"Surely you're through with her

"Quite, quite. She could have

gone a half hour ago, but when I

learned she had phoned you, I

thought-that is-Miss Bigelow was

a bit under the weather." He dis-

regarded Veronica studiously, his

So that's the way the wind blows,

McCale thought, and said to Ann,

"You run along now. Wait for me

"Oh, quite all right," Donlevy

said. A cynical grin masked his

Ann murmured a few cheery

words to the girl and went out.

more of the same mess," he said.

McCale sighed. "Looks like it."

he said bitterly. "The worst part

of it all is that if I'd had my wits

morning. I'm convinced by what

she said that she knew something.

When I came in I had the feeling

that she expected someone else.'

had noticed on the wall the night

"Someone has removed a pic-

Donlevy came right over. "I no-

ticed that. But whose picture-that

we'll probably never know. You

"No. I looked them over last

"Oh, the whole joint has been

searched. Bedroom torn apart.

What they were looking for is prob-

McCale let his voice drop to

murmur. "Then why in God's

name are you determined to pin it

on that girl over there?" He indi-

Donlevy shrugged. "The motive,

my friend. The motive always

comes back to that. The motive

McCale sounded sullen. He knew

Donlevy wrinkled his brow.

"Come now," he said. "You're too

romantic, Duke. I've got to be con-

vinced. Besides, some of our clever-

est murderers are pretty young

women of good American family

all satisfied. Everyone except you."

He smiled. He was very sure of

"Yes. I know. I seem to be

himself and confident.

think. And you-?"

investigation, as you know."

lay back against the seat of the cab,

thoughts. There was the distilled

essence of tragedy in her young

face, a face too young to be so

harrassed, so bewildered. She

seemed to have grown up overnight,

and the growing had been too sud-

only too well how it had piled up.

has piled up in the last twenty-four

cated Veronica. "Surely-"

"You satisfied?"

night, but didn't recognize anyone.

What about the rest of the place?'

before. He pointed to a space.

ture," he exclaimed.

didn't by any chance-"

mand her in my custody."

McCale with him.

'Eh, my friend?"

vented."

terest.

"What?"

manner to her hard, restrained.

McCale was devastatingly

now?"

formal.

watch.

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Etiquette Pays

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Murder in Plain St.

lars. McCale obtains some important

clues by questioning Shari Lynn, Vallain-

atives. Sybil, Veronica's mother, ad-

mits she was one of the women seen hurrying away from the murder scene. Karen, wife of Stephen, Veronica's

brother, relates some history about Val-

laincourt, and how she had to buy back

some letters of hers which were being held by Shari Lynn. Stephen saw this

transaction at Shari's night club. Mc-Cale surmises that the letters must have

CHAPTER XIII

around somewhere, you know."

"Really?" She was disinterested.

"Those are the things I know."

He raised an eyebrow, looked at

her intensely, and his voice grew

hard. "But this is what I surmise.

Let's say it is a hunch I have, so

great that it wants only confirma-

The woman before him might

been old ones.

rand for Vicky."

tion from you."

went on.

Storm."

tive."

her set lips.

apparent in his face.

putting the tips of his fingers to-

somewhere. I rather suspect it was

promise he would come back with

the spoils in order to get her to

divorce him. He also had to make

the same promise to Victoria. What

letter in the fireplace. That put the

screws in the works. No wonder,

in her rage, she took it to Miss

Adelaide, sending her searching all

over the town for an honest detec-

thing. You are very acute." Her

"Thank you." He bowed as

"Except," she cut it curtly, "it

"Lord," he reeled as from a blow.

She moved toward the door.

'Christopher, the Galahad, the ir-

reproachable, is upstairs, if you

wish to question him." Her voice

of the fireplace. He was in a vile

temper. He had learned a great

deal, but all roads led to Rome-or

to Veronica. to put it exactly. There

was only one solution. Shari Lynn.

She must be bribed, or coerced, or

frightened into talking. She must

talk before this shabby crowd

brought their witch's brew to boil.

When Christopher Storm bounded

in with his quick, virile stride, Mc-

Cale turned hurriedly to shake the

young man's hand. He looked into

the clean-cut face and spoke quick-

"I'm in a hell of a hurry, Storm.

