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C-I-L

● SERIAL STORY

Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

Last week: When Christine arrives in Surf City to visit her Cousin Emma, there is no one to meet her. Christine calls her cousin's home, is told service has been discontinued. The telephone operator adds, mysteriously, "If there's any trouble, you're to call Main 9079."

CHAPTER II

"I was to tell you to get a room at the Crestview, and—" Abruptly the agitated voice at the other end of the line broke off. When the girl spoke again, it was with the studied impersonality of the regimented operator: "I am sorry. Your party does not answer."

For a moment Christine sat, stunned, trying to grasp the entirety of the dilemma in which she found herself. She did not even try to understand the amazing conversation she had just finished.

She could go to the hotel, of course—but in the present state of her finances, any hotel bill assumed the dimensions of a national debt. . . . Or she might just sit here for the rest of the night. But in that event, how was she to get rid of that officious young man?

As she had expected, he was waiting inexorably when she went back to the platform.

"Well?" he demanded.

"Well," Christine told him, catching at the first phrases fate lent to her tongue, "it seems that as the result of an unexpected domestic upheaval, my cousin had no one to send to meet me. So I'm to go to a nice, quiet hotel for the night."

"A nice, quiet hotel in Surf City?" He grinned. "Have you one in mind?"

Scrabbling about in her memory, Christine pulled out a name. . . . "Crestview," the telephone girl had said. And Christine definitely recalled Cousin Emma's remarking once, "If there is a respectable hotel in Surf City, I suppose it's the Crestview."

"Oh, the Crestview, I suppose," Christine said casually.

"The Crestview, hm?" He looked at her with new interest. "Well, there's nothing like camping on the battlefield if you have Amalgamated shares to vote tomorrow."

"Battlefield?" Christine echoed.

"I hear there's likely to be a merger between Amalgamated and National at the stockholders' meeting. . . . But forget it. It's not my war anyhow. . . . Well, shall we start? I'll drive you over. My car's out there".

"Thanks, but I'm taking a taxi." He shrugged.

"May I call one for you, or does your rugged individualism run to calling your own cabs?"

* * *

At that moment a taxi rolled into a berth at the end of the platform, and laughing a little, they hurried toward it.

While the driver was stowing Christine's bags away, the young man began almost diffidently, "Of course, I'm taking a chance of your shouting for the police, but the Crestview runs into money. . . . What I mean is—well, I know that young girls don't carry a lot around, especially when they're visiting relatives. If you—it would only be a loan—"

Christine thought, "It's strange, but I never felt this way about a man before—as if I'd known him forever—as if borrowing from him would be perfectly right and natural."

Aloud she said, "I'm really all right. But thank you, Mr.—"

"The fellers," he told her, "call me 'Bill' . . . I wish you would, iss Talbert."

"But my name isn't Talbert. It's Thorenson—Christine Thorenson."

* * *

Once in her luxurious quarters at the Crestview, Christine emptied the contents of her purse on the bed and counted anxiously.

When she had told the bareheaded young man that she was "all right," she had been guilty of a brash overstatement. After she had bought her railway ticket, she had had left a thin sheaf of bills which she optimistically expected to stretch into pin-money and modest tips to Cousin Emma's household.

Now, after the extravagance of a night at the most "respectable" hotel in Surf City, she would barely have enough for a return ticket to New York—and no prospects to speak of after she got back.

"Oh, well," Christine told herseld, "Cousin Emma must have made some arrangement for me. I'll hear from her tomorrow."

She took a bath in the luxurious tub, put on her best satin nightgown, and fell into a dreamless sleep.

* * *

When the sunlight awoke her early next morning, her immediate interest was only in breakfast—lots of it.

She dressed carefully, selecting her green linen with the orange and black embroidery, which was perfect with the copper of her hair, and the opened-toed pumps she had picked up for almost nothing at a little New York shop.

On her way through the hotel lobby it occured to her that there must be a message from Cousin Emma, and stopped at the desk. . . . But there was no message for Miss Thorenson.

Christine thought a little forlornly as she went down the Boardwalk, scrutinizing the menus posted in the windows of the cheaper restaurants, "I'll think of something—after I've had a good, strong cup of coffee."

* * *

But even after two cups—neither of them too good—in a small cafe reeking of fried potatoes, the only idea that occurred to Christine was that she was practically broke, and stranded alone in one of the most expensive, most heartless pleasure resorts in the country.

