

Roosevelt Asks Federal Control Of Oil Industry

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2 (AP)—A statement from President Roosevelt speaking of the "urgent need" for federal oil legislation in the interest of national defense went to congress today in a report from the house petroleum committee.

Chairman Cole (D-Md.), in a 1940 report to the house, made public a letter the president wrote him a month ago. It said in part:

"The vital need for petroleum in the national defense, the importance in commerce and industry and the critical conditions in Europe and Asia confirm my belief in the urgent need of federal legislation to safeguard our petroleum supplies through the prevention of waste and by the establishment and maintenance of sound economic conditions in the oil industry."

"I am sure that your committee has given this important matter careful consideration and I am hopeful that a satisfactory solution with appropriate recommendations will be reported in the near future."

Cole said that he would introduce a resolution tomorrow for continuation of the committee for at least four months, in order that it might continue investigations which have been under way for almost two years.

As soon as possible, Cole has announced, he will invite members of the defense commission to testify on the general need for petroleum legislation. They will appear at hearings on an administration-sponsored bill intended to prevent many forms of production waste as determined by the interior department.

Cole said in his report: "This letter (from the president) prompted the committee to decide that for the information of congress they should hear defense committee witnesses in support of the statement that national defense is now an additional and apparently controlling reason for federal regulation of the petroleum industry."

Observers said the stage appeared to be set for a German drive through Bulgaria toward Greece or the Dardanelles if the nazis desire to make such a move.

Friends of Bulgaria's King Boris III said he might permit passage of German troops through his little kingdom only under protest. They deemed it unlikely he would call upon his people to resist. His most earnest desire was said to be to keep his country from becoming a battleground.

With a German force in Rumania estimated to number five or six times as many men as Bulgaria's entire army of 100,000, it was generally believed here that King Boris would regard resistance as futile.

The official announcement concerning Phlooff's trip said merely that he was going to Vienna for "medical consultation" and made no mention of a meeting with German leaders. He has been in ill health for some time.

Colorado City Man Suicide

COLORADO CITY, Jan. 2 (Sp.)—An inquest verdict of death from a self-inflicted bullet wound was returned Thursday morning by T. E. Arnold, justice of the peace, in the New Year's death of John James Leslie Clark, 32, of Colorado City.

Clark's body was found in his car about 12:30 p. m. Wednesday. The car was parked in the northeast corner of Ruddick park. Clark was sitting upright behind the steering wheel. A pistol which had been fired once was held by his left hand in his lap. The bullet had entered his left temple, ranging upward and lodging in the side of the car.

Death is believed to have occurred some time after 12 o'clock Tuesday night. The tragedy was discovered after officers had been informed by Howard Lindley, park caretaker, of the car's continued presence in the park.

Clark came to Colorado City from Barstow three years ago. He was WPA timekeeper for a time, but had been employed during recent months by the Jordan Construction company on the city paving program. Friends said that he was soon to have gone from here to Kermit with the company.

He was born Sept. 15, 1908 in Hill county, and attended Baylor university. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wallace Clark, live at Blum. Other survivors are: four brothers, Kenneth M. Clark of Monahans, Ralph T. Clark of Waco, Duke M. Clark of Kellyfield, San Antonio and Sherwood Clark of Blum; three sisters, Mrs. S. L. Norrell of Cleburne, Mary Catherine Clark of Dallas, and Ara Clark of Hillsboro.

The body was sent by train Wednesday midnight to Cleburne, where funeral services were to be held Thursday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth M. Clark of Monahans came here to accompany the body.

Public Debt Passes Old Statutory Limit

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2 (AP)—The treasury said today the public debt had passed \$45,000,000,000, the former statutory limit.

Early Mitchell County Settler Killed By Auto

Jim Latty, 86, Came To West Texas In Buffalo Hunt Days

COLORADO CITY, Jan. 2 (Sp.)—A New Year's Day traffic accident at Westbrook claimed the life of Jim Latty, 86, one of the few remaining Mitchell county pioneers who knew the west in the days of open ranges and trail drives.

Latty, a resident of Mitchell county since the late seventies, was fatally injured about 11 o'clock Wednesday morning when he walked into a car driven by California tourists. The accident was described by witnesses as unavoidable. Latty died in about five minutes after reaching a Colorado City hospital. He sustained a severe injury to the back of his head.

Funeral will be held Friday afternoon in Colorado City.

A few minutes before the accident Latty, who lived with a daughter, Mrs. J. O. McNew, at Westbrook, had been taken to town by Mrs. McNew to catch a bus to visit another daughter in the service. He attempted to cross the street while waiting for the bus.

Born in Travis county on June 15, 1854, Latty first came to West Texas as a youth of 17, hunting buffalo in the Big Spring country. He returned in the late seventies and lived in the vicinity of Colorado City, working cattle and acting as trail boss for such well-known cattlemen as the Arnolds, the Swyers and the Wolfers. He ranched for years with Earl Morrison, moving to his own farm near Westbrook about 1911. He later recalled having joined the Methodist church during an old-time camp meeting at Seven Wells.

He was married at Colorado City on July 8, 1896, to Molly Ferris. She died in May, 1930. He will be buried beside her in the Colorado City cemetery.

Seven children survive: Mrs. E. C. Alhart of Stanton, John Latty of Westbrook, Buck Latty of Jal N. M., Mrs. Mike Davidson of Big Spring, Mrs. Ben Elliott of Big Spring, Mrs. J. O. McNew of Westbrook, and Mrs. Watt Berry of Garden Grove, Calif. A brother, Frank Latty, lives at Kress and a sister, Mrs. Tom Stewart at Lake View, Tex. There are 17 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Kitter & Son has charge of arrangements.

Guardsmen May Go To New Camp This Weekend

Barring adverse weather, the Big Spring anti-tank national guard company now in training at Santa Anna, may be transferred to Camp Bowie at Brownwood this week.

Transfer dates have been delayed twice, due to construction and weather.

Capt. Tom B. Clay, who has returned to command the company he recruited, reported his men in good shape and was pleased with the showing to date. Many of the recruits have put on considerable weight in the face of a strenuous preliminary training program.

With Johnny Sprague, formerly all-america football player at S. M. U., as a lieutenant in the company, the anti-tankers are having no trouble in developing a football team as a recreational activity. Sprague has become quite popular with the company.

Several cases of influenza were reported among ranks of the unit, but in all instances the infection was of a mild nature.

Germany Scorns Wheelers Plan

BERLIN, Jan. 2 (AP)—An unofficial source which undoubtedly reflects responsible Nazi opinion replied to U. S. Senator Bruton IC Wheeler's "peace plan" today with the comment that "the new order in Europe is something concerning which we need no advice from any other continent, just as we do not offer advice to other living spaces and do not intend to give any in the future."

Weather Forecast

WEST TEXAS—Fair north portion, mostly cloudy south portion tonight and Friday with rain in southwest portion tonight and south portion Friday; warmer north portion Friday.

EAST TEXAS—Fairly cloudy and much colder, temperature below freezing in extreme northwest and near freezing in northeast and north-central portions tonight; Friday fair, not quite so cold in extreme northwest portion. Fresh northerly winds on the coast.

LOCAL WEATHER DATA
Highest temp. Wednesday, 64.4
Lowest temp. today, 34.9
Sunset today, 5:53
Sunrise tomorrow, 7:45
Precipitation today, 0.1

Italy Admits German Planes Aiding In Mediterranean Fight

Fair Weather Forecast -- BUT FREAK SNOWSTORM VISITS BIG SPRING AREA

Nobody, not even the weather man, was expecting snow today. And the weatherman, at least, insisted that it probably would not stay long.

Big Spring's first snow flurry of the season was a freak, covering little territory. Westward it extended a good way—to Gaudalupe pass and Hobbs, N. M.—but eastward it disappeared this side of Abilene, northward Lubbock had none and to the south it ended soon.

The forecast, issued by the weather station at Albuquerque, predicted fair weather today and Friday, with warmer Friday.

This seemed rather unlikely to the laymen, but the local weather bureau said such conditions could prevail tonight. However, they thought a large change in the prediction might come.

Although the snowfall was unusually "wet" in nature, precipitation at 1 p. m. had amounted to only .01 inch.

Temperature when the snow started falling at mid-morning was 39 degrees, but by 1 p. m. it had skidded to 34.9.

Harring further mischievousness on the part of nature, no severe weather is expected. And kiddies might best forget their snowman hopes, for snow will not cover the ground until the temperature drops to 32 degrees.

Extra - Long Congressional Session Ends; Anti-Inflation Legislation Expected In New Year

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2 (AP)— Early congressional reaction was favorable today toward a broad program of monetary legislation recommended by Federal Reserve officials as a safeguard against possible inflation due to heavy defense expenditures.

The plan, which would require legislative action, proposes among other things to repeal "greenback" legislation, to take away from the president his present power to make further changes in valuation of the dollar, and to facilitate eventual balancing of the federal budget.

Senator King (D-Utah) called the suggestions "by and large very wise" and characterized the president's existing fiscal powers as a "sword of damocles hanging over" the country's financial system.

The proposal did not carry a White House label, although Laughlin Currie, the president's personal economic adviser, participated in conferences with federal reserve officials before the plan was made public.

Marriner S. Eccles said yesterday that the proposal was recommended by the federal reserve board of which he is chairman, also by the presidents of the 12 federal reserve banks and by the federal advisory council which represents the 7,000 individual banks in the federal reserve system.

Spokesmen for the board stressed their belief that there was no immediate danger of inflation, but said the legislation was being proposed as a precautionary measure in view of the rapid acceleration of the pace of business under the spur of defense orders.

Higher Pensions Will Be Sought

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2 (AP)— Greater social security benefits for old people were advocated today by several legislators amid increasing congressional suggestions for changes in the act.

Discussion centered about two possible revisions: A flat federal monthly grant of \$20 to \$30 to persons over 60 or 65. A change in the present formula of equal federal and state contributions so that the government in the future would provide \$2 to the state's \$1 up to a designated maximum.

Senator Downey (D-Calif.) said he wanted the flat federal payment—a proposal which some legislators contended would meet with White House approval.

Under that program, aged persons would receive a monthly check from the federal government plus any additional sum provided by their states.

Here's Whats Congress Did

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2 (AP)— Here is a summary of the major legislation enacted by the 1940 congress which ends today:

APPROPRIATIONS—Set peacetime spending record by appropriating nearly \$17,000,000,000 in cash and authorizing future contracts for more than \$8,000,000,000 on basis of figures by house appropriations committee.

DEFENSE—Voted vast expansion of army and navy; ordered first peacetime conscription by selective draft.

TAXES—Increased levies on excess corporation profits; lowered personal income tax exemptions; increased taxes on cigarettes, whiskey, etc.; raised federal debt limit to \$40,000,000,000.

TRADE—Extended for three years president's authority to sign reciprocal trade pacts with foreign countries.

POLITICS—Extended Hatch act's curbs on political activity to state and local employees paid partly by federal funds.

FARM—Appropriated \$918,603,000 for agriculture department; voted to continue soil conservation and parity payments.

RELIEF—Voted \$1,107,718,357 to continue WPA and eight other relief activities; authorized spending of entire sum in eight months if necessary.

Seaplanes To Fly To Europe Nonstop

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., Jan. 2 (AP)—Two long-range reconnaissance seaplanes, equipped to carry two bombardiers each and destined for the defense of England, were poised here today for a non-stop flight to British territory.

ASCAP, BMI DISAGREE AS TO QUALITY OF NEW PROGRAMS

NEW YORK, Jan. 2 (AP)—Opposing sides in the radio music controversy disagreed today over the effects of the non-playing of any of the 1,500,000 tunes under copyright to the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers over a majority of the nation's radio stations.

The stoppage resulted when most broadcasters, including the networks, and ASCAP failed to reach an agreement to replace a 5-year contract which expired at midnight New Year's Eve.

Said ASCAP spokesmen today: "There was plenty of music of music on New Year's. Music offered by the networks was atrocious."

Said spokesmen of Broadcast Music, Inc., set up by the National Association of Broadcasters to supply radio with music: "Everything went smoothly. As far as could be judged the listening interest was the same as ever."

Both the National Broadcasting company and the Columbia Broadcasting system reported there was little immediate reaction from the listening public.

Roman Craft Quits Battle Over Britain

Bitterness Of Fight Over 'Mare Nostrum' To Show Increase

ROME, Jan. 2 (AP)—German planes and pilots have been sent into Italy, an official announcement said today, "to help in the bitter aero-naval fight now developing in the Mediterranean basin."

A published statement by Gen. Francesco Pricolo, chief of the Italian air force, said the German air corps should be considered "as a great Italian unit" and given every facility in Italy.

The Rome radio also disclosed that some Italian air units which had been aiding the Germans in the aerial siege of England had returned home.

A published statement of General Pricolo and Field Marshal General Albert Kesselring, commander of German aviation in the area opposite Britain, said some Italian pursuit planes had remained on the English channel front.

The transfer of Nazi fliers to the Mediterranean front was interpreted in foreign circles as indicating axis air activity would be intensified and concentrated in this area during January, which usually is stormy over the English channel.

The Italian air corps took part in German attacks on British from bases on the French side of the English channel for two months, first going into action Oct. 25, the radio said.

Italian planes were said to have bombed more than a dozen British cities, as well as shipping. Flying sometimes in groups of more than 100, they often were forced to fly "blind" because of storms and fogs, Italian correspondents have reported.

Hitherto Italy's only acknowledgment of direct Nazi aid in the war was that German Junkers were used to transport troops to Albania, and that Italian fliers were used a number of German Stukas (diver-bombers).

The return of the Italian air corps to Italy presumably entailed transfer of huge stocks of supplies which had been moved from Italy to bases on the channel coast. Dispatches have reported that "many thousands of men" made up this corps, which included doctors, nurses, chaplains and fascist party representatives.

The Germans, presumably, would bring thousands of tons of their own equipment for their Mediterranean operations.

Dispatches said the German and Italian fliers on the channel front had fraternized well, and had learned to understand one another with the aid of dictionaries and grammars which were distributed among them.

Italians Show Greater Power

BITOLJ, Yugoslavia, Jan. 2 (AP)—The struggle by Italian troops to hold their lines around the south-west Albanian port of Valona and Elbasani, about 60 miles north-east, probably holds the key to the fate of the entire Albanian campaign, neutral observers asserted today.

In these quarters, the outcome of the battle now going on in the snow-mantled mountain peaks of southern Albania is considered so far a loss-up.

While the Greeks still are keeping the initiative, the Italians—aided by Arctic weather conditions—are reported here as putting up their best resistance since the Greek counter advance began.

Italian resistance now is said to be quite strong in the Klisura-Tseleni sector. The situation in all sectors was said to be satisfactory, but details on the operations were not given out officially.

One unofficial dispatch, however, reported that the Italians suffered "unprecedented" destruction in tank attacks in the coastal sector.

NEUTRAL EIRE FEELS STING OF BOMBERS

DUBLIN, Jan. 2 (AP)—Invading aircraft cruised within a 60-mile radius of this capital of neutral Ireland (Eire) for five hours last night and early today, killing at least three persons with high explosive bombs and dropping fire bombs, one of which was officially identified as of German origin.

An announcement by the Irish department of defense said a fire bomb picked up in the vicinity of the Curragh of Kildare, one of five localities bombed, bore German markings. This area is a great level tract near the center of County Kildare, formerly British crown property but now headquarters of the Irish army.

The closest to Dublin of any of the exploding bombs was one which wrecked three residences in the capital's southwestern suburb of Trenchure.

The casualties were caused at Borris, County Carlow, about 50 miles south southwest of Dublin. The bombs near the Curragh were reported to have caused no damage except the firing of a line of haystacks.

The attacks took place between midnight and 5 a. m.

New Kiwanis Club Officers Take Places

In an informal but impressive ceremony at noon today, new officers and directors were installed for the Kiwanis club. Officers taking over midway in the program were Dr. Frank B. Boyle, president; Shirley Robbins, vice-president; Thos. J. Coffey, immediate past-president, and Horace Reagan, secretary-treasurer. New directors named were T. S. Currie, R. H. Phillips, J. C. Allen, D. F. McConnell, Monroe Johnson, Sherman Smith and Jack Roden.

Dr. Lee Rogers served as master of ceremonies. Presented with his past president's pen by C. E. Lancaster, Tom Coffey expressed "sincere thanks to the entire membership for wholehearted cooperation and support during my year as president of this organization."

"Serving you in this capacity has been an honor I'll always cherish and remember," the retiring president said.

Accomplishment highlights of the past year were outlined by Coffey, and President Boyle touched briefly on plans for the new year, which will be headed, he said, by programs for at least the next month on Kiwanis education.

"In this new year I'm not going to ask for your cooperation, I simply want to give you mine," Boyle said in closing the meeting.

