● SERIAL STORY

Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

CHRISTINE THORENSON — came to visit her cousin, found a mystery.

BILL YARDLEY—had a reason for watching Christine.

GEORGE WILMET—employed Christine as a Boardwalk artist.

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

* * *

Yesterday: Jasper escapes from the police and the others are allowed to go home. Bill tells Christine he saw Wilmet near the studio at 9:30, that Jasper was trailing her. She realizes the inspector was certain she knew Jaspar.

CHAPTER X

"Of course," Bill went on, "the reason I know is that I was trailing you, too. While I was down on the beach, I saw you standing under a light on the Boardwalk, reading something. I was trying to catch up with you when you went into that Temple of Truth place, and—well, I waited in a parked car just off the Boardwalk. . . . And now I've got something to ask you, Christine. Just now you started to call Puss-in-Boots by name, didn't you?"

"Bill," Christine said hardly believing it yet herself, "he's Jaspar—Cousin Emma's butler. . . . At least he was her butler the last I knew. . . . It's—incredible, but suppose he did kill her?"

"I am supposing it," Bill said shortly. "But what's a lot more vital to me is that he wasn't following you for any good."

"But, Bill, even if he stabbed Cousin Emma—why should he want to harm me?"

"God knows—unless he's a maniac. . . . And only God knows where he's skulking now. . . . Christine, you recognized him at once, didn't you? I was sure that you had."

Christine's blood chilled.

If even Bill had been so sure, Inspector Parsons had not, as she hoped, been just guessing. . . . He knew.

"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! Molder on the Boldwalk! 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 beachcomber 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 overheard.

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.

(To be continued)

MASONS TO AWARD FIRST 75-YEAR PIN

HOLLISTER, Calif., Oct. 5.—(AP)—A ceremony unprecedented in the annals of Masonic history will take place here Friday night when high officials of the lodge assemble from many western cities to award the first 75-year pin ever given by the order to Dan McDonald, 102 years old.

It will also be the first time the grand lodge session has been held outside the grand lodge temple in San Francisco.

A native of Lochaber, Nova Scotia, McDonald joined the order there May 30, 1865. Wirt Thomas, master of the local lodge, explained than 96 would be the youngest possible age at which anyone could receive a 75-year-pin, since a Mason must be at least 21 years old.

Sharing honors on the program will be Bill Hollingbery, brother of Football Coach "Babe" Hollingbery of Washington State, who will get his 50-year service button.

California Facing Battle at Polls Over "Ham-and-Eggs" Pension Plan

By SAM JACKSON
AP Feature Service Writer

SACRAMENTO, Calif.—A showdown on the famous "Ham and Eggs" pension plan is coming at a special election November 7. Seasoned political observers agree that a victory for the plan is possible. Some say it is likely. Some say it is an absolute cinch.

At the 1938 general election, the Ham-and-Eggers demonstrated even in defeat that they control an immense number of votes. Then they polled 1,143,670. In the past this has been far more than enough to win a special election.

"You see, at a special election the average voter says he's busy and his vote isn't needed anyway," explains Frank C. Jordan, veteran secretary of state. "But the advocates of the issue itself turn out in a bloc."

This is precisely what the Retirement Life Payments association proposes to do. The association claims a paid membership of 350,000, says it may get as many as 2,000,000 voters to the polls.

'Battle Hymn' Everywhere

The official song of the movement, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," is blaring forth from radios, sound trucks and hundreds of meetings for "senior citizens" and their cohorts.

But the anti's are busy, too. The well-financed opposition has put on one of the most intensive voter registration drives the state has ever seen. Registration books have been set up in stores, banks and homes, and deputies have even gone door to door.

A formidable list of organizations has condemned the pension plan. Banks and stores have publicly announced they will not accept the warrants which are its keystone.

Provides $30 Each Week

The proposition, widely known as $30 every Thursday, comes before the voters in the form of an initiated constitutional amendment, and is substantially the same as the one defeated last fall.

It provides that every citizen over 60, who will retire from productive work, will receive 30 $1 warrants each Thursday. These warrants become legal tender for taxes, and the pension people hope and believe they will circulate generally just like money.

Once a week a 2-cent "redemption stamp" must be affixed to each warrant by whoever happens to be holding it.

These stamps are to be purchased from the state with real money. Thus, in 52 weeks, the Ham-and-Eggers argue, the warrant will be entirely paid for, will be retired from circulation, and there will be a 4-cent surplus which will go to overhead.

If this were the whole story the opponents would not be so wrought up, for they say the warrant scheme is fantastic and would collapse under its own weight.

Calls For "Credit" Bank

But the amendment also sets up a "credit clearings bank" in which all public monies would have to be deposited—from the state's own down to that of the smallest school district. It provides the governor must name a good Ham-and-Egger to run it—and this man would step into control of an estimated $350,000,000.

It also calls for a $20,000,000 bond issue to start the bank and an appropriation of $700,000 from the state's funds.

