Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

W.N.U. FEATURES

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER XXVII: Realizing that the murderer has had time to escape while he has been talking, McCale runs downstairs and out the front door. Nearby is a man dressed in a sailor's uniform. As McCale steps up and asks for a match, the sailor reaches for his revolver. McCale leaps on him, as does Rocky and a policeman.

Chapter XXVIII

"Gosh," McCale heard Rocky say as he gripped the fallen man under the shoulders, bringing him upright. "The Navy. You sure this is the guy, Duke?"

"No less." McCale gingerly felt the wounded arm on which he had fallen. "Mr. Stephen Bigelow in the uniform of Uncle Sam. He joined the navy once—remember? He must have saved his suit. Oh yes, and his pistol. By the way, see if his black kerchief is missing." It was.

Bigelow mounted the steps between Rocky and the officer. All the fight was gone from him.

A squad car slid up to the curbstone as McCale turned to follow the trio. He walked over to it and opened the door with a flourish.

"Welcome!" He bowed as Donley stepped out. "Late as usual, Lieutenant."

It was Veronica who found the piece of letter.

Donlevy took over with a brusqueness that was unfamiliar. He herded them all into the library, where an astonished and shaking butler was fussing around Miss Adelaide. She stood, a figure of stone, drained of all animation. Her face was gray against the mantel, anguished.

"Stephen," she said in a murmur that became a cry.

The young-old face of Stephen looked half ugly, half despairing in the dim light. There was a haunted look behind his eyes. He wet his lips with the tip of his tongue. Suddenly he slumped into a chair.

"Yes", McCale said. His sophisticated mouth curled in triumph and his tone was brittle. "It was Stephen Bigelow, dressed as a sailor, whom we saw loitering about the entrance to the Common just before the murder. He looked up at the house once, remember? He must have seen us at the bay window of the drawing room, for the next time I noticed him, he was reading a paper, probably to hide his face. When Vallaincourt approached the house, he must have come across the street into the shelter of the areaway that goes under the front steps — the service entrance. When Curt was passing, he simply stepped up to him and fired pointblank."

* * *

McCale looked at Donlevy and his men, who were grouped over the crestfallen culprit. Donlevy looked up at him. It was so simple, really, now that it was explained. He did say, the ghost of derision on his lips, "Peculiar no one mentioned a sailor hanging around."

"I know," McCale answered bitterly. "My fault entirely. I pride myself on having a photographic mind, and I missed that, too. Men in the service are so common about the streets these days that they go almost unnoticed anywhere. That is where he was so clever. Who would connect a sailor with the Bigelows? One thing I should have seen, though, most certainly. I'll never forgive myself for that."

"What's that?" asked Donlevy.

McCale reached out and took the hat Stephen Bigelow had in his hand. He cocked a finger and spun the thing around like a plate.

"Well, I'll be damned," Donlevy exploded.

"I don't blame you." There was chagrin in McCale's tone. "This hat is perfectly round which identifies it as the type worn a number of years ago. The style was changed about five years ago. The newer ones tilt up in front like a regimental officer's cap without a visor. If I'd noticed that one thing, I'd have realized the sailor we saw was a phoney." He sighed. "It might have saved a life." He thought of Shari Lyyn.

Donlevy cleared his throat. Then there was a rustle of feathers and satin at the door and Victoria whirled in. Her eyes were bright and her make-up stood out in ghastly relief against the paleness of her face. Her fingers jerked to her hair and a shriek died on her lips. Two officers moved forward automatically. She blurted some wild gibberish that foretold rising hysteria; then suddenly was quiet.

"So you did it," she said slowly. "My God, I didn't think you had the guts. You fool, you utter fool. She isn't worth it, you know—not worth it."

By this time Donlevy was rattled. He moved in on Stephen with a circle of his men. He gave the charge so low it was hardly audible. His voice dropped for an interminable minute before he stepped back. As he did, McCale saw Bigelow's jaw move, his head come up slowly. Tired, furtive eyes lit up as he looked away from the group that surrounded him. A single tear ran out of the corner of an eye.

