"Snacks" EASY TO MAKE... DELICIOUS TO EAT

LIVERWURST SPREAD

¼ pound liverwurst
2 teaspoons minced onion
1 tablespoon chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons horseradish
1 tablespoon mayonnaise
Salt and pepper
Mix all ingredients and season.

SOYA SPREAD

1 cup prepared soya spread
¼ cup finely chopped celery
1 teaspoon lemon juice
Mayonnaise and salt to taste
Combine all ingredients and mix.

Fill small dishes with these tempting spreads and place on a large tray with plenty of Christie's Premium Soda Crackers. Let each guest spread his own. And remember, these same crisp, flaky Christie's Premium Soda Crackers add extra goodness to soups and salads. Always keep a package or two on hand.

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Christie's Biscuits

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● SERIAL STORY

Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

Last Week: Chandra makes the surprising statement that Mrs. Talbert's nephew, Earl, believed kidnaped 12 years ago, engineered the plot himself, is still alive. Jasper tells of receiving a letter from Mrs. Talbert. Inspector Parsons asks him to identify the one found in the victim's purse.

CHAPTER XVI

"Mrs. Talbert did not write this, sir," Jaspar declared as soon as he glanced over the letter which the inspector had handed him. "Someone forged it, apparently to throw suspicion on Miss Christine."

"But you are sure that Mrs. Talbert did write the note delivered to you the night of her disappearance?"

"Yes, sir. . . . I told you that for some time Mrs. Talbert had been anticipating an — emergency. If I may say so, sir, she seemed pleasantly excited by the idea. In preparation for it she had worked up a — a kind of code; and she had rehearsed me in it. It—"

"We'll go into the code later. Tell me what that note said."

* * *

"It said—on the face of it of course, sir—'Am called away on sudden business. Close house tonight; send servants on month's vacation with pay; have all services discontinued; and deliver keys to bank. Wait in Surf City for further instructions.' You see, sir, the trick was in the way she formed her letters. For instance, if she looped her 't's' it meant, 'What I expected has happened'; and if—"

"Let's have the note," the inspector interrupted, "or what you understood from it."

"Well, what she wanted me to understand first, sir, was that that note had been dictated by someone else. I also gathered that she was being detained. But Mrs. Talbert must have been hurried or confused. For aside from that, I could decode only two words. One was 'Boardwalk,' and the other—"

* * *

A Motorcycle roared to a stop at the door, and an imperative knock sounded outside. Inspector Parsons said, "I'll attend to this," and went out into the hall.

When he returned he was briskly sorting a sheaf of reports.

"Go on," he prompted without looking up.

"It was the second word, sir, that was responsible for my having spent most of the next two days about the waterfront."

"And that word, of course, was 'boat'," the inspector anticipated. "But that launch wasn't abandoned as the newspaper story said, Jaspar. The owner, Captain Parks, was aboard. He showed us a letter from Mrs. Talbert, engaging his boat for a deep-sea fishing trip, enclosing a check, signed by her, in partial payment, and instructing him to call at the Twenty-seventh street dock early this morning. . . . But long before that, Mrs. Talbert was dead."

For a moment Jaspar seemed too stunned for words.

"But sir," he faltered at last, "Mrs. Talbert doesn't fish. She never wrote that leter of her own accord."

* * *

"I don't think so either. Yet some hours after the murder, Mrs. Talbert's car was located, empty and locked, at the Twenty-seventh Street dock. . . . Now, about the time when Mrs. Talbert's dead body was found, you were picked up on the beach with a key-holder in your hand.

"The key-holder turned out to belong to Mr. Yardley, who two hours before had been seen hiding in a car parked exactly where Mrs. Talbert's was found, waiting —so he said—for Miss Thorenson. Among the keys was the key to Mrs. Talbert's car. . . . And early lase evening you rowed out to Captain King's launch and spent some time snooping around, even opening the chests the captain keeps on deck for fish."

"Yes, sir—because I gathered from Mrs. Talbert's note that she either was deteained on a boat off the Boardwalk, or expected to be. . . . But I could see both cabins, and there wasn't any place where Mrs. Talbert could have been hidden. There was only one sailor, asleep on a bunk.

"But Captain King woke up in time," Inspector Parsons said, "to follow you to shore in his dinghy. . . . You are right about one thing, however: Mrs. Talbert never was on that boat."