You can answer just one question,

"Gladly." He faced McCale with

"How did you happen to give The

For a moment Storm looked rat-

tled, as if the question were far

from what he had expected. Then

"You see, McCale," he said, "I'm

an architect. The Nest was a little

house for newlyweds. I'd built it

for a contest. It's a modern affair,

as you know if you've seen the mod-

el-all the latest gadgets, sun decks,

"Yes, yes," McCale interjected

"Well. Veronica and I had worked

on it together. We were practically

engaged and we thought when we

did marry, it would be just the

place for us." His eyes were far

Nest to the bride and groom?"

Another Death in

The Strange Cast

if you will."

he explained.

and stuff."

irritably.

open, candid eyes.

of letter." She smiled ironically.

"how you all gang up on Veronica."

though to the Snow Maiden herself.

voice was smooth, flat.

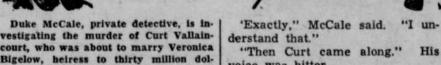
"Except perhaps-"

dripped ice.

"By all means."

Something went wrong

completely. "Well?"



voice was bitter. "Then it was a gesture? A definite, backhanded slap-" court's former wife, and Veronica's rel-

"Not at all. I never would have done a thing like that. I'd had it in for Curt, all right, but after I had a talk with him, just the day before his-his death, he convinced me he really was in love-that he wanted to make Veronica happy. I -well, in a great big sentimental at the office." He looked at his glow, I decided to deed them The Nest. That's all."

McCale studied him. He said finally, "Yes. That's just about what I'd expect you to do."

The telephone at his elbow rang "Yes. He accused me late that and he made a motion for Storm night, but I'd destroyed the letters, to answer it. The young man spoke Mr. McCale, and I managed to cona few words, then turned to McCale. vince him that I had done an er-

"For you." "McCale here," he said, wonder-"Ummm. Quick thinking. There ing who could be calling him there. are some letters of Victoria's It was Ann. She sounded fright-

> ened, urgent. "Is it all right for me to spill?" she asked.

"Go ahead." "Duke, I'm down at the drugstore under Shari Lynn's hotel. I went there an hour ago and could not raise her. I thought she was still asleep. I came back just now. The police are there-your friend Donlevy, and the homicide squad.



"A little more of the same mess,

The bellhops won't say a word, but, Shari Lynn. Curt probably had to Duke-Duke-does that mean-?" "Hold everything," McCale said. Ignoring Christopher Storm, he

made a grab for his hat. Shari Lynn lay on her back, a a mess when someone, Victoria, no weird, tragic figure in death. Her doubt, found the scrap of burned head was half under the table, as she had fallen, but not too far under to hide the staring eyes and the look of surprise and terror on her face. The patent artifice of her dyed hair accentuated more than ever her age and dissipation.

He was silent for a moment, star-McCale's eyes were grim as he ing moodily at the disdainful Karen. noted the neat round hole in her "These things I surmise," he rechest, the pool of dark blood that iterated. "Now, what can you tell had spilled down her side, saturating her gown, soaking the carpet. "I don't need to tell you any-

His eyes swiveled around and away from this horrid grotesquerie to encounter two calm gray ones which contemplated him from the extreme opposite corner of the room. Ann Marriot, trim and unruffled in her gray tweeds, sat was Veronica who found the piece astride a small theatrical trunk. She was holding the hand of Veronica Bigelow, who sagged, white and haggard looking, in a straightbacked chair. He went over to them, feeling rather than seeing a rising anger in Ann.

Somebody Stole Alone, he kicked the brass fender

A Picture She greeted him with a torrent

of words spoken loud enough for everyone in the room to hear. "This is intolerable, Duke," she exclaimed, biting her lip. I can't

stand it much longer." 'Why did you come back here. then, after you called me?"

"Well, I saw two officers escort Miss Bigelow-Veronica here-into the lobby. I thought: 'Good Lord, what are they up to with that poor girl now?' So I came on up in the same elevator."

McCale smiled his appreciation of her character and his gratitude. "Good girl. But how did you manage to invade the premises?"

