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● SERIAL STORY

Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

Last Week: Jaspar escapes from the police and the others are allowed to go home. Bill tells Christine he saw Wilmet near the studio at 9.0, at Jaspar was trailing her. She realizes the inspector was certain she knew Jaspar.

CHAPTER X

"Then," Christine said slowly, "If you're right, Bill — if he is skulking in the dark somewhere — and if he does kill some one else, I'll be — well, a sort of accomplice, won't I — because I didn't tell the police who he was and have them lock him up?"

"Nonsense! Not telling all you know doesn't constitute you a criminal. If it did, most of us would spend a lot of time behind bars."

But in spite of Bill's light words, his voice was tense with worry.

A newsboy came along the Boardwalk shrilling, "Wuxtry! Read all about it! Moider on the Boidwalk! Wuxtry! Wuxtry!"

Bill bought a copy.

"Here's a good light," he said; and they stopped to read.

Most of the first two pages were devoted to the sensational murder of the wealthy and exclusive widow, Mrs. Emma Talbert.

* * *

At one of the items Christine stared with blanching cheeks.

"You said awhile ago," she faltered at last, "that not telling all I knew didn't make me a criminal... What would this make me?"

"An unknown person," the item read, "has mailed to this office a document purporting to be the will of Mrs. Emma Talbert. According to that will, the dead woman's entire fortune — except for a substantial bequest to the butler who has served her for years — is left to her only relative, Miss Christine Thorenson."

"It couldn't make you anything but what you are," Bill tried to say reassuringly, "sweet and good and honest."

A good deal of space was given up to the mysterious beach-comber who was at large after having been arrested in connection with the case. The rumors were (1) that he was a notorious underworld character; (2) that he was an anarchist who hated the rich; (3) that he was a homicidal maniac.

A great deal of significance was attached to the footprints leading from the rowboat toward the booth where the body was found, one pair of which, police were reported to have said, had been identified as Mrs. Talbert's.

One item told of a strange seagoing launch which the Coast Guard lights had picked out, apparently drifting at anchor a mile or so off shore, directly opposite the booth where the tragedy had occurred. According to the newspaper, a detail from the Coast Guard had motored out and boarded it, only to find it abandoned.

A last-minute story told of the finding of the murdered woman's car, and the discovery in it of a hypodermic needle and a quantity of a powerful drug.

"So the inspector's key did open the car," Christine said.

"Key?" echoed Bill, who was frowning over the item.

In a moment he added, "Oh, those boys use can openers"; but his voice sounded flat and strained.

* * *

Aside from the space given Jaspar, Bill and Christine received the lion's share of publicity. Bill came off with flying colors. The impression conveyed was that he had pursued the killer along the beach in an heroic attempt to prevent the crime.

But Christine was horrified to find herself played up in lurid colors as the "Boardwalk Mystery Girl"... "WHY," one headline screamed, "WAS THE COUSIN OF THE WEALTHY MRS. TALBERT MASQUERADING ON THE BOARDWALK UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME?"

There was a gruesome description of the finding of the body, graphically contrasting Mrs. Talbert's rigidly cloistered life at exclusive Beachmont with the tawdry setting of her violent death.

Over that, Christine shed her first tears.

"Oh, Bill," she choked, her voice breaking at the stark pathos of it, "all these years she hasn't had any one but me, and I — I never really tried to be nice to her... And now I haven't any one either."

* * *

Bill drew her to one of the benches that lined the Boardwalk and gathered her gently into his arms as if she had been a very little girl, and she sobbed against his shoulder until gradually she found relief.

Presently, he said, close to her ear, "You've got me, Christine. You'll always have me — if you want me . . . I didn't mean to tell you — not for months — because I didn't dare think you'd believe me... I hardly believed myself that it could happen all at once that way. But this is what I've wanted from the first."

Because she had been so sure from the beginning that Bill was safe and wholesome as the fresh sea air and sunshine; and because she realized all of a sudden that this was what she had really wanted from the beginning, too, Christine did believe him, and clung to him as the one sure, sane refuge in a world suddenly gone insane.

And because this was Surf City, concerned first and only with its own interests, its own amusement, its own desires, the Boardwalk crowd eddied and passed without a backward glance.

At length Christine sat up, protesting between tears and laughter, "Bill — all these people! I couldn't have believed I'd ever do a thing like this."

