

SERIAL STORY

Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

CHRISTINE THORENSEN came to visit her cousin, found a mystery.

HILL VARDLEY—had a reason for watching Christine.

GEORGE WILMET—employed Christine as a boardwalk artist.

CHANDRA—looked into the future—and into the past.

Yesterday, Christine does a portrait of Chandra, an Oriental woman, finds her new job very interesting. She finds a message pinned to her wall. "If you are worried, consult Chandra." She goes to the Oriental "Temple of Truth."

CHAPTER IV

From within the "Temple of Truth" came the tinkle of bells and the wailing of pipes.

"Well, at least this is free," Christine said aloud, "and after all, he gave me my start on the boardwalk."

She slipped inside.

On a stage designed to suggest all the mystery of the Orient, two slim girls, dressed as temple dancers, were gyrating and prostrating themselves as if before an unseen presence.

A queer group sounded, and they scurried from the stage. From behind a screen of gossamer that shimmered delicately carved white marble, a shining figure in silver robes appeared as if by magic. He moved majestically forward and stood for a moment, his arms crossed on his chest, his dark face lifted as if waiting—listening. Then he intoned in a deep, vibrant voice, "Thy servant is ready, O Krishna. Speak through these unworthy lips."

For a while Chandra's performance was much like others Christine had attended. He described small objects, gave the numbers of license cards, the insignia of lodge emblems, and the dates on letters which an assistant in a white turban took from people sitting here and there and held, apparently without glancing at them, pressed against his own forehead.

He read and answered questions without having seen or touched the cards on which they were written.

"A lady wishes to know about a ring." Yes, I see it clearly—an emerald set in diamonds. . . . She thinks a maid stole it."

Suddenly the strange, lustrous eyes in the dark face fixed themselves upon a stout woman near Christine.

"No, Madame, she did not take it. You should have looked more carefully," Chandra went on sternly, "before you accused a helpless servant of such a crime. Why, Madame, did it not occur to you that the ring might have slipped through your night in the lining of your purse?"

The woman gasped.

"Why not look now?" Chandra suggested. Then, as the woman hesitated, he almost thundered, "Look now, Madame, and be thankful that it is not too late to repair the mischief you have done!"

The woman fumbled in her purse, called out a bit too sharply, Christine thought, and held aloft something that glittered with green fire.

"Oh, I am so sorry about that ring," she stammered. "I don't know how to thank you, Swami."

"Do not thank me, Madame," Chandra told her. "It is the great god Krishna who must thank."

"The great god—my foot!" Christine thought derisively. "And that stooge's acting was terrible."

All around she heard murmurs—"Isn't the swami marvelous?"

"He told my sister who—"

"—and it happened the very day he said it would!"

Then abruptly in the midst of a sentence, Chandra broke off, pressed his fingers to his eyes, and said in a stifled voice in his deep, sonorous voice, "But this must wait. . . . There comes to me something urgent!"

One could almost feel the shiver in the room.

"There is here at this moment," Chandra was going on, "a young woman who badly needs aid. . . . I will not name her. I will not even describe her, for she is sitting. I am particularly anxious neither to embarrass nor annoy her, because the word has come to me that I must help her if I can."

Behind Christine a voice said, "I never saw him do anything like this before. He gives me the creeps."

It gave Christine the creeps.

Whether it was deliberate trickery with the illumination or not, all the light in the room seemed to gather itself about the glittering figure on the platform.

"Within the last 24 hours," Chandra went on, "this young lady has encountered a series of surprising experiences. She has met with a grave disappointment, she has lost a strange consolation, she has unexpectedly found work when she most needed it."

No one in the room seemed to breathe—least of all Christine.

"During the last 24 hours," the "swami" was going on, "this young lady has also received a mysterious telephone communication concerning something very near to her own safety, which I feel she has already decided to disregard."

"But," Christine thought with a sickening clutch of premonition, "why he hasn't seen me!"

She did not know whether she moved, or even spoke the words aloud. In any event, there was a sudden crashing of cymbals.

"I must ask for quiet," Chandra's voice cracked. "You will, if you please, keep your eyes on me."

The queer, strange, lustrous eyes widened on faces, still following some remote vision, yet she felt

that they did not miss a flicker of her eyelids; and that deep, hypnotic voice was compelling her to listen.

