

SERIAL STORY

Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

COPYRIGHT, 1939.
NEA SERVICE, INC.

Yesterday, Christine goes to Inspector Parsons, tells him of Parsons' and gives him the bundle. Finally he said, "I wonder if you are a policeman ever got the whole truth from any woman at any one time. . . . You said you read that early morning extra, Miss Thorenson. You must have seen the story about the abandoned launch the Coast Guard searched. Suppose I should tell you that, shortly after dark yesterday evening, this Jasper rowed out to that launch and spent some time aboard?"

"Are you telling me that?" "In so many words."

"Then," Christine surprised herself by telling him, "if that launch really had anything to do with the murder, I should say that Jasper would have been too smart to stick his neck out that way if he really murdered my cousin."

"I wonder"—again he seemed to change the subject; but Christine waited warily. "If you were too young to recall the abduction of Mrs. Talbert's nephew, Earl Talbert, about 12 years ago. Who ever engineered that was pretty smart, too. Mrs. Talbert paid a sweet ransom; but the boy was never found."

"I was 10 years old then," Christine said. "Are you suggesting that I had something to do with that, too?"

He ignored that.

"This Jasper was employed by Mrs. Talbert at that time, also, wasn't he?"

"Ever since I can remember." "Can you think," he demanded, "of anyone who might have sent that will to the newspaper?"

"Not unless that was Jasper, too. . . . But why should he? It puts him on a spot as well as me." "Any idea where this Jasper is now?" he shot at her.

"No."

WHEN, at length, he let her go, Christine went out with her mind whirling. . . . If there were only someone she could talk to—someone who might have some key to this terrifying puzzle!

As if in answer to her need, a girl's voice sounded in her memory—breathless, hurried, frightened—"If there's any trouble, Miss Thorenson, call Main 2079. Ask for—"

"Oh, Miss Thorenson, I've been so afraid you wouldn't!" the other girl broke in. "And I couldn't think how to get word to you after you left the Crestview."

"Well, I'm calling now," Christine said. "Where can I see you?" "Let me think," the girl hesitated. "It wouldn't do for you to come here. They may be watching the house."

They? Christine wondered. "Could you meet me about 9—? It will be dark then—outside the Paris Smart Shop?"

"How should I know you?" "I'll be window shopping; and I'll wear a dark blue dress with a cherry hat and belt. I'll know you from your pictures in the paper. Don't speak to me; just follow—you know, kind of carelessly—when I move on."

It sounded so incredibly bizarre that Christine opened her mouth to refuse. Then, on one of her unpredictable impulses, she decided, "All right. At 9 then."

"Wait!" the girl called sharply. "You won't say anything to the police?" "Of course not," Christine recklessly burned her bridges.

don't mind my running away early."

At first Mr. Wilmet looked crestfallen; then he brightened. "If it's Mr. Yardley you're to meet," he said hopefully, "I just heard them tell him at detective headquarters that they might keep him till late tonight."

"Oh," Christine said blankly, "so you've been to headquarters, too?" "Inspector Parsons sent for me," Mr. Wilmet admitted. "About not being able to prove where I was last night. As if I wouldn't have sense enough to get an alibi ready before I killed someone. . . . Miss Thorenson, you don't suppose he really thinks I had anything to do with this?"

"Do you—I don't suppose you know what they wanted with Mr. Yardley?" "It was about his keys," Mr. Wilmet told her chattily. "He had been afraid, she realized, that she might not ask."

"His keys?" "Yes, I heard one of the detectives ask him how he could explain having a key to Mrs. Talbert's car. The little man fairly glowed with his news. 'He—you aren't dizzy, are you, Miss Thorenson? It is hot!'"

Christine was; but she steadied herself to ask, "What did Mr. Yardley say?" "He said"—Mr. Wilmet's infection depicted the slimsiness of Bill's story—"that he did sit in a parked car near the Boardwalk for a few minutes to wait for someone; but that he didn't know why he had that key, unless it was that when he got out, he forgot the car wasn't his, and seeing a key in the door, just took it out and put it with his others."

Christine stood very still for a moment; but her mind raced, trying to sort and piece together scraps of memory.

Mr. Wilmet was saying insistently, "Shall we say 7, then, at Decker's?" "Why, I—yes, all right," Christine answered, and moved away, her legs dragging numbly as if in some hideous dream.

If Bill's explanation had sounded pitifully thin even to Mr. Wilmet, how would it sound to Inspector Parsons' case-hardened ear?

(To Be Continued)

OREGON PRODUCES BIG CHERRY CROP

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 5 (UP)—Oregon produced 21,800 tons of sweet cherries and 2,300 tons of sour cherries in 1939 the U. S. Department of Agriculture reported.

Oregon and Washington, which had a slightly larger production, harvested 28 per cent of the nation's cherry crop.

NEW BUS LINE TO BE STARTED

SALEM, Ore., Sept. 5 (UP)—Establishment of a bus line serving Monmouth, Independence and Salem was authorized recently by Public Utilities Commissioner Ormond D. Dean.

K. N. Wood of Independence will operate the line. The towns have been without service for some time.

AUGUST BUILDING PERMITS DECREASE

SALEM, Ore., Sept. 5 (UP)—Salem building permits during the month of August amounted to \$63,133, about half the amount of August a year ago.

The bulk of the expenditure was for 16 new dwellings costing \$46,690.

