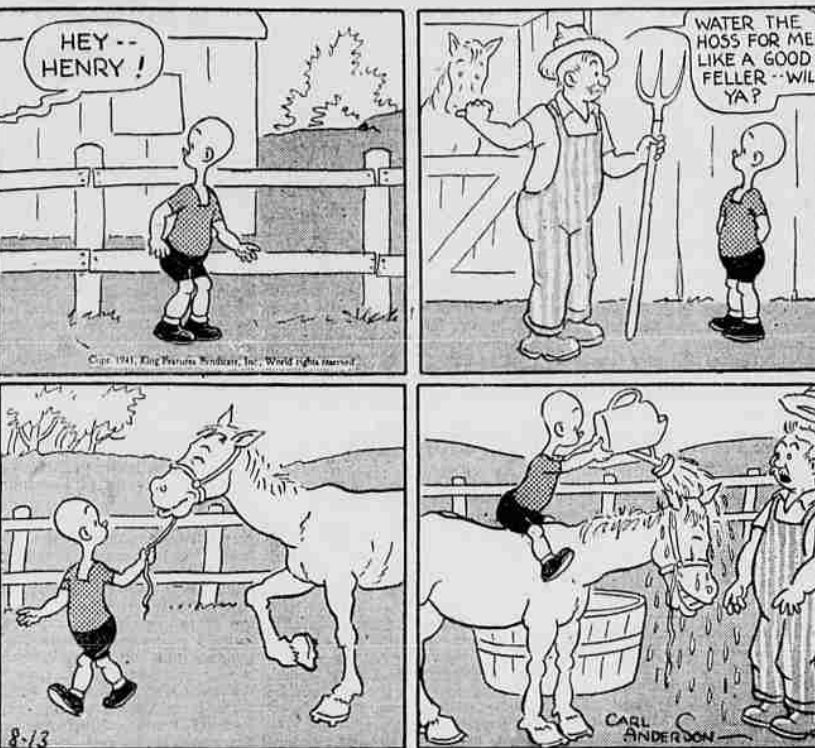


Henry By Carl Anderson



Who Killed Aunt Maggie?

By MEDORA FIELD

Yesterday, Lieutenant Gregory's investigation into the murders of Aunt Maggie and Eve Benedict has been interrupted continuously. First the Warrens arrive, and Mrs. Warren, who is a friend of the family, soon announces into the second floor of Sally and Bill's old house, the scene of the crime. Then Alice, out of Sally's aunt, takes the judge's car and disappears, although the police have ordered everyone to stick by. Now Sally is trying to tell Mrs. Warren occupied and out of the way.

Chapter 41

Allice In Handcuffs
Vaguely I noted when Claire came back from the library and sank limply into a chair a little removed from our group. I left us then, and Bob moved over to sit by Claire. If they spoke at all, it was in whispers but, anyway, they could have talked above our own hulloaloo. Bob must have been called out eventually, for when I glanced in that direction again I saw that it was Kirk who sat by Claire.

The telephone rang, shrill in the stillness. Each of us, save Mrs. Warren, started up involuntarily, then settled tensely to wait. "What is it," she asked, conscious of the change in atmosphere.

But we were all too busy listening to answer. Andrew and Roberts met outside the door, both on the way to the telephone and we heard Roberts say that he would take the call. Then he evidently pulled the door of the little closet shut, for we could hear nothing. And when he came out, he strode back to the library without a word.

"Have they found her?" Mrs. Warren demanded.
I looked hopefully at the judge, but obviously he had had enough of Lieutenant Gregory and said we would have to wait and see.

Well, so had I had enough of Lieutenant Gregory. And why should he be concentrating so on Bill? Did he hope to break him down finally, perhaps by confronting him one by one with his supposed accomplices? I could not have told which was more tormenting. Mrs. Warren's conversation or my own thoughts, but the combination was rapidly becoming unbearable.

They brought Alice back finally. In handcuffs.

"What the hell!" roared Bob. "Take those things off my sister."
"All right, all right," Anderson agreed calmly. "But we had to get her back some way. And we had to bring along three cars. Hers and mine and the troopers'. There wasn't nobody to hold her and her fightin' and scratchin' like a wildcat."

"Ask him if our car is all right," Mrs. Warren instructed the judge in a stage whisper.
"Yes, sir," said Anderson, turning politely.

"He says it's all right," boomed the judge.

"She went off the road," Anderson explained, "just after she reached the highway, but just down into a little gully and the mud was too slick for her to get out again."

"I'd have been all right," Alice told him spitefully. "If you hadn't come along. These nice highway policemen were getting the car out for me. At least, I thought they were nice then." She glared at the two inoffensive young men, who blushed dark red under their tan, and one of them rubbed his hand across a long scratch on his cheek.

In spite of her upset state, Alice apologized prettily enough to Judge and Mrs. Warren when she found she had taken their car. Mrs. Warren prescribed milk, punch and bed immediately and offered to stay and sit with her. But when Lieutenant Gregory fixed Alice with his eagle eye and said he wanted to wind things up, she was surprising docile.

As Judge and Mrs. Warren took a reluctant departure, Bill said, "I'll go and see if Andrew has the cars ready to travel, just in case we ever need them again."

New Idea
I followed him as far as the dining room, where I told him about Mrs. Warren's surreptitious visit upstairs. "It's all right," I acknowledged, "but do you think they could possibly be trying to scare us into selling a bargain?"