"I would beg of that young lady," he was going on, his tone suddenly ecstatic and pleading, "that she think over the events of the past 24 hours. . . . I would beg, for instance, that she try to remember whether, when she returned to her home this afternoon, there was anything about its appearance that excited her suspicion. . . . And now, if she will come to me privately, I shall be glad to advise her, at no cost to herself—because the word comes to me that this is a thing I must do."

His eyes swept the spellbound audience commandingly.

"That is all, my friends," he said. "Go in peace!"

He raised his arms in what was almost a gesture of blessing; and the audience filed obediently out. As they went, Christine saw faces turned toward her—some touched with superstitious awe, some curiosity—some amused.

Christine, restored to sanity by those glances, blazed with anger. She had once read a book called "An Exposure of the Medium Racket."

It was all entirely clear to her now. Of course that girl at the Beachmont telephone exchange was a paid spy.

When Christine had recalled last night's conversation in the clear light of morning, it had entirely lost the frightening strangeness her own confusion and fatigue had lent it the night before. Of course everyone in Beachmont knew who Mrs. Emma Talbert was. Probably Cousin Emma had telephoned instructions to someone to see that her guest went to the Crestview, and the operator had overheard; and in her hurried attempt to pass on the information, had not had time to choose her words.

But now it was not possible to put so innocent a construction upon the girl's strange behavior. Of course she was this man's spy.

How easy to listen in, and find out that one of the wealthiest women on the beach was expecting a cousin to visit her, and the name of that cousin. . . . How easy, when the cousin called the house and found her hostess absent, to suggest a hotel. . . . And how easy afterwards for this charlatan to have had her every movement watched.

"Well, anyhow," Christine thought, "he's not going to make a Roman holiday of me and get away with it."

When the rest of the audience filed out, she remained stonily in her seat. The chairwoman came to her at once.

"To be continued."

Around the County

DAYS CREEK

DAYS CREEK, Sept. 28.—Mrs. Cecil Connor and daughter, Judith Anne, who have been spending the past two weeks at Green, visited friends and relatives here Saturday.

R. A. Moore was a business visitor in Marshfield Monday when he returned Tuesday he was accompanied by Lawrence Simmons of Lewiston.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Ferguson and son, Jerry, have moved to Tillamook where they are residing in one of the Edlow cabins.

Muri Hutchinson and Newell Wood returned to Corvallis Sunday to resume their studies at Oregon State college.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Allen, who have been camped on upper Days Creek for the past two weeks, have returned to their home.

Miss Wilma Edlow, who has been spending the summer months at her home at Tillamook, has returned to Eugene to enter the university for her senior year.

Alec Ferguson, of Marshfield, was a visitor here last Wednesday. He was accompanied on his return home by his mother, Mrs. H. R. Ferguson, who has been spending a couple of weeks at the Archie Ferguson home.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wright and daughters, Della and Doris, of Roseburg, were Sunday visitors at the J. D. Wright home.

Miss Mary Gross of Yonahla was here for a short time Monday morning and assisted her substitute, Mrs. Lawrence Matthews, with the opening of the school year in the primary room.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Welch and family were Roseburg visitors Friday. Mr. Welch, who has been on a two weeks' furlough, returned Monday morning to the South Umpqua Falls CCC camp.

John Hutchinson returned to the Tillamook butte Monday evening after having spent the day in Roseburg attending to business matters.

Mrs. Earl Wood and baby daughter, Vera Ellen, were brought home from the Mercy hospital in Roseburg, Saturday evening.

John Simpson of the South Umpqua Falls CCC camp was a Days Creek visitor during the week-end, which I feel she has already decided to disregard.

