Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

W.N.U. FEATURES

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER XXIII: McCale's wound is not serious, the bullet having been deflected by a cigarette case in his pocket. Veronica Bigelow telephones McCale to inform him that Christopher Storm has been arrested.

CHAPTER XXIV

The case was beginning to irk him badly. Not only was he not making progress, he almost seemed to be going backwards.

"We gathered in Christopher Storm," he began.

"I told you to tail him, not arrest him," McCale interrupted sourly. His arm was giving him pain, and besides that, his thoughts were not encouraging.

"He swears he didn't shoot at you last night."

"I didn't think he did. Did you let him go?"

"Had to. No real evidence. And the lad's too honest to suit me."

"He came right out and admitted he was the one who was following Vallaincourt around the last few days, however. Said he had the itch either to get his hands on him and tear him to pieces, or to get something on him that would influence Veronica.

* * *

"Darned if he didn't meet up with the glamour boy and have a heart to heart talk with him, though. Vallaincourt convinced him that he was going to do right by our gal, so Storm took himself off to his lawyer's and like a boy scout signed over the 'Love Nest' or whatever he calls it.

"Why did you want me to put a tail on him?"

"Because, my good friend, I began to suspect that the lad thinks a lot, that he has more than a glimmer as to what this mess is all about. I was sure that eventually his elephantine mind would hit on something important. Would he come to me with it? Oh, no. As you say, the naive honesty of the lad is amazing. I was almost sure he'd start digging around by himself. A dangerous game." He patted his bandage. "I wanted to avoid another catastrophe."

* * *

Donlevy muttered to himself glumly.

"Instead of that," Rocky put in, "they had the mark on you for the next victim, boss."

"It won't happen again," the lieutenant said. "I've put a man on this house."

"Anything new besides that?' McCale inquired.

"Not a thing, unless you think Karen is the girl we're after. I've got a man on every last one of them now. She drew $800 from the bank this morning."

"She did?"

"Yes. Looks more like she was going to pay blackmail again, what?" He studied McCale's expression closely, but got no visible reaction. He shrugged. "Well," he looked his chagrin, "glad to see you're breathing. If you think of anything—"

"Yes," McCale's eyes were far away.

He finally persuaded Ann to go home. She wouldn't admit how fatigued she was until he callously called attention to the droop of her shoulders and the dark circles under her eyes.

Rocky watched her go with a wide grin. When the outer door had clicked, he turned to McCale.

"Well, chief?"

"I want to get out of this bed. Light a fire in my office, will you?"

* * *

He bundled himself into a bathrobe and settled down comfortably in a deep chair. The fire crackled happily, dispelling some of the gloom of the afternoon. It was still drizzly and cold outside.

At six o'clock Rocky came in from the bedroom where he had been getting some sleep. He pulled the curtains over the dark windows. McCale sat wrapped in thought, staring moodily into the fire.

"You've got to go out for me, Rock," he said, his voice packed with excitement. "Somehow, you have got to get into the Lynn girl's suite at the Baysreuth. Bribe the officer there if there's one on guard, or the desk clerk, if there isn't. If the rooms are sealed up, get in some other way." "What do you want there, boss?"

"A list of the pictures over the desk in the living room. Just a description. There's one missing."

"Where'll I look for that one?"

"I don't want it. I want the others. If you can't get them out, make a list. Get back here as soon as you can."

"Right you are."

McCale was alone when the call came an hour later He lifted the received with his good hand to hear the frightened voice of Adelaide Bigelow.

"Mr. McCales residence?" In spite of the feverish anxiety in her tone, she clung to the formalities.

"Right here, Mis Bigelow."

"Oh, I'm so glad you're up and about. I heard you had been injured."

"Yes, but I'm quite all right What is it?" He was urgent.

"It's Sybil. She's been attacked. Right here in the house. I am frightened. What can it mean? I thought—"

"Yes, yes. Is she—?"

"Alive? Yes, but unconscious. A doctor's here."

"Tell me, is it a bullet wound?"

"No."

* * *

McCale was surprised to hear this. "How was she hurt "

"She was—was struck on the back of the head. Oh, it's so horrible I suppose I shouldn't bother you, but—"

"Not at all. Keep calm I'm coming right over."

