

# The Kingslayer

by SAMUEL SPEWACK

## CHAPTER XXXII

The bedroom door opened slowly. To Marx amazement, the doctor came forward silently and advanced to Slater. Then he seized his smooth, sleek, black hair and tugged. The black wig came off. "Allow me to present to you—Mr. Oliver Sewell!" the doctor bowed mockingly and then to the prisoner: "We thought you were murdered!"

My name is Oliver Sewell, resident of New York City, and this is my free, frank and full confession. I am dictating this to a stenographer in a Paris hotel room. I realize that everything I say will be used against me, but all my life I've been a gambler, and when I've lost I've never whined.

A French doctor who examined me said I'm not quite sane. I like his qualification—"not quite sane." Perhaps he's right. I don't plead insanity, however. I'd rather go to the chair and have it over with, than that I've played anything card-and-wast. But I'm not quite sane it's because of that diamond.

It started in Russia. A girl I had been playing around with got hold of it. I took it away from her. I fell in love with that diamond. I loved it as I've never loved a human being. Merely to know it was mine would give me happiness. To hold it, to look at it. It was a flame of white. There was more passion in it than any woman I've known.

If I had been content to keep it, I would be free today. But that devilish stone had the power of driving you, somehow. It gave me thoughts of great wealth. If I sold that diamond, I would be tremendously rich. I could have millions. But as a gambler, when I've been on the verge of great wealth, I always backslide. A gambler rarely wins or loses if he keeps on playing steadily, and has the money to go right on. He's bound to win back what he's lost, and to lose what he's won.

This diamond seemed to open new life for me. But I was in no hurry to sell it. I merely dreamt of what I would do with the money when I had it. How I would spend it, where I would go.

Then came the Russian. I suspected he was sent by the girl, but I was never sure. And when he came I couldn't get rid of him. He insisted I keep him. He insisted I give him some of the proceeds of the diamond.

The first day he came I conceived the project of getting rid of him—forever. I planned very carefully, very deliberately. I realized immediately that if I were to carry this off at all, I must have the physical arrangement that would permit me to get rid of him, and pass him off as myself.

I figured out everything in detail. To begin with—and this is what first gave me the idea—was

permitted the deception. Every one knew I wore a wig, a red wig. With care and caution and luck, my plan was feasible.

But first I must hide him where no one could see him. I conceived the idea of hiring the apartment next door and then creating a corridor connecting the rooms. This Russian was something of a mechanic and he did the work himself. It was not hard. When I first moved into the apartment I had mirrors lined on the four walls. There was a sort of alcove on one wall, and this served as the corridor. The mirror became a door.

Having arranged my apartment I next set to work in planning the actual murder.

Probably where I went wrong was that I had mixed motives. One must have a single-track mind in murder. I realize this sounds cold-blooded. But I have no regret for what I've done. It was inevitable.

To begin with, I let myself be distracted by women. Mrs. Edison, who has figured in the news-stand in this case, was an old flame of mine. I never took her very seriously, but she seemed to take me seriously, which was bad. I had a sort of affection for her. I guess, and I didn't want to hurt her more than I could help.

But perhaps it will be clearer if I tell my story chronologically. A week before the night I murdered this Russian, there were several things complicating my life. The first was the hatred of Major Preston, a partner of mine. I've always believed that he cheated me in several big deals I had with him. In any case, I never liked him, although he's a good gambler.

Major Preston has a niece who took my fancy. The Major got quite upset when he realized this and he talked wildly. It was then that I thought it would be devilishly funny if I got the Major into a little trouble.

For, I reasoned, if I murdered myself, so to speak, the police would hunt the murderer. They knew nothing of the Russian. Therefore I must give them a suspect. I decided to give them the Major.

Why? For many reasons, as I have indicated. But primarily because he tried to cheat me out of my beloved diamond. We had put the diamond in the safe. I had half the combination, the Russian the other half. The Major knew the entire combination, having watched us. I, too, knew the entire combination. Only the simple-minded Russian held it literally to the formula. The Russians are simple-minded, even, or especially when they engage in intrigue or crime.

Trusting neither the Russian nor Preston, I had an imitation made of the diamond, and put that in the safe. I waited patiently for one or the other to take it. It was the Major who took it, and I laughed delightedly for I knew he

was crooked, and not to be trusted. Having then gotten hold of the diamond, I still had to get rid of the Russian, for he got quite angry, and threatened to expose the whole business. If he made any sort of a scandal, it would be extremely difficult to dispose of the stone.

His entire attitude convinced me that I must go through with my plan, however distasteful. They might be, and however dangerous. And the Major's actions likewise convinced me that he was the one who deserved to be a suspect. I figured, and figured wisely, too, I think, that with some one arrested, and the case cleared, I would be safe for the rest of my life. With my supposed death a mystery, I could never feel safe.