New membership goal for the next 12 months was set at 10, and Feb. 30 was named as the date for the Rubinoff show to be sponsored by the Kiwanis club at present held at Municipal auditorium.

Wallace Ends Mexican Visit

MEXICO CITY, Jan. 2 (AP)—Vice-President-elect and Mrs. Henry A. Wallace left by plane today for Brownsville, Texas, ending a week's visit in which they attended the inauguration of Mexican President Manuel Avila Camacho Dec. 1.

They will go from Brownsville to San Antonio for a brief visit with Mayor Maury Maverick. Accompanying them today was Lester N. Mallory, agricultural attaché of the United States embassy here.

Holiday Death Toll Hits 200

By the Associated Press
More than 200 deaths by violence marked the nation's welcome to 1941.

As on other national holidays, traffic accidents again were responsible for the bulk of the fatalities. Relatively few traffic deaths were reported on New Year's Eve, most accidents apparently occurring the following day.

At least 219 persons died violent deaths and of this number 149 were killed in traffic mishaps.

The deaths of more than 300 persons by violent means were reported for Christmas Eve and Christmas Day.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

Personals
CONSULT Estaba the Reader; 708 East Third; next door to Barber Shop.

Travel Opportunities
TRAVEL, share expense? Cars and passengers to all points daily; list your car with us. Big Spring Travel Bureau, 304 Seury, Phone 1042.

Public Notices
Ben M. Davis & Company Accountants - Auditors 817 Mims Bldg., Abilene, Texas

BARBER NOTICE
To my customers and friends, I will appreciate your calling on me in my new location at 605 East 3rd, first door west of B & H Grocery. Plenty parking space. Bill Early.

Business Services
FURNITURE-repairing, Phone 50 Rix Furniture Exchange, 401 E. Second.

EMPLOYMENT
Help Wanted—Male
AIRPLANE BUILDERS
MEN 18 to 35 needed in Aircraft factories. Train 3 to 4 weeks for factory job; \$25 enrollment fee is all you pay until employed. Balance \$5 per week after employment. Salary increase every three months. Factory workers probably won't be drafted. J. C. Cagle, 800 Johnson.

FINANCIAL
Business Opportunities
SMALL grocery and market store; will sell market fixtures separately. Write Box TEZ, Herald.

SMALL CASH BUSINESS
MEN or Woman; no selling; age no handicap; experience unnecessary. Good \$25 weekly or better. \$250 CASH required. Write, give address, phone, state if cash is available. Box ZO Herald.

FOR SALE
Household Goods
ONE General Electric Frigidaire and one Hartman Wardrobe trunk for sale; reasonably priced. Call 1549 from 3 to 4 p. m.

Musical Instruments
PIANOS—Three used pianos, good bargains; one spinet, two studio. Near your vicinity. For information, write M. E. Martin, Box 1965, Odessa, Texas.

Building Materials
We can give you a completed job on anything needed to make your home more attractive or comfortable, including the financing. Payments on labor and material as low as \$5 per month, no mortgage or red tape.
BIG SPRING LUMBER CO. 1110 Gregg Phone 1233
"A Home-Owned Institution"
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Red cedar shingles, \$2.98 per square; Mound City paint, \$2.46 per gallon; Four Hour Varnish, \$1.69 per gallon; 1500 rolls wall paper, extra good patterns, 7 to 17c per single roll.
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FHA Quality Lumber sold direct; Save 30%; truck delivery; write for catalogue. EAST TEXAS SAWMILLS, Avinger, Texas.

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Household Goods
GOOD used furniture bought and sold, compare our prices and bids with others, also special prices on mattress work. P. Y. Tule, 1109 West 3rd on West Highway.

FOR RENT
Apartments
ONE 2 or 3-room furnished apartment. Camp Coleman. Phone 61.
TWO or three-room apartment; nicely furnished with Frigidaire; all bills paid. 906 Gregg, Phone 946-J.

CLOSE in apartment; furnished; Frigidaire; all bills paid; newly decorated. Phone 1624.

TWO-room furnished apartment; upstairs; bills paid. 700 Nolan Street.

NICELY furnished 3-room apartment; private bath; Frigidaire; garage; \$20 per month; located 104 W. 18th. Apply 1711 Seury, Phone 1241.

TWO-room furnished apartment; east side duplex; large closet; private bath; hot water; close in; bills paid. Telephone 602, call at 710 E. 3rd.

FOUR-room furnished apartment; close in. 511 Lancaster St.

TWO-room furnished apartment for couple or with small baby; east side; bills paid. 704 East 12th St.

FOR RENT

Small, clean, two-room furnished apartment; bills paid. 104 Owens St.

FURNISHED apartment; two blocks from Robinson Grocery; bills paid; telephone and garage. 311 West 6th.

SIX - room unfurnished apartment; water furnished; 804 Main. Also garage apartment, 2 rooms and bath, lights and water furnished. Phone 82.

TWO-room furnished apartment, 210 Johnson. Apply 508 Johnson.

UPSTAIRS furnished apartment; modern conveniences; private entrance; close in; couples only. 310 West 5th, phone 121.

NICELY furnished 3-room apartment; electric refrigerator; inner spring mattress; 2 beds; use of telephone; all bills paid; reasonable. 708 Douglas St.

TWO-room unfurnished apartment; private entrance; with or without utilities; no pets or children. Call 847. Mrs. A. T. Lloyd.

FURNISHED, one 2-room apartment; private bath; 1102 1/2 Johnson; one 3-room furnished 1105 Runnels; reasonable rent. Apply 1102 1/2 Johnson.

THREE room and bath unfurnished apartment; 910 Runnels; \$18, water paid. Phone 1136-W or apply 810 Runnels.

ONE 3-room apartment; Frigidaire; adjoining bath; private entrance; \$5 per week; close in; bills paid; 405 Main. Phone 1529.

TWO furnished rooms; hot and cold water; both have outside entrances; two beds if desired; bills paid; reasonable. 1205 Main.

CLOSE in nicely furnished 3-room apartment; connecting bath; electric refrigerator; couple only; 503 Nolan.

FURNISHED apartment, 3 rooms and private bath; electric refrigerator; garage; located 410 W. 6th. Apply 404 Goliad, Phone 543.

ATTRACTIVELY furnished apartment; 3 rooms and breakfast room; connecting bath and garage; bills paid. 1611 Seury.

THREE-room furnished apartment; half of 6-room house; 2 1/2 blocks south high school; \$5 week; bills paid. Phone 1309 1211 Main.

Garage Apartments
FURNISHED garage apartment; walking distance; desirable. 208 East 7th. Phone 544.

Bedrooms
VERY large nicely furnished room with large clothes closet; private entrance and garage included; close in on paved street; quiet home; rates reasonable. 606 Seury.

NICELY furnished front bedroom; adjoining bath in private home with couple; gentlemen preferred. 1510 Runnels. Call 468.

NICE large bedroom, large clothes closet, private entrance, private to bath; \$2.50 week. 408 West 6th.

NICELY furnished bedroom; adjoining bath; private entrance; brick home; garage; gentlemen only. Apply 1300 Main or phone 322.

FRONT bedroom; outside entrance; private entrance to bath and telephone; \$3 week. Apply 107 East 18th.

NEWLY decorated front bedroom; venetian shades; \$12.50 for one and \$18 for two; private bath if desired; ladies preferred. 1201 Runnels, Phone 1218.

FRONT bedroom; private entrance; adjoining bath; garage; call 461 or 374. Mrs. E. E. Elliott.

TWO bedrooms nicely furnished; adjoining bath; in private home; storage space in basement; garage if wanted; rent reasonable. Mrs. O. P. Griffin, Phone 654.

CLEAN comfortable bedroom; close in; private; 303 Bell, Phone 1315.

MODERN sleeping rooms, \$2.50 week and up; one and two-room housekeeping apartments; plenty hot water, heat in every room; bills paid. 108 Nolan.

Houses
HOUSES and apartments; furnished and unfurnished; for rent; Phone, residence, 598.

THREE-room furnished brick duplex, 704 11th Place; 3-room unfurnished duplex, 103 1/2 W. 10th; 5-room house, 1808 Johnson; 4-room house, 1809 Gregg. L. S. Patterson, Phone 460.

FOUR rooms and bath; unfurnished; 404 Benton St.

SIX-room house, January 1st; 6 miles on Gall road; suitable for two families. C. B. Edwards.

SMALL house; 3 rooms and bath. 113 East 18th St.

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Lots & Acreages
FOR SALE—At reasonable price; choice residence lot; east front of paved street, across from West Ward school. Apply 404 Douglas. Phone 80.

Farms & Ranches
BEST improved 5-section ranch in West Texas @ \$12.50 acre. Have horses, lots, barns and ranches for sale. See J. D. (Doc) Purser, 1504 Runnels. Phone 197.

IMPROVED 80-acre farm—two miles northwest Big Spring, joins State Hospital on west. \$300 cash. M. C. Lofton, 106 West Avenue C, Sweetwater, Texas.

AUTOMOTIVE
Used Cars For Sale
SACRIFICE 1937 Ford tudor coach; good condition; clean; partly returning East; consider cash only. Inquire Jack's Exchange, 120 1/2 Main.

Trailers, Trailer Houses
TWO-wheel trailers for rent to responsible people, stock or luggage. 1218 West 3rd St.

FOR RENT
Houses
THREE-room house and bath. 702 E. 13th. Phone 1761.

Duplex Apartments
FURNISHED 2-room south apartment; near high school; private bath; Frigidaire; \$3.25 week or \$5 week with bills paid. Phone 1208-J. Inquire 1003 Main.

NICE 3-room and bath furnished duplex apartment; located 1211 Runnels St. Phone 862. J. B. Collins.

THREE-room unfurnished duplex and bath; garage. 1503 Seury, Phone 1747.

Farms & Ranches
WANT to lease about 100-acre farm or would work by month and raise chickens on halves. See or write Willis Joiner, Comoma, Texas.

WHO KILLED AUNT MAGGIE?

(Continued from Page 6)

one in the hall at any time whose behavior might have struck you as strange?"

Alice looked from one door to the other, as though seeking some avenue of escape, then back at the stern-faced officer, and her eyes dropped beneath his scrutiny. "I have told you everything I know," she said, a little sulkily.

Lieutenant Gregory turned again to Claire. "Miss Harper, are you quite sure you saw no one in the bathroom when you thought you heard a sound from that direction?"

Claire seemed completely non-plussed by this new attack. "Oh, no," she insisted. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," Lieutenant Gregory told her, "someone did go in that bathroom. Whether that person was there or not when you were in the bedroom remains to be proved. But at some time after Mrs. Benedict was killed, somebody went into her bathroom and washed his or her hands and left a slight trace of blood on the towel. The towel was still damp when I examined the room just after the discovery of the murder."

Apparently all my efforts at disposing of towels had been in vain.

"But," Mr. Marshall pointed out, "if there had been someone in the bathroom when Miss Harper went in the room wouldn't he have had to remain there? You would have found him. There would have been no chance for him to escape, would there?"

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British Food Law Tightens

LONDON, Jan. 2 (AP)—Without explanation, the food ministry announced today the cancellation of a concession whereby purchasers were to be permitted to buy two weeks supply of meat at one time in 1941.

The concession was announced in November, 1940.

LOANS

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In Big Spring

PLEASURE

You will find it a pleasure to drive one of our dependable, economy-priced used cars. You are entitled to the best you can get for your money and you will quickly be convinced that our cars are worth more than we ask.

SHROYER MOTOR CO.

454 East 3rd Phone 27

FOR RENT

Houses
NICE 2-room unfurnished house; water furnished; \$10 month. See J. A. Adams, 1007 West 9th.

HOUSES and apartments for rent; furnished or unfurnished. Phone 598.

TWO story frame house with 10 rooms; located 211 N. W. Second street; may be sub-rented; \$30 per month.

FIVE-room modern FHA house, hardwood floors; located 400 Virginia Avenue. Day Phone 1226, Night 312.

FIVE-room furnished house; excellent condition; electric refrigerator; floor furnace; garage; located 1800 Seury; Price, \$37.50; water furnished; call at apartment in rear, or write E. M. La Belf, Box 1265, El Paso.

FOR RENT

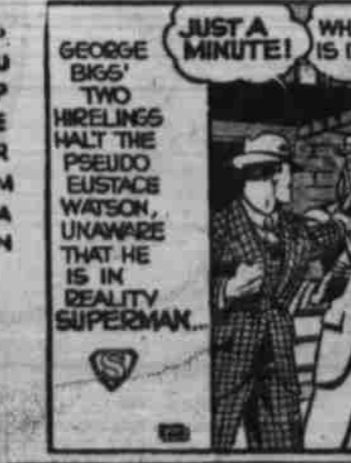
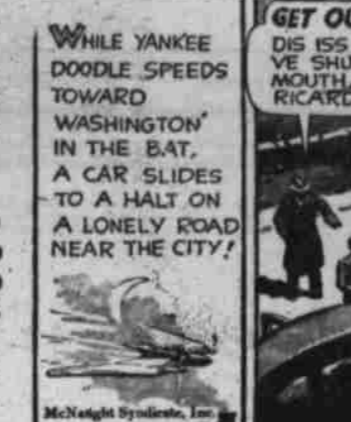
Houses
THREE-room house and bath. 702 E. 13th. Phone 1761.

Duplex Apartments
FURNISHED 2-room south apartment; near high school; private bath; Frigidaire; \$3.25 week or \$5 week with bills paid. Phone 1208-J. Inquire 1003 Main.

NICE 3-room and bath furnished duplex apartment; located 1211 Runnels St. Phone 862. J. B. Collins.

THREE-room unfurnished duplex and bath; garage. 1503 Seury, Phone 1747.

Farms & Ranches
WANT to lease about 100-acre farm or would work by month and raise chickens on halves. See or write Willis Joiner, Comoma, Texas.



CLASSIFIED NOTICE

Since this week will be "moving day" for The Herald, an earlier than usual press time will be met for Sunday's edition.

In this connection, DEADLINE FOR CLASSIFIED ADS FOR SUNDAY'S ISSUE WILL BE MOVED UP TO 11 A. M. SATURDAY, and readers are asked to please govern their placements for that date accordingly.

After this week end, the regular 4 p. m. Saturday deadline for Sunday Classifieds will be in effect.

British Pay Germany Back For Sunday Night Fire Raid On London

Motorists Really See House In Mid-Road

HADDONFIELD, N. J. (UP)—That old motorist gag about finding a tree or a house in the middle of the highway became a reality at Haddonfield when amazed drivers did see a house in the middle of the road.

Here 'n' There

Willard Sullivan can be excused for going down to 111 E. 2nd to open a business that is located at E. 3rd and Runnels. For 17 years Sullivan operated a drug store at 111 E. 2nd, and now he has taken over the Settles drug location from Cunningham and Phillips.

RAF Dumps Heavy Loads Over Bremen

LONDON, Jan. 3 (UP)—The major German port of Bremen was pounded for three and a half hours last night in the main attack carried out by the RAF against Nazi objectives, the air ministry announced today.

Chamber Will Pick Directors

Membership lists will go out this week to all associated with the chamber of commerce as the first step toward electing 10 new directors.

Mexico To Get Opposition Party

MEXICO CITY, Jan. 2 (UP)—Political circles reported today that various independent political factions in Mexico planned to meet soon to organize a single "opposition" party, a new development in Mexican politics.

State Wage-Hour Law Is Sought

AUSTIN, Jan. 2 (UP)—Organized labor in Texas probably will ask the legislature to enact a state wage-hour law similar generally to the national one, Joe Steadham state representative of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, said today.

County's New Commissioners Start Labors

Taking hold of its job with vigor, the Howard county commissioners court turned to new business Thursday after having settled the matter of a sheriff appointment in its initial session of the biennium Wednesday.

To Relieve Many of

COLDS

Take 666

LIQUID TABLETS, SALVE, NOSE DROPS

Hoyt's Relieved Chronic Distress Says Lubbock Lady

Mrs. Belsher Of Lubbock Says Hoyt's Compound Ended Soreness, Stiffness, Swelling in Feet and Limbs

"My feet and limbs were so swollen and sore and stiff that I could hardly walk," says Mrs. A. M. Belsher, of 1518 Ave. F, Lubbock, Texas, a long-time resident. The pains were so severe that



MRS. A. M. BELSHER

I couldn't even do my own housework. I had given up hope of finding relief. "Then I tried Hoyt's Compound. From the first few doses I could see a marvelous change. I now feel and act much younger. I can get a good night's rest, the stiffness and swelling have gone. And at last I can really enjoy doing my housework! I hope other sufferers will take my advice and try this splendid medicine!" Hoyt's Compound is sold and recommended by the Collins Bros. Drug Store and by all other druggists in this entire area.—adv.

