The Quality Tea

"SALADA"

ORANGE PEKOE

Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

W.N.U. FEATURES

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER XXIV: Adelaide Bigelow calls to say that Sybil has been slugged while hunting through a trunk in the attic. Pulling himself together, McCale hurries to the mansion.

CHAPTER XXV

"She collapsed again?"

"Yes, as soon as we got her to bed and had sent for the doctor."

"What prognosis does the doctor give?"

"She will probably recover, but she may not remember things—who hit her—how it happened—for a long time. The police were quite nasty about it, Mr. McCale. They have insisted on a police nurse so that she may be questioned the moment she regains consciousness. Oh its awful—awful!"

"What can we do, Mr. McCale?"

He turned with a violent movement, striding toward the door.

"I want to see the attic."

She rose obediently, mechanically. Up the dark, heavily carpeted stairways of the brooding house they went, past the double doors of the drawing room where Karen still played her macabre music, up to the third floor, where a policeman sat dozing before the closed portal of Sybil's room where death was hovering, up the last flight, darker and narrower than the others, to the attic where murder had been—perhaps only delayed.

* * *

Miss Bigelow pressed a switch and two yellow bulbs came into view, dimly lighting the place.

An old trunk had been pulled out under one of the lights for easier perusal. It stood open. There was a damp red stain on the bare boards where the blood had spilled from Sybil's wound.

McCale dropped down beside the trunk, asking curtly, "The weapon?"

"The police took it away—a chimney brick wrapped in a towel. The towel was from the third floor bathroom." Miss Adelaide's eyes avoided the blood on the floor.

Miss Bigelow's voice came hollowly, futility dulling it. "Then it must have been—oh, if it were not true—but it must—"

"Yes," he said quietly. "It could only have been the murderer of Curt Vallaincourt and Shari Lynn—the person who attempted to remove me from the world last night—here in this house. Surely you have known, have suspected, Miss Bigelow, that the murderer is either one of your family, or someone who goes and comes at will to and from this house."

She looked at him bleakly.

He began to go through the contents of the trunk, swiftly, urgently. It was apparent that Sybil had stored her keepsakes there. Written labels were pinned to a number of articles. There was a girl's white dress with a card that read: "Victoria's graduation." Sybil's own wedding gown. Two envelopes contained locks of Stephen's and Victoria's childhood curls. There were several school books.

As he removed other souvenirs from the depths of their hiding place, a brand-new picture of Sybil flashed across his mind. She was revealed, not so much as the woman who clung so desperately to her fading youth, who made vapid, silly conversation, who bolstered her empty middle-age with sherry, but more as a doting mother secretly keeping alive the brighter moments of a not too easy life.

McCale unfolded a large black silk handkerchief, the last thing in the trunk.

"This?"

A puzzled look came over her face. She struggled with memory. "I don't know. I can't place that. Could it have been my brother's?"

"I hardly think so.'

* * *

He fingered it, feeling the coarse pull of the silk. A signal seemed to flow from the material in his hand along his arm, into his brain. His thoughts clouded, then grew bright, as they played hide-and-seek with the infinitismal shadow of an idea. He sat on his haunches, rooted to the spot, unwilling to let the flickering image go.

He spoke slowly to himself. "Sybil was haunted by an idea. She had been frightened and wary for the last two days. She had been drowning her thoughts in wine ever since. But this afternoon, it must have got the best of her. She had to prove it, right or wrong. The proof must have been in this trunk. Surely, if the murderer followed her here, the evidence was removed after she was knocked unconscious with the improvised blackjack. Yet one small piece of evidence was missed, left behind. It is here in my hand I feel it. I know it".

He folded the kerchief carefully, slipped it into his pocket. Something told him that he too, knew the answer to the black silk square. Quickly his mind went back to the afternoon of Vallaincourt's murder. Reason pointed out to him that in the few minutes before or directly after Curt's death, Sybil had made the discovery that shattered her aplomb. But he, himself, had been almost an eye-witness to that killing. He hunched over stock-still, recalling the sequence of events as they had occurred.