And Bill said, a little unsteadily himself, "So far as they're concerned, we're not even here... Anything could happen to any one on this Boardwalk, and no one else would even notice."

Later, in the crisis that rushed upon them with such cruel inevitability, Christine was to remember his words.

* * *

When they finally reached Christine's door, Bill took her almost roughly into his arms again.

"I wish to God I didn't have to leave you alone," he said, his voice hoarse with trouble. "Promise me that you'll be careful, Christine — if you have any idea what the word means."

Once in her own room, Christine set systematically about the examination of her belongings.

I'm a superstitious fool, she thought in the release of her new happiness. But I've got to be sure.

At length she found it — in a big manila envelope into which, before she had left New York, she had hastily stuck some canceled checks she didn't quite want to throw away.

"It" was a thick sheaf of thousand dollar bonds. There was nothing to indicate whose they were; and Christine did not look through the bundle to find out how many there were. After the first frightened look, she dropped them as if they burned her fingers and sat staring, her shaking hands tight at her throat.

* * *

Her first impulse was to call Bill; but there was no telephone in her room. To reach one, she must go into the public hall and risk being overhead.

She did the only other thing that occurred to her. Making sure that her rather flimsy door was locked, she pulled the heavy bureau in front of it, and went to bed.

Christine did not hope to sleep; but after a while she did.

She was hardly dressed next morning before she was summoned to the telephone. It was Bill calling.

"Bill," Christine said swiftly, "I've got to see you. Something —"

"Listen!" Bill's voice was sharp with warning. Don't use words that mean anything over the telephone. You've probably got a reporter in each pocket... And don't be worried when you read in the paper that the shoes of one William Yardley have been found to fit into one pair of footprints found by the police."

And the other pair, Christine remembered, were Cousin Emma's.

(Continued Next Week)

835

by Laura Wheeler

A cool idea in a smart summer fashion! Daisy medallions crocheted in airy straw yarn make up this feminine calot and bag set.

Crocheted accessories dress up the simplest costumes. Pattern 835 contains directions for hat and purse; stitches; list of materials required.

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.

STOP SNEEZING

Hay fever sufferers say there's nothing like NOSTROLINE for instant action. You smear NOSTROLINE up your nose, where the trouble is. Stuffiness, sneezing, sniffing, irritation are relieved immediately. Breathing is easy. NOSTROLINE helps keep the nose healthy. 50c at all druggists.

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ASK FOR
FLY-TOX

ISSUE 27—1944

A Vote For Variety

Are you a one-way cook? When you start with cherries do you always arrive at cherry pie? Don't be so set in your ways. Venture into new flavor fields. It makes menu planning much more exciting!

Try a cherry pudding. Not just an ordinary one but this one made with All-Bran. It has a nut-like taste that is a perfect foil for cherry flavor.

SOUR CHERRY PUDDINGS

1/3 cup shortening
2/3 cup sugar
1 egg
1/2 cup All-Bran
3/4 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup sifted flour
2¼ teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup drained, cooked cherries

Blend shortening and sugar together thoroughly; add egg, beat well. Soak All-Bran in milk; add flavoring. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together; add to first mixture alternately with All-Bran and milk. Put five or six cherries in bottom of each greased custard cup and fill two-thirds full with batter. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 25 minutes. Serve hot with Cherry Sauce.

CHERRY SAUCE

1 1/2 cups cherry juice
1 1/3 tablespoons cornstarch
1/8 teaspoon salt

Add juice to cornstarch and stir until smooth. Add salt. Cook slowly, stir until mixture is clear and cornstarch is thoroughly cooked. Serve hot over Cherry Puddings.

Note: Use sweetened, canned cherries. Water may be substituted for part of juice if necessary.

SHOOTING STAR

Lieut. Wayne Morris, former motion picture star, walks across Pacific Fleet carrier deck to ready room upon returning from his third mission of the day against Japs. Lieutenant Morris, who flies a Navy "Hellcat" fighter, was in recent Marcus and Wake Island raids.

WELCOME TO FRANCE

Mamma and the youngsters extend cordial greetings to an Allied soldier as he [illegible] a stone wall in Normandy to shake hands with a French baby.