As often happened when she was deeply absorbed, she reached for a pencil—found one a waitress had left on the table, and the only drawing surface at hand, the back of a menu card—and began to sketch.

Rousing from her abstraction, Christine compared her sketch with the original, the fat, insufferably self-satisfied looking proprietor of the cafe; she was frowning over the finishing touches when a voice said, "Excuse me, but that is really excellent!"

Startled, Christine turned. A plump, neat little man—bald except for a tuft of hair well back on a shinny pink scalp—was peering down at her sketch through astigmatic lenses.

He might have been any small-town business man, or a teacher or clergyman on vacation. . . .Christine decided against the clergyman. After all, this was Surf City.

* * *

When Christine looked up, he gave a funny duck of a bow and coughed apologetically. Because he looked so like he was afraid of offending her, and because Christine was a friendly young woman, she gave him her best smile and said "Thank you."

"I suppose," he asked, "that you are employed somewhere as an artists?"

"I wish I were," Christine replied from her heart.

"Then," he asked, "you might consider an offer?"

"Just try making me one," Christine thought.

"You see," he went on, "I have a concession that isn't paying. I should be grateful if you could help me."

"Should you mind," Christine asked, clasping her fingers to keep them from shaking, "explaining what you want?"

"I need some one to do portraits—very much like that, but in color. You'd just stand in a studio near the Boardwalk and draw passers-by at so much each. A fast worker like you should easily make $5 a day. . . . That is"—he hesitated anxiously—"you'd probably have to pretty some of the customers up a little."

"For $5," Christine told him, "I'm entirely willing to make them all look like movie stars—especially if it will contribute to the self-esteem of the great American public. When do we start?"

Christine had no way of knowing that with her impulsive acceptance of what seemed unbelievable good luck, she plunged into the most tragic event of her life.

(Continued Next Week)

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WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

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CRANKY RESTLESS WAKEFUL?

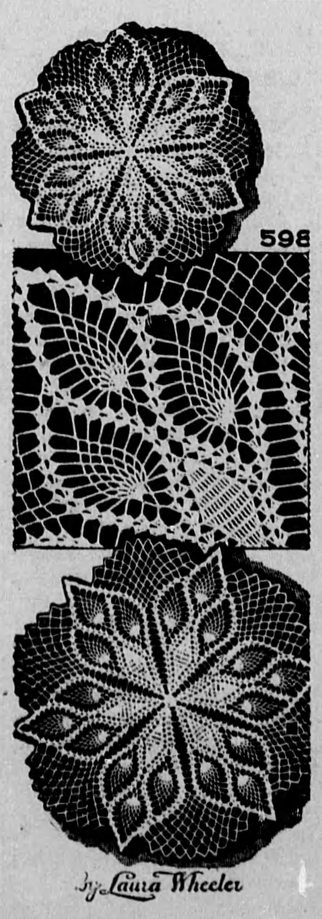
We can often blame nervous tension for miserable feelings and fears. And in these days, thousands of nervous people long to get a real grip on themselves . . . they yearn for quiet nerves. Many are taking Dr. Miles Nervine. This is a scientific combination of effective sedatives. Nervine helps relieve general nervousness, sleeplessness, nervous fears, nervous headache and nervous irritability. It has been used for this purpose for sixty years. Take Nervine according to directions and help things along with more rest, wholesome food, fresh air and exercise. Effervescing Nervine Tablets: 35c and 75c. Nervine Liquid: 25c and $1.00.

DR. MILES NERVINE

ISSUE 19—1944

DELICIOUS MEALS BY CANADIAN ARMY COOKS

Delicious army meals come from these ovens made of scrap material. Canadian Army cooks are trained not only in cooking, but in how to build and maintain kitchen equipment.



You'll be proud to display these lacy pineapple doilies on your polished table and buffet tops. They've dozens of uses, and can be crocheted in two convenient sizes.

These handsome doilies are easy for a beginner. Pattern 598 contains directions for making doilies; stitches; materials needed.

Send twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Empire Youth Sunday, May 21

May the twenty-first has been selected as EMPIRE YOUTH SUNDAY this year. His majesty the King has again accorded his patronage to the occasion. The day is to be observed as usual by churches, educational authorities and Youth Organizations throughout the British Commonwealth-Empire—and beyond.