He telephoned for a cab; then hurriedly selected a lightweight coat from the closet. He had difficulty getting his injured side into it and finally gave it up, throwing the left sleeve over his shoulder. He used a scarf to improvise a sling for his arm.

As he stood on the sidewalk, waiting, a shadow detached itself from the cold, dark February night and walked toward him.

"That you, Mr. McCale?"

"Yes, officer — or — hello, Humphrey. If I'd known it was you, I'd have invited you inside long ago."

"So you knew the office had a tail on you. And me thinking it was a real mysterious job I was given. That Donlevy! Tells me I wasn't to bother you, but to stick to your door like it was me mother's."

A taxicab slid up to the curb and McCale got in. He held the door open.

"Come on, Humph. You'll get a dusting from the lieutenant if you lose your quarry."

McCale gave the Beacon street number as Humphrey clambered in. The big red-faced officer settled himself with a sigh.

* * *

If ever there was a muddled human being, it was the butler, King, who opened the door to McCale. Distress furrowed his face and every line of his old body was alive with apprehension and closely guarded terror. His hands shook as he relieved McCale of coat and hat. He spoke in an unsteady voice.

"Miss Bigelow is in the library, Mr. McCale."

The hall yawned shadowy and suddenly grim. The whole house seemed stricken. Quiet brooded and hung over everything like a veil of terror, broken only by the sound of the piano softly played in the upper regions, weird, dreadful chords, as if the player were in pain.

Adelaide Bigelow seemed changed. Like the house, she was enveloped in tragedy. To be sure, tragedy had touched her life more than once in the last hours, had crouched on her own doorstep. But now it had entered the very house, the room. It was this fact that seemed to have shattered the last remnants of her courage. She sat huddled in an armchair like a paralyzed person, powerless, watching death like a slow-burning flame creep toward her across the floor.

* * *

"Oh," she said, seeing him standing before her, noticing his arm in its hammock. "Your arm. I knew, of course, you were hurt, but—oh, I shouldn't have called you." Her voice was dull, hopeless

"When did it happen?" His tone was more like a doctor's than a detective's.

"About five o'clock. She must have lain there a good hour."

"Where?"

"In the attic."

An eyebrow shot up. "The attic? What was she doing there?"

"I—I don't know. Putting some things away or—"

"Looking for something perhaps?"

"I couldn't guess."

"Who found her?' It flashed through his mind that someone must have known where she was, would have had subtly to reveal her hiding place.

"She recovered her senses after—goodness knows how long. She walked downstairs by herself. Veronica found her pacing up and down the hall on the third floor, in a daze. She—she couldn't find her own room."

That was logical. Many people after being struck over the head, regain enough of their senses to walk about automatically seeking help, though still in a semi-conscious condition.

(To Be Continued)

'Comeback Girl' Comes Back Again—In the late Twenties, Betty Compson, famed silent film star, was called "the girl who came back" because she made a comeback in talking pictures. Now at 50 she is making another comeback with several roles in current Hollywood productions. One of the films is "Second Chance." Pictures show her as "silent" star, left and as she looks today.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Do You Get Along With Co-Workers?

THOUSANDS of girls and young men are planning to get their first job next fall, and some of them have already asked my advice as to the best way to hold it. I cannot offer any better rule than to learn to get along with the people they work with.

You may be a bright young thing, properly trained in the field you have chosen. You may be energetic and willing, attractive and well-groomed. You may have a college diploma framed on your wall, and feel that the world is your oyster, but in spite of all this equipment, if you don't learn how to get along with those who work with you, you are going to find that nasty little pink slip in your pay envelope almost any Friday afternoon.

All businesses depend upon the co-operation of every one of their employees. And any single person who becomes a disturbing influence to that essential harmony is, from the day it is discovered, on her way out.

● YOUR OWN JOB

I could paint a thrilling picture of your future in your first job, assuring you that everybody will extend the helping hand and wish you well. But I have seen too much of the dark side to deceive you. So let's face it:

If you want to train to be a restaurant hostess, for instance, you will have to learn the rudiments of serving. Another girl, perhaps, will try to steal your tables, she will call you names, use all her jealous wit to get you in wrong with the boss . . . If your first job is that of secretary, you may find at the next desk a young woman who wanted the job. She'll thrust diwculties in your path, sneer at your mistakes—all in the hope of ousting you . . . If you, young man, are starting in the stockroom, the same obstacles may seem to prevent the quick advancement you anticipated. In the business world it is everybody for himself, as you'll find out.

