

I AM A MURDERER'

BY MORRIS MARKEY

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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. A party at the Merriwether's has been revived by the arrival of a stranger, Vaughn Dunbar, a foreign correspondent. He brings word from Bill Stewart, journalist, to Cynthia, the Colonel's attractive daughter. She invites him to a polo game the following Sunday, later described in "The Merriwether's," a close friend who had been unable to attend the party.

ABOUT MITCHELL GRACE CHAPTER VII

THEY sat at a small table at the Marguery, and took their pleasure of Dalgurris (not too sweet) and gave enough attention to avoid being noticed for the lack of it to the young woman who occupied, as the columnists have it, the exclusive table reserved for glamor gals. A more beautiful woman sang songs. Her name was either Dolores or Carmencita. It was the season of the Good Neighbor.

And Cynthia said, "How's the mitt?"

Henry Prentiss looked wistfully at his mitt. "I'm sorry to say that it is just about all right, and I'll be able to hold a stick by Sunday. I'd rather have Mike in there, even if your little pretties did give him a going over yesterday."

"You know something?"
"I know everything."
"I mean this something: Old Lady West is fit to be tied."
"Old Lady West should be tied. Has she any special reasons of her own?"

Cynthia laughed. "She's sure that you are spilling the beautiful romance. She's got a son, you know."

He said, with a sound pretense of dreamy delight, "What a lovely role in life—giving misery to the hearts of scheming mothers with marriageable sons."

"How do you say it—tonsillotomy, appendectomy—I'm going to prescribe for you a full-sized vanity-ectomy."

"I can tell right now, you've got something on your mind, Miss Pretty. Give."

"There, now! How did you guess? Anyway, I'm giving you the fatal blow all at once. Mrs. West had better stop worrying about you and cast those shifty old eyes of hers somewhere else."

HE kissed her hand (clowning in a deplorable fashion) and told the waiter to hurry with more Dalgurris. Which made Cynthia laugh, and made Cynthia's eyes brighten like a dial of a radio machine brightens after the switch has been turned on for a moment or two.

"Yes, fellows. A rival, no less," she said. She did not pretend to smirch, which is a tribute to Cynthia and should be remembered when her accounts are cast.

"He is, my darling Hank, a man who amounts to something."

"Yeah? I yawn."

"Yes, sir, the distinguished correspondent, newspaper reporter to you, Mr. Vaughn Dunbar—citizen of the world, consulted by the inner cabinets of great governments, and furthermore a friend of Bill Stewart's."

"By the way, how much money did you really win yesterday?"

"Oh, no. None of that, my hearty. You are going to hear about Mr. Vaughn Dunbar, and you are not going to like it. Say! That was pretty good!"

"I am ashamed."

"The first honest emotion you have felt in 10 years."

Henry Prentiss settled the whole matter by observing that Mr. Dunbar seemed a thoroughly respectable sort of rat to him, and by saying, "Let's go down to 21 for dinner, and pass up the theater."

"Fine! Then we'll go other places."

"Searching for Mr. Dunbar?"

"Naturally."

MITCHELL GRACE was a young man of rather curious attainments. He had been born in Waxhaw, S. C. He had won by sound merit and not pretense the competitive examinations which gave him the right to attend the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. He had arrived at Annapolis in the charge of his father, Lee Grace, and in the body of a wretched automobile whose engine was a disgrace. He had failed his first physical examination because he was under weight—the same being due to the under-consumption of proteins and other foodstuffs bearing the vitamin B-1 complex. Mr. Lee Grace had put forward a plea, and the plea was heard, and the gasoline money with which Mr. Lee Grace proposed to get himself, somewhat, back to Waxhaw, S. C., went into steaks and potatoes and leafy green vegetables in a Baltimore restaurant whose cuisine does not entitle it to mention in these pages.

Wherefore, abetted by new pounds of body tissue, Mitchell Grace won acceptance at the Naval Academy. (The record concerning the return to Waxhaw of Mr. Lee Grace is not germane to this research.)

Mitchell Grace labored with an admirable singleness of purpose. Like so many men born far from the sight of blue water, he had a passion for blue water, and his dreams held a steady course upon such matters as tossing waves and swaying decks and winds that came mightily out of heaven. Wherefore Mitchell Grace led his classes, or came just short of leading them, year after year for all of the four.

When graduation day came, that fine day of speckmaking by the Navy's secretary and of tossed white hats in Bancroft Hall, his place was high among the precious numbers. In addition, he had done a mile in 4:11.0. In addition, he had been high-scoring forward on

through the composure and self-respecting civility which he had learned on the banks of the Severn.