* * *

He got to his feet, lowering his head as he slowly turned to take them all in. No one moved toward him. He gave them a contemptuous glare. Finally he turned to Victoria and spoke his last words in their presence.

"You'll tell—Mother?" His voice broke.

She nodded.

"Let's go," said Donlevy.

They took him away.

They had left the Bigelow house in a storm of questions from the first reporters on the scene, in the din of explosions from photographers' flash bulbs, in the confusion of the comings and goings of officials from police headquarters and the district attorney's office. McCale was looking forward to the peace and quiet of his own apartment.

* * *

When they reached it, they found Ann Marriot dozing by the dying fire. She jumped up, smoothing rumpled hair into place.

"Well," she said tartly, "are you all right? Running around like that in your dressing gown. My goodness. That's no way to call on the Beacon Street Bigelows. It's all over, isn't it? It came over the radio about an hour ago. You would have to wrestle with murderers, wouldn't you? You sure you feel all right?" She was trying hard to cover up her concern. She had been worrying about him all evening, afraid that he might seriously harm his injured shoulder.

(To Be Continued)

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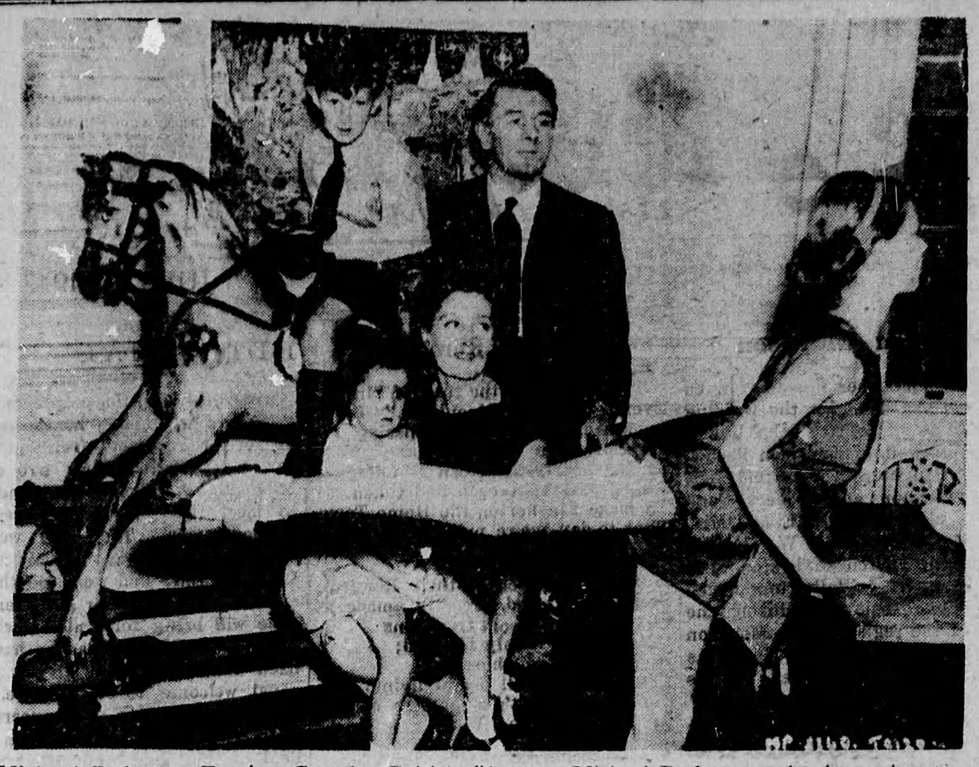

Michael Redgrave Touring Canada—British film star Michael Redgrave, who is touring Canada, is seen above with his family. Vanesse, nine, demonstrates a ballet pose to her father and mother, Rachel Kempson, while Corin William, seven, and three-year-old Lynn look on. Picture was taken in the nursery of Redgrave's Regency home in Chiswick on the banks of the Thames. Redgrave's latest picture is "Fame Is The Spur," an Arthur Rank production.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Marriage Between Two Faiths Solved

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: My husband and I are both daily readers of your column. We think our experience in a marriage between different faiths may help some of your other followers.