Livestock

FORT WORTH, Jan. 2 (UP) (USDA)—Cattle, salable 1,500 total 1,600; calves, salable and total 600; market generally steady; good feed steers and yearlings 9.00-10.50, common and medium grades 8.00-8.75; beef cows 4.75-4.50, canners and cutters 3.25-4.50; bulls 4.75-6.25; good and choice fat calves 8.00-9.00; common and medium kind 5.50-7.75; culls 4.50-5.50; good stock steer calves 9.00-10.00; choice scarce, pink heifer calves 9.00 down.

Also taking over a business here is Donald M. Penn, manager of the L. & L. Housing and Lumber Co. Penn comes here from Bonham and will be in full charge of the company located at 408 San Jacinto. His family will remain in Bonham until school is out, for his daughter is a member of the senior class, editor of her school paper and otherwise active in her class.

Mrs. Frances Peters might qualify as a new resident, although she has been here for several weeks now. She is associated with the state department of public welfare in charge of old age assistance work in Howard and Dawson counties. Carter Thompson, formerly in charge here, swapped places with Mrs. Peters in Brownfield.

In partial retaliation for last Sunday night's Nazi "fire raid" on the city of London, the British said "a concentrated discharge of incendiary and high explosives" was showered on Bremen's ship-building and dock yards and railway station.

Large fires and explosions were declared set off. The ministry's communique said ports in German-occupied territory, including Flushing, Ostend and Brest, also were attacked. In all these operations, the British said not a single attacking plane was lost. (Germans said their pursuit planes shot down one of the British raiders.)

Directors elected last January will hold over for another year, but those whose terms expire this month are not eligible to succeed themselves. Officials of the chamber will be selected by the board and presented at the annual chamber banquet, set for Jan. 23.

Rochester, N. Y., To Aid Rochester, Eng., Children

ROCHESTER, N. Y. (UP)—Liaison between the cities of Rochester, New York, and Rochester, England, for the purpose of establishing a child haven for refugee children is in process of being established.

Mayor Samuel B. Dicker, of Rochester, N. Y., has received a letter from Mayor C. S. Knight of Rochester, England, asking his aid in "establishing liaison with a view to some of the children in our city being evacuated to yours." The idea was started by Paul Browning, of Rochester, who wrote the English mayor offering to make a home for one child.

Former Worker Here Found Dead

The body of a man believed to be that of H. C. Burkett, about 35, oil-field worker who had resided at Lubbock and Big Spring, was found south of Okemah, Okla., Wednesday.

A 26-year-old youth, who said he had worked with Burkett in Texas and New Mexico oil fields, was held in custody. There was no record on Burkett immediately available here. According to the county jailer at Okemah, the youth made a statement regarding the slaying of Burkett, declaring he had killed the man in self defense, hauled the body in a sack for several hours before disposing of it in a field.

Public Records

Building Permit
Jesse Enloe to hang a sign at 510 W. 3rd street, cost \$150.

Marriage License
Edgar Allen and Myrtle Holden, both of San Angelo.

New Car
Donald Wiley, Kermit, Ford tutor.

MARKETS AT A GLANCE

NEW YORK
STOCKS—Irregular; price changes narrow.
BONDS—Mixed; governments recede.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE—Quiet; generally unchanged.
COTTON—Mixed; hedge selling; trade support.

SUGAR—Quiet; scattered liquidation.
METALS—Steady; some export copper at 10.25 cents.

WOL TOPS—Firm; trade and spot house buying.
CHICAGO
WHEAT—About steady at close; spot market firm.

CORN—Lower; diminished demand.
CATTLE—Strong, 10-15 higher, fair active.

Mrs. Cora Ashley Houser left Thursday for her home in Fort Wayne, Ind. She was called here on the death of her father, Thomas W. Ashley, long-time resident and civic leader.

The first shipment by air express was a package containing five bolts of silk. It was sent from Dayton to Columbus, Ohio, 30 years ago.

Penny Plus Tax Causes Boy's Throat Trouble

RICHFIELD, Utah (UP)—There's getting to be a tax on everything in Utah—especially the imagination.

Dr. David E. Ostler, Richfield physician, reports a recent incident in which one of his 4-year-old patients was troubled with pains in the throat after swallowing a penny.

While Dr. Ostler was contemplating removal of the coin, the boy coughed and with the penny piece a one-mill Utah tax token was dislodged from his throat.

ELKS TO MEET

Elks club members are asked to meet at the Elks hall at 8 o'clock Thursday night for an important business session. Every member is urged to attend, according to B. J. McDaniel, exalted ruler.

Relief At Last For Your Cough

Chronic bronchitis may develop if your cough, chest cold, or acute bronchitis is not treated and you cannot afford to take a chance with any medicine less potent than Creomulsion which goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Creomulsion blends beechwood creosote by special process with other time tested medicines for coughs. It contains no narcotics. No matter how many medicines you have tried, tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough, permitting rest and sleep, or you are to have your money back. (Adv.)

Walter Grice, new justice of peace, is ready to do his bit to start the marital ball rolling. To the first couple who comes to him with a marriage license ready for use, Grice will perform the ceremony free of charge. It's a good chance to get into an expensive proposition free of charge.

Claud Collins and Dutch Zimmerman were in from the former's ranch on the north county line Thursday morning and Collins, no newcomer to West Texas, wanted to know—of all things—what the weather was going to do.

Burglars grew bold at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. Slusser, 911 Gregg, Monday night. They made away with a substantial amount of clothing.

Add to the list of donors for the Steer squad Cotton Bowl trip the name of Herb Fox, Midland. He kicked in to see the boys rewarded for winning the district title.

(DNE, official German news agency, acknowledged that three factories and houses in Germany were hit by British bombs, but did not give the localities. It said one British bomber was shot down.) Besides the attack on Bremen, in which "very large fires" were caused, according to an official announcement, the so-called invasion ports, submarine bases and other targets in German-occupied territory were bombed.

There were three alerts in London during the night, the last ending just before dawn.

BIRTH ANNOUNCED

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Marriott today announced the birth of a daughter at their home, 904 East Third, last Friday. The infant has been named Londa Arlene.

COLLINS BROS. Drug Store

2nd and Runnels Phone 182

WALGREEN Drug Store

3rd and Main Phone 490

50c Size **MOLLE SHAVE CREAM** 33¢

10" **LUX SOAP FLAKES** 3 1/2 26¢

50c **IPANA Tooth Paste** 33c

P & G **SOAP** 3 for 9c

Cleansing Tissue 17c

UNGUENTINE For Burns 50c Tube 39c

ABSORBINE Jr. For Athletes Foot 125 Size 89c

HALIBUT LIVER OIL Plain 10cc Olafsen 39c

Swamp Root 87c

5-lb. Bag **EPSOM SALTS** 19c

75c Size **BAYERS ASPIRIN** 59¢

35c **Sloans LINIMENT** 29¢

IRONIZED Yeast Tablets \$1 Size LIMIT 1 ... 49c

ALKA SELTZER 60c Size 30c

NOSE DROPS Vicks 50c Size 25c

PINT Milk of Magnesia 21¢

PINT Olafsen **COD LIVER OIL** 79¢

10c Assorted **POCKET COMBS** 4c

10c Lifebuoy **SOAP** 5c

50c Toilet **TISSUE** 3 1/2 13¢

\$1.25 Kongola **Tonic** 69c

1-oz. Tube **ZINC OXIDE OINTMENT** 17¢

50c **TEEL LIQUID DENTIFRICE** 39¢

Treats At Your **FOUNTAIN of REFRESHMENT**

Hot Fudge Sundae 15c

"the treat of the week" A favorite with everyone. Mellow flavored fudge smothering creamy, extra rich ice cream, only

Treat The Family With **CARRYOUT ICE CREAM** FULL QUARTS 25c

INFLUENZA CLOSES SCHOOLS

We are cooperating to the fullest extent with your doctors to check the influenza epidemic. See your doctor—then bring your prescription to us to be filled.

We bring you the lowest possible prices on drug needs during this epidemic.

FREE DELIVERY

On these cold, disagreeable days be free of worry, let us deliver the drugs and sundries you need. Try our fast service.

35c Groves **Bromo Quinine** 21c

Old Fashion **Creosote COUGH SYRUP** 3 oz. 60c

PINKHAMS COMPOUND 1.33 Size 93c

Analgesic Balm Koller's 60c Size 49c

Lilly's Entoral **Cold and Influenza VACCINE CAPSULES**

\$1.50 Treatment **\$1.00**

LIBERTY

Our Government, industrial, financial, labor and educational leaders are making comprehensive plans for greater progress in the preparedness program of the United States.

Collectively, and as individuals, it is our duty to THINK, TALK, and ACT constructively in doing our part so that greater speed may be made in the advancement and strengthening of our country.

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION

World Headquarters Building
300 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Branch Office
IN PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

Editorial

The Lynching Record

The best argument we have heard recently against federal anti-lynching legislation is contained in a report of the Tuskegee Institute concerning lynchings in the year 1940.

them, local officials in the various states will solve the problem. We cannot see why the federal government should be more concerned with lynching than any other crime.

Washington Daybook

By Jack Stinnett

WASHINGTON—The department of commerce is slap-happy over plastics. In the vast vaulted foyer of the department's building (sometimes referred to locally as "Hoover's Folly" because nobody up to that time had ever thought of commerce as important enough to be housed in such an edifice) there now is on display as big an exhibition of plastics as Washington ever has seen.

attention from both the men in the laboratories and those in the market places, plastics are coming into their own. When you comb your hair and brush your teeth and switch off your lights at night, the chances are ten to one you are using plastics.

WHAT PLASTICS ARE

The day I was over there, there was a fellow standing around. I asked him: "Whaddya mean plastics?" And his answer was: "Generally speaking, plastics are substances capable of being molded or otherwise fabricated (with coloring matter or a filler) into a desired solid form; this condition being obtained by a physical or chemical interaction between the molecules of a wide range of materials."

OUT TUTTING KING TUT

And now we get down to what was to me the most fascinating part of the commerce department exhibit... the work that Charles E. Sando of the department of agriculture has been doing with a synthetic resin that's a dead ringer for clear glass.

Man About Manhattan

By George Tucker

HOLLYWOOD—Charley Grapewin issued his Declaration of Independence today. He was sitting outside Jeeter Lester's tumble-down shack on "Tobacco Road," his slippers feet in the "Georgia dirt" of a movie sound stage, his cigar smoke pleasantly blue around him as he stroked his Jeeter Lester beard.

biting good. Why'n't they get some other fellow—weren't there lots of Jeeter Lesters around? But when John Ford came after him and said, "Look here now, Charley," Charley said he'd come in for a test. They set the hour and the day, and Charley showed up, but not Ford.

Hollywood Sights And Sounds

By Robbin Coons

NEW YORK—Duke Ellington's orchestra has a trumpet player named Ray Nance who is noisy and versatile. When he first came to Duke and applied for a job he was asked what he did.

Katharine Cornell's name is mentioned in three different plays... If you wander out of any of the late hour stubs in the 50's and are suddenly horrified to see apparitions grinning down at you, don't think you're seeing snakes... It's a 30-foot Indian totem pole carved out of a red cedar log that the Museum of Modern Art has acquired.

The Big Spring Herald

Published Sunday morning and weekday afternoon except Saturday by THE SPRING HERALD, Inc. Entered as second class mail matter at the Postoffice at Big Spring, Texas, under act of March 3, 1939.

Texas' Farm Production Up 15 Percent Over Last Year

AUSTIN, Dec. 27 (AP) — More Texas acres produced better crops this year and the value of the produce was placed at \$374,000,000, up 15 per cent from 1939.

\$16 A Week Folks Now Report On Incomes; 650 Howard County People To File First Returns

About 650 Howard county residents will file income taxes for the first time between now and March 15.

That does not mean that 650 persons in the county have had sudden increases in income during the past year.

Rather, it is due to the fact that Uncle Sam is requiring taxes on more modest incomes than ever before.

In fact, he has so expanded his income tax base that internal revenue officials expect twice as many income tax returns to be filed this year as last.

Every unmarried person who made as much as \$800 gross income during 1940—about \$15.38 per week—must file a report.

The internal revenue office serving Big Spring is located in Abilene. If persons with the above income fail to drop a letter to that office, someone from the office is likely to pay a call.

As a practical matter, income taxes probably will not be charged against unmarried persons earning less than \$800 a year, which figures out to \$17.30 a week. Authorities say almost any person can claim deductions totaling about \$100.

Take the case of an unmarried man earning \$30 a week—that is, \$1,640 a year. He would get a personal exemption of \$800, and might be able to claim other deductions totaling \$100.

He would pay the 4 per cent income tax, then, on \$140. His income tax would be \$5.60. Then, his defense tax, which is 10 per cent of the income tax, would be

Stanton People Pause To Review Events Of 1940

STANTON, Jan. 1 (AP)—Stantonites are taking inventory this week, pausing to look back over 1940, which with its sadness and happiness, was counted a good year.

A few of the events will linger long in the memory of the local citizenry, such as the exchange of shots which took place early on the morning of Jan. 15, between the local nightwatchman, Bill Pinkerton, and the fugitives, J. W. Mann and Andrew H. Nelson.

Also in January, two members of the Stanton high school band were chosen to play in the all-state clinic band at Mineral Wells, Feb. 1, 2 and 3.

High point of interest in February was the Martin County 4-H Livestock show, the county's fourth and largest annual show, at which Billy and Russell Sadler came through with winning honors, on their calves.

On March 3rd, little Billy Gene Sadler was fatally injured, when crushed by a cow, on the E. E. Dickenson ranch, home of the Sadlers.

The annual junior-senior high school banquet was held at the First Methodist church May 14.

Stanton's population was placed at 1,247, as taken April 1, 1940. Twenty-two lettermen and two coaches of the Stanton Buffaloes squad received sweaters in an assembly program at the school.

Construction was started during April on the new St. Joseph's Catholic church. The new high school gymnasium was opened and used the first time on April 8.

In May, bids of contractors for construction of 15 miles of pavement on the north end of the Stanton-Lamesa highway were sent to Austin. Evelt Stallman was announced as valedictorian, and Marjorie Blackerby as salutatorian of the senior class.

On July 27, Martin county re-nominated Sheriff Morris Zimmerman by an overwhelming majority, in the democratic primary. B. F.

Big Airport Plan Mapped

Preliminary steps toward drafting an extensive program of development for the Big Spring municipal airport are to be taken soon, it was indicated today.

Plans will be made on the basis of developing a peculiar type WPA project, using a Civil Aeronautics Authority allotment of \$100,000 as a sponsor's share.

Submission of a project, however, will be held up pending action of the voters on a \$25,000 bond issue Jan. 8. Upon the outcome of the election will depend the projected expansion and improvement program, for a CAA contingency is that approximately 400 acres of additional land be furnished for the port landing area. More land is needed to make possible extension of runways to 5,500 feet.

Because of air raid alarms, the British Broadcasting Co. finds that the peak time for listening to its programs is between 6:30 and 8:30 p. m.

Enjoy Them Now! WAFFLES Delicious and Full of Goodness! MILLER'S PIG STAND 24 Hour Service PRINTING T. E. JORDAN & CO. 115 W. FIRST JUST PHONE 486

Comic strip panels with dialogue: I'M GOING TO NADIR TO GET BIG BOY, AND BRING BACK THE MONEY HE STOLE! I JUST REMEMBERED! I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE! I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM, EITHER? ALL I KNOW ABOUT WELL, THAT ISN'T MUCH TO GO BY, BUT... BUT IT'S BETTER THAN NOTHING—GIDDYAP, NELLIE!

Comic strip panels with dialogue: NOW, YOU SLEEPY LITTLE BEE! YOUR CAREER IS OVER! YEAH? UNFL! GOTTA HUNCH IT'S JUST STARTED! HEY... WHAT? WHO IN NECK IS THIS GUY?

Comic strip panels with dialogue: H'LO, JACK—GLAD TO SEE YA BACK. THANKS, SIR—IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK. YA LOOK TIRED—HAVE A TOUGH TRIP? OH, NO— I WANT THE TRIP, I'VE JUST BEEN WORKING PRETTY HARD THE PAST TWO WEEKS. OH, YOU POOR BOY! COME IN AND SIT DOWN FOR TEN OR FIFTEEN MINUTES, AND WHEN YOU'RE ALL RESTED— WE'LL GO SOMEPLACE AND DANCE!

Comic strip panels with dialogue: I'LL BET HALF THE STUFF IN THIS KITCHEN COULD BE THROWN AWAY AND SHE'D NEVER MISS IT! LOOK AT THIS CUPBOARD! MAKE! WHAT IN HELL IS MAKE? I'LL BET SHE DOESN'T USE THAT ONCE IN TEN YEARS! I NEVER HEARD OF HALF THAT STUFF! IF I THREW IT ALL AWAY SHE'D NEVER KNOW IT! SHE NEEDS AN OBJECT LESSON! WHEN I TELL HER ABOUT THIS LATER MAYBE I'LL CURE HER OF HER EXTRAVAGANT WAYS!