"That was too easy. In fact, I was brought in as a prize suspect. Darned if the elevator boy didn't remember he had taken me up an hour before, so, of course, being properly awed by the majesty of the law, he just couldn't help whispering that bit of information at the door. Whereupon I was rushed in with a firm grip on my elbow." She turned to Veronica. "Are you feeling better, Miss Bigelow? Mr. McCale is going to get us out of here."

"I'll do what I can," he said, and there was a genuine concern in him that came as a real surprise. He heard a soft tread behind him

and turned to face the lieutenant. "Johnny-on-the-spot as usual, I There was a shadow of a smile on Donlevy's lips. "Sorry I had to detain Miss Marriot, but she rather arranged her own entrance, so to speak, together with one of my over-zealous squad."

ASK ME ANOTHER

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. Is the atomic theory new? 2. What is the smallest bird in the world?

What is a Chinook?

Did a giant once rule Rome? Was the Battle of Bunker Hill fought on Bunker hill in 1775? 6. In literature Pegasus is what

sort of creature? 7. Where was our Liberty bell 8. What does claustrophobia

mean? 9. Was it King John who signed Then he added pointedly to Donthe Magna Charta of England? levy, though he faced Ann, "I'll see that Miss Bigelow gets home

10. What state led in population safely, unless, of course" - he from 1790 to 1810, at which time turned steely eyes to the lieutenant New York took the lead? "-unless you are not willing to re-

The Answers

1. No, it was conceived 2,400 thoughts. He turned away, drawing years ago by Democritus. 2. The Cuban hummingbird.

3. A type of wind. 4. Yes, Emperor Maximin, who At the window, Donlevy spoke was almost 9 feet tall. He ate 40 with an impatient gesture which pounds of meat a day. took in the whole room. "A little 5. No. It was fought on nearby

> Breed's hill. 6. A flying horse.

7. England. 8. A morbid condition of fear of being in a confined space.

about me, it might have been pre-9. King John fixed his royal seal to it, but did not sign it, probably because he could not write. "I was here in this room talking 10. Virginia. with Miss Lynn about two this

Top Income

'A little blackmail, what?" Don-The largest personal income in levy's eyes showed their intent inthe United States in 1945 was \$1,113,035, reported by the film di-"Yes." McCale began to prowl rector and writer, Leo McCarey, around the room. Everything most of which came from his perseemed just the same as it had been. centage of the year's profits on He stopped before the collection Going My Way. of snapshots and photographs he

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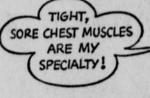
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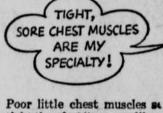


tight they feel "squeezed" ... so sore from hard coughing it hurts him to breathe? Quick, Mentholatum. Rub it on gently stimulating action helps lessen congestion without irritating child's delicate

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chest, back, neck. Its warm, normal skin. At same time comforting vapors lessen coughing spasms.

Curt Had Planned A Double Cross McCale spoke to her gently. "I

den, too awful.

want to help you, Miss Bigelow. Really I do. But first you've got to believe in me. I must probe deeper than the police-maybe hurt you more-but your Aunt Adelaide expects a miracle from me, and so-" "I know." She opened her eyes. "A few more questions can't mat-

ter now. Go ahead." "I'm taking it for granted that you were nowhere near your home yesterday afternoon at the time of

the murder. Right?" "I wasn't, Mr. McCale." She was intense, earnest, "I can't say where I was at the exact moment, but I didn't kill Curt, I couldn't have. I couldn't kill anybody, least of all Curt."

"Did you love him?" Her eyes grew big as the question startled her into a consideration of the fact as it was.

"I-of course-I suppose I did." She fumbled for words. "It was like going round and round in a great surge of something-something exciting-whenever he was near me, whenever I thought of him. But it's now-now that I know that it's over, that he's gone forever-dead-that I wonder if it was love. I'm so empty.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

and background. Then, too, my investigating staff, the D.A.-they're GIANT unique. You're not arresting her?" "We can wait for the inquest, I OF THE "I want the truth, of course." Mc-Cale showed his teeth in a dangerous smile. "I'm going on with the Beside McCale, Veronica Bigelow silent. She looked drained of all vitality, a figure of carved gray stone in the terror of her inner

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