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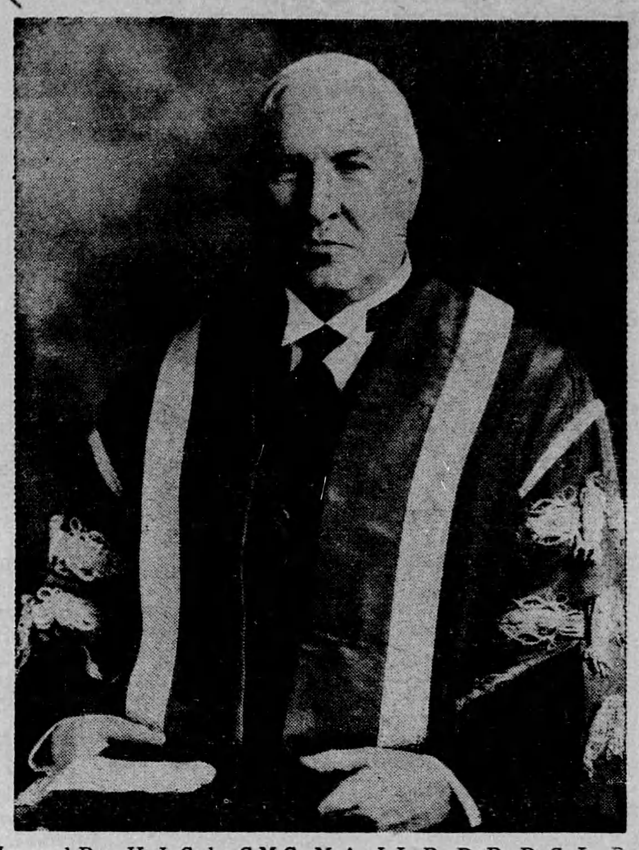

Hon. and Rev. H. J. Cody, C.M.G., M. A., L.L. D., D. D., D. C. L., President of the University of Toronto, who was elected President of the Canadian General Council of the Boy Scouts Association, on the nomination of the Governor-General, at the annual meeting of the Association in Ottawa. One of Canada's leading educationists, Mr. Cody succeeds the late Sir Edward Beatty.

MOTHERCRAFT HEALTH NOTES

COMPLEMENTARY FEEDING

By complementary feeding we mean the giving of additional food immediately after the baby has nursed. In all cases where the supply of breast milk is deficient it should be complemented with a suitable artificial food. The chief purpose of this feeding is to maintain baby's normal growth while we endeavour to bring up the mother's supply.

We must first ascertain the daily allowance of food necessary for baby's age and weight. Having discovered what baby needs for one day, we proceed to find out what he actually gets in a day. The method of test weighing is as follows:— Weigh baby in his clothes before and after each nursing and make up with the artificial feeding what he should have for his age and weight. When test weighing baby you will find that he does not obtain an equal amount of milk at each nursing. Usually he obtains larger feedings in the morning and smaller ones during the afternoon and evening.

It is important not to over complement as baby should go to the breast sufficiently hungry to suck vigorously. Another important point is to take care that baby does not get the food too easily from the bottle or he may refuse to nurse.

A mother sometimes wonders how she is to know whether baby's feeding is adequate or not. Here are some guides which will help her:—

1. Baby's weekly gain in weight.
2. His general behavior whether he is contented, sleeping well and not showing any signs of being upset.
3. The type of bowel action, whether they are normal or frequent green and curded.

— By permission of the New Zealand Mothercraft Society.

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Y.M.C.A. PRESIDENT

H. Jasper Humphrey, of Toronto, vice-president, eastern lines, Canadian Pacific Railway, who was named president of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. at the Annual meeting at Montreal of the National Council of Canadian Y.M.C.A's.

"Gentle way to stop constipation"

"Believe me, you should try ALL-BRAN for constipation — if it has the same cause mine had. For nothing I tried keeps me so regular, so gently."

No dosing—no nasty harsh purgatives. Here's all you do—if your constipation is due to lack of "bulk" in the diet. Simply eat KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN regularly, and drink plenty of water. This nutritious cereal helps to produce smooth-working "bulk", and prepare wastes for easy elimination. You'll like the happy relief so much you'll want to stay regular. Eat tasty, toasty ALL-BRAN daily. Grocers have it in 2 handy sizes. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.