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the park.

talking and looking out the window, they

hear a shot, and see two women hurry-

ing away. The one in green runs toward

CHAPTER VIII

She stopped running when she

reached it. For a moment, he

thought he saw someone eise, some-

one in a gray raincoat walking

steadily away into the fog. He could

not tell whether it was a man or

a woman, for the gray of the coat

dissolved the figure into a mere

blur. It only struck him as odd

that the figure did not turn or falter

or come nearer. It just walked-

sedately was the only word-away.

There was something terrible in

the unruffled walk, because directly

across from it and below where

The doorbell pealed sharply,

Miss Bigelow and McCale, in a

the Bigelow stairs.

against it.

ring of sheer despair.

lunged inward, then out flat.

"Veronica," he muttered thickly

It was then that Adelaide Bigelow

dropped down beside him, cradling

his head in her lap. Her tired old

hands smoothed dark silky curls out

"A doctor," Miss Bigelow gasped.

"The police," McCale said curtly.

"But he may be dying-a doctor."

"I'm sorry," he looked deep into

He closed the door on the night,

shutting it out with the incredible

thoughts which seethed through his

mind. He barked an order to the

butler, necessary action taking over

his brain and body for the next few

"Leave the body just as it is,"

he cautioned, adding, "a police re-

quirement," for he saw a look of

She was still sitting numb and

stricken, on the carpet beside the

The butler had his hands pressed

tightly against his diaphragm, while

perspiration, a prelude to cer-

tain nausea, stood out on his fore-

"Get yourself some brandy,

man," McCale spoke briskly, "And

get the police department on the

telephone. Wait a minute. Call

Devonshire 1212-line 103-and ask

The eld man moved slowly. "Per-

McCale grasped Miss Bigelow's

elbow in a reassuring grip. "We

have less than six minutes at the

most," he said, "before the depart-

ment, or at least a squad car, will

be here. Where can we have a min-

"The library." she said, her voice

"I want your help," he began,

and rushed on, for he lived in the

world as it is and knew that there

were things he might do if she could

remain a little while outside the po-

lice orbit. "I'm going to be out of

He held up his hand. "You must

understand this. There may be

some way I can lessen the publicity

think I mean to obstruct justice.

I'm not that kind of detective, but

you must understand that once the

no peace. Your privacy, your

home, your very lives will be ripped

"I understand." Her face was

He went on rapidly. "If I am

here when the police arrive, I will

be tied up for hours maybe with

the preliminary investigation. If I

am not, I can perhaps discover

something before they do. I know

Donlevy, Chief of Detectives. I can

talk to him tomorrow. What I must

do is get a head start. I want, for

Where does-did he live?"

this case is bound to stir up. Don't

here before the police arrive."

haps if you can, sir-" he began,

for Donlevy, chief of homicide."

"No. Better you."

ute to talk? Alone."

McCale Slips Out

"Oh-but please-"

wide open."

bleak.

Ahead of the Police

stronger.

dismay on Miss Bigelow's face.

her eyes, "but he is dead."

before he died.

throat.

of his eyes.

Murder in Plain

"413 Fensroad-but what shall I tell the police?" Bigelow mansion. He senses that old "Tell them I left-that you do not passed. She turned to the fire. He Miss Adelaide Bigelow is afraid of someknow why." thing more than theft. In a conversation

"Yes." with Miss Bigelow he learns that she is He glanced at his wristwatch. sorry now that she gave her consent to Two minutes to go. her niece, Veronica's marriage with handsome Curt Vallaincourt, as she has "Now, Miss Bigelow, I must ask discovered that he is a fortune hunter you to tell me quickly what you and rake. He will control the entire saw from the window upstairs just family fortune of thirty million dollars. before the shot." There are several cross currents in the family, she tells McCale. While they are

She closed her eyes and let a shuddering breath escape her lips.

Her hands clasped and unclasped nervously. He thought she might faint. She opened ber eyes suddenly, tense, staggered, but deter-"At first there was only Curt

coming up the steps from the path that cuts across from Charles Street." The old voice was pained and hushed. "I knew it was he from away off. He always swaggered, sort of, and never wore a hat. There was also a-a womancoming along the outer walk that comes over the hill from Park Street."

"A woman in green?" "Yes, in green." She looked frightened. "There was someone else in a gray coat and hat coming along Beacon Street toward the



house. I couldn't see very well. The person was almost directly under the window and I was concentrating on-on Curt."

"On this side of the street?" "Yes."

