Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

N.E.A. FEATURES

SYNOPSIS

Chapter XV: Dudley says that Veronica is the obvious suspect. He mentions that the murder weapon has not been found, but that it should be in the park near an old cannon. As soon as Dudley departs, McCale and Rocky rush out to search for the gun. In the barrel of the old cannon they find a red wig, a woman's. McCale believes this implicates Shari Lynn in some way.

"Well—then." He threw the red wig down on the coffee table between them.

She gasped. "Where'd you get that?"

"In the cannon where you hid it. Now get this straight. Any cop or judge or lawyer is going to know after I produce this wig that your story is phoney. You should have taken more pains with it if you wanted your story to stick. You're in a jam, baby. I think you're going to be in a worse one. You're making a little gamble on your own somewhere along the line and I think you'd better tell me what it is."

Her eyes narrowed for a brief instant.

"I'll give you five minutes. Think it over."

He went over to the desk, holding out his wrist as if timing her by his watch. It was five minutes of two.

* * *

At two o'clock, he turned to her again. She surprised him by beginning to talk almost immediately.

She had found the wig at Vallaincourt's apartment, days before. He had some woman who came there to see him, someone disguised as Veronica. She denied she was the woman. She didn't know, hadn't the slightest idea who could have been checking up on him, No, whoever was watching evidently had to think that only Veronica went there. It was hardly rational, because you'd think the only person to whom it would matter would be Veronica herself. Lately the woman hadn't come any more. Hence the wig which she had found.

"Didn't Vallaincourt confide in you at all?" McCale asked.

"No. Why should he?"

"I've played with the idea that you were once his wife."

A secret look behind the mascara told him he was right, but she said nothing.

He got up, reaching for his hat on a nearby chair. At the door, he turned, his dark-eyed face all sharp points and edges in the light.

"You're in a bad spot." He tried to control the hardness in his voice. "I'd lock the door if I were you."

* * *

He saw fear burning bright in her eyes.

"Is that the advice you were going to give me?"

"Yes," he said.

He became deadly serious. Somehow he had to get through to her. He slipped a business card from his wallet and placed it on a nearby table.

"If you're frightened or just want to talk," he said, "call me at the number on that card. You really should talk, you know. I mean more than you've talked so far. I know you're holding back something important—something that is dangerous to someone. I think you're planning to sell that information. A little blackmail, maybe. But let me warn you, you are dealing with a cold-blooded murderer. You're in danger, Miss Lynn. You know that."

She laughed loudly, hysterically. "You fool," she screamed. "You think you know a lot. Well, what do you know? Just a lot of bunk I told you. You think you can scare me into admitting something. I can take care of myself. What're you trying to do? Get out! Get out!"

* * *

The buzzer sounded in the outer office. McCale looked at his watch. It was three in the morning. He opened the office door, looked out into the hall, and wondered who could be calling at that hour. Sharp heel clicks told him it was a woman coming up the stairs. The head and shoulders, then the figure of a girl swathed in furs, with a cowl concealing most of her face, rose out of the stairwell.

She saw him, hurried forward with a short laugh and stepped inside hurriedly. She pushed back the cowl of her Persian lamb coat and he saw the black hair and beardsley face of Victoria Bigelow.

"I'm a mystery woman," she said, giving him an amused smile.

He didn't smile back. "Of course you know you've probably been followed her."

"About my being followed here," she said, "have no fear. The police didn't even put a man on the house. Old unimpeachable family stuff."

"You can't be sure."

"Sure enough." She shrugged the suggestion away.

He watched Victoria with a bored expression and she fingered a book on the desk.

"Its time," he said, breaking the silence. "You came to see me about something. It must be important for you to call at this hour. I hate to hurry you, perhaps you'll tell me what this is all about."

She turned abruptly and came over to him.

"I want you to do something for me."

"What can I do for you?" His voice was urgent and exasperated.

"Well"—she fumbled for a phrase—"you'll probably have an—an opportunity to go through Curt Vallaincourt's things, won't you?"

He looked up, pursing his lips. "We-e-ll." Better not tell her the cupboard was bare.

* * *

"There is something of mine—that is, Curt had some letters that belong to me. I thought—"

"That I might take them out from under the eyes of the police? I'm afraid I wouldn't have the chance. By this time, the place has been gone over with a vacuum cleaner."

