

SERIAL STORY
'I AM A MURDERER'

MORRIS MARKEY

PRENTISS-DUNBAR

CHAPTER XXV
I made Henry Prentiss, during that year, with all the medical care which a sculptor devote to a major work, and began by writing down, in the fashion of a novelist, the complete life which began in the home of a pampered wealth, through many adventures, and a few even dangerous, to the quest of life pleasure on the Pacific coast.

He recounted his whims, his idiosyncrasies. And I, with all the skill I could command, the presence which he had to the world: his physical and his interests, his humor, and his grace—or lack of it.

I set to work to bring character into existence: to him live and breathe, as if he were a strongly marked personality could without going to the length of caricature. It was a savagely difficult task. But I must play polo with the life of life at Gull Point. In the first place, I had natural aptitude for games, and the struggles to keep alive in my early years had left no room for a game degree of horseplay. Added to this was the fact that I had always been left-handed, and already the polo actions were frowning upon me. I was a danger on the field, required not weeks, but months of hard, daily training under the coach, whom I employed before I was good enough to play. I was good enough to play at the River Club. I never really enjoyed the moment of any of the most fantastic luck played my hands, the only real stroke that ever appeared in my pursuit of the plan. That when Fred West came to me to play two or three times at the clubs there, I was put among the people who knew, and cultivate. And I hardly believe the turn of the wheel made him an acquaintance, if not a friend, even the time when I would be an acquaintance of his work to me.

Perhaps it would be well, here, to explain somewhat more

DOUBLE LIFE

CHAPTER XXVI

I have said, the essence of my executioner's appearance was fixed by the appearance and behavior of Henry Prentiss.

My actual weight is 180 pounds. The proper use of clothing: of fitting, tweedy, shrewdly tailored garments in cheeks and colors of large-sized, heavy shoes and floppy woolen I looked to weigh at least pounds.

That same frame in fashion of dark cloth and blackly tailored: put trim, black over black silk socks—wear arched collars and carefully arranged cravats, elegant small links in the way of watch chain and man would seem to weigh more than 170 pounds.

Conversely, we all know how even the most familiar faces of all those belonging to the celebrities of motion picture actors and actresses, may be disguised for a brief while anyway by the simple use of darkened glasses. Of course, such a deception would not survive prolonged observation. But the lesson is there.

Here, then, was my chief problem. I tried many experiments—the use of various types of spectacles, of eye-shadow cosmetics, and even staining the eyes with such chemicals as argyrol. None of these things was in the least satisfying. But, again, I was in no haste.

And my patience was rewarded, as that virtue is almost invariably rewarded.

I came upon my answer in a most frivolous item in a most frivolous column of news of the motion picture colony.

Walter Huston, the actor, had been cast in the role of an American Indian for a new picture. His eyes were blue, and so not wholly appropriate for a black-haired savage. The incredible ingenuity of Hollywood had solved the problem, as it solves more technical problems every day than the world could hear about, or hearing, care.

Mr. Huston would be provided with those devices called contact-lenses: magnificently contrived thin shells of crystal glass which fit immediately over the eyeball and which many people wear to hide their need of spectacles.

In normal use, they are quite invisible. For Mr. Huston, the pupils of these lenses would be tinted a deep brown.

Such lenses were easy to procure in New York.

Along with them, I bought an ordinary pair of rimless spec-

blemishes or scars or congenital departures from the normal cannot easily be disguised.

My own appearance could best be described as commonplace except for two things: my light-colored hair and my very blue eyes. The hair was a simple matter. The eyes were not.

FOR the eyes are the absolute key to the face. All else may be altered, and the eyes left unchanged, and the result is no disguise whatever.

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It was not until Cynthia had told her 20th tale of Bill Stewart that his name, his existence, swam into my mind as the beginning of my second character, the executioner.

Of course, the essential thing in the arrival and departure of this character was that he must appear with an immediate entrance to Stone House: that his time upon the scene must be as brief as might possibly be managed, and that no suspicion whatever must fall upon him until he had finished his work, and disappeared forever.

I saw, at last, Bill Stewart, opening the door of Stone House, that retribution might enter in.

The fundamentals of the second character had, of course, been integral with the creation of the first one, Henry Prentiss. For the impersonation must rely upon contrast, and upon the immense power of suggestion called up by contrast.

The new character must not be a grossly disguised or arresting figure. Heavy beard, and scarred cheeks, and wigs and built-up heels—a limp or a stooping shoulder—these devices would not serve. They would only invite more attentive scrutiny.

When I knew that the Bill Stewart whom I had never seen was to be the key opening the way for the appearance of my new character, I did several things. First, I settled to a study of European affairs, because it seemed obvious that I must be a European, and a journalist if that worked out properly.

Second, I acquainted myself with the manners and mannerisms of international journalists, an easy task because they had written so much about themselves in recent years. I learned the names of the people whom I should claim as colleagues. I dropped anecdotes and epigrams into my memory.

And, third, I began to sketch in my mind the outlines of the character who would be my executioner.

The name of Vaughan Dunbar appealed to me when I read it on the cover of a book which he had published. The book was some years old, a collection of his most important dispatches. They were sound, but stiff and altogether conservative. That was what I wanted, and Vaughan Dunbar, his name and such of his background as I might need, would serve my purposes. He would serve them doubly well, because, as far as I could learn, he was dead. He certainly was not in the United States.

(To Be Continued)

SMART PANEL INTEREST

4318
by Anne Adams

"Housewife of the year" is this striking Anne Adams style, Pattern 4318. Outstanding feature is the double front panel that may be cut either on the bias or straight grain. The long side bodice sections give smooth waist lines. Use ric-rac for accent at cuffs, neck and panels.

Pattern 4318 is available in women's sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50. Size 36 takes 3 1/2 yards 38-inch fabric; 4 1/4 yards ric-rac. 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.

TIP-TOE WARMTH

527
by Laura Wheeler

Here's finger-tip to toe-tip warmth for outdoor girls in stunning mittens and socks knitted in bright sporty yarn. They are done in the simplest stitch with the mitten cuffs decorated with two rolls. The socks are knee or ankle-length. Pattern 527 contains directions for mittens and socks in small, medium and large sizes; 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).

There are two ways to kill mosquitoes—you can swat 'em, or you can pour oil on water and prevent their hatching. So it is with enemy airplanes—you can shoot 'em, or you can bomb factories and prevent their manufacture.

YOU GUTTINLY A EXPERT ON CAMMING BABIES, MISTAH MAJOR! LITTLE LEO LOOK AS HAPPY AS A COW IN A CAWNFIELD!

HEH HEH! (GUFFIN!) WOULDN'T MIND A SIP OF IT MYSELF!

URGLE SWIPA!

MUST BE SOME MAGIC POTION

ONE BOARDING HOUSE



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE



GASOLINE ALLEY



BLONDIE



POPEYE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBS



THE EMANCIPATORS



OUT OUR WAY

Flashes Of Life—

ANPOWER PROBLEM

YOUNGSTOWN, O. — The reason to an advertisement for laborers—men or women—Baltimore & Ohio railroad officials here something of a jolt.

Twenty-five women and only

10 men applied. The men and seven of the women were put to work immediately.

Railroad officials said 40 or 50 more women were ordered to report later this week.

BROTHER'S KEEPER

NEW CUMBERLAND, Pa.—Pri-

mate Max Fenstermacher of Cata-

wissa, Pa., was assigned to ambu-

lance duty at the army reception

center here and ordered to a bar-

acks to pick up his first patient.

He lost no time in getting the

sick soldier, suffering a minor

illness, to the infirmary.

It was Private Harry Fenster-

macher—the brother.