

Dinner at Antoine's

Synopsis: Captain (Tee) Murphy is having trouble solving the murder of Odile St. Amant, found dead in her room from a bullet shot from a gun given her by an ex-sailor, Sabin Duplessis. A number of citizens of New Orleans might have committed the murder, including her mother, Amelie Lalande; her sister, Carese; her husband, Leonce; Orson Foxworth, a shipping magnate; her old nurse, Tossie Pride; and as an outside chance her doctor, Vance Perrault, who knew that her case was hopeless. Joe Racina, a journalist, seems to be free of suspicion. Now go on with the story—

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE COMMONPLACE tides of workaday life were running their prosaic course when Joe Racina and Carese descended the stone steps of the Roosevelt Hotel. Its very regular seemed unreal. Subconsciously, Carese had felt that all the world must be aware of her calamitous plight. Yet the people around her acted as though nothing were amiss. Joe sensed what was passing through the girl's mind.

"The world has a way of not giving a damn about individual troubles," he told her. "If I stepped in front of one of these cars and was run down, people would go right on doing what they've always been doing, hurrying home in dinner, going to the neighborhood movie, having babies, fussing out the government, visiting the dentist twice a year, arguing at the bridge table and so on."

Carese smiled up at him rather wanly. The sudden surge of resolution which had prompted her to accede to Joe's earnest proposal that she accompany him to police headquarters forthwith had subsided, and fear of the unknown ordeal that confronted her was taking its place.

"It's all very well for you to talk, Joe," she said. "You don't have to prove you didn't murder your sister. You don't have to keep thinking things like: 'Will they put me in prison if I can't make them believe me? Will they hang me?'"

THEY HAD come to the tiny, glassed-in cubicle which served the Dixie Parking Lot as an office, and one of the attendants had already hurried to bring her car.

"Don't forget about the rule that everybody's innocent until proved guilty," Joe reminded her.

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By Frances P. Keyes

the chances of there being any real kind of accident without getting a report on it are zero."

"But we didn't. That was what I started to tell you. It was on that gravel road, and not far from the Oaks where we had stopped for a little while. A big truck was parked there, and Leonce wasn't watching. He piled the car into the back of it."

"Remember whose truck it was?"

"No. I do remember though that the man said he was from some food-freezing plant not far from where we were. And when Leonce gave him some—some money to get his truck fixed he said one of the men at his place would straighten out the dents, and that he wouldn't even have to take it to a garage. And the car we were in, I suppose Leonce had that fixed by the mechanic at Voisin-Capelle's. Because it was their car."

"THAT'D explain it all right," Captain Murphy said, musingly, at length. "Yes, sir. It sure would. In another parish, so it would be outside of our jurisdiction. And neither your car nor his, and no claim against anybody, if he paid off the truck driver, so there wouldn't be any report to the insurance companies, either."

"I want to say something more, please, Captain Murphy. May I?" "Sure. It's a free country. Shoot!"

Tossie said that Leonce was walking around the house the night Odile died. Remember? Well, he was. But he wasn't trying to get to Odile's room. He . . . he was . . . he said he wanted to talk to me. That he had to talk to me."

"And did he?" Talk to you, I mean?"

"Only long enough for me to tell him I never wanted to lay eyes on him again as long as I was after that he didn't go away I'd call mama. And it was after that Tossie saw him."

"Which still doesn't mean he couldn't have gone to his room then."

JOE ROSE abruptly dropped his cigar to the stone floor, and ground it out with his foot.

"That's a big help, all right," Murphy growled. "I mean a big help. Mind telling me why you'd do a thing like that?"

"Yes, I mind," retorted Carese with sudden spirit. "But Joe made me promise I would. I want to leave for New York Saturday and, because it's so terribly important that nothing should interfere with my plans, I'll tell you whatever you want to know. About me, that is. And where I went Saturday. And about the accident. There was one, really."

There wasn't any accident your car or your brother-in-law's was mixed up in."

"I know there wasn't. Leonce and I went for a drive in the country after my broadcast. Saturday afternoon, that was. He picked me up at the hotel."

"In his car?"

"No. In one of the used cars from the Voisin-Capelle's lot. It was a car with a Mississippi license. And we drove down . . ."

"What was the idea of that?"

"It wasn't my idea at all.

Leonce didn't want any gossip about us taking a drive out in the country."

"OH, THAT was the way of it," he said.

Carese looked down at her fingers. She clasped and unclasped them nervously, but though her voice was low, it was composed as she continued. "He . . . we . . . that is . . . felt that Odile was jealous, and that if she heard gossip about Leonce and myself, with all the trouble her sickness was bringing on, she might think . . ."