* * *

Suddenly, revelation poured over his mind like a searchlight. He jumped up. Placing a firm hand on Miss Bigelow's arm, he guided her, surprised and bewildered to the stairway.

"We must go down immediately," he said. "Is everyone at home? You said Christopher Storm was here."

"Yes. They are all here somewhere. Must you see them all?"

"Not yet."

He strode ahead of her on the third floor hall. He reached the door of the second floor drawing room before she was half way down the second stairway.

As he went in, Karen stopped playing. She sat cold and austere at the piano, letting her long fingers rest quickly on the keyboard. She turned toward him as he quickly crossed the room to her side. She seemed a figure of ice, but her eyes were burning with a chill, fierce flame.

"You drew $800 at your bank this morning," He hurled the statement at her. "Why?"

A sullen smile turned up one corner of her moutth. She shrugged. He waved a hand in exasperation.

(To Be Continued)

by Laura Wheeler

Red strawberries (done in large crosses) look real enough to eat. Cross-stitched on table linens, they'll make the simplest meal a party.

Quick cross-stitch, 5-to-the-inch, makes linens to charm your guests. Pattern 943 has transfer for 8 motifs 15x15 to 1¼x1¾ inches.

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At 8 He's Been Conducting 4 Years—At 8 years old Ferrucio Burco directs the Rome Royal Opera Symphony in Beethoven's First Symphony as he makes his official debut in the Italian capital after conducting more than 40 concerts in various Italian cities. He's the great grandson of the Italian composer Vincenzo Bellini, and conducted his first concert when only 4 years old.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Tips On How To Be Popular

THE need to be appreciated is universal. It is one of the first needs we feel. From childhood on, the knowledge that we are liked and cherished spurs us to greater efforts to deserve that blessing. Particularly during the teen years do girls yearn for appreciation, and they blossom in temperament, looks, and character under its warming rays.

To a young girl, being appreciated means being popular. If she isn't popular, her life loses its meaning. She sees other girls not half so pretty who have all the dates they can handle, while she sits at home and broods. She cannot understand what she lacks, and so she spends hours in painful introspection — which makes her more of an introvert, whom no lad gives a second glance.

A few tips on what sort of girls attract boys may start some of my younger readers to a happier social life.

● BE YOURSELF

DON'T APE other girls. Be yourself for in all your little world there is nobody exactly like you. Capitalize on this, and develop your best traits.

BE ATTRACTIVE. Remember that youth in itself has a charm which needs no artificial aids, no putting-on of side. Dress neatly, not to attract attention (Bobby-soxers are old now.) Keep your skin immaculately clean, your hair shining, the seams of your stockings straight, your shoes cared for, your slip out of sight.

DON'T CHATTER. Boys like to be listened to; they're not interested in silly gossip. Learn to be a good listener; nothing so flatters a lad. And watch your voice. I've known young men to fall in love with a lovely voice!

BE LOYAL TO GIRLS. Never Never break dates with them, even for a boy's sake. Be the sort of friend you'd like to have, loyal and reliable. You'll need girl friends all your life, and these are the years to cultivate them.

DO THINGS. Learn to be a graceful dancer. Play a good game of tennis, badminton, golf, cards, swim well—excel in everything your crowd does. It's one of the quickest ways to make new friends

DON'T PURSUE THE BOYS. They like to do the hunting, and they'll run off at the first sign that you're hunting too; it spoils their chase—and it does dreadful things to your self-respect.

NO HEAVY PETTING. Kisses are not for new acquaintances. Save yours. Your boy friends will value them more. And they can't talk about you (don't think boys don't gossip).

BE HONEST. Don't ever deceive your parents. No boy admires a girl who meets him on the sly, even though he urges her to. And never go out with a boy who hasn't met your parents first. If they don't allow you dates now, tell the boy so. He'll look you up later on.

TO "D.L.", "EDITH T.", "LONELY", "UNPOPULAR" "MISERABLE," ETC.: Read these rules and study them. Develop your personality now, to prepare for more fun next year.

