

SERIAL STORY

Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

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Yesterday, Chandra warns Christine to be on her guard...

CHAPTER V

I AM glad you waited," Chandra began with a direct simplicity...

"Miss Thorenson"—his smile was tired—almost, it seemed to Christine...

"Then, Miss Thorenson," the "swami" told her with a gentleness so persuasive...

"Well, Mr. Chandra—or whatever your real name is," Christine said, "since I seem to have no secrets from you, you couldn't suggest, I suppose, exactly what it is I ought to do—aside from inspecting my baggage for an unmentionable object presumably placed there by a person or persons unknown?"

"I could suggest—but it would do no good," he told her wearily, "that if you find—what I have reason to think you will—communicate with me at once, by a messenger I will gladly place at your disposal. I shall then be in a position to advise you."

"Thanks a lot," Christine flashed. "I'll take my chances on the persons unknown."

AS she marched out, she glanced at her watch. . . . After 11, and she was a good two miles from home. Well, she needed a brisk walk to clear her mind after all that hocus-pocus.

Of course the idea that she could be in any danger was just funny. The whole scenario was ridiculously clear—beginning with that telephone girl—and all so crude and bungling.

Yet, in spite of her bravado, Christine jumped when a voice said at her shoulder, "It would be you. Don't you know that no girl with eyes and hair like yours is safe from unwelcome attentions on this Boardwalk at night?"

"So it seems," Christine said when she could control her voice. "No doubt if you had your way, curfew would ring at sunset for every woman under 80."

The bareheaded young man must have run up the stairway from the beach, for he was breathing quickly, and his hair was ruffled.

"Well," he went on with such infectious pleasure that Christine found herself feeling for the first time that day that it was marvelous to be young and alive, "maybe I'll be able to enjoy my meals now. When I called the Crestview this afternoon, they told me you'd checked out. . . . But let's get out of this mob."

They had been standing just in front of Christine's "studio." As they moved on under the lights of the Twentieth Century Pier, Christine stopped short in the midst of the crowded, noisy Boardwalk.

"But—she cried—"why, you're drenched!" The sleeves and front of his coat and shirt were dripping, trickles of water ran down his light trousers, and his shoes were sodden and caked with wet sand.

"Oh, that!" He glanced down with some embarrassment. "I got pretty close to the surf-line, and a big one caught me amidships."

CHRISTINE was not an introspective young person. She was no more capable of analyzing her sudden lift of spirits than she had been of understanding that her restlessness and loneliness of the earlier evening had not been entirely due to worry about Cousin Emma's strange desertion.

"I'd like to, only—" Christine laughed for the first time that day—"except that the fellows call you 'Bill,' I don't know your name."

"I answer much more docilely to 'Bill,' but if I forgot to mention it, the rest of it's Yardley," he told her. Then he added with something behind the smile in his eyes that made her catch her breath, "I hope you're going to like it."

table Bill had found by a window that overlooked the sea, Bill said, "It occurs to me that there's a lot about me besides my name that you don't know. I raise horses for a living—mighty fine horses, by the way. But the market wasn't too good this year; so I took over the riding school here. You see, I've had a handicap over you all along. When I heard you say you were Mrs. Talbert's cousin, I knew you wouldn't be interested in lifting my watch."

"If you'd known the whole truth," Christine said wryly, "you'd probably have kept your hand on that watch. . . . Not that I'm not Mrs. Talbert's cousin; but there've been occasions—not so long ago—when a nice 17-jeweled watch would have made my fingers itch."

"Christine," he said abruptly, "something's worrying you. Why not get it out of your system?" "You'll probably laugh," Christine hesitated. "I hope you will. . . . I've had a feeling all along that I ought to; but somehow my sense of humor doesn't seem to be working this week-end."

