

SERIAL STORY

'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 Merrill in the library of his Long Island estate—of the events leading up to it. Cynthia, the Colonel's daughter, has just told the story of her life to Vaughan Dunbar, a foreign correspondent and a new acquaintance—she was taken from a California convent by the Colonel when she was 10, and now she knows of the Colonel's life before then. Dunbar returns to New York and Cynthia, who seems to be falling in love with him, joins Fred West and Henry Prentiss, two attentive but noncommittally unsuccessful admirers, at the club dance.

WAGERS AT DAWN

CHAPTER XIII

CYNTHIA put her small, slim fists 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 archduke?" "He 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's laughter sound loud, and that in turn made people look at them.

She danced away with Mitchell Grace, giving Henry Prentiss one more feathered 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 grieved to offend—both by his appearance and his uncouth ways with women folks. Which evoked an observation from Fred West: "Here comes that wine hog again."

"I'm buying, thank you," said Prentiss. Which he did. And to shame Fred West he raised an eyebrow at the Cordon Rouge bottle, which had been emptied and lay dismally in the bucket, and commanded the waiter to appear next time with Cliquet 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 smoky 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." "Don't like what?" "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 impart 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."

"Oh, Hank..." "Look here, Prentiss. I can take it if you have fallen for this hombre. But I can't take it being the grand old man 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 throat for Old Lady Cliquet'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 Cliquet had worked certain familiar magic upon Mitchell Grace by the time this point was reached. Fred West's cheeks were pinker than the fairest Eton lad 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 lays 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)

Such a victory (Nazi) would be enslavement for us and other nations. We adhere to the principles for which the United Nations are fighting.—Turkish deputy.

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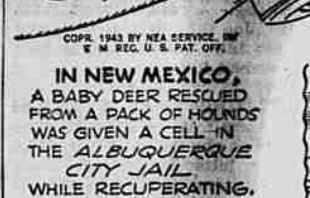
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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



HUMAN LIVES ARE OF LITTLE VALUE TO THE JAPANESE HIGH COMMAND! PILOTS OF THE JAP ZERO PLANES CANNOT BAIL OUT, SINCE THE CROWDED SPACE IN THE COCKPIT ALLOWS NO ROOM FOR A PARACHUTE.



IN NEW MEXICO, A BABY DEER RESCUED FROM A PACK OF HOUNDS WAS GIVEN A CELL IN THE ALBUQUERQUE CITY JAIL WHILE RECOVERATING.



WHAT CHARACTER IN GREEK MYTHOLOGY CHANGED INTO A FLOWER, AFTER FALLING IN LOVE WITH HIS REFLECTION IN A POOL?

ANSWER: Narcissus.

MAKER OF HONEY

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Pictured insect. 4 Forgives. 11 Extinct bird. 14 Age. 15 Military storehouse. 16 Measure of area (pl.). 17 Atmosphere. 18 Red Cross (abbr.). 19 3,1416. 20 Kind. 21 Zest. 23 Cone wheat. 25 Born. 26 Babylonian deity. 27 Most important are the bees. 30 The bee is stingless. 34 Man's name. 35 Kind of beetle. 36 Captured by wife. 40 Highways. 42 Wife of Geraint, in

Answer to Previous Puzzle

Word puzzle grid with words like CLARK, RICE, PACE, etc.

VERTICAL

- 1 Animal. 2 Great Lake. 3 Nobleman. 4 Fire worshiper. 5 Bowman. 6 Rupee (abbr.). 7 Low haunt. 8 Onward. 9 Short sleep. 10 Cut into slices. 11 Chief. 12 Shield fillet. 22 Writing fluid. 24 Boat paddle. 27 Be victorious. 28 Native metal. 29 Rodent. 31 Harem room. 32 Slight bow. 33 Bitter vetch. 37 Beverage. 38 Sustain. 39 One who eats sparingly. 40 Irrational talker. 41 Number. 43 Doctor of Divinity (abbr.). 44 Bone. 45 Affray. 46 Evergreen tree. 47 Dry. 48 Network (nat.). 50 Incarnation of Vishnu. 51 Short jacket. 52 Liability. 55 Blackbird. 60 Print measure. 61 Symbol for thoron.

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1-65.

Comic strip 'Out Our Way' by J. R. Williams. Characters on horseback. Dialogue about a mother getting kids ready for school.

Comic strip 'Red Ryder' by Fred Harmon. Red Ryder and a boy. Dialogue about a fire and a blind kid.

Comic strip 'Our Boarding House With Major Hoople' by J. R. Williams. Major Hoople and a woman. Dialogue about a boarding house and a horse.

Comic strip 'Little Orphan Annie' by Harold Gray. Annie and a dog. Dialogue about a castle and a monkey.

Comic strip 'I'm Blinded From Bee Stings' by Fred Harmon. A man and a woman. Dialogue about bee stings and a packhorse.

Comic strip 'OH-OH! IT'S BEEN MOVED' by Harold Gray. A man and a woman. Dialogue about a tape and a key.

Comic strip 'Freckles and His Friends' by Blosser. Freckles and a man. Dialogue about water depth and a Greek myth.

Comic strip 'POP, WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO?' by Blosser. A man and a woman. Dialogue about a stockholder and a pier.

Comic strip 'Wash Tubbs' by Crane. Wash Tubbs and a woman. Dialogue about a woman and a man.

Comic strip 'JUST AS WE THOUGHT' by Crane. A man and a woman. Dialogue about a town hall and a director.

Comic strip 'I AM TOO GONNA!' by Crane. A man and a woman. Dialogue about a woman and a man.

Comic strip 'MISS PUG FOTCHED HOME' by Crane. A man and a woman. Dialogue about a dog and a man.

Comic strip 'Boots and Her Buddies' by A'ley Oop. Boots and a woman. Dialogue about a woman and a man.

Comic strip 'MY MY, TSK, TSK!' by V. T. Hamlin. A man and a woman. Dialogue about a man and a woman.