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DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Continued from page 2

the respect of your friends and family. Get yourself straightened out with the Lord. As a starter, take yourself to church in the quiet of a week-day. There, analyze your own feelings for the man you think you mourn so much. Love for him is impossible for you to feel. Infatuation, yes; love, no! No, because it is impossible to love someone you can't respect.

For several years you made yourself a virtual slave to a man who had no use for you except in so far as you provided money he needed, and satisfied his vanity. As a person, you meant nothing to him. He probably is gloating inwardly at the knowledge that he can come back to you any time he wishes and have you lick his boots in gratitude. What would you think of someone else in the same position? You'd think she was a pretty poor specimen of womanhood, wouldn't you? Then why let yourself be so degraded in your own sight?

You've had a pretty shoddy past; don't let the future follow the same pattern. When you meet the man who deserted you, look at him with the scorn he deserves. What you probably do now is gaze at him with abject submission, waiting for a kind word.

Why not spend some of your spare time helping the unfortunates in your city? Hospitals, orphanages, founding homes need voluntary help desperately. In alleviating someone else's misery, perhaps you'll forget your own. But top wasting time, and get busy on a new, and good, life.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: Frequently in your columns I see mail from lonely women. I also live alone and, while I am not lonely, my trouble is finding someone with whom to go to shows or other places of amusement. Most of my friends are married with families (I am a widow) and are unavailable at the times I am free. If some of your readers are similarly situated, perhaps we could get together to form a group to discuss our plight. I would be glad to put my own home at their disposal for a gathering.

MRS. ROSE M. ANSWER: If other readers would make similar offers, in different cities, perhaps such groups could be formed. There certainly is a tremendous need for some sort of focal gathering point to meet the needs of women, widowed or single, who are seeking congenial companionship among members of their own sex. I have always considered that a church or community center would be the ideal spot for an organization of this type, but little seems to have been done about it. Let's hear from readers with similar suggestions.

Miss Nissen cannot reply personally to readers but will answer problems of general interest through this column.

Murder In Duplicate

CHAPTER SEVEN

Continued

Tate was against you. You didn't know that a man called Hamilton was following Smith. Hamilton knew Smith had called on you. Hamilton was no fool. He knew all about strychnine, and he realized the strychnine which killed Smith couldn't have been in the drink Mary gave him. Strychnine is the bitterest substance known. Smith would have tasted it.

"You sent Smith to Mary's flat, then followed to see how your scheme was working. Hamilton saw you there, guessed the truth, and tried to blackmail you. You got him to enter your car. Then you shot him. You followed Mary and me to Corder's house, and put Hamilton's body in my car. You meant the police to catch us with the body. You must have got quite a shock," said Jim evenly, when we turned up here instead.

Frank Welles shook his head. Although no longer smiling, he remained cool.

"Not at all, old boy," he said mildly. "Everything you've said is sheer fantasy. I could shoot your story full of holes in five minutes."

"Go ahead," Jim invited grimly. "All right. Tell me how I murdered Mrs. Dormer, and Smith. We'll leave out Hamilton for the moment," Frank smiled mockingly. "Mrs. Dormer died of strychnine poisoning. It's a quick-acting poison. Yet, according to you I left Mrs. Dormer alive and well, and she didn't collapse until some time afterwards."

"The same applies to Smith. You say he too, died of strychnine poisoning. But when he ar-

Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

In the habit of indulging" he offered. "But" he hesitated "I have one awful tickle in this here throat of mine today—for no reason whatever! Perhaps," he agreed "a thimbleful wouldn't hurt it any!" And if or not there was too generous measuring we never knew. In any event there was no mention of the ailing tickle when James came to the yard with the roots.

So again the days of the open season of hunting are here — by ponds and streams and rivers and along farm-lands. It is a time we meet with some concern but also with some anticipation. Because somewhere along, we shall manage to gather pleasant memories.

Until tomorrow — Diary — Good-night.....

rived at Mary's flat, he was quite well. He talked to both of you. Mary offered him a drink, and he couldn't possibly tampered with that drink. How then did I manage to kill Smith?"

Jim bit his lip. The central piece of the jigsaw puzzle was still missing. He remembered the scene in Mary's flat. Smith had certainly seemed quite fit, apart from a heavy cold — until he took the drink that Mary offered him.

They knew all about that drink. The brandy bottle had been untouched before Mary opened it. There was no possibility of it having been tampered with. The glass had been newly cleaned by Mary herself, the water to dilute the brandy had come from a tap. He shook his head impatiently.

"That's for the police to find out," he said stubbornly. "If you're so sure of yourself Frank, why don't you call them?"

Frank laughed softly. "I already have," he replied. "That's what I did when I was out of the room."

His blue eyes were triumphant. "They won't arrest me, Jim. They'll arrest Mary, for poisoning Smith. They'll probably arrest you, for shooting Hamilton."

Abruptly, the bell of the flat shrilled; cutting the silence like a knife. Frank nodded. "That should be the police now." He bowed mockingly. "Excuse me."

Jim looked despairingly at Mary. She dropped her eyes. A wave of helplessness swept over him — the reaction of the past few hectic hours. The nightmare, it seemed, was to end just as Frank Welles had planned it from the beginning. Welles had won. They had lost....

They heard Frank open the front door; and then a voice which made Jim start.

"My name's Whitcombe. Sorry to bother you at this time of night, but I simply had to see you. You see, it's about the Dormer case."

Whitcombe came into the room. His grey hair, always rumpled now stood up on his head in wild disorder. The adam's apple in his stringy neck bobbed with excitement.

He stopped, and his eyes widened when he saw Jim and Mary. It was Mary he addressed.

"You're Mary Lincoln, aren't you — the girl in the Dormer case? I thought I recognized you, but decided I must be wrong." He turned to Jim, and demanded fretfully: "Why the devil didn't you tell me?"

Whitcombe, who had vehemently declared his belief that Mary was a murderer, astonished them all by shaking her warmly by the hand. He then beamed affably on them both.

Frank had followed Whitcombe into the room. He was scowling. "Who are you and what the devil do you want?" he demanded. Whitcombe was unabashed.

"This afternoon," he began without preamble. "Jim Tracey asked me about the Dormer case. My hobby is crime. Although you got her off, I had always believed Mary Lincoln poisoned her aunt. But now, by heck, I know she didn't. What's more, I can prove it!"

"You can prove it?" Frank Welles looked dazed. "Oh, I know what you lawyers

are, with your professional pride! Whitcombe shrugged his thin shoulders. "My dear chap, your defence was all wrong!" He tapped Frank briskly on the chest. "Mrs. Dormer," said Whitcombe as one imparting a bit of confi-

dential information, "didn't die accidentally at all. She really was poisoned. Just as the police suspected. But Mary Lincoln didn't do it."

Frank licked his lips. For all his strange mannerisms, Whit-

combe was an impressive person. "And you know," Frank asked unsteadily, "who did?"

Regrettably Whitcombe shook his head. Frank looked relieved. He even managed to sneer. "Perhaps," he said unpleasantly, "we'd better hear your theory."

To be continued

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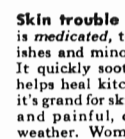
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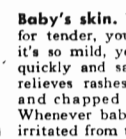
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