

● SERIAL STORY  
**'I AM A MURDERER'**  
BY MORRIS MARKEY

**"AVE ATQUE VALE"**  
CHAPTER XVII  
CYNTHIA had not become hysterical. She had not fainted. She seemed stunned, as from being struck, rather than frightened or terribly distressed.

Certain women had kept their wits, and led her to her own room. Mrs. Malcolm Fleming, who was Dr. Fleming's wife, had been among those women, and she was a capable creature. Dr. Fleming himself, having rushed to the side of Colonel Merrivether and discovering at once that he could be of no avail in that place, searched out Cynthia's room on the second floor, and sat on the edge of her bed.

She looked at him.

He said, "He is gone, my dear." She closed her eyes, from which no tears came, and the last touch of color washed out of her face. She shivered, as with bitter cold, and coverlets were drawn over her. Dr. Fleming mixed something in a glass, and she drank it. He took one of her hands, and massaged it gently, and nodded to his wife, who did the same with her other hand.

Anne West was there, sitting in a low chair and staring at Cynthia with eyes very wide and her lips parted a little.

Dr. Fleming lowered the lights, and when he went quietly to the door his wife followed him.

"I don't believe she'll blow up," he said in a solemn whisper when they had reached the hall. "I'll have to go downstairs. If you need me, send Anne. I'll be back in a little while anyway."

There was almost breathless silence in Cynthia's room for a considerable while. Then she spoke to Anne, without looking at Anne. "Will you go find Hank?" she said.

Anne said eagerly, "Of course, darling." It lay within the nature of her loyalty that she felt no disappointment because Cynthia had not wanted Fred West instead.

She found Henry Prentiss in the bar, talking in low tones with the butler, and beckoned to him. He followed her toward the stairs.

"Isn't it just perfectly awful!" she whispered to him.

HE did not answer. They moved down the corridor on tiptoe, and he was standing beside Cynthia's bed, looking down at her. It was curious to see sadness in the face of Henry Prentiss.

He took her hand, and touched her cold forehead with his other hand. "Tell Anne anything you want me to do," he said.

Her pressure on his hand tightened for a moment, and then relaxed.

"I'll be around," he said.

She nodded.

He stood motionless beside her for a little while, and then touched her forehead again, and went silently out of the room.

Mitchell Grace came out of the library on an errand, and through the doorway as it opened Lieutenant Thatcher saw Henry Prentiss. He beckoned, and shook hands when Prentiss went in, but did not speak. The photographers, done with their job, were packing their equipment. The fingerprint people were dealing with their last tall-end of duties. The body of Colonel Merrivether had not been moved. He was calm and precise, even in his final scene. His hair was still carefully brushed, and his eyes were closed. His white, delicate hands rested on the table, and the left one was only an inch or two from the pistol which had killed him. That weapon had been worked upon by the fingerprint men, and then replaced exactly as it had been before. It was new, and shiny, and of an ordinary American manufacture.

"The guy left a perfect set on the gun," one of the fingerprint men said. "No gloves, not a blur, and no wiping."

Lieutenant Thatcher nodded. He leaned forward and picked up the sheet of paper which Vaughan Dunbar had placed so ostentatiously before his victim. It was a plain, white rectangle, and in its center there was neat typing:

**AVE ATQUE VALE**

Do not grieve for the destruction of this monster. Cynthia has least cause of all for grief, though by the nature of things I cannot tell her why—for that might do her an injury.

I have stalked him, year by year, waiting for this one moment. There is no need to say here, now, why I have done this. He cruelly killed two people who were of great importance to me. When he did that, his end was written.

Though I know it is useless, I beg you not to spend public money and the time of valuable men in the hunt for me. It will be completely futile.

**VAUGHAN DUNBAR.**

**HENRY PRENTISS** said, "H-m-m-m. So that's it." Lieutenant Thatcher said, "At least we don't have to hunt around for motive. But we'll pick him up. He hasn't got a chance." The telephone rang. It was a

city detective at Vaughan Dunbar's hotel.

