

STUDENTS!

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Murder Could Not Kill

By Gregory Baxter

INSTALLMENT FIVE

"Rufus Brett, for whom the police have been searching in connection with the murder last Tuesday of Sherwood Lee Dexter, the American millionaire, was traced early this morning to the premises above 'The Man With a Scythe,' a public house in the Paddington district. When the police arrived, however, he had gone, having apparently received warning of their coming. Interrogations are proceeding, and an early arrest is expected."

This item in the stop-press column of his newspaper leaped to Robin Foster's eyes as he sat at breakfast the following morning: Suddenly, in an instant, all his vague doubts and fears crystallized. Could it be possible that Laurette had known Brett was in hiding in 'The Man With a Scythe'? Was it she who had warned him that the police were on his track? Then he tossed aside the newspaper and laughed at the folly of his mental indictment. His suspicions dissipated themselves again—lost shape, as reflections in a quiet pool lose shape when the wind ruffles its surface. More probably it was she who had informed the police where Brett was hiding.

And yet... He reached for the newspaper and stared at the words. Why had she not told him last night? Why on earth should she maintain secrecy on such a matter? Especially, in the circumstances, with him? He became increasingly puzzled and worried, and felt he could not rest until he had seen Laurette Dexter and received an explanation from her.

When he called at her house he learned that she had not yet breakfasted.

Fifteen minutes passed before Laurette descended to the morning room where Robin, harassed with anxiety, awaited her impatiently.

She too, appeared worried, and thought, and to his astonishment she was slightly frigid in her attitude.

"I simply had to come along to see you," was his opening remark. "Yes?" she returned. "Do please sit down, won't you."

He noticed that she passed a hand wearily across her brows, closing her eyes as though in pain. "Aren't you feeling well?" he asked sympathetically.

"Oh, I'm all right. I didn't mean to sleep so long this morning, that's all. I am rather annoyed with myself—I have so much to do. I have a slight headache—an unusual thing for me."

"Would you rather I come back later? Actually I want to speak to you rather urgently," he said.

"If it is important, you had better tell me now."

"You have seen the news—heard they are definitely after Brett?" She looked at him coldly, nodded, but made no other reply.

"You don't seem as pleased as I would have expected," he continued, slightly irritated.

"Pleased is hardly the word. You surely don't expect me to register delight over the thought that a human being is likely to be hanged?"

She spoke in level tones, but there was an undercurrent almost of suppressed hysteria in her voice. "Sorry, I hardly meant it in that way," he returned, "although after all, there's no need to be squeamish about the matter. Brett deserves all he gets, it seems to me. Consider the circumstances. The fellow shot your father. Surely you need some sympathy on him."

"Can we be sure that he did?" His eyes widened in blank amazement.

"I say," he said slowly, "that's a bit of a bombshell coming from you. You've never even guessed such a thing before. Nor has anyone else. Of course he's the man who did it. Who else could have done it when we consider all the facts?"

"I admit it seems so. But what if that gun had been stolen from him and used by someone else? Someone who had taken mighty good care not to leave the impression of his own fingerprints on it?" She asked the question challengingly.

"I hadn't considered that possibility," he retorted, "although—yes, I do now remember it was suggested by Inspector West that the pistol might have been laid in the car deliberately. I hadn't thought it necessary. You yourself know that some old grievance existed between Brett and your father. The case against him seems staggeringly clear."

She shook her head. "Has it not struck you," she parried quietly, "that it is strange



MISSING CO-ED — Jeri Lou Ely, 18-year-old University of Michigan freshman, is the object of a widespread search. She hasn't been seen since she left her room to attend classes in Ann Arbor, Mich. Friends said she seemed "somewhat distressed" about her scholastic standing.

Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2
ling every brooklet that carries the melting snow from the fields and woodlands on the slopes, it rushes the swollen waters to the river below. We think now that Mr. C. from the house on the hill will be about with his lantern tonight lifting boards from the gates on the dam and James hearing in the old kitchen or perhaps in the room above by this, the "noise of many waters" will lay a plan or two for the seedtime now in the offing. It was to provide "seed for the sower" the threshing-gear was hauled this evening from storage at the other farm, in order that the Spring threshing may be presently taken up. Pard was a muddy fellow but plainly buoyant in spirit as he ran in advance of the team, pausing to look back towards the farmers, to be certain which way their path led. And obviously pleased with the outing. "Isn't this lovely?" his attitude said "here we are again—off to bring the gear home for the Spring threshing!"

Sunny skies—Mayflowers' waking—the streams in freshest and tomorrow, if all goes well, the threshing.

Until tomorrow—Diary—Good-night.