All this is intended to implement the insurance and retirement of warrants. To stimulate their acceptance in trade, the act imposes a 3 per cent gross income tax on all business carried on with money (above $2,000 a year) but this does not apply to business carried on with warrants.

Opponents of the plan estimate there are 1,600,000 eligible for pensions, and if only half of them applied the face value of scrip issued in a year would be $1,248,000,000—which would have to be liquidated via the stamp route.

REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE

Farmers Security Bank

at Yoncalla, County of Douglas, Oregon, at close of business October 2, 1939.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts		$ 88,486.87
Overdrafts		151.92
United State Government obligations, direct and or fully guaranteed		40,100.00
Other bonds, stocks and securities		27,618.82
Cash and due from banks		52,153.18
Total resources		$208,511.09

LIABILITIES

Demand Deposits:		
(a) Of Individuals, copartnerships, corporations, etc.	$121,689.76	
(b) Of state, county, municipalities, etc.	25,909.08	
Total demand deposits		$147,598.84
Time Deposits:		
(a) Of individuals, copartnerships, corporations, etc.	$ 20,116.41	
(b) Of state, county, municipalities, etc.	5,858.50	
Total time deposits		$ 25,974.91
Capital Account:		
Capital	$ 25,000.00	
Surplus	5,000.00	
Undivided profits, net	4,937.31	
Total capital account		$ 34,937.31
Total liabilities		$208,511.09

STATE OF OREGON, County of Douglas, ss.

I, A. L. Lasswell, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

A. L. LASSWELL, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of Oct., 1939.

LON C. APPLEGATE,
(Seal) Notary Public for Oregon.
My commission expires June 1, 1941.

CORRECT—Attest:
JESS R. LASSWELL,
J. S. LASSWELL,
Directors.

District Rotary Governor Visits Club in Roseburg

H. Cline Fixott

The history and development of Rotary International and its place in world affairs of today were dealt with in detail by Dr. H. Cline Fixott, Portland dentist and district governor of Rotary, at the regular meeting of the Rotary club yesterday at noon. The meeting was attended by a number of guests including the wives of club members.

Dr. Fixott was here in the course of his official duties as district governor. Last evening he held a conference with the officers and members of the club at the summer home of Ernest Unrath.

A special musical program was presented at the noon luncheon. Mrs. Vernon Orr played and sang several of her own compositions.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Page were honored by the club—the day being their 29th wedding anniversary—by the presentation of a guest book in which those present at the meeting had writteen their names.

Virgil Saunders was presented as the new student Rotarian from the Roseburg high school for the current school term. Herman A. Anholt was taken into membership in the club.

GLENDALE

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Williams and children Dean and Caroline visited at Grants Pass Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Frost and granddaughter, Diane Morey, spent the week-end at the home of Diane's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Morey at Rand.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Cunningham and Mrs. Beasie Seimers visited and attended to business at Medford Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Dobyns, Arthur and Billie Dobyns, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gibbons and daughter, Barbara were guests at the home of Mrs. Gibbons' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ball of Riddle Sunday.

Mrs. Francis Nelson and Mrs. C. L. Normoyle were Grants Pass visitors Saturday.

Chas. Kafer of Camp Gasquet, Calif., spent the week-end with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Henninger left Wednesday for Michigan, where they will take delivery of a new car at the Pontiac factory. They will make several stops on the return trip west, visiting points of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Harvey and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Garrett returned Tuesday from a hunting trip in eastern Oregon.

Miss Letty Whaley left Saturday for Portland, where she will be employed.

Mr. and Mrs. B. N. Chaney of Springfield visited at the home of Mrs. Chaney's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Austin, Wednesday.

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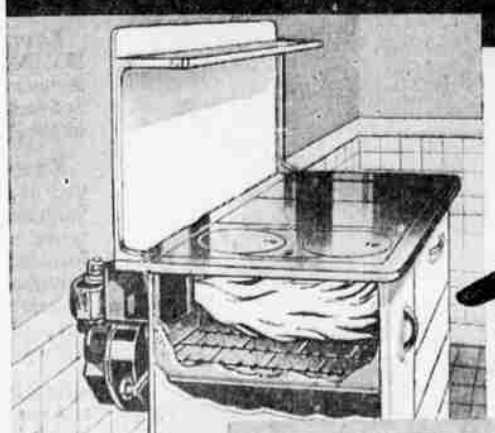

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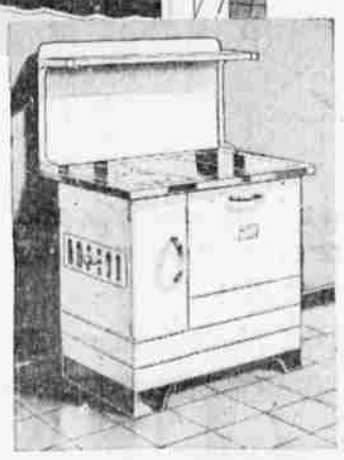

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