

SERIAL STORY

'I AM A MURDERER'

BY MORRIS MARKEY

THE STORY: This is the story of the "perfect crime"—the murder of Col. Wesley Hope Merriwether in the library of his Long Island estate—and of the events leading up to it. At a polo game, the wealthy Colonel's attractive daughter Cynthia, who has met the wealthy Colonel's son, Porter West, who simply did not face the situation, and Mr. West, who had a misadventure in the city. When he spoke of that appointment, Cynthia gave him a mocking glance and said, "Why don't you go on and bring her to the party?"

VICTORY PARTY

CHAPTER IV

HEY gathered that night at Stone House to celebrate the victory of the Whirlwind side and the increment to Cynthia Merriwether's pocketbook which had resulted thereby. All of Gull Point had been there, with the exception of Porter West, who simply did not face the situation, and Mr. West, who had a misadventure in the city. When he spoke of that appointment, Cynthia gave him a mocking glance and said, "Why don't you go on and bring her to the party?"

Prentiss smiled in his insufferably genial fashion. "It isn't at all," he said, "and furthermore, she wouldn't be in it." Then he helped himself.

Help? A man needs help, all right, when the chickens come to roost. I can tell you that. You're being a little unkind, suppose you know it?"

I don't mean to, Miss Prentiss, simply have to do a rather unpleasant job, and I'd like it over once and for all.

He laughed. "Don't be seen by Winchell could spy you out, it's little enough to ask, isn't it?"

The party went easily and pleasantly and quietly. Someone had written his doctor's thesis, and of these days, upon the immense difference between the party and blossom and flower and in this world of men lies between the fundamental gap lies between the unhappy folk who are determined to enjoy themselves in the of everything, and the more fortunate lot who know perfectly well that they are out for a delightful and satisfying evening, and settle naturally to the living it.

Stone House, human beings expected good wine and amusement and girls of a certain quality. Also assorted small jokes and a more or less practical nature were very funny but always tilted to a polite smile—a routine table for those in such a mood, bridge and swimming and tennis, and the rather specialized

pleasure of strolling toward the stables and being patronized by the grooms.

The ducal throne, so to speak, was the high-backed oaken chair, behind his broad oaken desk. The desk, in turn, occupied the precise center of his library, and the library was a handsome room with one of its walls made out of French doors. The French doors gave upon the terrace, which was of flagstone, and the terrace (one step down) dominated the lawn.

But the view through the French doors was not confined to terrace and lawn. It commanded, as well, the deeper end of the swimming pool, the stunted lemon trees which guarded the entrance to the tennis courts, and the garden of rose trees which fell away at the left toward the summer house.

It was the Colonel's custom to have upon his desk a humidor of sound cigars, and it was his whim to have also a silver-framed photograph of the horse which had last won admiration in the community of Gull Point. Sometimes a hunter, sometimes a polo mount, sometimes a saddle hack or show animal—but always different, and always the product of Mitchell Grace, man-of-all-talents, who could snap a shutter as readily as he could tactfully dismiss an unwelcome stranger.

Likewise, the Colonel ordinarily required a manservant to be present in the library, with a small portable bar from which drinking matter of sound design (never the silly or the capricious) might be served. Mitchell Grace himself was usually in attendance in this room, dutiful observance of the custom of the country, Cynthia herself, upon the arm of Fred West, strolled at an early hour through the open French windows to wish the gentleman of the house a good evening. They were followed almost immediately by several others of their own generation, and then by Captain Pugh and Mrs. Pugh. The dance orchestra in the main hall was already playing—in the manner known, quite appropriately, as sweet.

COLONEL MERRIWETHER rose and nodded hospitably to his guests, and shook hands with the men. He waved them toward chairs and settees, and beckoned the manservant into action.

He said to Cynthia, "I hear that good luck fell your way this afternoon, my dear."

"Why, Colonel," she cried, "what a tactless thing to say! It wasn't luck at all. It was good old Fred here, swiping at the ball

like a Cecil Smith. Bless you, Fred darling. These marvelous Whirlwinds can take the Clovers any time at all. The championship is going to be a canter, isn't it, Fred?"

Fred West blushed. And he said, "We had a lot of breaks."

Colonel Merriwether regarded the tip of his cigar. "I stand corrected, Cynthia," he said.

He was an unlikely looking man. Unlike, that is to say, to be the father of Cynthia Merriwether. In contrast with the urgent immediacy of her coloring, her voice, her slightest gesture, his own voice and coloring and gestures were as near as such things may be to total neutrality. He was neither large nor small, neither light nor dark. His hair was thin brown and his eyes, when he opened the lids wide enough to permit an inspection of them, mottled hazel.

His voice was carefully controlled, and his whole body, including his hands, seemed eternally at rest. Had he evinced either excitement or boredom, even upon the most provocative occasions, people would have been astonished, and only his superbly made clothing, the frame and atmosphere of his Stone House, gave him the slightest distinction from a million other men past the middle of life, hanging stubbornly to the dubious benefits of existence.

He spoke to Fred West. "I am sorry I did not see the game. It must have been quite interesting. I really did not think you had a chance against Prentiss and the Clover side."

"Henry didn't play," Cynthia said. "He had a fall yesterday in a practice game."

"Indeed? Nothing serious, I hope."

"Oh, no," Captain Pugh said. "Just an ordinary sprain."

Colonel Merriwether regarded Captain Pugh. "I am glad that you came in to see me," he said. "It seemed to me that your mare is a trifle out of condition, and even half a game is rather severe for her. Why don't you give her a rest, and use my gray gelding for a while? He needs the work."

The captain's face reddened by the faintest possible degree. He could never quite get used to the necessity for thrift—or to offers from others to alleviate that necessity. Before this, he had said to his wife, "It annoys me to accept favors from Colonel Merriwether. It annoys me for very particular reasons. But I cannot possibly offend him."

