

**Do the Right Thing At the Right Time**

TIPS TO TEENS



**Etiquette Pays**

The gal—or guy—who goes places and does things is the one who's never fazed by any situation. If you want to be more popular, better check up on your manners.

The Weekly Newspaper Service booklet has the answers. In discussions, dining, dancing, letter-writing—many phases of everyday etiquette are covered.

Send 25 cents (coin) for "New Book of Everyday Etiquette." Print your name, address, zone, title of booklet.

**Spectacular Palace**

The Maharaja of Mysore, India, to make his fabulous palace appear as spectacular at night as during the day, has its exterior outlined with 130,000 electric lights which are set eight inches apart and which, if placed in a straight line, would cover a distance of 16 miles.

**Happy Days for Sluggish Folks**



WHEN CONSTIPATION makes you feel punk as the dickens, brings on stomach upset, sour taste, gassy discomfort, take Dr. Caldwell's famous medicine to quickly pull the trigger on lazy "in-nards", and help you feel bright and chipper again.

DR. CALDWELL'S is the wonderful sense-laxative contained in good old Syrup Pepsin to make it so easy to take.

MANY DOCTORS use pepsin preparations in prescriptions to make the medicine more palatable and agreeable to take. So be sure your laxative is contained in Syrup Pepsin.

INSIST ON DR. CALDWELL'S—the favorite of millions for 50 years, and feel that wholesome relief from constipation. Even finicky children love it.

CAUTION: Use only as directed.

**DR. CALDWELL'S SENNA LAXATIVE**  
CONTAINED IN SYRUP PEPSIN

**HELP BUILD UP Cold Resistance**

with HIGH ENERGY TONIC

If you catch cold easily—because you lack all the natural A & D Vitamins and energy-building, natural oils you need—you may be amazed how Scott's Emulsion can help build energy, stamina and resistance. Try it! See why many doctors recommend this food-tasting, high energy-food tonic. Buy at your druggist's.

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
YEAR-ROUND TONIC

**UN Parfum Distingue**

DIRECT For HER "MARC FAEL" PARIS For XMAS

For the Woman of Discrimination 20 grams of the most EXQUISITE and GLAMOROUS of FRENCH PERFUMES. In unique JERRY-CAN miniature of GOLD colored metal. The GIFT CONVERSATION PIECE. Non-spillable for the purse. BOTTLED and PACKAGED in FRANCE \$12.50.

Send DIRECT TO HER WITH CARD if desired. To assure Xmas delivery, your order should be mailed prior to Dec. 8th. Forward check or postal money order (add 20% Fed. Tax.) NOW to our American Agents.

**HESS-HAHN**  
54 EUCLID AVE. RIDGEFIELD PARK, N. J.

**BATTERY TROUBLE ENDED**

61.50 YOUR FIRST AND LAST COST ADDED TO ANY BATTERY IN 5 MINUTES WITHOUT REMOVING BATTERY FROM CAR. Start your car as often as you wish without fear of battery trouble. Play radio as long as you care to—Your battery will not fail. Batteries of any make used for lighting, radio, boats, vehicles, etc., will operate 3 times longer if serviced with "EYE-CHARGE".

**Murder in Plain Sight**  
by GERALD BROWN  
W.N.U. FEATURES

Duke McCale, private detective, is investigating the murder of Curt Vallincourt, who was about to marry Veronica Bigelow, heiress to thirty million dollars. McCale obtains some important clues by questioning Shari Lynn, Vallincourt's former wife, and Veronica's relatives. Sybil, Veronica's mother, admits she was one of the women seen hurrying away from the murder scene. Karen, wife of Stephen, Veronica's brother, relates some history about Vallincourt, 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. McCale surmises that the letters must have been old ones.

**CHAPTER XIII**

"Yes. He accused me late that night, but I'd destroyed the letters, Mr. McCale, and I managed to convince him that I had done an errand for Vicky."

"Umm. Quick thinking. There are some letters of Veronica's around somewhere, you know."

