

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 Merrivether in the library of his Long Island estate—and of the events leading up to it. A frequent visitor at the Merrivethers' a few days before the crime has been Vaughan Dunbar, a foreign correspondent who appeared unheralded one night with a message to Cynthia, the Colonel's daughter, from one of her friends. His most recent appearance at the house was at a dinner when Cynthia had told him the story of her life. He and Henry Prentiss, two devoted admirers, at a club dance.

WAGERS AT DAWN

CHAPTER XIII

CYNTHIA put her small, slim hands upon her hips and stared at him. "If you're brazen enough to let respectable people look at you in that get-up, you can come around to the table and say how sorry you are—after a while."

Her good humor was recovered. "We might even let you sit down. We can take it."

Henry Prentiss grinned at her again. "Where's your high-class attitude?"

"I had more important things to do than kill an evening going around in circles to stupid music."

She said that with a certain warmth and with no smile at all. Which made Henry Prentiss' laughter sound loud, and that in turn made people look at them.

She danced away with Mitchell Grace, giving Henry Prentiss one more festered dart over her shoulder. "Put your contraption on your collar, though."

Henry Prentiss did go to the table in good time, and he did sit down, and he did, surprisingly enough, say that he was relieved to see both by his appearance and his uncouth ways with women.

Which evoked an observation charged with high emotion from Fred West: "Here comes that hog again."

"I'm buying, thank you," said Prentiss.

Which he did. And to shame Fred West he raised an eyebrow at the Colonel's daughter, who had been emptied and lay dismally in the bucket, and commanded the waiter to appear next time with Clicquot 1919, no less.

Eventually, of course, he and Cynthia were alone on the lawn which overlooked the dark waters

of the sound—sitting at a small iron table, in small iron chairs.

He said, even with a certain gentleness, "I didn't mean to be rude, Miss Pretty. And I really couldn't manage the buttons."

"Where's your Man Friday?"

"Sick of a mighty bellyache, and gone to the care of a maiden aunt. It was only wanting to see you that made me come here at all."

"Why want to see me?"

"That is just exactly why. You never would have asked such a question last week. You're not Miss Pretty at all since His Highness showed up."

HER laughter had a brittle tone. "Maybe it's lo-o-ove!"

"Crazier things have happened, Prentiss."

"Calm yourself. Anon he shall depart, never, never, never to return. Listen, Hank. Do you believe I'm the type to keep a lamp burning in the window until I'm an old, old gal, and people coming all the way from Wisconsin to see if the legend is really true?"

"Nope. I don't like that either."

"You're making fun of your own emotions. That's never any good, in any language. If you really like the guy, I'm not laughing about it. Though, personally, he sounds to me like a stuffed shirt."

"I did a foolish kind of thing tonight."

"What? Not you?"

"Told him the story of my life."

"Something I was never bold enough to inquire into."

"It was funny. All of a sudden I was just spilling beans all over the place."

"Well, I guess it's love, all right."

"Look here, Prentiss. I can take it if you have fallen for this hunk. But I can't take it being the grand old pal that carries around shoulders for his lost loves to weep on. Button yourself up. You're acting like a baby and a cry-baby to boot."

Whereupon she buttoned herself up, and removed the single small tear which had escaped her eye, and allowed her common sense to take command once again.

"If you think I'm going to apologize, you're crazy," she said. "If you think I'm going to swear you to secrecy, you're crazier still. The way I read all of the best books, every girl has a right to one of these damn spasms once in a lifetime."

"Spoken like Miss Pretty herself."

"A hardy woman, Prentiss. One of nature's iron souls."

"With currents that run deep?"

"With mysterious and unplumbed depths."

"Inscrutable?"

"And glowing with a radiant light that shines from afar."

"Full of primitive courage?"

"And full of primitive danger. Full of primitive thirst for Old Lady Clicquot's finest. Leave us repair to the cave and partake of the bounteous feast."

EVENTUALLY they all went back to Stone House together. Very late it was, of a moonstruck night, and so it seemed advisable to swim in the pool. That aim was accomplished—oh, decorously, you may be sure—and then there was play at cards for stakes which made Mitchell Grace and Fred West worry aloud. And it was perilously close to dawn before they got around to the business of laying stakes upon the polo game which would be played on Sunday.

The estimable widow Clicquot had worked certain familiar magic upon Mitchell Grace by the time this point was reached. Fred West's cheeks were pinker than the fairest Elton had might ever boast. And he was everything that a male could be short of truculent.