Then I told the Major I was suffering from a strange fear and induced him to come and stay at the house. I told him to bring a revolver, because I intended using that revolver. This would plant a double suspicion on the Major. The Major agreed to come. Meanwhile, however, Mrs. Edison was calling me up constantly. She'd just gotten a divorce from her husband, and fondly imagined that I would take her away with me. Mrs. Edison is a little too impulsive.

(To Be Continued)

### BANK ROBBERY FOILED

LOS ANGELES, July 10. (AP)—A bank robber who attempted to hold up a branch of the Bank of America here today was shot through the foot and captured by R. E. Blaisdell, the manager, who refused to obey his commands.

When you leave on your vacation, remember the Statesman Travel Accident Insurance policy protects you during all kinds of travel. Be sure to take one before you leave.

## GATE CRASHER IS FETED BY PRINCE

LONDON, July 10.—(AP)—It was revealed today that a woman gate crasher was presented to the Prince of Wales last night at a banquet given at the mansion house in honor of Sir Abe and Lady Bailey.

A pretty young woman of about 28 years arrived at the mansion house and had herself announced under a fictitious English title. She was introduced to the Prince, who shook hands with her, and also to the guests of honor of the evening.

All might have gone well, but for the fact that only four women had been officially invited proved her undoing. As well as her unfortunate attempt to take the seat at the dinner table which had been reserved for J. H. Thomas, Lord Privy Seal in charge of unemployment in the new Labor cabinet. She was requested to leave.

### Entertainment Is Arranged for Central Society

Arrangements for entertainment of the hundreds of delegates to the national convention of the Catholic Central Society of America and the Catholic Women's Council, were completed at a final meeting of local committees Tuesday night in St. Joseph's hall, Frank Salfeld, general chairman, presided. The convention opens Saturday of this week and continues until the following Thursday.

It was announced Tuesday that only Salem firms would be granted concessions at the fairgrounds for the Oregon Catholic day observance Sunday, at which more than 15,000 persons are expected to attend.

## GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

### Mr. Punch Discovers a Great Diamond Mine.

"OH, HELLO, Mr. Punch! Where have you been the past week?" exclaimed Handi.

"I've never," said Knarf. "Mr. Punch took no notice of this remark and went right on."

"The first thing that All asked was did I want to go looking for a diamond mine? He said he had just found a map which showed that a diamond mine was right in grandma's backyard."

"Sh—h," said Mr. Punch, glancing around. "I don't want Judy to hear me. She might not understand. I just discovered a diamond mine."

"A diamond mine!" exclaimed the shadows.

Mr. Punch smiled. He liked nothing so much as to astonish his friends with his exploits.

"It was like this," he said. "Judy asked me to go and see her grandmother. She had a toothache, you see."

"Who had a toothache?" asked Yam. "Judy—?"

"No," said Mr. Punch, "her grandmother."

"But you said last week that Judy's grandmother had no teeth," broke in Knarf.

"Hi—in it must have been her head, then. Yes, now I remember, it was a headache she had. It was a very bad headache and came from reading in bed."

"What was she reading?" asked Handi, who was very interested in those things.

"She was reading the weather reports for last year," said Mr. Punch.

"What was the good of that?"

"That's precisely what she got a headache wondering about. But to get back to my story, just as I stepped off my camel—"

"What camel," cried the shadows with one voice.

"Why, didn't you know? I was riding on a camel the whole time. Grandma is very fond of desert—"

"You mean dessert, don't you?"

asked Mij. "Maybe I do and maybe I don't," replied Mr. Punch, mysteriously. "However, the moment I stepped off my camel who should I meet but All Baba—"

"All—who?" asked the shadows.

"All-Baba—haven't you ever heard of the Arabian Knights?"

"I've never," said Knarf. "But Mr. Punch took no notice of this remark and went right on."

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## The Home Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

### If Prepared Right Veal Will Not Be Indigestible

"They say that veal is indigestible. And the elusive tribe of 'they' who can so easily give a bad reputation to good products are frequently right."

Because there are two or three ways of going wrong with veal. To keep on the right side first be sure to choose only the best grade. Best veal is that of a two-months-old calf. It should be pinkish with some clear white fat. If veal is blue-tinged or almost, and has no fat, it is not fit for food.

Next, be sure it will cook. Undercooking veal is a common error. Veal chops can't be cooked as quickly as steak or lamb. To make them tender, retain their juice and render them perfectly digestible, they need slow cooking.

Another custom that has given veal an unjustly bad reputation is excessive coating in heavy bread crumbs and then some less than perfect frying. It's the greasy crust that makes a nice little veal cutlet such a hazard to the digestion.

Apart from these possibilities for ruining a good dish, veal deserves recommendation. It can be used in so many ways. There are chops from loin and ribs—very good. Breast and shoulder are good for roasts. Neck makes an excellent stew—more delicate than beef. And the knuckle of veal can be made into a delicious jellied meat loaf without the addition of any gelatin. Also, the cold slices of roast leg of veal

Judy," he whispered. "I'll have to go now."

