

Shirtwaister for Year-Round Wear



Favorite Shirtwaister CLASSIC shirtwaister style that's beloved by every age. Here's a dress that makes up handsomely in almost any fabric, and is a favorite the year 'round.

Pattern No. 1493 comes in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 42, 44 and 46. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 35-inch fabric.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT. 530 South Wells St. Chicago 7, Ill. Enclose 25 cents in coins for each pattern desired.

Corner Shelf and Colorful Cookie Box

THERE is magic in the flowing curves of this bracket shelf. Place it at eye-level in a corner of a small room and you have a feeling that the corner has melted away and the walls pushed back to add space.



The shelf is ten inches deep and fifteen wide. It will hold a number of small things or you can make a wooden cookie box for it like the one shown here.

Pattern 266 gives an actual-size cutting guide and directions for making the corner bracket shelf, also directions and large diagrams for making the box and a stencil pattern for decorating it.

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS Bedford Hills, N. Y. Drawer 10 Enclose 15 cents for Pattern No. 266.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

After cleaning hair combs place them in a solution of one tablespoon of ammonia to one quart of water and they will look bright and clean.

Creaky stairs can be corrected simply by inserting a piece of rubber under the treads. If no rubber scrap is available make a wedge of soft wood and insert firmly with the hand.

When melting honey that has crystallized, be sure to loosen the jar lid before you put the jar into the hot water. Tightly closed jars may burst.

To retain a design or lettering which appears on furniture, canisters, breadboxes which you wish to repaint, spread a thin coating of melted wax with a fine brush over the design or lettering. This preserves the design.

Keep a record on paper of what happens when your child is sick. Such a record will be of great help to the doctor. On it write the child's temperature and the time it was taken, the number of times he vomited, and when body elimination took place.

To revive blanket nap after laundering, hang the blanket up over the shower rod or towel rack nearest the bath tub. Fill tub with hot water. Nap will fluff up.

Disaster fighters

Few Americans realize that the protection of thousands of lives and billions of dollars' worth of property rests in the hands of the peacetime Regular Army.

Army Engineers are constantly at work along our great rivers, building dams and levees, dredging channels and using the latest scientific methods to control flood waters.

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YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE



Murder in Plain Sight by GERALD BROWN W.N.B. FEATURES



Duke McCale, private detective, is guarding the wedding presents at the Bigelow mansion. While he is talking with wealthy old Miss Adelaide Bigelow, they hear a shot. A moment later, Curt Vallaincourt, the bridegroom-to-be, dies in the front hallway.

CHAPTER IX

"He was a long way ahead of me. There was another dame coming up over the Hill road that meets the path he was on at the gate by the Bigelow house."

"You're sure of that, Miss Lynn? Remember, you may be making a dangerous accusation."

Rage flared up in her. She jumped up.

"Dangerous accusation," she screamed. "I should say it was. She killed him—that little blue-blood. Killed him. I tell you I saw her. He's dead. Dead!"

He crossed to her quickly, shaking her by the shoulders. "Take it easy. You're in a spot yourself. Whoever it was that got Vallaincourt at that gate had on a green suit or dress."

Angrily she brushed his hands from her arms, faced him. "I know that. She had on a green suit. I saw it. But I was a long way off, I tell you. You're not getting me for this just because I'm wearing this green thing. I wouldn't have killed Curt. God, I loved him. I loved him."

Her body sagged away from him. Her voice was low and harsh, was a cry of despair, as though her throat were all burned out.

McCale left Shari Lynn slumped on the couch. He knew it was useless to talk to her any more. She wouldn't be of any help.

He went quickly through an ornate bedroom which had a fabulous connecting bath of chromium and glass. There were two closets of expensive linen and haberdashery. He had never seen so many shirts, ties, shoes, socks, and collars outside a department store. And he went through everything.

But there wasn't a single thing to give him a lead, to use as evidences—not a letter, a receipt, a bill—not even a stray address. The murdered man had played it pretty smart and close to the ground.

Disgruntled, he went back into the living room and out the front door.

It was nine-fifteen when the buzz in McCale's outer office announced a late caller. McCale laughed. "How are you, Bart?"

Donlevy Trades Some Knowledge

"Ready to take you over the hurdles for sneaking out on me this afternoon," Donlevy's smile flared his growl.

