

• SERIAL STORY
'I AM A MURDERER'
BY MORRIS MARKEY

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A SLIGHT SPAT
CHAPTER VIII
IT goes without saying that hardly a man of any sort could be so steadily exposed to the presence of Cynthia Merriwether and not be affected thereby. Mitchell Grace was affected. He knew quite clearly, without being too dramatic about it, that he was irrevocably snared. And he thought, though he did not go far enough to admit that he was sure, that he could never do the least thing about it.

Whether she knew of his passion is not to be determined—though it is the likely thing that she was so accustomed to devotion, so honestly and warmly delighted at her power to invoke it, that she accepted his as a matter of pleasant course. Cynthia was not given to profound meditation over the incalculable and amazing and, on the whole, satisfactory ways of life. It was there to be lived, wasn't it?

On very rare occasions they quarreled. Explorations into the deep-hidden causes of these quarrels would not, perhaps, be profitable. But it is the fact that Cynthia generally started them, and started them in all innocence.

As on this day. She came to the swimming pool, in some pale blue snatch of silken cloth and her hair cupped in a pale blue affair to keep it dry. And Mitchell Grace was coming up from a dive. And nobody else was there. She sat down on a stone bench and watched him swim to the edge, and laughed when he slipped a trifle climbing out, and pointed to a place beside her.

"I've got news for you," she said, while he wiped water from his face with his hands.
"I can tell, it's good news."
"It certainly is. You've got money coming to you."
"Not cash? Not spending money?"
"No other kind, Admiral. But I've got a horrible confession, too. Look—I'll get it off my chest. Comes last Tuesday and I borrow \$35 from Mr. Grace, party of the second part. Right?"
"Putting on the touch, they call it."

"So I puts on the touch, then. Know what it was for?"
"Couldn't guess."

"I WAS gambling my all on the Whirlwinds to beat Hank Prentiss. Hank needed to be dropped back a step or two. Charlie Fleet heard me boasting about Fred's team and was nasty. Nasty! He said, 'How about 500, even odds?'"
"I gathered it was millions."
"Grace, you're gullible. It was 500 of the prettiest little dollars—and I didn't have them. So I raked and scraped among some old tired, worn-out bank accounts and I found nearly all of it. But I had to go borrowing. And that's how you got—that is it?—touched for that 35?"
"Seems a pretty long story just to tell me I get my money back." He looked down at his bare hands which were gripping the edge of the bench.

"You will perceive how the quarrel started."
For he said, "I'm not having any, thanks."
"I must be slow-witted. Any what?"
"Charity."

It is to be judged, alas, that Waxhaw, S. C., spoke them. Up out of that lonely, desolate word sprouted pale shoots of envy and pride and frustration, of old wounds to the soul caused, not by the laughter and self-sureness of more prosperous neighbors, but by their fuller bellies. Only the man who has known hunger carries that bleak word like a splinter in his heart.
"Mitchell Grace! You're absolutely impossible!" She said that in a rush, not of anger or annoyance, but of genuine astonishment. He stared at the still water of the pool. "You're not telling me any particular news," he said.
She looked at him steadily. "I wish I could understand why you behave like that," she said.
"There are probably a good many things you ought to understand."
"And some that I would like to understand. You waste your time on a rounder and playboy who is a little frayed at the edges, like Henry Prentiss. You keep a simpleton like Fred West hanging around with a look like a lost calf. And when a phony like our pal Vaughan Dunbar shows himself on the scene..."

He shrugged his shoulders with such violence that he seemed to be lifting a weight.
She regarded him very quietly. "You seem to have other plans for me."
"It's very obvious you haven't any of your own."
She retreated behind a fragment of laughter. "I had at least one, about 10 minutes ago. To have half an hour of fun swimming."
"I suppose it's my duty, now, to apologize to the boss' daughter."
She got up, and pulled down the legs of her bathing trunks and dived into the water, going across the pool in a long, silvery rush,

and drawing herself up on the opposite side, and sitting there with her legs dangling.

A manservant came down the walk and said to Mitchell Grace that Colonel Merriwether wished to see him. He put on his robe and slippers and went into the library and Colonel Merriwether watched him come toward the desk.

"Sorry I'm not dressed," said Mitchell Grace. "I can be, quickly."

"Perhaps it is not necessary."
"Is there something you wish me to do, sir?"

