. "I want to help you, Miss Bigelow. Really I do. But first you've got to believe in me. I must probe deeper than the police—maybe hurt you more—but your Aunt Adelaide expects a miracle from me, and so—"

"I know." She opened her eyes. "A few more questions can't matter now. Go ahead."

* * *

"I'm taking it for granted that you were nowhere near your home yesterday afternoon at the time of the murder. Right?"

"I wasn't, Mr. McCale." She was intense, earnest. "I can't say where I was at the exact moment, but I didn't kill Curt. I couldn't have. I couldn't kill anybody, least of all Curt.'

"Did you love him?"

Her eyes grew big as the question startled her into a consideration of the fact as it was.

"I—of course—I suppose I did." She fumbled for words. "It was like going round and round in a great surge of something—something exciting—whenever he was near me, whenever I thought of him. But it's now—now that I know that it's over, that he's gone forever—dead—that I wonder if it was love. I'm so empty.

* * *

"But how can I be sure it's the emptiness of lost love? "It's more like—oh—" She broke off, burying her head in her arms. "I don't know."

"I think I understand,' he said quietly.

"About the scrap of letter you found—a letter to Curt."

"Yes, that. I was sure it was from Vicky. She's always been so funny about Curt. Her attitude seemed to be that because she had known him first, she had priority rights over him. Something like that. I was shattered by that note and what it implied. And when I accused her, she was so hard in spite of her denial. In a foolish moment I gave it to Aunt Addy. I was so upset."

"I know that," he said. He hesitated, not sure whether to go on; then decided to risk her shock at what he had to say. "It is cruel, perhaps, to tell you now," he began, "but necessary. We haven't much time. The inquest is the day after tomorrow and—"

"Oh, but do. I'm able to stand anything after—" she shuddered—"after this afternoon."

"You see," he said bluntly, "the thing you suspected, the plot to gain control of your inheritance, was real. It was a diabolical plot—all were in it.'

"But no—no. You're wrong, Mr. McCale. Oh, I don't mean about the plot. You're wrong in thinking I didn't know about it. I was so horrified . . . Well, I went first to Chris—and . . ."

* * *

"You went to Chris Storm?" A signal flashed through his mind. He clamped his teeth together hard.

"Yes. He was furious, of course. He wanted to have it out with Curt then and there, but I persuaded him not to. I said it was my job and that I would do it."

"And did you?"

"Yes. I went right to Curt before the rehearsal, the day before—before he died. But you see, I was wrong in one thing. Curt confessed to the orginal plot. That was true enough, but—"

"But what?" McCale's mind was working furiously, conjuring up all kinds of absurd visions. He pulled himself up abruptly.

"You see," she said carefully, a tremor in her voice, "Curt loved me. He really did. Oh, I know. He'd been a hellion all right. He told me a great deal about himself that day — about his past — about Shari Lynn. But for once, it was the real thing with him. He could hardly understand it himself, but there it was. He was truly in love for the first time in his life. He was going to turn his back on them all. We were going to be happy together. There wasn't anything they could have done after we were married."

"Had he told them?" His voice was soft, insistent.

"Oh, no. I think he realized the danger, because someone was watching him."

"You mean—"

"Yes. He told me we'd have to be careful right up to the hour of the wedding. He joked about it a lot because he considered it funny. He said, 'Set a thief to catch a thief,' or 'When thieves fall out.' Things like that. He supposed they were suspicious because he'd been seen with Shari Lynn. The papers had got hold of it, you know."

"Didn't he know who was following him about? Did he say whether it was a man or woman?"

"No. He said I wasn't to worry about it. That was all." She began to cry softly.

So that was it, he thought. He remembered interpreting the light that smouldered so intensely in Curt's eyes. He remembered saying to himself, "If ever a man loved a girl—"

* * *

His reverie was broken as the cab came to a halt. He looked out. They were in front of the Bigelow house. Veronica had stopped crying, was pulling herself together to face the ordeal of homecoming. He helped her out and paid the driver. He didn't speak until the taxi had driven off.