"Really?" She was disinterested. "Well?"

"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 confirmation from you."

The woman before him might have been carved of ice, but McCale went on.

"The design or plan was to bring Vallincourt, the irresistible, the magnet, to attract Veronica. He was to marry her and get control of the money, or at least a large portion of it for himself. Then, perhaps, a divorce, and back to Veronica. It probably was Veronica's idea. Then everything would be soft for the foster-Bigelows. They could have their fun, have millions to play with, and no interference from a disapproving brother-in-law, like, for instance, Christopher Storm."

An amused murmur came from her set lips.

"I don't think that you necessarily were a party to the scheme. I suppose you knew about it, but were just too disgusted with your own life to care." He scowled. "A rotten deal to put over on a fine old lady and a sensitive young girl!" His repugnance to the idea was clearly apparent in his face.

"However," He sat up straight, putting the tips of his fingers together. "Something went wrong somewhere. I rather suspect it was Shari Lynn. Curt probably had to 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 Veronica. What a mess when someone, Veronica, no doubt, found the scrap of burned 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 detective."

He was silent for a moment, staring moodily at the disdainful Karen. "These things I surmise," he reiterated. "Now, what can you tell me?"

"I don't need to tell you anything. You are very acute." Her voice was smooth, flat.

"Thank you." He bowed as though to the Snow Maiden herself. "Except perhaps—"

"Except," she cut it curtly, "it was Veronica who found the piece of letter." She smiled ironically.

"Lord," he reeled as from a blow, "how you all gang up on Veronica."

She moved toward the door. "Christopher, the Galahad, the irreproachable, is upstairs, if you wish to question him." Her voice dripped ice.

"By all means."

Alone, he kicked the brass fender 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, McCale turned hurriedly to shake the young man's hand. He looked into the clean-cut face and spoke quickly.

"Exactly," McCale said. "I understand that."

"Then Curt came along." His voice was bitter.

"Then it was a gesture? A definite, backhanded slap—"

"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 death, he convinced me he really was in love—that he wanted to make Veronica happy. I—well, in a great big sentimental 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 and he made a motion for Storm to answer it. The young man spoke a few words, then turned to McCale.

"For you."

"McCale here," he said, wondering who could be calling him there. It was Ann. She sounded frightened, urgent.

"Is it all right for me to spill?" she asked.

"Go ahead."

"Duke, I'm down at the drug-store 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."

"I was here in this room talking with Miss Lynn about two this 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."

"A little blackmail, what?" Donlevy's eyes showed their intent interest.

"Yes," McCale began to prowl around the room. Everything seemed just the same as it had been. He stopped before the collection of snapshots and photographs he had noticed on the wall the night before. He pointed to a space.

"Someone has removed a picture," he exclaimed.

Donlevy came right over. "I noticed that. But whose picture—that we'll probably never know. You didn't by any chance—"

"No. I looked them over last night, but didn't recognize anyone. What about the rest of the place?"

"Oh, the whole joint has been searched. Bedroom torn apart. What they were looking for is probably gone."

McCale let his voice drop to a murmur. "Then why in God's name are you determined to pin it on that girl over there?" He indicated Veronica. "Surely—"

Donlevy shrugged. "The motive, my friend. The motive always comes back to that. The motive has piled up in the last twenty-four hours."

McCale sounded sullen. He knew only too well how it had piled up. "You satisfied?"

Donlevy wrinkled his brow. "Come now," he said. "You're too romantic, Duke. I've got to be convinced. Besides, some of our cleverest murderers are pretty young women of good American family and background. Then, too, my investigating staff, the D.A., they're all satisfied. Everyone except you." He smiled. He was very sure of himself and confident.

"Yes. I know. I seem to be unique. You're not arresting her?"

"We can wait for the inquest, I think. And you—?"

"I want the truth, of course." McCale showed his teeth in a dangerous smile. "I'm going on with the investigation, as you know."