To "UNKISSABLE": You're right—and don't worry. Tell the boy you don't know him well enough.

PLAY FAIR—that's one rule for being popular; and nobody admires it more than boys. If you're in doubt what is fair, write Anne Hirst at Box A; room 421, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

Here's that wonderful new sideline! Most effective, the way Pattern 4571 crosses the buttons. Most intriguing the way it uses scallops to flatter. Opens flat for ironing.

Pattern 4571 in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42. Size 16 takes 3⅜ yds. 35-in.

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.**

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Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott

The love of detail is shown in the handwriting in many ways. It is mostly shown by the following signs—very small and rounded letters, careful dotting of the letter "i", short and accurate crossing of the letter "t," insertion of punctuation marks and quotation marks with great care, and sparing use of abreviations throughout the script.

All these signs indicate that the writer is careful about details and is at his best when dealing with small work that requires patience and precision. The writer is not likely to hurry in making decisions but must consider the details of a problem berore committing himself to an obligation. Good judgment usually accompanies the detail writer as he has the ability to reflect and consider in detail the important features of his observations.

When the letter "i" has the dot close to the top of the letter it is an indication that the writer has a good memory.

detail writing

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.

Sunday School Lesson

God In His World

GOLDEN TEXT.—The hearing ear, and the seeing eye, The Lord hath made even both of them.—Proverbs 20:12.

In reading the Book of Job it is important to remember that it is an ancient drama in which various characters are speaking and note in each instance just who the speaker is. Otherwise we may find ourselves taking as "the word of God" statements of Eliphaz, Bildad or Zophar, all three of whom are specifically represented by God, later in the Book, as not having spoken the "thing that is right." (Job 42:7).

The late Professor Moulton in his "Modern Readers' Bible" sought to guard such misinterpretations of Biblical truth by presenting and arranging the Scriptures in their proper literary form. This is particularly helpful in portions of the Bible like the Book of Job.

* * *

The message of the Book is that, in spite of all the doubts, difficulties, and problems, the dramatic portions have been presented with all the realism with which they have confronted succeeding generations in their quest of God, and in their questionings concerning His providence.

The Hebrew poets and prophets were realists in facing all the facts. They saw the dark and terrible aspects of some things in the world and in human experience

But they laid hold of the great, positive, incontrovertible facts of a world that could not be, or be upheld, without a Creator and Ruler. They found evidences of law and order and goodness.

They asserted, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

* * *

So, here in the Book of Job, as elsewhere, they asserted the fact of God in His world. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof—the world and they that dwell therein." It was the fool, they said, who had declared in his heart that there was no God. And their wisdom was justified. For without faith, and without God, what is there for man?

What Price Beauty?

Last year Americans spent nearly $79 million more to make themselves look and smell nice than they did in 1945.

In 1946 they shelled out more than $69,600,000 for cosmetics and perfumes (not including soap), reports the Toilet Goods Association, Inc. That was two and a half times again as much as they spent in the wild flapper days of '25.

Clean Screen

A frequent brushing is also good for another household article—the window screen. Screens and sills catch dust, dirt and small insects in the summertime which are easily brushed off. But if allowed to remain, wind and rain will beat much of the soil onto the glass panes.

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On 'CERTAIN DAYS' of The Month!

Do female functional monthly disturbances make you feel nervous, fidgety, cranky, so tired and "dragged out"—at such times? Then *do* try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. This fine medicine is *very effective* for this purpose!

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"And the way these boys race around the bases, they've sure been getting those Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes carbohydrates for energy; proteins for muscle; phosphorus for teeth and bones; iron for the blood; and other food essentials.

"Two grain — wheat and malted barley — make a big difference, all right! So does that special secret Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes process of blending, baking and toasting.

"Tongue-tickling flavor — curly, honey-golden crispness — home-run nourishment — that's Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes. And recipes for delicious cooked dishes on every package. Gimme, gimme Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes!"