* * *

"That afternoon—the one before yesterday—when you and Curt came into the living room, he flashed you a signal with his eyes."

"You noticed that?"

"Yes. What dd it mean?"

"It meant that everything was all right, that he'd destroyed everything—his letters, his associations, everything that tied him to the past. It was as if he said"—her voice broke—"as if he said, 'Look, darling, the past is all finished. I'm clean."

McCale blinked his eyes, cleared his throat. "All right," he said. Then, "I'm not going in with you. Things to do. Lots of them. Chin up, now. I'll see you tomorrow. Good-night."

"Good-night." She made an attempt at a smile. "And thank you."

(To Be Continued)

Music in Bed—At a music merchants' convention in Chicago, Marry Ann Duus demonstrates a new invention that promises to make confining illness or long convalescence more bearable. It's a small, lightweight fibre-glass piano designed for bed-ridden patients.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

A Wife Who Is "Supremely Happy"

DEAR ANNE HIRST: I think my marriage is as near the ideal as might be found. I am a supremely happy wife of 10 years, and have two boys. We have a goal, 'happiness for all.' This goal cannot be reached except by careful and continuous planning, and WORK. You can plan, but without the work it is no good; and you can work at anything, and without planning it is no good too often. We all love each other, but we have worked and PAID for our happiness.

"Before I was married I made a study of marriage and of home-making just as you thoroughly learn the basic studies at school. I did not read cheap stories to satisfy my desire to learn about sex. I read books and life which were recommended by my physician and pastor. I took study courses offered at school and church, and I still do. I learned how to cook and how to sew. I chose this career early, and I prepared for it with all the earnestness and hard work you would prepare for any other career.

"I was married when I was 20. We have had problems, and disagreements, but the picture as a whole is a beautiful one. My husband is finer than I will ever be. How did I get him.. Well, I studied husband-getting, and made myself grow up to be worthy of a fine companion.

Everybody would not want my type of husband. He is thrifty, intelligent, sober, hard-working—not highly educated, not a professional man. He is a craftsman, and he is a good man. I say these things to point out the fact that you do not have to be a professional to have the fine things; but you need all the education you can get, and continue to get. That is what I endorse.

"K.C."

Here is something every girl of 16 should read and follow. Thank you for sending it.

It is really up to you.

A PERSON can stand just so much. If you need sympathetic advice as to what to do, write Anne Hirst at Box A, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Night Blindness

During the war, foods of high vitamin A content were popular with aviators, because of their value in prevention of night blindness.

Carrots rank high among vegetables for their vitamin A content. This vitamin, say the authorities, is also important for good skin, healthy membranes, such as the linings of nose and mouth, and for generally keeping tissues healthy.

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott

The weight, or the thickness of writing tells us how sensitive is the writer. When the lines are fine and slender it is a good indication of deep feeling and a desire for finer things; the finer the lines, the deeper the feelings. Such writers are unassuming, modest, shun boastfulness or anything which would belittle another person.

Medium weight writing indicates a person of average feeling, who does not take to delicacies readily, but tends to prefer substantial things.

light lines
medium lines
heavy lines

Heavy lines show strength and power. They reveal lasting emotional tendencies, perseverance, diligence and the ability to carry out resolutions.

Writing that is free from a mixture of heavy and light lines and is consistently even in pressure throughout indicates the capacity for progressiveness.

The above analysis can be made only when the writing is done in ink and when several pages of writing are submitted to evaluate the consistency of the writer's feelings.

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

Peat for Fuel

Scotland is to make industrial use of its peat. A company has been formed in Edinburgh to exploit the existing large deposits. The peat, which is comparatively easy to obtain, is to be used not only as fuel for limekilns and similar works, but adapted for the manufacture of chemicals.

Only NINETY MINUTES to sew this darling drawstring frock! So very easy! Pattern 4751 is one piece; NO buttons, placket, or armhole, no waist or shoulder seams!