Take it easy. Wherever you work, there's a superintendent (probably the one who engaged you) whose job it is to see that you get ahead—if you don't, then his judgment was wrong. Never tell on anybody who works with you. You may think your boss slow in recognizing your plight, but he is there to maintain co-ordination among his employees. Do your job, and he will do his.

Good humor is a tremendous asset in business Be friendly with your co-workers, but not too intimate. Earn their respect by your own restraint, give your job all you've got, and you'll reach that desk up ahead.

Once I heard a big executive say that he'd never allow any son of his to marry a girl who had not been in business for two years. It is fine training for marriage!

TO "AMBITIOUS," "JUST STARTING," "COLLEGE GRAD," ETC.: You won't find big business as tolerant of your faults as your family have been. So learn to hold your temper, stay away from owce politics, and earn the good-will of those who work with you. You will need it.

GETTING along with people is important in every relationship. Ask Anne Hirst to show you how. Write her at Box A, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Put your pretty little girl in a midriff sun-frock! It only takes a hop, skip 'n' jump to dress her . . . and how cute she looks; Panties in Pattern 4936 are adorable, too!

Pattern 4936 comes in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 . Size 6, sunfrock, 2⅛ yards 35-inch; panties, 1⅓ yards.

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.**

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott

The optimist writes uphill and the pessimist writes downhill. You can be sure the writer who consistently writes uphill is self-reliant and will not give you the opportunity to turn him down a second time. This type of writer is a go-getter and has a healthy ambition that is hard to beat. His enthusiasm will carry him through a difficult time when everything else fails. It is difficult to discourage him as a matter of fact he takes great delight in making a come back after being defeated, believing that a cheerful attitude will make everything turn out for the best.

Writing that follows a straight line does not mean a great deal to the analyst, except that it assists in confirming other traits of character in the handwriting.

A writer in ill health who is despondent and worried will write downhill. He is a pessimist and at odds with the world in his gloomy attitude and low morale, tending to be discouraged from the outset.

Optimist

Pessimist

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.

ISSUE 27—1947

C.N.E. BULLETIN

Education Joins Fun In Teen Town at Ex.

In step with modern tempo, "Teen Town" at the Ex. will be one of the buzziest spots on the grounds down by the drink on the mezzanine floor of the Automotive Building.

Three fashion shows will be staged there daily, showing back-to-school clothes in the moderate priced lines. Commentating and modelling will be done by students.

Teen Town Theatre will run continuously from noon until 10 p.m. with spelling bees and public speaking competitions, variety shows by high schools, music shows by teen-age community clubs and movies plus plenty more attractions. Everything there comes for free, too.

The educational exhibits and class competitions in manual training, home economics, art and the like will be located in the Town. Besides there is to be a record bar and a milk bar operating full tilt. An outdoor area will be set aside for supervised dancing.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I protect the hands properly before beginning housecleaning, or any work around the house that is rough on the hands?

A. Before beginning the work, moisten some white soap and work it into the pores, under the finger-nails, and around the cuticle. When finished working, wash the hands and all the soil will come off with the soap.

Q. Is whitewash a disinfectant,

A. Yes; it also preserves plaster and wood, and if properly prepared it acts as a fire retardment. Use plenty of it.

Q. How can I prevent an omelet from collapsing?

A. This can be avoided if a pinch of powdered sugar and a pinch of corn starch are beaten in with the yolks of the eggs.

Q. How can I set colors in delicate fabrics?

A. Epsom salts is excellent for this purpose. Add a teaspoonful to **each gallon of water and the article will wash easily without losing its color.**

Help From Red Cross

Last year the Canadian Red Cross spent $7,400,000 on relief to European countries and China out of surplus war funds, and nearly $3,000,000 for peacetime work within the Dominion.

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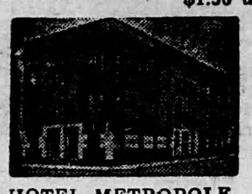

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RECIPE

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.