"I'm sure they wouldn't just be in any ordinary place. I'm sure he had a hiding place somewhere in that apartment. A wall safe or—or something."

"I doubt it. It seems perfectly obvious that you have already looked in every available place."

"Why I—"

"... Tut, tut. Your intonation gave you away."

"My, you're clever, aren't you?"

"Let us say—well-trained. You visited Vallaincourt often?"

"No I—well, that is, I went there once in a while for cocktails, with a few friends." She was on her guard now. "Often enough to look about for something that was mine."

"Vallaincourt was hanging onto your correspondence."

* * *

"Oh, no."

"Then why didn't you just ask for it?"

"I did, but he'd only laugh and say he'd give them all back when—" She caught herself. She bit her lower lip sullenly.

"When he was safely married to Veronica Bigelow, I'll wager."

"You're quite the Sherlock, aren't you, mister? Listen, can I or can I not buy your services? I want those letters. Do I get them?"

She moved closer to him and stared him in the face boldly, a viperish intensity in her eyes. For a moment, McCale gazed deeply into her vicious little soul.

"Not from me." His voice was as cold as steel.

He turned away from her with a brusqueness intended to convey that he was through with their little interview.

* * *

He spoke quietly. "I'm sorry. I wish you'd take my word for it that there are none of your letters at the Vallaincourt apartment. No letters of any kind, in fact."

She eyed him narrowly. "You've been there already."

He nodded.

"Thanks, but I don't believe you."

"All right," he went on wearily, "don't believe me. But I assure you, there is nothing there. There's not a wall safe or a sliding panel in the whole shebang."

"The police—"

"I hardly think so. I was there before they arrived."

To Be Continued

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make an inexpensive furniture polish?

A. Use equal parts of raw linseed oil and turpentine. Pour into a bottle and shake. Put a little of the oil on cheesecloth, rub over the entire surface, and polish with a clean cloth.

Q. How can I make bacon a golden brown?

A. The fat of bacon should be drained frequently so that the bottom of the pan is only well greased. Remove from the pan when the bacon is light golden brown and evenly crisp.

Q. How can I remove ink stains from wood?

A. Moisten with oxalic acid, let it remain for a few minutes, and then rinse. Do not apply to finished wood or furniture, as this removes the varnish.

Q. How can I clean soiled velvet?

A. Scrape a small quantity of French chalk over the soiled spots, and then brush with a stiff brush. All dirt will be removed with the chalk.

C.N.E. BULLETIN

Bride's Budget Will Win $100

Are you to be a bride-to-be? Could you use an extra $100? If so, there's a Bride's Budget contest sponsored by the Canadian National Exhibition this year. The winner will net $100 cash prize money.

Prospective brides entering the budget competition may obtain entry forms by writing Exhibition headquarters at the C.N.E. Grounds, Toronto.

All entries must state the bride-elect's five rules for happy marriage. Costs of all trousseau items should be listed on the wedding budget, as well as the cost of linen and the amount the bride-to-be expects her parents to spend on the wedding.

Judges for the bride's competition will be a group of happily married women. Kate Aitken, Director of Women's Activities, points out that arrangements have now been made for similar garments indicated in the prize-winning budget to be displayed for all C.N.E. visitors to see.

Bright young ladies of today are careful to make up their wedding budget in black and white. Some clever bride-to-be will win $100 for her wedding plan this year.

902

Sanna Wheeler

Home will be lots gayer with you in these pretties! Merry morning glories decorate a practical apron, bandana, oven mitt. Simple stitches.

Be happy while you work at these and in these! Pattern 902 has transfer of motifs; pattern pieces; charts.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to the Needlecraft Dept., Room 421, 73 Adelaide St., West, Toronto. Print plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your name and address.