* * *

Mr. Wilmet spoke for the first time, his round pink face puckered in bewilderment:

"But how can you be sure that Mrs. Talbert wasn't taken to that boat and murdered after this man was there? I understood from the newspaper that one pair of those footprints was hers."

"Miss Thorenson is evidently one woman who doesn't run to gossip. You had dinner with her, didn't you? . . . Those footprints, as I told her, did fit Mrs. Talbert's shoes. Not the ones she was wearing that night, but another pair, identical in measurements except for one slightly damaged heel."

Did he tell me that because he wanted it repeated? Christine wondered.

But the inspector was going on, each word dropping like the tinkle of ice, "Mrs. Talbert, it happens, was killed in a wheel chair, her body wheeled to the booth and left there. The Coast Guard found the chair this morning under the edge of the Boardwalk not far away."

* * *

After a silence through which his words seemed to echo and re-echo, he went on, "The man who had been pushing that chair has confessed."

"Confessed?"

The voice of Chandra, who until now had remained thoughtfully aloof, rang out, sharply incredulous.

"Confessed," the inspector went on smoothly, "that the night before the murder, he had left his chair to join a dice game, and that when he went back to the place where it should have been, it was gone. When we found it, the number-plates of the company had been removed, so that, in a crowd, it might have passed for any private chair."

"But I should think," Bill said, "that the next tide would have carried the chair tide would have walk and out to sea."

"That was what the murderer thought when he hoisted it over the raliing. . . . Perhaps he was hurried at the last moment, or—" the inspector paused as if to inspect an idea—"perhaps he didn't know that except for a few times a year, with phenomenally high tides, the water doesn't come up under the walk at that particular point."

* * *

Christine said in a voice she hardly recognized as her own, "I thought the doctor said she must have been killed before 11.30. Up to that time, the Boardwalk was crowded."

"That's just the point, Miss Thorenson—the Boardwalk was crowded And who, in a crowd like that, ever looks twice at the man pushing a wheel chair — or at the passenger Besides, this was an enclosed chair with sunglass windows The booth into which he wheeled the body to unload it was unlighted, and the point at which the chair was finally dicarded is the darkest part of the promenade, where few people walk."

* * *

Jaspar asked, his face chalk white, "But how do you know that Mrs Talbert was murdered in that chair?"

"Because," the inspector said, "in that chair we found fragments of the spectacles she had been wearing, and—various indications of violence That letter to Captain King and the one to Miss Thorenson we found in Mrs. Talbert's purse—both probably forged as you have not failed to suggest — and those footprints—" Christine wondered why he glanced toward Bill Yardley- -"were deliberate attempts to frustrate justice."

"If I'd been doing it," Bill put in, "I'd have looked to make sure the tide ordinarily came in that far, before I heaved the chair over."

Chandra said very softly, "I find it impossible to believe that he did not at least — try to see."

(Continued Next Week)

KNOTS TO YOU, FRITZY

German soldiers, prisoners aboard a Coast Guard-manned transport en route to interment in the U. S., picks up a little nautical knowledge, as, under tutelage of bosun's mate, they learn mysteries of sailors' knots.

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BRAN BUTTERSCOTCH BISCUITS

½ cup All-Bran
¾ cup buttermilk
1½ cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
½ cup shortening

Soak All-Bran in buttermilk. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and soda together. Cut in shortening until mixture is like coarse cornmeal. Add soaked All-Bran, stir until dough follows fork around bowl. Turn onto floured board, knead lightly a few seconds. Roll dough into an oblong about ¼ inch thick. Spread with 1 tablespoon soft butter and sprinkle with ½ cup brown sugar. Roll up like a jelly roll; cut into 1-inch slices Place slices cut side down close together in greased baking pan. Bake in hot oven (450 F.) about 12 minutes.

Yield: 12 biscuits (2½ inches in diameter.)

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CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

I really believe if we said "sic-cum" to our old Ford it would go to the station and back again without anyone at the wheel. You see, hardly a week goes by without our noble chariot meeting trains twice and often three times each week.

It is nice to have visitors, and meeting trains is all right but if the train happens to be an hour late —as it has been on two recent occasions—then one begins to chafe at the wasted time. However, it is just one of those things, I suppose.