"Ask me any Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday and I would say that you are crazy with the heat and full of prunes," said Bill, passing his hand wearily through his red hair, "but on this weekend I am beginning to think anything can happen."

"Anything can happen," I agreed. "but you didn't kill Aunt Maggie and we have got to find some way to prove it."

"That reminds me," said Bill. "I'm beginning to think we got a bum steer this morning. You know that note about the silver closet? I suppose it was Aunt Maggie's handwriting all right, but I believe it was planted."

"Planted?"
"I mean somebody thought if we were diverted to the silver closet that we would stop looking for any other secret room. How did you happen to find the note?"

"Bob found it, but that doesn't mean anything. It was Kirk who opened the table. And it was Kirk who went through Aunt Maggie's papers this morning."

"As we stared at our uncomfortable, Claire came in and Bill excused himself and went on to the kitchen."

"I suppose this proves Alice did it," she said tonelessly.
"You mean, her running away?"

"Well, yes, that and things in general. She's acted so strangely the whole time. I believe she knew Eve killed Aunt Maggie."

"I looked at Claire in astonishment. 'Why do you say that?' I asked. 'Well,' she went on calmly. 'Aunt Maggie told me last night before dinner that she and Eve had quarreled and that Eve had threatened to kill her. Then this afternoon I saw Alice coming out of Eve's room just before I went to call on Eve myself. I didn't want to run into her, so I went back inside and waited a moment.'"

Lieutenant Gregory had expressed wonder that Eve's visitors did not fall over each other. This obviously explained why. They had all been too cautious.

"You told them this, in the library?"
"Oh, no," said Claire. "Of course not."

Radio Programs

KSLM-1200 Kilocycles
Thursday P. M.
12:00-12:15—Vocal Ditties.
12:15-12:30—Noontime News.
12:30-12:45—Hillbilly Serenade.
12:45-1:00—Vocal Ditties.
1:00-1:15—The Song Shop.
1:15-1:30—Jazz Parade.
1:30-1:45—Western Serenade.
1:45-2:00—News.
2:00-2:15—U. S. Army.
2:15-2:30—Popular Music.
2:30-2:45—Concert Gems.
2:45-3:00—Music.
3:00-3:15—Music.
3:15-3:30—Music.
3:30-3:45—Music.
3:45-4:00—Music.
4:00-4:15—Music.
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11:45-12:00—Music.

KSLM-970 Kilocycles
Thursday P. M.
12:00-12:15—News.
12:15-12:30—Music.
12:30-12:45—Music.
12:45-1:00—Music.
1:00-1:15—Music.
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KSLM-1200 Kilocycles
Friday A. M.
6:00-6:15—Sunrise Salute.
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Little Orphan Annie
By Harold Gray



Reg'lar Fellers
By Gene Byrnes



The Gumps
By Gus Edson



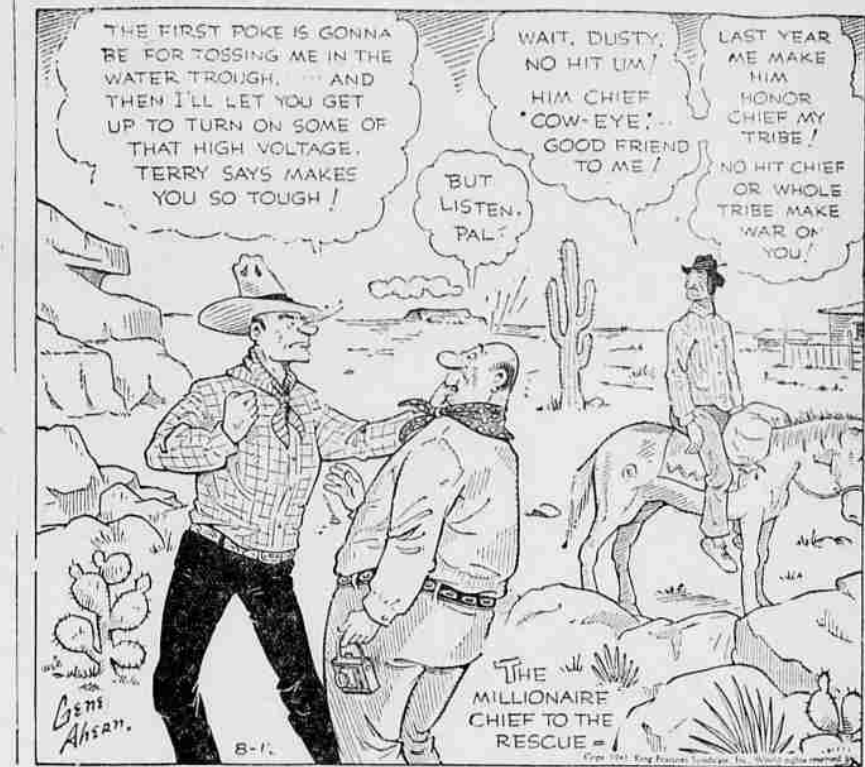
Tailspin Tommy
By Hal Forrest



Mutt and Jeff
By Bud Fisher



Room and Board By Gene Ahern



Indian Givers
By Harold Gray



Give Till It Hurts
By Gene Byrnes



Post Mortems On The Dinner Party
By Gus Edson



What Will She Do?
By Hal Forrest



No Use Talking, Jeff Should Be Down on Wall Street
By Bud Fisher

