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"SALADA" TEA

SERIAL STORY

Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

CHAPTER I

As the train pulled into the Surf City station, Christine Thorenson was almost sure that the bareheaded young man across the aisle was on the point of offering to take her bags.

During the ride down the coast she had been aware that his eyes frequently strayed in her direction.... Pleasantly aware, for Christine liked the appearance of the young man so much that she did not even mind his wearing glasses. She liked his broad shoulders, his bronzed skin, and the sunburned look of his hair, as if he never wore a hat. Christine who habitually went bareheaded, cherished a native belief that all people who disliked hats were inherently honest and safe to know.

* * *

But even if the bareheaded young man were Sir Galahad in person, she could ot be explaining strange young men to Cousin Emma at the depot. Cousin Emma did not belong to a school that welcomes chance acquaintances. And a great deal depended on this visit at Cousin Emma's pleasant shore house in exclusive Beachmont, a few miles down the Boardwalk from Surf City.

If Cousin Emma should suggest a loan to cover the last year at art school, life would be much less complicated.

A year ago, Christine would indignantly have repudiated the idea of borrowing money. That was because, until the advertising firm for which she had been working during intervals of her life classes had folded up, she had never realized just how hard jobs were to find.

At any rate, the young man did not offer to take her bags.

When Christine looked about the depot platform for Cousin Emma's plain, severely tailored figure, it was nowhere in sight.

"She's probably sent Jaspar to meet me," Christine thought.

* * *

But Jaspar, Cousin Emma's butler—the punctilious kind of butler Cousin Emma would have—was nowhere in sight. No one on the platform seemed to be expecting her. Everyone seemed to be hurrying off, except, perhaps, one man who lingered by th newspaper stand, his face buried in a paper, and—

A voice said at Christine's side, "I suppose someone will be here to meet you?"

Christine turned to find the bareheaded young man standing beside her. He was older than she had supposed—30 or 32, perhaps—and his voice was pleasant.

"Oh, yes!" Christine said, with just the right smile to suggest amused surprise that he should imagine anything else.

Yet even as she spoke, she knew her first qualm of uneasiness..... Suppose the message she had sent telling Cousin Emma when she was coming had not been delivered? But the invitation had sounded, as Cousin Emma's invitations always did, like a royal summons; and Cousin Emma was not used to having her commands disregarded. Telegram or not, Cousin Emma would expect her.

The young man continued to stand there.

"I only thought"—he went on—"it is late—hadn't I better wait till your friends come?"

"Why—" Christine found herself disarmed by the straight-forward way he spoke, as if they had known each other for years, "thank you; but someone will be here any minute now."

* * *

Then she saw an unobtrusive-looking, spectacled person in a neat gray suit come from an entrance and move toward her. It wasn't Jaspar; but possibly Cousin Emma had a new butler.

As the man came up to her, Christine asked on a swift impulse, "I wonder if you're looking for somebody? I thought perhaps Mrs. Talbert sent you to meet me. I'm her cousin, Miss—"

The man halted.

"If there is anything I can do—" he began; but the bareheaded young man cut in:

"Are you, or are you not, here to meet this young lady?'

"As it happens, no." The man's smile was faintly amused. "I am taking a train."

* * *

He strolled off, his glance barely grazing Christine; but she had a feeling that his apparently incurious eyes had not missed a detail. As he crossed the platform and boarded a train which seemed about to pull out, Christine, who was used to conducting her own affairs turned hotly upon the young man.

"Sorry," he said. "But do you usually run around telling your affairs to strangers? Surf City isn't the safest place for that sort of thing. In case you don't know, this town is a resort for shady characters of every variety—race-track touts, prize-ring followers, confidence men—not to speak of honest-to-goodness mugs from the underworld..... And now you're wondering how you can be sure I'm not planning to grab your purse, myself. You can't. But you really do need someone to look after you."

Because Christine could not guess how absurdly young she looked, she was furious.

"If you will excuse me," she said with what dignity she could muster, "I think I will call my cousin's house."

Cousin Emma's telephone was on a rural exchange. Christine had to call long distance.

"Beachmont 1246," she directed. "I want to speak to Mrs. Emma Talbert."

Sh waited—interminably, it seemed to her. At length the operator spoke: "Please excuse the delay. I'm new at this exchange. but here's the other girl. She'll talk to you."

A second voice asked, "Who is calling Mrs. Talbert, please?"

"This is Mrs. Talbert's cousin—Miss Thorenson," Christine answered, surprised by the question.

"Oh!.... Well, the other operator didn't know, Miss Thorenson, but Mrs. Talbert's service has been discontinued."

"Discontinued?" Christine gasped. "When?"

"But—there must be some mistake. I was to visit her."

"There's no mistake. Mrs. Talbert has closed her house. We had notice two days ago."

"Do you know where she is?"

"I am sorry. I cannot tell you that."