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS... The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches... NATIONAL REPRESENTATIVE: News Daily Press League, Dallas, Texas.

Army To Ask Another Three Billion

Called To Seymour By Illness Of Father

Mrs. Neal Hillard was called to Seymour where her father, B. Drane is seriously ill.



Munitions And Bombers Main Items Sought

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2 (AP)—The army got ready today to ask the new congress for an additional \$3,000,000,000 to further its "all-out" armament program.

The sums to be asked after the new session opens tomorrow were reported approximately as follows: \$1,000,000,000 for the production of 3,000 more bombing planes from parts made largely in existing automobile factories and assembled in four mid-western plants operated by aircraft companies.

\$1,600,000,000 for guns, tanks, planes and other material to round out equipment for an army of 2,000,000 men.

\$400,000,000 for the construction of additional munitions plants to

give the country sufficient reserve capacity to supply land forces of 4,000,000 men in an emergency.

Plans call for maintenance of the munitions factories on a stand-by basis similar to the role of Britain's "shadow plants" prior to the outbreak of war with Germany.

These new plants would be in addition to the 34 factories or special facilities provided for under the \$800,000,000 appropriation which congress voted for the purpose last summer.

Roughly 75 per cent of the total of \$6,000,000,000 appropriated for the army last year has been obligated to date, and, insofar as new munitions facilities are concerned, 85 per cent of available funds are obligated.

The first of the new powder plants built under this program is scheduled to come into production in June, or possibly sooner.

The \$3,000,000,000 to be requested of the new congress will push past \$20,000,000,000 the total national defense expenditures authorized since the beginning of 1940.

There were hints yesterday that American industry's tremendous backlog of armament orders might be further increased by expanded assistance to China under the "lease-lend" plan which President Roosevelt intends to submit to congress.

The maritime commission, meanwhile, announced its intention of ordering two 35,000-ton vessels "capable of quick conversion into aircraft carriers."

Halifax.. Master Diplomat

AP Feature Service WASHINGTON—A reformed appeaser who publicly recanted his avowed friendship for Germany in Britain's choice for "the biggest job outside the British Isles"—ambassador to the United States.

Capital speculation indicates the new envoy, Third Viscount Halifax, may even have been picked because he can and has supplied rebuttal argument to "any who believe a negotiated peace with Germany is desirable.

Halifax approved the Munich deal with Hitler, guaranteeing Czechoslovakia. He counseled collaboration with Germany. Then Hitler marched into Prague—and made a relentless enemy of Halifax. The Viscount promptly and publicly acknowledged error in advocating the Munich deal, urged last-ditch resistance to Nazi aggression.

Deeply Religious What manner of man is Edward Frederick Lindley Wood, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., P.C., R.G., Viscount Halifax and First Baron Irwin of Kirby Underdale?

He is a contradiction. He has played the part of a religious mystic, reportedly sitting on the floor cross-legged to discuss abstract theology with Mahatma Gandhi. Short months later he was a tough, practical administrator who ruthlessly put down that same Gandhi's civil disobedience

campaign with troops. His concern with things spiritual is legendary. His father worked through the 34 years he lived for union of the Anglican and Roman



HALIFAX, Thinker

Catholic churches. Father and son rose daily for 6 a. m. devotions, a custom Halifax still observes.

Rich Background Yet this spiritual peer is also a man of action in the temporal world. His solid place in English aristocracy is bulwarked by alliances with other noble families.

His sister married Baron Bingley; his daughter wed Lord Feversham. His wife is the daughter of the 11th Earl of Devon. Halifax is a fox-hunting squire, who said he would rather be a master of fox hounds than a cabinet minister. He has been both. He was a member of Parliament from 1910 and only emerged from political obscurity in 1921 as Undersecretary for Colonies.

From then on he zoomed. He was President of the Board of Education—a cabinet post—in 1922. Minister of Agriculture in 1924. Viceroy to India 1926-31. President of the Board of Education again, Minister for War, Lord Privy Seal, Leader of the House of Lords, Lord President of the Council and finally Foreign Secre-

Colorado Rural POTATOES 10 lbs. 15c

Granulated Soap SU-PURB 24 oz. Pkg. 15c

Highway Fancy CATSUP 2 14 oz. Bottles 25c

Airway Fresh Roasted COFFEE 2 1 Lb. Pkgs. 25c

White King Granulated 24 oz. Pkg. 19c

White Magic Quart Bottle 10c

Lux 2 Bars 11c

Palmolive 2 Bars 11c

Vigo 3 No. 1 Cans 14c

1-4 lb. Pkg. 13c

Country Style Sacked Pork No. 1 Grade 4 lb. 9c

Longhorn Shoulder Lb. 19c

Cuts Lb. 15c

Loin or Blade Lb. 16c

End Lb. 16c

Sliced or Beef Quality Lb. 10c

Sliced or Beef Quality Lb. 29c

Beef Quality Lb. 19c

U. S. Govt. Inspected 4 Lb. 29c

Maximum Brand Lb. 25c

Sliced Bacon Lb. 19c

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U. S. Govt. Inspected 4 Lb. 29c

Maximum Brand Lb. 25c

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- Purple Top Turnips lb. 2c
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- Large Head Lettuce 4c
- Cobblers 10 lbs. Potatoes 15c
- Delicious—100 Size Apples doz. 29c
- Texas Seedless Dozen Grapefruit 15c
- 230 Size Callf. Oranges doz. 19c
- Spinach lb. 7c
- Yellow or White Squash lb. 10c
- New Potatoes lb. 3c

- Crackers 2 lb. Box 14c
- Ribbon Cane Syrup Country Made No. 10 Can 49c
- Dromedary Dates Pasteurized 7 1-4 oz. Pkg. 13c
- National 3 Minute Oats Large Box 19c
- Folgers Coffee 1 lb. Can 25c
- Heinz Baby Food 3 Cans 20c
- Del Monte Salmon Red Sockeye 1 lb. Tall Can 25c
- Pinto CRC Beans 10 Lb. 39c

Texas Beef Brings \$6.50

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2 (AP)—Texas livestock producers were receiving an average of \$6.50 per 100 pounds for their best cattle in mid-December, according to a report issued by the agriculture department. Veal calves brought \$7.90. Sheep were marketed in the state at \$5.10 per 100 pounds, while lambs sold at \$7.10. Wool averaged 31 cents per pound. Hogs averaged \$5.50 per 100 pounds. Horses brought an average of \$47 per head, while mules sold for \$74. Texas wheat growers on Dec. 15 were receiving an average of 70 cents per bushel. Corn in the state brought an average of 52 cents; oats 34; barley 46; rye 55; flax seed \$1.40. Cotton brought 8.8 cents per pound, cotton seed \$26.60 per ton. Sweet potatoes sold at 70 cents per bushel, Irish potatoes at \$1.60.

Texas Pointer Wins Field Trials

ALBANY, Ga., Jan. 2 (AP)—A liver and white pointer from Texas—the Texas Ranger—turned Wild-fair plantation into a happy hunting ground and whisked his way to the \$1,000 inaugural quail championship of the Southern Field Trial club. Strutting through a handpicked field of 16 winners from other trials, the Ranger had four clean finds yesterday, bringing him a total of 11 coveys. He had little trouble in shouldering aside such dogs as the national champion, Lester's Enjoy Wahoo owned by Dr. E. S. Lester of Birmingham, Ala. The Ranger, owned by D. R. McDaniel of Houston, Tex., clinched his title after the first brace. The derby and all-age stakes were arranged for today.

Marine Commander Asks Apologies

PEIPING, China, Jan. 2—Col. Allen H. Turnage, marine commander here, presented to the Japanese tonight three demands arising from the asserted maltreatment of five marines arrested after a cabaret fracas. They were announced as follows: 1.—That the chief of the Japanese gendarmerie apologize to Turnage for the "unlawful arrest and unwarranted use of force" in seizing the marines Dec. 30. 2.—That the Japanese promise to take steps to prevent a repetition of such incidents, and 3.—That the persons responsible for the arrests be punished.

Robinson and Sons GOOD THINGS TO EAT

The Herald's Weekly Serial Story

Who Killed Aunt Maggie?

DEATH DROPS IN ON A HOUSEPARTY

By MEDORA FIELD

Chapter 27

STYMIED

Evidently Andrew had talked a good deal, or maybe the news had just got around, for Mr. Jamieson knew of the fake telephone call and the fact that the rest of us did not arrive until late afternoon. He described the man as being dark-haired and dark-eyed and said that he believed he would recognize him. Unfortunately he did not take the license number. Mr. Jamieson seemed all too willing to continue the conversation, hoping, no doubt, to learn further details of the morning's events, but I thanked him and hung up.

The description fitted Kirk, even of course, there are plenty of dark-haired and dark-eyed men and convertible couples.

I called Dr. Grace and, after offering his services in any way that they might be needed, he gave me the telephone number of his young assistant, Dr. Martin Bates. But this gentleman was not at home and his wife had no idea when he would return. He was on an official case out in the country, she said, and there was no near-by telephone, but she promised to have him call as soon as she heard from him.

Next I called my own home in town. I wanted to ask Bill's mother, who had come over to spend the week end with little Sally and the nurse, whether she had talked to anyone who might have called me on the telephone Saturday morning. But Julia, the nurse, had taken all calls, she told me, and Julia was accordingly put on the wire.

"Yes'm," Julia remembered. "They was a man called. He wanted to know where you was and I told him you was going to the Biltmore, but your husband fixed and he said he would call you there. No'm, I didn't recognize his voice. Andrew most generally answers the telephone and he might know."

But since Andrew had not been at home to take the call, this naturally did not get us very far. "Were there any other calls?" A lady wanted to know where you was, too, and I told her, but she didn't give me a name.

"Do you think you would recognize the voices if you heard them again?" I couldn't say for sure, Miss Sally. I might remember the lady. She talk in a sort of dress-up way."

Eve, of course. Talking to a servant after what she imagined to be the manner of a great lady. But who could the other call have come from?

Bill's mother had already notified the servants at Aunt Maggie's house of what had happened the night before. I waited on the line to make sure about the pearls.

"Yes'm, they in her little safe in the wall," she reported. "Miss Maggie always said it was her luck when she forgot 'em. Oh, Miss Sally, seems like I can't stand it with Miss Maggie gone."

Then Andrew was at my shoulder, saying, "Miss Sally, the dead wagon, I mean the ambulance, done come from Miss Maggie."

I forgot all about the piece of wire and left it hanging on the telephone.

Eve At Her Worst
Whatever else had happened or might happen, the lunch gong sounded the same. I sat down at the table, wondering whether I had been taken in too easily by Thomas and his story of Ephraim's illness. How did I know Ephraim was as sick as Thomas made out? Even now he might be making good his escape.

If I had only been able to reach Dr. Bates by telephone, if I had only had an opportunity to speak to Bill, who now sat at the length of the table away from me, separated by the flickering flames of the candles which had been lit because of the all-pervading gloom of the weather.

There were candles burning on the sideboards, too, with their silver dishes of food, but Andrew would not be there to pass these dishes. Lieutenant Gregory had asked if he and his assistants might be served separately in the breakfast room. "This will give us time to check up on where we stand," he said, "and I can question the servants. I'd like to start with the butler. After lunch I'll interview the guests individually."

I thought it a little unfortunate that he should choose this particular time to put Andrew through the third degree. Andrew was not only needed elsewhere, but goodness knew what might happen to my cherished old Spook if Lieutenant Gregory tried to be too casual in his questioning.

As Thomas blundered around the table, I strained my ears for the sound of the telephone bell, knowing all the time it was far too soon to be expecting a call from Dr. Bates. Then I remembered the telephone wire. What an earth had I done with it? Oh, yes, the telephone closet.

With these thoughts in mind, I paused to make a little bow to me. "Page Besse," said Eve sardoniously.

Ignoring the implication of her remark, Mr. Marshall continued, "Of course, there are many reasons for this. I am minded of an apt passage in a book by one of my favorite authors, Thomas Love Peacock. A reverend gentleman, describing what he evidently considers the ideal woman, says, 'She has the greatest of all female virtues, for she superintends the household and looks after her husband's dinner.'"

"After all," asked Alice coyly, "what could be more important?" Mr. Marshall beamed on her approvingly, while I tried not to meet the look of amused disdain in Eve's eyes. I knew it couldn't be very long before she would break out one way or another.

And knowing, too, that Mr. Marshall could go on in this vein forever, I tried to divert the conversation into other channels. "I didn't know," I said, "that Thomas Love Peacock was one of your favorites?"

Mr. Dodson turned his face toward me and smiled as Mr. Marshall replied, "He writes so appetizingly of food, my dear Sally. Yes, I greatly fear that where I once read for style and—er—other literary considerations, I now read for the food or the murders."

Realizing how his witticism was growing under the circumstances, he grew quite red and apologized hastily, "I'm very sorry, Sally. I'm like the boy on the bicycle, who tried so hard to miss the tree that he ran smack into it."

His distress was so genuine and the picture of Mr. Marshall on a bicycle trying to miss a tree was so provocative that we all laughed. "I suppose no one ever thought of dieting in those days," Eve observed, with unexpected tact.

"Oh, no, they simply ate what they wanted and resigned themselves to gout," Mr. Marshall agreed.

"We've got the evidence in the library," said Bill, "a gouty stool designed by Mr. Siverston himself so it can be raised to different elevations to support the ailing foot or leg. No home complete without one."

"Hold on to it, old boy," advised Kirk, with a grin in my direction. "You'll need it, unless you divorce Sally."

"Not if he keeps up his golf," said Mr. Marshall, who is as serious about his golf as I am about his food. I prayed he would not get started on that subject.

"The only thing I can't enjoy about books written such a long time ago," said Eve, reverting to Mr. Peacock, "is the smell."

"The smell," Mr. Marshall repeated, grimly mystified. "You don't know," Eve explained, with characteristic airiness, "the lack of bathing facilities."

Mr. Marshall looked a little embarrassed, but Mr. Dodson smiled and said he had always thought that was how perfume happened to be invented.

Lost Wire
Besse came in with the coffee and whispered in my ear that she couldn't find the piece of telephone wire. "I look on the floor and outside and all about, but it ain't nowhere."

"We'll look again when lunch is over," I told her, "and wait a moment—Thomas has forgotten the cheese." Involuntarily I glanced at Mr. Dodson, wondering whether he had picked up the conversation about the telephone wire.

But if so, his expression gave no indication, for he seemed to be listening to Mr. Marshall, who was off again.

Down the table, Bob was fidgeting with his food and eating practically nothing. I knew from that moment that it was a meal in itself. "But," Bob broke in, "why all this heavy accent on food when it is drink which brings us our most transcendental moments? What is a man without a drink?" He looked up and down the table challengingly. "A mouse," he announced, in answer to his own question, and, rising, stepped over to the sideboard and brought to the table a tray holding the decanter of brandy and glasses.

"Join me," he asked of the table at large. "Why not?" Eve replied. "I don't suppose you've any corner on these transcendental moments."

The ringing of the telephone bell came faintly through the closed door and I felt myself relaxing with relief. Dr. Bates at last! But when Linda came back after answering the call, she said it was Mr. Dunbar who was wanted.

Those of us who did not take brandy lingered over a second cup of coffee, perhaps unconsciously trying to postpone as long as possible the time when we must face

Lieutenant Gregory, and reality. Bob came back from the telephone with a harassed look on his face and said that he really should go in to town to attend to a matter which had come up. "Could you arrange it for me?" he asked Mr. Marshall as casually as though he had not a few moments before stepped on that gentleman's toes.

Mr. Marshall assured him rather stiffly that only Lieutenant Gregory could grant such permission. "Why should you have to be going back to town?" Claire asked in a low voice, which nonetheless revealed an unexpectedly sharp tongue. "Didn't you come out to stay until Monday morning?"

But even more surprising than Claire's outburst was Alice's look of undisguised impatience turned to Eve. Evidently she was counting on the Harper money event more than it had occurred to any of them to think.

Exit Eve
What crosscurrent of feminine influence could be calling Bob to town? I wondered. There were so many ladies who counted on Bob for so many things. How would he be able to arrange all that to fit in with the morning event? Quite plainly Claire was not going to like it, even though he might be just flitting from flower to flower.

I did not hear what he said to Claire in answer to her question, for Eve, rising to her feet and holding her brandy glass high, proposed a toast.

"The bride," she said, with a little supercilious bow to Claire. Then, turning to the contents of her glass, she asked, "Whatever made you think, Claire, that Bob would want to be taken seriously as a marrying man?"

We looked at her in shocked silence, and Alice said, "If you mean to be humorous, Eve, I don't think that is very funny."