McCale smiled back at him steadily. He liked the man. He had the look of careful grooming not often associated with the police. You would place him at about forty; a large man, bulking powerful and tall against the heavy door. He was of the new school of officers so widely heralded but often ridiculed—college bred, scientifically trained and carefully chosen.

"I'm not really sore," he began. "I only wondered why you took a powder when you and Adelaide Bigelow were practically the only eye witnesses to this ghastly business. It dawned on me very soon when I found no keys on the corpse that you'd gone to Vallaincourt's apartment to steal a march on me. Was that nice?" He raised an eyebrow facetiously.

"Not nice, but necessary from my point of view. I've got second look before—after your squad has fine-toothed a place—and there's never been a hairpin left for us fellows."

"What exactly did you find from being first this time?"

"Nary a clue. The place was as clean as a bone. Beyond getting a good idea of what the lad who lived there was like, there wasn't a false whisker for my trouble."

"The setup he had was quite revealing, wasn't it? Pure Hollywood—half DeMille, half Dorothy Draper. Very suggestive. Is that all you have found?"

"I found a woman."

McCale never felt it accomplished anything to hold out on Donlevy. It only promoted misunderstanding and ill feeling. It was much better to get the evidence first. That was all.

He watched the quick interest flash across Donlevy's eyes before he controlled it, before he said casually, "I would call that a clue, Duke."

"Well?" he questioned. "Shari Lynn, the chanteuse, at present of the Latin Quarter and The Abbey."

"Umm—I've heard of her." McCale went on, then, to tell of his encounter with the night club singer. He told it all, what she had said, how she had looked, bringing the complete picture before Don-

levy in a manner that insured the detective of every detail.

"You think then," the lieutenant queried when at last McCale was silent, "that there was an old affair between them? Something in your telling it makes me feel you are convinced that it was not too recent—something flaring up again after a long time."

McCale nodded. He closed his eyes a moment, then opened one, as if the other still shuttered an inner thought. "I'm sure of it," he said. "I'm sure you'll find that they may even have been man and wife at one time—that they have never been out of touch with each other for long."

Donlevy digested this. "Then?" "Oh sure. Lynn was back there after any letters of hers that Vallaincourt may have kept. I don't think there were any there, however. There wasn't even a stray phone number chalked on the bathroom wall. If you get what I mean."

"Quite. It was exactly as if the place had been cleaned of everything by the boy himself. Kind of disappointing, what? Because from everything we know, it doesn't seem as though that kind of gent would ever destroy a compromising missive of any kind whatever."



"Take it easy. You're in a spot yourself."

"True. There is the possibility of a safe deposit box at some bank."

"That's been checked. He had a small balance at a downtown bank, but no box of any kind."

McCale hunched himself over his glass for a minute, musing. "It becomes very confusing, then. For he must have got rid of everything last night or today. Before"—he stared unwinkingly at the rim of his glass—"just before he went to his death."

A long minute went by, while the fire crackled merrily in the grate—while each one of the three thought his own thoughts about this conjecture. It was Donlevy who finally shrugged it away with a sour look.

Duke McCale paused in front of the big man, Donlevy. The gray-haired police inspector looked up at him and said, "I suppose in return for your information you want to be brought up to date."

"That's only fair," McCale smiled. Donlevy had never once let him down in a matter of this kind, though he covered it always with an air of assumed ill grace.

Suspicion Settles On Veronica

"Here it is, then, for what it's worth," he said. "There was, in the Bigelow house at the time of the murder, besides Adelaide Bigelow and yourself, the cook, an upstairs maid, and the butler, King. The cook was preparing dinner. The maid, Kitty Shane, was hanging around the kitchen. They're out, obviously. No motive, no opportunity. King was fixing a tray of hors d'oeuvres for the usual cocktail hour. He's out for the same reason. None of them saw or heard a thing until the prolonged ringing of the bell."

"About five minutes after the cruising car got there, I arrived. It was then about twenty minutes since Vallaincourt had been shot. Shortly after that, the family began to wander in and I questioned them in the order of their appearance. Sybil and Stephen, her son, came in together. She said she had walked from the church across the Gardens, stopping at Shackley's drugstore for cigarettes. She had chatted a few minutes with the clerk, whom she knew. She met Stephen as she came out of the store. He had been wandering along Charles street, just killing time, he said. Likes to walk in the rain—that sort of thing."