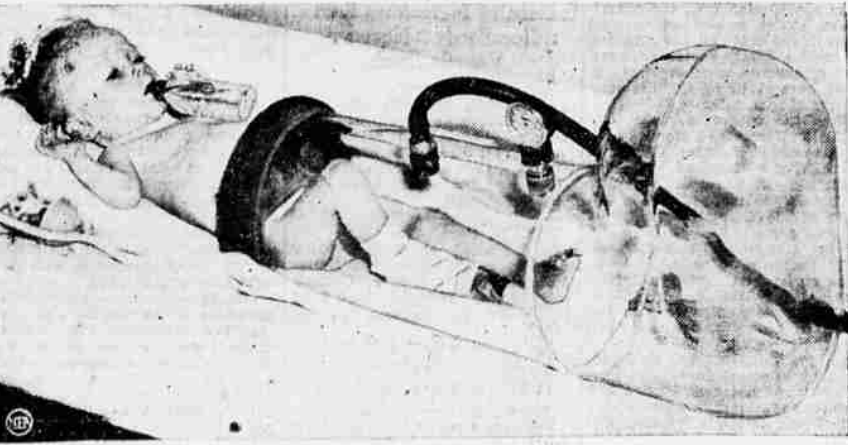
OUR BOARDING HOUSE

with

Major Hoople



Baby Who Lives in a Shoe



That's a hip-high man-sized boot that 2-year-old Mary Jean Tippet is wearing in a Washington, D. C., hospital where she is fighting gangrene infection of the feet. The medical "boot," doctors believe, may mean her recovery.

SUNDAY

Mrs. and Mrs. Ray Wright and daughters, Josephine, Marjory and Maxine, were business visitors in Klamath and Canyonville Monday afternoon.

Miss Hilbert Montgomery is in Coquille visiting at the home of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Montgomery.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Moore and daughter, Nettie, and sons, Leon and Jimmy, and Mrs. J. A. Rhoads went to Ashland Sunday where Miss Nettie remained to enter the Southern Oregon College of Education for the fall term.

While there they visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Alvord and Mrs. Rhoads' daughters, Betty and Jean. They also stopped in Medford to call on Mr. Moore's cousin, Clyde Dethorne, who was seriously injured about a month ago in a traffic accident.

Mr. and Mrs. John Montgomery and their son and daughter have moved into the Johnson house formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wuorinen. Mr. Montgomery is superintendent of the South Umpqua Falls CCC camp.

The cedar belt camp which has been located in the Sam creek vicinity above Tillamook, was recently moved to its former location near the C. C. Hill mill site on upper Days creek.

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CAMAS VALLEY

CAMAS VALLEY, Sept. 29.—Mr. and Mrs. Maxine Martindale and Bill Beahm, who have been prospecting on Twelve Mile creek, are spending the week at their home here.

Frederic Lange and Bill Thomsen brought in a fine buck Saturday weighing 112 pounds.

Albert Kugel and David Roberts returned from a trip to Eugene Friday last week. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Schell and children, Leola and Marie, returned also. Leola was the only one who succeeded in getting a mule deer.

Herb Church made a business trip to Portland and back Tuesday. He and Mrs. Howard Church, who are working at a logging camp at Myrtle Creek, came home Saturday evening. They went to Marshfield Sunday and stayed at the home of Howard's aunt, Mrs. Max Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Conley and Mrs. Robert Martindale went to North Bend Sunday to see Mrs. Martindale's brother, Bill Doyle, who is still in the hospital with an injured leg.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Pomeroy and family and Mrs. Hattie Long and family are home from the big fields and the children started to school Monday.

Miss Nellie Standley is in the Coquille hospital where she has undergone a serious operation. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Whitehead went to Roseburg Saturday for their nephew, Clarence Grant, a patient at the hospital.

Mrs. Delbert Poole, who has been spending the summer with Mr. Poole at Abbott's butte, has returned to her home here. Her daughter, Miss Elma Mae, who has been at the lookout for the past three weeks, also returned and has returned to school. Mr. Poole, who came home with her, Saturday, went back to the lookout.

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FALL FURS CAST SPELL OF LUXURY

Nothing Surpasses Mink in Preference; Brown Leads in Color Choice.

Most interesting feature in the new furs is their highly detailed handling. It is hard to believe there could be any improvement over last season but the advance models of the 1939-1940 season are manipulated so there is as much fluidity as in coats of softest woolen or evening wraps of supple silk. This conquers every challenge of women who've demanded artistry in fur silhouettes. For even the bulky furs are built with insets of crepe and chiffon to give flattering figure lines.

Jackets are good as ever, but a new-looking stole effect has been inspired by Molyneux. Collarless, the stole slithers down the front, backed with silk, rather than another thickness of the fur. This style is good in every kind of fur.