"You wouldn't," said Eve, sweeping back over her shoulder to say, "But take it any way you like."

I did not want to look at Claire, yet instinctively I had, and I saw cold fury gather in her eyes as she turned to watch Eve from the table and smiled. Except for that glance, I should not have known how much the smile cost her, but inwardly I applauded her self-control.

I had been right about Eve. She had not been able to keep it up. She really hated us all. This and her natural lack of self-restraint had been too much for her.

"I suppose we go to the library," I suggested, and under cover of the momentary movement I asked Mr. Dodson almost under my breath, "What do you think of her—of Eve?"

"I can see she would be a popular choice," he said non-committally. "But could you—did you get any idea at all? It seems as hopeless as ever to me."

"I'm afraid I have a glimmer," he cautiously admitted. "Tell me," I begged. "No, no," he said, "you must not press me like this. Too much is involved. We must not run the risk of a mistake, or of letting your sympathy block the path of justice. Besides, I have an idea that I wish to test. If that were you?"

"I think the facts will then be apparent to all."

Chapter 28
BILL GUILTY?
As the dining room cleared, Mr. Marshall, who had lingered for a word with Bill, came forward to guide Mr. Dodson to the library.

"Wait a moment," I whispered to my husband, "there's something I want to tell you."

"Wish somebody would tell Bob something," he complained, digging for his cigarette case. "Seems to me he ought to have sense enough to know this is not the time to try to drink up all the liquor in sight."

"It's all Eve's fault," I excused. "But why should he let himself in for such things?" Bill grumbled. "Why can't he be a little sense?"

"Everybody is not as direct as you are, darling," I reminded him, as he stared at his empty cigarette case as though it had fallen in department suited to the occasion. "There are plenty of cigarettes in the library," I added, knowing that it would be like trying to hold a restive horse until he had his smoke.

"Well, just a moment. I'll be right back—"

But he was not to be right back, for I followed him to the library door where both saw Roberts who was waiting to tell Bill that Lieutenant Gregory wished to see him in the office.

"Again?" asked Bill, in some surprise. "Thought I told him all I knew."

"It's about something that has come up since then," Roberts explained smoothly.

"All right," Bill agreed, "but I hate to keep everybody else waiting. You are sure we can't go to town and finish all this tomorrow?"

"None of us is going to run away, you know."

"Perhaps it won't take so long," said Roberts, and something in his voice caused me to look at him quickly, but his expression was unchanging.

"You mean you've got something?" asked Mr. Dodson, who had also caught that note of what might have been restrained excitement.

"Suppose we go along to the other room," Roberts suggested, leading the way, and Mr. Marshall, taking Mr. Dodson by the arm, prepared to follow.

"Let's wait and see," said Mr. Marshall, giving me a little pat on the shoulder. "Anyway, don't worry. Everything is going to be all right soon."

Which, of course, is just what one would expect from a family friend and legal adviser. But it made all the more astounding what he came back to tell me a little later.

"Just how much later it was I do not know, for the day, which at times seemed to fly, at others seemed to drag on leaden feet. Eve evidently had gone directly upstairs from the dining room. Claire had excused herself soon after we went into the library and, I did not also start upstairs, but Bob, rising quickly to his feet, had followed her from the room and must have persuaded her to go into the drawing room. Any way, from where I sat with Kirk and Alice, I could hear the faint tinkle of the piano.

Dread News
When Mr. Marshall appeared at the door there was nothing in his face to indicate that he was required to speak to me privately was of any great importance. And we walked down the hall toward the breakfast room. I was struck with the irony of Claire's musical selection, for the air was one familiar from my childhood.

Perhaps she had only opened at random that bound collection of sheet music which she was playing "Sweet Memories, Waltz," which, according to the inscription penned thereon, had been presented to one of my feminine ancestors in 1867.

Had Claire selected it in order to punish Bob? I wondered. Was she listening to his pleading as he played, her gray eyes now and then looking upward into his, or was she ignoring him by a pretended absorption in the yellowed sheet of music before her?

So busy was my mind with such thoughts that I did not turn my attention to Mr. Marshall until we had reached the breakfast room and he had closed the door behind us. Then I looked up and saw that she was looking upward into his, and was so contented as though he were suffering great physical pain.

"What is it?" I cried. "Do they think I did it?"

"No, my dear," he answered. "They think Bill did it."

I stared at him incredulously. "But that's absurd," I said. "Bill is the last person on earth who might have done such a thing."

"I'm afraid they have a pretty good case against him," Mr. Marshall admitted unwillingly.

"Oh, no!" I cried, his own oblivious alarm communicating itself to me. "They couldn't have. It's impossible."

"Sit down, my dear," said Mr. Marshall gently, "and let me get you a glass of water."

"No, no, I'm all right. I must go to Bill."

"But I'm not sure you can see him yet," Mr. Marshall protested uncomfortably. "They hadn't finished when I came out. I—I wanted to prepare you."

"But they are crazy," I told him. "Bill didn't do it. He couldn't have. Oh, Mr. Marshall, you know Bill well enough to know it is impossible."

"Yes, yes, my dear, of course. Now try to calm yourself. We'll take care of Bill. We'll get Wade Allen to defend him."

"But I am calm," I insisted. "You—do you know it can't be as bad as all that? Even I knew Wade Allen is considered by the best criminal lawyer in the South."

"No use taking any chances," Mr. Marshall told me soothingly. "I am afraid you are going to have to make up your mind that all this is going to be pretty disagreeable, and try to keep a stiff upper lip."

"All right," I said, "but right now I'm going to see Bill."

"I don't know that you should try to just yet," he objected, like an anxious mother hen, but I was already knocking on the door. Roberts, opening it a mere crack, admitted grudgingly that Mr. Marshall could come back in, but otherwise he assured us that they positively could not be disturbed.

"Will you please tell Lieutenant Gregory that I wish to speak to him?"

About to object further, Roberts was interrupted by Lieutenant Gregory himself, who came to the door and, motioning Roberts out of the way, stepped into the breakfast room, pulling the door shut as he did so.

"I want to see my husband," I told him.

"The Evidence" Mr. Stuart, he said not unkindly, "it would be much better if you would wait until we have finished our questioning. I do not know Mr. Marshall had gone out to see you or I should have objected."

"I'm afraid I rather lost my head at that for I said, 'This is my house and my husband, Lieutenant Gregory, may I pass?'"

He opened the door and stood aside. "You are only making this harder for yourself," he said.

My eyes flew to Bill, sitting in a chair by his grandfather's desk, his red hair tousled and his blue eyes full of a sort of benign derision. "It was astonishing how much more blue his left eye looked than the right, with his dark circle caused by the bruise."

I knew the expression on his face so well. It is always there when Bill comes up against stupidity. We find it so difficult to believe that people are not all as

honest and decent and straightforward and intelligent as he is himself.

"He came to his feet when he saw me and we met halfway across the room. 'Oh, Bill,' I said, as we gripped each other's hands tightly, 'this is so silly.'"

"Very silly," he agreed through set teeth, "but I can't seem to convince Lieutenant Gregory of the fact."

I looked around that small, intimate, friendly room which has stood for a hundred years of family security and gracious living. I looked at Lieutenant Gregory, waiting to resume his seat at my grandfather's desk. And for a dreadful moment the room ceased to be a part of Wisteria Hall and became the close, cramped quarters of a storm-rocked boat, with great, angry waves, dashing hungrily against its sides.

"Here, here," said Bill quickly, "sit down. And as I collapsed in a chair, 'Are you all right now?'"

"Oh, yes," I assured him, trying to smile, then, turning to Mr. Dodson, "I asked in a voice that it was somehow not raise above a whisper, 'You don't believe any of this foolishness, do you?'"

"What do you mean, foolishness?" Lieutenant Gregory interrupted grimly.

"Don't upset yourself too much, Mrs. Stuart," said Mr. Dodson, and his calm, kind voice stilled me immediately. "You never can tell from the way a case starts out just how it will end."

"But what's it all about?" I demanded. "Why does 'it all about'?" I thought Bill did this terrible thing."

"Andrew," said Bill testily. "Something Andrew thinks he overheard, just before you went out to the back passage and found Aunt Maggie."

"Andrew?" I repeated stupidly. I questioned my butler as he served our lunch. "Lieutenant Gregory explained," Lieutenant Gregory explained. "At first he denied knowing anything at all, but I accused him of trying to shield the family and saw that I was on the right trail. He finally broke down and confessed that last night while in the breakfast room he heard voices in the passage outside. He recognized Mrs. Ambler's voice, but while he knew her to be talking to a man, he was unable at first to identify the man's voice. Or rather, he says he did not pay much attention until he heard Mrs. Ambler raise her own voice and call Mr. Stuart by name."

Chapter 29
ANDREW TALKS
"What?" I asked weakly. "I can't believe it. Andrew is mistaken."

"I am afraid not," said the officer dryly. Then, turning to Roberts, "What was it Andrew says he overheard Mrs. Ambler say to Mr. Stuart?"

Roberts flipped the pages of his notebook, cleared his throat, moistened his lips and read: "Don't you dare lay hands on me, Willie."

"But it is impossible!" I cried. "And yet someone did lay hands on Mrs. Ambler. I was reminded in my mind of the circumstances under the circumstances. And there was no one else known to be on the premises whom she would have addressed by that name."

"I don't care," I argued. "It's all wrong. Bill wouldn't do such a thing. Mr. Dodson, you said you know a glimmer. Surely you know more than this—"

"We must not interfere with Lieutenant Gregory's investigation," he told me. "There are still others to be questioned, you know. When he has finished, we will see what we can do."

"But Andrew could so easily be mistaken," I insisted. "After all he admits that he was not paying much attention. There are other words, other names, that sound like Willie. It was just an association of ideas in his mind."

"Maggie was one of the few people who call Bill by that name. Andrew, of course, knows this as well as anyone, and if she said anything sounding at all like Willie he would naturally jump to the conclusion that that was what she meant."

"You are just wasting your breath, my dear," said Bill. "Eve been over it all with Lieutenant Gregory. I've tried to convince him that I had no reason to kill Aunt Maggie and no desire to, or to kill anyone."

"I'm afraid you are going to have to try to prove that to a jury, Mr. Stuart," said Lieutenant Gregory. "And in view of these new developments, Mr. Stuart, wouldn't you like to amend your story? Are you sure that you gave a correct statement of the facts when you said that you saw no one else in the passage when you stepped out there shortly after the murder?"

"Sally, you don't have to answer that question," cautioned Mr. Marshall.

"But, of course, I will answer it," I said. "I did not see anyone." "All this is very unnecessary," Mr. Marshall told Lieutenant Gregory. "Assuming that Mr. Stuart is guilty, which I do not, I suppose you are aware that, according to law, a wife is not compelled to testify against her husband."

"But I'm telling the truth," I repeated. "Mr. Dodson, you believe me, don't you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Stuart," he said simply. "I do believe you."

"Thank you," I choked, suddenly very near to tears. Bill squeezed my hand hard and for a moment

so heavy you could feel it. Or rather you could feel all sorts of vibrations in it—vibrations that met and clashed there in that quiet room and definitely as words that are said or words that are crossed.

Andrew Again
I looked around the circle of intent faces. Roberts fidgeting with his notebook and so obviously resentful of what he considered special privilege. Lieutenant Gregory, stern and hard-bitten, unrelenting in his vigilance lest he be taken in by a too-plausible story. Mr. Marshall, his features etched in lines of deep distress, his eyes full of incredulity that two people he had known since their childhood could have become involved in such an unthinkable predicament. Bill, still puzzled and impatient, but wearing a fighting look as well. Only Coroner Dodson's countenance, with the unseeing eyes, was serene.

He said now, and his voice was like oil poured on troubled waters. "Lieutenant, may I beg an indulgence? I was not present when the butler was interviewed. Would it delay matters too much to have him brought in and let us go over his testimony?"

We waited in hushed expectancy for Lieutenant Gregory's reply. All at all, it seemed almost unreasonable for him to refuse. But he said finally, looking at his wrist watch, "I have no objection to your questioning the witness, provided you will be brief."

There were tears on Andrew's black cheeks when he was brought in, and at sight of them I almost broke down myself. "Oh, Miss Stuart," he cried, "you see, God, they could've drug me over red-hot coals of fire and I wouldn't've told, but they just scared it out of me."

"Never mind, Andrew," I said. And from Bill, "We know you only told what you believed to be the truth, but how the hell could you have thought it?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Mr. Bill, that's right. But I shoo didn't want to."

"Suppose," said Coroner Dodson, in his pleasant, deep voice, "you tell us exactly what did happen, Andrew."

"Check this testimony," said Lieutenant Gregory to Roberts. Andrew looking appealingly first at me, then at Bill, "Well, sir," he began, "I was in the breakfast room after dinner last night. I done went in there to put up some linen we bring out from town what belong in that room. We been so busy I forgot all about it. Then I see it in the kitchen after dinner and I say to Besse, 'Law, Besse, if Miss Sally see this, she'll get after me, sho.'"

"All right, Andrew," Lieutenant Gregory prompted. "You can skip that. Just tell us what you heard."

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir, but I just want to show how come I was in that room. I wasn't tryin' to hear no white folks' business. At first I didn't pay no attention to talkin' outside the door. Natchally I notice the passin' and repassin'. Then it seem to me she sound worried about somethin'. She talk louder, but I still don't hear what she say. I hear a man, too—"

Andrew looked over at Bill, as though he realized fully the import of what he was saying and did not wish to go on.

"All right, Andrew," Lieutenant Gregory nodded. "Well, I can understand what the man say. Seem to me they argue about somethin'. I never can tell you the man's voice is. Then I hear Miss Maggie say, 'Don't you dare lay hands on me, Willie.'"

Bill, whose eyes had been fixed on Andrew ever since his facial began, now asked, "How can you be so sure she said 'Willie,' Andrew?"

"Cause, Mr. Bill, she say it louder'n she done say anything else. Like she plum scared."

"Did you hear anything else, Andrew?" Mr. Dodson asked.

"No, sir. I sell out and get away from there. I know when white folks fight, it ain't no place for me."

"What did you do after that, Andrew? Did you tell anybody about this?"

"No, sir. When I go back to the kitchen, Miss Sally in there talkin' to Besse 'bout what we goin' to have for breakfast next mornin'. Bimeby, Miss Sally go on out through the breakfast room and see Mrs. Ambler dead on the floor. She call Besse to come there quick 'cause Miss Maggie fainted. We bring along a pitcher of water, but we ain't able to revive her. She done dead. Then I know I must not say nothin' to Besse never. 'Cause women can't keep no secrets."

"You mean," asked Mr. Dodson, "that you didn't intend to tell anyone about all this?"

"No, sir. Folks gets mad, they liable kill somebody 'bout meanin' to. Mr. Bill wouldn't harm nobody in his right mind. And Miss Maggie could be right worrisome sometimes."

"How do you mean, worrisome?" asked Lieutenant Gregory quickly. "Andrew scratched his head. 'Just worrisome,' he repeated, 'like old folks is sometimes. Miss Maggie, she talk about family tree all the time and she want everybody to look after her.'"

"Not quite grounds for murder, you will agree, Lieutenant," said Bill.

"Any more questions, Coroner?" the officer asked. "All right, you call 'em, Andrew. But stay within call."

"Oh, Mr. Bill," Andrew begged from the doorway, "please don't think hard of me. They could have drug me over red-hot coals—"

"That's all right, Andrew," Bill interrupted. "I know."

Interruption
"You can easily see Andrew's point," said Mr. Dodson when the understanding was when it is not the premeditated violence. After all, the white race has had thousands of years of the discipline of civilization and law and order. A hundred years ago Andrew's ances-

(Continued on next page)

Who Killed Aunt Maggie?

By MEDORA FIELD

We could go on like this forever. All right, have it your way. Only let's get it over."

"So you admit it?"

"I admit nothing of the sort. I simply want to get through with all this argument."

"Very well, then. Why not give us the whole story? Everything in there—motive, opportunity, witness. You'll save yourself trouble and make it easier for your guests if you lay all your cards on the table and, as you say, get it over with. Think what a strain this must be for Mrs. Stuart."

Bill regarded him grimly. "Very considerate of you," he said. "What do you mean by motive?"

"Quite simple. Your wife inherits Mrs. Ambler's money."

"But that's absurd!" cried.

"Absurd, oh?" Lieutenant Gregory mocked. "Well, murder is not absurd, and whether or not you are interested in clearing up the death of your aunt the law will see things through."

Bill strained forward, half rising from his chair, but I pulled him back. "No, no," I whispered. "Incidentally, at that moment a knock sounded on the door."

"Telephone call for you, Mrs. Stuart," said Roberts, after having opened the door and peered his head out cautiously.

"Dr. Bates," I breathed thankfully. "I think this may change things."