"He left in the forenoon," the detective said, "and he hasn't been back. A suitcase full of things is in his room, all packed, and some coats in a closet. Everything seems orderly."

"Take prints, if you please," Lieutenant Thatcher said. "And if it's all right with you people, I would like to come in later and go over the stuff. Of course, I'm out of my jurisdiction there—but if you people don't mind—"

Nobody would mind, naturally. "And you'll keep men there, in case he does show up?" Good. And check on his garage, and all his telephone calls. Can you do that?"

"We'll give it the whole routine."

"Thank you."

By midnight, the fact was discernably apparent that Vaughan Dunbar was eluding the chase. He had slipped through the network of hundreds of men in uniform and out of it, or he had hidden himself somewhere within the 1200 square miles of Long Island—somewhere between the 34th street cross-town tunnel and Montauk Point.

By midnight, likewise, the men who sat in the bar at Stone House were weary of talk, of speculation and conjecture. They finished the sandwiches which had been brought to them.

Dr. Fleming said that his wife would stay the night, and that he would like for Anne West to remain, too. Himself, he had one or two hospital calls to make, and

Furthermore he needed sleep. Mitchell Grace could reach him if there were need. In any event, he would return to Stone House early next morning.

Colonel Merrivether's body had been removed by men from the medical examiner's office. Fred West and Henry Prentiss went home. And Lieutenant Thatcher went to New York.

(To Be Continued)



**25 CENTS BUYS 12 BANDAGES**

Twelve bandages might save the lives of 12 soldiers. Thinking of it that way, wouldn't it be patriotic to sell what you're not using and buy War Stamps that'll buy bandages?

I'm a Herald and News Want-Ad, and I'm enlisted for the duration.

Phone me at 3124 and I'll turn YOUR unused goods into bandages!

**Herald & News Want-Ads Get Results**

**THIS CURIOUS WORLD** By William Ferguson

**MANY OF THE FAMOUS BELLS THAT HANG IN THE OLD CALIFORNIA MISSIONS WERE MADE IN SITKA, ALASKA.**

IN THE DAYS WHEN SITKA WAS QUEEN CITY OF THE NORTHEAST PACIFIC.



**THE NEW U.S. NICKEL CONTAINS NO NICKEL!**

35 PER CENT COPPER, 35 PER CENT SILVER, 9 PER CENT MANGANESE.



**Can you identify the following animals?**

**RIKKI-TIKKI**  
**"SU-LIN"**

ANSWER: Rikki-Tikki, the mongoose in Kipling stories; Falls, President Roosevelt's dog; Su Lin, the first panda bear to reach American shores, just a few years ago.

**NEXT: Handicapped heavyweights.**

**ARMY AIR INSIGNE**

**HORIZONTAL**

1,5,8 Depicted insigne of the U. S. —

13 Ascend.

14 Wander.

15 Ventilated.

16 Genus of vines.

18 Peruvian Indian.

19 Illustrations (abbr.).

20 Symbol for neon.

21 Cape (geog.).

22 Roman magistrate.

24 Aster.

27 French article.

28 God of love.

31 Analyzes > sentence.

33 Eater.

35 Oriental nurse.

36 Elder son of Isaac (Bib.).

37 Dock again.

41 Hindu temples.

42 English feather bed.

43 South African.

**VERTICAL**

1 Arrangements (abbr.).

2 River (Sp.).

3 Manuscripts (abbr.).

4 12 months.