* * *

Today, Partner's brother, his wife and little girl were here. Brother helped in the field and barn; his wife and I had one grand visit — in between getting meals and washing of course. Little Anne —well she seemed to be having the time of her life . . . riding home atop a load of hay; gathering eggs, feeding chickens, playing with Tippy and coming to meals ravenously hungry. In fact, she had such a good time she talked her Dad into promising he would come again towards the end of the week. So you see what I mean about the old Ford, don't you?

* * *

Here is our latest bovine bedtime story. Partner went for the cows Wednesday morning and found a new calf. Mother and son were both doing well so he left them where they were. Later Partner noticed the calf had been deserted. He carried it into the stable thinking the mother would show up in a little while. But she didn't. At night I brought the cows to the barn to be milked. Partner immediately said — "Where's Mary?"

"I don't know," I answered, "I didn't see a sign of her." Well, while Partner was milking I volunteered to find Mary and to bring her home. I found her — but I didn't bring her home. She was away over by the back-line fence with another calf! Back I came again to report my findings—but why, oh why, does a cow, when she stays away, have to choose the farthermost corner of the farm.

* * *

This time both Partner and I went to find contrary Mary. Partner had to carry the calf across the creek and most of the way home as it was still somewhat wobbley on its legs.

From then on it was my job to feed the twins—one with a bottle for the first two feedings, the other with a pail. Come the fourth day, even though I straddled them at feeding time, those calves were strong enough to take me for a ride around the pen and half drown me in milk.

Pretty little things, calves! Today a trucker came in and took the twins away.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

August 20.

THE PROPHET IN THE LIFE OF ISRAEL

I Samuel 3:19—7:17

PRINTED TEXT, I Samuel 3: 19-21; 7:3-12.

GOLDEN TEXT. — He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. Jeremiah 23:28.

Memory Verse: Thou art nigh, O Jehovah. Psalm 119: 151.

THE LESSON IN ITS SETTING

Time. — The chronology of the period of the Judges is exceedingly difficult, but, according to the most recent calculations of archaeologists, the events of our lesson may be said to fall somewhere between 1050 and 1025 B. C.

Place. — There are many geographical designations in our lesson, but for the printed text the main one is Mizpah, a town in Benjamin.

Samuel's Early Ministry

"And Samuel grew, and Jehovah was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground." From his earliest childhood Samuel had been a holy God-fearing youth. It is said of him then that the Lord was with him, and that all of his prophecies proved true in the end.

"And all Israel from Dan even to Beer-sheba knew that Samuel was of true repentance." If they would be delivered from their bondage and misery they must banish the false Gods from their midst and return to God in a spirit of true humility, serving Him alone.

One God Only

"Then the children of Israel did put away The Baalim anl the Ashtaroth, and served Jehovah only... And Samuel judged the children of Israel in Mizpah."

They had tried to serve both Jehovah and Baal, but this had proved impossible for God will not have a rival. Therefore Israel put away the strange Gods and 'served the Lord only'.

Pouring out the water was a symbolical expression of the pouring out of the heart before God in penitence and supplication. Their fasting was the genuine expression of humiliation and inward distress. They confessed their sin and acknowledged that they had been living in rebellion against God.

Defeat of Philistines

"And when the Philistines heard that the children of Israel were gathered together to Mizpah... and Samuel cried unto Jehovah for Israel: and Jehovah answered him".

The children of Israel did not turn back to their strange gods when in danger. They had faith that if the Lord their God came to ther aid the Philistines would be defeated. They had faith in the intercession of Samuel and were sure his prayers in their behalf would prevail with God.

"And as Samuel was offering up the burnt-offering... and pursued the Philistines, and smote them, until they came under Beth-car." When God intervenes He discomfits His enemies, they become paralyzed with fear, defeated before the battle begins. The Israelites, taking full advantage of the confusion and panic among their enemies, smote them and defeated them.

The Stone of Help

"Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpah and Shen, and called the name of it Eben-ezer, saying, Hitherto hath Jehovah helped us." This stone was to be a silent witness to the truth, that they owed their victory not to their own strength and skill, but to the strong arm of the Lord. God's help in the past is a pledge to us that He will be our helper and strength in the days that lie before us.

India's Railways

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