"You mean you know something you haven't told?" Bill asked incredulously.

"No, not exactly. I tried to tell you just after lunch, but didn't get to. Then all this other sort of—knocked me silly. Lieutenant Gregory would you mind going with me to the telephone?"

I tried to explain briefly about Ephraim. "I know he was here yesterday afternoon. But Dr. Bates came to see him last night."

"You mean you think the time may be important?"

"Yes, something like that."

"No help."

Dr. Bates told me that he left Thomas's house at exactly fifteen minutes after nine Saturday evening. "I looked at my watch," he said, "because I was expecting a call at any time from an obstetric case, and I remember remarking that it was later than I had thought. Ephraim's temperature registered one hundred and three and he was delirious. I gave him a hypodermic injection to quiet him. In my opinion it would have been impossible for him to leave his bed and go to Wisteria Hall at the time you mention."

"It's so important to be sure about it," I insisted. "You think he couldn't possibly?"

"I couldn't swear it, of course, if that is what you mean. But in my opinion it is just about the last thing that was likely to happen."

I replaced the receiver forcibly. "I had wanted you to talk to him," I said, "if it seemed that Ephraim might—have been the one."

"We'll look into it, anyway," he said. "Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"But I hadn't a chance. Besides, I would have learned of Ephraim's presence when you questioned Andy. That's why she left home."

"Guess we'd better look into that before we go on with the guests, here's Anderson. Found anything else?"

"This," said Anderson, holding out the piece of telephone wire.

"Oh, so it was you who removed it from the telephone? I mean from where I had hung it over the telephone book."

"Anderson and Lieutenant Gregory both regarded me with puzzled expressions. "What do you mean?" Lieutenant Gregory asked.

"I mean that Bessie found that piece of wire that had been cut, and gave it to me," I explained.

"Had to answer the telephone afterward and left it hanging in the closet. Later, at lunch, I went to look for it and she hadn't found it. I suppose you had picked it up," I suggested.

"Mr. Anderson,"

"No, I found it in a pocket of one of the excursions in that case," he told us, pointing to the table room.

"Suppose we finish this discussion in the other room," said Lieutenant Gregory. "Come along, Anderson."

But, of course, I first had to explain to Bill about Ephraim and at I had hoped to learn from Bates.

"Roberts, suppose you telephone and see what they've got on," said Lieutenant Gregory, after inquiring Ephraim's fall name, he got much of a record, have ambulance come out and take him to Grady Hospital, where we can keep him under observation, and now about this telephone wire, Mr. Stuart."

"Bessie found it in one of the wastebaskets upstairs."

"You mean in one of the guest-rooms?"

I looked at Bill and then at Mr. Marshall. "Oh, this is dreadful!"

"Might as well not try to shield anybody," said Mr. Dodson.

"But—" I hesitated.

"Was it in your husband's room?" asked Lieutenant Gregory.

"Would there be fingerprints on it?"

"I asked."

"Then I suppose it doesn't matter," Bessie says. She found it in the wastebasket in Mrs. Benedict's room."

"But of course," said Mr. Marshall, "whoever cut the wire in the first place naturally wore gloves."

"Bill looked at Mr. Marshall and grinned suddenly. "Getting to be

a pretty good criminal lawyer yourself," he suggested.

Lieutenant Gregory chose to ignore the interruption. "Anderson, which coat did you find the wire in?" he asked.

Chapter 22
GRILLING KIRK

"I'll show you," Anderson replied, disappearing through the door and returning a few moments later with a dark one-lana-wool topcoat. Bill and I looked at it and then at each other.

"I take it you recognize the coat," Lieutenant Gregory observed.

"Certainly," said Bill. "After all, there were only two coats, besides my own and both worn by men I see frequently."

"Then it is not your coat?"

"It is Kirk Pierce's coat," Bill told him. "Naturally I am aware that you could easily establish this fact without my telling you."

"Anderson," Lieutenant Gregory instructed, "please ask Mr. Pierce to step here."

Kirk came in, looking puzzled, but interested too. He had been sitting around waiting or trying to make conversation with Alice. He glanced about the room in that quick way of his. "Sally," he said, nodding in my direction, then sat down in the chair Anderson pushed forward for him. His eyes caught sight of the coat thrown over a chair slightly in the background. "Look like my coat," he observed casually. "I guess not. Hung mine in the closet."

"It is your coat," Lieutenant Gregory told him. "We brought it in here because of something in one of the pockets. Would you have an idea what that would be, Mr. Pierce?"

"Could be most anything. I should think," grinned Kirk. "Gloves. Cigarettes. Papers. Handkerchiefs. Rolls of camera film. Might even find a cigar."

"No," said Lieutenant Gregory. "Guess again."

Kirk turned to me. "Not the clue, Sally?"

"Oh, no," I answered. "I only wish it were."

"Mr. Pierce," said Lieutenant Gregory, "have you seen this piece of wire before?"

Kirk looked at the wire blankly. "None looks like a piece of telephone wire to me," he said. "No, I have seen it before, I am not aware of the fact."

"You did not put it in the pocket of your coat?"

"I'm afraid I am past the age for collecting pieces of wire, Lieutenant," he replied, smiling.

"This is a serious situation, Mr. Pierce," he was rebuked. "The sooner you and the others here realize that fact, the better. We are trying to clear up a murder."

Kirk instantly wiped the smile from his face. "I assure you that you have my entire cooperation," he said.

"Perhaps then you will tell me what you know about the events of last night?"

Kirk raised his black eyebrows. "I know nothing," he said, "except that I thought I heard some sort of commotion and came up from the game room to that little room at the head of the stairs."

"And what did you find when you came upstairs?"

"Practically everybody else crowded together and Mrs. Ambler on the floor."

"Aside from the fact that Mrs. Ambler was dead, did you notice anything else that struck you as unusual?"

Kirk hesitated for a moment, as though he were trying to recall the scene in all its details. "No," he answered. "I don't think so."

"Before or since that time, have you seen anything which might shed some light on the situation?"

"Nothing that would shed any light—no."

"Be more definite, please. You saw something which—"

"I saw a door open and close with apparently no one behind it," said Kirk. "At least I found no one. Mr. Stuart was with me at the time."

"Yes," I nodded. "I've already told them."

"Have you any suspicions with regard to the identity of the murderer, Mr. Pierce?" Lieutenant Gregory questioned.

"I have not," said Kirk positively.

"You have no cause to think that Mr. Stuart might have murdered Mrs. Ambler during the time he was absent from the game room?"

"What?" Kirk cried, half springing from his chair. "Certainly not."

"Thanks, old man," said Bill. "The Lieutenant seems to think differently."

"But it's impossible," Kirk insisted, even as I had done. "He couldn't have."

"Why do you say that he couldn't have?" asked Lieutenant Gregory.

"He is not the sort of a person to do such a thing."

"I've found that almost anybody is capable of murder under the proper set of circumstances," Lieutenant Gregory remarked dryly.

Roberts was back from the telephone. "Anderson has kept your notes for you," Lieutenant Gregory told him. "What did you find out?"

"Ephraim Johnson has a record, all right. Fights. Robbery. Stolen automobile. Served two hitches on the gang, but nothing very recent. Told me to send out and take him in Grady."

"Okay," said Lieutenant Gregory. "And how about this piece of telephone wire. It might not be as simple as we had Mrs. Benedict come in and tell us how it found its way into her wastebasket."

I reached for the bell pull, then decided that I did not wish to call

Andrew just then. He would still be protesting about red-hot coals. "She went upstairs just after lunch, I believe," I told Lieutenant Gregory. "I'll go for her myself."

Roberts, being near the door, poked to open it for me. But I did not pass through the door. Not just then. For at that moment there came from somewhere overhead the sound of a perfectly ghastly scream.

As we stood uncertainly, there was another scream, broken off suddenly. Then silence.

"Stand back, everybody," ordered Lieutenant Gregory, drawing his revolver from his holster and flashing through the door as I shrank back into the room and attached myself to Bill's arm. Roberts and Anderson were right behind their superior officer as he charged out and up the stairs.

And, of course, none of the rest of us stood back, though Bill did make an effort to park me in the library. By the time I reached the top of the stairs at the end of the procession, the police were coming out of mine and Bill's room and crossing over to the other front bedroom, which was occupied by Eve.

This time they did not come out, and when I crowded in behind everyone else I understood why, for what I saw was a tableau of horror.

Eve, who evidently had decided to take an after-lunch siesta, lay motionless on the chaise longue, her face twisted in the awful agony of death. There was a dark red stain on the front of her white chiffon nightgown, a stain that spread and clashed oddly with the flame color of her negligee.

Standing over Eve as she lay there were Claire and Alice. Bill says that when he first reached the door, ahead of the police because he had not stopped to look into our room, Claire was holding Alice with both arms and had one hand over her mouth to stop her screaming.

"This would make it just about unanimous, Lieutenant," said Bob, but there was none of his customary jauntyness to match the words. "What do you mean?" Lieutenant Gregory barked. "This is no time for humor." Then, inconspicuously enough, he started counting us after the fashion of a conductor on a sight-seeing bus. "That's everyone, isn't it?" he asked Bill. "You told me there were eight of you."

"But I rather gathered there were more than met the eye in a good many things she said. She didn't seem to be overly fond of me."

"Well, hardly that," Mr. Dodson said. "There were eight of us, including Aunt Maggie," Bill affirmed. "And which is this latest victim?"

It seemed an odd question for Lieutenant Gregory to be asking, but of course he had not yet got around to interviewing the guests, though he did have the list of names and other information and Anderson had taken fingerprints of all of us.

"Mrs. Benedict," Bill told him. "Eve Benedict."

"Ah," breathed Mr. Dodson. "She rather invited it, didn't she?" At his low-octed remark he pulled back one of her eyes and he pulled back the pupil of the eye. "Dead," he said matter-of-factly.

I don't think I have ever seen anyone more angry than Lieutenant Gregory appeared when Anderson made his announcement. "All right," he barked, wheeling and facing us, his piercing dark eyes rating first on one and then another. "Which one of you did it?" It was plain to see that he didn't care very much for any of us just then.

Nobody said anything at all.

Lieutenant Gregory turned to Roberts. "You and Anderson search the house and grounds. Check on the servants. Telephone in and find out why nobody's come out from the solicitor's office. And tell 'em to send an ambulance. I will never know whether Bob meant to go to the assistance of Claire or Alice, but when Lieutenant Anderson said 'Dead' if there was Alice who practically fell into Bob's arms. Perhaps we had all been too stunned to think until that moment. Bill and Kirk, one on each side of her, led Claire from the room."

Chapter 23
DART IN HER HAND

In the movies I have always had to turn my head away from those medieval scenes showing victims of the rack and I had to turn it away now. For I could not bear the look on Bob's poor tortured face. That look made me all the more certain Alice had killed Eve. And if she had killed Eve, she must be in some way responsible for Aunt Maggie's death. That was the only possible explanation of her strange behavior from the time of the discovery of Aunt Maggie's body. I had always thought Alice a bit silly, but I had never known her to be such a hag

of nerves. The only ray of light I could see was that this must surely show Bill as innocent.

Remembering Eve's broad hint with regard to the identity of the murderer, I wondered if she had done more than hint to the person suspected. It seemed likely and that her own death had been the result.

No doubt she had gone upstairs because she realized she would be unwelcome among the other guests after her behavior in the dining room. Completely disregarding the fact that she might be called at any moment for questioning by the police, I could imagine her calmly deciding upon a nap. She was always like a cat for comfort.

And, of course, she would not have minded making the police of anyone else wait while she dressed. Indeed, she would have told them that if they were in a hurry they could come to her room.

Something else Eve had disregarded was the fact that we had a murderer in our midst.

And now, as we all stood huddled together indecisively in the half-dark of the upstairs hall, I could see that Bob, "She had the dart in her hand when she was exonerated, there would always be people who would believe him guilty. Questions would follow us all our lives. There would be whispers behind our backs. And the money. We would never be able to use it as Aunt Maggie intended as long as there was anyone in the world who might inquire that it was blood money."

"Listen, my boy," Mr. Marshall said, "I'm sure you've got a substantial evidence has convicted more innocent people than all the guilty ones. We're not going to take any chances."

"Thanks," said Bill, giving Mr. Marshall one of his straight-from-the-shoulder looks and bringing a lump into my throat. "Suppose I'd better be trying to find Anderson."

"Yes, yes by all means. Sally, shall we join the others in the library? We can all go to that back room later. It is a little brighter in here with the fire—Poor Mr. Marshall, who so loved his comfort, was trying to make the best of things.

We found Alice weeping on Bob's shoulder as they sat together on the sofa. Bob was saying helplessly, "There, there," and, "Try not to think about it."

"Is there anything I can do?" I asked. "Alice, would you like a little ammonia or some sherry or something?"

"No, no," she sobbed. "I only want to get away from this horrible place."

"What about you, Claire?" I asked. "Are you all right?"

Chair, sunk in the big wing chair on the left of the fireplace, looked up absently and made a valiant effort to smile. "I'm all right," she said. "What about you, Sally?"

"Oh, I'm all right," I answered with a conviction that I was far from feeling, and sat down in the chair Kirk placed for me between himself and Dr. Dodson. As Kirk's eyes strayed quickly from one to another of the group, I had an uneasy feeling that he was trying to read our various expressions for some secret purpose of his own and succeeding far better than we ourselves would have thought possible.

Chapter 24
BLOOD-STAINS

It also struck me as a little strange that we were not discussing the murder. Then I realized that perhaps this was because we all felt that Alice was guilty. But what had Alice meant when she said to Bob, "She had the dart in her hand when I came in the room?"

Did she mean that Claire or Eve had it?

"It was a question I would have to wait for Lieutenant Gregory to ask."

Bill came in, pulled up the gouty stool and sat down between the two of us. "They are certainly turning everything upside down," he said. "Searching the servants' quarters, even looking in the automobile trunks. Must think the murderer is a contortionist. I got to the kitchen just in time to see Roberts having a fit because Bessie couldn't produce the fugitive when she opened the silver storage closet for him. From the basement, but I think she was pretty well tempted to look him in the face. He kept on asking if there were any old wells about. Probably he was going down the coal chute next."

"Oh," said Alice, suddenly straightening up and looking around at us with a sort of dazed expression. "Do you suppose that's where Pritchard is? I could hear him when I was in the basement, but I couldn't find him. At least I thought I heard him. Perhaps he was out of doors."

The crying hadn't helped Alice's looks and her lipstick was all smeared giving her mouth a grotesque twist to one side.

"Here," I said, digging into my pocket for a handkerchief, "let me fix your lipstick."

"I'll get a towel," Bob offered, rising to his feet.

"You'll find plenty in the powder room," I told him.

For we could see—we could all see—that it was not lipstick, but dried blood, on Alice's cheek. Claire glanced away quickly, and a moment later I saw her take a surreptitious look at the palms of her hands, then close her fingers into tight fists in her lap.

As my eyes met those of Mr. Marshall, I knew that he also had seen that strange gesture of Claire's.

Who else might have been look-

ing, I did not know.

Bob was back now, bathing Alice's face with a wet towel.

"I'll bring you some powder," I told Alice. "Claire, wouldn't you like some powder, too?"

"Yes," she answered, not looking at me, and we went out of the room together.

"I'll wait until you've finished," I told her at the door of the powder room. "Then I'll repair my own damages. It's such a snobby-hole."

I knew now what Alice meant when she said, "She had the dart in her hand."

Suppressing Evidence

I went back to the library and gathered up the lower Alice had used and when Claire emerged from the powder room I took that towel, too, and delivered them both to Bessie with instructions to hide them in the silver chest.

Since that room had already been searched, it seemed a safe place, and I had read too much about blood stains on towels to leave them lying around where the police might find them.

Bessie took the towels without a word and padded off. Why I should be trying to suppress possible evidence I did not know and Bessie did not ask, but we understood each other. And, of course, if it came to a question of establishing Bill's innocence, I could always produce them.

When I returned to the library again, feeling almost as guilty as though I had just disposed of the corpse itself, I gave up quite and started to find Lieutenant Gregory waiting. Mr. Marshall, it seems, had persuaded him to conduct his inquiry in the more cheerful surroundings of the library, and Roberts had already seated himself at the reading table, and was flipping with notebook and pen.

Alice, still concerned about Pritchard, was insisting that the coal chute be more thoroughly investigated and everything had to be delayed until Anderson could be summoned and told to make a search.

"All I get to say is that she won't be no white cat if it's her who's here," Andrew mumbled as he went his reluctant way.

Lieutenant Gregory, who had been bearing things as patiently as possible, took his seat at the reading table. "Can anyone tell me whose property this is?" he asked, holding up a man's handkerchief for inspection. "It has a 'P' in one corner," he announced as we all straightened up and stared at the square of white linen.