(To Be Continued)

HORRIBLE MISTAKE
NEW HAVEN, (P)—Public works department employees, collecting tin cans for the salvage drive, found that one household had put out a wrong box—a very wrong box.

So, instead of dumping it into their truck they returned it to the householder, who was delighted to get back the 10 pounds of sugar and one pound of coffee inadvertently placed at the curb.



AT SEARS... IT'S NOT THE IDLE RICH WHO CLIP THE COUPONS

No indeed! It's the regular folks who sometimes run short of money and like the convenience of Purchase Coupons in their purses. Get a booklet today and spend them like cash when you need them. Small down payment, usual carrying charge.

GET YOURS TODAY AT YOUR SEARS CREDIT OFFICE

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



AN ELEPHANT PROPERLY HARNESSSED, CAN DRAG A LOAD OF FOUR TONS, OVER ROUGH GROUND.

WHERE'S ELMER?
This French island is of volcanic origin and was discovered by the Spaniards in the 15th century. It was here that Napoleon Bonaparte, Napoleon's first wife, Josephine, and his son, Louis, were held captive. Private Elmer



A PAIR OF IOWA PIGEONS BUILT THEIR NEST ENTIRELY OF WIRE HAIRPINS.

ANSWER, Martinique.

LATE JURIST

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured late jurist, George

10 Parts of the ankle, bone (zool.)

11 We

13 English wren.

14 Color.

16 Margosa.

17 Siamese coin.

19 Move smoothly on water.

21 Symbol for radon.

22 Function.

23 Kite end.

25 Small candle.

27 Thus.

28 Vegetable.

30 Indigo.

32 Oleum (abbr.).

33 Small bottles.

36 Scrutinize.

38 Markers.

40 Paid (abbr.).

42 Son of Seth (Bib.).

Answer to Previous Puzzle

VERONICA LAKE

HOY NOR BAT ASK

AIRY DATUM ALTO

ICE T DOT A EAR

RE ORIENTATE ETI

SERIN AVERSE

MA AS LO SO

ESCAPE WITCH

AN HITCH

CTS M LA

TRIP HUM

SAT TED

DES EN

VERONICA LAKE

ONE PET SET

3 Insect egg.

9 Ambarry.

12 Chair.

15 Dainties.

17 On the sea.

18 Sea swallows.

20 Falshood.

22 Not down.

24 Prying device.

26 Be indisposed.

27 Slope.

29 Rationed item.

31 Frozen water.

32 Concession.

34 Lake.

35 Athletic games.

37 Middy.

38 Wiser.

39 Wash lightly.

41 Rustic.

43 Make haste.

45 Judicious.

46 Leader (lt.).

49 Mongrel.

50 Siamese measure.

53 Junction religious (abbr.).

54 Street (abbr.).

11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18

19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27

28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39

40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52

53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62

DON'T WORRY--I'M WATCHIN' CLOSE! BUT I HADDA GO TWO BLOCKS FER WATER IN CASE OF FIRE! EVERYBODY'S HAVIN' TROUBLE-- DON'T FERGIT I'M HOLLER WHEN IT STARTS!

Out Our Way
By J. R. Williams BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

AREN'T YOU THE HERO WHO SWORE OFF MIDNIGHT LUNCHES FOR THE DURATION? -- YOU DON'T LOOK MUCH LIKE THE BOYS AT VALLEY FORGE WITH THAT GLAB OF CHEESE!

EGAD, TWIGGS! YOU DO ME A GRAVE INJUSTICE -- I'M RAISING MONEY IN THIS MANNER TO PAY MY INCOME TAXES! I GOT 20 TO 1 ON A HORSE THAT CAME TO ME IN A DREAM -- PERHAPS THIS CHEESE WILL GIVE ME ANOTHER PROFITABLE NIGHTMARE!

PHOOEY ON DER FUEHRER!

A NEW TYPE OF NIGHT WORK =
Our Boarding House With Major Hoop

SO YOU WANT TO BUY BAD HORSES? FOR DOG FOOD DR BUCKIN' STOCK, MR. NOBLE?

BUCKIN' STOCK, REDHEAD! RODED STUFF-- AND IT'S GOTTA BE BAD! -- AND IT'S GOTTA BE A CROSS BETWEEN A TORNADO AND A SHE-GRIZZLY B'AR!

Red Ryder

I'VE GOT A SMALL HERD OF HORSES EVEN SATAN WOULDN'T CALL GENTLE!

