



A table treat from old NEW ORLEANS

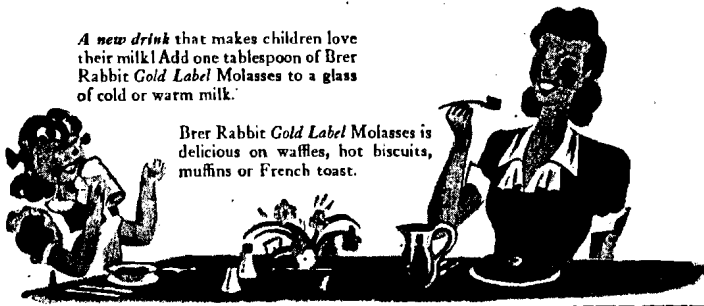
...Brer Rabbit GOLD LABEL Molasses

The luscious old-plantation flavor of Louisiana sugar cane—sweet and mild for table use. That's what you get in Brer Rabbit Gold Label Molasses. This highest quality, fancy, light-colored New Orleans molasses is a delicious treat on pancakes, waffles or French toast . . . on cereal . . . and as a spread for bread.

Try this sweet and mild table molasses—in the Brer Rabbit bottle with the gold-colored label. Or—if you wish a dark, full-flavored type, try Brer Rabbit Green Label Molasses, recommended for cooking. Both Gold Label and Green Label are real New Orleans molasses!

A new drink that makes children love their milk! Add one tablespoon of Brer Rabbit Gold Label Molasses to a glass of cold or warm milk.

Brer Rabbit Gold Label Molasses is delicious on waffles, hot biscuits, muffins or French toast.



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Even at that moment I could almost have laughed at the man's expression. He looked helplessly from me to Bunny and back to me again. "He was wearing a light-colored suit," he said. "Light gray or—or maybe it was light brown."

Again I could almost have laughed. The suit I was wearing was a nondescript fawn color and my brother's was an indeterminate gray.

"Well, which one was it?" the detective demanded.

The man looked at Bunny and then at me. He shook his head. "I don't know," he said.

Suddenly I knew that the futile questioning had gone far enough. Too far. They mustn't be any room for doubt about my having been here before Bunny.

"What's the use of asking him?" I said sharply. "He can't possibly be sure which one of us came up with him. But I'm sure I remember him, even if he can't remember me. He brought me up and took me down again. My brother—I was careful not to look at Bunny—"must have come up with the other operator—the one who came on duty at ten-fifteen."

"All right, Jerry," the detective said. "Get the other elevator boys. Get all of 'em. He swung around to face Bunny. "And let me have your story, while we're waiting. Where did you get here?"

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"I CAN'T be sure to the minute," Bunny said. His voice was quiet, easy. "I knew the number of the room and I wanted to get here as soon as my brother, so I came straight up. There was no answer when I rang, and I thought I must have made a mistake about the number. I was just about to go down when my brother turned up, with the others."

"So you must have been on the way up while I was in the manager's office. After I'd been here and found Camilla."

I had a feeling that I'd said it too eagerly. But the detective didn't seem to notice. He was looking at Bunny. "What did you come for?" he said.

"I wanted to be present at the interview," Bunny said evenly.

"Just why?"

There was a small pause. Then Bunny said, "Just to see fair play."

I could see the flicker of satisfaction in the detective's eyes. "So you were afraid it was going to be trouble?"

"I knew my brother's weakness," his wife was concerned," Bunny said. "I could always make him do anything I wanted by working on his feelings. But that couldn't work on mine. That's why I had to be present. I didn't know what unreasonable things she might ask for—and get besides a divorce."

I had no idea what Bunny was trying to do. I knew—and I knew he knew—whatever Camilla had wanted of me, it had not been a divorce.

"Oh. So she wanted a divorce, did she?" the detective said. "Why?"

"There was another man. In London. I listened with a curious sense of interest. It was all a lie, of course, but I told with a subtlety and cleverness that would have fooled the devil himself. It might even fool a New York policeman."

"My brother was willing to give up his freedom," Bunny went on, "but it was so easy to get a divorce in England. I thought she was here to persuade my brother to give her grounds for an English divorce. All this, purely the invention of my brain, was so exactly what Camilla would have done if she had wanted a divorce. It almost convinced me, as it seemed to convince the detective."

"I knew he'd do whatever she wanted," Bunny said, "but I wasn't going to do that if I could help it. That's why I

A father's quarrel with him to mission was over which he "I gave up, for we must I couldn't cheerfully