"It looks like one of mine," said Kirk, as he rose and went over to the table in order to examine it more closely.

"Recognize it, eh?" the officer asked.

"Of course, I can't be absolutely certain," Kirk said. "But I don't know anybody else here who would be using that initial. I have a batch of handkerchiefs just alike."

"We found it on the floor of Mrs. Benedict's room," Lieutenant Gregory announced, portentously.

Kirk's face turned a fiery red and he looked pretty flustered for a moment. "Will you, Lieutenant Gregory asked, kindly explain the presence in the room with the murdered woman?"

"I—suppose," Kirk stammered over his words, "I dropped it there, though I don't remember having a handkerchief in my hand at the time."

"At what time was this?" Lieutenant Gregory probed inexorably.

"Sometime after lunch," Kirk confessed slowly. "I don't remember exactly."

"Try to remember as nearly as you can."

"Well," Kirk replied, "I smoked a cigarette here in the library after lunch. Mrs. Stuart and Miss Dunbar were here at the time. I believe Bob and—Miss Harper were in the room across the hall. Anyway, someone was playing the piano. Then sometime later Mr. Marshall came and asked to speak to the room with him. Shortly after that Miss Dunbar said she was going upstairs and also left. I walked out on the porch and smoked another cigarette. Then I went upstairs. On the way to my room I stopped to speak to Mrs. Benedict. I knocked on her door and she told me to come in."

"Was Mrs. Benedict—er, dressed at the time?"

"I should prefer to go into this," I should prefer that you answer my question."

"Mrs. Benedict said she had meant to take a nap. But she found herself—wakeful. I think she had been reading. Anyway she was lying on the chaise longue and had a book in her hand."

"Is it customary for men guests at house parties to visit the rooms of ladies who are—the officer passed uncertainly, and I thought of Bessie's expression, "not to say anything," he said. "I was begging me to do something. I saw the dart—and the blood. I knew she wanted me to—remove the dart. At first I thought I could not bear to touch it, but I knew I must—"

"She didn't say anything," Lieutenant Gregory asked again.

"No, she didn't say anything. I asked her who did it," I said. "Who, Eve, who? But she couldn't speak; and as I stood there with the dart in my hand, there was a strange, gurgling sound—in her throat and her head slipped to one side and I knew she must be dead."

"It was horrible," Claire shuddered. "I knew I should be sorry for anyone who was so hated that she had been murdered. But I couldn't be. Not just then, anyway. And I thought that at least she would never bother me again. That—that was when I said—"

"What I did, then I heard a sound which I thought came from the bathroom, and I was terribly frightened, for I was sure it must be the murderer. I didn't know what to do. Then I realized Alice was in the room and I knew I must have been mistaken about hearing anyone in the bathroom."

"Please tell us how you were standing when Miss Dunbar came in the room. Could you see both

the bath and the hall doors?"

"I couldn't see either. But—as though she suddenly realized where his question might lead—"

"You sure Alice came in from the hall. That door was—was much better. Besides, it was open when I turned around and saw Alice, and I had pushed it shut before I saw Eve on the chaise longue."

"What was the purpose of your call on Mrs. Benedict?"

"I just wanted to speak to her. I was just dropping in for a little—social chat."

"Yes—no—that is, not exactly. I dug my nails into Bill's hand until he winced and gave me an indignant frown. But why couldn't Claire have stopped when she said 'Yes'?"

"What do you mean, not exactly?" Lieutenant Gregory bore down.

"This time it was Kirk who broke a lance for Claire, and I thought Lieutenant Gregory was going to try to break him in two with his natural right there. But he restrained himself and in answer to Kirk's hot-headed interference as why the question should be asked, Lieutenant Gregory patiently reminded me that we had had two murders in less than twenty-four hours. "The situation warrants a little discomfort for the guests, if necessary in clearing things up," he added sarcastically. Turning again to Claire, he asked, "Miss Harper, do you mind telling us the nature of your call on Mrs. Benedict?"

"Yes, I do mind very much," Claire admitted. "But I suppose I must. Mr. Dunbar and I—and she paused to seek courage in a glance toward Bob—had just announced our engagement to be married. Mrs. Benedict had been—"

"Interrupted in Mr. Dunbar for some—"

"She is divorced," Claire explained. "She disapproved of our engagement and—was most insulting at lunch today."

"Yes!"

"I went to see her to tell her—"

"Claire's voice trailed off into silence.

"To tell her what?" Lieutenant Gregory barked, and I was not so certain now that he was thinking of Claire's innocence. Beauty in distress might sway him as any mortal man, but murder was murder. And, as he had so aptly expressed it, we had had two murders in less than twenty-four hours.

Explanation

Claire gazed around the room helplessly and her face which had been so white, was now dyed crimson. "I wanted to tell Eve—her voice sank to a throaty whisper—"to keep things off."

"And what did she say?"

"Don't answer that, Claire," Kirk cried out quickly.

Claire gave him a little smile of gratitude, while Lieutenant Gregory turned on him furiously. "Mr. Pierce, I must ask you to keep out of this or I shall have to place you under arrest."

"But, Officer, Mr. Marshall interposed reasonably, "Miss Harper has her legal rights. Without advice of counsel, she is not compelled to answer questions which afterward might be used against her."

"It's all right," said Claire weakly. "I've already told you what happened. I knocked on the door, then called out to ask if I might come in. When I got no answer I opened the door, and there she was." Claire shut her eyes again and the long dark lashes lay quivering on her cheeks. "What I meant to do when I removed the dart and saw that she was dead was to go downstairs and tell someone—"

"But you did not?"

"No, I've told you. Alice came in and got excited."

"When you asked Mrs. Benedict who had stabbed her, why did you think she had been murdered? Why didn't you think of suicide?"

Claire's eyes widened and she shook her head. "It just wouldn't occur to anyone who knew her," she said.

"Explain that remark, please."

"But—but—"

"Lieutenant," asked Bill, and Lieutenant Gregory turned toward him impatiently. "May I speak for Miss Harper? What she means is that Mrs. Benedict was not so popular. She had an unfortunate gift for sarcasm and an equally unfortunate desire to put people in their places. I think she rather enjoyed stringing up trouble at times."

"She had a knack for making enemies," the officer suggested.

"Something like that," Bill agreed.

"But she wasn't like that all the time. I somehow felt called on to say, I suppose in justice to the dead. Sometimes she could be quite generous and agreeable. I think—I floundered—that perhaps she had an inferiority complex. She seemed to want things just because someone else wanted them—just to show that she could have them. I suppose."

I happened to glance at Mr. Dodson, who had spoken no word since the questioning began. He was nodding his head. "I rather think Mr. Stuart is right," he said.

"But," Bill went on, "naturally when she went around stepping on people's toes, they were not going to sit still and try to figure all this out and feel sorry for her."

"And this time," Lieutenant Gregory concluded, "she stepped on hard on somebody's toes?"

"Oh, I don't know about that," I blabbed. "Perhaps it was just an accumulation of things. Perhaps it was suicide. Or maybe she knew too much. She told me this morning that she thought she knew who killed Aunt Maggie."

"Trying to cover up on any inadvertent suggestion that it was Claire's loss Eve had stepped on. I murdered along with the rest of the room that I had—Mrs. Benedict would say—opened my mouth and put my foot in it."

ing, I did not know.

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Alice, still concerned about Pritchard, was insisting that the coal chute be more thoroughly investigated and everything had to be delayed until Anderson could be summoned and told to make a search.

"All I get to say is that she won't be no white cat if it's her who's here," Andrew mumbled as he went his reluctant way.

Lieutenant Gregory, who had been bearing things as patiently as possible, took his seat at the reading table. "Can anyone tell me whose property this is?" he asked, holding up a man's handkerchief for inspection. "It has a 'P' in one corner," he announced as we all straightened up and stared at the square of white linen.

"It looks like one of mine," said Kirk, as he rose and went over to the table in order to examine it more closely.

"Recognize it, eh?" the officer asked.

"Of course, I can't be absolutely certain," Kirk said. "But I don't know anybody else here who would be using that initial. I have a batch of handkerchiefs just alike."

"We found it on the floor of Mrs. Benedict's room," Lieutenant Gregory announced, portentously.

Kirk's face turned a fiery red and he looked pretty flustered for a moment. "Will you, Lieutenant Gregory asked, kindly explain the presence in the room with the murdered woman?"

"I—suppose," Kirk stammered over his words, "I dropped it there, though I don't remember having a handkerchief in my hand at the time."

"At what time was this?" Lieutenant Gregory probed inexorably.

"Sometime after lunch," Kirk confessed slowly. "I don't remember exactly."

"Try to remember as nearly as you can."

"Well," Kirk replied, "I smoked a cigarette here in the library after lunch. Mrs. Stuart and Miss Dunbar were here at the time. I believe Bob and—Miss Harper were in the room across the hall. Anyway, someone was playing the piano. Then sometime later Mr. Marshall came and asked to speak to the room with him. Shortly after that Miss Dunbar said she was going upstairs and also left. I walked out on the porch and smoked another cigarette. Then I went upstairs. On the way to my room I stopped to speak to Mrs. Benedict. I knocked on her door and she told me to come in."

"Was Mrs. Benedict—er, dressed at the time?"

"I should prefer to go into this," I should prefer that you answer my question."

"Mrs. Benedict said she had meant to take a nap. But she found herself—wakeful. I think she had been reading. Anyway she was lying on the chaise longue and had a book in her hand."

"Is it customary for men guests at house parties to visit the rooms of ladies who are—the officer passed uncertainly, and I thought of Bessie's expression, "not to say anything," he said. "I was begging me to do something. I saw the dart—and the blood. I knew she wanted me to—remove the dart. At first I thought I could not bear to touch it, but I knew I must—"

"She didn't say anything," Lieutenant Gregory asked again.

"No, she didn't say anything. I asked her who did it," I said. "Who, Eve, who? But she couldn't speak; and as I stood there with the dart in my hand, there was a strange, gurgling sound—in her throat and her head slipped to one side and I knew she must be dead."

"It was horrible," Claire shuddered. "I knew I should be sorry for anyone who was so hated that she had been murdered. But I couldn't be. Not just then, anyway. And I thought that at least she would never bother me again. That—that was when I said—"

"What I did, then I heard a sound which I thought came from the bathroom, and I was terribly frightened, for I was sure it must be the murderer. I didn't know what to do. Then I realized Alice was in the room and I knew I must have been mistaken about hearing anyone in the bathroom."

"Please tell us how you were standing when Miss Dunbar came in the room. Could you see both

the bath and the hall doors?"

"I couldn't see either. But—as though she suddenly realized where his question might lead—"

"You sure Alice came in from the hall. That door was—was much better. Besides, it was open when I turned around and saw Alice, and I had pushed it shut before I saw Eve on the chaise longue."

"What was the purpose of your call on Mrs. Benedict?"

"I just wanted to speak to her. I was just dropping in for a little—social chat."

"Yes—no—that is, not exactly. I dug my nails into Bill's hand until he winced and gave me an indignant frown. But why couldn't Claire have stopped when she said 'Yes'?"

"What do you mean, not exactly?" Lieutenant Gregory bore down.

"This time it was Kirk who broke a lance for Claire, and I thought Lieutenant Gregory was going to try to break him in two with his natural right there. But he restrained himself and in answer to Kirk's hot-headed interference as why the question should be asked, Lieutenant Gregory patiently reminded me that we had had two murders in less than twenty-four hours. "The situation warrants a little discomfort for the guests, if necessary in clearing things up," he added sarcastically. Turning again to Claire, he asked, "Miss Harper, do you mind telling us the nature of your call on Mrs. Benedict?"

"Yes, I do mind very much," Claire admitted. "But I suppose I must. Mr. Dunbar and I—and she paused to seek courage in a glance toward Bob—had just announced our engagement to be married. Mrs. Benedict had been—"

"Interrupted in Mr. Dunbar for some—"

"She is divorced," Claire explained. "She disapproved of our engagement and—was most insulting at lunch today."

"Yes!"

"I went to see her to tell her—"

"Claire's voice trailed off into silence.

"To tell her what?" Lieutenant Gregory barked, and I was not so certain now that he was thinking of Claire's innocence. Beauty in distress might sway him as any mortal man, but murder was murder. And, as he had so aptly expressed it, we had had two murders in less than twenty-four hours.

Explanation

Claire gazed around the room helplessly and her face which had been so white, was now dyed crimson. "I wanted to tell Eve—her voice sank to a throaty whisper—"to keep things off."

"And what did she say?"

"Don't answer that, Claire," Kirk cried out quickly.

Claire gave him a little smile of gratitude, while Lieutenant Gregory turned on him furiously. "Mr. Pierce, I must ask you to keep out of this or I shall have to place you under arrest."

"But, Officer, Mr. Marshall interposed reasonably, "Miss Harper has her legal rights. Without advice of counsel, she is not compelled to answer questions which afterward might be used against her."

"It's all right," said Claire weakly. "I've already told you what happened. I knocked on the door, then called out to ask if I might come in. When I got no answer I opened the door, and there she was." Claire shut her eyes again and the long dark lashes lay quivering on her cheeks. "What I meant to do when I removed the dart and saw that she was dead was to go downstairs and tell someone—"

"But you did not?"

"No, I've told you. Alice came in and got excited."

"When you asked Mrs. Benedict who had stabbed her, why did you think she had been murdered? Why didn't you think of suicide?"

Claire's eyes widened and she shook her head. "It just wouldn't occur to anyone who knew her," she said.

"Explain that remark, please."

"But—but—"

"Lieutenant," asked Bill, and Lieutenant Gregory turned toward him impatiently. "May I speak for Miss Harper? What she means is that Mrs. Benedict was not so popular. She had an unfortunate gift for sarcasm and an equally unfortunate desire to put people in their places. I think she rather enjoyed stringing up trouble at times."

"She had a knack for making enemies," the officer suggested.

"Something like that," Bill agreed.

"But she wasn't like that all the time. I somehow felt called on to say, I suppose in justice to the dead. Sometimes she could be quite generous and agreeable. I think—I floundered—that perhaps she had an inferiority complex. She seemed to want things just because someone else wanted them—just to show that she could have them. I suppose."

I happened to glance at Mr. Dodson, who had spoken no word since the questioning began. He was nodding his head. "I rather think Mr. Stuart is right," he said.

"But," Bill went on, "naturally when she went around stepping on people's toes, they were not going to sit still and try to figure all this out and feel sorry for her."

"And this time," Lieutenant Gregory concluded, "she stepped on hard on somebody's toes?"

"Oh, I don't know about that," I blabbed. "Perhaps it was just an accumulation of things. Perhaps it was suicide. Or maybe she knew too much. She told me this morning that she thought she knew who killed Aunt Maggie."

"Trying to cover up on any inadvertent suggestion that it was Claire's loss Eve had stepped on. I murdered along with the rest of the room that I had—Mrs. Benedict would say—opened my mouth and put my foot in it."

Who Killed Aunt Maggie?

By MEDORA FIELD

Chapter 35
HATE COPPER

Strange to say, Lieutenant Gregory did not immediately follow up on the opening I had given when I mentioned my conversation with Eve. Instead of ordering that I inform him forthwith whether or not she definitely had committed herself and the name of the person involved, he gave me a look, speculative and said, "We will go into that a little later." It seemed to me that everybody in the room appeared a bit deflated by this anticlimax and that Lieutenant Gregory derived some hidden satisfaction from the fact.

"Just now," he continued, "I should like for Miss Dunbar to tell me how she happened to go to Mrs. Benedict's room, and before we start to say that unless we can conduct this inquiry calmly and without a lot of interruption it will be my duty to have the lot of you sent to the tower and held on suspicion."

"The tower?" Kirk echoed uncertainly.

"The county jail, the big rock," Bill explained.

"Right?" asked Lieutenant Gregory.

"We all sat there dumbly. This we had begun to realize, was no ticket for traffic violation which we could hand over to Uncle Henry or to some other member of the family who had influence. This was something we had to take—or go to the tower."

"Now, Miss Dunbar," said Lieutenant Gregory, "will you answer my question?"

"What—what was it?" Alice gulped.

"Why did you go to Mrs. Benedict's room?"

"Oh! Well, I went there for the same reason Claire did. I—that is—well, you see Claire and my brother are to be married. Eve Benedict came out here uninvited for the express purpose of breaking their engagement. She was a terrible person. She had no scruples and she appealed to the very worst in a man. She had been after my brother since before she divorced her second husband—"

"What happened to her first husband?" Lieutenant Gregory asked.

"Oh! He died," I said.

"Not until after he was married?"

"What do you mean, disappeared?"

"He just disappeared and nobody knows what happened to him, except—"

"Stick to the facts, Miss Dunbar."

"Well, I was just thinking," said Alice, and a look of quickly welled, craftiness came into her eyes, "that he must have hated her terribly. Do you think he might have come back and killed her?"