"Punch!" cried Judy again. "Did you leave all these bits of glass on my chair?"

"Glass—?" repeated the shadows, gazing questioningly at Mr. Punch.

But he disappeared without another word.

are even better than the hot dish, and make an excellent main dish for a Sunday night supper.

As it is mild-flavored, veal needs some spice accompaniment—a tomato sauce or other sour dressing.

Veal cutlets are slices of meat from the leg, and have no waste of bone. They should not be cut too thin. This is a custom of some restaurants where the meat is thickly coated with crumbs, and you get a paper-thin slice of meat hard to find between crusty brown layers.

Cutlets should be about half an inch thick. Cut in pieces large enough for individual service. Mix an egg with two tablespoons of milk and a pinch of salt. Dip the cutlets into this mixture, then cover lightly with breadcrumbs. Have a frying pan with a little fat in it very hot and brown the cutlets quickly on each side (so as to keep the juices in). Add one cupful of hot water or bouillon, then cover the pan, lower the flame, and let cook slowly about thirty minutes, or longer if need be, to be tender.

Jellied Veal  
1 knuckle of veal.  
1 teaspoon of salt.  
2 1/2 teaspoon of pepper.  
1/4 teaspoon paprika.  
1 tablespoon lemon juice.  
2 1/2 sweet green peppers.  
1 large onion.

Put the veal and onion in a large saucpan and cover with cold water. Cook over a low flame for three hours. Then strain. Cook this liquid with the chopped peppers until it is reduced to about two cups. Add the seasoning, remove from fire and add the meat, which must be removed from the bone and chopped. Pour into a loaf tin and when cool place in the refrigerator to chill. In a few hours it will be hard enough to cut into slices. Serve on a bed of lettuce with potato salad, or tomatoes, cucumbers, or any cooked cold vegetable preferred.

## POLLY AND HER PALS



## TILLIE, THE TOILER



## LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



## TOOTS AND CASPER



## RESPIRATORY ILLS COMMON IN INFANCY

### Dr. Copeland Advises Prompt Medical Attention Should Baby Show Evidence of Difficult Breathing and Fever.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D. United States Senator from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

I WISH little babies could be spared the diseases to which they are liable. But in the nature of things some of these precious infants must suffer as babies have from the beginning of time.

The breathing organs are the weak portions of the child's anatomy. It is here trouble is likely to be found. That is why the "respiratory diseases" are so common in very early life.

Among such ailments is what the doctors call "acute broncho-pneumonia" or "catarrhal pneumonia." Another name is "capillary bronchitis."

The disease is really a form of pneumonia, the peculiar pneumonia of infant life. It is the most common of the pneumonias or "lung fevers" met with in early life.

While the disease may be more common in cold weather, it is seen in every month of the year. As a matter of fact, according to some figures I have seen, a third of the cases appear in warm weather.

Well-nourished, well-fed and well-kept children are far less likely to have it. If there is some underlying weakness of the system it is more to be dreaded.

This is an ailment which is sudden and severe in its action. The whole attack may be compressed into the short period of twenty-four hours.

The temperature runs very high. There is extreme prostration, slowness of the pulse and rapid breathing. The poor youngster is dull and may be actually unconscious.

A strong baby will rally and throw off the disease within a few days. The attack, as I have said, may come on suddenly, but, in spite of its severity, it clears up speedily, unless it your baby shows signs of difficult breathing, has loss of appetite and gives evidence of fever send for your doctor. Don't wait a day or two for expert advice. It is always better to be on the safe side.

There is much to do to make the infant more comfortable, and that is another reason for medical attention. Your own anxiety and sense of responsibility will be lessened if your doctor is at hand.

### Answers to Health Queries

M. R. Q.—What would cause the heart to beat very fast? There also seems to be swelling of the chest and a tearing in both breast and chest?

A.—Palpitation—due to either nervousness or indigestion or some abnormality of the heart itself, may be at the source of the trouble. Have an examination and then definite advice may be obtained.

M. A. W. Q.—When I eat my throat seems to hurt me, but at no other time, what would cause this trouble and how can it be relieved?

A.—Have your throat examined. It would be difficult to diagnose the trouble without seeing your throat.

W. J. P. Q.—What causes the knee to twinge? What do you advise for osteopatia?

A.—I would suggest frequent shampooing and the use of a good stimulating ointment.

H. T. C. Q.—How much should a girl aged eighteen, five feet two inches tall weigh?

A.—She should weigh about 117 pounds.

R. O. S. Q.—What should a boy weigh who is nineteen years old and five feet eleven inches tall?

A.—For your age and height you should weigh about 155 pounds.

O. W. Q.—What can be done for oily hair? I also have dandruff.

A.—I would suggest frequent shampooing and the use of a good stimulating ointment.

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## By CLIFF STERRETT

## By RUSS WESTOVER

## By VERD

## By JIMMY MURPHY