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● SERIAL STORY

Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

Last Week: Unable to locate her cousin, Christine moves to the hotel named in her mysterious telephone conversation. Almost down to her last cent, Christine accepts Wilmet's offer, agrees to do sketches at his Boardwalk concession..

CHAPTER III

Christine hurried back to the hotel to assemble her sketching materials. She was to meet her new employer by the Twentieth Century Pier. . . . The new employer's name, she had learned, was Wilmet —George Wilmet.

When it had come to giving her own name, Christine had hesitated with an unprecedented reticence. Then, almost as if someone else had spoken, she heard herself blurting out, "Nevin—Grace Nevin."

Hurrying along the crowded Boardwalk, avoiding the omni-present wheel-chairs, the loitering pedestrains, and the pigeons that swarmed under foot eager for the grain thrown them from the benches that lined the promenade, Christine tried to explain her squeamishness about giving her name. Eventually she excused it on the grounds that Cousin Emma would be embarrassed to find that a Thorenson was working on the Surf City Boardwalk.

* * *

She found her workshop to be a small booth next door to the Twentieth Century Pier—one of the noisiest amusement centres along the Boardwalk. It was several feet below the level of the walk, and you went down to it by a ramp at one side. The "studio" was frugally furnished with an easel, a camp stool, and at the rear, on the beach side, with a bench some eight feet long, having a slab of concrete for a top.

The place had apparently taken a beating from dampness and frost, for the walls were cracked and crumbling; and someone had recently mended the top of the bench and the floor about it with fresh cement, into which Christine's heel sank and stuck.

Mr. Wilmet, coming to her rescue, was nervously apologetic: "I'm so sorry, Miss Thorenson. I had to do some repairing."

Christine got out her sketching materials and prayed for a chance to use them.

When, after 15 minutes, no customers appeared, Christine suggested, "Nothing draws a crowd like the sight of someone working at an easel. Why don't I begin with the Maharajah of Bahawaipur—or whatever his name is?"

She indicated a figure that stood by one of the pillars of the pier.

* * *

He was, as Christine had intimated, a magnificent spectacle—his warm brown skin set off by a robe of some rich Oriental material and belted with a golden cord, through which was thrust an exquisitely chased dagger. About the head of the "maharajah" was draped a turban of bright silk, fastened with a single gem; and his slender brown feet were laced into jeweled sandals. He stood like a statue, his arms majestically folded, gazing with brooding brows out to sea.

Already Christine was at work; and almost immediately a curious crowd began to gather along the railing of the Boardwalk above.

As she sketched, she heard someone say, "She's drawing Chandra—you know—that Indian swami over over there."

* * *

As if he had heard, the gorgeous Oriental turned, fixed his eyes upon Christine, and detached himself from his pillar. Although he was not a tall man, there was in his bearing an air of authority before which the crowd fell back. He moved to the railing and stood, looking down. . . .His eyes, Christine was surprised to find, were not dark, but a tawny brown, with lurking yellow lights.

At length the "swami" extended a hand and said in a voice astonishingly deep and resonant, "It is good. I will take it."

When Christine passed the sketch to him over the railing, he slipped a bill into her hand and turned away.

"Wait!" Christine called. "Your change—"

"I have said that it is good," he returned ,and strode away.

A woman said, "Of course that was staged. These Boardwalk people advertise each other."

* * *

It did prove to be good advertising. Soon Christine was busy. For a while Mr. Wilmet hovered on the outskirts of the booth; but eventually he melted away into the crowd, and Christine did not see him again that day.

He had been surprisingly generous about her commission. Although she had worked only a little over half a day, it would be almost $4.

She must, however, look for cheaper quarters. She found a room on a side street, and having already com-street, and having already committed herself as "Grace Nevin," she registerred under that name, and hurried back to the Crestview to retrieve her belongings, and see if Cousin Emma had not sent some message.

But there was no message. Christina went upstairs, puzzled and uneasy. She told herself that it was this uneasiness which accounted for her strange feeling that something was amiss in her room.