Christine, who realized that in talking this much the girl had exceeded her authority, said, "Thank you," and was about to hang up when the operator called, "Wait a minute!.... I was to tell you," she went on hastily in a lowered tone, "if you called the hous while I was on duty, that in case—someone doesn't get in touch with you at once—"

"Someone?" Christine interrupted blankly. "Who?.... Are you quite sure—"

"Please don't talk—" the girl's voice was tense and hurried. "Just listen.... If anyone is listening, this may cost me my job."

Christine, who knew only too well what it meant to lose your job, said swiftly, "I'm listening."

"I am to tell you," the girl hurried on, "that if there's—any trouble—you're to call Main 2079, any time before 5 p.m. Ask for Lucille, and—"

"Trouble?.... Who is Lucille?"

"Please! Write it down!"

Something in the frightened urgency of the other girl's voice sent a little chill down Christine's back.

"I am writing it," she said. "Main 2079..... Go on."

(Continued Next Week)

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'TOJO' IN HAWAII

Inspection holds no fears for "Tojo," tiny mascot pup of this U. S. Marine, standing in line for inspection following debarkation at Pearl Harbour from a Navy task force aircraft carrier.

"A Package of Seeds"

I paid a dime for a package of seed
And the clerk tossed them out with a flip.
We've got 'em assorted for every man's need
He said with a smile on his lip
Pansies and poppies and asters and peas
Ten cents a package! and pick as you please!

Now seeds are just dimes to the man in the store
And dimes are the things that he needs
And I've been to buy them in seasons before
But have thought of them merely as seeds
But it flashed through my mind as I took them this time
You have purchased a miracle here for a dime.

You've a dime's worth of power which no man can create
You've a dime's worth of life in your hand
You've a dime's worth of mystery, destiny, fate
Which the wisest can't understand
In this bright little package, now isn't it odd?
You've a dime's worth of something known only to God.

Huns Rush Tiny Subs To Black Sea

The Germans have rushed a score of pocket submarines to Varna and Constanta, apparently to protect convoys of small boats evacuating stranded Axis troops from the Crimea, a traveller from Romania said recently. The traveller said he had been employed in a dockyard assembling the submarines, which were brought overland to the Black Sea ports.

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TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Good Old Maple Syrup Days

So many suggestions crowd into one's memory with the pleasant odors of bubbling maple syrup over a hardwood fire. Not the least of these, and one of the unforgettable memories of childhood, is the drizzling newly-made syrup to pour over mother's hot biscuits, muffins or homemade bread and butter.

Maple Pie

1 cupful scraped maple sugar.
1 tablespoon flour
2 eggs
1 tablespoon melted butter
dash of salt and nutmeg
1¾ cups milk

Combine and use as a filling for pie shell.

Maple Icing

Cook 1 cupful of maple sugar, until a firm ball is formed when dropped in cold water, not a hard brittle ball. Allow syrup to cool while beating the whites of two eggs to which a dash of salt is added. When whites are stiff and not dry, slowly drizzle in the syrup beating continuously. Add vanilla for extra flavor and when i stands up in peaks, frost your cake.

Maple Spanish Cream

1 cup milk
1 teaspoon gelatine
3 tablespoons maple syrup
1 egg
dash of salt
½ teaspoon vanilla

Add gelatine to milk, and heat in top of double boiler. Beat syrup and egg yoke together and pour on milk gradually. Return to double boiler until mixture is thickened to a smooth custard. Add salt and vanilla. Cool and fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Chill and serve.

My Favorite Waffles

1¾ cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon sal
1 cup milk
2 eggs
1 tablespoon melted butter

Mix and sift dry ingredients, add milk gradually, yokes of eggs well beaten, butter and whites of eggs stiffly beaten. Cook on waffle iron. Serve with Maple Syrup.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is always ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

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Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address, style number.

New beauty for Old Curtains
Tintex CURTAIN ECRU

New Zealanders Earn Admiration Of United Nations

The name of New Zealand is being kept before the eyes of the world these days as a result of the part which the soldiers of the great little Dominion are playing in the fighting for Cassino, says The Ottawa Citizen. The New Zealanders make up but a comparatively small force in the 5th Army, but they are the kind of fighters who keep finding their way into the news.

New Zealanders drove back the Germans in the battered Italian town in bitter hand-to-hand fighting. But they have been fighting a long time in the Mediterrean campaign. They and the Indians flanked the Mareth Line under Montgomery when Rommel stopped to make a stand in his flight from Libya. They fought all the way from El Alamein to Cape Bon.

It is probable that almost all the original members of this New Zealand force have become casualties in the last four years. But there must be still a few tough veterans left who fought in the rearguard action in the dramatic British retreat from Greece. Except for two or three months in Syria after Crete, these N. Zealanders have been fighting ever since through long months of heat, cold, sand and mud.

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