I'LL MAKE YUH A FAIR DEAL WHEN I SEE 'EM-- AND AFTER YOU RIDE 'EM!

THEN LET'S HIT FOR PAINTED VALLEY, MR. NOBLE!

LITTLE BEAVER KNOWS RED RYDER MAKE-UP SALE-- YOU BETCHUM!

By Fred Harmon

OH, HELLO, UNCLE MALCOLM! HERE WE ARE-- I'D HAVE 'PHONED, BUT THEY SAID YOU DON'T HAVE ANY PHONE--

HO! HO! QUITE RIGHT, MY CHILD-- IT'S QUITE AN AUTHENTIC CASTLE-- NO PHONES IN CASTLES, YOU KNOW--

BUT WE SAW YOU LEAVE THE BUS-- OH, YES-- SPY GLASS IN THE TOWER-- DON'T MISS MUCH-- BUT COME-- YOU MUST BE CHILLED--

CLIMBIN' UP THAT ROAD KEPT US PRETTY WARM-- BUT A FIRE WOULD FEEL GOOD--

Little Orphan Annie

AH-- SALTS! HAVE MISS ANNIE'S BAGS PLACED IN HER SUITE-- AH, THIS IS SALTS, ANNIE-- DON'T KNOW HOW TO MANAGE WITHOUT GOOD OLD SALTS--

QUITE SO, SIR-- AT YOUR SERVICE, MISS ANNIE--

HOW DO YOU DO, SALTS?

FAITHFUL FELLOW SALTS-- HAD HIM FOR YEARS-- ONLY A FEW GERMANTS HERE NOW-- WAR, OF COURSE-- AH-- HERE WE ARE-- GET WARM FIRST, EH? THEN DINNER-- MY, WHAT A FINE DOG--

By Harold Gray

WHERE TO NOW?

OVER TO MRS. DUNK'S HOUSE! LARD WAS HAVING TROUBLE WITH THE VACUUM CLEANER!

WHAT HAPPENED?

I DON'T KNOW YET! WHEN I GOT OVER THERE, I HAD TO TURN AROUND AND GO BACK TO MRS. BRIGGS' HOUSE!

Freckles and His Friends

MRS. DUNK WANTS TO GIVE US AN ADVERTISING SLOGAN FOR OUR COMPANY!

SWELL! WHAT IS IT, MRS. DUNK?

YOU WILL NEVER RECOGNIZE YOUR HOUSE WHEN WE GET THROUGH WITH IT!

By Blosser

A SAND TABLE HAS BEEN PREPARED FROM AERIAL MAPS. IT REPRESENTS A TOWN IN GERMANY WHICH WE WILL CALL 'X'. YOU WILL NOTICE THE TOWN IS SURROUNDED BY A MEDIAEVAL WALL, HAVING THREE GATES. THE TOWN HALL... HERE... IS OUR OBJECTIVE

Wash Tubbs

FORTUNATELY, TOWN 'X' HAS BEEN OF INTEREST TO TOURISTS, AND MANY PICTURES ARE AVAILABLE. STUDY THEM. LEARN EVERY STREET... EVERY BUILDING

YOU MUST KNOW TOWN 'X' AS THOROUGHLY AS IF YOU LIVED THERE. I CAN NOT OVER-EMPHASIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS. OUR LIVES AND THE SUCCESS OF OUR RAID DEPEND ON IT. THERE MUST BE NO MISTAKES! NO DELAYS!

By Crane

THIS NEW MACHINE SIR CUTS THROUGH TEN LAYERS OF STEEL AT A TIME

NOW, JONES I'D LIKE TO SHAKE HANDS WITH EVERY WORKER IN UNIT K-- I'M MIGHTY PROUD OF THE RECORD THEY'VE MADE

OW--OO

YESSIR! THE GIRLS WILL BE THRILLED

Boots and Her Buddies

MR. BUFFINGTON THIS IS MAIZIE SMITH.

NICE GOING, MAIZIE

MY-Y, MY! WHAT A FINE LOT OF GIRLS!

JUST A MOMENT, SIR! HERE'S ONE MORE YOUNG LADY YOU HAVEN'T MET.

By Martin

WOTTA NIGHT! WOW! I'M GLAD WE GOT OUR WAR OVER BEFORE THIS STORM HIT!

WORST I EVER SAW. THINK OF OL' ENNY LIP THERE ON TH' NEEDLE!

SERVES HER RIGHT!

Alley Oop

By V. T. Hamlin