

WOMEN WON'T TALK

BY RENE RYERSON MART

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ATTEMPTED MURDER? CHAPTER XVII

SHAW came back while we were still at the table. He said he didn't want to interrupt our dinner and that he'd talk to the servants first.

I gave him the use of my study and we finished our meal in a depressed silence and retired to the living room to await our turn for questioning.

It must have been an hour and a half before he finished with the help. Imogene Lake was the last one. Shaw kept her in the study a long time and when she came out she was dabbing at her eyes. She gave one quick scared look at us in the living room, as she passed through the hall, and then she went straight upstairs.

I found myself in sudden panic going over the possibilities of what Imogene could know. She slept in a bedroom in the tower. She hadn't even been in the house last night.

What I didn't know until long afterward was that Shaw had been asking her about the night before. He had been hammering away on our alibi for that first day. And he had worn her down until she had admitted something she had never intended to tell.

Shaw summoned us to the study, one at a time, first Mattison, then Will Grady, his wife—a deputy went over to the tower and brought her back with him—Walter, Connie, and Kathy.

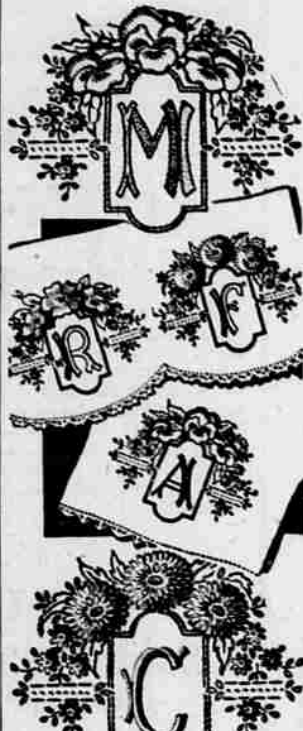
I wondered why he saved me until the last, but I soon found out. He waited until I was seated and then he asked me to tell everything I could remember about the night before. I began with Margaret's hysterics, and my visit to her in the night when I put two of the sleeping tablets into a glass of water to dissolve, and finished with that awful moment when Clint Mattison and I had rushed up to her room in answer to Clara's frightened summons.

prints from. We found Margaret Grady's and—yours." I breathed again.

Shaw looked at me hard. "It just won't wash, Mrs. Kraik. You don't believe that Margaret Grady tried to commit suicide any more than I do. Women your age and hers don't take that way out. You've lived too long. You know there isn't any trouble so bad you can't see it through." He leaned toward me. "Your very action proves that you don't believe it. Sure, her fingerprints were on that glass and yours—both neatly accounted for. But you thought that somebody else's would be there too. That's why you broke the glass."

I knew then that I had been too clever.

Shaw continued to glare at me for a moment and then he got to his feet. I decided it was time to play my last card. "But, Deputy, why would any of us want to harm Margaret, of all people?" Sam Shaw looked down at me



7573 by Alite Brooks

I wasn't going to let him get away with that. He had no proof. I cut in. "You make it sound like attempted murder."

He just looked at me for a long moment, and that rattled me more than words. Then softly as a cat on the prowl:

"What do you think it was?"

"Suicide—attempted suicide."

"Why?"

"Why? Her grandson's death, of course. It broke her heart." I realized that I was talking too fast. It made my words sound rehearsed. I tried to relax.

Shaw spoke very mildly. "Let's see—she'd lost other relatives, hadn't she? This boy's mother—and her own husband. Did she try to commit suicide when they died?"

"But this was different," I insisted desperately. "Don't you see. It wasn't only Derek's dying—it was the way he died, the disgrace."

Shaw's eyes held mine. "You honestly believe that she tried to commit suicide?"

I nodded my head, blinking back the tears. A silence fell on the room. Through it I could hear the almost inaudible whir of the electric clock on my desk. The desk behind which Deputy Shaw sat as if it belonged to him.

He shot his next words at me. "Then why did you break the drinking glass that the sleeping medicine was in?"

SHAW didn't interrupt me once, but I saw him glance frequently at the notes he had taken from the others and I felt the hot blood rising in my face.

"I suppose you thought it necessary to hear the others first so you could check my story," I said bitterly.

He had the grace to look ashamed. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Kraik. I'm only trying to get to the bottom of this plot on Margaret Grady's life."