"It's all right about that part of it," Murphy interrupted not unkindly, almost as though he were the one to find himself prey to embarrassment. "It's only about the accident I'm asking now. Was that before—or after—you stopped and parked—or whatever it may have been?"

"Before we . . . I mean, we did stop for a few minutes at the Pakenham Oaks and talked about—well, about Odile, and Leonce said . . . I mean we were there only a little while, and then Leonce said . . . or rather, he started the car and we drove on that gravel road toward Gentilly."

"The Paris Road. That's in St. Bernard Parish. And when you got to the Gentilly Road, you could turn back toward town and be coming toward New Orleans from the direction of Mississippi in a car with a Mississippi license."

CARESE looked appealingly toward the corner at Joe.

"Miss Lalande, I've got news for you. If you think your brother-in-law was pulling a sharp dodge with that stuff, you need to be tapped for the simple. That's so shiny at the seams and out at the elbows. But that isn't what I meant. If you got as far as the Gentilly Road, you were back inside the city limits of New Orleans. And that road's pretty well patrolled, day and night. So

State Fair
Raises Exhibit
Prizes \$13,000

Follies, Spike Jones,
Hell Drivers Set
For Annual Festival

Premiums of \$308,240.83 await more than 6,000 Hoosier exhibitors when Indiana's 93rd annual State Fair opens Sept. 1.

Money premiums offered this year will total more than \$13,000 above last year's prize total.

The fair's first three days have been designated Youth Activity Days, with Thursday, opening day, dedicated to the Boy Scouts.

All Boy Scouts who appeared at the gate will be admitted free, and their day will be capped by

Marine M-Sgt. Berry

Local Servicemen
Enroll in Schools

Indianapolis Marine
Visits French Cities

Marine M-Sgt. Edmond P. Berry of Indianapolis recently greeted his wife and son upon their arrival at Pearl Harbor. He is with the Signal Corp Communications Center at Camp Catlin near Honolulu.

Indianapolis servicemen in all branches are an automobile thrill show, will open Friday night, Sept. 2, on the track in front of the Grandstand, with return appearances Saturday night and Sunday afternoon.

For Sunday morning, Sept. 4, the Indianapolis Ministerial Association has planned a Sunday School hour under the direction of the Rev. Roy B. Connor, president of the association.

The Grand Circuit meeting will open Sept. 3, with horses and drivers competing for more than \$145,000 offered in purses. More races are scheduled for Monday afternoon.

Nightly Show

The stage in front of the Grandstand will be readied Sept. 4 for Sunday night's opening performance of the 1949 Indiana State Fair Follies. The show is to be repeated each night for the remainder of the fair.

After Spike Jones' final appearance on the Coliseum stage, the arena will be reset for the Horse Show to be held each night thereafter for the remainder of the fair.

A National Cutting Horse exhibition will be presented for the first time in the fair's history. The American Shetland Pony division, discontinued for many years, will make a comeback in this year's horse show.

Broadcasts Set

Hoosier radio stations housed in the Radio Center building will broadcast live talent shows from the center, with other stations broadcasting from additional Fairgrounds locations.

Livestock judging will be held each day in the Coliseum.

The colorful annual spectacle of the Indiana High School Band Contest will begin at 10 a. m. Wednesday, featuring a parade of more than 30 bands on the Fairgrounds race track.

The floats, hobbies and bands of the Farmers' Day Parade will pass in review. Thursday morning, Sept. 8. During the fair's entire nine days, Gellin and Wilson carnival shows will present performances on the Midway.

(To Be Continued)

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Four Indianapolis men, serving aboard the escort aircraft carrier USS Bairoko, are scheduled to leave San Diego, Cal., on a cruise to the Hawaiian and Mariana Islands. They are:

Lt. John C. S. Coffin, USN, son of Kenneth D. Coffin, 3431 Guilford Ave.; Carlton L. Rauch, 6143 Carvel Ave., has docked with the Eighth Marines at Cannes on the French Riviera for a visit to Paris, Monte Carlo and Nice.

Maj. George T. Buchmeyer of Indianapolis has been enrolled in an Air Installations Special Staff School at the USAF Institute of Technology, Wright-Patterson AF Base, Dayton, O.

M-Sgt. Wayne T. Bush of Indianapolis, motor sergeant of the Fukuoka, Kyushu, Japan, has been transferred to the 2d Transportation Medium Port, Yokohama.

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