News and Herald Want-Ads get results.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPER



BY FRED HARMAN

RED RYDER



BY HAROLD GRAY

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

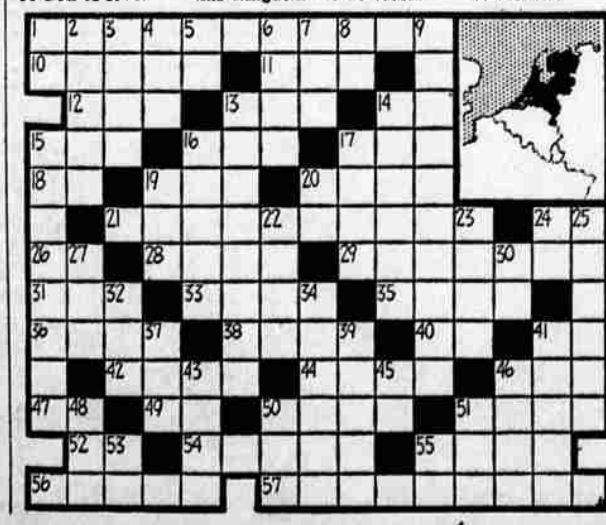
COPY, 1939 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



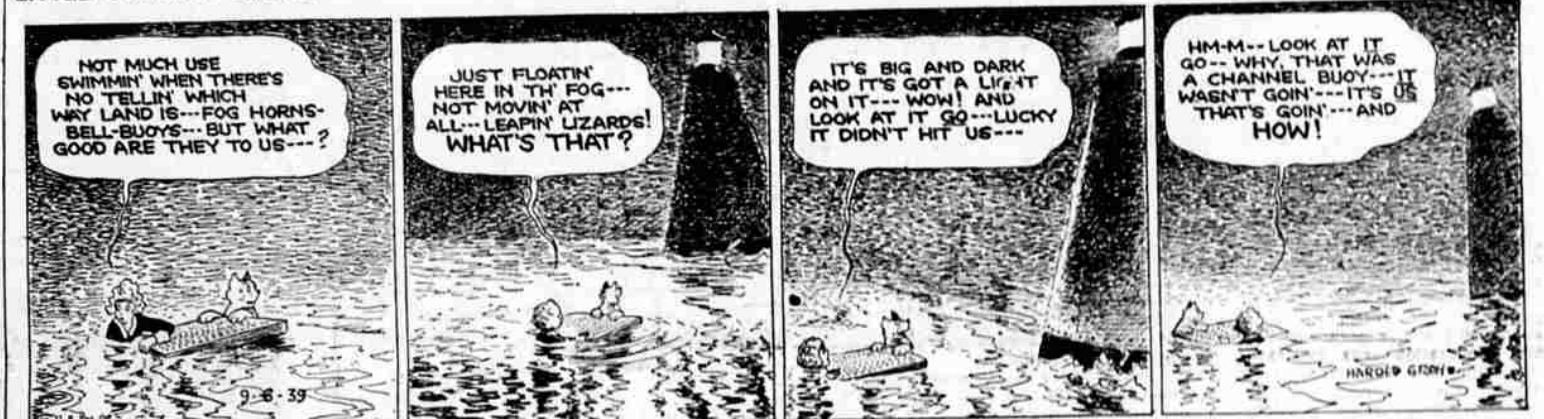
"Oh, four lumps, I guess. This'll be my last spree before school starts."

MAP PUZZLE

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1 Pictured is the map of the kingdom of
 - 10 Cautious.
 - 11 Str.
 - 12 To drink dog-fashion.
 - 13 Old garment.
 - 14 Red Cross (abbr.).
 - 15 Twenty-four hours.
 - 16 To free.
 - 17 Eccentric wheel.
 - 18 Neuter pronoun.
 - 19 Twice.
 - 20 Large rodent.
 - 21 This land's queen.
 - 24 Ounces.
 - 26 Volume.
 - 28 Puffed.
 - 29 Newly rich upstart.
 - 31 English coin.
 - 33 Opposed to.
 - 35 Legal claim.
 - 36 Bird's home.
 - 38 God of love.
- Answer to Previous Puzzle**
- GEORGE GERSHWIN
GERALD DINT REBER
O FOOL EMYS
MOW NW M
ELOPE RA
DIVERGES
IDES EGO
SOLDERS GARTERS
LARS THAN ATE
ALIAS REST RUTS
HARMONY PIANIST
- VERTICAL**
- 14 Pertaining to a race.
 - 15 Cutting of gems or is a big industry here.
 - 16 Moon valley.
 - 17 Group of tents.
 - 19 Child's napkin.
 - 20 Plural.
 - 22 Wide-mouthed jug.
 - 23 Class of birds.
 - 24 Onward.
 - 25 Large sea in this land.
 - 27 Native metal.
 - 30 Half an em.
 - 32 Tree.
 - 34 Marked with lines.
 - 37 To scatter.
 - 39 Code of laws.
 - 41 To agitate.
 - 43 Circle parts.
 - 45 Point.
 - 46 Crawling animal.
 - 48 Your.
 - 50 Blemish.
 - 51 Japanese fish.
 - 53 All right.
 - 55 Mother.



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY BLOSSER

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY CRANE

WASH TUBS



BY MARTIN

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY V. T. HAMLIN

ALLEY OOP