"We are of different faiths, but have been happily married for six years. We have two wonderful children. We never had a serious quarrel—and neither gave up his church.

"Before we married we had an honest talk about our respective faiths. We decided which church the children would belong to. When my husband wishes to go to church I go with him, and vice versa. We have friends, too, of different faiths who are also happily married.

"Everyone has the same God, and studies from the same Bible. It can and does work out fine, if the two involved use some common sense. We know.

* * *

DAILY READER."

TOLERANT PEOPLE

IT IS A DELIGHT to learn of marriages between people who are as tolerant as you and your husband are. It bespeaks a like tolerance in your two families, too, that they did not forbid your marriage. They knew your common sense, and trusted in it.

Almost any difference between two people in love can be worked out if both are intelligent and resonable. Each person is entitled to his own belief, which usually was fostered by his parents It becomes an integral part of his character, and deserves the same respect as his other opinions. It is when one of the two tries to impose his faith on the other, that trouble begins. When that happens, it can last through a lifetime, threatening the marriage, and often resulting in the children being raised in no church at all.

If two young people who attend different churches approach marriage as you two did, recognizing that it is necessary a compromise, they can work it out. That implies a maturity of development, however which many youngsters have not achieved. So in such instances it is better to wait till they can accept mutual independence of religion or decide not to marry at all. ... ...

* * *

TO "HESITATING": You are wise beyond your years to question this lad's eligibility. Your family physician can advise you best.

TO "STILL IN LOVE," "BOB H.": The behavior of the parents of these girls may well influence their own standards. Your mothers know the girls; talk it over with them.

* * *

TO "KITTY": You must stop believing this boy still likes you. He never cared for you, or he would not have listened to gossip. No nice boy allows others to say anything derogatory about his girl friend, and far less will he believe it. All this you will better understand as you grow older. Take my word for it now.

Your parents know best, especially about this boy. They only want you to be happy. I expect they realized what sort he was, and forbade you to go with him to protect you from just such a heartbreak as you have now.

Put this experience behind you, and go ahead now as though you didn't know him at all. Have dates with your other friends, and before you think it possible, you will be having good times again. There's no cure for one boy like another boy, you know. Let us both hope your next one will be more loyal.

* * *

MAKE FRIENDS among those who belong to your own faith, says Anne Hirst. If you need advice, write her at Box A, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

What's In a Name?

The Canadian Embassy in Washington has no trouble at all telling the difference between right and wrong The Ambassador is always Wrong—his name is Hume Wrong. His third secretary is Wright—Hume Wright. "What's in a name?" asked Shakespeare. The latest edition of the Diplomatic Blue Book would seem to emphasize that a man's name means nothing. Wrong and Wright are both consistently right at the Canadian Embassy; while one of the most careful men in the entire diplomatic corps is Lieut. Colonel W. P. Careless, military attache of the British Embassy

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott

Many requests for handwriting analysis reach me and I am pleased to report many interesting and varied handwritings.

When writing your request, it is advantageous to send one or more full pages of script written in ink on good quality plain paper. Ink is more satisfactory than pencil due to its permanent qualities, also ink will not smear or run on quality paper. Paper without ruled lines is necessary as the spacing and direction of the writing is an extra consideration in the analysis.

Use the pen with which you are accustomed to writing and not a pen with which you are not familiar. The pen nib should be free from corrosion as a coated nib causes heavy and light shadows in the script with uneven and wavering lines. Writing that is untidy with blots, scratches and smears due to a bad pen nib, hinder in conveying the true personality of the writer. Write in the best handwriting you can while in a comfortable and natural writing position.

When the above suggestions are followed, the script contains all the elements of your true personality. If the script is distorted and carelessly written, the analyst must make allowances for such discrepancies when making an analysis.

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 31—1947

Do you suffer distress of MONTHLY FEMALE WEAKNESS?