So now he said, "It is very kind of you. I shall be grateful."

(To Be Continued)

SIMPLE AND GRACEFUL



by Anne Adams

An ideal basic dress is Pattern 4311 by Anne Adams. Its simple, smart lines let you wear it equally well with tailored or dressy accessories. It's designed to do magic things for matronly figures, too, with soft folds at the shoulders and well-spaced panels in the skirt.

Pattern 4311 is available in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48. Size 36 takes 3½ yards 39-inch fabric.

Send SIXTEEN CENTS in coins for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS and STYLE NUMBER.

Buy our Winter Pattern Book and cover the American Fashion Scene. Simple, fabric-saving designs for outfits in every size. Scrap-bag fashions; war work styles; accessories. Pattern Book, ten cents.

Send your order to Register-Guard Pattern Department.

(If stamps are used in remittance please use one, two or three cent denominations. Larger denominations cannot be accepted).

(To Be Continued)

Airline Plays No Favorites

SALT LAKE CITY—(U.P.)—With transportation facilities in the nation faced with their greatest task in history, it's not out of the ordinary to hear of someone being refused passage on some train or airline, but when W. A. Coulter of Burbank, Cal., was unable to get a ride aboard one of Western Airlines' planes, that was unusual. Why? Because Coulter is president of the airline.

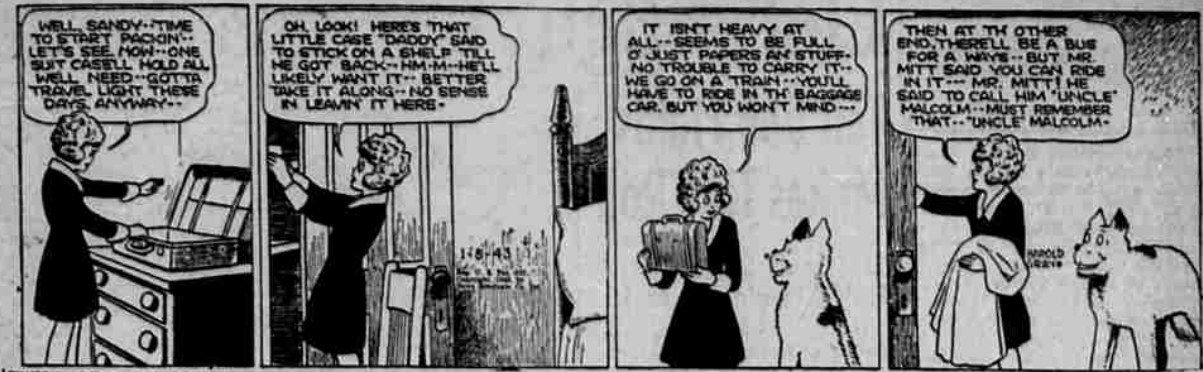
Traveling on a pass, Coulter was refused transportation to California because all accommodations aboard WAL planes were filled by paying passengers.

Due to the fact that most air raid alarms in New Jersey are sirens, they have been banned from use on all automobiles including police cars, fire apparatus and ambulances "except in event of an extreme emergency."

est and his mother make an enchanting embroidered panel. The doe, fawn and background are all in the very simplest stitchery—work them up in six-strand cotton, rayon floss or wool. Pattern 213 contains a transfer pattern of a picture 15x20 inches; color chart; materials required; stitches.

Send ELEVEN CENTS in coins for this pattern to Register-Guard Needlecraft Dept. Write plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

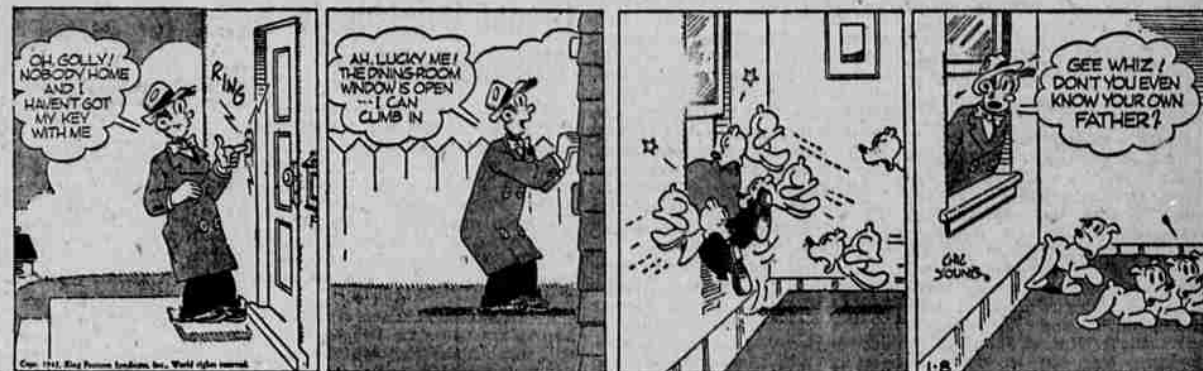
(If stamps are used in remittance please use one, two or three cent denominations. Larger denominations cannot be accepted).



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



GASOLINE ALLEY



BLONDIE



POPEYE



BOOTS and HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBS



THE MAN OF THE HOUR

TANKMEN'S POTLUCK—Members of a British Eighth Army armored corps have ch beside their tank in Egypt. This bit of "luxury" preceded the great British offensive.

SIDE GLANCES



EMBROIDERY PORTRAIT



The young "Prince of the Forest"

an invitation to Aunt Mary's anniversary celebration. They're sure to have champagne, but I wonder if I can spare the gallon and a half of gasoline to get there and back!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

OUT OUR WAY

OUT OUR WAY