A central Youth Service in Westminister Abbey will be broadcast from 9.30 a.m. to 10.15 a.m., Greenwich time, to the whole Empire. It is suggested that, as a part of local celebrations all over Canada, older boys and girls may be assembled to listen to and participate in the service in schools, halls, chapels, churches and other places having receiving sets.

This year the British Board of Education has organized a competition for a poster for Empire Youth Sunday 1945. The contest is open to school pupils, art students and members of youth organizations. An Empire prize of fifty pounds, for competition among young people of the Empire as a whole, will be awarded to the entry which is selected for reproduction. There will be a second Empire prize of Twenty-five Pounds and five additional prizes of Five Pounds each. The competition closes on October 7th next. In this country it is being handled by Dr. R. Fletcher of The Manitoba Education Department at Winnipeg.

At Long Last

At a dinner where William Collier, the humorist was to make a speech, he listened patiently while a general and an admiral, who preceded him, each spoke for an hour, says The Reader's Digest. When Collier was introduced, he rose and said: "Now I know what they mean by the army and navy forever."

Then he sat down.

Indian Seamen

Over 40,000 Indian seamen are engaged in the British Marine, serving in all parts of the world. They account for about a quarter of the men who man the Merchant Navy.

"Wholesome Food Ends Constipation"

"Sure, I'm happy about ALL-BRAN. It really solved my constipation, and so gently. It proved that I could quit harsh embarrassing purgatives—which at best gave only temporary relief. So that's why I praise ALL-BRAN — eating it keeps me regular — and it's a wholesome cereal, too."

Good food, as well as a gentle laxative. That's the big news on ALL-BRAN—if your constipation is due to lack of "bulk" in the diet. So simple, too. Just eat KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN regularly, and drink plenty of water. This pleasant cereal helps to produce smooth-working "bulk" and prepare wastes for easy elimination. Then, to *stay* regular, you'll enjoy eating ALL-BRAN every day. Remember, it's a cereal—not a medicine. Your grocer has ALL-BRAN in 2 handy sizes. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

TABLE TALKS

Daily Menus Need Changes to Fit Family's Wants

Do you plan your meals to suit the family's mood?

In spring, for instance, do you satisfy their hunger for foods crisp, crunchy and light? Do you get away from the too hearty and heavy foods of winter and heed the change in weather and appetite? If you don't, then you should! Every family requires a change in food as well as in dress.

Food is more fun for both you and the family if you vary menus from time to time, weed out much-repeated recipes and add new ones to the family's collections. Do keep in mind the changes of season and their wealth of new foods and color schemes to add interest to the diet.

You'll be surprised at how little chicken is needed for Chicken Noodle Paprika, but how good the casserole can taste. It's thrifty but full of nutrition:

Chicken Noodle Paprika.

½ pound medium-cut egg noodles
4 cups boiling water
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup diced carrots
¾ cup diced celery
Salt and pepper to taste
¼ cup onions, cut fine
2 tablespoons shortening
1½ cups chicken stock or gravy
1 teaspoon paprika
½ cup minced, cooked chicken
Serves 6 to 8

To the boiling water add salt and egg noodles. Cook until all water is absorbed and noodles are tender. This requires about 10 minutes. Stir frequently during cooking period. Combine carrots, celery, onion and shortening and cook for a few minutes. Add chicken stock, paprika, seasonings and chicken. Cook slowly until vegetables are tender. Pour this mixture over the cooked egg noodles, place in buttered casserole and bake ½ hour at 350 degrees. Whole pieces of chicken may be used in place of the minced chicken.

Bullocks Receive Battle Training

Bullocks are now receiving battle training in India to get them used to the noises and shocks they will be subject to as members of the new Indian pack-bullock companies.

Red flags are waved in front of their noses, thunder flashes explode all round them and on their forced marches through the jungle they encounter gas-rattles and sirens. When the course is finished they are given battle dress—which consists of camouflaging their white hides.

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ALL ABOARD FOR BERLIN!

"There's only one thing that worries me," said Mr. Picobac who was arranging with his bank manager to subscribe for the new Victory Bonds. "The peace won't be dictated at Berlin."

"How's that?" demanded M. Christie, the bank manager.

"There won't be enough of Berlin left," replied Mr. Picobac. "However — we'll put this loan over first and settle the details afterwards. Let's go! Everybody!"

ON TO BERLIN—

BUY VICTORY BONDS

Picobac

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