* * *

She had unpacked very little the night before. Getting ready to move should not take long. . . . Nevertheless, she sat down, a frown between her brows.

The maid had finished her work here before she had returned from breakfast. There was no reason why anyone should have entered the room afterwards. . . .Nor why the bags should have been disturbed on their rack. . . . Yet they had been.

When Christine made an inventory of her possessions, they were all in their places; yet her uneasiness persisted.

Descending in the crowded elevator, she was startled out of her preoccupation by murmured conversation behind her:

"It couldn't have happened if Emma Talbert had been there." . . . "She's been fighting this merger tooth and nail—and she owned enough shares to lick it single-handed. Why in God's name do you suppose she didn't come?"

* * *

The murmurs added unreasonably to Christine's uneasiness. Even if Cousin Emma did not take her responsibility as hostess in a life and death way, it was out of character for her to play truant when money was concerned.

Once established in her new lodgings, Christine's restlessness made the indoors unendurable. Going down to the street, she turned without conscious volition toward the brilliant lights of the Boardwalk, climbed the stairway that led from the street, and came out near the Twentieth Century Pier. The blare of a band and the shieks of the crowd told her the shows must be in full swing. A little forlornly she stepped down into her own booth, next door, to listen to the band.

The booth was in almost total darkness; a gleam of white drew Christine's attention. It proved to be a sheet of paper fastened to her easel. Carrying it to the lighted Boardwalk, she read:

"If you are worried—if you are unhappy—consult Chandra. Free public readings at the Temple of Truth every evening at 10."

* * *

Christine crossed the Boardwalk and sauntered along. A doorman, resplendent as a rear admiral, stood in front of the hotel just opposite her booth.

Then came a shooting gallery—so poorly patronized that the proprietor had leisure to follow Christine with an appraising stare. Afterwards: the window of the Paris Smart Shop, featuring one jade green hat and a cluster of violets; a small, glass-enclosed stage on which tiny mechanized mannequins displayed the fabric of a manufacturer of synthetic cloth; a cosmetician's exhibit, in Chinese red and silver jars; a bowling alley; an auction room; an oculist's window, with a grotesquely animated replica of a pair of human eyes. At last she came to an entrance that looked like the facade of an Oriental temple.

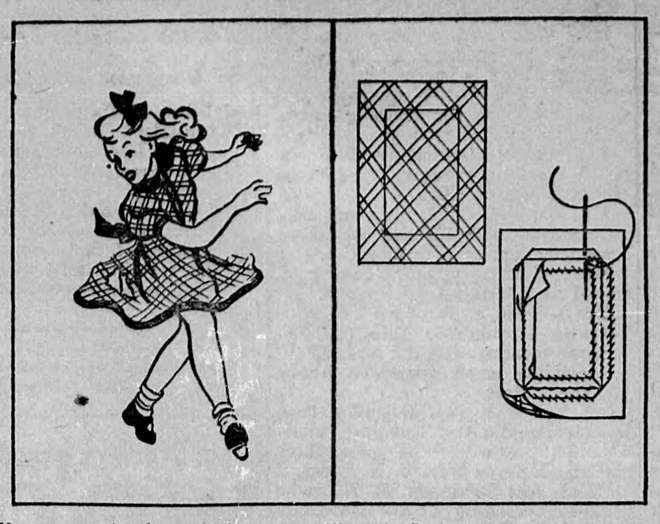
Over this concession Christine read the words, "Temple of Truth."

(To Be Continued)

NAVY GETS A 'JAP'

That bayonet-jabbing Jap soldier at top is a tough-looking hombre whom you've probably seen a number of times. He's actually Antipas C. Cobalis, 43-year-old Los Angeles Filipino, pictured in one of many Jap parts he has played on the screen. Below, he's shown in his latest—and real—role, as Apprentice Seaman Cobalis, USN. Stationed at San Diego for training, he hopes to be assigned to Pacific theater of war, where he can help liberate his homeland from the Nips.

