

## SERIAL STORY

## Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINE COWAN STONE

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Yesterday, Bill's key holder is found on the beach. He tells of a fight with a blackboard, whom Christine had to be her late cousin's butler. Christine ends a dagger hidden in the wall. She wishes she had not given the inspector a false name, hopes to talk to him alone.

## CHAPTER VIII

CHRISTINE waited uncomfortably while the inspector gave some final instructions to his subordinates. But before she had an opportunity of speaking to him, the car in which she was to be driven to headquarters drove up, and a uniformed man hurried her into it.

Christine steeled herself, tried to revive her dwindling courage. Nevertheless, she must have looked pale under the brilliant lights of the office, for no sooner were they all seated than the inspector said to an officer at his elbow, "Get the young lady a drink. She looks sick."

Christine took the water gratefully. Meantime another subordinate hurried in and put an envelope on the desk.

"They've found Mrs. Talbert's car, Chief," he said in an undertone. "Looked and parked at the end of the 27th street dock. The number checks at the State office."

Inspector Parsons glanced through the contents of the envelope. "Okay," he nodded. "Get one of the Amalgamated officials and check up on the rest of the stockholders. . . . And wait a minute—see if any of these keys open that car." He took a key holder from his pocket. "Now, Mr. Yardley, how long have you known Mrs. Talbert?"

"After a fashion for 10 or 12 years."

"But—why, he didn't tell me this! Christine thought."

"What do you mean by 'after a fashion'?"

"I met her at a horse show where I was riding. Since then I've trained several thoroughbreds for her. But I've seen her very seldom."

"But often enough to borrow money of her?"

"That's a matter of record. You can easily find out."

"I have already found out," the inspector cut in coldly. "The notary who always witnesses her papers remembers the transaction. Several years ago Mrs. Talbert lent you \$20,000."

Christine listened incredulously. "In return," Inspector Parsons went on, "for a silent partnership in your firm—which, at the time, wasn't worth \$10,000."

"Mrs. Talbert knew that."

"But which is now worth many times as much. Your agreement with Mrs. Talbert was unusual."

At the death of either of you, your joint property automatically reverted to the other. On your repaying the loan, it reverted to you. . . . Have you repaid that loan?"

"Not entirely."

THE inspector swung on Mr. Wilmet.

"Mr. Wilmet," he said, "you own some Amalgamated stock, I believe?"

Mr. Wilmet moistened his lips. "Why, yes—yes, I have a few shares," he admitted.

"It might be interesting to know how you voted on that merger between Amalgamated and National that went through at the stockholders' meeting yesterday."

"Well," Mr. Wilmet said nervously, "as a matter of fact, I didn't go to the meeting at all."

"You didn't have to go. Someone else could have voted your stock by proxy."

"But I—why should they?"

"Mrs. Talbert was interested in preventing that merger. Yet two days before the meeting, Mrs. Talbert's house was suddenly closed, the servants sent on vacation, and the telephone disconnected; and Mrs. Talbert, who owned enough stock to stop that merger single-handed, apparently went off somewhere on a trip. I believe some of the Amalgamated stockholders might know where she went and why. . . . Now when my men found you in that drug store, about 1, you said you had been attending a show from 8 until after 12 o'clock. Could you prove that?"

"No, sir," Mr. Wilmet was white, but he spoke with a spirit that surprised Christine. "Why should I expect I'd have to?"

Bill Yardley moved as if to speak; but apparently thought better of it. The inspector glanced at him with interest; but Mr. Wilmet was going on:

"And I must say, Inspector, that I resent you men's taking away the only comfortable pair of walking shoes I had. I've got bad arches, and these hurt me."

Christine remembered that she had seen the little man tumble several times after he had appeared on the Boardwalk. Now he was wriggling his small feet in their trim dress shoes in obvious discomfort; and he seemed about to expand on his grievances. But the inspector cut in:

"You'll get them back. . . . By the way, Yardley, suppose you step into the next room—and you!"

—he indicated Jasper. "We want a look at the shoes you're wearing."

As Bill and Jasper filed obediently out, another officer slipped in and handed the inspector a report.

"As I expected," Inspector Parsons commented after glancing at the paper. "The only prints on that dagger are identical with those Miss—Nevin, did you say the name?"—made on that glass

she drank from a while ago. If there were any others, someone has cleaned them off."

Christine started to say, "Inspector, my name isn't—"

But Inspector Parsons had swung again upon Mr. Wilmet.

"Now," he snapped, "suppose you tell me why you introduced this young lady as 'Miss Grace Nevin'?"

"Why shouldn't I?" Mr. Wilmet's ineffectual chin wagged truculently. "This young lady told me her name was 'Miss Grace Nevin.' I naturally believed it was. I haven't any reason to think it isn't."

"Yet an employee from the Crestview identified her as the young woman who registered at the hotel as Miss Christine Thornderson."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wilmet," Christine said. "I did give you an assumed name. . . . I tried to tell you Inspector."