5 Mounds.

6 Electrified particle.

7 Speed contest.

8 Fall short.

9 Places of business of a dealer in oils.

10 Railroad (abbr.).

11 Century (abbr.).

12 Dutch city.

15 Enraged.

22 Beverage.

24 Three-banded armadillo.

25 Made renown by report.

26 Barter.

29 Attack.

30 Somewhat sear.

32 Soldiers wear it on their left sleeve, just below the elbow.

34 Artifice.

38 High-class (slang).

42 Knight of St. George (abbr.).

40 Etruscan goddess.

44 First woman.

45 Reckless (Egypt).

47 Falsehoods.

48 Entangle.

49 High card.

52 Female saint (abbr.).

54 Hebrew tribe.

55 Before.

56 Compass point.

58 Sun god.



OH, I DON'T KNOW HOW I KIN FACE SUCH A DARK FUTURE! WHEN I'M ABOUT 40, SOME LITTLE KID SAYS, "WHUT, YOU WASN'T IN TH' WART? WHY, MY GRAMMA AND MA WAS!"—OHOOH!

DO YOU HAVE TO LOOK THAT FAR AHEAD TO FIND SOMETHING TO BE MISERABLE ABOUT?

WE'RE THAT UNFORTUNATE GENERATION THAT'S GOIN' TO HAVE TO MAKE DISH WASHIN' AN' BABY-MINDIN' A MAN'S JOB SO TH' WINMIN WILL PUSH MEN OUT OF IT!



**THE EMANCIPATORS**  
By J. R. Williams

WELL, THAT'S THE FIRST WESTERNER WHO EVER REFUSED ME A HELPIN' HAND!

THEM NO WESTERNERS! ME TOLD 'EM YOU BEE-STING BLINDED! WE LOST AND HUNGRY, BUT THEY SHUT-UM DOOR ON LITTLE BEAVER!



**Red Ryder**

OH, YES—YES, INDEED—YOUR NAME IS SALTS—YOU'RE MR. MITT'S NEW BUTLER—

I AM NOT A NEW BUTLER—I HAVE BEEN IN SERVICE FOR MANY YEARS—I JOINED MR. MITT SIX WEEKS AGO—

HA! HA! YES—PRECISELY—SO THIS IS MISS ANNIE—ER—LAST NAME IS—?

WARBUCKS—SHE IS THE WARD OF MR. OLIVER WARBUCKS, A CLOSE FRIEND OF THE MARSTER—I PRESUME YOU HAVE HEARD OF OLIVER WARBUCKS?



**Little Orphan Annie**

**L**ARD IS BEING INITIATED INTO A HIGH SCHOOL FRATERNITY!

YOUR PHONE WILL RING IN THE MORNING AND YOU'LL GET YOUR FIRST ASSIGNMENT—SO DO IT!


BUT I—

DO AS YOU'RE TOLD—AND REMEMBER, YOU MUSTN'T TELL THE TRUTH TO ANY-ONE AT ANY TIME!



**Freckles and His Friends**

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 AIR PLANES—YOU CAN SHOOT 'EM, OR YOU CAN BOMB FACTORIES AND PREVENT THEIR MANUFACTURE



**Wash Tubbs**

NOW THERE'S NO USE BEGGING PUG—AND HURRY! I MUST GET THESE LITTLE PESTS BACK TO THE PET SHOP BEFORE IT CLOSES

GREETINGS, TUTT—GOING ON A TRIP?

WA-AAH



**Boots and Her Buddies**

AH! YOU'RE POSITIVELY STUNNING! GO, IT'S GONNA NOW WITH HOSE, BE TOO AND SHOES, YOU'LL BE A KNOCK OUT!

WHOO! IF THAT ZIP-PER THING EVER LETS GO, IT'S GONNA BE TOO BAD!

OH, I'M SO SORRY, YOUR HIGHNESS, BUT YOU SIMPLY MUST WEAR SHOES

OW! TAKE IT OFF! I CAN'T STAND IT!



**Alley Oop**

THERE, THERE! MY WORD, JASON, THE LITTLE MAN DOTES ON THIS WARM DISH!—THESE TOTS ARE SMARTER THAN WE GROWNUPS THINK—THEY KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR THEM—HEH HEH!—(SNIFF!)