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C.N.E. BULLETIN

Women's Forum To Air Views In Two-Day Session

How do Canadian women feel about the youth centres being set up in their own communities? Are they satisfied with present educational facilities for their children? Are Canadian women shining up to their responsibilities among the women of the world?

Questions like these will be discussed at a two-day Women's Forum to take place at the Canadian National Exhibition Aug. 30, 31, Kate Aitken, Director of Women's Activities, has announced . Miss Mabel Stoakley of Toronto has been named chairman of the four sessions to be held in the theatre of the Coliseum, West Annex.

"Guest speakers in the panel discussions will attempt to clarify the place of women in an intelligent Canada," Mrs. Aitken said. "They will talk over women's responsibilities in the home, the community, the nation and the world."

Representatives of all women's organizations and women everywhere are invited to attend these sessions to ask questions and join generally in the open discussions.

Keep It Covered

Science announces a new cooking rule, according to Pathfinder: Cover the pan when heating milk.

Why? Light destroys riboflavin, the B-vitamin for which milk is the main source. Keeping the milk in the dark retains most of it.

Other advantages are that milk heats slightly faster when covered, and the lid keeps a skin from forming on the surface. One caution: Covered milk boils over easily, needs close watching.

Politically Impossible

Voter: "Why, I wouldn't vote for you if you were St. Peter himself."

Candidate: "If I were St. Peter, you couldn't vote for me. You wouldn't be in my riding."

Sunday School Lesson

Parents and Their Children

Proverbs 1:8-9; 6:20-23; 17:1; 22:6; 23:22-26.

Golden Text — Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.—Proverbs 22:6.

The Bible is a text-book not only of individual salvation, but also of family religion.

When the Philippian jailer (Acts 16), terror-stricken lest his prisoners should have escaped, but reassured by the voice of Paul, cried "What must I do to be saved?" Paul replied, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

But family religion had deep roots in the Old Testament, and in the Jewish literature were many precepts, giving wise counsel to parents, and setting forth the duties of children, thus establishing with clearness the conditions of family welfare and a happy home-life.

Some of the choicest of these precepts constitute our lesson. It ought to be noted how strongly they stress the law and commandments. "My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother." There must be standards of right, and a sense of responsibility, if there are to be sound relationships and happiness in the home.

The acceptance of parenthood without an adequate sense of responsibility is the root of a great deal of home breakdown and tragedy today. A first essential of a good home is good parents. What can be expected of children, if their parents do not set them a good example? Moreover, precept and teaching are not enough, for children will soon detect insincerity, and the worst of all counsel we could give to our children would be to say, "Don't do as I do, but do as I say."

"Train up a child in the way he should go," is the Bible's injunction to parents, with the assurance that when he is old he will not depart from it. Alas! that assurance is not always justified, for many influences are upon the child, as well as those of the home, and too often they break down and destroy what the home has sought to do.

The most acute of our social and religious problems of today are associated with home and family life.

Bad Pun Department

A certain ambitious young movie actress complained to a declining star: "It irks me to think that I get only one hundred thousand dollars a picture.'

To which the other rejoined: "Nice irk if you can get it."

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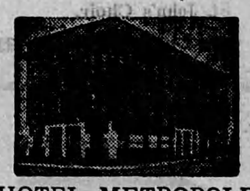

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PARKER HOUSE Rolls

Better Bake Plenty

Add 1 envelope Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast and 1 tsp. sugar to 1 c. lukewarm water. Stir; let stand 10 min. Scald 1 c. milk, add 5 tbs. sugar; add 2 tsp. salt, cool to lukewarm. Add to yeast mixture. Add 3 c. sifted flour, 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; let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk, about 1½ hours. Punch dough down in bowl; let rise again in warm place until nearly doubled in bulk, about 40 min. When light, roll out ¼" thick. Brush over lightly with melted shortening. Cut with 2" biscuit cutter, crease through center heavily with dull edge of knife, fold over in pocketbook shape. Place on well-greased shallow pans 1" apart. Cover; let rise until light, about 1 hour. Bake in 400°F. oven about 15 minutes.