BRITAIN'S BATTLE FOR FOOD BEGINS

Except for the modern tractor in the background, this photo might be a painting of "The Sower" by Jean Francois Millet. It shows Alfred Cross, a Caterham, England, farmhand, sowing barley. He is one of thousands of British farmers who work from dawn to dusk to make up for over six weeks lost in Britain's battle for food, due to disastrous winter weather and floods.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Family: Don't Force Loveless Marriage

MY FAMILY thinks a girl of 21 * should be thinking of marriage— * and I myself don't like to think of being an old maid! So here's a nice girl tying herself in knots because she fears that plump little guy with wings and an arrow may save his shots for younger fry. What a pity! * These are her years for good times —for dancing, parties, movies and * sports—dating first one lad and * then another and taking her own * good time to make a choice. Instead of which, egged on by an * impatient family, she regards the * whole male sex as potential husbands. No wonder she's "mixed * up and worried and doesn't know * where to turn!" Her family, of * course, have the perfect husband * all polished up and waiting on * her doorstep. A nice young chap * with a good job, who has all the * qualifications — except that the * girl doesn't love him.

● LOTS OF TIME

Why doesn't she love him? Ah, that's the secret. Another lad is enshrined in her heart, one who's been away, and whom she hasn't seen for a long, long time. She doesn't even know that he returns her love, but there is a small hope smouldering within her, and until that is extinguished she cannot persuade herself to view any other male as husband material.

Yet she confesses she is afraid to dismiss the man her family approves, "for fear I won't find anyone else!"

A generation or so ago, if a girl reached the age of 25 without being married her fate was sealed. The custom of marrying early still exists in many families, and they insist the tradition be upheld. If a daughter rebels, she is practically an outcast, discouraged in any career that may appeal, and treated as a disloyal member who refuses to accomplish her main purpose in life!

It takes stubborn courage and a deep faith in on's self to fight the whole family and still keep its good will. Something tells me this girl has both, and that she will keep on nourishing her hope that the man she remembers will soon return, and with love in his heart.

To "Diana": Some of the happiest wives I know did not marry until they were 30. Don't let your family get you down. Let this boy know he has no chance with you, but keep him as a friend if he and your people insist. Meanwhile, strike out on your own, study and make something of yourself, and let the question of marriage wait.

● JEALOUS BOY

DEAR ANNE HIRST: I am 17, and go with a boy nine years older. He is very jealous, and if I even look at another boy he becomes insulting. Then he claims he doesn't mean any harm! Mother and Dad are crazy about him, and when I tell them about this they say it is my fault. He boys me anything I want, and will take me anywhere I like to go. Do you think we could make a go of it? —Nell.

This lad may have won your parents over; but it is how you and he get along that matters.

No young man has the right to objects to your going with other boys, unless you are engaged to him. And at your age, it is far safer to be seeing more boys than one, so you will learn how much he means to you and how he compares with them. He may be a good catch, but that doesn't mean you would be happy as his wife.

I think I'd have an understanding both with him and your parents. Tell them all that you want a wider social life, and why. Enjoy it among other nice lads you know (whom your parents like, too) and then give this boy your dates. That will make him less possessive, and you more interesting.

Anne Hirst helps you work out your problems. Write her in care of this newspaper.

Price Up 233 P.C.

The cocoa bean, source of chocolate candy, has risen as much or more than any other commodity. Last October it sold for nine cents a pound. Today it costs 30 cents a pound, which makes a price rise of 233 per cent in six months.

Sunday School Lesson

The Struggle Against Baalism

1 Kings 18:20-21, 30-39.

Golden Text.—Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again.—1 Kings 18:37.

All through the Old Testament runs the story of the conflict between true worship and the worship of idols — the moral and intelligent worship of the Supreme Being and the superstitious bowing to wood and stone.

It was a boldly noble conception was made in the image and likeness in which man dared to say that he of God.

Wherever men had this conception of God, no matter how dimly they perceived it, they were lifted toward something better.

* * *

Contrast this with the pagan and his grotesque and ugly objects of worship.

But the people often turned from the God of their fathers to worship graven images and to practice idolatrous rites. This is not true of a few. These were humble and lowly saints and the great prophets. The Lord reminded Elijah in his mood of depression, following his great victory against the prophets of Baal, the sun god, that there were 7,000 who had not bowed the knee to Baal.

Why were the people drawn to idolatry when their religious heritage ought to have kept them true? For precisely the same reason that people turn to false gods and false ways today—the line of least resistance.

It was the way to indulgence and immoral allurement. The heathen rites had licentious and morally degrading aspects.

