"SALADA"
TEA BAGS
So handy

Murder in Plain Sight
by GERALD BROWN

W.N.U. FEATURES

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER XXVI: As McCale hangs up the telephone receiver after a conversation with Donlevy, he hears a soft click as someone else softly replaces a receiver. He tells Miss Bigelow that "this is the end. All will be over in a few minutes."

Chapter XXVII

Miss Bigelow closed her eyes in anguish. McCale continued in a rush of words.

Even Christopher Storm was convinced of Vallaincourt's sincerity. He had met Curt that morning and in a rush of boyish feeling had deeded The Nest, the house he had built for Veronica and himself. That left the others out in the cold. Better now that Veronica should marry Storm than Vallaincourt, if he was going to turn his back on them. Storm, at least, would see that they had their allowances, maybe something more. But Curt, in his complete about-face, could not be relied upon. He might cut them off completely, in disgust with himself and them, too. You can't take chancees with a reformed rake. He is liable to become very self-righteous and unapproachable. You see? Curt Vallaincourt had to die."

* * *

Miss Bigelow's eyes remained closed. She was breathing heavily. McCale hurried on

"Vallaincourt, of course, had told only Veronica, to whom he had made full confession, and Christopher Storm because he was forced to, and Shari Lynn. Shari Lynn, fatalistic in all things, probably more so about the enigmatic Curt, set out to do a little blackmailing. Knowing that he hadn't come clean to the four who were in the plot, she started plans for extortion. She got in touch wit Karen and threatened to let the cat out of the bag before the wedding bells rang. Although they all knew that something was wrong, that there was a rat somewhere, Karen decided to be on the safe side. She took $500 with her to The White Abbey for Lynn that night. She surprised Vallaincourt with her, and believe me, surprised was the word for Curt. He was utterly nonplussed when Karen walked in. She was observed by my secretary and myself; by her husband who was there on his own account, probably to watch for Shari Lynn. Sybil was there, too. She and Karen met on the steps. No doubt she was upset over the rumor that Curt had been seen with the Lynn woman, and in her muddled way, wanted to see for herself.

* * *

Hard bunches showed against McCale's jawline and his face looked relentless in the shadows.

The next afternoon, Curt Vallaincourt was shot on your doorsteps."

Miss Bigelow sat up straight, shaking herself out of her reverie.

"We—we saw the murderer?" she whispered.

"Yes," he answered slowly. "Think back. What was it we saw?"

"Why," she faltered, "there was a woman with red hair. Veronica!"

"No," he said. "Not Veronica. That was Shari Lynn—in a red wig."

She gave a cry of surprise. "Then—"

"No, She did not shoot him. She was not near enough. She saw who did and tried to blackmail afterward, to her sorrow."

"Then it must have been the other one—the other woman—the one in the raincoat."

"That was Sybil. She saw the murder, but in her confusion did not recognize the murderer—then. Think, Miss Bigelow. When we looked out the window two or three times in those few minutes before the shot—think. Wasn't there someone else there? Someone already waiting?"

He picked up the black kerchief and dropped it in her lap. She stared at it blankly for a long horrible moment. Then she understood.

* * *

"Yes—yes," she said, finally. "Awful—for Sybil. Oh, God—" She buried her face in quivering hands.

In the silence that followed, McCale heard a soft footfall outside the door. Someone was tiptoeing quickly, furtively, toward the service stairs.

In a flash it came to McCale that during the time he had spent in preparing Miss Bigelow for the coming arrest, his lengthy explanation, his gift of gab— had given someone the needed few minutes to plan escape. For a moment he felt panic, not knowing what to do next, where to turn. Excitement raised the hair on the back of his hands. He controlled himself with a titanic effort of will.

Not stopping to explain to the old lady who sat motionless, he raced out into the hall, threw open the front door. He was in a frenzy. He ran down the front steps into the blinding sleet.