Pattern 4751 comes in girls' sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 10 takes 2⅜ yards 35-inch fabric.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern, to room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West Toronto. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

Sunday School Lesson

Fall of the Southern Kingdom
2 Kings 25:1-12; Jeremiah 37

Golden Text — Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people.—Proverbs 14-34.

The Kingdom of Judah was a small kingdom set between the great empires of the ancient world. It was always in some danger from its powerful enemies and especially from their ambition for conquest and world domination. The life of the people and the policy of their rulers were affected by factors over which they had no control.

It would seem that our great North American democracies have little in common with that small country. But our domestic life and our policies and actions are in large measure determined by conditions in the rest of the world.

* * *

It was always so. The oceans once kept us comparatively isolated and we used our isolation so well that, instead of having our borders bristling with guns, as in Europe, we established and have kept the peace along an unfortified border of over 3000 miles between Canada and the United States.

Despite the peaceful attitude and achievement of our two North American countries, we have within this 20th century been involved in wars that were not of our own making. We know that we are not, and cannot be, isolated.

* * *

What, then, should be our course? We can learn from the lesson of Israel and the fall of the Kingdom of Judah.

Whatever safety there was for that kingdom lay in the preservation of her own integrity, and in honest dealing with neighboring nations.

It was this that prophets like Jeremiah proclaimed as the only right course. But neither King nor people would listen. They turned their own life into corruption.

If we would heed the lesson of Israel, we would correct the evils in our internal life. Nothing would make us stronger for the inevitable part that we shall have to play in world affairs.

Big-Hearted

Father: "When I was a litle boy, I always ate the crusts."

Sonny Boy: "Did you like them, Dad?"

Father: "Of course I like them."

Sonny Boy: "Then you can have mine."

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Everyone Promised Home—In 5 Years!

Today, more than two years after the final crash of Germany, Britain's number one social problem is housing.

Millions of men, women and children are still living in inadequate, substandard houses.

Recent acknowledgement by Aneurin Bevan, British Minister of Health, that the Government had to abandon the 1947 target of 240,000 completed houses was a blow to everyone. Unofficial observers now believe that another five years will elapse before the first postwar objective of a separate dwelling for every family is achieved.

GIRLS WANTED

Several openings are available for girls to learn power sewing machine operation. Piece work earnings of operators, $20.00 to $25.00 weekly for five day week. No Saturday work. Excellent working conditions in bright, modern plant equipped with Cafeteria. Plant located on St. Lawrence River, 60 miles from Ottawa and 100 miles from Montreal.

Apply Caldwell Linen Mills,
IROQUOIS, ONTARIO

"An important part of my diet ever since my first bottle has been Crown Brand Corn Syrup. Now, that may be all right for a little character like myself, but let me tell you, these grown-ups sure are lucky what with Mom serving them Crown Brand Corn Syrup with so many of their dishes. And she uses it in her baking, too, as a sweetener. I can hardly wait until I'm old enough to have some hot waffles or pancakes smothered with delicious Crown Brand. If it's as good as it is in my cereal—mmmmm!"

For years doctors have recommended the use of Crown Brand Corn Syrup as a satisfactory carbohydrate acting as a milk modifier for bottle-fed infants.

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

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HORSE PLOWMEN!

Plan to compete for the "SALADA" TEA special award at your local branch plowing match of the Ontario Plowmen's Association. The winner of this award—for the best plowed land in jointer classes using horses—will receive a $10.00 cash prize and the right to compete in the "SALADA" TEA Trans-Atlantic Class at the International Plowing Match being held this year at Hemlock Park Farms, Kingston, on October 14, 15, 16 and 17.

The winners of the "SALADA" Gold and Silver Medals for this event will also be awarded a trip to the British Isles—all expenses paid. In addition, there are twelve other substantial cash prizes.

For full information on how you may qualify for these awards, please communicate with your own branch of the Ontario Plowmen's Association.

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