* * *

What does all this mean in terms of today? The idols and images are different, but the allurements and the moral degradations are the same. Every daily paper, as its news columns reflect the moral, social, and religious life of our times reveals how paganism is in our midst.

And it is true, as it was of old, that sin seeks out individuals and peoples. False gods and false worship can destroy us as surely as they destroyed of old, unless the good that is in us prevails over evil.

Shield Baby Eyes

Even when a baby is old enough for sunbaths, the eyes should be given special protection, say the health authorities. Infants should be shielded from direct rays of the sun until able to move about easily. Doctors suggest that the baby be placed with feet pointing away from the sun, so that eyebrows and upper lids will shield the eyes. Also a good idea to line the hood of a baby carriage with some dull, preferably dark, material.

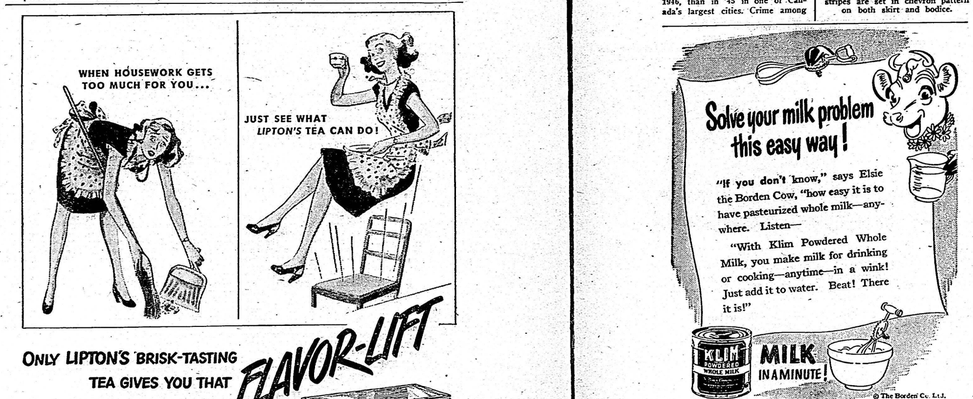
2,000,000 Lambs Lost

British hill farmers lost 2,000,000 lambs in last winter's severe weather instead of the original 250,000 estimated by the government, it was revealed in the House of Commons.

RICH, SPICY CINNAMON BUNS

Recipe

Dissolve 1 tsp. sugar in ½ c. lukewarm water, add 1 envelope Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let mixture stand 10 min. Then stir well. Scald ½ c. milk, add 3 tbs. shortening, ¼ c. sugar, ½ tsp. salt; cool to lukewarm. Add 1 c. sifted flour to make a batter. Add yeast mixture and 1 beaten egg; beat well. Add 2½ c. sifted flour, or enough to make a soft dough. Knead lightly, place in greased bowl. Cover; set in warm place, free from draft. Let rise until doubled in bulk, about 2 hours. When light punch dough down; roll out into oblong piece, about ¼" thick. Brush with 3 tbs. melted shortening or butter. Sprinkle with ¾ c. brown sugar, 1½ tsps. cinnamon, ¼ c. raisins. Roll up lengthwise in a tight roll; cut in 1" slices. Place cut-side up, 1" apart in greased shallow baking pan. Cover; let rise in warm place until light, about 1 hour. Bake in 425°F. oven about 20 minutes.



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TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

Today we turn the spotlight on Gordon Sinclair Jr., of Etobicoke High School. The younger Gordon has been filling the shoes of his famous father, Gordon Sinclair as a newscaster at CFRB, Toronto, while his pa is on vacation in the States.

Gordon Jr. handles the newscasting very well, and, if he so desires, will likely wind up with just such a job some day. Besides attending Etobicoke High School as a student, he is co-editor of the school paper, writes a column for Canadian High News and another weekly and then does the daily broadcasting stint in the Bargain. In his late teens, young Sinclair is on the threshold of a good journalistic career and no one can argue but that he is off to a good start. Best of luck, Gordon.