* * *

For a moment, he was utterly befuddled. Anger mounted in him like a flame—anger at himself. He had lost. He turned to retrace his steps when he heard a sound near him. He looked into the dark wetness and saw a form materialize out of nothing and walk toward the curb. He recognized the snug-fitting pants, pea jacket and round hat of a sailor.

He stepped up to him quickly, fumbling for a cigarette, and said, "Got a light, buddy?"

A match flared suddenly and McCale looked up over the flame to stare into the dangerously narrowed blue eyes of Stephen Bigelow.

* * *

The man gave a growl, making a quick gesture with his right hand.

"I wouldn't do that," McCale said, his voice harsh. "This block is lousy with police. You'd better come quietly. Every one of them has a gun. They've got a bead on you right now. They'll shoot—to kill."

Then Bigelow said, "Not before I get you, they don't." He fumbled in his coat and laughed hysterically.

In that instant, McCale's knee came up with all the force he could muster. Bigelow gave a sharp cry of agony and doubled up on the sidewalk, tripping McCale as he went down. It was not until that moment that Rocky loomed up out of the fog.

(To Be Continued)

A New Serial Story
BEGINNING SOON

VALLEY of REVENGE
By JACKSON COLE

With freshly loaded six-guns and Winchester carbine, red-headed and scarlet masked like some panoplied knight of the Middle Ages, El Caballero rode down towards Luna Roja, bent on revenge.

He was not a bad-man, this rider of the outlaw trail; in fact, he did many a peon a good turn, especially Juanita, whose mother and father had just been murdered by a band of land hogs.

You'll enjoy this story of the avenger of the desert badlands.

WATCH FOR IT

Three Brand-New Neighbors — The first independent mass movement of Europeans to Canada since the war has brought 1000 Dutch farmers to Canadian shores. Landing at Montreal, still dressed in native garb, are Mrs. Marten Jacobsen, with her daughters Jo and Nellie, who will join Mr. Jacobsen on a farm near Sarnia, Ontario.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Nice Boys Everywhere

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: We read in a newspaper where you said that 'nice' boys don't marry girls who are 'out for a good time.'

"We are old-fashioned girls. Will you please tell us where we can find such nice boys?

BETS and Dot."

YOU USUALLY find nice boys are those who belong to families who live near you and who are friends of your parents. You find them in your church, at school, all around you. The brothers of your girl friends are probably nice boys, and so are the boys they know. They don't have to be imported.

A nice boy expects the girl he dates to know how to behave herself—that's one way of telling he is a nice boy. He is courteous and respectful, he doesn't try to kiss you the first time you go with him. He takes you where you want to go, and he brings you home at the proper time. He is polite to your family, too.

If you are serious in your question, you can safely follow your parents' counsel. They know who the nice boys are, and they will help you plan your social life so the boys will enjoy themselves when they come to see you.

One warning: Never date a boy unless he has met your family and they like him. That's playing safe.

TO "CONFUSED TEEN-AGER": I agree with your friends. Don't think of asking this young man to go to the party. He played a low trick and, though he has apologized, it is obvious that he does not take you seriously. You would only appear cheap if you had anything more to do with him.

Don't let the fact that you like him anyhow, influence you. There are, or will be, other young men who have greater respect for girls in general than to descend to such adolescent conduct. He is off your list and, I hope, for good.

Your parents were right this time. And how often parents are!

* * *

● FOOLISH SIXTEEN

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: I am 16, and in love with a man around 36. I have to slip out to be with him. One of his old girl friends found it out, and is telling everyone!

"Shall I stop seeing him? Or be brave and let everybody see us together? I love him very much.

MISERABLE."

BE BRAVE, and stop seeing him altogether and at once.

It isn't being brave to sneak out to see this man. It is brazen. You are insulting your parents when you deceive them so, and if you are not careful your name will be a byword in your community.

You won't like my opinion of a man twice as old as you are, who persuaded a young girl to meet him on the sly, and tells her she is "brave" to flaunt public opinion. He is a cad of the lowest order. (The dictionary defines cad as a "vulgar, ill-bred fellow." Do you want to be seen with a man like that?)