Beside McCale, Veronica Bigelow lay back against the seat of the cab, silent. She looked drained of all vitality, a figure of carved gray stone in the terror of her inner thoughts. There was the distilled essence of tragedy in her young face, a face too young to be so harassed, so bewildered. She seemed to have grown up overnight, and the growing had been too sudden, too awful.



"A little more of the same mess, eh, my friend?" said Donlevy.

The bellhops won't say a word, but 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 weird, tragic figure in death. Her 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.

McCale's eyes were grim as he noted the neat round hole in her chest, the pool of dark blood that had spilled down her side, saturating her gown, soaking the carpet.

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 astride a small theatrical trunk. She was holding the hand of Veronica Bigelow, who sagged, white and haggard looking, in a straight-backed chair. He went over to them, feeling rather than seeing a rising anger in Ann.

**Somebody Stole 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 see." 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."

"Surely you're through with her now?" McCale was devastatingly formal.

"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 disregarded Veronica studiously, his manner to her hard, restrained.

So that's the way the wind blows, McCale thought, and said to Ann, "You run along now. Wait for me at the office." He looked at his watch.

Then he added pointedly to Donlevy, though he faced Ann, "I'll see that Miss Bigelow gets home safely, unless, of course"—he turned steely eyes to the lieutenant—"unless you are not willing to remain her in my custody."

"Oh, quite all right," Donlevy said. A cynical grin masked his thoughts. He turned away, drawing McCale with him.

Ann murmured a few cheery words to the girl and went out.

At the window, Donlevy spoke with an impatient gesture which took in the whole room. "A little more of the same mess," he said. "Eh, my friend?"

McCale sighed. "Looks like it," he said bitterly. "The worst part of it all is that if I had my wits about me, it might have been prevented."

"What?"

"I was here in this room talking with Miss Lynn about two this 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."

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**Curt Had Planned A Double Cross**

McCale spoke to her gently. "I 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 matter 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 started 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)

**ASK ME ANOTHER?**  
A General Quiz

**The Questions**

1. Is the atomic theory new?
2. What is the smallest bird in the world?
3. What is a Chinook?
4. Did a giant once rule Rome?
5. 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 cast?
8. What does claustrophobia mean?
9. Was it King John who signed the Magna Charta of England?
10. What state led in population from 1790 to 1810, at which time New York took the lead?

**The Answers**

1. No, it was conceived 2,400 years ago by Democritus.
2. The Cuban hummingbird.
3. A type of wind.
4. Yes, Emperor Maximin, who was almost 9 feet tall. He ate 40 pounds of meat a day.
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.
9. King John fixed his royal seal to it, but did not sign it, probably because he could not write.
10. Virginia.

**Top Income**

The largest personal income in the United States in 1945 was \$1,113,035, reported by the film director and writer, Leo McCarey, most of which came from his percentage of the year's profits on Going My Way.

**Relieves Child's Cold As He Sleeps**

Penetrates into upper bronchial tubes with special soothing medicinal vapors.

Stimulates chest and back surfaces like a warming, comforting poultice.

This wonderful special penetrating—stimulating action—brought to you only by Vicks VapoRub—works for hours to relieve distress of colds while the child sleeps. Often by morning most misery of the cold is gone. Try it VICKS VAPORUB tonight!

**GIANT OF THE FUTURE**

ELECTRONICS—tomorrow's giant in the civilian world—is today's field for research in the U. S. Army Signal Corps. Throughout the land, and in strategic bases abroad, Signal Corps men are developing the knowns and probing the unknowns of radio, radar, Loran, Shoran, and other vital developments which make a closer knit Army—geared up for swift and effective defense.

It takes highly specialized men to operate the "Nerve Center of the Army." Men so eager to attain technical perfection that they'll shelve every conflicting interest to "get the message through." This training and this attitude pay off—for the American people as a whole, and for the fine men who choose this career.