Scotland Yard has been unable to discover the slightest trace of the automobile which Rufus Brett is supposed to have used to overtake ours? A car, remember, you yourself saw, but can't describe in any way accurately. It is more or less proved that he could not own an auto—a car. Yet your police have not been able to trace that he even hired one. They have combed every hiring agency and garage in London without results. They're terribly slick on these things here.

"It isn't difficult to find a reasonable explanation of that," Robin countered. "Maybe whoever he hired it from was in the game with him, and naturally they've kept mum; or it may have been a private car borrowed from a private individual. You remember that inspector chap suggested he would probably have pals."

"The man I saw wore a small English soft hat and had a white scarf wrapped around his face. When Brett came to Mr. Lessing's house that night he had a distinctively American hat and no scarf."

"Don't you think you may be mistaken about the hat?" "Maybe, but—well, I just feel that the man who came into our car hadn't a hat like Brett's. And I'm sure about the scarf."

"That doesn't take you very far." Robin almost smiled. "He would leave his scarf in the car, I expect."

"True enough. Of course one can really find explanations for anything, I suppose."

She spoke in despondent tones and again passed a hand over her eyes. "The she said more briskly: "But he did telephone here just around the time of the murder, as he said he did. That also is true. It has been checked. Now, why should he have done that? It doesn't seem at all like the action of a man who had just committed such a fearful crime."

"You know Scotland Yard's explanation. A feeble endeavour to provide an alibi. The sort of futile imbecility, in short, that would occur to a man whose mind was fuddled with drink, or dope."

"Dope! Exactly!" Laurette exclaimed almost triumphantly. "Et?" ejaculated Robin, staring at her. As he remained silent he continued seriously.

"Miss Dexter, I frankly cannot understand what has happened to you. What on earth has made you suddenly swing over like this? You have never suggested any of these doubts to me before, or to anyone else so far as I know. Don't you want the creature to be caught? After all, it was your father. Sorry to be so very personal, but even in the matter of his Will, isn't it to your advantage? You well know the main condition of that Will."

To be continued

2 out of 3 preferred NEW Robin Hood CAKE MIXES

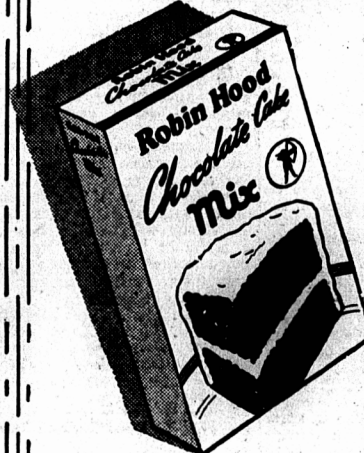
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Here's the story! 300 women, from all parts of Canada, were given two cake mixes to test. One was a Robin Hood Cake Mix—the other a brand popular in each woman's district. These women were asked to try both kinds and tell which mix they preferred. The amazing results: TWO OUT OF THREE WOMEN

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For delicate fresh flavour and velvety-soft texture, try Robin Hood White Cake Mix. Or, if you like honest-to-goodness old-fashioned gingerbread, be sure to buy Robin Hood Gingerbread Mix. Both of these new Robin Hood Mixes are economical to use, easy to prepare. Now at your grocer's!

1000⁰⁰ Weekly CASH PRIZES

MUSICAL KITCHEN C B A 2:45 P. M. MONDAY WEDNESDAY FRIDAY 11:30 AM NET W 6

PIUSVILLE SCHOOL Report for Piusville, Sr. Dept. For February and March Grade VIII—1. Clarisse Gallant. 2. Della Gallant. 3. Gerald Gallant. Grade VII—1. Raymond Gallant. 2. Anita Gallant. Grade VI—1. Rita Gallant. 2. Norma Brown. 3. Annette Gallant. Grade V—1. Bobby Gallant. 2. Esther Gallant. 3. Dale Corco an. BRITISH DANCE British country dances were introduced into France about 1715. Teacher—Mrs. Ania M. Gallant (Peters). TARTAR SETTLERS What is now Bulgaria was settled in 679 A. D. by a Tartar tribe who crossed the Danube from the north.

FOR WOMEN (WHO BAKE AT HOME) ONLY THE LADIES AGREE

I JUST WOULDN'T BE WITHOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

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RISES FASTER, BAKES LIGHTER TOO

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NAPOLEON and UNCLE ELBY by Clifford McBride

COMPOUND TH' WIGGLING SCAMP, I'VE GOT TO WEIGH HIM TO FILL OUT THIS PUP SHOW ENTRY BLANK, AND HE WON'T SIT ON TH' SCALE.

SEE, UNCLE ELBY, IT'S SIMPLE. I'VE LET MYSELF UP BOTH AND DEDUCT MY WEIGHT!

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1/2 cup salad oil 1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/2 cup vinegar 1/2 teaspoon Colman's Mustard
1 teaspoon salt

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