"There's a jangled lad for you," McCale wagged a finger. "Neurotic. Worried about his wife. Was probably out hunting her up, wherever she was."

"Sybil is no calm, strong pioneer woman either. Collapsed like a balloon at the news. You'd think Val-

lincourt was her own chee-ild to hear her rave."

"To get on with it, the Garboish Karen is quite another ticket. As masklike and cold as the Snow Queen. Concerned, but unruffled, if you know what I mean. She turned a shade whiter, if that's possible, but I got the distinct impression she'd only walk around the corpse and go on her way. A bit too controlled."

"Victoria was next. She blew in with a book under her arm. Had been browsing around the Public Library—walked home."

McCale pursed his lips. "I imagine she screamed once, made an inappropriate remark and had a long hooker of whisky on it."

"You are very adroit."

"I've an unusual mind, I guess," said McCale facetiously. "What crack did she make?"

"She looked down at the corpse in a kind of mixture of fright and sheer excitement and said, 'Then someone did have the nerve!'"

Donlevy turned a page. "Christopher Storm—the guy that didn't get the girl—or almost didn't, what? He probably will now. He swears that he was walking back and forth along the lower Common path, hoping to intercept Veronica on her way home if she should come that way. She didn't show, so he came on up to the house. There's a funny thing, Duke, them all breaking up in onesies after the wedding rehearsal. Oh, well. We come now to Veronica, the bride."

"Veronica drove up in a cab—the last to arrive. She was strangely excited, I thought. She'd been doing some last minute shopping, saw it was getting late and got a cab at the corner of Boylston and Tremont." He hesitated. "... she said." He let his last two words hang in the air.

A devastating conversational abyss yawned, for McCale made no reply. Minutes ticked away. When he did speak, it was quietly.

"She is the obvious suspect, of course, Bart. The accusation of Shari Lynn; the fact that both Miss Bigelow and I saw a girl in green running away from the scene directly after the murder. Too bad she should have picked the corner of Boylston and Tremont street to get her cab. There are very few shops there and, as you have noted, the path running from the gate opposite the Bigelow house, over the hill by the cannon, ends at that precise point."

"Hardly coincidence."

McCale shrugged. "What about the weapon?"

"She must have thrown it away."

"Then the area in which to search for it is small. A woman cannot throw too far."

"I know that." A thwarted look came over Donlevy's craggy face. "We've had a special squad hunting it for three hours. So far, not a sign of it. We've actually used floodlights and turned up every fallen leaf, emptied every ash barrel in the park, with no luck."

Where Is the Murder Gun?

"That, then, for the moment, is that."

"Funny, but McCale's mind seemed relieved."

The case was dropped momentarily while they talked of pleasant things. It was nearly twelve when Donlevy stood up to go.

"I rather thought," he said at the door, "that you were retained by the old lady Bigelow to get at the truth. Now, I'm sure you're hired to protect the girl." He tried to put it over with a slow smile.

"Nothing of the sort has been suggested to me, I can assure you," McCale returned his smile sardonically. "That's the truth."

"Okay. I have my duty to do, you know."

"I'd find the weapon first."

"Oh, sure, sure. We'll find it."

The echo of Barton Donlevy's footsteps had hardly died on the stairs when McCale, standing before the dying fire, spoke. "I held out on the torn bit of letter."

"So I see, chief. You don't think the girl in green was the Veronica dame, then?"

"Maybe."

There was a silence for a minute, then Rocky said, "They have not found the rod."

"No," McCale's eyes lighted up as he looked quizzically at his friend and employee. He smiled as though he knew what Rocky was thinking.

"Didn't you say the gal who ran away stopped a minute to look back when she got to the cannon on the hill?"

"Yes."

"Well, chief," he jumped up, "you've been waiting to see if I'd think of it. Of course I have. After all, I've heard you tell it three times. That gun ought to be in the belly of that cannon."

They left the office in a mad rush. A cab deposited them in rapid time at the Common entrance. It was late and any police who had been searching for the gun were gone. (TO BE CONTINUED)



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