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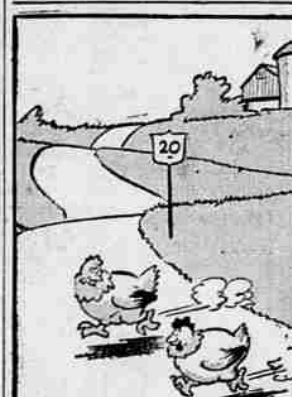
THE nightmare was not ended! "It was an accident," I tried to sound tart and impatient, but my voice cracked. "We—that is, Mattison and I—were lifting Margaret up on her pillows, so she could breathe easier, and one of my sleeves—you saw the Chinese robe I had on with the wide sleeves—brushed the glass off the table."

"And then you managed to step on it," Shaw finished dryly.

There was really nothing I could say to that. I waited.

"You did a thorough job of it, too," he went on. "But even at that there were a couple of pieces big enough to get some finger-

HOLD EVERYTHING!



Remember way back when we couldn't cross the road?"

mockingly. "You should have been an actress, Mrs. Kraik. Three of you were at the inquest yesterday. You heard me tell the coroner that I was coming out here today to question Mrs. Grady about her grandson's death. Could it be, that somebody here didn't want me to talk to her? Could it be, that somebody was afraid she saw something from her bedroom windows the day Derek Grady was murdered?"

(To Be Continued)

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GET YOURS TODAY AT Your SEARS CREDIT Office

Out Our Way



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

Our Boarding House



THE ONLY SWIMS DURING OLYMPIC GAMES

INTERNAL STRIFE

BAKER, Ore., (AP) Pfc. John Larson, Silver Star winner, is alarmed.

Convincing in Washington's Walter Reed hospital, he wrote a friend this awful thought about blood plasma:

"What if I have inside me the blood of a Giant fan and a Dodger supporter?"

Classified Ads Bring Results.