Whoever it was had crossed the street, then, for the figure had been on the opposite side when McCale looked. That someone must have been almost at the door when the shot was fired? The murderer?

"Man or woman?" he snapped. "I-I couldn't tell. I was watching Curt, I told you."

But the hat. You said the figure had on a gray raincoat and a gray hat. Surely you could recognize the sex from the hat?" "I'm sorry - I was watching

Curt." "Yes. Go on."

"I just can't remember what happened then. Curt and the woman in green almost met at the gate, but he was a little ahead. I thought he turned his head to look at her.
. . . I'm not sure. Then-I'm sor-

ry. It's all confused. There was just the shot. I closed my eyes, I think. Then you were behind me and I did notice someone-the woman in green, I believe, running off into the fog."

Then she went to an old, battered desk that stood in a corner of the room. Pressing a spring that opened a secret drawer, she took out a small envelope from which she shook a piece of paper.

Shari Lynn Tells Her Story

be bound to find it."

"You'd better have this." She spoke almost furtively, and added, "If the house is searched, they'd

He took it over to the light and saw it was the merest corner off the edge of a letter. when you control the dough

your promise to me, lover. will be ours. e's to crime. Ha, ha.

"This, then," he said, straightening up, "is what really sent you to me "Yes," she murmured. "I found

it in the drawing room grate. It

was, surely, a note to Curt. He must have tried to burn it in this house. You see how it proved almost all police come into this, you will have my suspicions?" "Yes.'

He returned the fragment to its envelope, slipped the envelope into his inside pocket. No time to lose

"The woman in green had red hair, didn't she?" he asked, coldly. She looked for a moment down into an abyss of sheer terror. "I-I lon't know," she faltered. "I was looking at Curt."

Disappointment and wrath flashed across his eyes, was as quickly gone. He only said, "Courtance, to search Vallaincourt's age, then I'll see you tomorrow. She put out her hand impulsively,

, as if prompted to explain away his disillusion in her. A long moment

went out.

There was no one in the hall. The body of Curt Vallaincourt lay long and dark and lifeless, half in, half out of the light thrown by the scones on each side of a console

McCale stopped by the still form, avoiding a puddle of congealing blood. He knelt and noticed that Curt had been shot a little above the heart, at close range, as if someone had walked up to him and let him have it. It was a miracle he had managed to get up the steps to the door. A less virile person would have dropped dead in his

He frisked the body until he came upon a key ring that held a number of keys. Satisfied that one of these must be the key to the dead man's apartment, he rearranged the clothing, walked to the door, eased it open and slipped out.

He was hardly across the street onto the paths of the Common when the sirens started wailing and tearing up Beacon Hill.

At Park Square, McCale hopped into a cruising cab which put him down at 413 Fensroad in six minutes flat, despite the increasing drizzle and the traffic congestion of that time of day.

Four-thirteen was a big hunk of concrete and stainless steel. He stopped before Vallaincourt's apartment and listened carefully, his ear to the door.

After he'd entered, he stood completely still, testing the silence that hung heavily about him. A wide doorway at his right gave entrance to a large living room. He stepped toward it, soundlessly.

The quiet of the place was disturbing. It was the intense, pregnant quiet of a room so recently occupied that the effluvium of that occupancy still hung in the air. There were two doorways in back and a little to the left of him as he stood motionless in the center of the carpet. Not a board creaked or a pin dropped, but the hair on the back of his head stood up warningly. Moisture beaded his palms. He swiveled slowly, expectinganything.

lounged, white-faced, breathless, in peculiarly familiar attitude. steadily at him. Her face was so white she seemed all lipstick in the glare of so many lights. If she had had a eigarette in that mouth-Memory tugged at McCale and he knew it was Shari Lynn. She wore a dark green wool dress!

"Who are you?" he said huskily. She moved slowly toward him, eyes wary. For a moment he ignored

"You were a fool to come directly here," he said then.

Apprehension widened her eyes for a moment, bringing out unsuspected lines in her face. She sat down unsteadily on a chair and ran nervous fingers through dark dyed

She's scared, McCale thought. He perched perilously on the arm of the Empire sofa, shaking out a cigarette from a pack directly into his mouth in one motion. He spoke over the flame of his lighter. "Curt Vallaincourt has just been

Watching her closely he was certain that it wasn't news to her-that

she already knew. "Who are you-a dick? I didn't

kill him." "You were there."

She was guarded now. Her eyes narrowed and she clutched the glass with shaking fingers. "You've tash a Vinton St. Ha. 4490, Omaha, Nebr. got to prove that, copper." "I'm not the police."