TO MEND A THREE CORNERED TEAR



Use an overhand patch for a tear like this. It is not as strong as a hemmed patch but it is less conspicuous. Cut the tear in the fabric to a square or an oblong. Turn back the edges. Cut the patch slightly larger. Fit the patch exactly into the hole with its edges turned back as in the lower sketch. All the sewing is done on the wrong side of the garment. Overhand the patch in place with tiny stitches, as shown, on the wrong side. Overcast raw edges and press well. If the patching is carefully done if thread and design of the patch are both matched with the garment, it is scarcely noticeable.

All Farm People Asked To Support 6th Victory Loan

The farmers of Ontario have always been strong Victory Loan supporters, says Alex McKinney, Jr., President, Ontario Federation of Agriculture. They see in these loans an opportunity to accomplish two things. By lending money to the government they become powerful supporters of the war effort; and these bonds may contribute to better homes and buildings, new machinery, drained land and generally improved farms when the things their money will buy will be available in the peace to come. The Ontario Federation of Agriculture appeals to all farm people to support the Sixth Victory Loan even more fully than any previous loan.

"Spoonerisms"

Anthony Blount heard a lecturer say "puineagigs" for "guinea pigs" and "theedles and nimbles" for "neeles and thimbles"; Emily Wedge, of Baltimore's famous Enoch Pratt Library, quotes a gentleman who declared "My wife says I've had tee many martoonis, but I'm not so much under the affluence of incohol as some pinkle theep—I mean thinkle peep!"

—Bennett Cerf.

ISSUE 20—1944

Baking Day Tip

Stir up something special—an orange version of All-Bran Bread. It's wonderful with tea and makes elegant sandwiches. Here's a bread that stays moist for days. Chances are though that every crumb vanishes the very first day!

ORANGE ALL-BRAN BREAD

1 egg	¾ cup All-Bran
¾ cup sugar	2¼ cups sifted flour
½ cup orange juice	1 teaspoon salt
½ cup water	3 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons melted shortening	1 teaspoon orange rind
¾ cup chopped nutmeats	

Beat egg and sugar until light. Combine orange juice and water; add shortening and All-Bran. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; combine with nutmeats; add to first mixture, add orange rind and stir only until flour disappears. Bake in greased loaf pan, with waxed paper in the bottom, in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) about 1 hour and 10 minutes.

Yield: 1 loaf (4½ x 9½ inch pan.)

"Our Family Regulator is DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS"

MOTHERCRAFT HEALTH NOTES

The Expectant Mother

The Expectant mother must have plenty of fresh air day and night. A well ventilated home is essential for the health of the mother and baby. Spend as much time as possible in the fresh air and sunshine. Have the bedroom well ventilated at night with the windows open winter and summer.

A reasonable amount of exercise every day is necessary. A daily walk for an hour or more should be taken during the entire period of pregnancy. Cheerful recreation is essential; tennis, golf and swimming may be indulged in and even dancing in moderation is permissible up to the 6th month. Special exercise to strengthen the muscles of the body should be done regularly with the doctor's permission.

A rest should be taken each day after the noon meal or whenever tired. Sound sleep is necessary for the soothing of the mother's nerves and for the building of the baby.

—By permission of the New Zealand Mothercraft Society.

AGREED ON STARLINGS

No matter what their politics nearly everyone throughout the province seems to be agreed that something should be done about the starlings.

—St. Thomas Times-Journal

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"Out they went, all harsh embarrassing purgatives. For *my* constipation turned out to be due to lack of "bulk" in the diet. So gentle ALL-BRAN proved the answer for me."

Yes, ALL-BRAN is for *you*, if your trouble is due to lack of "bulk" in the diet. Here's what you do. 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. You'll want this regularity, so you'll enjoy eating ALL-BRAN daily. Remember it's a cereal—not a medicine. At your grocer's. 2 handy sizes. Made by Kellogg's in London.

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