* * *

Also in the spotlight this week is Mary Lou Dilworth, teen-age student of Oakville Collegiate, Toronto, who writes a cupid-advice column for the Canadian High News, a student weekly that circulates in the province. Mary Lou was recently featured in a two-page spread in the New World magazine. On top of that, she appeared a few weeks ago as a guest on the CBS programme, "We the People," and had a nice trip to New York out of the deal. Doubtless as if quite a crop of junlors are aspiring to the writing field and, believe me, a line-at-the top of a regular column at 17 and 18 is nothing to sneeze at, and doesn't go unnoticed either. Mary Lou is proof of this, have already written to Mary Lou for advice on your love troubles and what-nots and the little gal that lets down the answers is doing a swell job of it.

* * *

The Weston teen-club recently hit the news pages the hard way, with some of the members having number nines planted in their faces and their noggins bumped against the floor. You no doubt heard about it. A few rowdies decided to enter a dance the club were having, (loaded down with laughing soup) and when refused admittance, started to play rough house. A night in the cooler no doubt made the bad boys feel different about the whole thing.

* * *

We are in receipt of a poem from a local who dared us to use it. Although a little mushy it contains a little truth, so here it is:

"TIS SPRING

The snow is gone and spring is here,
The rains have come and it is drear,
The grass is turning and the buds are out,
Mom's a cleaning, pop has the gout,
The clouds go sailing far and near.
But anyway, spring is here.

* * *

According to some figures we read recently (and we can't remember just who) they were) crime is on the down-swing. Believe it or not, there were fewer arrests in 1946, than in '45 in one of Canada's largest cities. Crime among the juveniles is letting up at last. Fewer cases of break-ins, drunkenness and the sordid type are reported, all of which is very nice to hear. How Canadian youth compares with that of the U.S. in crime actions at the moment, I don't know, but let's all work together to keep all Canadian crimes on the down-swing.

* * *

Down near the south-west corner of Ontario is a place known as Kingsville. To most of America it is not known as Kingsville, but the Jack Miner Bird Sanctuary. If any of you teeners are planning a trip this summer in that vicinity, by all means go down there and visit this famous spot. Big plans are being made for the sanctuary by Manley F. Miner, son of the late Jack Miner. This memorial to a great lover of birds is one of the beauty spots of our province. We haven't been there for a number of years either, but literature in the mails we keep up with the doings down there and we know that if you visit the Jack Miner estate you will remember it as a visit well worth the time.

* * *

It seems as though we just get started on this column when we have our space filled, so we'll run along for now. Don't forget that those bird houses you built last winter should be out now. Almost any night from 10 p.m. you can hear the Canadian geese honking overhead as they fly to their northern playground for the summer. If you can remember, listen an ear some night and when you hear that sound from above it will give you a thrill—see if it doesn't.

British soldiers examine wreckage of a barracks that was blasted when two Jewish terrorists blew up a police station beside British headquarters in Tel Aviv, killing four British policemen and injuring five others.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Signs of spring at Ginger Farm! One daffodil in full bloom; three stalks of asparagus two inches high; a few clusters of rhubarb leaves; 300 chicks — minus six — running around in the brooder pen; two new calves at the barn; an almost empty coal bin; a mother robin sitting on her nest over the front door on the outside; a long black cobweb hanging from the front door on the inside; the beginning of daylight saving time—and the date on the calendar.

Signs that are not of spring! At night—out of doors—one's breath is as visible as the steam from a boiling kettle; white frost on the roof tops and on the grass; thin ice on puddles and water furrows; goose flesh on one's person as one rises in the morning to put on the fires; bare trees and a cold wind blowing; and . . . oh well, let's skip it — let's talk about something pleasant.

* * *

Something pleasant? Sure that's easy. Last Thursday, for instance, I was invited to a special meeting of a local branch to celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Women's Institute in Canada. I was a little dubious as to whether I should go since I am not in the habit of leaving chicks for any length of time for the first two weeks. However, Partner thought he could look after them—so away we went (my hat and I!) with another member for company. I was glad I didn't miss it. It was a wonderful meeting; friendly, well organized, a good programme provided, and finally there was the tea, which was well served, dainty and abundant. I describe the tea in that order because, to my way of thinking, it is a matter for comment.