Colonel Merriwether looked at him through those eyes which were perpetually half shut. "You seem distressed," he said. "It required a marked degree of self-control and of fortitude for Mitchell Grace to restrain the rush of bitter words that fled through his mind, to flush only slightly, and to say—after a definite pause, 'It is nothing important, sir. Anyway, it is my own fault.'"

Colonel Merriwether held a match to a fresh cigar, not taking his eyes from Mitchell Grace, and drew in the first wave of smoke, and allowed it to drift away from his mouth.

"It is a sound principle, Grace, to keep the emotions under a strong curb."
"I am sure of it, sir."
"I might say that the only mistake I ever made in my life was to lose control of my emotions for a brief time. Approximately one day out of more than 60 years of living. The experience taught me a lesson. I have not lost control of my emotions again, and I have not made a mistake again."

This was, by any measure, the longest and the most intimate conversation which Colonel Merriwether had ever bestowed upon

his secretary. Mitchell Grace was startled.
"I'm sorry, sir," he said. Which, by the way, was a rather absurd thing to observe. And Colonel Merriwether descended calmly upon the absurdity.
"Regrets, too, are to be avoided. There is no prosperity in them. However..."
(To Be Continued)

U. S. WOOL INDUSTRY
Approximately 500,000 persons in the United States today are engaged in the wool-growing industry. The industry produces about 450,000,000 pounds of "grease" wool annually.

60 ELEMENTS FORM SUN
Number of known solar elements was brought to 60 with the discovery of sulphur on the sun. The earth has 92 known elements.

New Zealand's birth rate rose from 17.4 to 22.6 per 1000 population between 1935 and 1940.

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"Yes, this will be our toughest year—let's not be complacent!"



Out Our Way
By J. R. Williams
WILL POWER



Red Ryder



Our Boarding House With Major Hoopla



By Fred Harmon

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



FRANK, DANNY & LEONARD SYZMANSKI, TRIPLETS... ALL SERVED WITH THE U.S. NAVY IN THE PACIFIC, SUFFERED WOUNDS IN ACTION, WERE HONORABLY DISCHARGED, AND NOW ARE MAKING JEERS AT THE WILLYS-OVERLAND PLANT IN TOLEDO.



"SEEDS RAISINS ARE SEEDLESS RAISINS," SAYS LEE O'DEEL, Mt. Rainier, Maryland.

NEXT: How to see in a blackout.

BRITISH DOMINION LEADER

HORIZONTAL

1,4 Pictured premier of a British dominion.

9 Loiter.

12 Cab.

13 Fertile spot in desert.

14 Affirm.

16 Improve.

19 Cubic meter.

20 Great Britain (abbr.).

21 Voice modulation.

22 Engrave.

24 Member of Parliament (abbr.).

25 Her.

26 Garden tools.

28 Baseball stick.

30 And (Latin).

31 Farm animal.

34 Verbal.

35 Genuine.

36 Jewel.

38 Ocean (abbr.).

40 Anger.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

SUTHERLAND
PETIBIALIA
US TOMTIT
RED NEEM AT
SAIL RN USE
TAIL TAPER SO
BEET I ANIL
OLUVIALS SCAN
SCORERS PD ENOS
ATTIRE WOOD TOP
GRIN CIRRUS NE
EONS JUSTICES E
RTISE CRESCENTES