WOULDN'T MIND A SIP OF IT MYSELF!

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

URGLE WILDA!

MUST BE SOME MAGIC POTION



**Our Boarding House With Major Hoople**

THEY'RE LEAVIN' TUCK! NOW LET'S EAT AND FIGURE OUT OUR NEXT MOVE!

I'VE BEEN DOIN' THAT! YOU KNOW IT'S GONNA BE TOO HOT FOR US AROUND HERE IF—

BUT I GOT AN IDEA! CALL THAT COWBOY BACK! WE'LL ACT REAL WARM AND HOSPITABLE-LIKE!



**By Fred Harmon**

OH, GRACIOUS, YES! HE'S A VERY FAMOUS MAN, OF COURSE—WE WILL BE DELIGHTED TO HAVE ANNE WITH US—YOU HAVE YOUR CREDITS FROM YOUR LAST SCHOOL?

YES, SIR, MR. READ—HERE THEY ARE—

GOOD! GOOD! VERY GOOD, INDEED! AH—I HAVEN'T SEEN MR. MITT FOR SOME TIME—BUSY MAN THESE DAYS, NO DOUBT—WRITING, IS HE?

YES, SIR—UNCLE MALCOLM HAS STARTED A NEW BOOK—HE'S QUILLY BUSY—



**By Harold Gray**

YOU WANT TO BELONG TO ARROWHEAD, DON'TCHA?

SURE, BUT SUPPOSE SOMEBODY TOLD ME TO GO JUMP IN A LAKE—WOULD I HAVE TO DO IT?

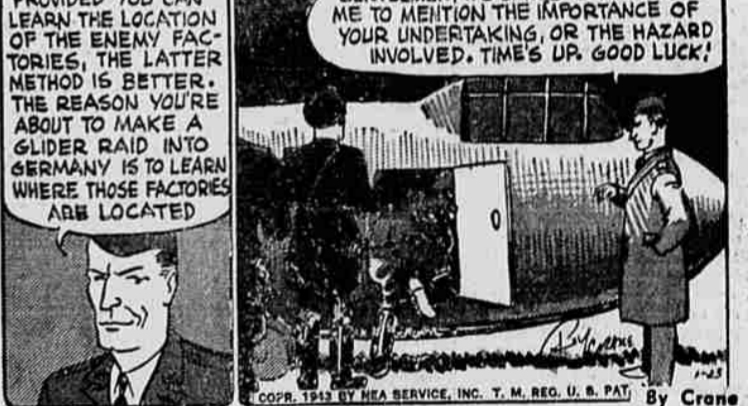
ME AND MY BIG MOUTH!



**By Blosser**

PROVIDED YOU CAN LEARN THE LOCATION OF THE ENEMY FACTORIES, THE LATTER METHOD IS BETTER. THE REASON YOU'RE ABOUT TO MAKE A GLIDER RAID INTO GERMANY IS TO LEARN WHERE THOSE FACTORIES ARE LOCATED

GENTLEMEN, IT'S UNNECESSARY FOR ME TO MENTION THE IMPORTANCE OF YOUR UNDERTAKING, OR THE HAZARD INVOLVED. TIME'S UP. GOOD LUCK!



**By Crane**

WONDER WHY HE'S SO CLANKY TODAY? HE'S USUALLY VERY CHUMMY

HEY, UNCLE STEVE! LOOK!

HOORAY

CLOSED FOR THE DURATION



**By Martin**

OWWOOH! MY FEET, MY POOR DOGS ARE KILLIN' ME!

WOODOO!

REALLY LIMP, IT CAN'T BE AS BAD AS THAT! COME NOW—JUST THINK OF THE HIT YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE WITH HIS ROYAL MAJESTY!

OH, COOLA, ALL! NO MAN IS WORTH IT!

OH, EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT, BUT NO WOMAN HAS THE NERVE TO BUCK THE SYSTEM!



**By V. T. Hamlin**