

SERIAL STORY

Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

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Yesterday, Christine does a portrait of Chandra, an Oriental woman, and her new job page generally, she finds a message planned to her case. 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 deep gong sounded, and they scurried from sight. From behind a screen of grillwork that simulated 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.

"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 tawny 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 that rip 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, cried out—a bit too sharply, Christine thought—and held aloft something that glittered with green fire.

"Oh, I am so sorry about that girl," she stammered. "I—I don't know how to thank you, Swami. . . . Do not thank me, Madame," Chandra told her. "It is the great god, Krishna you must thank."

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

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

One could almost feel the silence in the room.

"There is here at this moment," Chandra was going on, "a young woman who badly needs advice. . . . I will not name her. I will not even describe her or tell where 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. It 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, by a strange coincidence, 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 fear she has already decided to disregard."

"But," Christine thought with a sickening clutch of premonition, "why—he can't mean me!"

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

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

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 curious—some amused.

Christine, restored to sanity by those glances, blazed with anger. She had once read a book called "An Expose of the Medium Racket." It was all entirely clear to her now. Of course that girl at the Beaumont 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 Beaumont 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 clairvoyant came to her at once.

have had her every movement watched!

Her Death Notes Amaze Detroit



Suicide notes mailed by Mrs. Janet McDonald of Detroit, Mich., before she asphyxiated herself, may lead to grand jury quiz of gambling in city. Notes, sent to city, state, and federal officers, implicated police and high civic officials of Detroit.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER BY FRED HARMAN



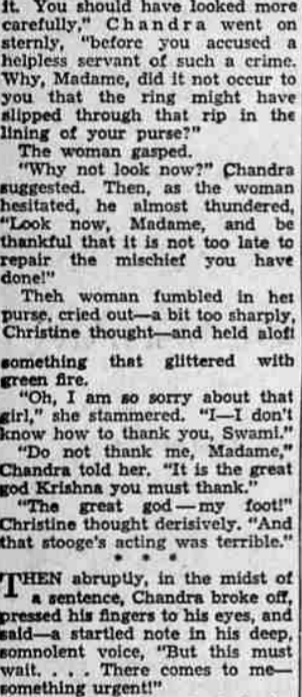
OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE BY HAROLD GRAY



FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia



QUEEN OF SCOTS



WASH TUBS BY CRANE



BOOTHS AND HER BUDDIES BY MARTIN



ALLEY OOP BY V. T. HAMLIN



HORIZONTAL

- 1, 5 Unhappy
2 Queen of Scots
3 State of chill
4 Stable keeper
5 Camel's hair cloth
6 Wrinkle
7 Passage
8 Electrical unit
9 Young sheep
10 Compass point
11 Kind of rubber
12 Southeast
13 Solemn appropriations
14 Prepared
15 Malt drink
16 To make amends
17 To bore
18 Inborn characters
19 Blue grass
20 Grain
21 Sack
22 Devoured
23 Road
24 Foundations
25 Lees
26 Decree
27 To frost a cake
28 Anticipatory terror
29 Indian
30 Perfume
31 Bird of prey
32 She married the heir to the throne
33 She was a heir to the English throne
34 Capuchin monkey
35 She was finally killed or
36 Baked
37 Mail
38 A ruler
39 Feline animal
40 Astringent
41 Anything steeped
42 To do wrong
43 Neither
44 Eon
45 Spike of corn
46 Pork
47 Heron
48 Morsel
49 Courtesy title
50 Half
51 Seaweed
52 Slave
53 Bumblebee
54 Heart
55 God of sky
56 Sound of delight
57 August (abbr.)