* * *

Probably everyone has been at teas and lunches where the food supply was more than enough but where the service was very poor. Haven't you had the experience of turning down cakes and cookies galore as they were passed to you while you thirsted for the second cup of tea that never came? Or perhaps the tea arrived but the cream and sugar didn't. Don't you think at all these social affairs the tea or coffee should be the first consideration? Generally the room or hall is crowded: one gets hot, tired and thirsty, and one anticipates longingly that good, hot cup of tea which we hope is in the offing. More than once when "eats" have come around time and again without the cups being replenished I have felt like shouting—"Give me tea or I die!"

* * *

However, at this tea there was nothing like that. Everything was just perfect—including the marvelous birthday cake which was made by one of the members. There were also African violets—in pots—to decorate the tea table. Big, full blooming plants that were the envy of nearly every woman present.

The guest speaker chose as her topic the evils of self-pity as compared with the fulness of life which comes from living and working for others. If an illustration were needed it could surely have been found in this particular branch of the W.I. This birthday celebration couldn't have been planned if the women had indulged in self-pity. In fact the branch, as a whole, which is now a live and energetic organization, is actually in existence because women during the past fifty years, had given of their time, their work and their enthusiasm.

* * *

Listen—I hear a tractor! That means one of our neighbours is out ploughing. Partner must have heard it too for he has just announced he is going up to the back field to see what the land is like. Farmers are all alike. Let one of their number start ploughing, seeding, mowing, or cutting crop, and the rest cannot be happy until they are at it too. I have seen it happen so often.

Harking back to this crime of self-pity. I must confess I have been indulging in it quite freely while typing this copy. The reason? Yesterday I cut my finger on a sardine can. The cut is deep, ragged and right on top of the finger. Try typing some day with a sore finger and you will know what I mean. Even when I sort of wrap it around the next finger it gets in the way. And if I accidentally use it to tap a key . . . ouch!

Partner is back from his tour of inspection. He reports the remains of a snowbank in one fence corner, hepatica in another and more work everywhere than he likes to contemplate. But the ground is definitely not ready to plough.

Canada To Raise $25,000 Fund For World's Y.W.C.A.

Youth centres and reconstruction work amongst young people in Europe will be aided materially by a $25,000 fund now being raised in Canada, Mrs Walter C. Rean, president, National Council of the Young Women's Christian Association of Canada, has announced.

Mrs. Walter C. Rean

"Last fall we planned to back up the reconstruction work of the World's Y.W.C.A., and this fund is the result," Mrs. Rean declared. "Really, work amongst the youth of Europe is just getting started. There is a tremendous job ahead. In Berlin a centre has been opened where young girls may bring their sewing and mending; this was done particularly with the help of a Swiss worker.

The money raised in Canada during the next month or so, Mrs. Rean said, will be apportioned to all the various needs arising out of the reconstruction work of the World's Y.W.C.A.

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NEW TERRORISM EXPLODES IN PALESTINE

. . . TABLE TALKS . . .

Pressure Cooking

Cooking under pressure has been practised for many years by homemakers throughout Canada. They have been able, in the canning season, to appreciate the advantages of this method, and, since the principle involved is the same in the new smaller pressure saucepans, they are ready, willing and able to use them.

Time is a factor of great importance to every homemaker since there never seem to be enough hours in a day to accomplish all the tasks that fall on her shoulders. So, if this new method of cooking did anything but shorten her time spent over the stove in the kitchen, it would then and there become a favorite. Since it also produces foods with good flavour and colour, it pleases the whole family and does something towards keeping mother less tired and in good humour.

There are several makes of pressure saucepans on the Canadian market. The manufacturer of each make supplies a recipe book with complete directions which should be closely followed. These suggested recipes should be used until the saucepan and the cook are familiar. When one has thorough knowledge of the mechanics of the saucepan, then and only then personal recipes may be tried.

The home economists of the Consumer Section of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, after testing recipes suggested by the manufacturers have adapted the following recipes from their own files.

Barbecued Sparerib

2 lbs. sparerib
1½ tablespoons fat
2 cups canned tomatoes
Salt and pepper
1/8 teaspoon curry powder
Dash of cloves
1/8 teaspoon of paprika
Dash of celery salt or 1 tbsp. finely chopped celery
3 tablespoons chopped onion
2 small carrots thinly sliced
1 teaspoon H.P. or Worcestershire sauce

Cut spareribs into servings. Melt fat in pressure saucepan and brown meat thoroughly on all sides. Add tomatoes, seasonings and vegetables. Follow directions given by manufacturer and cook 15 minutes. Thicken gravy if desired. Four-six servings.