10 Hail!

11 Microbe.

12 Child's game.

13 Corded fabric.

17 Perform.

19 Scotsman.

23 Article.

25 Impression.

27 Schedule.

28 Marsh.

29 Area measure.

32 Belongs to us.

33 Tiny.

37 Infold.

38 Wood sorrel.

39 Ritual.

42 Ferment.

44 He is premier of the Union of Africa.

VERTICAL

1 Part of a doorway.

2 Tool.

3 Next after eighth.

4 Therefore.

5 Man.

6 Employ.

7 Current.

8 Steamship (abbr.).

61 Acid.

62 Head cover.

9 Machine.

41 Unit of light intensity.

43 Sharp point.

45 Exits.

47 Merit.

49 Aureole.

50 Parent.

52 Of small value.

54 Imitate.

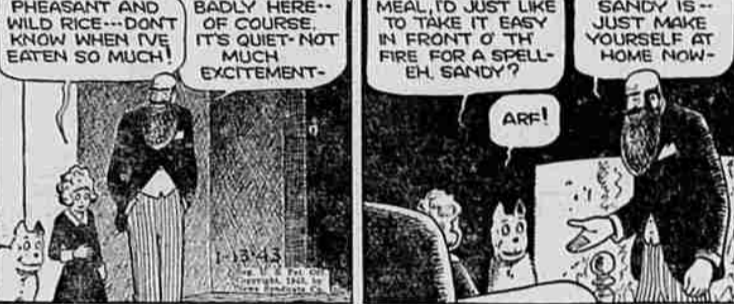
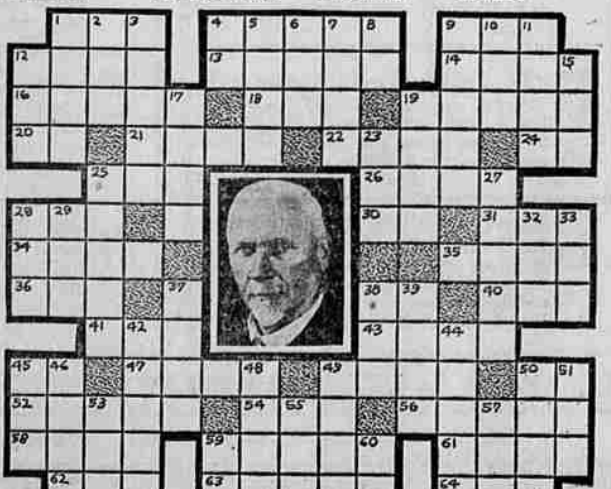
56 Teacher.

58 Articles.

59 Musical drama.

61 Acid.

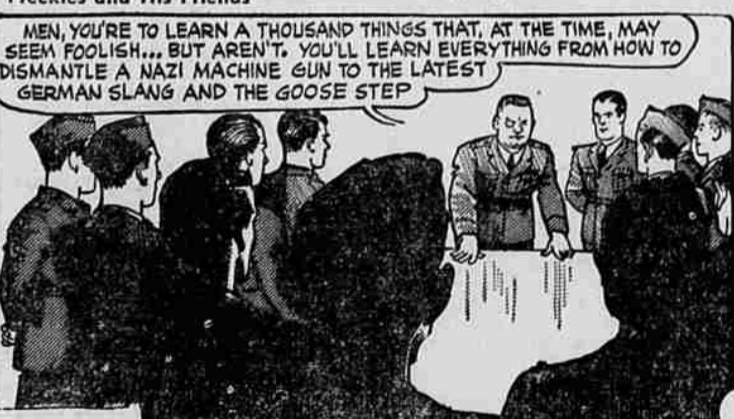
62 Head cover.



Little Orphan Annie



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



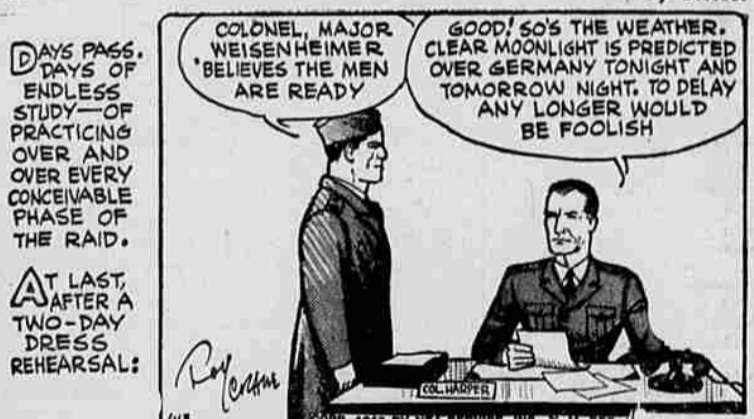
Alley Oop



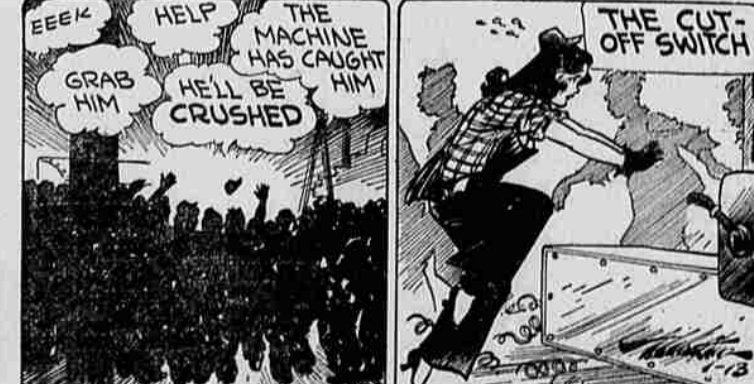
By Harold Gray



By Blosser



By Crane



By Martin



By V. T. Hamlin