He demanded of Henry Prentiss, "Are you going to play?"

"The good doctor says yes."

"Then our side is certain to win."

"And that, expressed in terms of cash money, means . . ." said Henry Prentiss.

"All I've got. Which is a single grand, after I've patched out a few places with loans here and there."

Mitchell Grace named an inelegant figure. And Cynthia said, "I'll make up the rest of the pot, Hank dear, and you just name what the pot is going to be. Like a good boy. Like the sweet, lovable character you are."

Henry Prentiss said, "Let us not be unduly influenced by the bubbly. Let us take reason to our bosoms."

And Mitchell Grace laughed. "Go ahead, Hank. Squeeze out of it if you want to."

"Now, Mitchell. Be nice," Cynthia said.

Prentiss was steady. "I'll lay whatever you ladies want to offer, but you'll have to wait until tomorrow to name your figures. Cynthia and I are not betting. Reason? I don't want Miss Pretty rooting against me. I'm vain, gentlemen. Vain and proud."

The butler came discreetly to suggest coffee and scrambled eggs and sausages—and thus ended a night.

(To Be Continued)

TO BRIGHTEN TOWELS



479 by Laura Wheeler

Brighten up your kitchen towels with these cheery motifs that are embroidered in a jiffy. The gingham effect is done with cross-stitch (use the predominating color of your kitchen). The dishes and flowers are in simple stitchery. Pattern 479 contains a transfer pattern of 6 motifs averaging 6 x 7 1/2 inches; illustrations of stitches. Send ELEVEN CENTS in coins for this pattern to Register-Guard Needlecraft Dept. Write plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

JUNIOR MISS STYLE



4221 by Anne Adams

There's a military-trim air to this fitted junior miss style, Pattern 4221. Anne Adams has given it "front line" novelty in a smart side-front buttoning that squares off into the skirt panel. Match the buttons with a bright pocket "hankie." The back-draped calot completes this smart date-time ensemble.

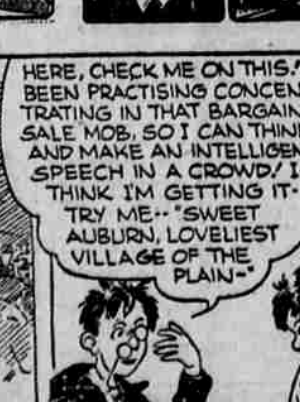
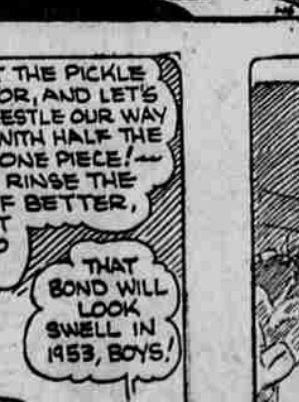
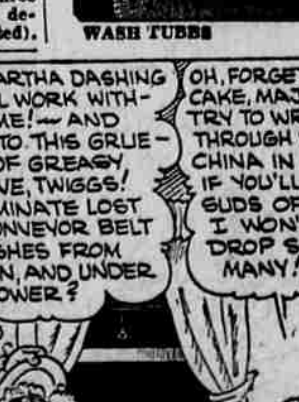
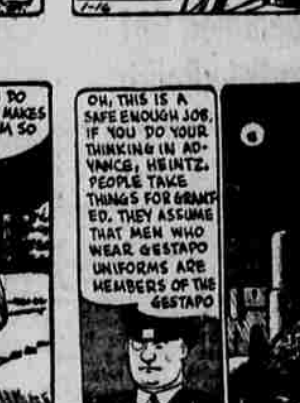
Pattern 4221 is available in junior miss sizes 11, 13, 15, 17. Size 13 takes 3 yards 39-inch.

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

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).



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



Flashes Of Life--

SMALL WORLD

SEATTLE—North Africa held a goose-gardening surprise for the Peterson brothers of Seattle. Lena, C. A. Peterson of the army and Dale Peterson of the navy met in a Casablanca cafe. They hadn't seen each other for

four years. Neither knew the other was in Africa.

OUTSWAPPED
DENVER—C. B. Roth told police someone removed a fine bay horse from his corral during the night.

His feelings weren't soothed, either by the bicycle the thief left leaning against the corral. It was about to fall apart.

Aden, Arabia, is built in the crater of a volcano.

Dive-bombing experiments were conducted by Marine Corps fliers as early as 1929.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

THE FLOOR IS CRUNCHY WITH CHINA

OUT OUR WAY