Yet when she did tell him the whole story of that preposterous day, he did not laugh. Instead, he frowned over his cigar. "So Chandra took a hand? . . . That bird cuts a pretty wide swathe. People come here to consult him about everything from the baby's first tooth to the outcome of the presidential election; financiers, successful writers and artists; political bosses, social registeries. They say he used to be an actor. He's probably part psychologist, part mystic, part shrewd business man, and part stage manager. I've never heard of his being involved in anything really shady. . . . In fact, if Chandra told me to go home and look under my bed for

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Barnum's elephant, I'm not sure I wouldn't take a chance. They had left the restaurant, and had strolled back to the Twentieth Century Pier. Suddenly Bill broke off. "Look—there's something wrong!" On the Boardwalk just ahead a crowd was milling about, interspersed with figures in uniform. Afterwards, Christine remembered that everything that happened during the grim hours that followed had much the quality of an unreal but none the less terrifying dream.

(To Be Continued) News and Herald Want-Ads get results.

New U.S. Judge



Lloyd L. Black, Everett, Wash., is shown taking the oath of office as judge of the U.S. District Court for Western Washington.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

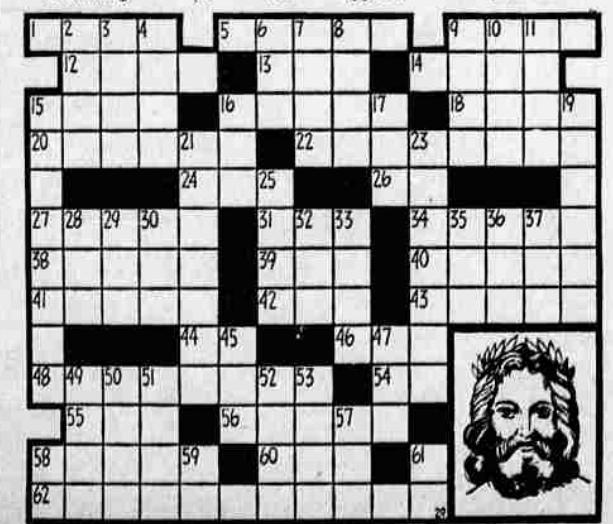
COPY. 1939 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



"Will I boss the gang now! The new boy next door owns a pony an' I'm not gonna let anybody I don't like ride it."

GREATEST GREEK GOD

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for 'GREATEST GREEK GOD'. Includes horizontal and vertical clues and a list of words to be found.



OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



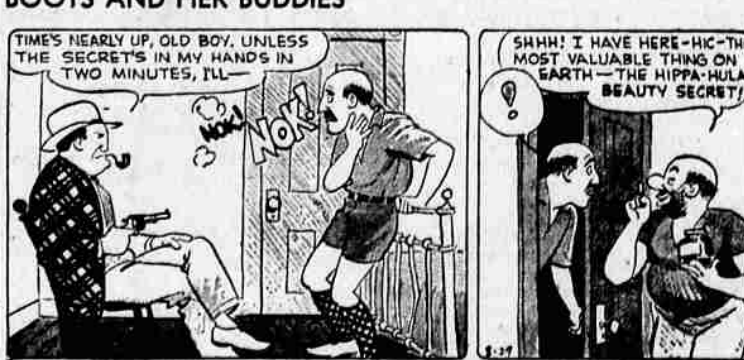
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARM



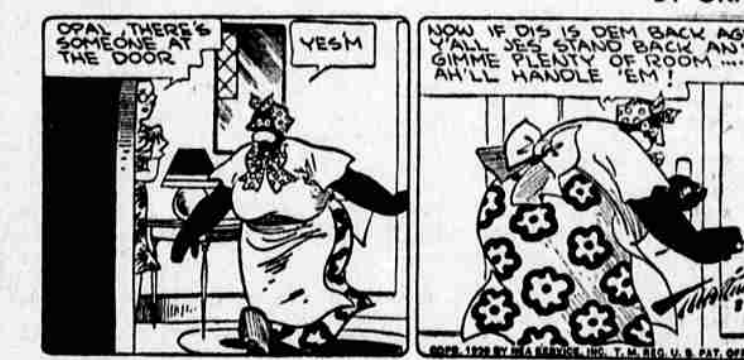
BY HAROLD GRACE



BY BLOSS



BY CRA



BY MAR



BY V. T. HAM