It takes real courage to stop seeing a man you think you care for. But that is the only courage worth having.

* * *

ONLY simple goodness brings any happiness. If you need more courage, Anne Hirst will help you find it. Address her at Box A, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Mother, you'll be so proud of her in the yoked version of this dirndl, or in the party frock with bowed shoulder straps! Make Pattern 4602 both ways, they're so cute!

Pattern 4602 in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6 with yoke takes 1¾ yards 35-inch; ⅜ yard contrast.

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.**

ISSUE 30—1947

Your Handwriting and You
By Alex S. Arnott

Pride is an important feature in handwriting as it tells us the general mental outlook of the writer—whether he is boastful and overconfident, whether he has a quiet unassuming pride of self-satisfaction at things well done or whether he is conceited and vain.

If you observe all the capital letters in the script you will see in which category the writer belongs, remembering of course that in every script there are other features to take into account that may tend to favour the writer's character.

Handwriting with very low capital letters shows the writer to be very humble, having little pride. Capitals that are just a little higher than the rest of the letters show a modest pride with a shyness for being in the lime light. Capitals that are twice as high as the other letters show the writer to be over-confident. When the capitals are very high and look out of proportion to the other letters you can be sure the writer is possessed of vanity.

Have Ha Ha Have
LOW MEDIUM HIGH VERY HIGH

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

Wisdom Is Principal Thing
Proverbs 1: 1-5; 3: 13-18; 9: 9-10; James 1:5.

GOLDEN TEXT—Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding.—Proverbs 4:7.

It is one thing to praise and commend wisdom, but quite another thing to practice it. And the most unwise thing that can happen is to abandon wisdom once you have found it.

This is forcefully illustrated in the history of King Solomon, reputedly the author of the Book of Proverbs, and reputedly "the wisest man who ever lived."

At least two great and noble incidents are recorded of Solomon, and if all his life and action had been in accordance with these he would surely have deserved the fullest of his reputation for wisdom.

* * *

The one incident was the dream, recorded in I Kings 3:5-12, in which, asked to choose whatever he desired from the Lord, he spoke in deep humility and asked above all things for an understanding heart to exercise good judgment, and rule his people well.

But the other outstanding incident was his prayer at the dedication of the Temple, recorded in I Kings 8, and among the noblest and most beautiful things in the entire literature of religion.

If Solomon had continued in the letter and spirit of that prayer he might have gone down to history as famous for his goodness and wisdom as he is for the outward splendor and magnificence of his reign.

* * *

Instead Solomon took to himself many wives. Not content with the building of the Temple, he built for himself. In a great palace he surrounded himself with riches and luxury for which the people paid in oppressive taxes.

Solomon in the early part of his career stands as a fine example and an exhortation to wisdom. But in the latter part he stands as a solemn warning of what happens even to a great man when he departs from wisdom.

Poor Pop

Pop had just returned from a tough day at the office. Little Quentin was in an inquiring mood and kept asking questions until Pop finally lost his patience, "Look, Junior," he growled, "if you must ask questions ask some I can answer!'

"That kind,' Quentin answered coldly, 'I can answer myself.

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FOR A SPARKLING, LASTING SHINE, ALWAYS USE "NUGGET".

NUGGET SHOE POLISH

"I've never been so insulated in all my life, Madam. I begin MY day with super-delicious Grape-Nuts Flakes!"

"Well lands sakes! You too! Seems like everybody's gotta have Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes or they figure they don't start the day right."

"Lady, that's because they're so deliciously malty-rich, so temptingly honey-golden, so delectably crisp, so . . ."

"I know, I know, and they supply carbohydrates for energy; proteins for muscle; phosphorus for teeth and bones; iron for the blood; and other food essentials. All because they're made of two sun-ripened Canadian grains—wheat and malted barley — skillfully blended, baked and then toasted."

"And they're easy to digest, too. Go pour me a big economy package. And take a look at those recipes for cookies and other good things made with Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes. I'll be back this way later."