"Then who are you? What are you doing here? What is this, a shakedown?"

He shook his head. "I'm a private dick. I am, however, investigating Curt Vallaincourt's mur-

Curt's Apartment Yields No Clues

Curiously, she seemed relieved. He soon found out why. A crafty look slid into her eyes. She almost smiled.

'Listen, then. I'm not saying I don't know Curt has been killed. I'll even admit maybe I was near enough to have seen it done. I might give you information as to who did it, mister."

"I'm listening. But make it quick. I want to frisk the place before the cops crawl all over it." She understood the necessity for speed and went on hurriedly. was up here having a couple of drinks with Curt before he went to the wedding rehearsal. I decided to wait until he got back. He was gone a long time-too long. I grabbed a cab, and got out at the music shop near Park Square. I was paying off the taxi when I saw Curt cutting across the path to Beacon street."

"You followed him?" She hesitated a moment, a look of doubt coming over her face, as if she were not sure of saying the right thing. That pause made a 'ot of difference in McCale's calcula

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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A FTER watching the scramble for world series seats and hearing of the record demand for every game that teams like Army, Michi-

gan and Notre Dame play, one begins to wonder how many over-eager fans are turned away in the course of a year.

The waste in the matter of spectators runs far into the millions. In fact, it will surpass many hundreds of millions, since on Grantland Rice certain big occa-

sions far more people are turned away than the number of those admitted.

The Red Sox office in Boston told me that, with room enough, the Boston seat sale for the World Series would have passed the 500,000 mark. This means that about 80 per cent of the ticket applicants were turned

Army feels confident that it could have played before more than 250,-000 at Ann Arbor, if Michigan had a 250,000 stadium, and just as cer-tain it could play before close to a

million in the Notre Dame game. Unfortunately, when earlier stands were built no one saw the possibili-

ties of any such public demand. Certainly New York didn't, where there is no such bowl as so many other cities have.

Los Angeles can handle 103,000 at her Municipal stadium, with Pasadena only a few miles away, able to put away over 90,000. With Santa Anita and Hollywood set for racing, Los Angeles is well in front so far as accommodations for the human frame are concerned.

Philadelphia and Chicago have 100,000 plants at the Sesquicentennial stadium and Soldier field.

New York's Big Parks

But their ball parks are too meager, along with so many other

cities. The Yankees have the only ball park that can seat 70,000 fans. Polo grounds and Briggs stadium are about on a par at 58,000. Outside of these places, few ball parks can seat more than 35,000 with any comfort. Public interest in sport, almost every variety of sport, has grown far beyond seating or even standing space. They can handle far bigger crowds in England and Scotland because hillsides often are used. In the matter of football or baseball, it is difficult to build stadiums that could handle more than 110,000 or possibly 125,000 spectators.

When crowds reach or pass these marks, too many spectators are too far away from the scene of conflict or contest. But there is vast room for improving conditions, where space too often is much too limited. The Michigan stadium at Ann Arbor leads all strictly college facilities with room for alightly over \$6,000 spectators. With over 100,000 applications for the Army-Michigan game, you can see how inadequate this is.

Just what will be done about the situation is a story for the future. with lack of space and also lack of building material. But many an owner or promoter has wasted many a sigh in thinking of all the lost gold from so many millions crowded out.

Too Much Baseball

There was a good deal of talk, during the recent series, about how baseball is extending its playing season deep into football's brief weeks. Then too, there's the matter of traveling.

happen in the future when Los Angeles or San Francisco had to face Boston or Brooklyn. A world series that rolls back and forth from ocean to ocean could be

We were wondering what would

much worse than this shift from St. Louis to Boston and back. The Mississippi isn't nearly as far away from the Atlantic ocean as the

Pacific ocean is. The main fact is that baseball is crowding much too far into the football season.

Naturally, baseball magnates can't see it that way. They have failed to realize that football is now as much of a major sport as baseball ever was, or ever will be. If a series happens to run into a day or two of rain, those who follow both baseball and football see their first football game around midseason. This doesn't happen to make any sense. Baseball gets its start back in February. It has at least

asks for two and a half months

Football Rankings

The majority of football fans agree that Texas university belongs on top, or close to the top of the heap, as far as this season goes. Army and Notre Dame are ranked

a six months' span. Football only

close alongside, with Michigan in fourth place. It remains to be seen what Michigan will do in its remaining games.

Also more than a trifle of Army's future depends on Doc Blanchard's