The question seemed to be addressed to no one in particular, but I prayed Lieutenant Gregory would hold Alice to his original line of inquiry. With all that had happened at Wisteria Hall I did not feel that I could listen to two recitals of that ugly story in one day.

"Do you have any reason to think he might have come back, Miss Dunbar?"

"I do not believe this can possibly have any connection with Mrs. Benedict's death," my husband objected.

Lieutenant Gregory, immediately suspicious, turned on Bill angrily. "We were to conduct this inquiry without interference," he reminded.

"Sorry," Bill acknowledged. "My mistake."

"Now, Miss Dunbar—"

"Well, you see, Alice began, and the spiteful gleam in her eyes showed plainly how much she enjoyed this opportunity to give what she considered the lowdown on Eve. "It all began with her first honeymoon—Eve's, I mean."

"When the story was finished, Lieutenant Gregory looked just a little sheepish as he inquired the whereabouts of Eve's second husband. No doubt, he guessed by then that Alice had simply been trying to divert suspicion from herself.

"I suppose Frank Benedict is in town," Alice told him casually.

"Make a note to get in touch with Frank Benedict as soon as we are through with this inquiry," Roberts was on hand.

"But—" I began, then stopped, remembering Lieutenant Gregory's edict.

"I went to her room twice before she really went to bed," she said. "The first time, as I came out of my own room, I saw Bob leaving—Alice put her hand over her mouth, stopping the words too late.

"Why, Alice," said Bob quickly, "why didn't you say this before? Perhaps you've given me an alibi."

"Yes, of course," Alice agreed eagerly. "I was going to say so, but all this has been so upsetting." Then she explained to Lieutenant Gregory, "I didn't want Bob to know I had seen him, so I stepped back inside my own door."

"What did you do next, Miss Dunbar?"

"I waited a while. Then I went to Eve's room. But I did not go in, because I heard voices."

"Please go on with your story."

"I did not really see Eve alive after lunch," she admitted reluctantly.

"But the voices. Did you recognize them?"

"I recognized Eve's, of course. She was talking to a man, but his voice was low. I thought at first I recognized the man's voice, and then I was not sure. Naturally," she added self-consciously, "I did not stay to listen."

"And then what, Miss Dunbar?"

"But that's all. I thought that for some reason Bob had gone back again to Eve's room. But, as I said, I was not sure. Now I know it must have been Kirk's voice I heard."

Bob looked at anyone else as Alice made this pronouncement. Lieutenant Gregory grunted. "Seems to have been a sort of conversation in that room," he observed. "Wonder how you kept from falling over each other. We will have to get straight on the time element. As it is now, any one of four people in this group could have killed the man, Benedict. Mr. Dunbar, will you tell us as nearly as possible the time of your visit to her room?"

"I am trying to think. If Sally had only installed a watchman's clock for all of us to punch at given intervals, it would be so much simpler."

Lieutenant Gregory jerked his head impatiently. "Answer the question," he ordered tersely.

"Let me see—"

"Bob said he had been there a long time, and Claire gazed at some point just above his head. Evidently she could not bear to think that he had gone directly from that little session at the picnic to a tryst with Eve. "But—"

"Alice has just told you she saw me come out and that later on she heard Eve engaged in conversation with someone else."

"Very easy for a sister to get mixed up, under all the circumstances," said Lieutenant Gregory.

"Mr. Dunbar, I suppose your conversation with Mrs. Benedict was personal," Bob finished for him.

"And you, Miss Dunbar, with all your previous trips to Mrs. Benedict's room, are you sure you heard nothing that aroused your suspicions in any way? You saw no one in the hall at any time whose behavior might have struck you as strange?"

"I think Lieutenant Gregory was of half a mind to refuse Mr. Dodson's request until he saw how masterful the idea was to everyone. Bob had just asked whether such a proceeding was legal and Kirk had said he was less concerned over that point than whether it was really necessary."

"Of course, we all want the situation cleared up, but it does seem to me we have had rather a lot of cross-examination already," Kirk added.

"How do you think such situations are cleared up?" Lieutenant Gregory asked grimly.

"I think," said Mr. Marshall placatingly, "that it would be best to follow Mr. Dodson's plan. After all, don't lose sight of the fact that he came out here as a favor to me. What he is doing is because of friendship, rather than—er—animosity or the desire to make anyone uncomfortable. When his little—er—scares is over, I believe we can all hope to go back to town, can we not, officer?"

"Back to town, yes," agreed Lieutenant Gregory and I don't think any of us missed his meaning, for it was plain to see that he did not expect us all to go back to our accustomed habitats.

"All right," he said, glancing around the group, "we can take a little recess now. But everybody must stay within call—that is, in the house. And by the way, Mrs. Stuart," he added, as the general exodus began, "may I speak to you a moment?"

Bill remained with me, of course, and when the room was clear, Lieutenant Gregory said, "In your testimony a little while ago, you said Mrs. Benedict intimated that she knew who committed the first murder?"

"She did," I admitted, "but—"

"There was nothing strange about that," I felt called upon to explain. "It is the room formerly occupied by my grandparents. I hadn't meant to use it, unless perhaps for Aunt Maggie—until Eve came unexpectedly. My grandfather had the door cut because he liked to get up early, and in this way he could dress in the bathroom and leave without disturbing my grandmother by passing back through the room."

"I see," Lieutenant Gregory nodded. "And you, Mrs. Stuart, did you also go calling on Mrs. Benedict after lunch?"

"I'm sorry," I told him, "but I suppose I have what you call an alibi. Anyway, I have not been alone for one moment since lunch. I was with Alice and Kirk in the library—in this room, that is—until Mrs. Marshall came to tell me about—about Bill."

Mr. Marshall cleared his throat. "Lieutenant," he asked, "doesn't this second murder make it plain enough to you that Mr. Stuart is not guilty of the charge you have made against him?"

"What charge?" Bob asked quickly, and I realized with a little shock that all our guests were not yet aware of the fact that Bill was Lieutenant Gregory's number-one suspect for the first murder.

"I believe she said something to the effect that she wanted to get things straight in her own mind, or that she wanted to check up on something. I cannot remember exactly, because at the time I got the impression she was only giving herself airs. She always liked to appear important."

"Too bad you didn't make her go into detail," said Lieutenant Gregory.

"But I did try," I told him again, "and when she shut up I told her it was her duty to tell the police what she knew."

"Why didn't you tell me this when I first came? I could have had her down for questioning immediately."

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"Now, now," said Bill, reading my mind as he so often does. "Don't you get getting any idea you are responsible for Eve's death. Whoever killed her had good and sufficient reason."

"But there is just a possibility," Lieutenant Gregory went on, "that she was killed because she knew too much. The chances are more than good, however, that her murder had nothing to do with Mrs. Ambler's death."

"But it seems perfectly logical that the same person committed both crimes," Mr. Marshall argued. "After all, there cannot be a house full of murderers running around loose." Evidently he looked back over his shoulder as though he expected an assassin to appear from behind the ambush of the wing chair.

"I don't see it that way," said the officer stubbornly. "True, when a man or a woman has killed one time, it is much easier to kill again. And after all, you can die only once, no matter how many crimes you commit. But usually a murderer follows pretty much the same technique in his activities. And usually all his murders can be traced to the same motive. That's why I think these were committed by different people and probably amateurs at that. If you will analyze the two cases, you will see that there is no apparent connection."

"What was your plan?" Lieutenant Gregory asked, a bit testily.

"We can still try it if nothing definite has developed when you have finished," Mr. Dodson explained. "I should like to hold what might be considered a sort of inquest rehearsal. My idea would be to assemble all the surviving members of the house party and the servants in the house, question each briefly and let him or her testify with regard to the two murders."

"An inquest rehearsal," Lieutenant Gregory repeated doubtfully, while looks of consternation spread around the room, "with everybody under oath, just as they would be at the inquest? What's the use, if you are going to have to hold an inquest anyway?"

"I believe this will obviate the necessity of a formal inquest," said Mr. Dodson quietly.

"You mean you believe the murderer will confess?"

"I should like to discuss that with you privately," Mr. Dodson replied.

The storm broke then, with everybody demanding to know if we hadn't been through enough without having to submit to an unnecessary third degree. Bob was especially resentful. "My sister cannot stand much more of this," he told Lieutenant Gregory. "Just knowing Alice, I thought it likely that she might at any moment fling a fit and fall in it, as Beesie would say. Certainly I had had all of Alice's dramatics that I cared for."

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I think Lieutenant Gregory was of half a mind to refuse Mr. Dodson's request until he saw how masterful the idea was to everyone. Bob had just asked whether such a proceeding was legal and Kirk had said he was less concerned over that point than whether it was really necessary."

"Of course, we all want the situation cleared up, but it does seem to me we have had rather a lot of cross-examination already," Kirk added.

"How do you think such situations are cleared up?" Lieutenant Gregory asked grimly.

"I believe she said something to the effect that she wanted to get things straight in her own mind, or that she wanted to check up on something. I cannot remember exactly, because at the time I got the impression she was only giving herself airs. She always liked to appear important."

"Too bad you didn't make her go into detail," said Lieutenant Gregory.

"But I did try," I told him again, "and when she shut up I told her it was her duty to tell the police what she knew."

"Why didn't you tell me this when I first came? I could have had her down for questioning immediately."

"I—naturally thought you would wish to conduct your investigation in your own way. That you would question her yourself and—"

Veteran Deputy Gets Promotion

Andrew J. Merrick, veteran West Texas peace officer and a Howard county chief deputy for 15 years, Wednesday was appointed to the office of sheriff.

He was named by the new commissioners court to fill a vacancy created by the death of Rowan Settles, sheriff-elect. His appointment was announced after the court had considered 17 applications for an hour and a half.

The court had gone into executive session to ponder the list of applicants while downstairs a crowd gathered to await the decision.

Merrick, a resident of Howard county for 34 years, spent much of his early life on a farm north of here. He got his first experience as a peace officer, serving briefly under W. W. Satterwhite, Howard county sheriff, before the latter was killed attempting to arrest a Mexican near Market.

He served as deputy in Dawson county for one year before returning here in 1924 to become chief deputy under the late Frank House, who succeeded Satterwhite. During the 12 years Jess Schaefer was sheriff, Merrick was chief deputy.

Although the court thrashed out the matter before a closed door, it was reliably learned that no tie vote was involved. The court did not inform the choice how the voting stood.

Merrick, happy over his elevation to the office after long years of service, promised that "I certainly will try to make everyone a good sheriff."

He is married and is father of two sons.

Meantime, other Howard county officials took over for another two years early Wednesday as bonds were approved and a dozen oaths of office administered.

Walton Morrison was sworn into office as county judge by his father, M. H. Morrison, veteran Big Spring attorney, in a brief ceremony marking the opening of the commissioners' court. The elder Morrison wished the court a good term, expressing the hope that what ever differences might arise could be worked out harmoniously.

J. Ed Brown, H. T. Hale, R. L. Nail and Akin Simpson, sworn in as county commissioners, went quickly to work, passing on other bonds and then turned to the pressing problem of appointing a sheriff.

Official personnel of the county stacked up like this Wednesday: District clerk, Hugh W. Dunagan; county clerk, Lee Porter; county treasurer, Mrs. J. L. Collins; tax assessor-collector, John F. Woodcut; county attorney, Joe A. Fawcett; justice of the peace, Walter Grice; and constables, J. F. Crenshaw, Anie Martin, county superintendent, still has two years on her current term.

Old and new officials were honored with an informal party in the district courtroom Tuesday afternoon. Charles Sullivan, retiring county judge, expressed appreciation for past cooperation of other officers and laughingly remarked that he regretted not being on the court Wednesday when a sheriff was to be appointed.

Walton S. Morrison, judge-elect, responded in a brief talk. Others to speak briefly were James T. Brooks, M. H. Morrison, and J. H. Greene, visitors. Charles Tune contributed coffee to go with several cakes baked by women employees at the courthouse.

Colorado City Lists Needs Of Coming Year

COLORADO CITY, Dec. 31 (Sp.)—As the new year 1941 begins, civic-minded citizens are again turning their minds to the goals for which Colorado City and Mitchell county need to work during the year.

Some of these goals are left over from last year, or the years before. Some of the more goals to be kept in sight every year. Others are new.

One of the outstanding new goals is to stage a colorful, impressive and significant sixtieth anniversary celebration for the town and county in the early spring—late in March—or early in April, probably. The celebration will commemorate the coming of the railroad in the early months of 1881, an event which marked the birth of Colorado City as a cattle shipping metropolis and gave the town and county their beginning.

Establishment of free city delivery of mail is another comparatively new goal. Move to secure city delivery got underway during 1940. Permanent marking of all streets and numbering of all houses would be required before such delivery could be assured.

Another new goal is to secure a municipal airport, acceptable to the Civil Aeronautics Authority, and to promote flying in every way possible, now that the national defense program has put aviation in the spotlight.

Goals for every year are the following: Staging of a successful fall stock show for 4-H club and FFA boys in the spring; staging a registered hog show; promotion of another successful Frontier Roundup next September; continued success for the summer-time weekly amateur hour programs at Raddick park; building of more new homes and apartment houses; fostering of good will between Colorado City business men and citizens of neighboring communities; further beautification of Colorado City.

Big Spring's '40 Statistics Show Gains

Business Indices Mark Up Moderate Increases As New Year Begins

Gains in building permits, postal receipts and new passenger car registrations were tacked up here during 1940, indicating it turned out well despite its erratic tendencies.

Increases were slight, with the exception of postal receipts, but the important thing was that they substituted gains for losses recorded in 1939.

Building permits totaled \$33,665, up only slightly from the \$30,503 for last year. Included were 62 new residences for \$118,230, which made a poor comparison with the 57 for \$16,985 in 1939 and the 96 for \$191,922 in 1938, biggest building year since 1930. Business construction amounted to \$73,811 on 35 structures. The balance was for remodeling, repairs, alterations, etc.

Postal receipts jumped to \$78,962.57, a new all time record for the Big Spring office, and was up by \$4,000 over the \$72,968.25 a year ago. Only two months failed to show gains during the year.

New passenger car registrations finished strong to aggregate 1,074 for the year. This compared with 1,029 for 1939 and was the fifth time in 10 years that the total new car sales ran past 1,000.

For December, building ran to \$16,840, including \$7,400 for six new residences and \$6,700 for three new commercial structures. Postal receipts totaled \$9,212.36, off about \$103 from the same month a year ago due to failure of a large envelope order to come through in time. Passenger car registrations were up to 114, peak for the year.

Charlie Baker Rites Held

Last rites were said for Charlie Springstead Baker, 50, Glascock county farmer, Thursday at 4 p. m. in the Nalley chapel.

Baker succumbed at his home at 6 a. m. Wednesday following a prolonged illness. A long time resident of West Texas, he had resided in Big Spring for 24 years before he moved to Midland and then Glascock county 10 years ago.

He is survived by his widow and three children: George Ernest Baker, Charles Woodrow Baker, Virginia Pearl Baker and Leo Edward Baker. Other survivors are his mother, Mrs. Aurelia Baker, 91, Fluvanna; three brothers, Tony Baker, Lees; Jack Baker, Fluvanna, and Albert Baker, Arkansas; and two sisters, Mrs. Will Johnson, Fluvanna, and Mrs. Bill Snow, Houston.

Funeral services were in charge of Dr. D. F. McConnell, First Presbyterian pastor, and burial was to be in the city cemetery. Pallbearers were brothers-in-law and nephews: M. E. Byerley, Sr., M. E. Byerley, Jr., Marvin Harris, Will Johnson and Owen Byerley.

Franklin Nugents Parents Of First New Year Baby

First 1941 Big Spring baby appeared Wednesday to have been a daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. Franklin J. Nugent at the Big Spring hospital.

The baby, weighing six pounds and 14 and a half ounces at birth, arrived just four minutes after the new year, being born at 12:04 a. m. Wednesday.

Nugent is employed by the Ooden refinery, and Mrs. Nugent is the former Maurine Leatherwood.

City Named In Damage Suit

The City of Big Spring has been named defendant in a damage suit brought by the Rev. A. B. Lightfoot, pastor of Smith's chapel in Ector county and former assistant pastor of the E. 4th Baptist church.

He brought suit in his own name and in behalf of a son, Stanley. The Rev. Lightfoot charged in his original petition the city was negligent in permitting a sheet-iron door of a barbecue pit to be left leaning against the pit. The boy, according to the petition, suffered a broken leg while playing around a pit on July 19, 1940 when the door fell. The minister listed his damages at \$25 and mental and physical anguish, past and future, amounting to the boy at \$4,000.

White Funeral Held Thursday

Funeral services for Vester Lee White, 53, Oatman, Ariz. were held at 10 a. m. Thursday in the Eberley chapel with Veterans of Foreign Wars in charge.