Spiral Effect Noticeable

There is a great deal of "hoopiness" around the sleeves of jackets that is to say, a spiral effect. Capes look like jackets, and jackets look like capes, which makes the wearing of them a more secure business. The Hollywood horn fad of casually tossing fur coats over slacks, play clothes, and even bathing suits is further fostered by the most amazing coats of Kaola bear and Guanaco for this express purpose. Bulky, shouldered, straight-hanging, this new cause gasps a plenty at the first showing in New York, which was attended by almost every mogul one could name from the fashion world.

But as ever, nothing surpasses mink in favor. Selection of skins by customers is taking place much earlier than usual this season, and many smart furriers and these fresh bundles of skins are being made up in every conceivable style from floor length evening wraps to sports coats.

"Browns" Outstanding

All the "brown furs" are outstanding and bear out early predictions of their popularity. The smooth-faced ones, such as nutria and beaver, are exceptionally smart. Cut on dressmaker lines, they are being received enthusiastically. The fur in one nutria beauty is headed to give the effect of seeming to flare the skirt. Patch pockets make the effect a hundred per cent jaunty.

Fox is dyed in every conceivable shade. The cinnamon foxes are strangely exciting, and are proving very popular, even with ultra-conservative women.

A spectacular creation in a full-length cape of Russian lynx, dramatic in the extreme. Ermine also fashions a full-length evening wrap that's pulled to a tiny waist with a velvet mesh.

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SCHOOLS REOPENED AT DAYS CREEK

DAYS CREEK, Sept. 28.—The Days Creek school opened Monday with a slightly lower registration than last year, due largely to the fact that quite a few students are still employed in prune harvest work. Those still no doubt be enrolled at the beginning of next week. The teaching staff for the year includes C. C. Hill principal and instructor in mathematics and social sciences, Myrl Barkhurst of Pacific university, biology, general science, and boys' physical education; Elmer Ayers, grades seven and eight; Gen. Hutchinson, intermediate room; and Mrs. Lawrence Michaels substituting for May Gross in the primary room.

Miss Gross has been detained at her home in Yonahla by the very serious illness of her mother. The buses are in charge of the same operators as last year, Paul Peterson covering the route down the river and up Days creek, Ray Wright, the upriver route and Oliver Beaton, the Tillamook route. Mr. Beaton recently returned from the East with a new bus to be used in transporting students.

John R. Chaney is again janitor for the school.

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CONSOLIDATION OF DISTRICTS VOTED

ELKTON, Sept. 26.—School district No. 66, adjoining Elkton has voted to consolidate its grade school with Elkton. Heiden Wolf, Paradise and Long Prairie districts previously have consolidated with Elkton, where a 14-room school is in operation. Teachers are Mrs. James Gates, Paul Masters, Mrs. Edith Bowman and Miss Helen Fox.

PURDUE-NOTRE DAME GAME SET ON KBNR BROADCAST

With Cliff Ryan at the microphone, a description of the Purdue-Notre Dame football tussle on Saturday, September 30, will be broadcast over KBNR-Mutual from 1:00 to 2:30 p. m. Pacific standard time.

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contain at the park in Grants Pass Sunday.

Loris Pickett left Monday evening for Corvallis, where he will be a student at Oregon State college.

Mrs. Morris Swank, Mrs. J. Conatser and Mrs. Frances Marks were Grants Pass visitors Monday. Mr. and Mrs. B. Winslow and children, Jackie and Marilyn, of Grants Pass visited here Sunday at the H. C. Huntington home.

Edward Lawson left Tuesday for Eugene, where he will enter the University of Oregon.

J. G. "Bud" Kater returned Saturday from Grants Pass, where he spent two weeks with his daughter, Mrs. H. M. Otis.

B. C. Huntington was a business caller at Roseburg Saturday.

Miss Letty Whaley spent the week-end in Portland.

Kenneth Raesa and Albert Jackson attended the Mudford-Grants Pass ball game at Grants Pass Sunday.

Charles Boice transacted business at Grants Pass Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wauson and daughter, Gloria, Miss Laella Cunningham and Mrs. Beale Solmers were dinner guests at the F. B. Cunningham home Sunday.

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A Full Page of PICTURES OF ROSEBURG

The Journal's roto-photographer visited Roseburg a short time ago and snapped a group of interesting pictures of the city's buildings, landmarks and industries. Look for this page

in the Photos in Roto Section of

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