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



**NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS**  
Gay Animal Head Potholders



USE colorful scraps of left-over materials to make these gay little animal head potholders. Embroider with bits of floss and you've some ideal gifts for holi-

day giving, church bazaars, bridge prizes—and for your own kitchen. Actual size is given on the pattern chart.

To obtain three Animal Potholders (Pattern No. 5280) actual size for embroidery, color chart, send 20 cents in coin, your name, address and pattern number.

Due to an unusually large demand and current conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers.

Send your order to:

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLEWORK  
530 South Wells St. Chicago 7, Ill.  
Enclose 20 cents for Pattern.

No. \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

Buy wisely for this Christmas... buy practical, useful gifts that are sure to please. For example, local dealers are featuring two timely items you can give to the smokers on your Christmas list—Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. These popular brands are all dressed up in special holiday suits, ready to give. Camel comes in a handsome ten-package carton—contains 200 mild, mellow cigarettes. And for the pipe-smoker, mellow Prince Albert is available in gay, colorful one-pound tins. All are so attractively packaged that no additional wrapping is necessary. Even space is provided for the giver's "Merry Christmas" message. It will take only a few minutes of your time to pick up these popular Christmas items at your nearest dealer.—Adv.

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS**

Keep up to date a record of your children's diseases. These will be handy for reference when they are ready to go to school.

Berry pies will run over in the oven, but if you will make your pie in an eight-inch pan and place it in a nine-inch pan, you will save the work of cleaning the oven.

Have you tried serving raw sliced apples with cheese for dessert? The different textures and flavors of the apples and cheese afford a very refreshing taste.

One of the ways to keep silverware bright and shiny is to line the drawer in which it is kept with dark outing flannel.

A vacuum coffee-maker filter is excellent for straining baby's formula or orange juice.

Lemon juice added to the fruit mixture for most pies will bring out the fruity flavor. A tablespoon or two will do the trick.

**This Home-Mixed Cough Relief Is Hard To Beat**

So Easy. No Cooking. Saves Dollars. No matter what you've been using for coughs due to colds, you'll be the first to admit that this surprising relief, mixed in your own kitchen, is hard to beat, for real results.

Make a syrup by stirring 2 cups of granulated sugar and 1 cup of water a few moments, until dissolved. No cooking is needed—a child could do it. Or you can use corn syrup or liquid honey, instead of sugar syrup.

Then put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (obtained from any druggist) into a pint bottle and fill up with your syrup. This gives you a full pint of really splendid cough relief—about four times as much for your money. Tastes fine—children love it. It never spoils.

You can feel this home mixture taking right hold of a cough. It loosens the phlegm, soothes the irritated membranes, and helps clear the air passages. Eases soreness and difficult breathing, and lets you sleep.

Pinex is a special compound of proven ingredients, in concentrated form, a most reliable soothing agent for throat and bronchial irritations. Just try it, and if not satisfied, your money will be refunded.

IT'S ONLY NOON... AND YOUR BAKING'S DONE?

Yes, I save hours with RED STAR DRY YEAST.

You, too, can have extra time for yourself on baking day when you use the new, quick-rising Red Star Dry Yeast.

This wonder-yeast starts working instantly. It works faster, gives extra flavor. And more "rise" means bigger loaves from the same quantity of precious flour, sugar and shortening!

Convenient, too, this granular dry yeast requires no refrigeration, keeps fresh on your pantry shelf week after week! Get a supply on the next trip to your grocer.

QUICK RISING RED STAR DRY YEAST

KEEPS FRESH IN THE PANTRY

**"COLD BUG" GOT HIM DOWN?**

TIGHT, SORE CHEST MUSCLES ARE MY SPECIALTY!

Poor little chest muscles so tight they feel "squeezed"... so sore from hard coughing it hurts him to breathe? Quick, Mentholatum. Rub it on chest, back, neck. Its warm, gently stimulating action helps lessen congestion without irritating child's delicate normal skin. At same time comforting vapors lessen coughing spasms.

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GET MENTHOLATUM QUICK!