"Did you, indeed?" the inspector asked dryly. "I hadn't noticed it."

"But," Mr. Wilmet persisted, "if this young lady chooses to use a pen name, I can't see why it makes any difference to any one else."

"It makes just this difference—that it seems a singular coincidence that Mrs. Talbert's body should have been found in the very concession where you were paying her own cousin to work."

For a moment the inspector sat, studying Christine with curious attention. Finally he said, "Miss Thornderson, there was a letter in your cousin's bag—a stamped, sealed, and addressed to you. . . . Perhaps you'd better read it."

He handed Christine a folded sheet of paper.

"My dear Christine," the letter ran, "I am distressed by the repeated reports I get of your

reckless extravagance. I have already warned you that unless you gave me reason to believe that you had learned something about the care of money, I should have no choice but to change my will—in which, as of course you know, you are named as my chief heir. I am about to take steps to make that change."

Sincerely yours,  
Emma Talbert.

When Christine looked up, she knew that her face must be as blank as her mind.

(To Be Continued)

Face Slapping  
Brings Discipline

Apologizing for slapping of Mrs. Frances Mary Richard of San Francisco by sentry at Tientsin, China, Japanese consul general in city says slapper has been disciplined, asserts orders have been issued "to accord courteous treatment to American citizens as far as they assume a similarly courteous attitude."

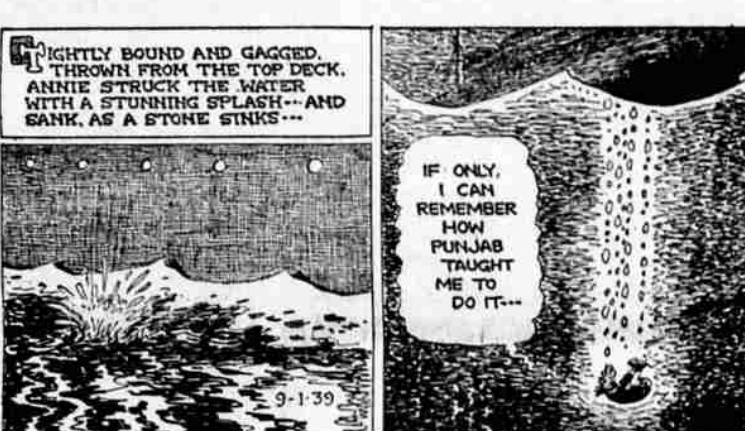
## OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



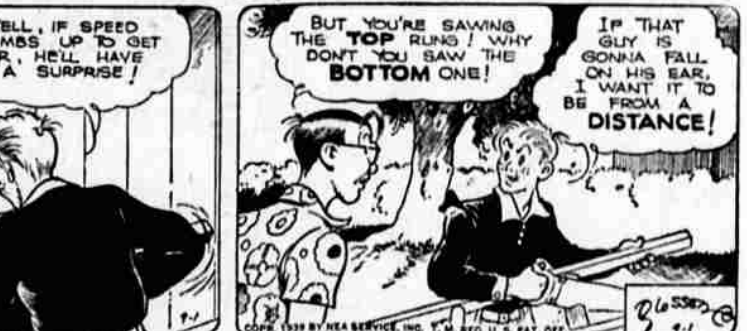
BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN



## FLAPPER FANNY

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

By Sylvia



"Goodbye, ole pal. My heart's a-bustin' but I won't never forget yuh."

## U. S. STATESMAN

**HORIZONTAL**

1. 7 Pictured U. S. A. cabinet officer.

11 Pulpy fruit.

12 Fish eggs.

13 Part of a lock.

14 To exhibit.

16 Proffer.

17 Persis.

18 Musical note.

19 Toward sea.

21 Lumps.

23 Negative.

24 Creed.

26 Onager.

29 To cancel.

31 Yellow bird.

32 To destroy utterly.

35 Northeast.

36 Bulks.

38 Cylindrical.

40 Epoch.

41 Sugary.

44 Frost bite.

45 Click beetle.

**ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE**

ROSA BONHEUR

47 Natural.

49 Grating.

50 Catlike.

51 Mammal.

52 Slope.

53 Vigor.

54 Beret.

57 Malt drink.

58 His official title, secretary of —.

59 Secret watcher.

60 Shelf.

**VERTICAL**

1 Cubic.

2 Above.

3 To devastate.

4 Eagle.

5 Path of a curve.

6 List.

8 Harmony.

9 To load.

10 Pound.

13 Genus of fan palms.

16 Flag.

17 He wrote the salary or tax law.

20 Dormant.

22 Tiresome person.

23 Riotous person.

26 Paid publicity.

27 Local position.

28 South Carolina.

29 Devoured.

30 Unbound.

33 Valuable property.

34 Perfume.

37 Mouth fluid.

39 Begrudged.

42 Written documents.

43 Foe.

46 Entrance.

48 Island.

49 Fuel.

51 Aperture.

53 To piece out.

55 Myself.

57 Morindin dye.