Baked Beans

2 cups white navy beans
¼ lb. salt pork diced or smoked pork fat
2 tablespoons brown sugar
2 tablespoons molasses
1½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon mustard
¼ cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons catsup
2½ cups water

Pick over beans and soak in water overnight. Drain and put in bottom of pressure saucepan with all the ingredients. Cook for 50 minutes. Six servings.

Braised Oxtails

2 lbs. oxtails, cut in 2" pieces
¼ cup flour
¼ cup fat
½ cups hot water
1½ cups canned tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon celery salt
4 whole cloves
Piece of bay leaf
1½ cups diced carrots
½ cup chopped onion

Wipe meat, trim off excess fat and roll pieces of oxtail in flour. Saute in the hot fat in the pressure saucepan until well browned. Add water, tomatoes and seasonings and cook under pressure for 50 minutes. Cool pressure saucepan according to directions given by manufacturer, add vegetables and cook under pressure for 5 minutes more. Six servings.

Don't Use Gasoline As Cleaning Agent

Spring cleaning season is here. It is time again to issue a warning, which should not be necessary, but still is. It has to do with the use of gasoline as a cleaning fluid. Don't use it.

Various rules have been given from time to time as to the safe handling of this fluid. There is no safe way of doing it. The danger from it can be increased by certain careless practices, but no matter how much care is taken, there is always the danger of explosion. Most cleaning processes require friction, and this is the major cause of accidents.

There is no need to use gasoline as a cleaning agent. There are many cleaning fluids on the market today quite as efficient, and having the advantage of being non-inflammable.—Kitchener Record.

Sounds Libellous

The average housewife leaves half a million germs on a dish after washing it, says a bacteriologist. Germs should be rationed.

—Hamilton Spectator.

Hipline Variety

There is endless variety in hiplines, from the full skirt that stands out below a little flared peplum or cutaway jacket, to the more intricate drapery which swathes the hips. Skirts, jackets, dresses, coats all share in hip importance, and because of some of the hip treatments, coats look like suits (when they're fitted and have a little peplum), and suits look like dresses.

TOO WEAK TO DO ANYTHING

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8 Behind
13 Silly
14 Early
15 Postpone
16 Baronet (ab.)
17 Simple
18 Cloth measure
20 Self
22 Zoological constellation
24 Lincoln's nickname
26 Insurgent
28 Poetic
30 Eider son of Isaac (Bib.)
31 Let it stand!
32 Great (ab.)
33 Type of moth
39 Spanish name
40 Asiatic kingdom
42 Sheltered side
43 Information
46 Before (prefix)
49 Near
51 Ceremony
52 Symbol for tellurium
53 Pertaining to a tela
56 Musical note
57 More rational
59 Masculine name
60 Babylonian deity
61 European fish (pl.)

VERTICAL

1 Finer
2 Within
3 Wealthy men
4 Powerful explosive (ab.)
5 Him
6 Appear
7 Persian fairy
8 Bad notice
9 Honey maker
10 Ablaze
11 Symbol for iron
12 Attempts
17 Myself
18 Half-em
21 Driving
22 Commander
23 It is an Army of the U. S.
25 Wager
27 Excited
29 Make amends
34 English river
35 Emperors
37 Subjoin
38 Armed conflict
39 Greek philosopher
41 Looks askance
44 Either
45 Weary
46 Genus of willows
47 Symbol for cerium
50 Philippine peasant
52 Greek letter
54 Symbol for erbium
55 Registered nurse (ab.)
57 Junior (ab.)
58 Diminutive of Edward

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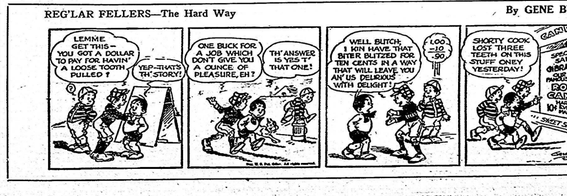
REG'LAR FELLERS—The Hard Way

By GENE BYRNES