Red Ryder



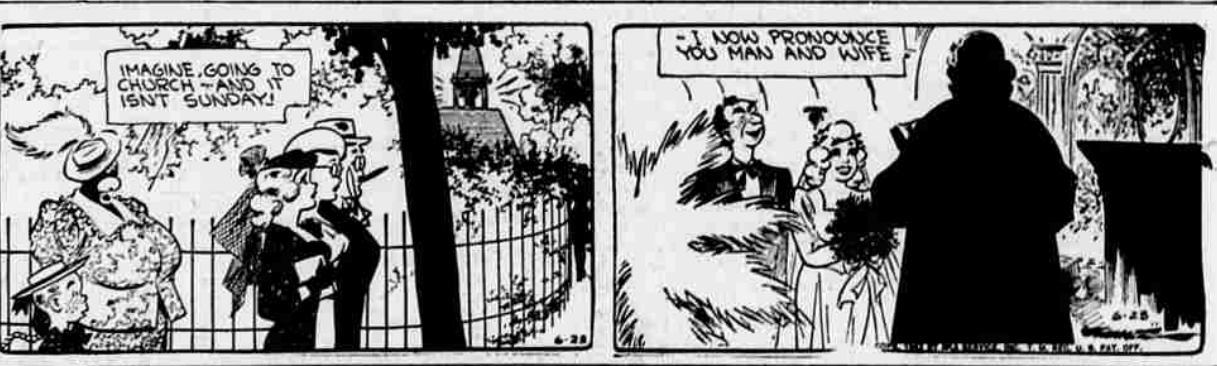
Freckles and His Friends



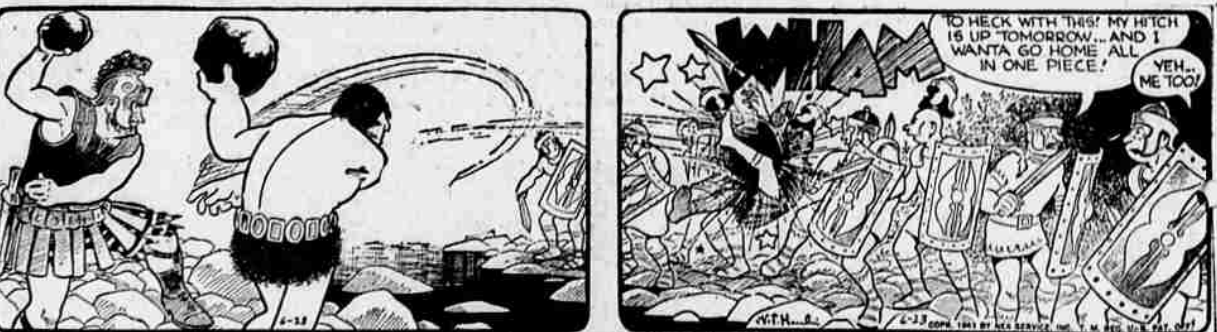
Wash Tubbs



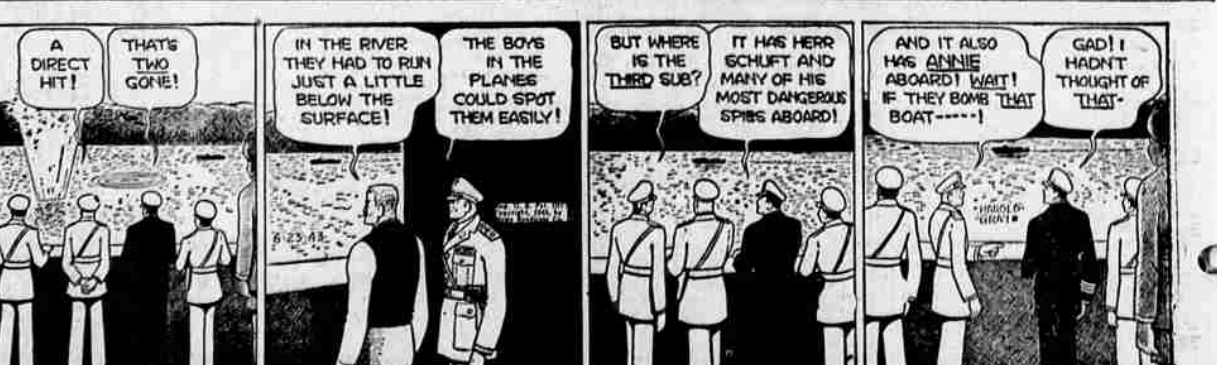
Boots and Her Buddies



Allep Oop



Little Orphan Annie



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ADOLF HITLER, ONLY A FEW SHORT YEARS AGO, IN CONTEMPT FOR HIS DEMOCRATIC OPPONENTS, UTTERED A PRAYER THAT FATE WOULD AFFORD HIM AT LEAST ONE ADVERSARY "WORTHY OF HIS GENIUS."

QUIDDING ODDS
A DESTROYER DOES THE BATTILING, WHILE A BATTLESHIP DOES THE DESTROYING.
Says MARTIN KRIZAN, Danbury, Connecticut.

"FITNAMES"
MAX AND MINNIE GREENBALM, FLORISTS OF GREENFIELD AVE., GREENDALE, WIS., RAISE: *GIANT & CHIVALRY* CHRYSANTHEMUMS... AND THE LARGE ONES ARE CALLED *MAXY MUMS*, THE SMALL ONES, *MINNIE MUMS!*

U. S. FIGHTER PLANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Depleted U. S. warplane, the Douglas A-24

8 It is a fighter

12 Blind

13 Three (prefix)

14 Goddess of dawn

15 You and I

17 Forbid

19 Medical suffix

20 Near

21 That thing

22 Jewel

24 Color

26 Lubricant

28 Area measure

29 Den

31 Us

32 South Dakota (abbr.)

33 Burn

34 Singing voices

36 Dish

37 Steamship (abbr.)

38 Therefore

39 Rhode Island (abbr.)

40 Editor (abbr.)

41 Conducted

42 Often

44 Steals

Answer to Previous Puzzle

18 Novel

21 Angry

23 Mitt (var.)

25 From

27 Structural unit

28 Exclamation

30 Flowers

33 Steep bank

35 Earth

36 For

41 Pound. (abbr.)

43 Afternoon party

44 One who revolts

45 Single

46 Egyptian sun god

47 Topmost

48 Opera (abbr.)

49 Sound made by sheep

51 Make a mistake

52 Lets fall

54 High only (abbr.)

56 Slavic

59 Compete

61 Dined

63 Age

65 Average (abbr.)

67 Any

69 Court (abbr.)

46 Ruthenium (symbol)

48 Oboe (abbr.)

50 Provide food

53 Abstract being

54 Strike lightly

55 Dance step

57 Arrival (abbr.)

58 Exist

59 Virginia (abbr.)

60 Father

62 Beverage

64 International language

65 Be sick

66 Greek letter

68 Part of circle

70 Smooth revolts

71 Renewals

VERTICAL

1 It is made by

2 Note in Guido's scale

3 Point

4 Rip

5 And (Latin)

6 Standing room only (abbr.)

7 Farm buildings

8 Ring out

9 Fortune

10 Like

11 Came in

16 Locks up

FUNNY BUSINESS



"He heard that an occasional tornado goes through this part of the country!"

12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21

22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41

42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51

52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61

62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71